Your Bet's as Good as Mine

by humanitys_cutest

Summary

Changmin has heard a lot about Jung Yunho. A lot of not-so-good things. But when Yunho walks into his father's convenience store late one night, Changmin is unprepared for the events that follow, and his feelings that quickly spiral out of control. The only question is, does Yunho feel the same?

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes
Yunho looked in despair at the men walking ahead of him, his so-called friends.

“Guys come on, I’ll do anything, I don’t have any money!”

Heechul made a tsk-tsk sound with his mouth. “You should’ve thought of that before you agreed to play. You have no one to blame but yourself.”

They were walking out of the bar near campus, Yunho hurrying after the others. Their exit turned a few heads, more than a dozen pair of eyes filled with disappointment that the boys had left without paying them the slightest attention. Heechul had invited (read: dragged) Yunho, Donghae, and Siwon out for a much needed night of play. Yunho hadn’t seen Heechul since classes had started in September, and though Donghae and Siwon attended the same college as him, they had all been too busy with their respective schedules and getting used to college again to have time to catch up with each other after the summer vacation had ended. Siwon being a year younger than Yunho and Donghae meant that they saw him even less than they saw each other.

They had been planning on drinking and maybe picking up some pretty girls. Or boys. Yunho wasn’t picky. Not when people were drawn to him like metal to a magnet. Yunho knew he was attractive, ridiculously so, with his handsome face, full lips, sharp jawline, perfect nose, and almond eyes that revealed every one of his emotions. When he allowed them to, of course. Combined with the force of his easy charisma and charming smiles, people of both genders flocked to talk to him, to be his friend, and maybe get into his pants.

Now, Yunho was trying to use his charisma on Heechul, trying to get out of having to pay a ridiculous amount of money he had lost while betting on how many people would approach their table tonight. Yunho had said 10; Heechul had, correctly, bet 23. Yunho had suspiciously asked if Heechul was involved in witchcraft, to which Heechul had just smiled and ordered another drink at Yunho’s expense.

“Seriously, hyung, I’ll do anything you tell me to, no matter how stupid. Please just let it go this one time?” Yunho begged. He couldn’t even blame the begging on the alcohol, being disappointingly sober.

Heechul sighed, finally giving in. “Fine, just let me think of what I can make you do to ruin your life.”

“Thanks hyung, you’re the best,” Yunho said, grinning as he hugged Heechul and gave him a sloppy kiss on the cheek. Heechul turned away while making a face, wiping his hand along his cheek. Donghae and Siwon chuckled, eyebrows raised at their friend’s antics.

“Dude he just said he was gonna ruin your life, why are you thanking him?” Donghae asked, seemingly unable to comprehend his friend.

Before Yunho could answer, there was a loud “AHA!” from Heechul. Startled, all three turned to look at Heechul, who was staring into the convenience store across the street.

“Hyung what happened? What’s wrong?” Siwon asked, sounding concerned.

“Nothing’s wrong. I’ve just found what Yunho is going to do for owing me all that money,” he said, turning to look at Yunho with an evil smile.
Yunho couldn’t help but feel a little afraid looking at Heechul’s manic grin. “What?” he asked, a little wary.

Heechul grabbed Yunho’s neck into a chokehold, and roughly turned his head in the direction of the glass walls of the convenience store.

“Ow, hyung, you’re hurting me,” Yunho whined, fingers trying to loosen Heechul’s hand around his neck. Donghae and Siwon looked on with interest.

“Shush dongsaeng. You see that boy? He’s sitting at the register in that store. See?”

Yunho did see, and let Heechul know by nodding so he wouldn’t have cause to choke him harder.

“You know what you’re going to do? You’re going to go in there and get that boy into your bed. If you can do that, I will waive the debt you owe me tonight, out of the goodness of my heart. Now you can’t say I never do anything for you.”

“Heechul that’s ridiculous. You’re still not doing anything for me, you’re making me do something for your own twisted pleasure,” Yunho frowned at Heechul. When Heechul just sniffed and gave no reply, Yunho turned back to the store window to take a closer look. All he could see at this distance was that the boy at the register was tall, very tall, and looking very bored as he stared down at something on the counter, but that was all he needed to see before he turned to Heechul with horror dawning in his eyes. “Hyung do you even know who that is?” he hissed, finally shoving Heechul’s arms from around his neck.

Donghae suddenly leaned forward and squinted at the convenience store. “Hey Siwon isn’t that—”

“Hey it is! Heechul hyung that’s the junior class president! That guy’s such a nerd. I heard he skipped a grade. He’s kinda cold though,” Siwon said, making a face. “He’s so mean to people who go to him for help.”

“Yes, I know Siwon sweetie. Did you think I would make this easy for you, Yunho my precious dongsaeng? I’m sure getting him into bed would be worth getting rid of your debt tonight. You should be glad I’m making this so easy for you; he could have been ugly as fuck and you’d still have to do it. Don’t tell me you don’t want a piece of that ass,” Heechul replied, an evil glint in his eyes. He paused, thinking. “Actually you know what? If you can get him into bed your debt from tonight is paid. If you can get him to fall in love with you, you don’t have to pay me any of the money you’ve owed me since you were six. How’s that for a deal?”

“But hyung, that guy is such an uptight ass! The whole school knows that! Hell, the whole town knows that! He’ll never even look at me twice,” Yunho whined.

“That’s why you have to use the power of your charisma,” Heechul replied, a wicked smirk on his face.

Yunho made a face, and then turned to look at the boy again. He did owe Heechul an exorbitant amount of money. Although the older man never tried to force his money back from Yunho, despite his many other flaws, Yunho felt guilty for accidently taking advantage of his hyung. But still, playing with another person’s feelings to pay off his debt? That didn’t sound right, no matter how Yunho tried to justify it.

“Well? What say you baby?” Heechul asked.

“Hyung that’s not right. Even if he is uptight, it’s wrong to play with other people,” Yunho said, hoping he would be swayed.
He wasn’t.

“I applaud your upstanding morals and your efforts to keep them, but I don’t care. So? Do you accept your challenge?”

Yunho glared at him. “Okay Heechul, I’ll do it, but what if I don’t succeed?”

“Don’t worry, you will. Know why?”

Yunho shook his head.

“Cause I’ll fucking castrate you if you don’t,” he said, smiling pleasantly.

Yunho squeaked and quickly nodded.
Chapter 1

Changmin hated the night shift. He didn’t have to take it much, acting only as backup when one of his father’s employees couldn’t make it, but he hated it all the same. Nothing ever happened at his father’s store at the odd time of the night, except for the occasional drunkards asking for random things. Like the time someone from the bar down the street came asking for lube and an emergency underwear dispenser. Or when another woman had demanded food for her unicorn. Or when a man had stumbled in asking for uranium ore, loudly claiming he’ll show that snob Byunghee this time.

Changmin spent most of his time redirecting these people to amazon.com, telling them they would find this and more on the website. The drunks, in turn, had demanded directions to this “amazon.com”, to which Changmin had mentally facepalmed and shoved them out of the store none too gently.

Now, he was using the quiet time to study a little. Although he had skipped a grade in high school, and so was a junior when he should have been a sophomore, he took some senior courses, and that required more work. Coupled with being junior class president, he had less time than the other students at his college, which meant he also had less time to spend with people. Not that this bothered Changmin; he found that, with the exception of his tightly-knit group of friends, he didn’t like being around people. Why would he? Everyone around him was an idiot.

Perhaps picking up on his attitude, or maybe the fact that he had unapologetically corrected professors in the middle of class, or it could even be because of his ill-concealed impatience at the questions juniors asked him pertaining to junior class events, people stayed out of his way.

That didn’t stop them from watching him from afar though. Human beings were so strange, Changmin thought. They were fascinated with him; this much Changmin knew. In the beginning he had been confused, especially after he had announced to the school he was in fact gay, so please stop giving me your confession, thanks. Yet another girl had confessed her feelings for him, and, finally irritated from receiving attention he had no interest in, he had told her, very bluntly, “I’m gay.” Changmin had smiled in satisfaction at the girl’s shocked face, as well of those around them, as he had made no attempt to keep his voice low. Word had spread like wildfire: perfect Shim Changmin was gay, which somehow made him even more enchanting. Gay, cold, genius, unfriendly, beautiful, sassy; Changmin had heard all these words used to describe him, courtesy of best friend/head eavesdropper Cho Kyuhyun.

Changmin was interrupted from his thoughts by the sound of the bell jingling by the door, signaling the arrival of customers. He looked up from his book to see a group of four drop-dead gorgeous young men walking in. He recognized one of them; Choi Siwon, a fellow junior, who had just last week come to him to ask about the date of the junior class fundraiser, only to walk away with a scowl when Changmin had merely pointed to the flyer on the pillar right next to them, his eyes clearly enquiring if Siwon was blind or mentally challenged or maybe both.

He nodded at Siwon, who acknowledged him with a nod of his own. The other three glanced at
Siwon, and one of them, rather pretty, waved his fingers at Changmin, a teasing smirk on his face. Changmin frowned unconsciously, before quickly straightening and calling out a greeting.

“Hi, welcome to Shim’s Convenience store, let me know if you need help with anything,” he said, trying to let his customers know exactly how unwilling he was to help so you better not fucking need anything you morons you’re in a convenience store why would you need help finding anything this store is the size of your fucking living room-

“Thanks, I think we’ll manage,” the tallest of the group said, flashing a smile in his direction. He had a sharp, serious face that became charmingly warm when he smiled, slanted eyes and a nose that could only have been possible with surgery. Multiple surgeries. Changmin decided he was the best looking anyway, willing to forgive the man for however many jobs it took to get his nose like that, and nodded his head slightly to himself in approval of his own taste. The group split up, Siwon taking one of them by the arm.

“Come on, Donghae hyung,” he said as he dragged him towards the back, where the drinks were kept refrigerated.

The other two head down another aisle. Changmin watched with distaste as the taller of the two slipped an arm around his companion, who seemed to be a little tipsy.

Changmin observed them for another moment, and then looked back down at his book. He knew they came from the bar down the street, and yet, with the exception of the pretty one, they didn’t seem drunk. Who goes to a bar and doesn’t drink? Whatever, none of my business. He heard the whispered conversations of the men, and looked back up.

He with the many nose jobs was currently whispering frantically to the other man. “Heechul hyung no!”

“Shut up. You have to,” the pretty man, Heechul, slurred, his voice surprisingly full of command for someone who couldn’t walk without his companion’s help a moment ago.

Changmin tried to focus on his book again.

He hasn’t read more than a paragraph before a voice called out hesitantly. “Um, excuse me?”

Changmin looked up and saw the head of the smiley one peeking over the aisles. Sighing inside, Changmin got up from his seat at the register and walked over to the man, who was now alone, Heechul having gone to join the other two in picking out drinks.

“Yes?”

“Do you, um, carry uh...,” the man stuttered, seeming embarrassed about his request. Oh my God, please don’t be one of those strange people who ask for strange things you’re too hot to be weird. Changmin stopped his thoughts from wandering any more and focused on the man in front of him.

“Carry what? I can’t read your mind,” he says, voice radiating impatience.

The man reddened a little, and then asked in a rush, “Do you carry, um, do you carry extra-large condoms?”

Changmin stared.

His eyes unconsciously dipped down to the man’s crotch in those tight black jeans, but quickly snapped back up before the other man had time to be embarrassed about the blatant ogling of his
“Um. Yeah we do. They should be here with the rest of the condoms,” he said, deciding to be nice to this man, before turning to look at the shelf.

“Well.

“Oh, I looked but I couldn’t find any,” he replied, sounding nervous for some reason.

Changmin quickly searched the area where the extra-large condoms were kept, but there were indeed none left.

“Sorry about that, we usually keep everything stocked out here for customers. I didn’t know we ran out, it’s not like every male here comes looking for that size,” Changmin muttered the last part, more to himself than to the man beside him. He turned back to the man. He seemed a little redder than before, Changmin noted.

“What count do you want them in?” he asked.

“S-sorry?” the guy said.

“What count?” he repeated, trying not to intimidate the guy even more, if his red (chubby) cheeks and stammering were anything to go by. “5, 10, or 20?”

“Oh. Um, 10 is fine, if you have them.”

“We do have them. In stock. I’ll just run to the back and get it for you. Be right back,” he said, turning away and walking towards the back of the store without waiting for a reply.

When Changmin walked into the stockroom, he let out the breath he didn’t know he had been holding. Well. Talk about well-endowed. Changmin can’t even remember the last time men had asked for extra-large. He had told his father to stop wasting money on something no one ever buys, but his father had insisted that they always be prepared so that their customers would be happy. Changmin had rolled his eyes at the time, but if he wanted to be truthful, he was rather grateful for his father’s farsightedness. It gave him a reason to check out that hot man candy.

Wait, did he just refer to a guy as man candy? Ugh, I need to get a grip, Changmin thought, wincing.

Changmin found what he was looking for, grabbed the pack, and headed out of the storeroom towards the aisle the man was waiting in.

When Changmin turned around the corner, the other man came into view. He was idly looking at the other items on the shelf, looking much more relaxed than he had a few moments ago when Changmin was there. Changmin stopped at the end of aisle and took a moment to... well, check him out would be the technical term, but Shim Changmin was nothing if not classy, and so all he was doing was simply appreciating beauty in all its forms. And right now, the beauty in front of him was in the form of a long, muscled body, thick thighs, and a perfect profile, all wrapped up in a blazer over a tight-fitting gray shirt and equally tight pants.

When he heard someone approaching, the man looked up and tensed up again when he saw that it was Changmin. Changmin noted this curious behavior, then tucked it into a corner of his mind to examine again later.

“Thanks,” the tall man said softly when Changmin silently held out the pack of condoms in his hand,
taking it from him. Changmin tried not to blush when the handsome man’s hand brushed against his own. Annoyed with his childish behavior, he mentally slapped himself.

“No problem. Anything else?” Changmin asked, proud when his voice didn’t crack or waver or do anything else equally embarrassing.

“No, thanks,” he replied, a small smile on his face. Changmin found himself smiling back unconsciously, but quickly turned around and walked towards the cash register before he did anything else out of character.

When Changmin was settled in his chair behind the counter again, he checked on the other customers and saw that Mr. Handsome (?? What the fuck, brain?) had joined his friends in the back, who had still not managed to find a beer suitable for their taste. He frowned then, wondering why they would buy beer when they just came from a bar. Shaking his head slightly at all the idiots in the world (no matter how good looking they were), he looked down at his book, only to find his thoughts wandering again.

He thought about the way the man had been nervous around him, and how he immediately tensed up when he saw Changmin coming. Why had he done that? Changmin was sure he had never seen this guy before, much less done anything to offend or scare him. Maybe he came to me for help and I was so rude he was scared? Changmin didn’t know why he suddenly felt disappointed. But wait! If he came to me for help that must mean he’s a junior, but I know every single junior, and I don’t know him, so he’s not a junior, so I haven’t been rude to him. Changmin felt relieved when he arrived at this logical conclusion, having solved the imaginary dilemma he himself had created.

He was distracted yet again by the rowdy group making their way to the register to check out their things. Mr. Handsome was laughing with pretty, pretty Heechul, arm once again around him, dammit, but if Changmin felt irritation flash through him, he didn’t linger over the feeling.

Get your shit together Shim Changmin. You don’t know this guy and you certainly don’t care if he likes pretty boys, the rational part of his brain reprimanded him.

He knew it was childish and petty to be pissed off at a guy for putting his arm around someone else, no matter how good looking said man was. He knew it was equally childish to think they had maybe had a connection, no matter how brief the conversation was. After all, asking for condoms probably meant that Man-candy was going to use them, most likely with someone whom he was dating, and whose name was not Shim Changmin. The thought irritated Changmin more than he would like to admit, so he did what any mature adult would do: he ignored it.

Just in time too; the group had reached the register.

“All done?” Changmin asked when they put 2 packs of beer and the condoms on the counter.

“Yeah, hurry up though, we’re in a rush,” Heechul said, his voice impatient.

Changmin raised an eyebrow at his rudeness, and decided to go slower than usual just to irritate the man further.

“I’ll need to see an ID.”

“Come on man, can’t you tell we’re adults?” he demanded.

“Not really, you’re kinda on the short side,” Changmin deadpanned, annoyed with his attitude.

“What?!” the short man looked as though he was about to burst, while his friends looked like they
were having difficulty keeping their laughter in. Changmin felt satisfaction curl through him when Man-candy covered his mouth with the back of his hand, almond shaped eyes crinkled in laughter. However, one look from the angry man and they all promptly shut up.

“Whatver. Yunho sweetie, buy the beer and meet us outside. This store is giving me a bad vibe,” he sniffed, turning away in a huff. Siwon and Donghae followed him outside, snickering behind his back, and leaving Yunho (Excuse me, I meant Yunho sweetie, Changmin thought snidely) alone with Changmin.

Yunho turned to Changmin, offering an apologetic smile.

“Sorry about that, he can be a little hard to handle,” he said.

Changmin shrugged, happy to be with Yunho alone. “It’s okay, I’ve dealt with worse. ID?” he asked, trying his best to keep the eagerness out of his voice. He wanted to know all there was to know about this Yunho. As much as he didn’t like that ill-tempered man, Changmin was grateful he told Yunho to stay and not one of the other two. It was a wonderful opportunity to get to know him.

A thought flit through his mind, that maybe he shouldn’t be so eager, maybe Yunho is dating Mr. Angry Pretty Boy over there, but Changmin quickly banished this unhappy thought to the far recesses of his mind.

Yunho reached into his back pocket (not a bad ass there) and flipped open his wallet, from which he took out his driver’s license and handed it over to Changmin.

Changmin took it, and checked it over. And almost had a heart attack.

Jung Yunho. DOB February 6, 1986.

Fuck.

Please don’t be that Jung Yunho, Changmin thought, almost pleading. With whom, he had no idea.

Changmin looked at the photo displayed. In it, a younger Jung Yunho was smiling that award winning smile out at the camera. He glanced back up at the real Yunho, to see he was wearing a softer version of the same smile on his face.

Changmin felt a strange pain in his chest, something almost akin to disappointment.

“Looks good,” he managed, handing the ID back, not bothering to look at his address like he had been planning to do, before ringing up his items silently.

Yunho waited patiently for Changmin to finish. Changmin put everything in a plastic bag, which he then pushed over to Yunho’s side of the counter. He told him the total, and Yunho took the money out of his wallet and placed it in Changmin’s outstretched hand, fingers touching his again. He didn’t wait for Changmin to check it, instead putting those long fingers through the loops of the bag and then turning to leave.

“Thanks, “ he said over his shoulder- and was that a flirtatious smile on his face or was Changmin seeing things? - and then he was out the door and out of Changmin’s line of sight.

Changmin felt butterflies fluttering inside, despite his best efforts to squash them, confused by the smile Yunho had sent his way.
He looked at his hand, only to see exact change...and another piece of paper.

Written, in a messy scrawl, was Yunho’s name, along with his phone number. *Call me :)*, it said simply.

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Changmin doesn’t call him.

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Contrary to popular opinion, introverts *can* go to clubs and have a great time with other people. Changmin did have his days when he enjoyed going out to a club to just relax with his friends when things got too stressful with his classes.

And now, Changmin needed it more than ever.

What with regular classes, responsibilities of being the president of the junior class, and extra classes that no one in their right mind would take, to say that he was stressed would be putting it mildly.

Not to mention incessant thoughts of a certain someone running through his mind.

He hadn’t called Yunho. After inquiring around (read: making Kyuhyun snoop for him), Changmin found out that he was, indeed, that Yunho, the one who slept with a different person every night (*He didn’t even stick to one gender!*, Changmin had thought jealously when he found out), the one who had never been in a relationship, much less a serious one...and the man who was apparently president of the senior class at his college.

The man who had been taking more space in Changmin’s mind than he had any right to.

So Kyuhyun might have exaggerated a little about the every single night part, but after seeing how attractive Yunho was up close, Changmin didn't think it was too far off from the truth.

Now, away from the excitement of the dance floor and the booming bass and the flashing lights in a booth tucked into a corner, with just his thoughts for company, Changmin was contemplating the anomaly that was Jung Yunho. He knew Yunho was the Casanova type...and yet he has been told (by the people who claimed Yunho had fucked them, no less) that Yunho was the kindest person anyone knew. He knew Yunho was a whore...and yet he has been known to stay up past midnight sometimes, helping underclassmen with their schoolwork when it fell below university standards. He knew Yunho smoked and drank...and yet everyone knew he would offer a willing ear and sweet smiles and words of comfort to people who had been going through rough patches. He knew Yunho spent a lot of his free time in clubs and bars…and yet he was Senior class president, which was surely a job with heavy responsibility. Changmin knew that better than anyone.

“Hey man.”

Changmin looked up to see his best friend smiling at him. “Hey Kyu,” he said, smiling back.

“What’s up Chwang, why are you sitting all alone?” Kyuhyun asked, nudging Changmin to scoot over in the booth so he could sit next to him. Changmin slid over, his hand still wrapped around his beer, and Kyuhyun sat next to him.

“Just thinking,” he replied, taking a sip.

“You’re not supposed to be thinking, you’re supposed to be drinking,” Kyuhyun said, frowning, and
then wiggling his eyebrows when he realized he rhymed.

Changmin rolled his eyes and chuckled. “I’m getting there,” he said, indicating his drink.

“But no seriously, what’s wrong? You never sit here alone, you always have an entourage of fanboys vying for your majesty’s attention,” Kyuhyun said, expression serious.

Changmin laughed freely at that. He sobered quickly though, studying his bottle.

“Just thinking about whether I made a mistake or not,” he said, his voice quiet.

“Ah. Still hung up on that Yunho guy?”

“Hung up? That’s an understatement.”

He picked at the label of the beer bottle.

“I know he’s not a good guy,” he said, as if trying to convince himself.

“But Changmin, how do you know? So what if he can’t keep his dick in his pants? He could still be a good person. Maybe you were too quick about this, you should have given him a chance.”

“But Kyuhyun, he’s never been in a serious relationship with anyone.”

“But Changmin, how do you know? Just because other people say so? And so what if he hasn’t? If he gave me his number I would’ve gone just to have sex with him, and I’m not even gay!”

“But Kyuhyun, everyone can’t be wrong! And you know I don’t like that!”

“But Changmin-”

“Stop that oh my God, that’s so annoying!” Changmin exclaimed, irritated.

Kyuhyun grinned. “Sorry, it was pretty funny,” he said, not looking sorry at all. “But anyway, seriously Changmin, you can’t judge him based on what you heard from other people. That’s not really fair. And while we’re at it...what exactly do you want from him?”

“What do you mean?”

Kyuhyun raised an eyebrow. “Don’t try to play dumb with me, Changmin. I know you, and I know you have never been so bothered by a guy. I mean just that. What exactly do you want from Jung Yunho?”

Changmin looked at him blankly. “Uh…”

“Changmin,” Kyuhyun sighed dramatically with all the wisdom of a 19-year-old college student, “I think you’re thinking too much about this, you stupid genius. Don’t make everything so complicated. Just go with the flow. See what he wants, give it a shot, and if you decide you don’t like it, then you don’t have to continue with it.”

“But I don’t do hookups,” Changmin gritted.

“Maybe you should, the stick up your ass might dislodge a little.”

Changmin narrowed his eyes at his best friend, and when Kyuhyun only looked back innocently, Changmin rolled his eyes.
“Since when did you become so wise, anyway?”

Kyuhyun just looked at him smugly.

Changmin thought about what Kyuhyun said (the go-with-the-flow part, not the stick-up-his-ass part, because Shim Changmin did not need other people and so he did not need to get laid) for a moment, hope blooming in his chest, before a thought occurred to him and his face fell again.

“Well it doesn’t matter now,” he said, sulking again. “It’s too late to call him.”

“It’s never too late,” Kyuhyun said sagely.

“Yes it is. It’s been two weeks. You think a guy like Yunho would wait for anyone for two weeks? He can have anyone he wants, why would he wait for me, I’m not that different from anyone else,“ he muttered, feeling more and more down by the second. The music that was so cheerful a minute ago was suddenly grating on his ears, the flashing lights that made him feel pleasantly detached from his worries were suddenly much too obnoxious for his sensitive eyes.

“Sure you are Changmin! You have the biggest ears I have ever seen on a person! That’s gotta count for something!” Kyuhyun’s annoyingly cheerful voice made him wince.

Changmin glowered at him, but Kyuhyun jumped up from his seat before Changmin could do him any bodily harm.

“Lighten up Changmin. If it’s not meant to be, then you can’t do anything about it. Now come on, let’s go do some shots and dance,” Kyuhyun said, standing near the booth but still safely out of Changmin's reach.

Changmin raised an eyebrow. “You mean something that passes as dancing for you?”

“Whatever bro. At least I’m not sulking about something I didn’t do,” he said, all huffy. “Now, are you coming or what?”

Changmin looked at him with a grateful smile. “Yes yes, I’m coming, let me just finish this drink.”

Kyuhyun grinned, and then headed toward the dance floor.

Changmin looked down at his bottle, thinking about what his friend said. He was right; there wasn’t anything Changmin could do at this point, except call Yunho now, but that was too desperate, and Changmin had more pride than that. If it was meant to be, then it would happen. No use moping about it now.

He felt better, all of a sudden, and was about to gulp down the rest of his drink to join Kyuhyun when a shadow fell across the table.

Changmin looked up, drink held up to his lips, and froze.

Standing tall over him, was the man who had been tormenting him so these past two weeks.

Yunho smiled. “Hey there. Is this seat taken?” he asked, gesturing at the seat in the booth across from Changmin.

Changmin slowly lowered his drink. “No,” he said, unable to think clearly, because surely he was an apparition his mind had conjured?

Yunho slid into the seat, and then gazed at Changmin steadily. “You didn’t call me,” he said, stating
the obvious.

His voice startled him back to reality, a reality in which Yunho was clearly here.

Changmin hummed, and, having collected himself, brought the beer back up to his lips, some of it spilling over his chin. When he put it back on the table (a little harder than necessary), pleasantly buzzed, he saw Yunho’s eyes following the trail of liquid flowing down his neck into his shirt. He smirked, and Yunho’s eyes flew up to his lips instead. He wiped his chin clean with the back of his hand, a feral look in his eyes. It seemed that Yunho was still interested, and if that was the case, then Changmin wanted to play.

“You didn’t even tell me your name,” Yunho said petulantly.

“You sound like a child.”

Yunho scowled, cupid bow lips forming into a small pout. “Why didn’t you call me? I waited for a whole week.”

Changmin shrugged, enjoying the way he was irritating Yunho with his lack of response. “Really? What did you do the next week?”

“Jacked off to your face.”

Changmin choked on air, all thoughts of acting cool flying out of his mind.

Yunho grinned, reached across the table to pound Changmin on the back. “Sorry, was I too honest?”

Changmin glared at him, finally regained his breath, and shoved Yunho’s hands off his back, flushing at his bold words.

Yunho was still smiling brightly, and Changmin couldn’t help but feel wary.

“Well? What’s your name?” he asked, ignoring Changmin’s glare.

“Changmin,” he replied grudgingly, finishing his drink.

“Changmin,” Yunho repeated, as if tasting the name on his tongue. Changmin repressed a shudder at the sound of his name coming out of such a sweet mouth. Yunho smiled. “Changmin, can I get you a drink?”

“No,” he said with all the arrogance he could muster, determined to make the man chase him. “I’m going to dance.”

Yunho raised an eyebrow. “Are you going to be difficult about this?” he drawled lazily. Changmin frowned, said nothing, and stood up, wondering what “this” was.

He didn’t give Yunho another glance, knew that the other man had gotten up and was following him.

Changmin made his way through the crowd, drawing Yunho away from the quieter area onto the more crowded dance floor. He slipped his way in between overheated bodies, looking back to see that Yunho was still behind him, hungry eyes following his every move. Changmin smiled a little to himself; oh, this was going to be so much fun.

He stopped in the exact middle of the dance floor, and Yunho joined him not one minute later, eyes roving over his entire body. He probably thought he was finally getting what he wanted.
Changmin resisted the urge to laugh; he would make Yunho work harder for him than he has ever worked for anyone his whole life. He leaned closer so Yunho could hear him, but not close enough so that their bodies were actually touching.

“Dance with me,” he said, smiling slightly.

Yunho grinned, and reached out to put his hands on Changmin’s waist.

But Changmin batted his hands away. “You don’t get to touch me,” he said, still smiling deceptively.

Yunho looked positively dismayed at this turn of events. He quickly sized up the situation though, and decided not to push it. He smirked, started dancing instead, coming even closer to Changmin. Changmin allowed him to, danced with him, never taking his eyes off the gorgeous human being in front of him.

“I get to touch you.”

Yunho looked startled for a second, but when Changmin’s fingers dragged lightly up the front of his body, from his navel slowly, oh so slowly, all the way up to his throat, his face suddenly twisted with pleasure. His hands moved restlessly by his sides, seemingly tortured by being unable to reciprocate the ministrations. Changmin moved his hand up further and caressed that sharp jawline, eyes unwavering on Yunho’s perfect lips. Oh, how he wanted to ravage those lips with his own. His thumb came up to stroke gently over the satiny softness, mesmerized by the feel of it. He could feel Yunho breaths coming out softly against his thumb, and dragged his eyes up to look straight into Yunho’s. Yunho wasn’t smirking anymore; his eyes were glazed with arousal. Changmin dropped his hand between their bodies, still looking right into Yunho’s eyes, and lightly touched his crotch. Yunho’s breath hitched, and suddenly it wasn’t just slow arousal in his eyes anymore but full blown lust. Changmin felt thrill shoot through him, thrill at being able to arouse Jung Yunho with just the lightest of touches.

He licked his lips, an action not gone unnoticed by Yunho, and pressed his hand more firmly against Yunho’s erection, which had stiffened considerably. Changmin’s eyes widened slightly when he felt how big it was, and now understood fully why Yunho had asked for extra-large. Yunho seemed to know why Changmin looked surprised, and smirked again, that sleaze. Changmin quickly wiped that smirk off his face with a tentative roll of his hips. He felt rather than heard Yunho’s moan, his own pants becoming tighter than was comfortable. He let his hand fall from Yunho’s cock, and smiled when Yunho let out a groan of frustration. He turned his attention instead to Yunho’s legs, one hand lightly brushing against the inside of his thighs before drawing back up to his ass and the small of his back while the other stayed to Yunho’s narrow waist, all the while looking into his eyes, never straying from those gorgeous brown orbs.

Time itself seemed to slow down, until all Changmin was aware of was Yunho’s flushed body in his arms, until all he could feel Yunho’s warm breath on his face, until all he could smell was Yunho’s heady scent of cologne and cigarettes and alcohol and sweat, which should have been gross but somehow wasn’t. The music had dwindled to a dull throb, as if they were underwater and the music was far, far away from them and the little world they had created. Changmin had long stopped smiling, a strange feeling in his chest making his heart pound. Yunho was returning Changmin’s gaze with an unreadable expression of his own, an expression that caused Changmin’s insides to flip and tumble.

And then someone bumped into Changmin, pushed him into Yunho, and the spell was broken. They became aware of the people around them, the music was once again too loud, the mix of the perfumes and cologne from the bodies around them unbearable. Changmin shook his head slightly to snap himself out of his daze. He looked up to see Yunho looking back at him with unconcealed
desire; Changmin had never felt so wanted his entire life.

Yunho’s hands are still moving impatiently, as if searching for his reward now.

Changmin smiled, leaned close, and said breathlessly in his ear, “Close your eyes.”

Yunho looked at him questioningly, but closed his eyes.

“Good boy.”

He felt the shiver that made its way through Yunho’s body, heard the moan that escaped his lips, and chuckled hotly in his ear. The tent in Yunho’s pants rose impossibly higher.

“Now stay,” he breathed. Yunho was panting by now, eyes still closed.

“Changmin…” came a low moan.

With that, Changmin moved away slowly, slipping gracefully between the bodies on the dance floor, keeping his eyes on Yunho the whole time. The older man still had his eyes closed, and then his lips moved, and Changmin knew he was calling for him.

When Yunho seemed to realize Changmin was no longer there, he opened his eyes. Changmin smiled as Yunho looked around frantically, lips forming Changmin’s name, the bulge in his pants conspicuous even from the doorway, where Changmin had stopped for a moment. He watched Yunho for a moment longer, and then slipped through.

Chapter End Notes

It'll be weekly updates from now on.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thanks to chibisz <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next time he saw Yunho was a week later, in the college library, sitting with a girl.

Changmin did a double take. He knew he shouldn't be surprised, knew that Yunho was a good student, but a part of him didn't believe that someone who seemed to love life so much could still be a good student. He glared at the girl, but it was entirely useless as the girl couldn't even see it.

Yunho hadn’t seen him walk in through the doors, so absorbed was he in whispering to the girl, occasionally pointing to the books between them. Changmin settled down on a table not too far away, pulling out his laptop and books from his bag before turning on the laptop and glancing at Yunho over the top.

Yunho’s head was still bent down.

Changmin sighed, and decided to get working on his own Ancient Chinese literature essay. It wasn’t due for another week, but Changmin was almost done; he only had to add a couple more quotes and proofread it. He was determined to finish with the essay today so that he could begin tackling work for his Advanced Macro Analysis and Calculus 4 classes. Being an economics major with a minor in mathematics meant a lot of number-filled classes, so Changmin occasionally took a literature class to keep himself sane.

Eventually, Changmin got lost in his work and didn’t notice the hour passing, nor did he notice when someone was standing over his shoulder until the person cleared their throat rather loudly.

He looked up to see Yunho staring down at him.

Changmin’s heart did a couple back flips and maybe a few cartwheels too, but he forced himself to relax. Which was easy to do when he had developed a crick in his neck and needed to stretch anyway. He stretched his hands above and twisted in his seat to get rid of the ache in his neck and shoulders. He politely pretended not to notice when Yunho’s eyes settled themselves on the skin showing between the waistband of his jeans and his shirt.

He gestured wordlessly for Yunho to take the seat across him, which he did, placing his book bag next to him on the floor.

“Why’d you leave me?” Yunho asked without preamble, voice low so the librarian wouldn't glare at him.

Changmin pretended not to know what he was talking about. He raised an eyebrow, a questioning look in his eye.

“At the club. You left me blue-balled,” he said sullenly. He sounded so much like a petulant child Changmin couldn’t help but laugh, although he was quickly shushed by the librarian.
He smiled at her in apology, and then turned back to Yunho.

“I did?”

“Yes, you did, and I was really mad.”

Changmin ignored the comment. “What are you doing in a library?”

“You say it like I’m not allowed to be here,” Yunho chuckled, seemingly over his annoyance from a minute ago. “I didn’t know you were a student here.”

“Well, I am. Stop changing the subject.”

“Like you just did?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

Changmin scowled, having no answer for Yunho.

Yunho looked amused. “I tutor freshmen for science and stuff,” he said vaguely, answering Changmin’s question.

“And stuff?” Changmin asked, looking decidedly unimpressed.

“Yeah,” Yunho answered blandly. “Anyway, what are you doing? Are you free?”

“No I am not free, I am working so I need complete quiet,” he said, giving Yunho a pointed look. Half of him wanted to finish his work, but the other half didn’t want Yunho to leave. It had been just as much torture for him to leave the club last week as it was for Yunho, wanting nothing but to pounce on him right there on the dance floor. But he didn’t want to be seen as easy, didn’t want to be another one of Yunho’s conquests. He wanted to drag out...whatever this was...for as long as possible. He knew there was a high chance he would lose Yunho’s interests, but he was willing to take the gamble. Yunho had, after all, waited a full week for him and jacked off to Changmin’s face, hadn’t he?

Yunho suddenly lifted his backpack and proceeded to pull his books out. “Don’t worry, I’ll be real quiet,” he assured. “Do you mind if I sit here with you? I have some work left too.”

Changmin most certainly did not mind, but he definitely wasn’t expecting this.

“Uh, not at all…” he said, half delighted, half distressed.

Yunho smiled winningly. “Great, you won’t even notice me,” he promised.

Changmin sincerely doubted that, but he just hummed in acknowledgment and looked down at his work.

Half an hour later, Changmin decided Yunho was the biggest liar this side of the planet. He had done nothing but notice Yunho. Yunho furrowing his eyebrows adorably in concentration. Yunho writing notes in a messy scrawl legible only to him. Yunho shifting his legs beneath the too small table. Yunho brushing his legs against Changmin's. Added to the fact that Yunho would look up once in a while and catch him stealing glances, Changmin thought he would explode from how flustered and anxious Yunho's mere presence was making him. Shim Changmin did not become flustered, and yet here he was now, unable to stop the blush that appeared on his cheeks every time Yunho caught him looking and gave him a grin that was too knowing for Changmin's liking.

Not to mention the fact that Yunho seemed to know every fucking person in the school. Every few
minutes, someone or other would come up to him, clap him on the back if a guy or call him Oppa! if a girl, and throw Changmin enquiring looks, as if to ask why the two of them were sitting together. Changmin didn't know whether he was more irritated with Yunho for distracting him from his work or for being so goddamn friendly with everyone.

Changmin focused on his books pointedly, and Yunho took the hint and didn’t try to disturb him with introductions.

He was tempted a few times to ask how many nose jobs Yunho had done, but decided it would be rude.

After a relative period of silence, when Changmin had finally been able to concentrate on one thing for more than five minutes, Yunho slid over a small piece of paper.

Gimme your number please?

Changmin glanced up at Yunho, who was looking back intently. Smiling slightly to himself, he wrote his number neatly on the paper before sliding it back to Yunho's side.

He wasn't sure whether he had made a mistake or not in giving his number, because at this point he wasn't sure what he himself wanted from Yunho, although he was quite sure it definitely wasn't what Yunho wanted from him. But when Yunho's face lit up in a grin, and Changmin felt warmth spread through him, he thought maybe, just this once, it would be okay.

***

He regretted giving Yunho his number a mere 30 minutes later.

Having received his prize, Yunho had left the library before Changmin, citing "places to be" as his reason.

Before he left though, he invited Changmin to come with him.

"My hyung is throwing a party for no specific reason, wanna come keep me company?"

"Won't you have other people to keep you company?" Changmin asked.

"Not really, they're mostly hyung's friends. He only keeps me around to attract people," Yunho replied, grinning.

Oh I'll bet, Changmin thought.

Yunho looked at him carefully and kept his voice casual. "Wanna come? You can spend the night."

Changmin didn't need him to clarify to know what he meant. He declined as graciously as possible. "No, I have work to finish," he said, shaking his head.

"Fine, if you insist," he said, sighing dramatically. Walking away, he muttered 'nerd' loud enough for Changmin to hear.

"Hey I heard that!"

Yunho grinned innocently and then waved good bye before walking out.

15 minutes later, his phone vibrated, signaling a message.
He took his phone out of his bag, to see Yunho had already made use of his number.

*Received from Unknown 7:32 PM
Changmin, its Yunho :))))) Save my # ^^*

He smiled like an idiot at his phone, saved Yunho's number, and then sent him a reply.

*Sent to Jung Yunho 7:33 PM
Done. Don't you have places to be?*

Setting his phone aside, he went back to his books, but his phone vibrated again.

*Received from Jung Yunho 7:33 PM
Yess but i wana talk 2 u ^^;;;

Changmin didn't even try to stop looking like a moron this time. He tried to keep his text as nonchalant as possible.

*Sent to Jung Yunho 7:35 PM
So then why did you leave*

The reply came quickly. Changmin sighed, gave up on doing any more work, and turned his attention to his phone.

*Received from Jung Yunho 7:36 PM
I had to :(( he said he wuld castrate me if i didnt come*

*Sent to Jung Yunho 7:39 PM
Ouch. Doesn't your hyung love you?*

*Received from Jung Yunho 7:41 PM
I thought he did but guess not :((( dont tell him tho ;)*

Changmin squinted at the screen. A wink meant flirting right? He wasn't sure what Yunho was doing, so he decided to play it safe.

*Sent to Jung Yunho 7:43 PM
Don't worry i don't even know him.*

*Received from Jung Yunho 7:44 PM
U do tho! Rmbr Heechul hyung? He was with me when i came to ur stor*

Oh. *That* hyung. Changmin resisted the urge to text back something rude like *oh, the short guy?*

But he can't do that, because Heechul was Yunho's hyung, obviously very close if the way they had been laughing is any indication. And Changmin didn't know why, but he didn't want to make Yunho upset with him.

His phone vibrated again in his hand.

*Received from Jung Yunho 7:47 PM
Changmin?*

Changmin didn't know how to respond to that though.

*Sent to Jung Yunho 7:48 PM*
Oh. Yeah i remember him

Received from Jung Yunho 7:49 PM
U didnt like him much did u lolzz

He's surprisingly perceptive, Changmin thought dryly.

Sent to Jung Yunho 7:50 PM
No no, he's very pretty.

He decided this was the safest response.

Received from Jung Yunho 7:51 PM
He is isnt he :DDD

Changmin could almost feel the pride coming off the text; he glared at his phone and then texted something he regretted immediately.

Sent to Jung Yunho 7:52 PM
Is he your boyfriend?

Ugh, why did I send that?? Changmin agonized over the tragedy that was his life, waiting anxiously for Yunho's reply.

But it didn't come.

After waiting for five whole minutes, Changmin decided to leave the library. After all, it wasn't as if he was getting any work done. He packed up his stuff and then headed out, towards the apartment he and Kyuhyun shared off campus. It was in walking distance, so it didn't take long to get to.

Kyuhyun, as expected, wasn't home.

After worrying all throughout a quick dinner and a shower, he lay on his bed and glared at his phone, as if staring would help it receive a message.

Changmin jumped when it finally vibrated, then congratulated himself, as though Yunho had felt his glare from wherever he was and responded right away.

Received from Jung Yunho 9:00 PM
Yes he is, i love him so much Yunho&Heechul 5evr xoxo

Changmin's jaw dropped. Before he could think though, another message arrived.

Received from Jung Yunho 9:01 PM
Sorry thy was my hung >" we not dating he yeled at me 4txting instaed of beeing socail adn mad me drink 4 ssoth

And another.

Received from Jung Yunho 9:01 PM
Sohts

Received from Jung Yunho 9:02 PM
Dis is ryl hard

Received from Jung Yunho 9:02 PM
Shots

Received from Jung Yunho 9:03 PM
Yses!

Changmin was unable to stop himself from laughing at Yunho's cuteness, apparent even through text messages.

Sent to Jung Yunho 9:04 PM
Good job

A reply didn't come back right away though, so Changmin assumed Yunho had been too drunk and fell asleep. That or Heechul had taken his phone away.

Turning the lights off, Changmin climbed into bed again and went to sleep, feeling warm.

***

"Changdola!" The obnoxiously cheerful voice could only belong to one person.

Changmin blushed at the cute nickname, then cursed Yunho in his head for making him feel like a bride.

Apparently Yunho thought that, having exchanged numbers, it granted him the right to be overly friendly with Changmin. This included making it a habit to yell Changdola~! every time he saw Changmin, no matter how far away he was or how many disapproving looks he got from the professors or stares from students. Changmin couldn't say this displeased him very much, but it did draw people's attention to them since Yunho and Changmin were polar opposites, and that was an inconvenience. No one on campus could wrap their heads around the fact that Yunho, sweet, kind Yunho, would want to spend his time being around such a grouch. Changmin knew this because Kyuhyun had so helpfully reported on campus gossip, though he was brutally honest, and so his language was much more colorful.

Changmin glared at Yunho to cover up his pleasure at the affectionate nickname, and when the older man came near enough, berated him for being loud.

"Why can't you act like the 21-year-old adult you are? Must you scream such an embarrassing nickname all the way across campus? People are staring!"

"Aww Changmin-ah I didn't think you were the type of person to care about what people think," Yunho said, completely ignoring Changmin's scolding.

"I don't care. It's just highly inconvenient," Changmin huffed indignantly.

Yunho tugged a lock of Changmin's hair, and smiled an annoyingly sweet smile when Changmin made a face. "So you don't like it when I call you Changdola?" he asked softly.

Yes I do.

"No I don't," he forced himself to say.

"Oh," Yunho replied, sounding so sad that Changmin flailed. "You should've just said so. I wouldn't want to upset you in any way."

"Uh..." Changmin was at a loss, unsure when the conversation had taken a turn for the worse.
"I mean it was obvious you weren't comfortable with the nickname but I just...I don't want you to hate me. I just thought if I had a nickname for you you'd be more comfortable. With me."

Oh God, Yunho was looking at him with those pretty, pretty eyes and guilt made its presence known, right in the middle of Changmin's chest, and Changmin kind of wanted to punch himself.

Yunho looked at the ground, twisting his hands.

"I just want you to be comfortable with me," he said, voice small.

"Uh no no, it's not that, it's just- no it's totally fine, you can call me Changdola," Changmin said hastily, willing to promise anything to get Yunho to stop sounding like that.

"Really?" Yunho asked, voice a little brighter but still refusing to meet his eyes. "So then...so then could you maybe..."

Changmin found himself leaning towards him. "Yes? Could I what?"

"Call me hyung please? And not Yunho-ssi or 'that idiot'?" Yunho asked almost shyly.

"Yes, of course I will," Changmin said, desperate to make Yunho happy again.

"So then...?" Yunho asked expectantly.

"Um, Yunho hyung, please stop being upset..."

All of a sudden Yunho looked up, grinning, and it took a second for Changmin to realize he just got fooled by possibly the biggest idiot in school.

"Aww Min-ah, you're so adorable, of course I'll stop being upset," Yunho said, bouncing on the balls of his feet with a dazzling smile.

"You- did you just- weren't you just-" Changmin sputtered, unable to form words.

"Upset? Of course not, but it's so sweet of you to care," Yunho replied cheerfully.

The dazzling smile was quickly replaced with something akin to panic when Changmin went from being confused to properly angry. And when Changmin reached out with his hands towards the general vicinity of Yunho's neck, Yunho started to run away.

"Jung Yunho I will kill you so hard you will die do you hear me?" he growled as he chased him across campus.

"Changmin stop being scary, I am your hyung goddammit!" Yunho screamed in reply over his shoulder as he ran, laughing, for the sake of his future posterity.

***

Changmin was enjoying the warm October sun by the ornate fountain in the center of campus, the last few days before the weather was to become unbearably cold and needed more than a hoodie to keep people warm. He leaned back on his hands on the circular stone bench surrounding the fountain, head tilted up, eyes closed, soaking up the sun. He was in an extremely good mood, though he couldn't put his finger on exactly why. Maybe it's the weather, he thought to himself. His phone vibrated with a text message.

Received from Jung Yunho 9:00 AM
Good morning sunshine ^^

Smiling, he sent a text back.

Sent to Jung Yunho 9:01 AM
Good morning :)

He was in a good mood.

Received from Jung Yunho 9:02 AM
Where r u :))

Sent to Jung Yunho 9:03 AM
By the fountain.

Received from Jung Yunho 9:03 AM
Okee ;)

He put his phone back in his bag, and then went back to his previous position.

After a while, his vision darkened behind his eyes as the sun was blocked off by someone’s body.
Changmin opened his eyes.

Yunho was standing over him with his friend Donghae, whom Changmin had seen previously with Yunho at his father's store and met the week before at the library, one of the many people who came to say hi to Yunho.

“Hey there.” Yunho was smiling softly, an unreadable expression on his face.

“Hi,” Changmin said, feeling inexplicably warm.

He was still sitting while they were standing, making him feel small.

“You remember my best friend Donghae, don’t you?”

“Yeah I remember,” he replied, looking at Yunho’s friend. “Hi, I’m Changmin.”

“I know,” Donghae said, a strange smile on his handsome face, making Changmin feel anxious all of a sudden.

Changmin wasn’t sure how to respond to that, so he looked back at Yunho, a question in his eyes.

Yunho smiled at him in reassurance, and Changmin’s anxiety went away as suddenly as it had come.

Yunho offered him a hand, and Changmin hesitated a moment before taking it, asking what he was doing.

Yunho pulled him close, and then whispered in his ear. “Isn’t it hot today, Changdola?”

His face warmed from the other man's closeness. “Um, a little.”

“Then...wanna get wet with me?” Yunho asked, a glint in his eyes.

Changmin turned a shade redder at the double meaning. “I don’t think-”

But he never got to say what exactly he thought, because just then Yunho pushed him.
Right into the fountain.

The fountain wasn’t deep enough for someone to be completely submerged under, especially not someone as tall as Changmin, but it was filled with enough water to get him properly wet.

Thank God his book bag and phone were safely on the bench. Although, Yunho had probably noticed that and decided to have a little fun. What a bastard.

Changmin sat stunned in the water for a moment, and then glared up at a chortling Yunho, while his friend looked on with an amused expression.

“Changmin-ah you look even better all wet!” Yunho looked positively delighted.

“Jung Yunho I will pound you to death with my books,” Changmin fumed.

“I’d rather you pounded me with something else,” Yunho said suggestively, eyes sweeping up and down his body, lingering on his shirt. It was thoroughly wet, sticking to his chest.

Changmin reddened all over again, mouth gaping open and closed like a fish, unable to come up with anything to say.

So he got up as calmly as he could, counting to ten in his head. Chasing after Yunho would be undignified, Changmin reminded himself as he drew his shirt away from his body, glaring at Yunho. His glare lessened, however, when he saw something akin to lust flit across Yunho’s features, but then it was gone so fast Changmin wasn’t sure if he had imagined it.

Blushing, he looked down, wringing the gross fountain water out of his shirt.

“I will not kill Jung Yunho I will not kill Jung Yunho I am going to kill Jung Yunho,” Changmin muttered to himself, trying to keep his temper in check. “This is my favorite shirt you bastard do you even know what was in the water now I have to burn it and take 9 million showers and get an STD test you jerk.”

Yunho just laughed, eyes crinkling.

Chapter End Notes

An early update because it's Yunho's birthday! Here, anyway. Happy birthday bb <3
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Thanks to chibisuz as always <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Four weeks later, Changmin was sure someone was playing with his life for his or her own amusement.

Now that Changmin couldn't seem to keep his mind off the older man, someone had helpfully made sure that he saw Yunho everywhere so that he never got a moment of respite. Ever.

Wherever he went, he would see Yunho. Yunho laughing with his friends in the middle of the food court, Yunho playing sports with his friends in the most randomest places on campus, Yunho studying alone or tutoring underclassmen.

Changmin hated it. He hated everything. He profusely cursed the being who decided he should meet Jung Yunho.

And blast it all, Yunho would not leave him alone. The older man's face would light up in a grin every time he saw Changmin. He would always walk over to Changmin, no matter who he was with at the time, saying goodbye to them quickly before walking over with a cheerful hey Changdola. Changmin was unbelievably flattered at the treatment, despite the glares he got from Yunho's friends, both male and female.

***

They fell into something of a routine a week after meeting in the library. Changmin would attend his morning classes and when it was time for lunch, he would sit with his two closest friends, Kyuhyun and Minho, on the grass underneath the same tree every day. Yunho would find him after his own classes ended, sitting down next to him without invitation and bringing his friends Donghae and Siwon along with him.

They would continue to have lunch, all six of them bickering with each other the entire time, but none of them more than Yunho and Changmin. Yunho would complain about Changmin ignoring him, and Changmin would answer with dignity that he was a good student and so did not text during class like some people. Yunho would have the nerve to look like a kicked puppy. After almost an hour of constant jibes and jeers and insults and laughter, with Yunho's naughty hand occasionally making its way to Changmin's thighs, Changmin's back, Changmin's face to brush away imaginary crumbs, they would disperse, all going their separate ways for their respective classes.

Changmin found himself looking forward to lunchtime, for he rather enjoyed the older man and his friend's company, but he would be damned before he admit it to anyone. He was even less likely to admit that he was fascinated by Yunho's face and the honest display of every emotion to ever pass through the man. Not to mention the fact that the heat coming off the older man's body was deliciously addicting. He would catch glimpses of the other man's smooth collarbones when his shirt was unbuttoned a bit. Or brush against muscled biceps. Or accidently feel his thick thighs. And all of it was enough to drive him insane, so much so that he would protest loudly against Yunho being so
touchy with him.

Although he secretly enjoyed the attention sometimes, it made him anxious other times, made him remember things he didn't want to remember, like the last time he had been touched that way a bit more violently. And it was as if the older man sensed the sudden tension in his body, as if he knew his touching was suddenly unwanted, because he would withdraw his hand and smile reassuringly and just like that Changmin would be okay. Changmin was grateful beyond words for how well the man seemed to understand him, able to pick up on the slightest changes in Changmin's feelings.

The conversations weren't always fun, not for Changmin, at least. Sometimes when a rare lull in the conversation settled, Donghae's eyes would wander to the people around them. He and his friends then began to discuss the most dreaded subject: girls. They would talk about past experiences with girls, and although Yunho would mostly just listen, he'd occasionally throw in a comment or two about boys he's slept with. Changmin would become uncharacteristically quiet, and Kyuhyun and Minho would glance at him in worry.

Changmin would walk away from these lunches with an aching heart.

On one of these occasions, Yunho turned to Changmin and asked, "You're gay, aren't you?"

"Yes..." Changmin answered, thrown off by his bluntness.

"So how many boyfriends have you had?"

The others were watching him.

Changmin looked down, playing with the grass between his fingers, a blush dusted across his cheeks. "Just one," he mumbled.

Yunho's eyes widened. "Just one? How come? You're so hot Changmin-ah!"

Changmin turned a new shade of red, gritted his teeth and tried to count to ten in his head.

"So where's your boyfriend Changmin-ah?" Yunho asked obliviously, looking around as if Changmin's boyfriend would pop out from behind the nearest tree.

Changmin sprang up with his bookbag, glared at Yunho, and walked away with a scowl.

Behind him, the sound of a slap reached Changmin's ears, followed by a voice that sounded suspiciously like Yunho's saying indignantly what, what did I say?! and another saying dude, you're so tactless.

***

After the second round of classes ended around 5 in the evening, Changmin headed straight to the library to get his work done.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on how irritated he was with Yunho's perfect existence that day, Yunho would find him there too, walking over to Changmin's table and settling in the seat directly across from him, smiling angelically.

They would do their work. Or Yunho would. Changmin would try his best not to be distracted by the older man, but it was a fruitless effort. He was so hopelessly aware of Yunho's every move, so attuned to even his breathing, that he would have a hard time focusing his attention on anything else. He supposed, being the genius that he was, his body had adapted to this new threat, and developed a
system in which he was able to both work and be aware of Yunho at the same time.

Changmin just didn't understand. How could Yunho seem so unaffected when Changmin was ready to explode from the tension? Was this not the same Yunho who had been so aroused, moaning, from just the slightest touch from Changmin?

After an hour or so would pass, Yunho would take a break. Which meant Changmin took a break as well, by default, because to Yunho a break consisted of poking Changmin with his pen or tugging locks of his hair till he paid him attention. When Changmin would finally look up, exasperated, Yunho would proceed to talk about anything and everything that crossed his mind, which was a lot of things, no matter how random. At least once during these study sessions, sometimes twice, he would step out for a couple minutes, coming back and smelling like cigarette smoke. Changmin had wrinkled his nose pointedly a couple times, but Yunho just ignored him and continued chatting away.

Changmin liked to think he was indulging Yunho, but the truth was that he liked their conversations. He liked talking to Yunho, because the older man always had the most interesting things to say. He liked arguing with Yunho, because the man treated him like an equal and took his opinions seriously. He could honestly say that his conversations with Yunho helped him learn, helped him be more open minded and think in different ways.

Yunho also told him about his own family. Changmin found that his father was a successful lawyer back in Gwangju, and he had wanted Yunho to follow in his footsteps and eventually take over the firm. Yunho was certainly brilliant enough to. He had resisted in the beginning though, because he wanted to be a singer and dancer.

“Really? You wanted to be an idol?” Changmin asked, surprised. Yunho definitely had the looks to be famous, but he had never heard anything like that about Yunho.

Yunho raised an eyebrow, smiling. “Why? You don’t think I could?”

“No, no, of course not. It’s just, I’ve never heard anything about you being a dancer. Or a singer. Are you in any clubs?”

Yunho shook his head. “No, I don’t really have the time. I used to dance in high school and won a couple competitions for singing too, but I didn’t pursue it in college.”

“Why not? If you won competitions you must be good.”

“My dad didn’t think the chances of success in an industry like that were high. Even those with talent never made it big. He was worried that I would spend all this time and effort, and not be rewarded for any of it. So he made a deal with me. He said if I got a degree in law or business or whatever, he would fund it entirely, tuition and food and an apartment and allowance for clothes and stuff, not to mention an automatic job when I got back home.”

Changmin stared at him. “So you gave up dancing? Doesn’t it make you angry that your dad wouldn’t support you?”

Yunho pursed his lips, apparently thinking. Changmin had to focus very hard not to stare at his pink lips. He probably deserved an award for it.

"He didn't not support me, per se. He just didn't want me to suffer for a dream that might never come true. It's as much luck as it is talent, I think, and my dad thought the same. I don't blame him for what he did. I guess if I had a son, I would want him to do something that had a 100% chance of success
as well." He shrugged. "I know where he's coming from, and I'm not mad about it."

Changmin was quiet, absorbing what he had heard and fitting it into everything else he knew about the man. "I see," he said after a while, and didn't bring it up again.

But if at times their conversations were serious, then there were plenty of times when they were light hearted and funny too. Not to mention flirtly. Yunho took every opportunity that presented itself to make a suggestive comment, wiggling an eyebrow whenever he did so. He accidently-on-purpose knocked their legs together under the table, but Changmin ignored him every time, even though Yunho was pretty persistent in trying to get a reaction out of him. He also let his hands wander here and there, but Changmin quickly cut him off from this habit, slapping his hand away or glaring so that Yunho's naughty hand scampered back to safety. Changmin wouldn't allow himself to enjoy Yunho's attention, not when he still wasn't sure what was going on between them.

The day Yunho asked about his boyfriend, the dynamics of their already confusing relationship changed.

Changmin came to the library in a horrible mood. He had ignored all 17 messages from Yunho, all variants of Changmin I'm sorry please talk to me. He stomped over to his table and slammed his books down, earning half disapproving, half frightened looks from the students around him.

Yunho came 15 minutes later, but today, instead of sitting across from him, he dropped into the seat next to him, his body turned towards him.

"Changmin," Yunho said softly.

Changmin didn't look at him, determined to ignore him, but he didn't fail to notice that this time it was just Changmin, not Changmin-ah or Changminnie or Changdola. He wasn't sure why this upset him more.

His eyes stayed glued to his textbook.

"Changmin-ah I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

No response.

"Changmin please look at me," Yunho said, a hint of pleading in his voice.

Changmin dragged his eyes up. Yunho looked both apologetic and confused, as if he was genuinely sorry but had no idea why he was.

Changmin sighed. He was powerless against those warm chocolate brown eyes, even if their owner didn't know it.

"It's okay," he mumbled, looking back down. "It's just...it's not something I like talking about."

"I'm sorry, I didn't know," Yunho said, seemingly relieved that Changmin was talking to him.

Changmin turned to him.

"It's fine. Just...not again, okay hyung?"

"Of course," Yunho breathed, staring intently at Changmin.

"Okay then. It's done. Let's not talk about it again."
"Okay," Yunho said, sounding like an obedient little kid. He started pulling out his books slowly, but still watched Changmin, as if he would become upset again the second he shifted his attention away.

Changmin stared at his textbook, seeing none of the words. He could feel Yunho still watching him, a warm feeling spreading through him. He felt strangely happy that Yunho hadn't brushed off his feelings, had come and apologized to him, even though he clearly had no idea why Changmin had gotten so upset. He smiled to himself and focused on the notes in front of him, calm and content.

15 minutes later, Yunho nudged Changmin under the table with his knees. Changmin looked at him. Yunho hadn't even opened his books; instead, he was laying his head on his crossed arms on the textbooks, face turned towards Changmin. He was gazing at him, eyes heavy lidded. It seemed he had been doing that the entire time.

"You're really not mad at hyung, right?"

Changmin shook his head. "No, I'm not mad."

Yunho continued to stare at him almost thoughtfully.

Changmin was beginning to become flustered under that intense gaze.

"Hyung?" he asked tentatively.

"Do you know?" Yunho asked, oblivious to Changmin's discomfort.

He shook his head again.

"I couldn't pay attention in any of my classes after lunch," Yunho said softly.

"Why not?" Changmin prodded, thinking he knew the answer but afraid to hear it confirmed from Yunho's mouth.

Yunho looked away, and then glanced back at him.

"I was worried that I had made you so upset you wouldn't want to talk to me anymore," he said quietly, almost in wonder, as if his feelings were as much of a mystery to himself as they were to Changmin.

Changmin felt his insides flip and tumble, face flaming. Oh God, Yunho, please don't make me fall for you.

Because that was exactly what was happening.

Changmin turned away, unable to bear looking at Yunho's dumb face any longer, sure that he would do something incredibly stupid. Like kiss those pouty lips that were just begging to be licked and bitten and ravaged by his own.

"It's okay, hyung, you don't have to worry about it anymore," he muttered, looking down at his lap, where his fingers were twisting nervously.

Yunho was silent for a couple minutes. For the first time since they had met, an uncomfortable silence fell between them, a heavy blanket that they couldn't push off. Changmin wondered briefly what was happening.

Yunho suddenly sat up, and moved closer in his chair. "Can I ask you something, Changmin-ah?"
"Sure..." Changmin replied hesitantly, face hot from the older man's proximity.

"I understand if you've had some bad experiences but..."

Changmin stared hard at his fingers, willing Yunho silently to stop bringing back painful memories.

Yunho kept going. "Is that why you refuse my advances?" Yunho asked quietly.

Changmin felt a familiar lump rising in his throat, hating where this conversation was headed. "Hyung please..."

"Changmin help me out here. I'm getting tired of this, I don't know what to do and you're not helping and I'm honestly not like what you've heard if you would just give me-"

"Hyung stop!" Changmin cried, springing up. People were staring now, and oh God, Changmin hated this, hated Yunho, hated himself for being such a wimp. He whirled around and flew out of the library.

He only made it to the bathroom, willing the panic in his chest and the unwanted images flashing behind his eyes to go away, before the door banged open behind him and Yunho came in.

Changmin stared down at the sink, panting, refusing to look at Yunho's reflection in the mirror, but he didn't have to do anything.

Yunho spun him around and pulled him close, one arm around his waist while the other tucked Changmin's head into the crook of his neck. "Changminnie I'm sorry, hyung is sorry, I won't talk about it again, I'm so sorry, I won't bring it up again, please don't be mad at me," Yunho whispered into his ear, arms holding him tightly, as if Changmin would dematerialize into air if he loosened his hold for even a moment.

Changmin stood stiffly for a few moments, hands hanging limp at his sides, while Yunho continued to apologize and plead and promise into his ear. But the older man's presence was overwhelmingly comforting, and he soon found himself relaxing in his hold, arms coming up to wrap around Yunho's waist loosely, head resting on the older man's broad shoulders. The dam that was threatening to spill over his eyes soon disappeared, and even then Yunho held on tight.

***

October rolled into November, the weather became colder as the leaves fell from brilliantly colored trees, and Changmin and Yunho became awkward.

Changmin had never been so confused in his life. For some reason, instead of becoming closer after the events of the other Friday, they had become even more strange around each other. He felt like something had shifted, something extremely important, but he couldn't, for the life of him, understand what exactly had changed, no matter how hard he tried to find a reason for it.

He felt like the older man had been distancing himself. He wasn't sure why he thought so, though; Yunho still texted him good morning and good night; he still came to eat lunch with them; he still sat with Changmin in the library after classes finished.

He joked like always, was annoying like always, but Changmin couldn't quite figure what had changed until one afternoon when the six of them were sitting together for lunch like always.

Yunho was sitting next to him, like always. They were laughing about one thing or another, when Donghae had playfully shoved Yunho toward Changmin. Yunho, however, resisted, digging his
fingers into the dirt to avoid falling into Changmin. It wouldn't have been so awkward if Yunho hadn't turned around and shoved Donghae away from him angrily.

Donghae looked startled, and the rest of them stared at Yunho, surprised by his sudden anger.

"What the fuck dude?" Donghae said, getting angry himself.

"Don't fucking touch me," Yunho gritted, standing up and swinging his backpack over his shoulders as he walked away.

"You don't have take out your anger on other people. It's not my fault you got rejected you dick," Donghae yelled after him, jumping up, but Yunho only flipped the bird at him over his shoulder.

The rest of them were left in an awkward silence, until Donghae turned around and glared at Changmin and then stalked away, after which Siwon ran after him, and the three younger boys were staring at each other in confusion. Changmin didn't understand why Donghae seemed angry at him all of a sudden.

When Changmin waited for Yunho at the library later, Yunho never showed up. Anxious, he texted him.

Sent to Jung Yunho 5:45 PM
Are you okay?

Yunho didn't reply right away though, like he always did. Changmin had to wait a while for a response.

He almost jumped on his phone when it finally came.

Received from Jung Yunho 6:15 PM
Yeah

Changmin felt disappointed at the dry reply, missing the cheerful way Yunho usually texted him.

Sent to Jung Yunho 6:16 PM
Aren't you coming today?

Received from Jung Yunho 6:20 PM
Not today. Im at heechul hyung's house

Sent to Jung Yunho 6:21 PM
Oh okay. Have fun then

And that had been it. Not a word from Yunho the rest of the night, and the next day, Friday, he hadn't been on campus either. He saw nothing of him the weekend that followed, and it took three full days with nothing from Yunho, no texting or talking or touching, for Changmin to realize what had changed: Yunho had not touched him since that day at the library.

He had been so careful not to brush against Changmin at lunch time or later in the library, but Changmin, somehow, hadn't noticed, not until now.

Changmin shook those bad memories from his mind, trying not to think about how much he missed his Yunho; even though it had only been a couple of days, it felt like eons since he had last talked to the older man or felt his touch.
The campus had turned into a picture-perfect beauty with its bright trees, and it was this beauty he was gazing at when the quiet peacefulness of the chilly autumn morning was broken by the sounds of harsh voices screaming profanities.

Startled, Changmin turned to the direction of the voices. He was shocked to see two boys fighting by the fountain, throwing punches at each other's faces and stomachs. People began forming a circle around the boys, watching with a morbid sort of fascination. But before any of the boys could start bleeding or become injured in any other way, the crowd around them split.

Changmin craned his neck to see what caused the crowd to part like the red sea. He shouldn't have been surprised, but he was.

Yunho didn't even need to make his way through the crowd; students scrambled out his path themselves, looking apprehensive.

He stomped over to the two still fighting boys looking furious, yanking them apart by the collars of their shirts so hard they were both raised a few inches off the ground. The boys didn't look away from each other's faces, and continued to try and do as much harm to the other as possible. When Yunho wouldn't allow them to draw close to each other again though, one of the boys twisted in Yunho's hold and punched him, right in the face. Changmin's heart dropped when he heard a sickening crack all the way from where he was standing. The crowd around the three boys gasped audibly.

Yunho dropped both boys, his hands flying up to his face.

Only then did both boys get a good look at the man who had been holding them apart. Fear was visible on one of the boy's face, while the boy who punched Yunho looked horrified.

Yunho looked up from the ground, hands held over his nose, but blood was still visible, pouring through his fingers. He said something angrily to the boys in front of him, looking absolutely murderous. Changmin felt a shiver of fear run through even at this distance. He couldn't imagine what the boys must have been feeling. They were both, meanwhile, bowing profusely, eyes not raising from the ground.

Yunho said one last thing, and both boys ran away towards the dean's office, looking thoroughly cowed. He gave a single look at the crowd still around him, and they all promptly dispersed. Finally alone, he removed his hands from his face, winced slightly, and then covered it up again.

Before Changmin knew what he was doing, his feet were running towards Yunho.

"Yunho! Hyung, are you okay?" Changmin asked, hands automatically lifting, removing Yunho's hands, to check the damage done to his face.

Yunho looked at him, surprise flitting across his face, but Changmin ignored it. He reached into his bag and took out a pack of tissues, handing one to Yunho to hold against his still bleeding nose.

"Don't worry, it's fine, I don't think it's broken," he said quietly, but Changmin wasn't listening. He took another tissue and began to wipe blood from the hand that wasn't busy trying to stop himself from bleeding to death, muttering the entire time about hoodlum freshmen who didn't know how to behave themselves. He did his best to stop his shaking hands, but Yunho noticed. Yunho always noticed, especially when it came to things he had no business noticing.

"Changmin, I'm fine," Yunho said gently, removing his hand from Changmin's grip to hold his hands firmly. Changmin's heart was in his throat, so relieved to feel Yunho's touch.
"No you're not," Changmin said, voice shaky. "There's a cut on your face, too."

Yunho moved his other hand to touch his cheek, where there was a shallow cut below his left eye. "Ah, it must have been from Kris's ring."

"Hold on, I have a band-aid," Changmin said, reaching into his bag to pull one out. After he gently cleaned Yunho's cheek from the blood with a wet napkin, he carefully applied the band-aid so that it covered the cut fully. He was so focused on his task he didn't notice the way the other man had been gazing at him.

"Come on, you need an ice pack for your nose," Changmin said, tugging Yunho towards the first-aid office. He held Yunho's hand as he walked him across campus, and when Yunho tried to tell him that he could find the office just fine by himself, trying to tug his hand free, Changmin only began to mutter about grown men with the sense of direction of five-year-old children, and held on tighter.

The truth was Changmin knew that Yunho could take care of himself perfectly fine, but he had been so frightened of Yunho's anger that day and the week before at lunchtime that he needed to assure himself that this was still the same Yunho, the Yunho who was always cheerful and sweet and annoying and never, ever angry.

He all but shoved Yunho towards the nurse in the office, insisting that he needed to be seen before any else or he would die.

The nurse gave him an exasperated look, and then guided Yunho towards an empty room. Yunho gave him a reassuring smile behind his back as he walked away.

Changmin sat in one of the chairs outside the room. This might take a while, he thought, getting comfortable.

His mind wandered back to the fight, to the way Yunho had looked when he was angry. Even now, with Yunho safely calm, he felt a flicker of fear at his anger, at the way the older man's eyes had been so stormy before calming when he realized it was Changmin who had come to him. He wondered how it would be to be on the receiving end of that anger; now that Yunho was no longer raging, he could admit to himself that it had been rather sexy.

Strong arms pinning him against the bed, against the wall, muscular thighs pressed to his, a rough voice talking dirty to him....

Someone cleared his throat said above him, "Changmin?"

Changmin jerked, startled, and then flushed when he saw Yunho standing above him, a quizzical look in his eyes.

Blushing furiously, he tried to rid his mind of the images he had been so dreamily thinking of, tried to focus in the man in front of him, and stood up.

Clearing his throat, he said, "So uh, how did it go?"

Yunho smiled, holding an ice pack to his nose. "Just fine. Nothing's broken. Only swollen a little."

"That's a relief," he said, then blushed again. "Um, I mean, for you. It would've been an inconvenience. If you had to go to the hospital, I mean. Um."

"Yeah." Yunho was still smiling, but it was as if the brilliance had been turned down a few watts, making him look almost sad. "Thanks for waiting, you didn't have to."
Changmin looked down. "It's nothing," he said softly, feeling strange.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Valentine's Day!
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Thanks to chibisuz for her invaluable comments :D Also, this is what Kyuhyun dresses Changmin in.

Raging with jealousy the night Yunho disappeared from the club with his arms around a pretty little Chinese exchange student, Changmin vent his outrage to Kyuhyun over shots of tequila.

Kyuhyun leisurely licked the salt off the back of his hand as Changmin took a shot and then grimaced before biting on a lime, face screwing up from the sourness.

"What exactly does that prissy little boy have that I don't?!!" he asked as he wiped his mouth, feeling pleasantly buzzed.

"His name is Luhan, not prissy little boy," Kyuhyun explained patiently, on his first drink and so nowhere near as drunk as Changmin.

"I don't care! Why did he leave with him when he knows I'm here??" Changmin slurred.

"Maybe because Luhan was willing to go with him?"

Changmin ignored reason. "What does he even see in that kid? He must be so boring in bed, I bet he's a crier," Changmin said spitefully, jealousy making his vision red.

"I don't know about that, Changmin, Luhan is really kind of adorable," Kyuhyun replied doubtfully.

Changmin glared at him with a you-are-really-not-helping-you-insensitive-sod kind of glare and then downed another shot.

"He's not only adorable, he is really sweet and cute and pretty and gentle and friendly," Kyuhyun continued helpfully, making sure to list all the things Changmin was not.

"I'm cute and pretty," Changmin half mumbled half sniffed, lips turned down unhappily.

Seeing Changmin's despairing face, he went in for the kill. "Just like Yunho. They're practically made for each other."

But when Changmin's eyes started looking watery, guilt flashed through Kyuhyun's features.

"Wait dude don't cry!" he said hastily.

"Why would you say that!" Changmin wailed.

Kyuhyun sighed, patting him on the back. "I just wanted you to realize that if you don't do something now, you're really going to lose him. Plus I'm kind of sick and tired of listening to you moan Yunho's name in the shower every night."

But Changmin was not listening, having found a different topic to complain about. "You're supposed to be my best friend! You're supposed to agree with me! You're supposed to say Luhan is terrible in
bed and that Yunho is the world's biggest jackass for daring to not give me attention!" Angrily, he took another shot, his sixth of the night.

"Changmin you're being very unfair," Kyuhyun said sternly. "Yunho has done nothing but give you attention. Even a blind guy could see how much he wants you. Now stop drinking so fast, that's enough."

He was right, but Changmin didn't want to be fair. "If he really wanted me he wouldn't be leaving with other guys," Changmin gritted, reaching for another drink but Kyuhyun smoothly took them out of his reach.

"Maybe he's sexually frustrated."

"He just needs to wait longer. Give that back."

"Changmin. Yunho has waited for you for two months. Two months! Does he look like the type to wait for someone for two months? No. Even I'm starting to feel bad for the man," Kyuhyun replied, ignoring his demand and pulling the tequila even further away.

Changmin face-planted on the table, giving up on life as he mumbled something incomprehensible even to him.

Kyuhyun, meanwhile, was tapping his fingers against the table, looking thoughtful. He picked up a lime and began to suck on it, lips puckered.

"So, um, dude, what was Donghae talking about the other day? About Yunho getting rejected?"

"I don't know, I've been thinking about it too," Changmin admitted, propping his chin on the table and fiddling with the salt shaker in front of him as he gazed at Kyuhyun with unfocused eyes.

"Could he have been talking about you? He did look mad at you," Kyuhyun said, watching him.

"But...I haven't rejected him," Changmin mumbled.

"Maybe he thinks you have."

Changmin suddenly felt anxious. He sat up straight. "Do you think that's why he...isn't like he was before?"

"You mean why he doesn't grovel at your feet like he usually does?" Kyuhyun asked with a raised brow.

Changmin scowled.

Kyuhyun grinned, then said seriously, "Maybe. You should do something if you don't want to lose him Changmin."

Changmin sighed. "If it's not already too late," he mumbled.

But Kyuhyun wasn't done, it seemed. He was still watching Changmin carefully.

“What?” Changmin said, annoyed.

Kyuhyun pursed his lips, still watching him. “I want to say something but I don’t want you to get mad.”
Oh? Kyuhyun never needed Changmin’s permission to say something, because he said it whether or not Changmin wanted to hear it. This was serious. “Yes?” Changmin asked, curious despite himself.

“Do you think maybe…”

“What?”

Kyuhyun sighed. “Okay. Well. Why don’t we look at it from Yunho’s perspective.”

“Look at what?” Changmin asked, thoroughly confused. This conversation already seemed out of his reach, given how drunk he was.

“So it’s like this,” Kyuhyun began, and very slowly. “Yunho gave you his number. You didn’t call him for two weeks. He saw you in the club and came to talk to you. You ‘danced’ with him. You touched him. You turned him on. And then you left him. He saw you in the library and came to you. Again. For the third time. You talked to him, but mostly you kept him at a distance, but he didn’t give up. He gave you his number again, and kept talking to you, and studying with you. He asked you to go to parties with him and spend the night, but you said no. He touched you here and there, you didn’t really discourage him. But then when he tried to talk to you about whatever was between the two of you, you shut him down. So now here he is, having spent the last two months trying to get somewhere with you, and you haven’t responded. Do you understand what I’m trying to say?”

Changmin stared at him for a few moments, slightly stunned by the long speech. He was way too drunk for this.

Kyuhyun raised an expectant eyebrow. “Well?”

Changmin thought about it, very hard, trying to figure out what his weird best friend was trying to say. “That it’s all Yunho’s fault?” he suggested.

Kyuhyun rolled his eyes. “No, Changmin, I’m saying it’s all your fault.”

Changmin looked at him with all the indignance of a drunk. “It is not all my fault!”

“What isn’t?”

“I don’t know, but I know it’s not my fault!”

Kyuhyun sighed. He did that a lot these days, Changmin noticed absentmindedly. “Changmin, did you understand what I said?”

“No, but I know it wasn’t my fault,” Changmin replied proudly.

Kyuhyun reached across the table and took his face in his hands. But not gently or anything, because that was gay, and Kyuhyun wasn’t gay. How rude of him to be so rough. He wanted Yunho to hold his face gently, but then he remembered he was supposed to be mad at Yunho, but he didn’t remember why he had to be, but that didn’t matter. He was going to be mad anyway. He was sure Yunho deserved to be mad at. “Changmin,” Kyuhyun said, shaking his head a bit. See. Not gentle at all. Yunho wouldn’t do that.

“What.”

“Changmin, what I’m trying to say is that Yunho might think you’re playing with him. And that he might be hurt.”

Kyuhyun stopped holding his face in a not-gay way and sat back. “Do you understand me now?”

“I think so,” Changmin replied, biting his lower lip.

Kyuhyun didn’t seem to believe him, and crossed his arms across his chest. Yunho’s chest was much nicer, Changmin thought proudly. “Then explain to me what I just said,” he said, in that way professors sometimes asked when they didn’t believe you, but that was not good because now Changmin was thinking of student-teacher fantasies, and it was doubly not good because he imagined Kyuhyun in his fantasy because Kyuhyun was right in front of him. And that was gross. Because Kyuhyun was his best friend. Ew.

He was startled when fingers snapped in front of his face. “What?”

“Changmin, stay focused. I asked for an explanation.”

Changmin had to think for a moment to remember what he was talking about, and then brightened. “You wanted to know if I understood,” he said, as if he had solved a particularly difficult Macro question.

“Yes, good, now did you?”

“Yes,” Changmin replied in the same tone.

Kyuhyun made an impatient sound. “Well?”

“You tried to tell me Yunho is a bastard for feeling hurt, because he has no right to be hurt,” Changmin answered confidently.

Kyuhyun slapped his forehead.

And then he reached across and shook Changmin’s shoulders roughly. “No, Changmin, I’m trying to tell you that Yunho thinks you’re playing him!”

That finally clicked. Maybe he needed to be shaken by his shoulders more often. “What? Playing him?” Changmin said weakly. “Do you really think that’s what he thinks?”

Kyuhyun sat back, seemingly relieved that Changmin was finally getting it, and shrugged. “That’s what I would think, if some girl did that to me.” He paused, apparently thinking, then shook his head. “Wow, Yunho is a saint, I would be right furious and never talk to her again.”

Fuck.

***

The next day was a Saturday, and after spending half the morning lazing around in bed and trying to will his hangover away, Changmin finally got up to get some work done. He took a shower, and feeling a bit better about himself, ate a quick breakfast and settled down at his desk.

His brain decided it had better things to do than focus on Advanced Macro Analysis, like think about Yunho. More specifically, about Yunho leaving with Luhan the previous night.

To say he was jealous and mad at Yunho was an understatement. To leave with another boy, right in front of him, when he knew Changmin was there, seemed almost like he didn’t give two fucks about how Changmin felt. The more he thought about it, the more he couldn’t stop himself from feeling
hurt, upset with Yunho for being so careless with his feelings. It was like his ex all over again, and
maybe that thought hurt the most, because he didn't want to compare someone as sweet and kind as
Yunho to an asshole like his ex.

But was Yunho still sweet and kind after last night? Afterall, Changmin had always heard rumors
about the man, rumors of him being a rampant Casanova. Maybe he was finally beginning to show
his true colors. Changmin didn't want to think that about Yunho though, had learned that there was
more to the older man than what the rumors always said about him.

After all, he reasoned with himself, Changmin was not his boyfriend. As much as the thought pained
him, he was logical enough to admit it to himself. Yunho was a full grown male, and was not tied to
someone else. He had every right to sleep with whoever he wanted; who was Changmin to tell him
what he could and couldn't do?

Plus now, with Kyuhyun’s most insightful analysis last night, which he had been able to better
understand in his sober state, he had to deal with the guilt that he might have unintentionally hurt
Yunho. A spiteful part of him was happy at the thought that Yunho was hurt, for no other reason
than that Changmin himself was miserable, but the other part, the one that was too fond of Yunho,
felt terrible.

After thinking about it some more, he came to the conclusion that his heart was an ass.

All the logic in the world couldn't make him feel better though.

Moping about it wasn't helping him, however, so he forced the issue from his mind, convincing
himself he was perfectly okay. Taking deep breaths to relax himself, he focused on the work in front
of him and managed to work through the assignments that had been steadily piling up. He lost
himself in his homework eventually; the logic of Macro was much more comforting and familiar to
him than his mess of human emotions were.

Kyuhyun came in around dinner time, snapping his books shut. Changmin jumped, startled. "Alright
nerd, time to get ready!"

"For what?" Changmin asked suspiciously.

"The club, duh," Kyuhyun replied, rolling his eyes.

"No I don't want to go."

"Good thing your opinion doesn't matter," Kyuhyun replied cheerfully, putting his hands on
Changmin's shoulders to pull him away.

"Kyuhyun stop, I'm serious," Changmin said, clutching the edge of the desk to stop himself from
being dragged away.

"Kyuhyun stop, I'm serious," Changmin said, clutching the edge of the desk to stop himself from
being dragged away.

"Changmin so am I. Get your ass up."

"Kyu please," he whined, turning Bambi eyes on him. "I can't go back, Yunho might be there!"

"That's exactly why we're going back, you idiot. And why are you using your aegyo on me? Do I
look like Yunho hyung to you?"

Oh well, it had been worth a try.

"Kyuuuuuu," he sighed dramatically.
Despite his many protests, he was forced into leather pants and a black shimmering shirt with a blazer on top.

"Why are you so determined to take me there anyway," he said as he pulled the pants up, grumbling all the while.

"Because you are going to get to the bottom of this thing between you guys even if it kills me," Kyuhyun said, standing over Changmin's dresser as he decided on cologne as though his very life depended on it.

Changmin continued his unhappy muttering, determined to make this as difficult as possible for his admittedly awesome but annoying as hell best friend.

Kyuhyun steadfastly ignored him, used to his grouchy and anti-social tendencies.

Kyuhyun then did something to his hair so that it was wavy and covering one eye. He had to admit he looked pretty good.

He asked Kyuhyun for his opinion.

Nodding as he looked him up and down, Kyuhyun said, “You look just like a male prostitute.”

“I’m going to take that as a compliment,” Changmin said dryly.

“Good, it was meant to be one,” Kyuhyun replied cheerfully, clapping him on the back.

“So, um, why am I getting so dressed up?” Changmin asked, turning around in front of the mirror to check his back.

“Because tonight, my friend, you are getting laid,” Kyuhyun said smoothly, brushing away imaginary lint while ignoring Changmin’s glare.

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Now, Changmin was sitting with his usual group of friends, minus Minho. Poor guy was too young to be admitted into the club, and they weren’t enough of bad kids to fake ID’s. Of course, Changmin and Kyuhyun constantly reminded him of all the things he missed out on rather gleefully.

Donghae and Yunho had made peace, apparently. They had walked over as soon as they spotted Changmin and Kyuhyun sitting together by the bar, and then dragged them away to their own table after getting their drinks.

Changmin had gotten over Yunho leaving with Luhan the previous night. His hangover of epic proportions that morning had helped.

Well, he thought he had. His heart kicked him, reminding him that no you little shit you're not okay.

As soon as he saw Yunho, he almost ran out of the club, and would have succeeded too had it not been for Kyuhyun’s fingers digging into his forearm, muttering under his breath at him to keep it together, man.


There wasn’t much of a conversation going on. Things had gotten worse between them after Changmin had forced Yunho to go to the nurse last Monday. Yunho had joined them for lunch only twice that week, and hadn't come to the library at all, always having an excuse. Lunch itself had
become quieter and less cheerful than before, a strange tension in the air every time the group gathered. Changmin had wondered why Donghae and Siwon still bothered to come when Yunho didn’t, but then realized it was because they had taken a genuine liking of the three younger boys.

Changmin had felt the first pangs of aches in his chest, and when he tried to find the problem that was causing him so much stress, no matter how many times he analyzed his feelings or how many different paths he looked at, the conclusion was always the same: he was in love with Jung Yunho, and it was only when Yunho had backed off that he realized it.

Changmin accepted that fact, and resigned himself to the very real possibility that Yunho did not want him anymore, not the way Changmin wanted him. And why would he, after Changmin's behavior around him had been so inconsistent and confusing?

He was still confused by Yunho's behavior though. Although Yunho wasn’t as he was before with him, he still smiled warmly at Changmin and, even now, had come to drag him away the minute he saw him.

Heechul wasn't helping. Changmin had finally, formally, met the man that night. Yunho had introduced him and then Heechul had proceeded to spend the next 20 minutes observing Changmin.

Really, the man was not doing anything to even try and make himself likable.

In normal circumstances, Changmin would have looked to Yunho for some sense of security, Yunho might have even told his hyung to stop making him uncomfortable; but circumstances weren't normal, so Changmin didn't look at Yunho, and Yunho didn't notice Changmin's discomfort.

He fiddled with his bottle instead, looking down and slightly bored while conversation floated around him.

"So Yurobbong, tell me who you've hooked up with recently," an annoying voice drawled, a voice that could only belong to Heechul.

He glanced up at the same time Yunho's eyes slid over to him.

But then he looked away, and Changmin wondered with a sinking feeling when they had become so distant.

"No one much," Yunho replied vaguely.

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"No one stood out?" Heechul prodded. "None of them were good fucks?"

"Heechul," Yunho warned, glaring.

"Heechul," he replied sweetly.

"Didn't you leave with Luhan last night?" Donghae said while taking a swig from his bottle, the last thing Changmin heard before he couldn't take it any more.

He excused himself calmly, voice thankfully steady, and walked away, chest constricting painfully and throat hurting from trying to keep the tears at bay.

He made it to the bathroom without bawling his eyes out, but it wasn't until Yunho walked in right
behind him and locked the door that he felt the dam behind his eyes would break.

"Changmin what's wrong?"

And break it did.

He couldn't stop the tears from flowing anymore, not when Yunho was looking at him with such genuine concern in his eyes.

"You! You're what's wrong!"

"What?" Yunho said, looking startled at the outburst of emotion from someone who was normally so calm and unaffected. His hands reached out for Changmin automatically, but Changmin shoved them away.

"Was he good? Did you have fun with him?" Changmin hissed angrily, uselessly wiping his tears away only for more to come pouring down his face.

"Changmin what are you talking about?" Yunho was still trying to reach for him, but Changmin wasn't making anything easy.

"Luhan! I saw you leave with him last night! Was he good?"

"Oh. Oh Changmin, we didn't do anything. I took him to his parents house because he had a fever, he was sick," Yunho replied, voice gentle.

Now he was crying from relief, but Yunho didn't have to know that.

"You didn't come back," Changmin said, weakly trying to push him away.

"Because it was late."

Changmin managed to keep Yunho's arms away from around him, but the older man was stubborn, and settled for resting his hands on the wall on either side of Changmin's head.

Changmin had stopped resisting, but the tears refused to stop. He stared into Yunho's eyes, heart pounding.

"Besides, why should I have come back? I didn't have a boyfriend waiting for me," Yunho said quietly, reaching to wipe his tears away.

Changmin cried harder. "I hate you," he said, glaring at him, but the effect was ruined when his lower lip trembled.

Yunho sucked in a breath, eyes going back and forth between his eyes and his lips. "No you don't."

And then. And then and then and then.

Finally, finally, Yunho leaned towards him, bought those delicious lips toward him, and before Changmin knew what was happening those lips were pressing against his own and Changmin was sure his heart would stop beating.

His brain screamed at him to respond, so he did.

He closed his eyes, hands coming up to clutch at Yunho's collar, and then Changmin was kissing him back like he was a breath of fresh air.
It wasn't sweet and romantic; no, they had been holding off for far too long for it to be anything but desperate. He ravaged Yunho's lips, licked and bit and Yunho let him, responded in kind.

"Fuck," Yunho breathed into his mouth, sounding shaky.

He coaxed Changmin's mouth open and Changmin let him in, let him sweep his tongue across his own. Changmin couldn't stop the moan that escaped his lips, but it seemed to encourage Yunho; he tilted his head to the side, pressed closer. Yunho's arms circled his waist and Changmin bought his own up around Yunho's neck, tightening his hold so that Yunho was even closer.

Changmin pulled away to breathe, panting, pants too tight. All from a simple kiss. Oh, but what a kiss it was.

Yunho pushed him against the wall, pressing close to let Changmin feel his own erection, before kissing up his jawline, all the way to his ear.

"Changmin," he breathed hotly, licking and gently biting the shell of his ear, causing Changmin to shiver and moan.

Changmin whined, turned his head to kiss Yunho again. Yunho let him for a bit, but when his hand snaked down to undo Changmin's pants, he pulled away.

"Not-not here," he gasped, putting his hands on Yunho's chest to stop him.

Yunho groaned in frustration. "Where?"

"My place. It's not too far away," he replied, amazingly coherent, hands curling in Yunho's shirt.

"Okay then," Yunho said, leaning in to kiss him again. "Lead me on."

It took enormous amount of willpower, but Changmin managed to pull away, taking his hand as they exited the bathroom and left the club.

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Across the bar, Heechul smirked.
Changmin didn't remember how they got to his apartment; he didn't know how they had managed to make it to his bed without ripping their clothes off each other right in public, nor did he think it mattered.

All that mattered was the fact that right now, Yunho was above him half naked and looking like he would very much like to eat Changmin.

Changmin's heart was pounding from sheer anticipation, couldn't believe that finally, finally, he would get what he had been lusting after for so long. The alcohol was helping.

His hands made their way down to Yunho's pants, trying to unbuckle the belt clumsily.

Above him, Yunho chuckled, voice hot against Changmin skin. "What, no foreplay?"

"We've had two months of foreplay, now shut up and take off your pants," he replied, hands roaming restlessly across Yunho’s abs, his torso, his back muscles. He felt like he would explode if he didn't get what he wanted right now.

Yunho obliged him, taking his pants and boxers off in one go, finally naked. He wrapped a hand around his erection, which stood proud and erect, stroked languidly and watched Changmin with hooded eyes while Changmin could feel his mouth water.

He reached for it, but Yunho leaned away. Changmin growled, but Yunho only laughed, eyes dark. He gritted his teeth, tried his best not to beat Yunho unconscious for playing with him, but Changmin kind of needed him awake if he wanted to be fucked.

"Yunho," Changmin growled again.

"Changmin-ah it's not fair if you're not naked too you know."

"So then get me naked," he snapped.

Yunho's eyes glittered. "With pleasure."

He yanked Changmin's pants off and let them fall to the floor. He licked his lips as he eyed Changmin's obvious erection through his boxer-briefs. Bringing his head down, he licked and mouthed at his stiff length through the fabric until it was wet. Changmin forgot all about his earlier annoyance and gasped with pleasure, hands pulling roughly at Yunho's hair.

"Yunho please," he moaned.

"Please what?"

*Ugh Yunho was that type of lover,* Changmin managed to think, growing more and more annoyed
with the situation.

"Fuck me already," he said through gritted teeth.

"Wow Changdola you're getting pretty demanding."

Changmin could feel his erection start to soften a little; Yunho seemed to notice, and looked at him with confusion in his eyes.

"Just so you know, too much teasing turns me off and makes me angry," he announced matter-of-factly.

"Is that so? Well then you should've just said so," Yunho replied, and that was when he stopped fooling around, eyes glinting.

He leaned down to press open mouthed kisses to Changmin's lips. Changmin moaned into the kiss, raising his hips a little to rub his crotch against Yunho's. Yunho pulled away, gasping before he reached down to pull Changmin's boxer briefs off. He wrapped a hand around Changmin's stiff length, watching his face.

Changmin tried to form words, but all that came out were shuddered breaths. And really, what words existed that could possibly describe the pleasure that was shooting through his body right now?

Yunho stroked his shaft, up and down and occasionally dipping a finger into the slit. Precome oozed profusely as he pressed his thumb against the vein along the underside, and Changmin whined.

"Look at you, moaning like a bitch in heat, just for me," Yunho breathed into his ears.

His words caused Changmin to flush, but he couldn't even speak, air escaping his mouth without a sound.

"Know what I wanna do to you? I wanna fuck you hard, pound in to you over and over again until I fuck all thought out of you, until all you can feel is me so deep in that pretty little ass of yours that you'll feel me all the way up there" -Changmin's breath hitched, Yunho's hand pumping him fast and hard all the while- "until the bed is banging against the wall and the neighbors call the cops, paint your gorgeous body in my cum and-"

"Yunho s-stop. I'm gonna c-come," he said, and he would be appalled at how his voice was so breathy and whiny, but he couldn't be bothered to care right now; all that was important was that Yunho never stop touching him, never stop talking in that rough deep voice. His arms tightened around Yunho's neck, hips bucking into the tight grip Yunho had around him.

"So come," he said, tone challenging.

"No, I don't wan-"

"Come," he said, voice hard and commanding, so Changmin did.

He came with an embarrassing sound, moaning Yunho's name as he spilled all over Yunho's hands and abdomen, and it was so much better than any orgasm he ever had through his own hands.

Yunho stroked him through it, kissing Changmin's jaw and neck as his body jerked uncontrollably, eyes closed and panting.

When he was done and stopped moving, arms slipping from around Yunho to lay limp on the sheets,
Yunho licked his cum stained hands as Changmin watched with heavy-lidded eyes, still breathing hard.

"You like dirty talk huh? Feel better Changdola?" Yunho purred, coming closer until they were mouth-to-mouth, eyes full of mischief.

"Yes but I still want-" he cut himself off, his face warming and unable to voice what he wanted, feeling strangely shy as he stared straight into Yunho's slanted eyes above him.

Yunho was merciful, for once. "You still want me to fuck you?"

Changmin nodded slightly, blushing.

"Well then," Yunho said, eyes dark, "your wish is my command."

Looking Changmin right in the eye, he let his hand trail down over Changmin's body, just barely touching him, raising goosebumps on his skin. Changmin's eyes fluttered shut as his stomach did flip flops. He reached for Yunho, but Yunho took both of his wrists in one hand and held them down over his head. Changmin tried to free his hands with a desperate sound but the older man held tightly.

"You don't get to touch me," Yunho said, a smirk playing on his lips.

Changmin looked at him in dismay, having an idea where this was headed.

"I get to touch you," he breathed into Changmin's ear, happy as a fish in water.

Changmin whimpered when Yunho bit his ear none too gently.

His hand continued its exploration down Changmin’s body, and Changmin resigned himself to his fate, head falling against the pillow as his stomach fluttered from Yunho’s touch. He was getting hard again.

Yunho’s hand slipped behind him, cupped his ass and squeezed slightly, finger slipping between his crack and touching his hole teasingly. And now he was painfully hard, and Yunho was asking him where the lube was but he had to repeat it a few times because Changmin couldn’t think straight with the alcohol in his system. Yunho’s finger playing along his crack wasn’t helping either.

“Um, what?” he asked, eyes shut tight.

“Lube, Changmin. Do you have any?”

And now Changmin knew the alcohol and Yunho’s nakedness were getting him properly drunk, because he opened his eyes and asked, “Why do you need lube?”

Yunho laughed out loud. “Changmin-ah we need lube to have sex. Are you too drunk for this? Should I stop?”

But Changmin would not hear any sort of nonsense like that, so he grabbed Yunho’s neck and pulled him close till he could look right in his eyes. “If you say that dreadful word again I will-”

“Okay okay I get it, you're not too drunk for this,” Yunho said, eyes crinkling in amusement.

“Good. It's in the second dresser drawer. Be back quick.”

Yunho laughed again and kissed him before getting up while Changmin admired his gorgeous,
naked body. “Touch yourself,” he threw over his shoulders.

He probably would’ve done that even if Yunho hadn’t ordered him to. He was just so fucking horny, and Yunho, that tease, was not helping the situation at all.

Yunho climbed back on the bed, lube bottle in hand, and crawled over Changmin before kissing him. “Hi, I missed you.”

Changmin’s stomach flipped for a different reason. “You were right here,” he managed.

“I still missed you,” he murmured over Changmin’s mouth, kissing the corner of his lips.

“I didn’t know you were such a sap,” Changmin said, eyes closing as he let Yunho’s mouth wander over his eyelashes.

“I get like that around you for some reason,” Yunho said, kissing the tip of Changmin’s nose now.

Trying to keep his wits about him in the face of Yunho’s sweet words, Changmin opened his eyes, feeling dizzy. But that was a mistake, because Yunho was looking at him in a way that made Changmin nervous from the intensity of his gaze.

Thankfully, after a short but strangely awkward silence, Yunho popped open the cap of the bottle, rubbing the lube over his fingers.

“Sorry, it’s gonna get messy,” Yunho said cheerfully, not at all apologetic.

“It’s okay, you’ll just do the laundry later.”

Yunho laughed, setting the bottle down on the nightstand. “Of course your majesty. Ready?”

"Finally."

“Geez Changmin such a brat,” Yunho said, bringing slick fingers to Changmin’s entrance. “How long has it been?”

“Uh.”

“I just wanna know how slow to go.”

“A long while. Go slow.”

Yunho accepted his reluctance to answer, and slowly pushed one finger in.

Changmin had completely forgotten how much it hurt. He squeezed his eyes shut with a small whimper of pain.

“I’m sorry it hurts, it’ll be fine in a minute,” Yunho murmured, pressing gentle kisses all over his face. He continued to move his finger in and out, waiting for Changmin to adjust before sliding a second finger in.

Changmin couldn’t think now, not that he could before. He moaned as Yunho entered a third finger, sliding smoothly in and out.

When he deemed Changmin ready, he finally withdrew his fingers and reached down to the floor to pull a condom out of the back pocket of his jeans. He rolled it onto his erection, and as Changmin watched him, he couldn’t help but laugh.
"What's so funny?" Yunho asked, settling between Changmin's legs and hitching them over his shoulders.

"Extra large," Changmin giggled, pliant under Yunho's large hands, and surely it was the alcohol taking a toll because Shim Changmin did not just giggle.

Yunho laughed, either at the joke or Changmin's giggling, Changmin wasn't sure.

Yunho slicked himself up generously, pressing the crown of his erection against Changmin's hole.

His eyes silently asked for permission one last time, and when Changmin nodded slightly, he pushed in slowly, so slowly until Changmin was gritting his teeth, eyes squeezed shut.

"Ah, fuck, you're huge," he panted, trying to relax.

"Thanks," Yunho said, voice strained. "You're so fucking tight."

"Thanks."

Finally seated deep inside Changmin, he stopped, a little breathless, running his hands up and down the outside of Changmin's thighs, trying to soothe him while Changmin forced himself to relax. The pain was easing away little by little to be replaced by the smallest tendrils of pleasure curling through his body.

"Okay, okay, move."

Yunho started slowly, tentatively rolling his hips, pleasure curling up Changmin's spine like long, thin, wisps of smoke, until Changmin was growling at him to go faster dammit!

As if he was waiting for the command, Yunho picked up the pace, going faster and faster until the headboard was banging against the wall, fucking all coherent thoughts out of his head.

"Fuck shit fuck Changmin," Yunho gasped.

Moans were spilling from Changmin's mouth, even curses too difficult to form. "Y-Yunho!"

His fingers were uselessly grasping at the bedsheets, looking for something to hold onto. And then Yunho hit that spot inside him and he screamed.

More more more he wanted more.

Yunho hit that spot over and over again, almost abusing him with the power of his thrusts, until he was delirious with pleasure, mouth open and eyes shut tight as he mewled and keened and screamed soundlessly.

The tightening in his abdomen was a delicious sort of pain; his hands came up to pull roughly at Yunho's hair. Sweat-slick legs slipped from Yunho's shoulders, and Yunho took the opportunity to bend over Changmin and plunge his tongue into his mouth. Changmin's hands roamed restlessly all over Yunho's body, finally coming up to cradle his face, did his best to kiss him back but couldn't focus on anything with his need to come almost drowning him.

"Yunho I'm g-gonna come," he choked out.

Yunho snapped his hips harder, driving Changmin closer and closer to the edge.

So, so close.
“Yunho, hyung, please touch me,” Changmin begged, neglected cock aching now and spilling precome.

Yunho didn’t need to be told twice; he reached down and wrapped those long fingers around Changmin's erection, grip tight. He pumped him quickly and without mercy, twisting his wrist in ways that made Changmin see stars, until he was ready to explode.

"Come Changmin, be a good boy and come for hyung," Yunho said, breathing labored.

And explode he did.

He came with a scream, so hard he was shooting his seed all over Yunho's chest and abdomen, body shaking uncontrollably, trying to suck air into his lungs. He clenched involuntarily and randomly around Yunho, causing him to groan. Yunho thrust once, twice, three times and then he came with a shout and Changmin felt a wet warmth inside him for long moments, Yunho's hips jerking into Changmin.

Yunho collapsed on top of him, chest heaving, but Changmin didn't notice, still coming down from his high.

They lay tangled in each other for long moments, their heavy breathing the only sound in the room.

Eventually Yunho lifted himself on shaking arms, pulling out of Changmin slowly and carefully. Changmin groaned at the loss, feeling empty. Cum spilled from his hole, onto the sheets and the insides of his thighs. Yunho chuckled softly, and ran his fingers over Changmin's face, pushing the sweaty hair out of his eyes. He leaned down and kissed him sweetly, and then got up.

"Where are you going?" Changmin mumbled, mind a pleasant haze.

"Don't worry, I'll be right back."

Changmin closed his eyes, unable to process anything but the wonderful buzz filling his mind. The bed dipped, and then something warm and wet was sliding over his body. Cracking his eyes open slightly, he saw Yunho gently wiping his stomach and the inside of his thighs clean with a wet washcloth, moving Changmin's boneless body as he needed to.

Despite the blankness that had overtaken his mind, his heart had the energy to flip several times. He hadn't expected Yunho to clean him up; his ex never had.

Done with his job, Yunho left the cloth on the floor as he crawled up beside Changmin, laying on his side and throwing an arm over Changmin's stomach. It seemed he had cleaned himself off in the bathroom.

Neither of them spoke for a while, minds clearing as the high of their orgasms slowly eased off.

Yunho's nakedness, the heat radiating off his body, offered a different kind of high though, and Changmin was addicted.

He looked at the man laying next to him; Yunho's eyes were closed, but Changmin knew he was awake. He shifted so that he was on his stomach, one arm supporting him while with the other he cradled Yunho's face. His movements caused Yunho to open his eyes. He looked at Changmin, something between curiosity and blankness in his eyes.

Changmin slanted his head, bought his lips down to Yunho's throat. Yunho tilted his head back, giving him more access while his eyes fluttered shut.
"I thought you were gonna paint my gorgeous body in your cum," Changmin murmured, a smile in his voice, over his Adam's apple, kissing it between words. He felt Yunho swallow.

"Is that what you want?" Yunho asked, voice rough.

"Mmm maybe," Changmin breathed over his jaw. He lifted his head and looked down at him. "I didn't get to kiss you properly."

"So kiss me now." Yunho was staring at his lips.

Changmin kissed him, none of the earlier fire and aggressiveness present, just slow and sweet as if he had all the time in the world and his sole purpose in life was to kiss those pouty cupid-bow lips.

He didn't know how he had held off so long; those lips were made for him to kiss, just for him and no one else. Yunho made a sound, and then brought his hands up to slide into Changmin's hair, deepening the kiss.

"You taste so good," Changmin said, not moving away.

"Why didn't you do this earlier?" Yunho mumbled.

"How did I know you'd be so sweet?" Changmin hummed against his lips.

Yunho broke away to laugh. "And someone told me I was the sap."

Changmin grinned, then moved on top of him, rubbing their cocks together.

Yunho groaned, and then said, voice strained, "Get off me, you're making me hard."

"You say it like it's a bad thing," Changmin teased, grinding harder against him, then lifting his body to slide a hand between them. He wrapped his hand around both of their growing erections, stroking to full hardness.

"Changmin," Yunho moaned; Changmin kept on, watching the beautiful face beneath him twist with pleasure as he brought them both to ecstasy.

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"Changmin."

"Mm?"

"Cuddle me."

Changmin laughed. Turning on his side toward Yunho, he nudged his head a little till he lifted it. Changmin slipped an arm underneath so Yunho could use it as a pillow, wrapping the other around his waist. "How can you make something so cute sound like so demanding?"

Yunho wrapped his own arms around Changmin, snuggling in close comfortably while his lashes fluttered closed against Changmin's chest. "I like cuddling."

"I can tell," Changmin said, amused at this appearance of Yunho's adorable side.

Stroking his hair, something suddenly occurred to him. "Weren't you using a condom?" he asked, squinting at the top of Yunho's head.
Yunho opened his eyes and looked up at him. "Uh, yeah, guess it broke," he says sheepishly. "Don't worry though! I'm clean."

Changmin narrowed his eyes at him, and opened his mouth to argue some more but Yunho cut him off with a kiss. "Lets talk in the morning, you're so tired," he said soothingly.

Hm, well he couldn't argue with that.

"Close your eyes, Changminnie."

As if under Yunho's command, Changmin's eyes slowly closed, the need for sleep crawling into his bones.

He felt Yunho shift and switch their positions, slipping an arm under Changmin's neck and the other around his waist. Changmin pressed closer. The last thing he felt before slipping off into dreamland was a sweet kiss pressed to his lips. "Good night Changminnie."
Chapter 6

Changmin woke up the next morning alone.

That wasn't good.

He got up quickly, only to wince when the pain in his backside made itself known. More slowly, he climbed out of bed, hoping to see a note by his bedside.

Nothing.

Looking around, he saw that all of Yunho's clothes had been picked up off the floor. His own shimmering shirt lay in a sorry state.

Pulling on sweatpants, he limped through the rest of his apartment as quickly as he could, trying not to feel despair.

Yunho's clothes were gone, his keys were gone, his cell phone and wallet were gone. There was not a trace of the older man in the apartment.

Yunho had left.

Heart sinking, he went back to his bedroom and picked up his clothes, throwing them in the laundry hamper with heavy arms. He looked at the cum and sweat stained sheets and tried not to cry. Stripping them off the bed, he threw them into the laundry, before starting the machine and slamming the top shut.

He walked to his bathroom, only to stop in surprise. The floor was wet, there was a towel soaking in the puddle, and the mirror was fogged up. He knew Kyuhyun hadn't come back, and he had just woken up, so it only left one person to be the culprit. Looks like he had just missed him.

Listlessly, he cleaned up the bathroom before standing under the shower, the hot water soothing his aching body a little.

Afterwards, he dragged himself to the kitchen. Sitting at the table with his head in his hands, he found he had no appetite, even though it was his hunger that had woken him. He was more angry with himself than with Yunho. How could he have thought it meant something more to him? Yunho could have anyone he wanted. Why did Changmin think he was special? But if he was honest with himself, he had to admit that he had thought, had hoped, Yunho had returned his feelings too, having chased after him for so long. What he had been afraid of in the beginning, the reason he had resisted Yunho for so long, actually happened: Yunho just wanted to get in his pants, and now that he had gotten what he wanted, he had left. Maybe he only wanted to be fuck buddies, had only wanted that from the very beginning.

He didn't know if he could handle just being friends now, not after the weight of feelings that threatened to crush him.
Sighing, he lay his head on the table, emotionally drained after all the excitement of last night and the heavy disappointment of this morning. He would've stayed like that all day if the door hadn't banged open, followed by a chilly breeze and a voice cursing the cold.

Jumping up, he ran to the hallway, trying not to hope too hard, because maybe it was Kyuhyun come back and not the man he wanted to see most.

But it wasn't his best friend. Yunho was shaking snow out of his hair, stomping his boots on the mat while muttering to himself about the damn cold, a bag in his hand. He noticed Changmin then, grinning at him as he closed the door. "Good morning sunshine."

But Changmin said nothing, staring with wide eyes.

Concern furrowed Yunho's brow. "Changmin-ah? What's wrong?" He slipped off his boots and came closer, putting the bag carefully on the hall table before taking him in his arms. "Changmin?"

Changmin shivered, from the cold or Yunho, he wasn't sure. "You came back?"

He frowned in confusion. "Yes? Why wouldn't- Oh. You thought I had left?" he asked softly.

"Yes." His numbness was making him too honest.

"Oh Changmin-ah," he sighed, lifting a hand to push wet hair off his forehead. Changmin didn't back away, even though Yunho's hand was freezing. "I went to get something warm for breakfast. I'm sorry, I should've left a note or something."

"Yes, you should have," Changmin said quietly. He was so relieved he didn't know what to say, throat tight from the flood of emotions threatening to drown him.

"How did you get in?" it suddenly occurred to him to ask.

"I used your keys. Hope that was okay?"

"Yeah."

Another long moment as they both gazed at each other. Changmin knew he should ask about where they were going, talk about it, but he didn't know how.

"It's snowing outside?" he asked instead, hands lifting to shake the leftover snow out of Yunho's hair. He secretly hoped Yunho would be the one to start.

"Yeah," Yunho replied, smiling. "Come see."

Turning him around in his arms, he walked them toward the window, where he pushed the curtain aside slightly.

"It's the first snow of the year Changdola," Yunho murmured against his neck. His arms tightened around Changmin's waist, pressing his chest against Changmin's back. Changmin unconsciously put his arms on top of Yunho's, holding Yunho's cold hands.

Outside, snow was falling gently in huge flakes, the sky cloudy. The flakes drifted down slowly, occasionally being whipped one way and the other by a sudden wind. Tree branches were laden down with the heavy weight of the white flakes, bowing down to the floor. The ground was already covered up in a white blanket, not a soul in sight. It’s beautiful. They spent a moment staring outside, Yunho's hands slowly warming in Changmin's.
"Changmin."

Heart quickening, Changmin turned his head to look at him. Yunho was looking back, eyes shining despite the gloomy weather.

But before Yunho could open his mouth, Changmin beat him to it. "I don't want to be fuck buddies," he said quietly, looking down.

There was a sigh of relief, and then Yunho's hand squeezed his tightly. "Me neither," he said, and when Changmin looked up, he was smiling. Changmin felt his own eyes become mismatched, and then Yunho turned him around in his arms without loosening his hold and kissed him, and it was the sweetest kiss he had ever received.

"Do me a favor?" Yunho murmured against his lips. Changmin wrapped his arms around his shoulders, eyes closed.

"Mhm?"

"Go out with me?"

Heart quickening at an unhealthy pace, he opened his eyes. He tried to mask his unacceptable schoolboy reaction through sarcasm. "Are you really asking that as a favor?"

"Yeah, you're kinda out of my league," Yunho said seriously, not letting him move away even to speak. He caught his bottom lip between his teeth, nibbling on it like it was candy.

Changmin smiled. "How will you repay me, then?" Yunho's kisses were making him a little drunk.

"In hugs and kisses and sex."

"Hmm," Changmin said, pretending to think about it. "How do you know that's what I want?"

"I know everything about you, Changdola. Besides, I'm a hot piece of man candy."

Changmin laughed, eyes mismatched. "What?! Man candy? Where did you hear that?"

"I know that's what you think when you see me," he said, eyes glinting.

That was a little too knowing for Changmin's liking, so he changed the subject as subtly as he could. "You're freezing."

Which was to say, not at all.

"Changing the subject again, are we? I'll let it pass if you warm me up."

"Let's eat then!"

"That's not what I meant."

"I know, but we gotta eat don't we? To have energy and all that," Changmin said, tugging him toward the kitchen while picking up the bag he had brought.

They continued their gross flirting over warm toasted bagels, donuts, and hot coffee, just as Changmin liked it.

"You didn't give me an answer," Yunho said with a mouth full of Boston Creme.
Finishing his food, he continued. "If you need more convincing, I'm an animal in bed. You can ask this hot guy I was with last night, he was totally limping this morning."

"Oh yeah?" Changmin said, coming around the table to sit in his lap. He licked Creme off Yunho's lips while making a hungry sound.

Yunho swallowed. "Y-yeah." Changmin could already feel his pants tightening.

"Prove it then," he said over his shoulders as he got up and walked towards the bedroom, a sly smile twisting his lips.

Groaning, Yunho scrambled after him.

***

Later, they both lay naked, wrapped up in each other. Yunho spooned him as he traced patterns on the palm of Changmin's hand with his fingers while Changmin watched, heart content.

He wanted to say something, talk a bit more, but he was feeling horribly shy and he didn't know how to start. Words felt useless and hollow compared to what he was feeling and the thoughts that pounded in his head, demanding to be heard.

Taking a calming breath, he decided to go for it. "Yunho?"

"Mmm?"

"Why did you...I mean, how come you stopped coming to the library?"

That wasn't what he was really asking; what he really wanted to ask was why Yunho had grown distant with him, but lucky for him, Yunho knew what he meant, like he always did.

He didn't say anything right away.

"I wasn't sure if you wanted me to," he answered quietly after a long moment.

Surprised, Changmin asked, "Really?"

Yunho shifted so he was on his stomach, looking down at Changmin with his chin in his hand.

"Honestly, Changmin, you're really confusing."

Changmin turned to look at him, eyes wide. "I'm confusing?!"

Yunho frowned slightly. "Well, yeah. I think I've been pretty straightforward with what I wanted. You, though, I had no idea what you were thinking."

Curious, he asked him what he meant.

"I don't know," he said, not looking at him while his fingers played with Changmin's curls. "You didn't call me in the beginning so I thought maybe you really weren't interested and I was gonna forget about it, but then I saw you at the club looking all perfect and I couldn't resist. And then, well, you didn't exactly tell me to fuck off so I got hopeful. And then I got lucky and saw you at the library, but honestly you sat there on purpose so I would see you didn't you?" He was grinning widely now.

Changmin blushed at being found out, then thought it was only fair if he gave something to Yunho too. "Maybe."
Not completely everything though.

Yunho laughed. "You're so cute," he said, leaning down to kiss him.

Changmin smiled and returned the kiss, then asked him to continue.

"Hm? Oh. Then you rejected my offers to spend the night and- you know that day at the library?"

Changmin didn't have to ask what day; he nodded once.

"Yeah well I was determined to get to the bottom of...whatever was between us because I was sure I wasn't the only one who felt it. I was gonna be blunt about it but then you were so upset I didn't want to hurt you anymore so I...stopped."

They were both quiet for a moment, avoiding each other's eyes. Changmin thought for a moment, supposing that, with the way Yunho had put it, he had come across as very confusing and inconsistent, just as Kyuhyun had said. He still didn't understand one thing though.

"You stopped everything."

"I thought my attention was making you uncomfortable. That was the last thing I wanted you to feel around me."

Changmin felt his heart clench a little painfully; Yunho had done everything he did with Changmin in mind. But that didn't sit well with him; Yunho's distance had made him miserable, and for some reason he wanted Yunho to feel some of the unhappiness he had experienced. "You could've still talked to me at least," he said, knowing and hating how childish he sounded.

Yunho suddenly moved, and the next thing Changmin knew he was being pinned to the bed by strong arms while Yunho sat atop his chest, taking his weight through his knees. He stared down at him, and Changmin felt pure, unadulterated lust crash through him, leaving him breathless as he stared up at the handsome face.

"Aren't you being cruel now?" Yunho asked, voice low, leaning close to stare straight into his eyes.

"What?" The question left his lips in a rush of air, feeling his desire for Yunho curl through him even as he looked at him in confusion.

"You expect me to hang around you and watch you laugh and smile and be so fucking perfect and know that you don't feel the same and not be allowed to touch you when all I wanted to do was take you right fucking there where everyone could see exactly how much I wanted you?" Yunho snarled, voice dangerous and now Changmin was almost weak with desire.

He didn't know how to reply to that though. Yunho's name was the only coherent thought in his mind, so that was what came out of his mouth. "Yunho..." he said breathlessly.

"You think it's fair for you to look at me with those gorgeous eyes and dazzling smile and your beautiful face and not be able to kiss you till I couldn't breath?" Yunho said more softly, releasing one of his hands to stroke his thumb over Changmin's lips, gaze transfixed on them and looking hypnotized.

Changmin was made speechless. It had never occurred to him that Yunho had desired him so much; of course he had caught the lust-filled gazes that had cleared as soon as Changmin had looked and the warm smile that would be directed at him when Yunho saw his uncertainty. But Changmin had assumed it was the usual thing, just someone wanting a quick fuck and that would be the end of it.
He had never imagined that Yunho drank in his features as he himself did whenever Yunho wasn’t aware of his eyes on him.

Now, gazing up at the man on top of him and feeling horribly vulnerable, Changmin just knew that he would give Yunho anything the other man ever wanted from him, and the thought scared him more than anything; he reached up, half to reassure Yunho and half looking for reassurance himself. But Yunho seemed to snap from whatever spell he was under, and pinned Changmin down again and looked at him.

"No. You should suffer just as I did," he said softly.

"Yunho, Yunho please, I did, you have no idea how much," Changmin pleaded, trying to touch Yunho.

Yunho stared a moment longer, and then loosened his grip. Changmin wrapped his arms around his shoulders and pulled him down, rolling over slightly so he was half on top. He kissed his lips, a little desperate to let Yunho know how much he meant to him. Their mouths sliding against each other, Yunho sighed into the kiss and Changmin melted against him as Yunho claimed dominance again and rolled them over.

They spent the rest of the day in bed, getting up only to answer the door when the delivery man bought food and to later shower.

Changmin watched as Yunho fell asleep, absolutely exhausted after messing around the entire day. Yunho’s lips were parted slightly, lashes curling against smooth skin, breathing steady. He sighed a little, suddenly overwhelmed by his feelings for this man, and leaned over to kiss him softly.

Just as he was about to curl around him and close his eyes, he received a text message.

Received from Cho Kyuhyun 11:34 PM
so how's it going?

Sent to Cho Kyuhyun 11:35 PM
^^

Received from Cho Kyuhyun 11:35 PM
:))

Smiling, Changmin put his phone away and pressed closer to Yunho’s sleeping body before closing his eyes, asleep almost immediately.

***

Kyuhyun wasted no time in alerting the entire world about their new relationship. He told Minho, who told this short annoying-ass hyung he knew, Jonghyun, who told his own boyfriend Kibum, who was friends with everyone; by the time they came to campus together the next day, hand in hand (Yunho had stayed the night), everyone was staring harder than usual. Some of the gazes were curious, others envious, still others disapproving, while a few people didn’t even try to mask their disgust. Changmin gave those people the finger in his head, and turned his attention to his boyfriend. His brain squealed at the word, but Changmin ignored it.

"Why are they staring so much? Do they know about us?" Yunho said, squinting at everyone.

"I think Kyuhyun told the entire world," Changmin said, rolling his eyes.
"Really?" Yunho asked, turning to him. "Already?"

Changmin laughed. "Why, hyung? I didn't know you were the type of person who cares about what other people think," he said, eyes twinkling.

Yunho grinned, then mock-huffed "I don't care, it's just highly inconvenient."

They both laughed again as Kyuhyun and Donghae spotted them and walked over.

"Ew, you guys are being all cute and gross, you need to stop," Kyuhyun said immediately.

"Don't say that Kyuhyun!" Donghae scolded him. "It's better than before right? When they were moaning each other's names in the shower?"

They laughed and shared high-fives as Yunho and Changmin turned bright red.

"Hey!" Yunho exclaimed, then tackled Donghae into the thin layer of snow on the ground, who went down with an "oof!". They started trying to beat each other unconscious; Changmin shook his head and walked away.

Kyuhyun caught up with him. "So I'm assuming it went great?"

"Yeah, thanks for not coming home," Changmin said, smiling slightly.

"Anytime man! You know I'll always help you get laid!"

Changmin narrowed his eyes at him. "Thanks for telling everyone. I suppose I should be happy you didn't alert the media?"

Kyuhyun's handsome face lit up. "Hey, there's an idea!"

"Kyuhyun," Changmin growled.

"Just kidding man," Kyuhyun said, slinging an arm over his shoulder. "I'll only tell the campus newspaper, not the town paper because that's a little too much ya know?"

Changmin rolled his eyes again, then looked behind him. Yunho and Donghae were now shoving whatever little snow they could get their hands on down each other's backs and screaming like five-year-olds, while the people passing by them looked on with amusement.

_Ah yes, this is the guy I had such hot sex with last night_, he thought fondly.

***

They moved to having lunch inside, as the ground was covered in snow and the temperature was freezing.

The group managed to nab a booth that seated six. Their friends teased them, especially when Yunho sat next to Changmin and played with his fingers under the table, only to be found out when Kyuhyun, that snob, looked under the table and reported his findings to the rest of the group, after which they had a good laugh at the couple's expanse.

Yunho brushed it off and bantered back, but Changmin was shy and became embarrassed easily and they took full advantage of that.

Yunho didn't care about the fact that their friends were there; he would randomly peck Changmin in
the middle of speaking, on the lips or cheek or wherever he could get his lips on, or whisper in his 
ears, effectively shutting out the rest from the conversation. Their friends looked a little bit 
scandalized at first, but quickly moved onto gagging when Yunho got too sweet. Changmin couldn't 
blame them much; he wasn't a big fan of PDA, and when he tried to stop Yunho from kissing him 
for the nth time, Yunho looked like a kicked puppy. Helpless before his pretty eyes, Changmin thought fuck it and kissed Yunho lightly himself, after which Yunho lit up like a Christmas tree. That 
didn't stop Changmin from blushing when the idiots around them began catcalling and hooting like 
immature kids.

Yunho also took the opportunity to change his own name in Changmin's phone from Jung Yunho to 
Man Candy. Changmin laughed out loud at his cockiness, but when he demanded to see what 
Yunho named him in his own phone, Yunho just smiled and took his phone out of Changmin's 
reach, sticking his tongue out at him cutely.

That just gave their friends more ammunition, which they gladly made use of.

After half an hour of turning 50 shades of red, Changmin decided that was quite enough 
embarrassment for the day and left for class early. They all waved him goodbye with a couple lewd 
comments that left his ears flaming; Changmin gave them the finger and left.

Unfortunately he didn't pay much attention in class; his mind was spinning with thoughts of Yunho, 
a dopey smile on his face. More than one professor asked if he was okay, to which he replied 
brightly Of course! It left the professor startled and turning a little red.

When he reached the library, Yunho was already there, waiting for him outside. He felt a gross sort 
of happiness, especially when Yunho looked up from his phone and saw him, giving him a dazzling 
smile while extending his hand for Changmin to take. But instead of sitting at what Changmin had 
begun to think of as their table, Yunho tugged him along until they found an empty table behind 
some shelves, tucked into a corner of the library and isolated from the rest of the students.

"This will be our new table," he declared with a dramatic flourish, as if he had personally built the 
table just for the two of them and not just found it by accident.

"What was wrong with our old table?" Changmin said, squinting.

"Changmin! It was in the middle of everyone! How am I supposed to grope you and have my way 
with you if people are looking?" he asked, tsk-ing and shaking his head at Changmin's naivety.

That sounded rather exciting, so Changmin let his condescending tone slide.

Needless to say, neither of them got any work done that day. Changmin made a valiant effort, but 
next to him Yunho was too much to resist, constantly touching and whispering and kissing. Giving 
up, Changmin turned to him and began a hardcore make out session, which left Yunho dazed and 
pulling away to breath first for once.

"Yunho."

"Mmm?" Yunho replied dreamily.

"Yunho I don't like PDA."

Yunho looked at him, eyes focusing on his. "Oh really?"

"Yes, so please don't do that again. I'd rather keep our relationship private." And as soon as the 
words escaped his mouth and Yunho's expression changed, Changmin knew he had been careless
with his choice of words.

"Oh," he said quietly, face blank. A pause in which Changmin tried to think of what to say to fix his mistake, but then "Are you embarrassed to be dating me?"

Changmin's eyes widened. "What? No no, that's not what I meant, of course I'm not embarrassed of you, I just- ugh."

Unable to explain in the face of Yunho's obvious hurt, he opted to show him instead; grabbing Yunho by the front of his shirt, he pulled him near and kissed him. Yunho hesitated a moment before kissing back, and then pulled away.

"Changmin, look, I know my reputation isn't that great but I-"

"Yunho hush," Changmin murmured against his lips as he pulled him back to him. "I'm sorry, that's not what I meant. I'm just a really private person and that applies to my relationship too. I want to keep what we do our own secret, I want to you keep you all to myself. I'm selfish, aren't I?"

Yunho was still for a few moments, staring at him as Changmin nibbled at his lips while staring back.

"If that makes you selfish, then I guess I'm selfish too," he said, giving up all show of propriety and lifting Changmin easily onto his lap.

Wrapping his arms around him possessively, Yunho asked childishly, "Can I still hold your hand though?"

Changmin chuckled, bringing his own arms up around his neck and rubbing their noses together. "Of course, just not like make out sessions."

"That's a pity, I'm sure everyone wants to see two hot as fuck guys making out," Yunho said, eyes fixed on Changmin's lips.

"I'd like to see two hot as fuck guys making out," Changmin said teasingly, purposely letting his lips brush against Yunho's.

Yunho took the bait, too busy moving his lips against Changmin's to give him a response. Changmin smiled into the kiss and let him do as he pleased.

"You're like a kissing addict."

"Mmm," Yunho agreed, capturing Changmin's bottom lip between his own and biting gently. "I like your lips, I just wanna kiss you all day."

Changmin laughed softly, hands cradling Yunho's small face, thumb slowly stroking across his cheeks.

Yes, he could get used to this.
Chapter 7

Thanks to chibisuz ^^
Also: warning for mention of past domestic violence and slight dub con.

Yunho was insatiable.

Changmin didn’t know what he expected, but it sure as fuck wasn’t this. He should’ve known too, from the rumors that used to float around, but he hadn’t prepared himself well enough.

*The man never got tired.* Changmin didn’t know how he did it. He never had to initiate sex, because Yunho was always the first one to reach for Changmin. They’ve had sex in almost every bathroom on campus, sex at home and sex in the shower because it wasn’t enough for Yunho that he had just fucked him senseless in bed not twenty minutes ago. Morning, afternoon, night, that time in between because, pfft, what is timing?

Changmin wasn’t complaining though. It was a win-win situation for both, because Changmin had a hard time keeping his hands off too. He has never desired someone so much, been desired so much in return, and gave as good as he got. The ache in his backside was a little tough to get used to, but he figured it was worth it.

Although slightly wary at first, Changmin eventually let Yunho in. They had known each other for a couple of months now, but Changmin hadn’t really shared a lot of personal information with Yunho.

Now though, Changmin found himself more comfortable with letting Yunho see more of him, and not just in a physical sense. He opened up to Yunho in a way he hadn’t with anyone else so quickly. Sure, there were Minho and Kyuhyun, but it had taken him almost a full year to actually consider them friends and then treat them as such.

With Yunho though, he found it wasn’t hard to share. Although the sex was always mind blowing and left him somewhat dumb and speechless, he found himself looking forward to the afterglow, when Yunho would demand to be cuddled or hold Changmin in his arms, and they would talk in hushed voices about everything and anything in the quiet of his bedroom. Yunho would glide his hands lightly across the plains of his body, caressing here and there, something that he discovered Changmin reacted deliciously to. After a while Changmin realized that although he liked talking to Yunho, he liked *listening* to Yunho just as much. Yunho’s voice adopted a sexy roughness after sex, and he wouldn’t have minded hearing him talk all night, no matter if Yunho was being silly or serious.

When they lay next to each other and everything was calm and unrushed, he told Yunho about his family; about his father who owned a chain of convenience stores and his mother who made the best food in the world, and his two younger sisters who he wasn’t a very good brother to when he was younger but who still supported him when he came out to his family.

When Yunho asked if his parents accepted him, Changmin told him that while they had been shocked at first, and became a little cold, they immediately came to his defense and support when that whole thing with his ex had happened, because after all, he was their child.
Yunho was silent for a few moments, and Changmin let him stew, curious to see if he would ask the question that was obviously burning at him.

“I’m glad they came around and support you now,” Yunho said after a while.

Changmin knew he wanted to ask about his ex again, but Yunho didn’t, and Changmin appreciated that he didn’t push him to talk. He would talk to Yunho about it one day, but today wasn’t it.

“Yeah me too. What about you?”

Yunho was quiet for a moment, seeming to think about it.

“Hm, I never really said anything to my parents about it. It was like they just knew. They never bothered me about it. I guess they just accepted it as another of my quirks, which I think is great.”

“Really?” Changmin said, turning in his arms to look at him. “They let you do whatever you wanted?”

Yunho grinned. “Well they stayed away from my personal life, because I did good in school, but if I did something wrong of course they interfered. And wrong as in trouble in school and whatnot. They were cool with everything else though, because they thought I was an adult and deserved to make and learn from my own mistakes. I used to get in a lot of fights though.”

“Oh, I’ll bet,” Changmin said, laughing.

“Hey, it was to break up other people!”

“And you just had to throw in a couple punches yourself to straighten them out, didn’t you?”

“You brat,” Yunho growled, pouncing on him as Changmin laughed.

***

But Yunho was never in bed with him when he woke up in the mornings. Changmin had yet to wake up with the other man sleeping next to him. Yunho always came in after he had gotten up, carrying coffee and donuts and an assortment of other food, even when Changmin told him he was perfectly capable of making breakfast. Yunho just smiled and fed him a donut.

Although he knew it was stupid, it worried him a bit, that Yunho maybe couldn't stand to be in bed with him if it wasn't for sex, despite all the other evidence to the contrary, and when he couldn’t take torturing himself with useless thoughts anymore, he asked Yunho.

Yunho shrugged and smiled. “Force of habit, I’m sorry. Does it bother you?”

“You have a habit of waking before six and going for a walk? What kind of a college student are you?”

A smile tugged at Yunho’s lips at that. “Very funny. I like getting up early. There’s no one else around and I can think in peace and watch the world brighten. It’s very calming. Does it bother you?” he asked again, watching him.

It did, just a bit, but not as much now that he knew why. Changmin shook his head. “No, I was just wondering. I mean, I’d like to wake up next to you, but whatever makes you happy.” He looked at Yunho thoughtfully. “You’re very…”

Changmin laughed. “No, you’re weird,” he teased.

Yunho pouted.

Changmin chuckled and leaned in to peck his lips. “I was gonna say peculiar, but unique works I suppose.”

Yunho brightened and then proceeded to eat his lips, because when you gave Yunho an inch he took a mile.

***

Too much of a good thing is too much of a good thing, Changmin thought as he stared at his most recent exam grade with a morose expression.

He was spending way too much time with Yunho. If he wasn't in class, then he was with Yunho, either in the library in their corner or at home in his own apartment. He didn't study as much as he used to, and it showed in his grades. Yunho had told him the other day he had received a B on one of his papers, and Changmin knew it was because of all the time they spent together. Yunho was a straight A student, just like Changmin, but together they bought the other down, and Changmin knew they had to stop.

Not only that, but he hadn't been seeing Kyuhyun and Minho like he used to. Sure the group still had lunch together everyday, but an hour wasn't nearly enough. He could tell his friends didn't appreciate being pushed aside, but they weren't saying anything because they were his friends, and understood that being in a relationship after so long was a big deal for him.

Changmin still felt guilty though. Kyuhyun had taken to spending a couple nights a week at Minho's dorm, so Changmin and Yunho could be alone. He was extremely grateful for how understanding his best friends were being, but that didn't mean he could take advantage. Kyuhyun did live here, after all.

Right then and there, Changmin decided to talk to Yunho about this before their relationship completely cut off his friends.

It was one of the rare days Yunho wasn't at his apartment, having gone back to Gwangju to visit his family for the weekend.

Grabbing his phone, he sent him a text.

**Sent to Man Candy 12:07 PM**

Yunho

**Received from Man Candy 12:08 PM**

yes baby :)

**Sent to Man Candy 12:09 PM**

I got an 88 on my exam

**Received from Man Candy 12:09 PM**

um good job?

**Sent to Man Candy 12:10 PM**

NO NOT GOOD JOB THIS IS TERRIBLE
This is really bad. I haven't been studying at all

me neither

We need to stop spending so much time together

i dont want to :(

Changmin smiled at his phone.

Me neither but its affecting our grades

lets just drop out of school

????

so we can focus on our relationship w/o any distractions :DDDDD

It's usually the other way around. People drop relationships so they can focus on school -_-

ppl dont no anything about life

Oh and you do?

yeah the purpose of life is to love and make love

Changmin's heart may or may not have skipped a few beats; trust Yunho to be so cheesy. But what did he mean? Was that a confession of some sort?

You're such a sap. Is love supposed to pay the bills and buy me expensive things?

dw pretty baby i'll pay ur bills n buy u expensive things

Damn it, the man seriously knew how to make him feel warm.

With what job?

dont u worry ur pretty little mind, i'll take care of all of that
I'm very high maintenance

Received from Man Candy 12:23 PM
i know -_-;

Changmin giggled; he loved buying clothes and eating, and Yunho had spoiled him, taking him shopping whenever he wanted, and indulging him in his crazy food addictions, no matter the time.

Sent to Man Candy 12:24 PM
You don't have to buy me things all the time you know

Received from Man Candy 12:25 PM
its ok, i want to

Changmin thought maybe he wanted to marry Yunho.

Sent to Man Candy 12:25 PM
Well if you insist...

Received from Man Candy 12:26 PM
i do insist. dw i'll make sure ur never in need of anything

Okay, now THAT meant he was already planning for the future right? Changmin knew Yunho was teasing him, but just the fact that the thought of a future together had been through Yunho's mind was more than enough to make him happy.

He was getting ahead of himself though. It was best to stay clear away from any talk of the future.

Yunho, as always, was very impatient.

Received from Man Candy 12:28 PM
changmin?

Sent to Man Candy 12:28 PM
Jeez can you be just a little patient? And you're making me sound like a trophy wife -_-;

Received from Man Candy 12:29 PM
well if u wanna be my trophy wife i have no objections :DDDD;

Sent to Man Candy 12:30 PM
I'm a boy!!

Received from Man Candy 12:30 PM
u certainly are, and a big boy at that ;) but ur a pretty boy

Sent to Man Candy 12:31 PM
-_- You're a pervert

Received from Man Candy 12:32 PM
im just appreciating every inch of my baby ;)

Sent to Man Candy 12:33 PM
Stop calling me your baby

Received from Man Candy 12:33 PM
but ur mine
F*ck. Changmin tried not to feel giddy, because Shim Changmin does not *do* giddy.

*Sent to Man Candy 12:33 PM*
*Excuse me perverted ahjussi I belong to myself*

*Received from Man Candy 12:34 PM*
*nope mine n only mine*

*Received from Man Candy 12:34 PM*
*sorry pretty baby i have to go, ttyl k?*

*Sent to Man Candy 12:35 PM*
*STOP CALLING ME PRETTY BABY*

*Received from Man Candy 12:35 PM*
*:DDDDDDDD*

Changmin rolled his eyes; he was liking the name too much, and that was entirely unacceptable.

***

When Yunho came back, they agreed to separate just a little. Yunho still came to the library to study with him, but he sat across from him and not next to him, which seemed to have been the cause of most of their inability to study.

Changmin's grades were important to him, which helped him focus even with Yunho near him. Their library time was now spent actually studying or getting homework done. Changmin found he didn't mind the silence; instead he actually loved it. Yunho's steady presence was quiet but comforting, and Changmin found he would reach for Yunho's hand once in a while just to hold it.

Yunho would take five-minute breaks every couple of hours, going out to smoke. Changmin didn't like it, but he didn't want to tell Yunho what he could and couldn't do. Yunho was an adult, and aware of the consequences of smoking; he didn't need Changmin to nag at him, and Changmin had no wish to give Yunho a reason to resent him. He wasn't a heavy smoker, not at all, but it still wasn't healthy. He'd just have to find a creative way to get Yunho to smoke less.

Yunho took to spending Friday and Saturday nights at his apartment, the days Kyuhyun usually wasn't home anyway.

Changmin spent more time with his friends, accepting their half joking, half not comments on his betrayal, but they soon got over it and went back to normal. Changmin didn't realize how much he missed them and their easy friendship until they were once again laughing and playing video games together.

When Changmin's next exam grade came in, he smiled as he looked down at the 97; he couldn't remember the last time he had felt so satisfied with his life.

***

“Are the rumors about you true?” Changmin asked in as casual a tone as he could muster while idly tracing patterns on Yunho’s chest with his finger.

“What rumors?” Yunho said, voice low and on the verge of sleep.

Changmin propped his chin on Yunho’s soft chest. “About how you used to have sex with someone
different every night.”

Unexpectedly, Yunho chuckled, then groaned when Changmin licked a nipple. "Is that what they say?"

Changmin stopped his licking and looked up. "It's not true?"

Yunho scoffed. "Hardly," he said, and then gently pressed Changmin's head down, urging him to lick again.

Changmin indulged him for a bit, gently licking the hardening bud and then sucking and biting. He felt Yunho’s moan rumble in his chest, a deep sound that made shivers run through him. It didn’t distract him from what he wanted to know though; he stopped with his ministrations and looked up, frowning, a feeling of cautious hope rising in his chest. "So...you didn't use to sleep around."

Yunho gave up on getting him to lick him into an orgasm. "No, not really. I mean, I'm young, I've had sex, but not as frequently as everyone seemed to believe. I guess it's because I always had people surrounding me at clubs. People thought I was taking them home."

There was no denying the warm feeling that spread through Changmin; he was secretly thrilled that the rumors weren’t true, and that Yunho wasn't nearly as promiscuous as he was made out to be. There wasn't anything wrong with that, of course; he was just an insanely possessive person and the thought of other people touching his Yunho made him see red, even if it was before he had even met the man.

"But then where did your reputation come from? Why do you have it when it’s not true?"

Yunho opened his eyes and stared at him. Changmin felt his cheeks heat up from the intense gaze, not sure if he had said something wrong, though he didn’t look away. Just when he was about to open to his mouth to ask Yunho what was wrong, Yunho smiled and his face relaxed, and whatever wild thought he’d been having passed. “I suspect most of it is Heechul and Donghae and Siwon’s fault. In high school they encouraged me to try some stuff, so I did. They exaggerated what I did do because they thought it would be fun and made me out to be some sort of sex god, but it stuck, and the rumors followed me here.”

"So then...does it bother you? That people say those things about you?"

Yunho was silent for a while, appraising Changmin curiously. Changmin almost asked again what was wrong, because he was sure he wasn’t saying anything offensive, but Yunho spoke again. "I'd be lying if I said it didn't. I don't like that people think I'm all about sex. They think that way, so they come to me with that intention. And even if I find them attractive, I can't do anything about it because they only think about sex. It's really...discouraging. I don't know how to fix it anymore so I don't even try." Yunho stopped, then sighed. "No one thinks about a relationship with me because of my reputation, they don't wanna be with someone who they think has been with so many other people," he finished quietly.

Changmin's heart clenched painfully at the disappointment and resignation in Yunho's voice. He wrapped his arms around him tightly and kissed his cheek. "I don't think that's what they cared about. I think it's because they didn't think you could commit to a relationship, and that's why they didn't even give you a chance." Yunho scrunched his nose and pursed his lips, thinking about what Changmin said. His small, slow nod let Changmin know that he understood. Changmin smiled and kissed him again. “Besides, it’s alright, they don’t know what they're missing.”

Yunho shifted and looked at him, smiling softly at him, a fondness in his eyes that made Changmin
swallow.

The smile took on a sudden glint in his eyes. "Why? Were you jealous?"

Changmin scowled. "Of course not."

"Yeah you were," Yunho teased.

"Just go to sleep," Changmin huffed.

Yunho chuckled in his ears, but obeyed and closed his eyes.

Changmin stayed awake, thinking.

So Yunho’s reputation was misconstrued. That made so much sense. After he had gotten to know him, Changmin had a hard time fitting the Yunho he knew with the rumors he had heard. The bad rumors, anyway. Changmin knew Yunho was studious (when he wasn’t trying to eat Changmin), he took care of those younger than him, he stayed up late when freshmen and sophomores asked for his help, but most of all, Yunho was kind.

The Yunho he knew wouldn’t flit from person to person. He had to settle for finding release somewhere, but he could hardly be blamed when he didn’t have any other option.

That also explained Yunho’s willingness to indulge Changmin with whatever he wanted. No one had ever given him a chance to show his sincerity, so he took care to make sure Changmin felt it, even if he never said anything outright. It showed in the small things he did, like bringing him breakfast, knowing his favorite foods, talking to him because he somehow knew that Changmin wanted to hear his voice.

No, Yunho was a much better person than the rumors made him out to be, and Changmin decided right then and there he would never give those rumors any credence. Satisfied, he snuggled closer to Yunho and fell asleep.

***

“So I’m curious about something.”

“What?”

“How many nose jobs have you gotten?”

Yunho stared, and then burst out laughing. “What? How many nose jobs?”

Changmin cocked his head to the side and pursed his lips. He didn’t like being laughed at, and just now he realized how dumb his question might be, but he was curious all the same. He knew Yunho couldn’t resist kissing him when he did that.

Yunho did exactly that. “You’re so cute,” he said, pressing kiss after kiss on his lips.

“Well? Answer my question!” Changmin whined into his mouth.

“Changminnie. I didn’t get any nose jobs.”

“I don’t believe you.”

Yunho frowned. “Here, you can touch it,” Yunho said, sticking his nose out.
Changmin touched it, and then bent it to the side just to make sure. “That’s not fair! How come everything of yours is perfect?”

Yunho looked surprised, and then his eyes gleamed. “Everything of mine is perfect?”

Oops. Did he really say that out loud?

Well. There was nothing to do but accept it.

“That includes your boyfriend,” he said, sticking his tongue out at him.

Something unreadable passed through his features, and then Yunho smiled and kissed him, more slowly than before. “Yes, you are.”

***

He knew his relationship with Yunho was approaching the next level when the thought of his ex didn't hurt as much.

Laying one night with Yunho spooning him, he thought about all the ways Yunho was different from his ex.

Yunho seemed to pick up on his serious mood. Stroking his hand up and down Changmin’s side, waist to hip and down to thighs before coming up again, he asked, “Changmin?”

“Mmm?”

“What are you thinking about?” he murmured against Changmin’s nape.

He was silent for a moment, contemplating whether he wanted to trust Yunho so fully. And after thinking about all the things Yunho had shared with him, about Yunho's honesty in everything, and how he never kept anything from him, Changmin thought maybe it was time he started showing Yunho that same kind of trust. It had been about a month since they got together, almost three since they met, and yet Yunho had never been dishonest with him. Thinking about all of this, he answered truthfully, "My ex."

Yunho's hand on his side stilled, as if surprised, but then he resumed his stroking. "Why?"

The question threw Changmin off guard. He shifted slightly. "Why? Because I can, I guess."

His answer seemed to confuse Yunho. "Because you can? Why couldn't you before?"

"Because it was hard to."

"Oh."

Yunho didn't say anything more. He just kept sliding his hand up and down Changmin's side, occasionally mouthing the back of his neck. Changmin waited another ten minutes to see if he would ask, but he didn't. Grateful for his patience, Changmin took a deep breath and lay out his heart for Yunho to see.

"It was really nice, in the beginning," he exhaled on a shaky breath. Yunho continued his ministrations, and Changmin was grateful for his quiet comfort. "I was 16 and he was 17. He was sweet and treated me nicely. I don't think he was lying when he said he loved me. I had my first time with him and it was...nice. He didn't hurt me and looked after me."
Changmin fell silent, waiting to see if Yunho would egg him on, but Yunho only waited patiently.

"He became...weird. He didn't like seeing me with other people. I used to be really shy and didn't have a lot of friends, but he introduced me to his group and we got along well. We would hang out a lot, and I was actually happy in high school for the first time. But then after a while he would get angry when I told him I was going to hang out with his friends when he had exams and had to study. He said I was his boyfriend so there was no reason for me to be out with his friends when he wasn't even there, and he would always make up excuses for why I couldn't go. I had exams, why wasn't I studying? Stuff like that.

"And I was so stupid. I did what he said, because he was older so he would know, right? He took advantage of my naivety and kept me from hanging out with anyone who wasn't him. I was okay with it, because I was soo in love," Changmin said, voice full of self-mockery. Yunho took his hand and squeezed it slightly. Changmin sighed. "But he got worse. I would see him eying other guys, and when I worked up the courage to confront him about it he turned it around on me, talking about all the ways I hurt him, and somehow I was the one who ended up apologizing. It went on for so many months, and I became so unhappy that I hated anyone who laughed around me. He started hurting me during sex too, always taking what he wanted and leaving."

Yunho still hadn't interrupted him, but Changmin could feel the way his body tensed up. And maybe it was wrong, but he felt a tiny spark of happiness at Yunho's anger, because he was angry for Changmin.

"The first time I refused to have sex he hit me."

Behind him Yunho sucked in a breath.

"I was so shocked I quickly apologized to him and let him take me. And then just because it gave him pleasure, he hit me randomly, for no reason at all. I think it may have been at this point that I began to hate him, but at the time I didn't even consider breaking up, because I couldn't imagine myself without him. Towards the beginning of our relationship I had come out to my parents, thinking I had his support. But at this time they began to pick up on my unhappiness. I think they saw my bruises a couple times too. They questioned me, and I lied and told them everything was okay and I was just stressed about school or whatever. They kept at it though, and eventually I just...I broke, I guess. I was so relieved to know they still cared about me, because I thought they hated me after finding out I was gay. That time period was so hard, Yunho, because he was always hurting me and I didn't have any friends to talk to and I couldn't burden my little sisters like that and my parents became so cold. But when they kept asking I started to cry and told them what had been happening and they just...Yunho I honestly think they saved my life. If my parents hadn't intervened I would've let him kill me."

Yunho had stopped moving a while ago, completely still as he listened, and now he made a sound, and Changmin turned his head to look at him. The emotions he saw in Yunho's eyes took his breath away. There was rage and fear and concern and just...fierce, fierce protectiveness, all swirling into a hurricane in those beautiful almond shaped eyes.

"He hurt you," Yunho said, and his voice was so strangled with emotion Changmin felt his own heart clench painfully. He turned around fully and circled his arms around Yunho's neck, leaning in to kiss his lips fiercely. Yunho kissed him back just as desperately, arms tightening around his waist as if to reassure himself that Changmin was here, he was now, he was okay and no one would hurt him.

He broke off, looking at Yunho and feeling just a bit overwhelmed by the intensity with which Yunho was gazing back. Changmin stroked a hand through Yunho's hair, and then said, "Don't
worry. My parents stopped it before anything serious could have happened. They forced me to break up with him, and when he wouldn't back away they called the police on him. They got me to see a therapist and transferred me to another school, and that's where I met Kyuhyun and Minho."

He paused, looking down and lightly dragging his fingers across Yunho's chest, almost absentmindedly. "Of course at the time I was furious with my parents. I didn't want them to interfere, because I was a dumb teenager and it's, you know, my life. I was so angry at them, but then when I had been away from him long enough, I started to think about it all. And a little at a time, I came to accept that he had mistreated me and I didn't deserve any of that. I wasn't that much happier, but I was a little bit...calmer? At peace with myself? Yeah, life was okay. It wasn't great, but it wasn't bad and that was good. Eventually I apologized to my parents for being such a brat and they apologized for being so unsupportive in the beginning. I suppose the one good thing that came out of all that shit was my relationship with my parents. I know that if I introduced you to them they would be thrilled to meet you."

He stopped talking and looked back at Yunho. Yunho's lips were pursed, as if he was thinking hard. After a while, he kissed Changmin and brought his hand up to caress his face. "I'm so glad you're okay and here with me now," he said to him, eyes filled with warmth.

Changmin blinked. Damn Yunho. His eyes were definitely not watering.

He let out a shaky laugh. "You must think I'm so dumb. Needing my parent's help to get out of such a typical failed teenage relationship."

Yunho shook his head and pressed a finger to his lips. "Hurt is hurt, Changmin, no matter what form it comes in. And none of it is ever okay."

Yunho leaned in closer and kissed his nose.

"I won't let anyone hurt you again. Ever," he whispered fiercely against his cheek.

Changmin swallowed, trying to get rid of the lump in his throat.

*And you? Will you hurt me?*
When Yunho tried to kiss him with a mouth smelling of cigarette smoke, yet again, Changmin reached his limit.

“Alright Yunho, that’s it.”

Yunho pulled away and looked confused. “What’s it?”

“I’m not kissing you when you smell like cigarettes. It’s disgusting,” he said, wrinkling his nose.

This seemed to take a minute to comprehend. “You don’t want me to kiss you?” Yunho asked slowly.

“No, not when your mouth tastes like an ashtray.”

“So you want me to stop smoking?”

“No, I want you to not kiss me if you smell like that. I don’t want to taste cigarettes anymore, I don’t even know what you taste like without it.”

Yunho frowned slightly, and then seemed to realize something and folded his arms. “I see what you’re trying to do,” he said, scowling.

Changmin blinked innocently. “What? I’m not doing anything.”

“You’re trying to get me to stop smoking by denying me kisses,” he accused.

Changmin grinned, once again a little surprised by Yunho’s quick wit. The man sure wasn’t an idiot.

“Maybe. Is it going to work?”

Yunho narrowed his eyes at him. “Yes.”

Changmin couldn’t help it then; he burst out laughing at Yunho’s indignation and slid his arms around Yunho’s waist, hugging him close and pressing a kiss to his lips. Even though it tasted like cigarettes.

Yunho sighed and relaxed his stance, hands burying themselves in Changmin’s hair and kissing back. “I’m so whipped,” he mumbled against his lips.

Changmin grinned again, amused.

“Vous’re not really serious are you?” Yunho asked hopefully.
“Oh no, I am very serious. After this, I won’t let you near me after you’ve smoked.”

Yunho grumbled unhappily.

***

November passed into December, and finals were looming closer and closer. End-of-semester projects approached, and students got more and more frantic as they tried to study as much as possible while working on the projects.

The week before finals found Changmin at the library, sitting across Kyuhyun and one of their other friends, Ryeowook, while fretting over their presentation for a finance class.

They met Kim Ryeowook in the beginning of the semester. He was a rather small but handsome boy, the sharp angles of his face doing nothing to contradict his slightly feminine features. He had been quiet and shy, but eventually, when he became more comfortable with the two, he had opened up, and Changmin found that he was funny and had a witty, dry sense of humor. He fit right in with Changmin and Kyuhyun, although they had yet to introduce him to the rest of their group. Right now, he looked just as stressed as Changmin.

Changmin's hair was disheveled from having run his hands through it so many times, eyes bloodshot from many late nights spent in preparation, lips red and swollen from worrying them between his teeth so much. His friends were equally stressed, as much of their final grade depended on how well they could show their professor that they've learned what has been taught during the semester.

They had been assigned, in the beginning of the semester, to form a group and, from there, put together a presentation. They were required to invent a product, anything at all, and then act as though they were really planning to sell it to the public. They needed to calculate production costs, number of employees necessary, salaries for these employees, cost of ads to advertise the product, and all the while keep it as low cost and efficient as possible. This was in addition to keeping in mind how the general public would react to the product, how much money they would be willing to spend, and how much they predicted the yearly revenue would come to be. They had worked on it throughout the semester, slowly putting it together as they learned, and now D-Day had finally arrived. Tomorrow morning they would present their product, and good riddance, for Changmin was sick and tired of the whole affair.

He was cranky from lack of both sleep and a certain someone. He had locked himself in his apartment with his two buddies and kept Yunho away for more than a week, only getting a few stolen kisses during the day when they had to come to class. All the other time, he spent in preparation for their final assessment.

It was almost pathetic, really, how much he missed Yunho. Yunho respected his wishes and didn't bother Changmin with texts as he was wont to do, only texting him good morning and good night along with the occasional how's it going.

He couldn't wait to finish with the project so he could see Yunho. Of course, with finals around the corner, all they could do was study anyway, but just the older man's presence was enough. He should probably be worried, how much he had come to depend on the other man, but he couldn't find it in him to care.

As he was working out the kinks in his shoulders, Kyuhyun and Ryeowook looked up at someone behind him and then warm hands covered his eyes. A soft but low voice whispered in his ear, breath warm, "Guess who."
He shivered involuntarily. "I have no idea," he murmured, enjoying Yunho's closeness.

"No?" the voice asked, lips brushing against the shell of his ear.

"Not a clue."

"Have you already forgotten me?"

"Well I have no idea who you are, so I guess so."

The voice tsked in his ear, and then soft lips kissed it lightly, prompting a loud "Ahem" from Kyuhyun. Changmin grinned, and the hands removed themselves from Changmin's eyes and slipped to his shoulders as Yunho straightened.

He tilted his head back, looking up at his boyfriend upside down as Yunho smiled down at him softly and massaged his shoulders. Yunho had recently started pushing his hair up off his forehead and it made him even sexier, if that was possible. Coupled with the warm look in his eyes, Changmin wanted to bury himself in Yunho's arms and sleep for a week. Maybe a year.

"Guys we're still here, no matter how much you wish we weren't," Kyuhyun intruded on their moment. Ryeowook looked on curiously, having never met Changmin's boyfriend before.

Yunho looked up at him, grinning. "Sorry Kyu."

Kyuhyun shook his head with a long suffering sigh.

"Have you met Ryeowook?" Changmin cut in, eager to stop any further mock arguing between the two.

Yunho directed his gaze to the smallish boy next to Kyuhyun. "No. Hi," Yunho said, offering a hand, "I'm Jung Yunho, Changmin's boyfriend."

Changmin's insides warmed from hearing the word 'boyfriend' from Yunho's mouth, but not so much that he didn't notice Ryeowook's hesitation. For a moment, his eyes flicked to Yunho's hand before extending his own and shaking Yunho's, but the moment was long enough to make the atmosphere awkward. "I'm Kim Ryeowook."

"Nice to meet you," Yunho said smoothly before withdrawing his hand and bringing it back to Changmin's shoulder, where it continued to massage him. Changmin was a little perplexed by Ryeowook's actions, but Yunho didn't seem to notice.

He looked back at Kyuhyun. "Can I borrow him for a couple minutes? I'll bring him right back."

"Do you really need my permission," Kyuhyun said, grinning.

"Not really," Yunho replied, grinning back before tugging at Changmin.

Yunho led him to the back of the library, where students rarely visited. Plus because of the fact that it was nearly midnight, there were even fewer people around.

Yunho immediately pushed him gently against the bookshelf and kissed him. The warm press of lips on him still sent soft warmth through him, despite all the kisses Yunho showered him with every day. He should be used to it all, but every time Yunho kissed him still felt new and wonderful. He bought his hands up to cup Yunho’s face, thumbs lightly caressing his cheeks as he kissed back. Yunho tasted like strawberries, which Changmin suspected was from the nicotine gum he liked so much and
had taken to chewing all day. The sensations running through him from Yunho’s tongue sliding against his sent blood pounding through his ears, blocking out all sounds, even his own moans. Yunho bought a hand up to slide into his hair, before tugging it slightly to tilt his head back, and pressed his thigh between Changmin’s legs. He continued to press open mouthed kisses to Changmin’s jaw and throat, rubbing his thigh against Changmin’s crotch. Changmin groaned again, hands slipping to clutch at Yunho’s biceps.

"Think I could get you off in less than five minutes?" Yunho murmured into his jaw, kissing it.

He didn't want to encourage Yunho, he really didn't, but his cock may or may not have twitched in response to his words. Yunho noticed, of course he did, and chuckled.

"No, Yunho, this is not the time," Changmin said, breathless as Yunho continued to rub his thigh against Changmin's interested cock.

"Changmin-ah it's always the time."

"No, Yunho," he said a bit more firmly, resisting the urge to rut against his leg.

"Oh alright," Yunho said grumpily. "I'm gonna kiss you then."

"Okay," Changmin replied, because really he had no objections to kisses from Yunho.

Yunho removed his leg from between Changmin's thighs and hugged the younger boy close instead, kissing him leisurely while his hands squeezed Changmin’s ass.

Changmin melted into him, trying to taste all of Yunho. Yunho tasted sweet and fresh, not much of a hint of cigarette smoke in his mouth. Changmin smiled against his lips.

"Do you know what a hard time I've been having?" Yunho asked, eyes heavy lidded as they stayed on Changmin’s lips. Changmin didn't understand Yunho’s... obsession with his lips. He didn't think his lips were particularly nice, too wide and dry, and no one had ever reacted this way to his mouth, not his ex or any of the other one night stands he'd had. He wasn't complaining, though; Changmin enjoyed Yunho’s lips as much as Yunho enjoyed his. It was something that definitely intrigued him.

"No," came the breathless reply.

"No smoking and no kisses and no sex and no Changmin. I should get an award for surviving this long," Yunho said, mouth wandering over his jaw to bite the shell of his ear.

It took a couple seconds for the words to register; Changmin was almost drunk on Yunho. But when they did, his stomach did that swoop thing it was so fond of doing, whenever Yunho said something incredibly sweet but didn't seem to notice it. He should be used to it, it shouldn't affect him so much, but it still did.

"Plus I think I've gained weight from trying not to smoke," Yunho grumbled. "I go to smoke and remember I can’t and go to the fridge instead. It’s tragic."

Changmin wanted to laugh, but Yunho was already having a hard time adjusting to his new routine. He didn’t want to make him feel like his efforts weren’t being noticed or appreciated; he was unbelievably flattered that Yunho would attempt to break such a habit for Changmin. He wasn’t even being given his promised kisses from Changmin, but still trying. What an absolute sweetheart.

“I know, you’re so good for trying to stop. I know it’s a hard habit to break, but you’re doing so well,” Changmin murmured, hands running up and down his arm. Yunho grinned a heart-stopping
flash of teeth, as if Changmin’s praise was all he needed to hear.

Yunho moved down to his jaw and throat again, pressing kisses to them till he got to Changmin's collarbone. He sucked on the skin lightly, biting and then licking it.

"Why are you always giving me hickeys," Changmin half-complained, though his eyes were closed in pleasure at the sparks running through him.

"Want people to know you're mine," Yunho answered, voice muffled as his mouth was still preoccupied.

The answer warmed him more than he cared to admit. He smiled and brought his hands up to slide into his hair, messing the careful locks up. Yunho didn’t seem to mind though; he unlatched from him and said with a pleased smile, "There. You look better now."

Changmin rolled his eyes and leaned forward to kiss him again before pushing him gently off. "Alright, break time's over."

"Nooo," Yunho whined while burying his face into Changmin's neck. "Don't go, Min-ah."

"Don't be a drama king," Changmin said while stroking his hair, which he somehow found his hands in again.

"No, I can't let you go back to that kid, I don't trust him. He's very suspicious."

Changmin frowned slightly. "He's harmless, don't be silly."

Yunho's head popped up, looking a bit confused. "How come he didn't wanna shake my hand?"

So Yunho had noticed. Changmin frowned harder. "I'm not sure." Only now it occurred to him how little personal things he knew about the smaller boy.

Yunho pursed his lips; it made Changmin want to kiss him again. “Do you have to go?”

Changmin gave in and kissed him. “Yes, sorry.”

Yunho backed off him reluctantly. Once they righted their clothes and hair, looking at least somewhat presentable, he led them back to where Kyuhyun and Ryeowook were sitting.

Kyuhyun looked up. “Back so soon?”

“As promised,” Yunho said with a flourish, sweeping his hand dramatically. Changmin rolled his eyes and took his seat.

Yunho tugged lightly on a lock of hair and tipped his head back again, pressing a quick kiss to his lips. “I gotta go study. Good luck with your presentation, guys.”

A chorus of *thanks* answered him back, and then Yunho smiled warmly at him one more time before walking off.

Changmin settled back to start working again, refreshed after his little “break”. Kyuhyun did the same, but after a minute they both realized Ryeowook wasn’t doing anything but looking at Changmin. His gaze was unreadable and it made Changmin uncomfortable.

“What?” he asked stiffly. He wasn’t inclined to feel kind towards the other boy for his rudeness to his boyfriend earlier, and Ryeowook certainly wasn’t helping his case now.
“Nothing, just that...” Ryeowook broke off, as if uncertain of something.

“Is something wrong?”

“No, no. Um, I was just curious about something.”

“About what?” Kyuhyun asks, and Changmin isn’t sure but even he seemed to be a little annoyed with Ryeowook.

“Well…” He hesitated one more time, and then seemed to just plunge in. “It’s just that I’ve heard a lot of rumors about Jung Yunho.”

Changmin didn’t unwind; if anything, he became even more uneasy. “Like what?”

“I’ve heard that he and his friends go to clubs and make bets on how many people will approach their table. Actually, I heard that they makes bets on almost everything. Like, people-wise.”

Changmin and Kyuhyun didn’t say anything. His best friend looked just as stunned as he felt.

“Bets? On people?” Kyuhyun said doubtfully. “I don’t think so. Yunho’s a great guy.”

“I don’t know. He’s never been in a relationship, right? They said he sees people as toys for his pleasure and then he tosses them aside, that he likes pretty things as long as they’re pretty.”

Changmin suddenly felt as if someone had upturned a cold bucket of water on him, insecurity stabbing at him because Ryeowook was right, in that Changmin was Yunho’s first boyfriend, and definitely not a virgin, but also because Yunho had told him more than once that Changmin was pretty. It usually made Changmin feel enormously pleased with himself, but now he couldn’t help the unwanted uncertainty that flared up and he hated Ryeowook for making him feel it.

Ryeowook shrugged, seemingly unaware of Changmin’s sudden inner turmoil. “Just what I heard. I was just wondering if he treats you well,” he said, looking at Changmin, and the inquiry is clear in his eyes.

That set him off. Ryeowook’s clearly concerned eyes and tone made him irrationally angry after the insecurity he had been feeling rather strongly, and he had to count to ten in his head to prevent from exploding at the boy.

“He treats me very well, and I’ll thank you to mind your own business,” he said coldly. Ryeowook, and even Kyuhyun, flinched at his tone.

“I’m sorry, don’t be angry, I just-” Ryeowook fumbled to apologize, but Changmin cut him off.

“Let’s get back to work. We only have a couple hours left.”

“Right. Um…”

The atmosphere became considerably colder and uncomfortable, but Changmin didn’t care. He was furious that Ryeowook would even dare to suggest that Yunho was abusive, and even more so for implying that Changmin couldn’t take care of himself and get himself out of an abusive relationship if he had to. He had already been subject to abuse once, and wouldn't stand to it again, no matter who it came from. He’d like to think he had grown from that scared 16-year-old he had been in the past. A suggestion from Ryeowook that he hadn't sent him fuming.

It was this fury that kept his mouth shut in a hard, thin line.
They worked silently for the most part, only talking to each other when they had to.

At a quarter to one, they finally packed up and headed home, utterly exhausted.

***

They were the second to last to present, and by the time they finished half an hour later, their professor looked pleased and was smiling and nodding as he scribbled something on the grading rubric in front of him.

The boys exchanged grins, relieved to finally be done with it, and with seemingly good results.

“Hey Changmin you wanna celebrate tonight? At a club or something?” Kyuhyun said when the class ended and they were collecting their things.

“Yeah, sure,” Changmin replied distractedly, looking for his textbook. “I’m going home to sleep, I feel sleep deprived.”

“Great. Meet up with us at 10:30. You’ll come with Yunho, yeah?”

“Yeah, I’ll see you there,” Changmin said, finally finding it beneath his desk and placing it carefully in his bag. How it ended up on the floor, he had no idea.

“Ryeowook, you wanna come with? We could introduce you to the rest of our group,” Kyuhyun said to Ryeowook.

Ryeowook looked up from his own packing and gave a small smile. And was it Changmin’s imagination or was the smile strained? “No, that’s okay, thank you for the invite though. You guys have fun.”

Changmin tried very hard not to glare at him. Having finally finished with wrapping a scarf around his neck, putting on his favorite parka with the furry hood, and then swinging on his backpack, he looked around to realize they were the last to leave. Their professor was up at the front of the class, organizing his papers and putting on his coat. They said their goodbyes as they left, their professor wishing them a good break and a merry Christmas.

His pleasure at knowing winter break was only a week away, an entire month of doing nothing more strenuous than getting up out of bed, was only slightly dampened by the biting wind as soon as they stepped outside.

But speaking of Christmas, he still had to find a present for Yunho. He didn’t know what to buy him, since Yunho didn’t seem like he needed anything other than Changmin, and Changmin couldn’t exactly offer himself as a gift. Well, he could, but Yunho would be in Gwangju with his family, and he wasn’t about to tie a red bow around his naked self and ship himself to Yunho. Yunho would probably like that though, he thought with amusement.

Ryeowook called goodbye and went the other way, and Changmin tried not to feel relieved about it. Since the previous night, when he had dared to say something to stain Yunho’s good personality, he didn’t trust the boy.

But then he saw Yunho waiting for him outside the building, hands tucked in his pockets and ears and nose red from the cold, and all thoughts of Ryeowook were shoved out of his mind. He had better things to think about.

Yunho saw him and smiled brightly, coming over to them. He called out a greeting to Kyuhyun,
who said hello back, and held out a hand for Changmin to take, putting their intertwined hands back in his pocket. “Hi pretty baby,” he said, leaning forward to kiss him. His lips were cold, but Changmin didn’t mind. What he did mind was that Yunho’s nickname for him suddenly made his insides cold, and not because of the weather. Ryeowook’s words from last night ran clear in his mind, but he brutally squashed them into silence and kissed Yunho back. Damned him for making me doubt Yunho.

“How was your presentation, guys?”

“It was great, I think the professor really liked it. Right, Kyuhyun?” Changmin said, looking at his friend for confirmation.

Kyuhyun grinned back, looking happy. “Yupp, I think we did really well, he was smiling the whole time.”

Yunho smiled at them. “Good for you guys, you worked hard.”

“We really did,” Kyuhyun said gravelly, making the other two laugh. Kyuhyun grinned. “Alright I'm off, try not to destroy any of our furniture in your enthusiasm, yeah?”

Changmin ignored the comment. “Aren't you coming home? Don't worry, we won't be loud,” Changmin promised. “I'm going to sleep. Real sleep.”

Kyuhyun laughed. “No, it's okay. I got an invite to Seohyun's dorm,” he said, looking smug. Seohyun was a girl in their finance class, a year ahead of the rest, just like Changmin and Kyuhyun. She was intelligent and quiet and very, very beautiful, if you were into the whole female gender, which Kyuhyun was. He'd been chasing her the entire semester, but Seohyun had only shown the amount of interest one would normally show a particularly amusing puppy. A cute puppy, maybe, but a puppy nonetheless. Changmin had informed Kyuhyun of this several times, but Kyuhyun had resolutely ignored him, claiming that hard work and persistence would get you everywhere. Maybe that applied to many aspects of life, but it certainly didn't apply to women. Even Changmin could see Seohyun was not interested, and that his best friend was only setting himself up for heartbreak.

Which is why Changmin was so surprised when Kyuhyun revealed this new piece of information. “Really?” he said, trying and failing not to look too shocked.

“You said she would never like me, but here I am now,” he gloated.

“So you are,” Changmin mused. He still didn't think Seohyun had invited him with the intent Kyuhyun seemed to believe she did, but he decided to let his best friend learn this one on his own. The hard way.

Kyuhyun turned to Yunho. “We're going to celebrate the end of this God forsaken project tonight, make sure you come. Although it'll be completely like you two to get so caught up in each other that you forget about the rest of the world,” he sniffed.

Changmin threw him a dirty look. "Don't you worry, we'll be there. See you later.”

Kyuhyun grinned in reply and then walked off towards Seohyun's dorm with a spring in his step.

Yunho tugged his hand, bringing Changmin's attention back to him. He let Yunho walk him off campus, chattering the entire time about his classes and upcoming plans for the break.

Changmin listened, nodding at appropriate times and smiling when Yunho looked at him, but his mind wandered a bit. He was already dreading having to be away from Yunho for almost an entire
month; their relationship was too new to introduce to their parents, and so they would have to suffer without the other. Well, Changmin would suffer; he wasn't sure how important he was to Yunho yet.

Which bought his mind, inevitably, back to what Ryeowook had said last night. He studied Yunho from the corner of his eye as Yunho was going on about something. He didn't think Yunho would ever bet on people, Yunho was much too kind for that. But he wouldn't put it past his sleazy friends. Heechul just reeked of evil, and even Donghae, great guy that he was, could be incredibly insensitive sometimes. Siwon...well, Siwon was just a bit dense and more of a follower, so Changmin didn't think he was capable of that sort of evil on his own.

Not for the first time, Changmin wondered how Yunho had fallen in with his group of friends.

"Changmin are you listening?"

The voice snapped him back to the present. "What?"

"You were ignoring me! You were ignoring me the entire time!" Yunho accused, eyes narrowed.

Changmin grinned a little guiltily. "Er, sorry. I'm a bit tired," he said, and it was only once the words passed his lips that he realized how true they were. He was bone-deep exhausted, and would have liked nothing better than to crawl into bed and sleep until finals were over. Preferably while wrapped around Yunho.

Yunho's eyes softened immediately. "Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot you haven't been sleeping much."

"Not your fault," Changmin replied swiftly, leaning in to peck at his lips. "Sorry for not paying attention. Let's just get home quickly and then you can tell me all about your plans. After I nap."

Yunho looked amused. "Changdola we're already here. I'm waiting for you to unlock the door."

Belatedly, Changmin looked around and realized, to his shock, that they were indeed outside his apartment building. He had been seriously out of it.

He grinned at Yunho sheepishly in apology while taking out his keys and letting them in to the warmth of the lobby.

Once they were safely in his and Kyuhyun's apartment, Yunho immediately set about undressing Changmin with more enthusiasm than was appropriate for someone who was only trying to help you to sleep better Changminnie~!

Yunho was surprisingly fussy, Changmin thought with amusement as he crawled into his bed to curl in his sinfully warm blankets. He watched as Yunho snapped the curtains shut to block out the morning light. The room was swallowed by darkness, and already Changmin was yawning from the combination of warmth and blessed dark. Yunho walked over to drop a kiss on Changmin's hair.

"Good night, Min-ah. Sleep tight."

"It's morning," Changmin murmured sleepily, but he didn't hear the reply as he let himself go to wonderful oblivion of sleep.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone. First, I want to apologize for this chapter being 2 days late, it was a busy week and I didn't have much time to write. To make up for it, this chapter is extra long (to my poor beta's bad luck)!

Also, I just want to let you guys know that I will be going on a short hiatus from this fic. I have two exams and too many assignments to deal with this week, and I don't want to give you guys (who have been so lovely with the comments, I really appreciate every single one of them!!) a half-assed chapter. So, there will be no update this week after this chapter. I should be back on track next week, but I'm not too sure about that. It won't be more than two weeks though!

Once again, I do apologize for those who might be disappointed OTL.

Lastly, thanks to chibisuz for the helpful beta, this chapter was terribly all over the place before she set me straight \o/

When Changmin woke up, sunlight was still trying desperately to reach around the thick curtains. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he rolled over to glance at the clock on his bedside table: 3:16 PM. He'd slept for four hours, give or take. He got out of bed and stretched, satisfaction curling through him as his joints popped.

Running a hand through his hair, he pulled the curtains aside, and sunlight flooded the room. Normally this fact would annoy him to no end, but knowing that the damned project was finally over and done with had lifted a huge weight from his shoulders. He felt relaxed like he hadn’t in a long while, which was weird because finals were just starting next week.

Finals he could deal with. Not seeing Yunho for a week, well, that he just couldn’t handle. He brushed aside the nagging voice that said this should worry him. He just didn’t care right now.

He went to the bathroom to relieve himself, and then splashed his face with water and brushed his teeth to rid his mouth of the unpleasant taste of sleep.

He wandered into the living room wearing one of Yunho’s shirts and a pair of boxers. Yunho was sitting on the couch with his books and a water bottle spread out in front of him on the low coffee table. He was bent uncomfortably over the book directly in front of him, hands cupping his face. His brows were furrowed and his lips were slightly parted and moving, as they were wont to do when he concentrating hard. Yunho said he needed to “hear the words” in his head, which Changmin frankly thought was ridiculous and secretly adorable.

He cleared his throat importantly. Yunho glanced up, and then his eyes were roving over Changmin’s body, as Changmin had known they would. He had purposely wore this shirt, knowing it made him look slimmer than usual since Yunho was thicker in the chest area than he was. As a result, the shirt hung around him, all the way to the middle of his thighs.

“I’m hungry,” he announced.

“That’s nice,” Yunho said absently. “Is that my shirt?”
"It is. Make me something to eat," Changmin demanded.

Yunho stopped eyeing him like a piece of meat and looked at him with dry amusement. "You want me to make you something?"

Changmin considered this. "No," he corrected himself.

A smile tugged at Yunho’s lips, and then he looked back down at his book. Thus dismissed, Changmin walked to the kitchen frowning, feeling slightly affronted.

He made himself a bowl of ramen, and when it was done he walked lazily around the apartment with it, slurping the noodles now and then. He saw Yunho’s shoulders bunch as he passed behind the couch, slurping noisily, and getting a childish satisfaction from his boyfriend’s annoyance. Yunho resolutely ignored him.

When he finished his noodles, he dropped the disposable bowl into the trash and then plopped down onto the sofa facing Yunho and leaning against the armrest.

Yunho was still ignoring him, so he stretched his long legs and nudged Yunho’s thigh. "Yunho," he just about stopped himself from whining.

Yunho didn’t look up. "What."

"Stop studying."

"Not sure if you know this, but we have finals next week."

Changmin glared at him. "Yes, I’m aware. But we agreed to take a break today and study tomorrow. Come on, put your stuff away," he really did whine this time, slipping his feet onto Yunho’s lap.

Yunho leaned back, resting on the couch, and rubbed his eyes. He rolled his neck in a way that made him look like an owl and then glanced at the clock, and then his hands were on Changmin’s ankles and all was right with the world.

His fingers played with Changmin’s toes and tickled the soles. Changmin snatched his feet back and then stabbed them (gently) into Yunho’s side. Yunho yelped and jumped, clutching his sides dramatically.

Changmin rolled his eyes.

Yunho stopped mourning his upcoming death and turned on the couch, so that he was facing Changmin. He pushed his feet against Changmin’s, aligning them. Yunho's feet were a little smaller than his own.

"Look, we’re a perfect fit," Yunho said brightly, and then looked at Changmin’s toes, peeking over the top of his own. "Almost."

Changmin resisted the urge to smile. "You’re such a sap."

"Pretty sure you like my sappiness."

"I don’t," he assured him.

"Yes you do. Now that you have my attention, what do you want?"

"How romantic," Changmin said dryly.
“I know.”

Changmin considered him, and then looked at the cushion in his lap, sadly covering Yunho's crotch. “I wanna suck you.”

Yunho looked at him. “How roman-”

Changmin cut him off with a kiss, stretching across quickly so he was lying between Yunho’s legs, arms bracketing his body. He leaned his head forward eagerly, chasing the sweet lips he had missed so much. A groan escaped Yunho's lips, and then he was hauling Changmin closer, a hand on the back of his neck and the other on the small of his back.

Changmin circled his own arms around Yunho's waist, eyes closed as he swept his tongue across Yunho's lips, his teeth, his tongue. Yunho's hand crept up his cup his jaw, thumb stroking his cheek.

Changmin hummed into the kiss, feeling that familiar but no less exciting tug in his stomach. "So good, so good..."

Yunho nipped his bottom lip in answer. "I missed you, pretty baby," Yunho mumbled.

That did some funny things to Changmin's insides. Yunho rarely ever expressed any feelings he might have for Changmin; he usually showed his care through his actions, from the way he bought Changmin his favorite foods and hugged him close and kissed him sweetly and touched him gently in bed. But never through words, Yunho was shit at words and expressing his feelings, that much Changmin had figured out before they even started dating. Changmin pulled back, a little dazed. "What?"

Yunho looked at him, looking confused, but his hands didn't let Changmin go far. "I missed you?" he repeated, posing it as a question.

Changmin's heart jumped at hearing the words again. Certainly, it was nothing like hearing someone say I love you, but it was damned good close, especially from Yunho. "You did?"

Yunho raised an eyebrow, looking just the tiniest bit annoyed, but Changmin saw the slight blush spreading across his cheeks. Changmin was rather shocked; he had never seen Yunho blush before. "Yes, I did. Is that not allowed?"

Changmin smiled, and it must have been brighter than usual because Yunho looked a little starstruck. "Yes, of course it is. Just, you don't say things like that often," he said, feeling warm inside. "I missed you too."

Something like guilt flashed through Yunho's face, and then he was looking down, fingers playing with the hem of Changmin's shirt. "I'm sorry, I'm crap with words," he mumbled.

Changmin went from being happy to a bit perplexed in a flash; he hadn't intended to make Yunho feel guilty. "No, don't apologize, I didn't say that so you would apologize. It's just, it's nice hearing that from you. That you missed me."

Yunho looked up at him through his fringe; Changmin almost melted at how adorable he looked, with his pretty eyes and pouty, kiss-swollen lips. He smiled a bit, looking uncharacteristically shy. "I really did miss you."

"I really did miss you too," Changmin replied, leaning over to kiss him, heart light and practically singing.
Yunho accepted his lips, and then the moment passed, but Changmin wasn't too upset about it. If he thought about it, this just might have been the first time Yunho had expressed any feelings in words. Yunho had complimented him tons of times, but he never expressed any feelings.

Eventually they broke apart. Changmin looked at Yunho, his lips red and pouty and slick with saliva, and he wanted more.

He reached down, fingers slipping beneath Yunho's waistband. The swell of his cock jutted against his jeans. Eyes locked with Yunho's, Changmin smiled mischievously as he unbuttoned and then unzipped Yunho's pants. Yunho watched him, arousal clear on his face.

Changmin tugged on his jeans slightly, and Yunho lifted his hips so Changmin could slip them down. To his surprise and delight, Yunho had gone commando, his hard cock springing free. "Oh, someone's been a naughty boy. No underwear?"

Yunho grinned. "I saw no point to it, since you were just gonna take them off anyway."

Changmin wrapped a hand around the base of Yunho's erection, drawing a moan from him. "Such confidence," he murmured, breath coasting over the head of his cock. Yunho shivered above him. He slipped his other hand around Yunho's balls, fondling them.

Yunho's hips jerked up. "I'm going to punish you," he panted. "For keeping me away so long."

Changmin couldn't help it; a shiver ran through him at the words. "Punish me?" he purred, cupping his balls and squeezing just the tiniest bit. "I have your balls in my hand and you're talking about punishing me?"

Yunho groaned, hand sliding into Changmin's hair and not-so-subtly pushing Changmin's mouth near his cock. "Changmin, Changmin, Changmin please."

And how was Changmin to deny a request like that? He closed his lips over the head of Yunho's cock, sucking lightly. Yunho hips jerked up again and Changmin had to free one hand to hold him down. He lowered his head, taking more of Yunho into his mouth, tongue pressed to the underside as the bitter taste of come filled his mouth. Yunho's hand tightened in his hair.

"Yesss," he hissed. "Changmin, yes, just like that, more."

Changmin took in more, until Yunho's cock was brushing against the back of his throat. He stroked the rest of it, grip firm. He glanced up through his lashes to see Yunho's head thrown back against the armrest, eyes closed and lips parted and chest heaving. Liking what he was seeing, Changmin took a chance and swallowed.

The effect was immediate; Yunho's hips flew off the couch despite Changmin's hand on him, making Changmin choke. He pulled off his dick, coughing slightly. Maybe he should suck cock more often, if only to get used to Yunho's length. Yunho immediately came back down, hands petting Changmin's hair. "I'm sorry, are you okay?"

"Yeah," Changmin replied, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand while eyeing Yunho's dick. "Maybe I shouldn't be biting off more than I can chew."

Yunho covered his cock with protective hands. "Please don't use the word bite while looking at my dick like that."

Changmin grinned and then took Yunho’s hands in his before diving back in, careful to keep his teeth covered by his lips as he once again attempted to swallow around Yunho's cock. Yunho did his
best to keep still, but Changmin supposed that was hard to do when you had a hot wet mouth
surrounding you.

He licked Yunho's cock, from the base to the slit at the top before taking him in again. He licked and
sucked and swallowed and stroked, Yunho's cries from above feeding his own pleasure. His cock
was heavy and aching against his boxers, but his hands were occupied so he settled for rutting
against the couch. *Kyuhyun will be so disgusted,* he thought dimly.

He sped up his hand, stroking faster and sucking harder until Yunho let out a strangled moan that
sounded something like Changmin’s name and then he emptied into Changmin's mouth, his hand
gripping Changmin's hair. Changmin swallowed all of the bitter spunk, throat working around
Yunho's softening cock. He slipped his hand under himself, shoving his boxers down and wrapping
his hand around his own cock, working himself quickly. It only takes a few quick strokes and then
he was coming.

He put his head on Yunho, nuzzling his hipbone while waiting for his breathing to steady. Yunho's
eyes were still closed, but his hand was petting Changmin's head gently, and Changmin leaned into
the touch.

After a few minutes, Changmin got up, pulling his boxers up and stretching. He looked down at the
mess on the couch and gave silent thanks that he and Kyuhyun had invested in a leather sofa. Yunho
watched him, not even bothering to do up his pants again, just laying there as Changmin bought a
wet washcloth from the bathroom and wiped the sofa clean.

When he was done, Changmin glanced at him; Yunho was still just watching him. “I’m gonna take a
shower,” he said, and then turned around.

He had only just reached the hallway when he was shoved against the wall. He let out a cry of
surprise while his cheek was flush against the wall. Yunho was crowding him from the back, hands
tight on Changmin’s waist and mouth in his ear. He wasn’t wearing a shirt, from what he could tell.

“What the hell Yunho,” he snapped, squirming in Yunho’s strong grip.

Yunho dragged his tongue along the shell of Changmin’s ear. Changmin shivered. “I meant it when I
said I would punish you,” he breathed into his ear, pushing his hips against Changmin. Changmin’s
breath hitched; he was already half hard.

And then Changmin swallowed and stopped moving, so turned on you wouldn’t know he’d already
come not ten minutes ago. “Really,” he said instead, voice calm.

Yunho thrust into him again. “Yeah. I didn’t like being kept waiting.” His voice was low and rough,
just the way Yunho knew turned Changmin on.

“Does it make you mad to know there are things more important than you, sometimes?” Changmin
asked slyly. He pushed back on Yunho’s cock, and Yunho groaned in his ear.

“Sometimes, you talk too much,” Yunho murmured, nibbling that sweet spot beneath Changmin’s
ear.

Changmin moaned, head falling back on Yunho’s shoulder. Yunho moved onto the stretch of
Changmin’s throat, biting lightly and then licking. “Make me shut up then,” Changmin whispered.

Yunho moved back a bit, just enough to drag his hand up Changmin’s body, one arm wrapped
around Changmin to keep him steady. Changmin felt his stomach tumbling from the light touch.
Yunho’s fingers caught on Changmin’s shirt, which he dragged up until Changmin lifted his arms
and Yunho could throw it off. His fingers ended their journey in Changmin’s mouth, three of them, which Changmin eagerly sucked on. He swirled his tongue around them, making them good and wet. Yunho dragged his teeth across his collarbone, his other hand playing across Changmin’s stomach.

Changmin shuddered, and then his cock was up again, ready to go. Yunho took his fingers from Changmin's mouth and shoved his boxers down. Changmin lifted his feet to throw them off.

Yunho wrapped his wet hand around Changmin's cock, stroking lightly, thumbing the slit. "Shut you up good, didn't I?" Yunho chuckled hotly in his ear.

Changmin's only response was a strangled moan. Talking was overrated, especially when he was slowly losing rational.

"Should I take you dry, hmm? I think that's good punishment."

"Yunho, please," Changmin choked out.

"Not dry? Then maybe your come." His thumbs were still splayed across the top of Changmin's cock, but then Yunho pulled both of his hands away. After a moment, there was the sound of a snap and then a clatter as something hit the floor.

"Lube," Changmin thought hazily.

Yunho's slick hands returned to him, and one reached back, fingerling his sensitive hole.

Changmin jerked in Yunho's hold, a low whine escaping his throat. But Yunho was teasing him, only circling his entrance lightly and not pushing in like Changmin wanted, like he needed.

Another whine of frustration, and then he grasped Yunho's hand and stayed it on his hole. "Yunho, stop fucking teasing," he half-snapped, half-moaned, pushing his ass back onto Yunho's cock.

Yunho laughed behind him again, his other hand moving to start stroking Changmin again, just the way he liked. Changmin thrust into his hand, but Yunho's grip wasn't tight enough to give him any friction, just barely there pleasure. Changmin whimpered. "I'm punishing you Changmin. You know how to end a punishment, don't you?"

Through the fog that his mind was slowly but surely becoming, Changmin gathered his wits enough to figure out what Yunho wanted from him. He wanted to deny him, but that would mean denying his own pleasure, and Changmin was too far gone to care. All he knew was that he wanted Yunho's cock in him right now. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I won't keep you away again," he panted.

Yunho hummed, pleased. He stroked Changmin firmly a few more times, and that was enough until Yunho slid two, lube-slicked fingers into him. Changmin gasped, hands trying, uselessly, to grasp at the wall, head hanging between his arms. He thrust into Yunho's grip and then pushed back on his fingers, trying to take them deeper, but he knew they weren't enough. "Yunho, please, more," he whimpered.

Yunho ignored him. "What else?"

It took a moment to register, and when it did he managed to sound sufficiently confused when he whined. "Aw Ngh?"

He stopped stroking, stop finger fucking him, and Changmin almost cried. "What else are you sorry for?" he repeated.
Changmin thunked his head against the wall in a moment of sober annoyance, but then Yunho moved his hands and reminded Changmin just how much he needed this right fucking now. "I'm," he swallowed a groan, "I'm sorry for keeping you away and, and saying you're not most important."

Yunho made another pleased sound. "Very good. Now tell me what you want, pretty baby."

Changmin moaned; fuck Ryeowook, he loved hearing that endearment from Yunho's lips, and it was as if a key had unlocked all the words he wanted to tell Yunho. "I want, I want your cock, I want your thick, gorgeous cock in me right now, I want you to fuck me so hard I won't ever forget exactly who's fucking me, my body won't ever forget how it feels to have you in me, I want all of you," he rambled, barely aware of what he was saying, but the need to say it so overwhelming, he needed Yunho understand how he felt, to feel how much Changmin wanted and needed him.

Yunho sucked in a breath that he let out as a hiss. "Yes, yes Changmin, more, tell me more." His fingers fucked Changmin faster, scissoring them with ill-concealed patience. Changmin panted heavily, just barely keeping himself up; Yunho's cock wasn't even in him and he was panting.

Yunho took his fingers out, and the sound of his jeans falling reached his ears. And then something was nudging against his hole, something wonderfully thick and hot and wet. Changmin moaned, pushing his hips back.

Yunho pushed in, slowly, slowly. It was both an excruciating pain and an intoxicating pleasure, and he couldn't get enough, could never get enough. He keened, a high pitched sound that had Yunho shuddering behind him.

"God, Changmin, you absolute cockwhore, do you hear yourself, tell me how much you want my dick in you," Yunho panted, waiting for Changmin to adjust to his girth, hands roaming restlessly over Changmin's body. Changmin's cock twitched; he bought his hand down around himself. Yunho, thankfully, either didn't notice or did notice and let Changmin touch himself.

Changmin took several deep breaths to ground himself, a fruitless effort if there ever was one. One did not simply remain calm when Jung fucking Yunho's ginormous cock was in you.

"I want you to be the only thing I feel. I want your cock, your huge, thick, wonderful, beautiful-" Yunho's sudden thrust rather rudely cut off his praise of Yunho's wonderful cock. The sharp thrust sent him into the wall again, and he just barely managed to turn his face to the side.

The thrust seated Yunho snugly inside him, their bodies flush against each other. "Tell me how it feels when I split you open with my huge, thick, wonderful, beautiful cock," Yunho murmured in his ear, and there was a hint of laughter in his voice.

Changmin would get angry at being laughed at, except at that moment the bastard behind him pulled out so slowly, so slowly he could... "I can feel every inch of you," he gasped. "Oh God, Yunho, Yunho, ohhh..."

"Awh yeah, tell me baby, you can feel every inch, can't you? Every single inch as it slides in and out of you?"

"Yes, oh, yes, Yunho."

Yunho slammed back in, hands tight on Changmin's hips. "Look at your greedy little hole taking me in, missed me did you?" Yunho's voice was rough, gritty, and Changmin's cock was throbbing. His hand sped up, tugging himself with sharp, quick pulls.

Yunho continued to whisper filth in his ears as he thrust in and out, voice low and growling. It was
doing delicious things to Changmin, drawing him closer to the edge. And then Yunho changed the angle and Changmin screamed out a curse and a prayer.

Every sharp jerk of Yunho's hips was driving into his prostate, and he barely choked out a warning, "Yunho, I'm-

"Come."

Changmin exploded with a wail. His hips shuddered, releasing rope after rope of spunk across his hand. Only Yunho's hands on his hips kept him from falling. Through the haze of pleasure he clenched around Yunho's cock.

Yunho moaned, and a few thrusts later he was spilling inside Changmin. His teeth caught Changmin's ear as his hips pushed into his ass. Changmin tipped his head back to make it easier for him, panting heavily.

When his hips stopped jerking, Yunho wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled out slowly, then walked them backwards. His back hit the opposite wall, and then he slid down while pulling Changmin gently down with him. The movement made Changmin wince, but he went down with Yunho.

Yunho held him close and nuzzled his nape as they caught their breaths. Changmin stayed still and allowed it.

"Happy now?" Changmin said.

"Mm?"

"You punished me. Are you satisfied now?"

"Oh yes, very," Yunho replied, sounding positively cheerful.

Changmin rolled his eyes, but a smile found its way onto his lips anyway. He pulled away slowly and stood up, turning around. He stretched languidly, arms raised high above his head. Yunho eyed him from the floor.

"Come on, we gotta get clean. Kyuhyun will be mad if we don't go."

Yunho glanced at the clock in the living room, visible from where he sat. He turned back to Changmin. "We still have a couple hours," he said, a faint smile on his face.

***

When they finally arrived at the club only half an hour late, Kyuhyun was already drinking with Donghae, Heechul, and Siwon. While the older three boys seemed only buzzed, hands wrapped around beers, Kyuhyun was well on his way to getting piss drunk. He was just getting started.

They said hello to all the boys. Changmin looked at Heechul a bit suspiciously, but the older man only lifted an eyebrow. Donghae got up to let Changmin slide into the booth, to the corner right across from Kyuhyun. Yunho went to get the two of them drinks, and when he came back Changmin was listening to Kyuhyun mourn his life. He took the beer with a smile of thanks, and then moved over so Yunho could sit next to him. Donghae sat on his other side, and then the two of them immediately began a conversation with Heechul, while Changmin and Siwon watched Kyuhyun's meltdown with amusement.
Apparently, Seohyun had not invited Kyuhyun over to fuck, as he had believed she had. The urge to say ‘told you so’ was strong, but Changmin resisted. Kyuhyun was already upset.

“But WHY doesn’t she like me?” Kyuhyun wailed.

“It’s okay, there’s plenty of other fish in the sea and all that,” Siwon said, patting him on the back. Kyuhyun whipped his head around and glared at him. “She’s not a fish!”

Siwon put his hands up, eyes widening in what was his *I'm-entirely-innocent-of-everything* look that Changmin had come to recognize. “No, of course not, my bad.” Changmin snorted and took a sip of beer.

That shifted Kyuhyun’s attention to him. “Why aren’t you saying anything?” he demanded.

"Because the only thing running in my mind is 'told you so' and somehow I don't think you want to hear that,” Changmin said dryly.

Kyuhyun looked wounded. "Why didn't you tell me she wasn't interested?"

Changmin raised an eyebrow. "I **did** tell you. Many times.” He took another swig of beer.

Kyuhyun faceplanted. Siwon took pity and clapped a hand on his shoulders. "Kyuhyun dude don't be so upset! Sometimes staying friends is better than getting together. What if you got together and then you broke up? At least you can talk to her. If you broke up you wouldn't get to talk to her at all." Siwon seemed pleased with his words of wisdom.

"Why are you breaking us up when we haven't even gotten together?" Kyuhyun said, glaring at him. Siwon opened his mouth, seemed to think better of it, and closed it again. He smiled apologetically at Changmin, and then turned to face the other boys.

Seems like it was all up to him.

"Look, Kyu, it'll be fine. Maybe she just wants to be friends. That's better than nothing, right? It means she thinks you're a good person and she values you as a friend. What if she didn't even like you? Wouldn't that be worse? If she wouldn't even talk to you and didn't allow you to befriend her?" It was elementary logic at best, but Kyuhyun wasn't completely in his right mind, so he would take it up.

Kyuhyun looked thoughtful, and then he looked at Changmin, and said somberly, "You're a great friend, Chwang."

Changmin smiled and reached across to pat his best friend's shoulder. "You're okay, you'll be fine."

Kyuhyun’s bad mood passed, and they talked a bit about nothing in particular. That was when a boy walked up to their table.

"Hey Yunho," the boy said, eyes completely focused on Yunho. He might as well have been sitting alone for all the attention the boy paid to the others. Changmin looked at Heechul and Donghae; from the amused looks on their faces, Changmin guessed this wasn't the first time they had met the boy.

"Hey Suho," Yunho greeted the boy easily. His hand held his bottle of beer loosely, the V-neck of
his gray shirt dipping almost to his pecs, looking completely relaxed. Changmin thought Yunho looked absolutely ravishing in this shirt, but now, seeing the way Suho was eyeing his chest hungrily, he had a sudden urge to cover all that delicious skin up.

"What are you doing later?"

Oh. Oh. He was here for sex. With his Yunho. That was entirely unacceptable.

Changmin glared at Suho. Then, very pointedly, before Yunho could even reply to the boy, he wrapped one arm possessively around Yunho's neck and lifted himself to sit sideways in Yunho's lap.

He could see Heechul and the others smirking out of the corner of his eye, but he didn't look at them, only continued to glare at Suho. "He's going home. With me," Changmin clarified. "Problem?" he asked in a voice that very much suggested he had better not have a problem with it.

Suho took a step back, looking surprised. Good.

"Er, no." He looked back at Yunho. "They said you...I thought they were lying though. It's true then?"

Yunho looked at him with something like pity. "Yeah, it's true."

Suho looked crestfallen, but then he seemed to shake it off and smiled a little, although it was a bit strained. "Ah well. See you around, Yunho." And then he turned around and disappeared into the crowd without so much as a glance back.

Changmin kept glaring anyway.

"Down, tiger," Yunho said, voice filled with amusement as his arms came around Changmin. When Changmin looked at him, he was looking at him with warm eyes. Changmin's glare came down to a scowl.

"He just-"

"I know, but now no one will ask me," Yunho said, cutting him off with a kiss.

That thought pleased him, but he didn't get off Yunho's lap or take his arm away. "Good."

He finally looked away from Yunho to see the others watching with open amusement.

"You're a possessive one," Heechul commented, eyes lit with laughter.

Changmin scowled again but didn't answer. "Who was that?" he asked instead.

"That was Suho. Poor kid's been chasing Yunho for ages but Yunho just stomps on his heart every time. It's quite sad," Heechul said, sighing at the end.

Yunho rolled his eyes. "I don't stomp on his heart. I say no. Very nicely."

"End result is the same," Heechul said, waving a hand dismissively. "The kid walks away looking like someone killed his puppy."

"I can't help if I'm not interested," Yunho argued.

Satisfaction curled through Changmin at being the one to catch Yunho's attention. Yunho nibbled on
his neck, eyes still looking unimpressed with Heechul. Changmin was smug for all of five seconds. "Enough of that. So," Heechul said, clapping his hands, expression bright, "who wants to lay their bets now?"

The word caught his attention. He glanced at Kyuhyun; he actually looked a bit sober now. Kyuhyun returned his look, and then he asked Heechul, "What bets?"

Heechul seemed to be made of mischief. He turned to Kyuhyun, looking evil. "Simple. We bet on how many people approach our table tonight for a fuck. So, what'll you bet?"

Kyuhyun's mouth dropped open. "I'll give you a few minutes to think about it," Heechul said, with the air of someone bestowing a great favor.

Kyuhyun looked at Changmin, the wide-eyed look in his eyes probably mirrored in Changmin’s own.

Heechul turned to Yunho. "Yurobbong, what's your bet?"

"Busy," Yunho mumbled from Changmin's neck.

"Yunho!" Heechul snapped.

Yunho lifted his head. "What," he whined. "Why do I have to play? No one's gonna approach me anyway!"

Heechul sniffed. "I suppose they won’t, not when you have such a vicious thing in your lap.” He looked at Changmin in distaste and turned to ask the others for their bets.

Changmin gritted his teeth and resisted the need to clonk Heechul on the head. He’s Yunho’s hyung, he had to remind himself over and over again.

Yunho put a hand under his chin and turned Changmin’s head toward him. He smiled at the scowl on Changmin’s face. “Don’t be mad, Heechul’s just playing around with you,” he said, the words murmured against Changmin’s lips.

“He’s such a dick, how did you even become friends?” Changmin burst out, unable to help himself.

Well that was bad, because Yunho drew back and frowned.

Before he could apologize or try to excuse himself though, Kyuhyun’s voice caught their attention. “Wait, so, you guys are putting bets on people?” He sounded as uncertain as Changmin felt.

“Well, yeah, what else is there to do?” Heechul replied, sounding bored.

My God this guy is the worst, Changmin thought, so annoyed he was getting angry.

But worse, Ryeowook had been right; Yunho really did place bets with his friends on people. What if he had been right about the other part too? That Yunho liked pretty things only because they were pretty?

Feeling slightly sick, he started when he felt a hand on his. Kyuhyun must have seen the look on his face, because he was smiling reassuringly, hand wrapped around the one Changmin had on his beer
bottle.

Changmin forced himself to relax; no use worrying about something that wasn’t even certain. He gave Kyuhyun a wan smile and drank his beer, shaking his hand off.

It seemed the rest had settled their immoral bets, except Yunho. His fingers slipped under Changmin’s shirt, stroking his hipbones. He nuzzled Changmin’s cheek, and Changmin turned to him.

Yunho scooted further into the corner of the booth, away from Donghae. He began to drop small, slow kisses all over Changmin’s face, and Changmin relaxed further. This was Yunho, Yunho who was so sweet and sincere, and even if his friends were dicks and led Yunho to doing things that were wrong, that didn’t mean Yunho was exactly the same.

“What’s wrong?” Yunho asked, voice soft. He was looking at Changmin, eyes full of concern.

Changmin smiled and carded a hand through his hair. “Nothing,” he said, and there wasn’t anything wrong. Yunho didn’t just get with him because he was pretty; you don’t care for someone so much if a relationship was based just on looks. Yunho wouldn’t be able to pick up on all his moods and know how to relax him before asking questions if he didn’t care for Changmin. Why am I doubting him so much all of a sudden? Just because of the words of someone who doesn’t even know him? Changmin felt like an idiot.

“Sure?” Yunho was still watching him with worried eyes, brows furrowed.

“Yeah,” he replied, kissing his brow and then his lips.

Yunho kissed him back with his usual eagerness, hands still smoothing all over his back, and it seemed like he had forgotten Changmin’s earlier comment about Heechul being a dick, something Changmin was glad for.

They alternated between kissing languidly and making lazy conversation. It was amazing how much just talking to Yunho relaxed him.

Eventually they joined the others again when Yunho whispered “We should talk to the others now, Heechul hyung is giving me the stinkeye.”

Changmin laughed and turned to him. Heechul was indeed looking very displeased, and Changmin tried not to look too smug.

He still tried to make conversation with the man though, because it would make Yunho happy. “So, how did you guys meet each other? You’ve known each other for a while, right?” he asked, taking a sip of his beer only to find that it was empty. He frowned at the bottle.

Someone slid another bottle over, and he looked up to see Heechul watching him with an amused smile. It seemed he was forever amused with the world. Or maybe just Changmin specifically.

He nodded in thanks and took a swig.

Donghae answered his question. “We grew up in the same neighborhood!” he said, looking bright. It could’ve been the alcohol though.

Changmin raised an eyebrow. “Oh really?”

“Yupp,” Siwon cut in. “First it was just Heechul hyung and me, but then Donghae hyung moved
into the house across mine and Yunho hyung moved next door a couple months later. I was five, those two,” he gestured with his bottle at Yunho and Donghae, “were six, and Heechul hyung was eight. We were the only little boys in the neighborhood so we only had each other to play with.”

No wonder Yunho hangs out with you guys. He had no choice but to. He didn’t say that out loud though.

“Heechul hyung was our leader. We thought we were so cool, running around and screaming at the top of our lungs and putting bugs in the girls’ hair,” Yunho said, voice lit with fondness.

"Heechul hyung is two years older than you?"

"Yeah, he graduated already."

“So, what do you do now?” Changmin asked him.

"Top secret," Heechul replied, a mysterious smile curling his lips.

"Don't bother, he never tells," Yunho muttered.

He was going to interrogate further but then Heechul smoothly bought the subject back to their childhood.

“Remember Boa, Yunho?” Heechul said, laughing. “When you put a centipede in her hair and she punched you so hard you started crying?”

Yunho winced and touched his cheek. “Yes, how could I forget when she gave me a scar with the rock in her hand?”

"You cried?" Kyuhyun asked, looking gleeful.

"Hey I was seven!" Yunho said defensively.

Their table burst into laughter, attracting the attention of people around them.

"Don't laugh at me too, Changdola," Yunho whined. "I'm your boyfriend, you're supposed to be on my side!"

Changmin couldn't resist teasing him. "I am on your side! I'm just, you know, laughing. With you."

Yunho scowled. "Except I'm not laughing."

Changmin feigned surprise. "Oh, you're not?"

Yunho pouted, probably because he knew Changmin couldn't resist that. Changmin chuckled and kissed him.

"Oh Yunho, don't look but I think someone else has their eyes set on your boy,” Donghae said, looking toward the bar.

Changmin didn't look, but Yunho did, despite what Donghae said. Well, he didn't look so much as whip his head around and glare. His arms tightened even more around Changmin's waist.

"What? Who's looking? Where are they?” he demanded.

"That guy over at the bar, he's looking right at him bro."
"How dare he, can't he tell Changmin's mine?" Yunho said, looking thoroughly annoyed.

Changmin laughed and gave him a lazy kiss. "Don't look so grouchy, Yunho, you'll scare people away," he teased.

Yunho rolled his eyes, but he still kept looking at whoever was at the bar.

Curious, Changmin turned his head to see who was looking at him.

And felt his heart drop through the floor.

His mouth opened in shock, his beer bottle slipping through slack fingers and dropping on the table with a resounding thud.

He stared, couldn't tear his eyes away even though he wanted to so badly. To Changmin's complete and utter dismay, that once-loved and oh so familiar face had become even more striking. His eyes were sharper, jaw more defined, smile still devastating. His smile turned into that hated smirk at Changmin's obvious fear.

Changmin felt sick.

He could hear voices, calling his name and asking if he was okay.

Kyuhyun's voice snapped through. "Fucking hell, what the fuck is that asshole doing here?" he hissed.

Changmin ripped his eyes away, panic clawing through his chest. Yunho was calling his name, his voice urgent.

"Changmin, Changmin, look at me, what's wrong?"

Changmin opened his mouth to speak, couldn't, and closed it again.

Kyuhyun spoke for him. "That's his fucking ex." He sounded angry.

Donghae and Heechul and Siwon turned to look at him again.

"Bad breakup?" Heechul asked Changmin.

Changmin nodded and smiled weakly. "You could say," he managed.

And then, because he was a masochist, he looked again.

He was still looking at Changmin, but now his eyes were crinkled in that way they did when he was incredibly amused by something. Changmin saw that look all too often, when he confronted him about his wandering eye. He tipped his bottle at Changmin in mock salute, still smirking, and then turned away, towards the boy sitting next to him.

He must be amused, why wouldn't he be when Changmin had made a spectacle of himself in front of his friends, those same friends who were now glaring at the man at the bar.

"Do you want me to beat him up for you, Changmin?" Donghae asked, half rising out of his seat, sounding, to Changmin's surprise, genuinely angry.

Even through the nauseating sickness roiling in his belly, Changmin felt touched by his concern.
But Heechul clapped a hand on his arm, stopping him. "Donghae." Donghae sat down again, looking disgruntled. Heechul looked at Changmin with a questioning look in his eye, as if asking if he should release Donghae to raise hell.

Changmin smiled slightly and shook his head no. He didn't want to cause a scene, nor give his ex the satisfaction of knowing he still affected Changmin so badly.

Heechul tipped his head and kept Donghae firmly seated.

Just then, Changmin realized he was gripping Yunho tightly. He had moved flush against his body, coiled around him without even noticing. Yunho hadn't said anything at all, Changmin noticed, nor had he tried to unlatch Changmin from himself.

Instead, Yunho's jaw was set, eyebrows snapped, hands tight on Changmin's hips, whole body tense, his eyes still on the bar, but there was something in them Changmin had never seen before.

Changmin shivered, a little frightened.

"Yunho."

Yunho tore his eyes away from him, towards Changmin. His eyes were stormy.

"Can you take me home?" There was no need for his pleading tone, but it was still in his voice. Changmin felt too drained to care.

Yunho nodded stiffly, still not saying anything. Changmin couldn't help but feel a little anxious; why was Yunho being so cold to him? Why wasn't he saying anything?

Donghae stood up to let them out of the booth, and Changmin got off Yunho's lap but didn't let go his hand.

Yunho followed him, but when they turned to go, Donghae stopped him with a hand on his arm.

"Yunho. Don't do anything stupid. I'm assuming you know what happened but don't make it worse, okay? Just take Changmin home," he said, eyes and voice both worried.

Yunho jerked his arm away. "I'm taking Changmin home."

Donghae searched his face.

"Yunho."

That was Heechul. He sounded serious, the same tone of voice he had used to make Donghae sit.

"Straight home, alright?"

"I said I was going to, didn't I?" Yunho snapped.

Changmin gasped; he had never heard Yunho be so rude to his hyung.

Heechul said nothing.

Yunho slipped his arm around Changmin again and nudged him towards the exit. Changmin looked back at Kyuhyun; his best friend gave a small smile and Changmin did the same.

They didn't talk on the walk home. Yunho only held his hand in his pocket. They arrived to his
apartment in silence, Yunho undressed him and put him in his night clothes in silence, and when Changmin tugged his hand to pull him into bed with him, that was in silence too.

Yunho spooned him, nuzzled his nape, and whispered, "Good night, Changmin-ah."

After a while, Yunho's caressing hand slowed down and then stopped, and his breath came steadily against Changmin's nape. But to Changmin, sleep would not come.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Sorry for such a long delay! I took a break for college but then couldn't get back into the groove OTL

Also, this fic has no intention of listening to me and so it has decided it needs more chapters to express itself. Pfft

Anyway, enjoy this! Comments are love, as always. I appreciate every single comment I get, I promise :)"'}

After almost two hours, Changmin was still wide awake.

He’d been staring at the clock, watching the red numbers take their turns, not aware of the time as his thoughts swirled. For the past two hours all he done was think of his ex. The more he thought, the more anxious and restless he became, the more oppressive Yunho’s arm on his waist felt. Usually he would be tossing and turning, but Yunho was sleeping and he didn’t want to wake him up. He turned his head to look at his boyfriend. His face was soft and relaxed, not at all like it had been a few hours ago, when it had been tense and locked. Yunho hadn’t tried to comfort him, if Changmin didn’t count the hand holding and touching, which he didn’t. Yunho had not offered any words or reassurance, and that had made Changmin both anxious and angry. He knew that was somewhat irrational, but he had still wanted to hear Yunho’s soothing voice.

He sighed and turned on his back to stare at the ceiling.

In the past two years, Changmin had stopped being afraid, both of people’s touches and their interest. That first year, when he had been recovering, had been unbelievably lonely. He wanted to interact with others, wanted friends, but at the same time wanted people to stay as far away from him as possible. He couldn’t bear anyone’s touch, not even Kyuhyun and Minho who had been so good with him. Eight months after he met them, a year after his ex when Changmin was 18, Kyuhyun convinced him to go to a college party with him. He had garnered interest, of course he had, but he shied away from both girls and boys. He hadn’t suddenly become social and the life of the party, as Kyuhyun had probably been hoping, but that party relaxed him, even if just a little. After that, going with Kyuhyun became easier and easier. He made a few casual friends here and there, more like acquaintances really, but his cold looks seemed to intimidate most people.

As time went on and his classmates became more comfortable with him, the bolder ones bought him drinks and tried to sweeten him up. When Changmin became more secure and accepting of himself, he even went home with some of them a few times. His first one night stand had been nearly nerve racking, but Changmin went through it. Half of it was because he was tired of being afraid and wanted to be normal, but the other half was simply because he was so sick of being alone in bed. One night stands weren't for dissipating loneliness, of course, but it was still better than just his hand all the time.

The first time having been a success, he went home with other guys a few more times. Not a lot, because Changmin could never seem to find someone who fit his taste. But he had also become a lot colder in his year of recovery, as Changmin had come to think of it as, and so many times people
didn’t have enough courage to ask him home anyway. They still bought him drinks though. He had thought he had stopped being afraid when he let them touch him lightly and flirt with him.

That didn't mean he was ready for a relationship, not by a long stretch. He just couldn't get himself to trust another person with his feelings like that as blindly as he had before. The commitment of an actual relationship was stressful just to think about, never mind actually having. One night stands didn't need any sort of promise, no attachments and no insanely possessive boyfriends, which he supposed was a good start.

Apparently he was still that terrified 17 year old. Changmin hated that thought more than anything.

He was startled from his thoughts by the sound of the front door opening and shutting. Kyuhyun must have come home. He listened to his best friend shuffle around some more, and then, unable to take any more of his tortured thoughts, Changmin carefully removed Yunho’s arm from him and got up slowly. Yunho didn’t stir.

He closed the door softly behind him and went in search of his friend. Kyuhyun had his head stuck in the fridge, wearing a slightly damp blue shirt, probably from sweating. Kyuhyun was a lame dancer.

“Hey Kyu,” Changmin said, coming into the kitchen.

Kyuhyun jumped, banged his head against the top of the fridge, and yelped.

“Shut up bro, Yunho’s sleeping!” Changmin hissed, glancing behind him.

Kyuhyun backed away from the fridge, rubbing the back of his head and scowling furiously. “You scared the shit out of me!”

Changmin rolled his eyes. “I said it so quietly!”

“You still scared me!”

“Not my fault you’re a scaredy cat!”

“Well, I’m not the one who screams like a little girl when he sees a cockroach!”

Changmin gasped, outraged. “You take that back Cho Kyuhyun!”

Kyuhyun looked smug. “No.”

Annoyed, Changmin plopped down into a chair and held a hand out. “Beer.”

Kyuhyun was the one to roll his eyes this time, but he got two beers from the fridge with a smile on his face anyway.

“So,” Kyuhyun said as he sat across from him, and Changmin hated that he knew where this conversation was going. “Yunho’s sleeping?”

“Yeah,” Changmin replied, taking a sip.

“Why aren’t you?”

Changmin shrugged. “Couldn’t sleep.”

“Mmm,” Kyuhyun hummed, taking his own swig. They sat in silence for a few more minutes, and
then “He left. Later.”

Changmin didn’t have to ask who. “Did he now,” he murmured, picking at the label.

“Yeah.”

Another moment of silence, this time longer than before, but then Kyuhyun sighed. “Changmin, I thought you were okay now.”

Changmin’s heart dropped. He hated letting his best friend down. “I thought I was too.”

“You don’t have to be afraid anymore, you know. He can’t hurt you,” Kyuhyun said, and when Changmin looked up at him, he seemed upset, hands clutching his bottle tightly.

He dropped his eyes to his beer again, feeling like shit for upsetting his friend with a problem that didn’t exist. “I know, I’m sorry,” he whispered, scratching furiously at the beer label. Small pieces fell off the bottle, landing in sticky clumps around the bottom.

Kyuhyun reached across and gently took his hands off the bottle. Changmin raised his eyes to look at him. “Don’t apologize. I just want you to know that we’re here for you okay? You have us, and now you have Yunho. Your shit ex can’t hurt you.”

Changmin nodded jerkily, slightly embarrassed. He and Kyuhyun almost never spoke like this, so the fact that Kyuhyun had made him feel infinitely better. Kyuhyun himself was slightly pink around the cheeks, and it made him smile. “I know.”

Kyuhyun smiled in return and went back to his beer. They sat in a comfortable silence for a while longer, sipping their beers quietly.

“You might not want to hear this now,” Kyuhyun said after a while, “but...about what Ryeowook said...”

Changmin's hand stopped in the middle of bringing the beer to his mouth again, feeling his insides twist; he had completely forgotten about that stupid bet.

Slowly, he lowered the bottle, looking up at Kyuhyun. "He was right," Changmin said quietly.

"Yeah." Kyuhyun shifted in his seat. "I didn't believe him. Yunho doesn't seem like that kind of guy at all."

Changmin pursed his lips. "Hmm, you know, I don't really think Yunho is like that. From what I saw, he seems to be influenced by Heechul a lot." He looked at Kyuhyun expectantly. Kyuhyun was grinning.

"You're not making excuses for him are you?" Kyuhyun teased.

Changmin scowled at him."I'm not, I'm telling you what I saw."

Kyuhyun made a sound of acknowledgement. "Maybe you're right," he said, sounding contemplative. "I mean, he's been so great with you. Right?"

"Yeah, he has been. I think he'll stop being that way if he's away from Heechul?"

"So what do you want to do?"

Changmin bit his lip. "I want to tell him to stop seeing Heechul so much."
"Is that a good idea, though? They're really close. You might just make Yunho mad at you."

Changmin sighed and slumped with his chin on the table, sliding the beer across the table from one hand to another in front of him. "That's what I thought too, which is why I'm not gonna do that. At the club, when I asked him how he became friends with such a dick, he looked like he was gonna be angry. But then you distracted us, so I guess he forgot about it." Changmin blew air out, causing his fringe to fly up and then flop back in his eyes. "I don't want to fight, especially not about something like this. It's not really worth it."

"Yeah, maybe you can be subtle about it."

"Changmin-ah?"

The third voice came suddenly from behind, startling him so bad he almost fell off his seat. He managed to grip the table to stop himself from sliding completely off. He turned around.

Yunho was standing in the doorway, squinting in the light and rubbing an eye. His hair was rumpled and all over the place.

"Why are you awake?"

"Couldn't sleep," Changmin replied, getting up and walking over to him. "Why are you awake?"

"Couldn't feel you," Yunho said, hand reaching out to take Changmin's.

Changmin stilled, a little taken aback.

"Can you come to bed now?" Yunho asked.

Changmin nodded slowly, staring at him. Yunho furrowed his brows, but turned around and let him back to Changmin's room.

Changmin looked over his shoulder to see Kyuhyun watching them. When he met Changmin's eyes, he smiled and tipped his bottle at him. "Night."

"Good night," Changmin replied, and then let Yunho lead.

He waited for Changmin to climb into bed and then crawled in after him, pulling his body flush against his. But Changmin was still feeling spooked from the earlier part of the night, and even though he hated it, he squirmed uneasily, and Yunho seemed to notice.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, just..." He trailed off, slowly easing Yunho's arm off him. He was counting on Yunho to realize, and sure enough, he did.

Yunho took his arm away and shifted back, their bodies no longer touching. Changmin felt relief curl through him, even as confusion and slight hurt lit in Yunho's eyes.

"Are you alright? Are you mad at me?"

"No, no, I'm not mad at you," Changmin hurried to say. "Just, um, feeling a bit hot."

Understanding replaced the confusion in Yunho's eyes. "Oh. Okay." There was a pause, and then he said "Would you like me to come back tomorrow?"
Panic seized Changmin; that was the last thing he wanted. He gripped Yunho's arm hard. "No!" he exclaimed, then realized how loud his voice was and felt his face warm. He lowered his voice. "I mean, no, stay."

Yunho smiled softly. "Alright. I'll stay right here."

Changmin tried to smile back, but he didn't think he did a very good job. Instead he leaned over and kissed Yunho lightly, then settled back on his side of the bed. "And in the morning?"

"I'll be here when you wake up," Yunho whispered.

Satisfied, Changmin curled on his side, Yunho not too far away but not so close that it made Changmin uncomfortable. He was asleep before long.

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True to his word, Yunho was there sleeping next to him in the morning. His body was tantalizingly warm, and Changmin gave in and curled around him. There were prominent black circles around his eyes, something he’d never seen on Yunho. Did last night stress him out so much? Changmin wondered. He couldn’t ever remember Yunho having dark circles. As he watched Yunho sleep, Yunho's words from last night came back to him.

Couldn't feel you.

The words had been said so immediately and bluntly that Changmin knew they could be nothing but the truth. Yunho probably hadn't even thought about it, just said the first thing on his sleepy mind.

The warmth that flooded through Changmin at the realization shoved all thought of the unpleasantness of last night right out his brain, it was like none of it even happened. All lingering thoughts of why Yunho hadn’t comforted him went away with them. Yunho obviously cared, just didn’t know how to show it.

He let Yunho sleep a while longer, and when he finally felt bored he started tugging on his ears gently. “Yunho,” he sang quietly in his ear.

Yunho stirred and mumbled, a deep rumbling sound from his chest. “What?”

“Wake up,” Changmin whispered, stroking his cheek with his knuckle.

“Why,” he said, eyes still closed. He shifted around onto his stomach and pulled the covers over his head, but Changmin pulled them back. Yunho whined.

“Come on now, time to get ready for a wonderful day of studying,” Changmin said, leaning down to nip at his jaw.

Yunho groaned, turning his head to the other side and further into the pillow. “I don’t wanna study!”

Changmin rolled on top of him, pressing his cheek to Yunho’s. “But Yunho,” he said, dropping his voice low, “if you study now we can play later.”

Yunho stilled below him. Changmin resisted the urge to laugh at how predictable Yunho was. It would totally kill the moment now.

“What kind of play?”

“Oh, you know,” Changmin replied, and pressed his hips down.
Yunho groaned below him and made to move. Changmin got off his back, lying on his stomach at Yunho's side. Yunho turned his face toward Changmin, eyes finally blinking open sleepily. "Is that a promise?"

Changmin laughed. "Yes, it is."

Yunho closed his eyes again. "Fine. I'll hold you to it."

Changmin carded his fingers through Yunho's hair, capturing a lock and twisting it around his finger. "Do you remember what you said last night?" he asked. He was half hoping Yunho wouldn't remember, half hoping he would.

"About what?"

"When I asked you why you weren't sleeping."

"Um," Yunho mumbled. "No, what did I say?"

Changmin leaned close to his ears. "You said you couldn't feel me," he whispered, watching carefully for Yunho’s reaction.

Yunho was still. Too still. And then, so slowly Changmin would have missed it if he hadn't been paying such careful attention, the cheek that Changmin could see began to redden, the blush crawling up his cheek and to his ear. "Is that what I said," Yunho said, but he didn't look at Changmin.

Changmin didn't mean to, but he giggled. "Yes, you did. Care to explain?"

Yunho scowling into the pillow, but he didn't say anything. Changmin waited patiently.

"Exactly that," he finally said. His eyes were still firmly shut.

Changmin stilled. He hadn't expected that. "What? Really? You can't sleep when I'm not there?"

Yunho pressed further into his pillow. "Yes." His voice was muffled.

Changmin gaped like an idiot for a few seconds. He had just been teasing him, not expecting such an admission from Yunho, even though he knew it must have been true. He just hadn't expected to have it confirmed.

A warmth like he had never experienced filled Changmin. He bent to kiss Yunho’s cheek. "So then what do you do at home?"

"Not sleep, and I hate it," he grumbled.

Changmin laughed. "Why didn’t you say anything before?"

Yunho finally looked at him. His eyes were impossibly pretty; they had Changmin almost hypnotized. "I didn’t want to bother you. I mean, I made my decision to quit smoking, I shouldn’t complain about it. Right?"

As Changmin listened to him, he grew more and more confused. "Wait, what?"

Yunho looked confused in turn. "What?"

"You can’t sleep because you quit smoking?"
Yunho rolled his eyes. “Well, duh. It’s not exactly painless, you know.”

Changmin felt outraged. He completely forgot about all the things that had been stressing him out, instead focusing on Yunho. He got up on his knees, glaring down at him. “Yunho you idiot!” he screeched. “Why didn’t you tell me anything?”

Yunho rolled onto his back, calm as you please. “Why? What would you have done? That’s what happens when you smoke!”

“I could’ve helped you! Made you sleep with me every night or something if it helped! I can’t believe you!”

Yunho was starting to look perplexed. *Good,* Changmin thought. The idiot probably thought it was noble or something to go through sleepless nights when there was such an easy solution for them.

“Look, it’s not that ba-”

“What else have you been experiencing?” Changmin demanded.

“Uh.” Yunho had the good grace to look sheepish.

Changmin folded his arms. His glare was his only answer.

Yunho sighed, giving in. “Okay, so I’ve gained weight, but you already know that.”

“Yes, I know, you look fine. What else?”

“Um, I haven’t been sleeping much. And I can’t concentrate very well all the time. But the gum helps,” he added quickly when Changmin’s face twisted again.

Changmin sighed, dropping his arms and laying down on his stomach again, face turned towards Yunho. “I’m so stupid, I didn’t even notice.” He was starting to feel terribly guilty, never having suspected that Yunho might be having difficulty from quitting. Here he was, thinking like an idiot that quitting would be a breeze, not even stopping to look at Yunho. And Yunho, sweet, dumb Yunho, didn’t say a word.

It endeared the older boy to him even more.

“That’s because I’m so great at hiding stuff,” he said, grinning.

Changmin scowled. “That’s not a good thing.”

Yunho laughed, rolling over and flinging an arm around his waist. “Probably. Don’t be mad, it’s getting easier.”

“You could’ve told me earlier, I could’ve helped you,” Changmin said quietly.

Yunho kissed his forehead. “It’s alright, I think I got through the worst of it.”

Changmin looked at him and his dark circles, and something occurred to him. “You didn’t have any dark circles before.”

Yunho looked sheepish again. “I did. I just hid them.”

Changmin stared at him. “Don’t tell me you’ve been using concealer or something.”
Yunho’s laugh was all the answer he needed. Changmin gawked. “You have?”

“I didn’t like them!” Yunho said defensively.

Changmin chuckled, bringing Yunho closer. “Oh Yunho, you’re such an idiot sometimes, you know that?” He pressed tiny kisses all over Yunho’s face. “You’re going to sleep with me from now on. I don’t care what you say.”

Yunho’s eyes glinted. “As you wish, your majesty. I have no objections.”

Changmin laughed and continued to pepper his face with kisses, for so long Yunho’s eyes closed again and he started humming in content.

Just as he began to look as though he were about to doze off, Changmin spoke while sliding a hand into his hair, petting him.

"I know why you leave in the morning, before I wake up."

Yunho hummed, leaning into Changmin's touch. "Why?"

"Because you look so unattractive when you're sleeping," Changmin said playfully.

Yunho stopped humming, opening his eyes and scowling at him. "I do not!"

"Yes you do. Have you seen yourself? Your mouth is open so wide I could fit my dick in there and you wouldn't even notice till I was deep throating you. Your eyes are half open too, it's so creepy."

Yunho scowled harder. "Why, you little," he said, getting up on his hands and knees and tackling him. His fingers came immediately to Changmin's side, tickling him.

Changmin exploded into giggles, trying to squirm unsuccessfully away from Yunho's hands. His fingers swept across his sides, across his belly and up to under his arms.

Changmin couldn't breath by the end of it, gasping for breath. “I’m sorry, sorry, Yunho, stop,” he wheezed, smile wide and tears of laughter forming in his eyes.

When they fell from his eyes, Yunho was satisfied and finally stopped tickling him. He bent down and kissed the tears away, and then lay on top of Changmin between his legs. His arms bracketed his head, nose touching Changmin’s.

Changmin finally caught his breath, still smiling. He gazed up at Yunho, feeling better than he had in days. The stress of school work, finals, and then the unpleasant shock of seeing his ex, all of it melted away as he looked up into the crinkled chocolate brown eyes of his lovely boyfriend.

Yunho’s thumb stroked his cheek. “Feel better now?” he asked softly.

“Yeah,” Changmin said, happy that it was the truth. He turned his head to the side and kissed the pad of Yunho’s finger.

Yunho nuzzled his cheek. “You don’t have to be afraid of him anymore, Changmin, we’re all here for you. And I’ll never let him hurt you again. I want you to know that.”

Changmin looked at him again. Yunho stared back. His eyes were sincere, words earnest. Changmin didn't doubt for a second that he could always rely on Yunho. “I know,” he whispered, leaning up to kiss him, trying to pour all his feelings for Yunho into the kiss.
The next few days passed by in a blur of studying, studying, and some more studying, with the occasional fuck. By the time finals came around, Changmin was ready to bang his head against the wall. He was so sick of reading, all of this complicated jargon, that he just wanted to get his finals over with.

His exams were over by the first week. As always, they weren't very difficult for Changmin, and he was usually the first one to finish. He knew he was getting glares from his classmates, but he couldn't care less. He had studied hard for his grades. It wasn't as though his grades were handed to him.

He had less finals than Yunho, so while Yunho studied for his last two exams, Changmin sneaked away to the mall. He still had to buy Yunho his Christmas present.

He and Yunho had agreed not to buy each other presents, but he wasn't the one who celebrated Christmas, so he didn't exactly mind not getting a present. He would still buy one for Yunho though.

He strolled through the mall, in and out of the small shops, but he couldn't find anything that he thought Yunho would like.

Out of sheer frustration, he walked into a home decorating store. He looked around, and, spotting a pretty silver photo frame with black swirls on two corners, picked it up on a whim. Maybe he could give Yunho a picture of the two of them?

He bought it, and then went to a photo center in the mall. He gave the man at the counter a picture he had of them on his phone, one of his favorites.

In it, he and Yunho were outside, Yunho's arm around his shoulder. Yunho was looking at him with a huge grin on his face, his eyes crinkled around the corners. Changmin was laughing so hard his eyes weren't even visible. Even he thought he looked happy in the photo. Everything was perfect about the moment, the sunlight, the wind sweeping their hair to the side, even the beads of sweat that had formed on his forehead from their one on one soccer match.

Just looking at the picture made Changmin smile.

When the picture was printed out and handed to him in a yellow envelope, he paid for it and then put it carefully in his backpack.

When he got home, Kyuhyun wasn't there. There weren't any messages from Yunho either, so Changmin assumed he was off studying somewhere. He took off his parka and boots, putting them both in their places in the closet neatly before padding around the apartment to look for wrapping paper. He found last year's papers in the back of the closet and decided it would do. It was a shining green with silver stars all over it.

Settling down on his bedroom floor, he carefully cut the wrapping paper and wrapped it around the box the frame came in. He stuck a bright red bow on top, and then signed his name on the little tag. He thought about writing a message too, but then decided against it.

But as he put the present away in his closet, he had his doubts. Would Yunho like his present? Would he understand Changmin's feelings in giving him something like this? Or would he think it was stupid? Did guys even give each other things like this? Knowing Yunho, he would probably tease Changmin mercilessly but secretly love it.

But still.
Feeling the tiniest bit stupid and annoyed with his thoughts, he got up again and dressed to go out. There was a music store up the block, about a ten minute walk away, that serviced mostly college students. He walked in and searched for Michael Jackson CD’s. He wasn't completely sure which one to get, but then he spotted a collectors edition he had never seen with Yunho. Satisfied, he bought the CD and walked back home.

He wrapped up that present too and put it away in the closet, where Yunho wouldn't see it. He didn't know how he would give it to Yunho though. Yunho wouldn't accept the gift up front, that much he knew. He'd be mad that Changmin didn't let him buy him a present too.

Changmin pondered what to do, and after running through some other options, he decided there would be nothing to it but to mail it. Kyuhyun lived close to a post office, and since Changmin was leaving for home tomorrow before his friend, he'd leave it at the dorm for Kyuhyun to take with him, along with money to ship it.

Satisfied, Changmin called Minho to see if he wanted to hang out.

He loved that the semester was finally over.
A few days before Christmas, the morning dawned bright and cold, a crispness to the air that made Changmin feel alive. Snow was scattered all over the ground, piled high on the sides of the roads and parking lots. Trees drooped with the burden of the flakes, branches reaching towards the ground. It was a breathtaking scene. Changmin gazed at it, sunglasses perched on his nose to shield against the dazzling snow and shivering despite his warm parka and scarf.

By the time he was all packed up and ready to go, Yunho was done with one final and still had one left. He came to see Changmin off as he was getting the last of his things into his car. Without a word, he hugged Changmin when he turned around, burying his face in Changmin’s neck. Changmin smiled and wrapped his arms around his neck, breathing in the nectarine scent of Yunho’s shampoo.

“Why are you leaving me,” Yunho said, his voice muffled.

Changmin stroked his hair. “I’m not leaving you. I’m going home.”

Yunho looked up and pouted. “Without me.”

“You can come, if you want to meet my parents,” Changmin teased.

A mock look of horror crossed Yunho’s face, and Changmin laughed. Yunho took the opportunity to kiss his jaw, and then lifted Changmin’s sunglasses off his face and into his hair. “Okay, you can go without me.”

Changmin kissed him, Yunho’s lips soft and yielding under his. His mouth opened to allow Changmin’s probing tongue in, and Changmin slipped in eagerly. Yunho’s previously cold lips began to warm between his. As much as he would have loved to keep nibbling Yunho’s soft lips, he pulled away reluctantly.

Yunho took his hand in his, entwining their fingers together. “I won’t see you for an entire month,” he said softly. He sounded genuinely disappointed about it. Changmin smiled and bopped his red nose.

“We’ll talk every day. Do you think you can get rid of me so easily?”

Yunho smiled, though there wasn’t much warmth in it. “I would never want to get rid of you,” he said, leaning in to nuzzle his cheek. “Besides, it won’t be the same.”

“We can Skype. You’ll see me every day then,” Changmin said.

“It still won’t be the same,” Yunho said, wrapping his arms around Changmin and beginning to rock them from side to side, his chin on Changmin’s shoulder and nose in his neck. It was cold, and...
Changmin shivered involuntarily. Yunho kissed his neck in apology. Their huge winter jackets were preventing them from getting close enough.

Changmin let himself be rocked. Yunho didn’t look very happy, and although Changmin had been hoping for some sort of sign that he would be missed, he hadn’t expected it to be so obvious. Now that he had his sign, though, he didn’t want Yunho to be unhappy. “Hey,” he said, nudging Yunho’s temple with his nose.

“Mmm?” Yunho didn’t lift his head, but cocked it to show he was listening.

“Stop being a crybaby.”

Yunho snorted. “I’m not crying.”

“You sound like you’re five seconds from it.”

“Am not.”

“Are too.”

Yunho lifted his head and scowled at him. “You’re wasting our precious kissing time with your pointless arguing,” he informed Changmin.

Changmin laughed, hugging him closer and kissing him again and again.

When he drew apart, he murmured, “I really have to go now.”

Yunho sighed. “I know. Sorry.”

Yunho gave him a final chaste kiss and then let him go. “You’re going to talk to me everyday,” he said, and then corrected himself. “No, every hour. Okay? Okay.”

Changmin smiled at him, but didn’t go in for another kiss. He’d never leave at that rate.

Yunho turned him around and wrapped his arms around his waist, and then walked him to the car door, opening it for him and waiting for him to get in before shutting it. “Text me when you get home, okay? Drive safe.”

“I will,” Changmin said, settling himself. Kyuhyun had borrowed his car the other night, and always had to adjust the seat and the mirrors to accommodate his shorter-than-Changmin’s height. It both amused and annoyed Changmin in equal measure.

Yunho was standing behind the car now, hands tucked in his pockets and nose buried in his scarf. He looked like a turtle.

Changmin looked into the rearview mirror. He turned around in his seat to wave goodbye, and Yunho smiled and waved back. With a final glance through the rearview mirror, Changmin drove away.

Keeping one eye on the road and the other on the mirror though, Changmin couldn’t help but think that Yunho looked somehow...sad. He looked lonely and tiny in Changmin’s mirror, and the further away he got, the more he couldn’t help but think that he had just missed something very important, something that completely flew over his head.

His stomach felt funny just looking at the rear view mirror; he didn’t like the feeling in his gut.
The feeling wouldn’t go away all the way on the ride home.

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As he promised Yunho, he sent him a text to let him know he had arrived home safely. Yunho sent him a quick text in reply, and then Changmin went inside to greet his family. As soon as he was in the door, his mother was squashing him to herself, tears in her eyes as she hugged him and cried about how happy she was to see her son. Changmin smiled and hugged her back tightly, kissing her forehead. She finally released him to let him hug his dad, who smiled warmly at him, his eyes crinkled, and then his younger sisters, Sooyeon and Jiyeon. Sooyeon was a year younger than Changmin, while Jiyeon was 15. He ruffled their hair, something he knew they hated and so of course did even more. They pushed his hands away and complained about Oppa is always ruining our hair! But they hugged him tight anyway, both of them kissing each cheek.

He had been a little upset about leaving Yunho, but now seeing his family happy and fussing over him, his heart warmed all over again and he was glad to be home.

When he had unpacked his car and settled into his room properly, he came downstairs to find his mother had cooked nothing less than a feast, and he dug in with enthusiasm. He chatted with his family, talking about grades and catching up on all the latest family gossip, who had had a baby and which cousin was causing what scandal.

When they finished finished up with dinner and cleaning the kitchen, Changmin went to put his gifts for his family under the tree, and then they all sat around. The conversation was easy and flowed, and Changmin soon found himself lulled to sleep by the sound of their quiet murmuring.

He hadn’t realized he had been dozing until Sooyeon was shaking him awake, telling him to go to bed. He nodded sleepily and went upstairs, bidding them all good night. It wasn’t until he was all tucked into bed, feeling clean and warm, that he jolted upright.

He hadn’t realized he had been dozing until Sooyeon was shaking him awake, telling him to go to bed. He nodded sleepily and went upstairs, bidding them all good night. It wasn’t until he was all tucked into bed, feeling clean and warm, that he jolted upright.

He had completely forgotten to tell Kyuhyun about Yunho’s gift! Scrambling out of bed, he turned on his phone only to drop it and let out a small yelp of surprise when the brightness of the screen nearly blinded him. Cursing under his breath, he groped on the floor for it and turned it on again, this time facing it away from him until his eyes adjusted.

He swiped it open and pulled up the contact list, and called Kyuhyun, despite it being after midnight. What are best friends for, after all.

The phone rang several times, and when Kyuhyun picked up, his voice was gruff and confused. “Hello?”

“Kyuhyun, it’s me,” Changmin said, feeling a little bad for waking him up. His best friend hadn’t gotten much sleep recently due to finals.

“Changmin?” He still sounded a little confused.

“Yeah, Kyuhyun, wake up, I need your help.”

That seemed to awaken him slightly. “Are you alright? What’s wrong?”

“Yeah, I’m fine, it’s just that I forgot to tell you about Yunho’s present,” Changmin replied, smiling slightly.

Kyuhyun groaned. “Ugh, that’s what you woke me up for?” There was a thump on the other line,
if he had face planted on his pillow.

“Sorry bro, I forgot to tell you before I left,” Changmin said apologetically.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. Where is it?”

“It’s in my closet, but Kyuhyun, there’s two there, so make sure you don’t get the wrong one, okay?”

There was shuffling on the other line. “Fuck it’s cold,” Kyuhyun mumbled. There was some more shifting around, an oof! as he seemed to trip over over something, another curse, and then Kyuhyun said, “Which shelf?”

“All the way on top.”

Kyuhyun didn’t say anything for a few seconds. “I see it,” he said, but his words fell away into a yawn.

“Kyu make sure you get the flat one, not the box. Okay? Did you get the right one?”

Kyuhyun yawned loudly. “Yeah yeah, got it, flat box.”

“No, just the flat one!” Changmin nearly screeched. He did not want Yunho to see the picture frame, no matter what.

“Ugh, stop screeching in my ear, I got it,” Kyuhyun said, yawning yet again.

Changmin huffed. “I did not screech.”

“Whatever. Is that all? May I sleep now, sir?”

“Yupp, thanks a lot. Make sure you don’t forget it when you go home tomorrow though! I already put the address and everything on, you just have to drop it off at the post office, okay?”

“Got it. Night, Changmin.”

“Good night,” Changmin replied. He cut the line and then crawled into bed again, relieved at having remembered before it was too late.

His earlier nap had been a bad idea, though. He fidgeted in bed, turning this way and that, before giving it up for a bad job and reaching for his phone again.

He contemplated texting Yunho, but wasn’t sure if he’d be awake. Or free. Finals were such a cockblock.

Twirling his phone in hand, he thought about the way Yunho had looked when he had been leaving, so tiny and somehow sad. He tapped the phone against his teeth, making a clacking sound. *Maybe he should call, just to check on him.*

*Sent to Man Candy 12:24 AM*

*Hey. Are you awake?*

As always with Yunho, he hadn’t even put the phone down before he received a text.

*Received from Man Candy 12:24 AM*

*yupp. im gonna call u*
Changmin smiled and waited for Yunho to call. He picked up on the first ring. “Yunho.”

“Changminnie.” Yunho’s voice was warm.

Changmin settled back in his bed, leaning against the pillows stacked behind him and pulling the comfy duvet up to his chest. “What are you doing?” he asked softly, mindful of his sleeping family.

Yunho sighed. “Studying, what else.” The sound of shuffling papers and a textbook being snapped shut came through the line. Then Yunho made kitten like noises that Changmin knew meant he was stretching. When he was settled, his voice came back. “What are you doing?”

“Laying in bed. I took a nap earlier and now I can’t sleep.”

Yunho chuckled. “Aw poor baby,” he teased. “Guess you’ll have to stay up all night now.”

Changmin pouted. “Not funny.”

“Of course not,” Yunho agreed somberly.

Changmin rolled his eyes, and then got to business, hesitating only a bit. “So. Are you alright?”

There was a slight pause. “Why wouldn’t I be?” Yunho sounded serious.

"Just, you seemed a little upset today," Changmin said cautiously.

"Of course I was upset. Everyone was leaving for Christmas and I was all alone." Changmin could bet his whole life that Yunho was pouting.

He noticed, though, that Yunho said everyone and not just Changmin. He tried not to feel too disappointed.

“You’ll be done soon,” he assured him, and then shifted in bed. “Is that really it, though?”

Yunho was quiet for a second, and then sighed. “I’m just tired. I’ll be fine in a few days. When I’m home.”

He didn’t sound like he himself was convinced. “But what’s wrong?” Changmin pressed.

Yunho made a frustrated sound. “Look, nothing, I’m just tired of studying.”

Yunho didn’t seem like he wanted to talk about it, and by all rights Changmin that was when should have stopped pressing him for details, but he couldn’t help himself; he had to know what had made Yunho look like that. He waited for a few seconds, and listened to Yunho shifting uncomfortably on the other line.

“So. How was your day?” Yunho said, voice too bright and too fake.

“Alright.”

“Was your family happy to see you?”

“Yeah, they were.”

There was another pause, and then, “Are you going to tell them about us?”

Changmin paused. He hadn’t thought about that at all. “Uh, I haven’t thought about it. Do you want
“No!” Yunho said, voice loud, and startled Changmin. Yunho seemed to realize how loud he was and lowered his voice. “I mean, no, I don’t think you should.”

Changmin hadn’t expected the sinking feeling in his gut, but when he noticed it, he hated it. Why didn’t Yunho want to share their relationship? “Why?” was the only word Changmin could get out. His voice cracked, though, and made him sound extra pathetic. He cleared his throat.

“Because. I mean, we haven’t been together all that long. Right?”

“I guess not,” Changmin said reluctantly.

“Yeah, so we should wait a bit.” Yunho sounded relieved.

“Okay,” Changmin said quietly, not at all liking Yunho’s tone and what it could possibly mean.

“Are you mad?” Yunho asked. Was Changmin just imagining it or did Yunho sound worried? Unwilling to let himself be falsely reassured, though, he passed it off as his imagination.

“No, you’re right, we haven’t been together long at all,” he replied, knowing it was the truth.

“Okay, that’s good.”

Another silence, and it frustrated Changmin to no end. What was wrong with them? He hadn’t had such a painfully awkward conversation with Yunho since their huge falling out months ago.

“You should go back to studying now,” he said, as much as it killed him to end the conversation.

Yunho, however, seemed to jump at the opportunity. “Yeah, good idea.”

Changmin smiled despite himself. “It’s your last one, right? What time?”

“Yupp. At eight. Then I can go home,” he said, voice bright. He seemed to be genuinely happy at the thought of home.

“Did you pack everything already?”

“Mostly, I just left some clothes and the bedding and bathroom things.”


Yunho huffed. “I’m sorry not everyone can possess your articulateness.”

“That was pretty articulate,” he said, laughing.

“I think you’ve rubbed off on me,” Yunho said, sounding mildly surprised.

“Good, then I think by the time I’m done with you you’ll have the illusion of seeming infinitely smarter than you actually are,” Changmin said seriously.

“Hey! Whattaya mean illusion? I am smart!”

“If you have to tell someone you are, then you can’t be very much,” he said, enjoying the way he was riling Yunho up.

There was a pause in which he just knew Yunho was glaring and pouting at the phone.
“Changminnie you’re really mean,” he whined.

“Mean? What are you, five?” Changmin said, barely containing his laughter.

“Whatever. I’m not talking to you anymore,” Yunho said petulantly.

Changmin let his laughter loose, in a quiet sort of way, because his family was still asleep. It was a good few minutes when he finally got it under control, bursts of giggles still escaping despite his best efforts to stop them.

“Are you quite done?” Yunho said, sounding annoyed.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I don’t mean that, I know you’re smart. It’s just fun to tease you,” Changmin said, chuckling.

“I gathered,” Yunho sniffed. “Alright, I really have to go now.”

“Oh, have fun studying.”

“Now you’re just mocking me.”

“I would never,” Changmin said, his voice appropriately offended.

“Uh huh.” Yunho didn’t believe him, of course. He knew Changmin. “Good night, pretty baby.”

“Good night,” he replied softly.

Yunho made a kissing sound through the phone, which made Changmin laugh, but when Yunho insisted he do it too, he did.

After Yunho hung up, he sat there staring at his phone. Their conversation had ended on a lighter note than it had started, for which Changmin was grateful, but it hadn’t distracted him. If anything, it made it even more painfully obvious that something was not quite right with Yunho. He hoped it was just exam blues like he had said, but something told him it wasn’t. Something was wrong, and Changmin would find out for sure, even if he had to pry it out of his boyfriend.

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The next day passed by lazily. Changmin got out of bed at 11, and then spent the rest of the morning and afternoon eating and playing video games on his home system. His parents were at the main Shim store, so it left his sisters to converse with. Sooyeon was on break from her first year of college, and Jiyeon had a week off from her high school. They weren’t bad company, and occasionally indulged him by playing with him, even though Changmin always destroyed them without mercy.

“So, Oppa.” Sooyeon was eyeing him over the top of her book.

Changmin glanced at her, and then back to the television. That tone was enough warning that Sooyeon was about to tread into dangerous waters, so he tried to brace himself. “What?”

“Have you found anyone yet?”

Jiyeon looked up from her phone in interest.

Of course. Blunt, that one was, and much too nosy. She and Changmin were almost the same age, so he had always been more comfortable with her compared to his youngest sister. Sometimes Changmin thought Sooyeon understood him better than even their own parents. He supposed it
helped that she always wanted to know everything that was happening, whether it had anything to do with her or not. Her nosiness and observant personality were a lethal combination. In fact, two years ago, she had been the first to notice something was amiss, and bought it to their parent’s attention. Changmin had wanted to strangle her at the time, but now he was sort of grateful.

Changmin rolled his eyes. “Found anyone? Really? How old are you, exactly?”

Sooyeon threw a balled up piece of paper at him. Changmin glared at her when it hit his cheek, but she just smiled beatifically. “Just answer the question.”

“Nothing serious,” he said, keeping his eyes on the screen as he gutted another alien through the stomach. He was careful not to look at her, because she had the uncanny ability to know when he was lying.

“Oh really?” she asked, sounding suspicious.

“Yeah, really.”

“Nothing serious? Then there’s something, at least?” she pressed, not letting it go.

Damn. He was hoping his white lie would assuage her, but of course it didn't.

“Oppa has a boyfriend?” Jiyeon asked, perking up.

“No, I don’t, go back to your phone,” he said, glaring at her. He wasn’t so bad an older brother that he would talk about casual sex with his 15-year-old sister. That’s not what he had with Yunho, of course, but he was going to have to pretend if he wanted to throw Sooyeon off his trail.

He looked at Sooyeon and tried to make it as meaningful a look as he could, hoping she’d get the point, and it seemed she did, because she backed off. Jiyeon looked between the two of them with her bottom lip caught between her teeth and her brow furrowed, Sooyeon reading her book and Changmin pretending to focus on his game, and then settled back, grumbling. “You guys never tell me anything.”

Changmin glanced behind him to see her pouting cutely, and grinned before going back to his game.

They sat in silence for a while, and then Changmin said, “And you guys? Have you ‘found anyone’?” He didn’t need to make air quotes for Sooyeon to get that he was teasing her.

She looked up with a glare. “No, but Jiyeon has.”

He turned around to look at her, to see Jiyeon looking horrified. “Unnie, you promised not to tell anyone!”

“No, I promised not to tell Mom and Dad,” Sooyeon corrected, looking smug.

“Aren’t you too young to have a boyfriend?” Changmin cut in before Jiyeon could say something back. The youngest Shim was quite argumentative, and he would rather avoid a squabble between the two of them right now.

"I'm fifteen!" she said, sounding scandalized.

"That's pretty young," he said mildly.

"No it's not," she said heatedly. "I'm only a year younger than you were when you had your first boyfriend!"
The words seemed to slip from her mouth before they caught up with her brain, and when they did her eyes widened almost comically. She bought a hand up to her mouth, as if to stop the words from escaping, but it was too late, of course.

Changmin turned back to his game, but not before catching Sooyeon's wide-eyed expression, body tense. Changmin's ex was never mentioned in their house. It had been Changmin's problem, but had affected their entire household so drastically that his family hardly even acknowledged that Changmin had even had a boyfriend. Any mentions in his presence by his big mouthed youngest sister, by accident of course, were quickly shut down, and the subject was swiftly changed by their parents.

"I'm sorry, Oppa," Jiyeon whispered, sounding horrified.

It was her whispered, innocent words that calmed him. He smiled and looked at her so she would see. "It's alright. You're telling the truth, anyway. I was 16."

Her small shoulders sagged in relief. From the corner of his eyes he could see Sooyeon relax visibly, even though she looked slightly surprised.

"But I was still a year older than you," he continued. "A year makes a huge difference."

"I suppose," Jiyeon said reluctantly.

"So you shouldn't let it get too serious," he said, fixing her with a pointed stare.

Jiyeon stared back in confusion, but when her cheeks started to color Changmin knew she understood. "Yes, Oppa," she said quietly.

"Good," he said, and focused on his game again.

He thought about how a simple mention of his ex used to make him freeze up, and how irrational fear would run through his veins. He remembered how weak and pathetic it made him feel, how much he hated it. Now, he realized he had come quite a long way. Not only did he not feel fear at the mention of that asshole, but he was also able to acknowledge what had happened in front of his family, something he hadn't been able to do in these two years.

Even that incident at the bar. He didn't know how the Changmin from a year ago would have reacted, but he knew he had handled that better than he could have under other circumstances. Maybe a younger Changmin would have run screaming from the club, but he hadn't, and he realized he was quite proud of himself for that. His friends and Yunho, he suspected, played no small part in his confidence. He didn't know where he would be without the constant comfort and reassurance that was Kyuhyun's friendship, or the steady courage and presence Yunho had provided. Even Heechul the ass had been comforting and encouraging.

Yes, Changmin mused, he had come quite far, and he had several people to thank for that.

When their parents came back from work hours later, Changmin and his sisters prepared dinner while forcing their parents to relax. Changmin bossed them around and made them do the small things, like bringing him ingredients and setting the table, just because he could. His sisters grumbled the entire time, and he was sure he heard Sooyeon saying something about "Bossy McBossypants", but they listened anyway.

His parents complimented his cooking when they sat around the dining table for dinner, and he preened under their praise while smiling smugly at his sisters. Jiyeon broke in to say she had helped too, thank you very much, to which his mother said "Of course, dear, we know what a great helper
you are," but Jiyeon didn't look very mollified. Even she with her air headed tendencies knew when she was being patronized.

After dinner they lounged around in the living room, making small talk while Jiyeon watched a music show. She was making googly eyes at some of the idols, but Sooyeon would look up occasionally from her novel and roll her eyes at Jiyeon's cooing.

Changmin raised an eyebrow at her. "Not interested?"

She scoffed. "The idol industry is over saturated with talentless pretty boys and girls who are only there to look pretty while shaking their butts, plastic dolls, and abusive working conditions. It turns one off the pretty lights and makeup," she sniffed haughtily.

Changmin rolled his eyes harder. "Just enjoy the music, you prude."

Sooyeon gave him the finger, hiding it by her book so their parents wouldn't see, and went back to reading.

Their parents went to bed early, being exhausted from working overtime to straighten things out at the main store before taking a break for the holidays.

Changmin made his break too, calling goodnight to his sisters and escaping to his room. Sooyeon watched him go with narrowed eyes, and he knew she was going to pull it out of him before the break ended. He thumped his head against the door and sighed. Oh well.

When he was done with his nightly ablutions and settled in bed again, he called Yunho. His boyfriend must have gotten home by now; he knew Gwangju was a long way from Seoul, but he had had the entire day to finish packing and get home.

Yunho didn't pick up the first time, and when Changmin called again ten minutes later, he picked up on the third ring.

"Changminnie!" Yunho's voice was a little loud and very bright. It made Changmin flinch, even as his insides warmed at the familiar voice.

"Hi Yunho."

"How are you, baby?" He sounded so cheerful it was making Changmin smile like a lunatic.

"Just fine. What are you so happy about?" he asked, knowing Yunho wouldn't be offended by his word choice.

Yunho laughed. "I'm just happy to see my family. I didn't realize how much I had missed being home."

"That's nice. Were they happy to see you?" Changmin teased.

Yunho scoffed. "Of course they were. I'm their beloved, genius, handsome, heir to the Jung law offices."

"Meh, I don't know about genius and handsome. I think it's just because you're the heir," Changmin said silkily, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Excuse you, they love me," Yunho said, and Changmin could almost see the way Yunho would be scowling.
Changmin laughed. "Yes, I'm sure they do," he said softly. "How were your finals?"

Yunho brightened again. "Good! I'm just glad they're over, to be honest."

"Me too," Changmin murmured. "You're quite the pain in the ass when you're stressed."

"Yes, I suppose that much sex must be painful for you," Yunho said seriously, and Changmin had to pause for a moment to understand what he said.

When he finally recognized the double meaning behind his own words, he didn't know whether to laugh or roll his eyes at Yunho's lameness, so he settled for both. "God, Yunho, you're so lame," he said.

Yunho laughed. "I know you love my lameness. It's why you're still with me," he said, as if he was confiding a secret.

"I'm sure that's because of your cock."

"Well that too, my cock is pretty magnificent."

"Wow, your modesty is astounding."

"Isn't it though? I learned from my boyfriend."

Changmin started laughing. "Shut up, you ass."

Yunho laughed softly along with him, his voice sounding deep and warm. There was a comfortable silence, and Changmin knew this was the perfect time to ask Yunho about yesterday, but Yunho seemed so happy and he didn't want to ruin the mood. Curiosity overcame his good sense though.

"So, Yunho," he started hesitantly.

Yunho picked up on his tone and said gently, "What is it?"

"Um. About yesterday morning. Was school really why you were unhappy?"

Changmin felt the change in Yunho's mood, like as if the temperature had dropped several degrees. He instantly regretted opening his mouth; he had completely ruined their good mood. "Don't worry about that, it's nothing," Yunho said tersely.

"Are you sure?" Changmin pressed. "Only-

"For fuck's sake, Changmin, leave it alone! I'll tell you when I'm ready!" Yunho burst, stunning Changmin speechless.

There was nothing but the sound of Yunho's heavy breathing for a minute. Changmin didn't know what he could possibly say to that, so he said nothing. He could feel the hurt at Yunho's blunt words lacing through him, could feel it squeezing his heart and pushing at his eyes till they were wet with tears, but he held them back with all of his will, refusing to cry and seem weak in front of Yunho, or give him the satisfaction of knowing he affected Changmin so. He bit his lips hard, and still said
nothing.

Finally, after what felt like ages, Yunho sighed. Usually when he sighed that way he was running a hand through his hair, and for a second Changmin hated that he knew that.

"Look, I- I have to go. I'll call you tomorrow. Good night." His voice was stilted, something he had rarely heard from Yunho, and never directed towards him. Changmin hated it.

"Good night," Changmin said quietly. His voice was weak and pathetic, but he didn't care, wanting nothing more than to just hang up. So he did.

He stared at his phone. What the fuck was that?
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

So. I know I said 14 chapters but that doesn't seem possible now. I'm just gonna get rid of the number thing and let this fic go wherever it wants lol. Enjoy!

Thanks for chibisuz for the beta ^^

Yunho called the next morning a little after 11, when Changmin was still lounging around in bed. Changmin considered ignoring him, but he didn’t want this to become an issue when it really wasn’t. He picked up the phone.

“Changmin?” Yunho’s voice was hesitant, uncertain, and Changmin didn’t like hearing it. It didn’t seem right, coming from Yunho, who was never not confident.

“Were you expecting someone else?” So yeah maybe his voice was kind of snappy. He never said he’d make it easier for him.

Yunho laughed nervously. “Um, no. I - I just wanted to apologize. For snapping at you yesterday.”

“Really,” he said, and then winced. That sounded bitchy even to his own ears.

Yunho sighed. “Yes, Changmin, I’m really sorry.”

Silence.

“Please don’t be mad?” His voice was pleading now, and that was quite enough for Changmin. He probably had something to do with this too, but he’d be damned if he apologized.

“It’s alright.”

Yunho brightened, sounding hopeful. “Really?”

“Yeah.” Changmin shifted. “Just, I don’t really get it. Why you got so mad.”

There was a pause on the other line, a soft sigh, and then, “I think I may have overreacted a bit,” he conceded softly. “But, I’d appreciate it if you didn’t push.”

Changmin didn’t say anything for a few seconds, because Yunho was right. Just because Yunho was his boyfriend didn’t mean he had a right to know everything. If Yunho didn’t want to share what was on his mind, then he didn’t have to.

“Alright. I won’t ask again.”

“Thanks,” Yunho said, sounding relieved.

They talked a little bit more, and Changmin would be lying if he said the conversation wasn’t a bit uncomfortable, but they got over it and by the time they hung up they were both at ease with each other.
And Changmin was glad, because he hated how awkward they get after a fight.

***

Christmas Eve passed quietly with his family. They sat around the warmth of the living room sipping eggnog or wine, talking about this and that, and Changmin loved it. He felt safe and comfortable being with them, something that he would never admit to out loud, but somehow he thought they knew that anyway.

Christmas morning passed much the same way, relaxed and quiet. His family didn’t really celebrate Christmas, being Buddhists, but they did the whole Christmas tree and gift exchanging nevertheless, which Changmin always thought was sort of weird. It was fine, though, because he got presents out of it.

Changmin woke up early Christmas morning, feeling the same excitement he felt when he was a child, even after finding out Santa wasn’t real. He sent a quick *Merry Christmas* text to Yunho, briefly wondered if Yunho had received his present yet, and then went to bang on his sisters’ doors to wake them up. They emerged looking groggy and confused, but when Changmin ruffled their hair they quickly woke up, getting mad and chasing him downstairs. Changmin ran away laughing, feeling five years old and loving it.

They settled around the tree, and Changmin, being closest to the tree, was the designated presented-passer. The first one was for Jiyeon from Changmin, a few shirts from her favorite brand. She seemed delighted with her present, given that the brand was an expensive one and something their parents wouldn’t allow her to spend as much money on as she clearly wanted. The next gift was from his dad to his mother, a necklace Sooyeon confided under her breath that their mother had been eyeing for a while. Changmin’s present was next, from his parents, and Changmin opened it to find a brand spanking new laptop, one of the latest models. He kissed his mother on the cheek in thanks and smiled at his dad, too shy to do anything else, and his dad just laughed and clapped him on the shoulder. Sooyeon got him a warm, gray cashmere sweater, and it was absolutely lovely. Changmin was mildly surprised, as he didn’t really think she had it in her to have such good taste, and told her as much.

Sooyeon frowned. “That’s not how you thank people, Oppa.”

Changmin laughed. “Thanks, squirt.”

He received a Star Wars Lego set from Jiyeon, which was surprising to say the least.

“I know you like them!” she said when Changmin laughed, looking slightly offended.

“Yes, I like them,” he said reassuringly. “I just didn’t know you knew.”

He also opened the presents Kyuhyun and Minho had sent along with him, with firm promises not to open them till Christmas morning, even though he was fairly certain of what they’d gotten him. And sure enough, when he finally unwrapped the two small boxes, he found two of the latest video games, just like he knew he would. It had become something of a joke between the three of them, giving each other video games every year and making the others promise not to open them before Christmas morning, even though they all knew what they were going to find. The presents warmed him anyway.

His mother seemed quite happy with her crystal vase, and his father seemed equally thrilled with a special edition book by his favorite author Changmin had managed to get personally signed. It had been extremely difficult to get, but seeing the genuine happiness on his father’s face was worth it. He
got Sooyeon clothes, too, from her favorite brand, which hadn’t been cheap either. She thanked him, hugging the clothes to herself.

All in all, it was a good Christmas.

When they finished with the gift exchanging, they headed to the kitchen to eat breakfast, and then get ready for a family reunion at his grandparents’ home. Seeing his cousins and aunts and uncles was nice, but he was grateful when they finally went home; social interactions weren’t exactly his favorite things ever, and they tended to stress him out.

Around nine at night he went upstairs to fiddle around with his new laptop. It ran like a dream; his old laptop had been approaching the end of its years. When he had figured out all there was to understand, he called Yunho to see if he had time to Skype with him. And to see if Yunho had seen his gift yet.

Turns out he hadn’t. When Yunho accepted Changmin’s Skype call and they wished each other a merry Christmas again, Changmin practically bouncing out of his seat with happiness, Yunho didn’t say anything about a present, so Changmin figured he must not have gotten it yet. Maybe it got mixed up at the post office, or maybe Kyuhyun had forgotten to send it at all. He frowned at the thought; he’d have to ask him later.

Yunho looked as good as always, chubby cheeked and bright eyed, hair flopping over his forehead. It wasn’t until he saw Yunho’s sweet face and felt his heart skip a few cheesy beats that he realized how much he had missed his boyfriend. Especially kissing him.

It seemed Yunho had similar thoughts in mind, because after a few minutes of easy conversation and a moment of silence fell between them, Yunho proceeded to stare at Changmin intensely.

Changmin felt his face self-consciously. “What? Do I have something on my face?”

“No,” Yunho said, a tiny smile on his face, but his gaze didn’t lessen in it’s intensity. “Just looking.”

“At what?” Changmin asked, feeling his face start to heat.

“At you of course, pretty baby. What else?” His eyes looked amused.

Changmin’s face warmed further, and he bought his hands up to feel his face, feeling strangely shy. “Well, stop it.”

Yunho grinned and rested his cheek against the back of his hand, his head tilted to the side. His cheeks became squished against his hand, making him look even more like a cute chipmunk. “You look so pretty when you blush,” Yunho said teasingly.

“I’m not blushing,” Changmin replied, scowling.

“No, of course not,” Yunho agreed. “You just got some make up on your cheeks.”

“Shut up,” Changmin growled, flailing inside from how embarrassed he was becoming. And for such a dumb reason too.

Yunho hummed, still staring at him. “Do I make you nervous, pretty baby?” His eyes were dancing with mischief.

“Oh please, don’t compliment yourself,” Changmin sneered, but he was sure the attempt fell flat, as his face was still outrageously red.
Yunho laughed out loud, the type of laugh that rumbled from his chest and crinkled his eyes and warmed Changmin’s heart over.

“Just admit it, Changmin. I make your heart go crazy,” he teased, winking at him.

“Whatever,” Changmin muttered, having quite enough with this line of conversation and how close Yunho had come to the truth. He changed the subject to their presents, and, thankfully, Yunho allowed the change in subject, although it was clear he noticed Changmin’s lack of denial.

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The next few weeks were spent setting up next semester’s classes, buying the books he would need, and spending time with his family. His nights were taken up by Yunho’s demands to Skype with him every night. When Changmin complained, just because he felt that he should and not because he actually didn’t want to talk to him, Yunho huffed.

“Listen, you. You promised me kisses for not smoking, and I’m not smoking, and not even getting kisses for it. The least you can do is talk to me.” He seemed quite offended.

It made Changmin laugh, and he hurried to soothe Yunho, promising him a rain check on all the kisses he hadn’t gotten.

Most nights, though, they didn’t talk much. Their nightly Skype sessions were spent getting the other off from just the sound of their voices and dirty talk. Yunho was, admittedly, better at this than Changmin was, but that was okay, because most times all Yunho needed to come was to see Changmin coming.

It made him feel both pleased and flustered, because he had no idea he had such a strong effect on Yunho. He knew, of course, that Yunho was attracted to him, but he had never realized just how strongly that attraction ran until the first time he lay naked in front of his new laptop’s camera for Yunho.

“Changmin, I am horny as all fuck,” he informed Changmin one night.

Changmin raised an eyebrow. “What do you want me to do about it?” he asked politely.

Yunho scowled at his tone. “Watch while I jack off.”

He said it so matter-of-factly that Changmin sputtered. “W-what?”

“Oh don’t look so surprised. I’m sure you’ve done it before,” Yunho said, looking amused. “And then I wanna make you come from just my voice.” He looked decidedly evil when he said that.

Changmin had had his reservations at first, paranoid that his parents or sisters would burst into his room while he was as naked as the day he was born and jerking off for his boyfriend, even though he had double and triple checked that the door was locked and his family had never once invaded his privacy without his permission. He was skittish and slightly anxious about accidently being too loud and then his family would hear and wouldn’t that be embarrassing.

He turned on his stereo, loud enough that his voice couldn’t be heard outside but not so loud that he wouldn’t be able to hear Yunho.

It took forever for Yunho to calm his nerves, and then even longer to coax him out of his clothes. As a show of faith, Yunho took off one piece of his own clothing every time Changmin did, encouraging him by teasing him with small strips of skin, never taking it off until Changming did.
And damnit, Changmin was horny too, especially after seeing Yunho strip so tantalizingly.

Before too long, they were both naked, staring at each other through the webcam. Yunho was eyeing him as he always did, roving over Changmin's lean torso and flat stomach.

"You're still skinny," Yunho observed.

"Did you expect something else?" Changmin sniffed primly, feeling a little more comfortable.

"Thought maybe your mother might have fattened you up. Lord knows mine is trying to turn me into a ball," Yunho grumbled.

Changmin laughed, completely relaxed now, and did some of his own leering. Yunho's cheeks were chubbier, chest softer than it was when Changmin last saw him, and tummy looking a little rounder too. He sort of looked like a cross between a chipmunk and a teddy bear. Overall, it was a good look on Yunho.

He was just about to tease Yunho on his weight gain but then he said "Changmin." Yunho's voice was soft and rough, somehow, at the same time, and he had that look in his eyes, the one he always had when he was thinking lascivious thoughts, and the one that was decidedly not very much like a teddy bear.

It turned Changmin on like nothing could.

"Lie back, Changmin," Yunho said, his gaze intense.

Changmin swallowed, glanced at the lock on the door one more time, and then did as he was told. He lay back against the headboard, leaning on pillows with the laptop between his splayed legs, but the position made him feel vulnerable without Yunho actually in the room, and his thighs pressed tightly together unconsciously.

He looked at Yunho, to see his dick half hard. He swallowed again, throat dry. His own cock was responding to the look in Yunho's eyes, Yunho's nakedness, Yunho's cock.

"Spread your legs baby," Yunho murmured, and the words went straight to Changmin's cock. He could feel a tingle make its way through his body, buzzing beneath his skin as he watched Yunho take his dick in hand and start stroking slowly, staring at Changmin all the while.

Changmin felt heat crawl up his neck, to his cheeks and ears, but he spread his legs. Yunho must have quite the view, because he sucked in a breath and let it out in a hiss. "God, Changmin, you're so fucking gorgeous," he breathed, grip tightening on his cock.

Changmin felt pleased despite himself, and took his own cock in hand. He gripped himself tightly, stroking just as he liked it, but then "Uh uh, baby, hands off."

Changmin stopped stroking and stared at him, slightly dismayed. "What?"

Yunho smiled nefariously. "No touching until I say so."

Changmin whined in his throat, too distraught to care how he sounded, but he didn't take his hand off. "But Yunho-"

"Babe."

And fuck, the authority and hardness in his voice, the taking no shit tone, God it was so fucking hot.
Changmin took his hand off himself.

"Good boy," Yunho said softly, eyes fond. "Now move the camera a little to your left. I want a good view. And then close your eyes."

Changmin moved his laptop till Yunho was satisfied with the angle, and then made himself comfortable and closed his eyes, letting Yunho's deep, low voice wash over him. His skin buzzed, anticipation thrumming through his veins.

"Mmm Changmin, such a good kid, I love the way you always do what I say, you have no idea what a turn on it is," Yunho said, voice sounding rough. It sent shivers down Changmin's spine, a moan spilling from his mouth.

"Your voice, fuck, sometimes I feel like I can come just from listening to you."

Changmin squeezed his eyes tighter; if Yunho felt that way about him, he should know what his own voice did to Changmin.

"Tease yourself, Changmin. Play with your nipples till they're nice and perky."

Changmin breathed out slowly; he brought a hand up to touch himself, rolling his nipple between his thumb and forefinger, breath hitching. They were already sensitive, and after a few seconds of pinching and smoothing his fingers over them they stiffened.

"You look so good, Changminnie. Give me a show," Yunho murmured, voice rough.

So Changmin did.

Keeping his eyes closed, he moved to his other nipple, gave it the same treatment. He teased himself, all the while aware of Yunho’s eyes on him. Blood rushed in his ears, so loud even the music began to drown out, and slowly, ever so slowly, he slipped into his own world, consisting of nothing but him and Yunho’s eyes on him. He forgot about everything, about his parents in the house and the music playing in the background and even the laptop. He imagined Yunho in the room with him, sitting at the edge of Changmin’s bed, watching him as he brought himself off so shamelessly. His cheeks flushed at the thought, heat racing throughout his body, feeling like someone had lit a small fire beneath his skin and let him simmer as the flames licked at every part of him, consuming him in the conflagration. He breathed out and then in, shallow pants of his breath that made his chest rise and fall quickly.

He moved a hand down his torso, between his pecs, slowly, taking his time, caressing himself as he did so. His breathing became labored the closer he got to his cock, now hard and pulsing on his stomach. But just as he reached it, he skipped his fingers around it and moved toward his hipbone, a part of him that was always so responsive to touch. He heard Yunho moan, somewhere far away, and felt distantly pleased.

He stroked over his hipbone, over the little valley right next to it, and moved down to his thighs. Gliding his hands over the insides, his breath hitched and a whimper fell from his lips before he could stop it. He bent his knees to give him more skin to skim over, and then a loud groan snapped him out of his little world. He opened his eyes, a rather laborious task, looking dazedly to the laptop to see Yunho’s face flushed, biting his lips, and eyes blown over with lust. Changmin tried to focus on him, tried to speak, but his lips couldn’t stop panting long enough to form words.

“Fuck, Changmin, you should see how you look to me,” Yunho said breathlessly, gazing at Changmin with something like reverence. “Your little pink hole, gorgeous cock, flushed chest, God
you are beautiful.”

Head still spinning in his pleasure and Yunho’s words, Changmin looked at the little box at the edge of the screen, where he could see himself as Yunho sees him. And fuck, he looked utterly debauched; his hair was mess- and when had that happened? - lips swollen and red from biting it and not even noticing it, chest rising quickly with his pants. He looked like a sight. He looked back at Yunho, pulling his bottom lip in and chewing them, suddenly nervous.

“Bring yourself off, baby, I wanna see you come,” Yunho said, and it was only then that he noticed that Yunho was gripping the base of his cock, looking strained. How long had he been playing with himself?

He closed his eyes, dropped his head back to the pillows, and stopped teasing himself. And Yunho. He took his cock in hand and started with slow strokes, groaning as pleasure shot up his spine. He went faster as he heard Yunho’s moans, thrusting into his fist, blood rushing in his ears and making his own cries sound far away.

A few thrusts was all it took before he felt his orgasm ripping out of him. He came with a groan muffled by the fist in his mouth. Pleasure raced through his body, shooting out of him as warm wetness on his hand and stomach. He lay back, body thrumming and head filled with white noise. He just barely heard another muffled cry in his haze, and when he opened his eyes and gazed at the laptop, Yunho was staring back and panting and Changmin realized belatedly that Yunho had come too.

“Fuck that was hot,” Yunho panted, slumping over his desk but still watching Changmin.

Changmin laughed breathlessly. “Yeah.”

***

Just as he had known she would, Sooyeon cornered Changmin one day after their parents left for work and Jiyeon went to school, which had started a few days after New Years (there had been quite a lot of grumbling and no fairs).

Well, to say she had cornered him was putting it mildly. She more like stomped into his room in the morning and sat on top of his legs while he lounged in bed surfing the internet, refusing to move until he had told her all there was to know about his ‘new boo’ that he spent every night talking to for hours, and that, by the way, did he know his entire family had noticed because Changmin wouldn’t know the meaning of secretive if it was dancing in front of him naked and on one leg?

At first Changmin made a valiant effort to deny it, saying he had no ‘new boo’ and Sooyeon was clearly imagining something she wanted onto Changmin, to which Sooyeon snottily replied, “If I wanted a hot ass boyfriend, I would not imagine him with you, I would imagine him with myself. Now. Spill.”

So Changmin had sighed and ‘spilled’. He told her about how he met Yunho, about what Yunho had clearly wanted from him in the beginning, but due to Changmin’s delightful personality and cleverness (to which she snorted. Snorted!), he managed to both keep Yunho at an arm’s length and simultaneously charm him until Yunho had asked him to be his boyfriend, to which Changmin had grandly agreed.

He’d left out the parts about Yunho looking for condoms that first night, the sexual tension so thick he could’ve choked on it, and the furious and yet satisfying fucking in his apartment when they finally got together. Some things are just not meant for one’s younger sister’s ears.
Sooyeon had snorted again when he finished, so he scowled at her. “You’re supposed to be happy for me, squirt.”

And then Sooyeon had smiled at him, so softly and sweetly. “I am happy for you, Oppa. You completely deserve it, and from the sound of it Yunho is a good guy. I hope he always keeps you happy.” She had sounded sincere, her eyes shining with what Changmin realized was genuine happiness for him, and his heart sort of melted because even if he would never admit it out loud, his sisters were adorable and he loved them.

“Thanks, squirt,” he said roughly, coughing to cover his embarrassment. “Do you mind getting off now? My legs are asleep.”

“Oh!” She jumped off his legs and smiled sheepishly. “Sorry.”

***

But beneath everything, between their talking and laughing and bringing the other off, something didn’t seem quite right.

Sometimes Yunho would be in a strange mood. He’d be quiet and his smiles and laughter obviously forced. He wouldn’t talk much, just ask Changmin to tell him about his day as he listened and looked at Changmin intently, sometimes lifting the corner of his lips in a small smile when Changmin mentioned something funny.

Changmin tried not to worry, passing it off as a bad day or maybe some family drama Yunho didn’t want to tell him about, but he couldn’t help it. He had a feeling it had to do with what had upset him in the beginning of break, but he was hesitant to bring it up again, not wanting to cause another fight.

He just had to trust Yunho, and trust that he would tell Changmin if it was something that was important to the both of them. He hoped Yunho would see that Changmin trusted him, and he hoped it was enough.
I would like to offer my most sincerest apologies sigh. Sorry this took forever. Things kept coming up and when I had time I didn't feel like writing. Good news is I already have the next chapter written, and the other started. And there's three chapters left! The end is near! Yay! Hope you guys like this ^^

Thanks to chibisuz for the beta :)

When Yunho finally got his present, Changmin found out right away because Yunho called him at eight in the morning when Changmin was still sleeping, because, you know, that's what normal people do at eight in the morning. He picked up the phone in a daze, not completely awake, and didn't even have a chance to rasp a hello. "Changmin what is this??" Yunho screeched without ceremony over the phone.

"I don't know what is it??" Changmin asked, bolting upright and looking around frantically for some reason, startled and sleepy and slightly scared, because Yunho never panicked.

"You bought me a present??"

For a few seconds all Changmin could do was blink, and then he said eloquently, "Huh?"

He heard Yunho take a few deep, calming breaths and then say slowly, "There was a package on my porch this morning. From you. And I opened it to find a present. From you. Care to explain?"

Changmin's confusion cleared up with his words, thankfully. Groaning, he rolled over in bed and switched the phone to his other ear. "That's a present, Yunho. From me. Do you have any other questions?" he said slowly, mocking him now that he retained full use of his brain.

"This isn't funny, Changmin!" Changmin imagined Yunho stomping at his foot at that, and if he chuckled at the mental image, well, who was to blame him?

"Why are you laughing? I can't believe you bought me a present when we agreed not to buy each other anything!"

"No, baby, I never promised that. I only pretended to," Changmin said, eyes closing and smiling slightly, lulled by the warm voice in his ears, even though it sounded so cross right now.

"That's not fair," Yunho said petulantly.

"That's okay, you can get me something for my birthday, if you want," Changmin said soothingly, wanting nothing more in that moment than to fly over to his boyfriend and kiss away the pout that was surely on his lips right now.

Yunho sighed over the line, and then said, "You're insufferable."

"You sure suffer me though. Tolerate, even," Changmin teased.
That finally got a laugh out of him. Changmin smiled just hearing it. "Accept my present, please?"

Yunho sighed dramatically. "If I must!"

Changmin chuckled softly. "Open it then."

There was a pause, during which Changmin could hear the ripping and rustling of wrapping paper, and then there was an even longer pause.

After a few minutes of nothing, Changmin began to worry. Had he bought Yunho an album he already had? Maybe Yunho didn't like the present?

"Yunho?" he said uncertainly. "Are you still there?"

"What? Yeah, sorry, I'm here."

"Do you like it? You don't already have a copy of this, do you?" Because that would suck. His gift would be completely useless then.

"What? No, of course not, how could I already have this? This is really..." Yunho trailed off.

Not a good sign. Changmin chewed on his bottom lip. "If you don't like it, I can get it exchanged for another one. Something you'll like better," he said hesitantly.

"No no Changmin, I love it, why would I exchange it? It's...really nice. I didn't know you were so sentimental." The last part was supposed to be teasing, Changmin knew, but Yunho's voice sounded...odd.

But now Changmin was confused. Resolving to think about that odd tone later, he said, "What do you mean, sentimental?" His gift wasn't sentimental. It was just an album. Fucking expensive, yeah, but still just an album.

Unless...

Changmin's throat was suddenly dry. He licked his lips a couple of times to no avail, and then swallowed and said, "Yunho, what did you get?"

"Changmin, it's your present. Don't tell me you don't remember?"

Changmin huffed impatiently. Of course he wouldn't forget. A mix up by his idiot friend, on the other hand, was entirely possible. "Just tell me," he said despite his quickening heartbeat. Please let me be wrong, please let me be wrong, please let me....

"It's a picture frame!"

Goddamnit.

"With a picture of us. A really adorable picture, too. I can't remember us taking this." A pause as Changmin mentally banged his head against a wall and cursed his best friend and then, "Is this not your present?"

Changmin did groan out loud at that though. "Ugh. Stupid Kyuhyun."

"Why, what'd he do?" Yunho sounded amused.

"The idiot got the wrong present. Ugh. I'm gonna kill him," Changmin said savagely, wondering
how best to slowly draw out his best friend's death for maximum torture.

"Aww Changminnie, so you weren't gonna give me this pretty little frame?" Yup. Definitely amused.

"That's- I mean I was gonna- ugh. Stupid Kyuhyun," Changmin swore again.

Yunho, meanwhile, was having a good old time and laughing. "Changmin just breathe, baby! Tell me what happened!"

Changmin took a deep breath, held it in for a few seconds, and then released in a sigh. Oh well. Rubbing a hand over his face, he explained the mix up to him. "Because, you know, if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself," he added at the end, hoping to lighten the feelings in his chest a bit, but it didn't work much.

Yunho was quiet for a few long seconds, and then he said, "Well. You shouldn't have worried. I love this, I think it's great." He hesitated for a moment. "Thank you, Changdola."

Changmin cleared his throat, slightly embarrassed. "You're welcome." And then, just to get over the sudden awkwardness, he said, "I'm still giving you the CD though."

Just as he knew, that immediately riled Yunho up. "Changmin you can't! We promised no presents!"

"No, baby, you-"

"Yes, yes, I know. I can't believe you would be so sneaky about it though." He sounded mildly surprised.

"Really, can't you?" Changmin said teasingly, rolling over again.

There was a pause. "No, yeah I can."

Changmin laughed and then glanced at the clock. "Ugh, what the fuck, it's only 8:20," he groaned. "Why are you even awake, it's winter break!"

"I went out for a run and when I came back home I saw the package. Not everyone is as lazy as you," Yunho said primly.

"That's because normal people spend their limited break time sleeping in," Changmin growled.

"Whatever. I'm gonna take a shower. Go back to sleep, you bum."

"With pleasure. Take a naked selfie though. I need some sort of compensation for waking up so early," Changmin mumbled, his eyes already closed, and burrowed in his soft comforter.

Yunho laughed over the line, and it made Changmin smile and feel ridiculously warm. "Sure, anything for you babe."

"I hope that's not sarcasm," Changmin murmured, and then yawned.

"Never," Yunho said, sounding suspiciously sarcastic and amused. "Go to sleep."

Changmin didn't have the energy to argue though. He fell asleep.

***
Honestly, he should've been happy that there were no classes, but by the time the 20th of January rolled around, Changmin was ready to tear his hair out from sheer boredom. As much fun as it was to sleep and eat and play video games all day, there was a limit as to how much one could do those three things before becoming bored to tears, and Changmin had crossed that limit long ago.

And maybe this break was extra bad because now he had an extra reason to look forward to going back to college.

He missed Yunho so badly, missed his kisses and his touch and his way of making Changmin feel so good, that he would gladly have gone back to school a week early if it meant he could see Yunho again, hold him tight and kiss him till he was drunk.

He wasn't the only one suffering either, he was pleased to note.

Four days before Changmin was set to go back to school, he received a text message while in the middle of packing his newly bought textbooks safely away.

Received from Man Candy 4:24 PM
:(

Slightly alarmed, Changmin quickly put his books down on his bed and turned his attention to his phone.

Sent to Man Candy 4:25 PM
Are you okay?

Received from Man Candy 4:25 PM
i need a fucking cigarette ><

Sent to Man Candy 4:26 PM
Why? What's wrong?

Received from Man Candy 4:27 PM
EVERYTHING IS WRONG CHANGMINNIE

Changmin rolled his eyes; not an emergency, then.

Sent to Man Candy 4:27 PM
What's specifically wrong

There was a long pause between texts, and then:

Received from Man Candy 4:31 PM
i really fucking miss you :(  

Changmin stilled, not quite believing what he was seeing. He read it a few more times, eyes hungrily taking the words in, before thinking to reply.

...What, exactly? What was he supposed to say to that?

Sent to Man Candy 4:34 PM
That is...actually really cute

Received from Man Candy 4:35 PM
don't tease me changminnie im practically in a depression this is serious
Sent to Man Candy 4:35 PM
Which makes it even cuter. I miss you too! It's only a few more days, hang in there :)

Received from Man Candy 4:36 PM
but i want to see u NOW

Changmin laughed, a warm feeling spreading through him.

Sent to Man Candy 4:36 PM
Tough shit

Received from Man Candy 4:37 PM
CHANGMINNIE!!! >:(((

Changmin laughed even harder. His cute boyfriend was so easy to tease.

Received from Man Candy 4:38 PM
UR the one who's coming later than me!! i'll be there two whole days before u!

Sent to Man Candy 4:39 PM
Well it's not my fault my mom just loves me more than yours loves you. She won't let me leave early

Received from Man Candy 4:40 PM
exCUSE u my mom adores me

Yunho continued to argue like a child, insisting his mother loved him more and demanding to know why Changmin couldn't just come earlier.

Little did he know Changmin was actually going to be there before Yunho. He thought it better to just watch his boyfriend suffer, and if he took some pleasure in it, well, who was to know?

Four days later, Changmin was all set to go. His parents and sisters all helped him carry out his boxes to his car, and when they were done Changmin hugged them one by one. His mother was a bit teary, and hugged Changmin for a long time before she released him, but not before Changmin kissed her cheek. His father hugged him briefly but tightly, which made his throat close up a little, and his sisters looked a little too cheerful, but they sent him off with kisses and dramatic weeping. Changmin rolled his eyes at them and then ruffled their hair just for the fun of it. Predictably, they stopped joking around and immediately began whining while trying to fix their hair. Changmin may or may not have felt smug about it.

He kept glancing in the rear view mirror until they were out of sight, throat still too tight. It'd be months before he saw them again.

The drive wasn't very long or require much of his attention, so Changmin cast about for happy thoughts, coming up inevitably with Yunho. It was easier driving away from his parents then.

When he got to the apartment, Kyuhyun hadn't arrived yet, so Changmin moved his boxes in himself, unpacking the essentials and leaving the rest until he had aired the apartment. He opened all the windows, even though it was cold, to let the air circulate a bit and get rid of that musty, unused smell that permeated their apartment over winter break.

He put away the kimchi and other foods his mother had cooked for him in the fridge, and then filled up the cabinets with ramen packs and cereal and snack.

When it got too cold, he closed the windows and turned on the heat, and then set about dusting the
furniture and closets in the living room, kitchen, and then his own room. In a fit of altruism, he even
dusted Kyuhyun's room, wiping the dirt from his desk and vacuuming the carpet. He put away the
rest of his things while waiting for his quick packs of ramen to finish cooking.

With nothing else to do, he got comfortable in front of the TV with his ramen and flipped through
channels, eventually settling on a documentary on Star Wars. After a while the sci-fi babble about
spaceships mechanics began to hurt his brain so he gave up and got ready for bed. Yunho had
wanted to Skype with him, but Changmin had to say no, for obvious reasons, making a vague
family-related excuse. Instead, he texted him good night. He was going to surprise Yunho tomorrow.

Kyuhyun arrived the next day around noon, and Changmin went down to help him bring his things
upstairs. They hugged and exchanged a few customary insults, and soon Changmin was helping him
with the unpacking. Kyuhyun had been considerably cheered when he discovered Changmin had
cleaned his room for him too.

"Thanks, Chwangs!" he said, clapping him on the shoulder.

They hung out until Changmin got a text from Yunho in the evening, telling him he and Donghae
had arrived on campus and that Changmin had better get his cute ass to college ASAP.

Bundling up for the cold in his wool coat, Changmin and Kyuhyun both trudged over to Yunho's
dorm. Changmin had never been there before, though, so Kyuhyun had to lead him to the senior
dorms.

The senior dorms were considerably nicer than the crappy buildings he had seen around campus.
The underclassmen dorms weren't that nice, which always made Changmin thankful he lived off
campus. Instead of being just box shaped buildings like the rest, the senior dorms had three levels
and slanted roofs. The hallways connecting different sections of dorms were made of glass. Yellow
lights lined the hallways, casting warm glows on the sidewalks outside and making the snow on
them sparkle like a million brilliant diamonds. It all looked very cozy.

Kyuhyun had texted Donghae beforehand to let him know they were coming and to not tell Yunho.
Donghae was waiting for them at the entrance, and they all exchanged quick hugs and hushed
greetings before Donghae sneaked them past the dozing guards. Once safely inside, he led them to
the elevators and up to the third floor, chatting about their respective vacations the entire time.

Donghae shushed the both of them when they entered the dorm, which was more like a suite, really.
The senior dorms had a small living room with a good size kitchenette, two rooms, and a bathroom.
Much better than the holes poor Minho and the other freshmen were living in.

Donghae pointed to the room on the left, from which could be heard the sounds of shuffling, and
whispered cheerfully. "Have fun. We know not to expect you for several hours." Changmin gave
him a dirty look and gave Kyuhyun, who was laughing silently at him, the finger and then walked
cautiously towards the room. Poking his head in, he saw that Yunho's back was to the door. He was
unpacking toiletries from a box on the bed and humming under his breath. Changmin took a moment
to eye Yunho up and down, delighted to note he was wearing a black, tight shirt that outlined his
shifting back muscles very nicely, and well fitted jeans that cupped his ass just as well.

Just the sight of Yunho's back made Changmin feel an embarrassing amount of affection rush
through him. Warmth spread through him like ink in water, and the emotions suddenly had his throat
clogging up again.

"Donghae I told you not to invite anyone yet!" Yunho called without turning around, sounding very
annoyed. God, how he had missed hearing that voice without the barrier of a phone line.
Changmin swallowed his emotions, telling himself to get a grip, and then said cheekily, "Not even me?"

Yunho dropped the deodorant he had been holding and whipped around, and when he saw Changmin, his eyes widened. "Changmin!" He sounded disbelieving.

His reaction pleased Changmin like nothing. "Surprise," he said, grinning and waving his hands a little for effect.

Yunho stared for a moment longer, and then practically leapt across the room, pushing him back and against the door, which had snapped shut from the force of Yunho's advance. His arms wrapped tightly around Changmin, and before he knew it, slightly cold lips were pressing frantically against his own.

Changmin wound his arms around Yunho's neck and kissed back just as desperately, drinking in the warmth and the softness of Yunho's lips, feeling the blood pounding in his ears as everything seemed to click into place, and he was right where he belonged, trapped in Yunho's arms with his mouth over pouty lips. Yunho had him pressed against the door, arms not giving an inch away, and Changmin could feel the press of his hard thighs and soft tummy and chest. "Changmin, Changmin, fuck, I can't believe- oh God I missed you so much, don't you ever fucking leave again," Yunho breathed into his mouth, not moving away.

Changmin smiled into the kiss, which was more like an attack really, and slid his hands into Yunho's hair. "I won't," he promised, capturing Yunho's bottom lip between both of his and sucking it, before nibbling and then licking it.

Yunho shuddered and moaned, his hands gripping the back of his shirt into fists.

Changmin gave him a final nip and pulled back, and then grinned at the dazed look on Yunho's face. "Welcome back," he said cheerfully.

Yunho didn't respond right away, looking rather out of it.

"Did I break your brain?" Changmin said, amused and maybe a bit flattered.

Yunho snapped out of his daze, and focused on Changmin's eyes, and smiled the sweetest smile before leaning in to kiss him more slowly and thoroughly, like he was savoring Changmin's lips.

"Yeah, you did," he whispered. He unwrapped one arm from Changmin's waist and slipped it inside his coat, stroking his side. "I thought you were coming the day after tomorrow. What are you doing here?"

"I was only joking. I came yesterday," Changmin said smugly. "I wanted to surprise you."

"Well, I'm surprised," Yunho said, smiling and leaning in to nuzzle Changmin's jaw. "I thought the next two days were going to be torture. You have no idea how glad I am that you're here."

Changmin smiled a bit stupidly at that, feeling so happy he thought he must look like a lunatic.

"You're right, I have no idea. Why don't you show me?" he purred, rolling his hips pointedly.

Yunho grinned in response. "Gladly," he said, sliding Changmin's coat over his shoulders and letting it fall in a heap on the floor before pulling him to the bed.

And he did. Several times.
After Yunho was done showing him how happy he was to see him, and neither of them had much energy left as a result of his enthusiastic demonstrations, Changmin propped himself up on his elbows with one of Yunho's legs and arms slung over him and looked around Yunho's room.

Yunho's room was slightly smaller than his own, and very, very different. Where Changmin's was neat and organized, not a thing out of place, Yunho's was extremely messy. It could've been because Yunho was still unpacking, but Changmin had a feeling it was always in a constant state of disarray.

Books and binders were piled haphazardly on the desk in front of the door, along with unopened packs of lined paper and various writing supplies and highlighters. A box of haphazardly folded clothes lay open near the closet, which was half full of clothes on hangers. In front of the closet was a chest, one drawer open with a shirt hanging out of it. A nightstand stood between the chest and the bed, it too full of clutter, with the desk at the foot of the bed and to the right of it, leaving a small area in front of the window free of clutter. On the floor next to the bed was the box of toiletries they had hurriedly shoved off the bed in their haste, and as a result was upside down with its contents scattered around it.

Overall, it looked as though Yunho had tried to unpack one box, got distracted by something else, and moved onto another box. As a result, none of the boxes were fully unpacked.

Looking at the mess, Changmin couldn't stop a fond smile from making its way to his lips.

"Hey," Yunho said, nudging him. Changmin looked down at him. "Why are you smiling?"

"You're a very messy person," he said, the fondness plain in his voice.

Something flit across Yunho's eyes, something that made the light in his eyes die a little, and then he swallowed and glanced behind him at his room. "I'm still in the middle of unpacking," he said indignantly, but with forced casualness.

Changmin noticed it though. And he wasn't sure it was worth mentioning, so he let it slide. "My room didn't look like this when I was unpacking," he said teasingly, hoping to bring back that laughter in his eyes.

He was relieved to see it worked. Yunho rolled his eyes but smiled. "Whatever." He sat up then, turning to survey his room and scrubbing his hair, and said, "I should finish unpacking this." He looked at Changmin hopefully, the request obvious in his puppy eyes and pursed lips.

Changmin couldn't resist, so he laughed and said, "Yeah, yeah, I'll help you, you can stop looking like that now."

Yunho grinned, wide and brilliant, and leaned over to kiss him loudly. Changmin kissed back for a moment and then pulled back, something glinting having caught his eye. He reached over Yunho to have a closer look at his night stand.

A silver frame. Picking it up and leaning back, he looked at the picture of the two of them smiling brilliantly at the camera with their arms around each other.

Yunho looked with him. "I was gonna tell you, I think you should take it to your apartment."

Changmin looked at him, a little hurt. "Why? You don't want it here?"

"Oh of course I do," Yunho hastened to say. "It's just that we spend most of our time there, so no
one's gonna see it here much."

Changmin searched his face, wondering whether he was lying or not, but he seemed sincere enough.

“Okay then. I'll take it with me.” He put the frame back down to take with him later and looked around the room. "You're a terrible host. Aren't you going to show me around?"

At that, Yunho unexpectedly brightened. “Forget that! I wanna show you something. Come on, get dressed,” he said, hopping off the bed and pulling Changmin with him. His excitement was palpable, Changmin was amused to see.

Slipping back into his shirt and jeans, Changmin stood waiting for Yunho, but was surprised to see him reaching for his coat. Yunho caught Changmin’s questioning look and explained, “We’re going outside, you’ll need your coat.”

So Changmin put his coat on, all the while curious about where they were going. But to his utter bafflement, Yunho moved to his window and opened it all the way. A chilly breeze swept in, making both of them shiver, as Yunho held out a hand for Changmin to take.

Changmin looked at him doubtfully. “You're not going to push me out the window and kill me, are you?” he asked, moving to take his hand anyway. Yunho laced their fingers together and tugged, rolling his eyes, before moving closer to the window and seeming to inspect whatever was out there.

“Of course not, that would be a terrible waste of fucks,” he said absently. Changmin knew he was joking, and he wasn’t really offended, but he still smacked Yunho's head. "Ow! What’d you do that for?" he said, scowling and rubbing his head.

“That was rude!” Changmin said, scowling right back.

Yunho grinned sheepishly. “Heh,” he chuckled, pulling Changmin flush against his side and kissing his cheek. “You know I’m only joking.”

Changmin, slightly mollified by this, grumbled quietly anyway, “Where are we going? Do you regularly jump out your window?” he questioned him. "Only I’m slightly concerned for your mental wellbeing."

But Yunho just flapped a hand at him. “Quiet you. I’m going to show you my favorite spot. Just follow me,” he said, and swung one foot over the ledge. Alarmed, Changmin tried to pull him back, but Yunho, laughing, pulled Changmin near. “Don’t worry, you scaredy cat, I’m not gonna fall to my death. Look.” Still not at ease, Changmin edged closer and looked down.

To his surprise, he did not see the ground. Instead, there was a square area of roof, almost completely flat. That area was about big enough to fit three people side by side. Two edges of the area ended as dropoffs to the ground, while one was against Yunho’s window. The last edge wasn’t an edge, but connected to the rest of the roof top. The roof sloped up that way, although not by much, from what Changmin could see.

Yunho swung his other foot over, and then stood on the roof. “See? It’s completely safe,” he said encouragingly, jumping slightly in place.

Dubiously, Changmin inspected the square area a little closer. After finding no broken tiles and the like, Changmin cautiously went out the window too, clutching both of Yunho's hands. The tiles didn’t suddenly break under his feet, so that was a good thing. From out here, he could see the edge of the roof, and the ground below, which made him cling a little to Yunho. Three floors hadn't seemed so high up before, but now it was making him slightly nauseous. “Why do you have to
come out here? Why can’t your favorite spot be somewhere normal?” he complained, fingers tightly gripping Yunho’s coat.

“Because then there would be other people around, and where’s the fun in that?” Yunho said, clearly amused. Changmin was glad he didn’t comment on his clinging. “But this isn’t even it! Come on, it’s up higher.”

“Higher?” Changmin squeaked.

Yunho laughed and squeezed his hand reassuringly. “Don’t worry, I won’t let you fall.”

And with that, Yunho gently extracted himself from Changmin’s grip but didn’t let go of his hand, and turned to climb up even higher, leading Changmin and talking softly the entire way. “Here, hold on to that wall right there, there’s little nooks for your fingers, yeah right there. Don’t worry, I got you. Now here, come this way, it’s easier, move your hand up as we go. Good, we’re almost there, don’t be scared.”

Focusing on Yunho’s voice, he tried not to worry about slipping and subsequently falling to his death, and clutched the nooks Yunho pointed out to him. Slowly, they made their way up the slanted part of the roof. The roof proper wasn’t really that far away, but it had taken forever because Changmin had been moving so slowly. Yunho didn’t complain though.

Once they were fully on top of the building, Changmin looked around. It actually wasn’t as scary as Changmin had thought it would be. The roof was huge, as it should have been. It didn’t slant very much, but it was enough to prevent someone of Yunho and Changmin’s heights from standing straight up. Instead, they had to sort of crawl to where Yunho led them.

One side of the roof was a bit brighter, dropping off towards the front, where other students could be seen milling around on the ground in little clusters, the quiet murmurs of their conversations floating up. The back side was darker, where the lights from the front of the building couldn't reach as well.

Sitting down close to the spine of the roof, Yunho took his hand again and pulled him snug up against himself, an arm around his waist. “So,” Yunho said brightly, looking around, “this is my kingdom!”

Changmin rolled his eyes, feeling better. He took in a deep breath, the cold, crisp air curling in his lungs and running exhilaration through him as he let it out. “Cute. It’s actually not very scary.”

Yunho smiled brilliantly and took Changmin’s right hand in his, thumb stroking his knuckles. “No, it’s really nice up here. No one knows about this spot, so I have it all to myself. Not even Donghae. Well, now you know, but no one else.”

Changmin looked at him. “No one knows?”

“Nope.”

Well, that was oddly touching.

“It’s where I come when I need to get away and just...think. I feel better up here.”

“I guess I can see why.” It really was very peaceful up on the roof. The air was cleaner, somehow, more delicious.

"So," he said, turning back to him. "How have you been? Your withdrawal?"
Yunho rubbed the back of his head. "I'm not gonna lie, it was pretty hard," he said, laughing. "But I think it'll be fine now."

Changmin wondered why it would be easier now. Maybe because it had been a while and Yunho could handle it better? He observed him for a moment, taking in the bags under his eyes, running his hand lightly over his scruffy jaw and thin face. Too thin.

"Did you lose weight? After Christmas?"

"Yeah, despite all of my mom's best efforts," he said, laughing again, but it worried Changmin a bit.

"Why? You haven't been skipping meals, have you?"

"I think it's just another effect of withdrawal," he said gently. "Loss of appetite and all that."

Changmin cocked his head to the side. "I thought there's supposed to be an increase of appetite when you're going through withdrawal?"

"Er, it's not the same for everyone right?"

Something seemed not quite right. Yunho looked almost...shifty. Changmin accepted his explanation reluctantly, deciding not to pursue it. Maybe it really wasn't anything to worry about. "I guess so," he conceded. "Will you be taking your rain checks for kisses now?" he asked teasingly.

Yunho brightened. "Hell yeah!" he said, and then leaned in to claim Changmin's lips enthusiastically.

They stayed up there for a while, doing nothing but talking quietly and kissing and touching, just basking in the other's presence. Changmin felt a small swoop in his stomach every time he realized that yes, he was with Yunho again after so long, and they wouldn’t have to worry about the other leaving for a long time.

He felt a little like he was home.
Within a few days they had settled quickly into their old routine. Siwon and Minho arrived on campus a few days later, and before they knew it, classes began and picked up in earnest.

While going to classes and his apartment and little dates with Yunho, Changmin would remember with a pang once in a while that this was Yunho's last semester on campus, and they wouldn't be able to live in their happy little bubble of relationship bliss for much longer. Soon Yunho would start working for his father's company, learning the tricks of the trade and honing his skills. Changmin had asked once, a long time ago on one of their many library study dates, why Yunho worked so hard for his grades when he had a guaranteed position in a good company. He remembered Yunho's response quite clearly.

"Because, Changmin, I might have a job waiting for me, but that doesn't mean I'm qualified for it, or that I'll win my cases. If I don't know shit about the law and people's rights, what good would I be as a lawyer? I have to work hard to learn everything there is to know, so I can make sure that I've helped people to the best of my abilities. I don't half-ass anything," Yunho had said seriously. "If you're not going to do something properly, you might as well not do it at all."

And he had fallen for Yunho a little more.

But despite the imminent separation laying ahead for them, Changmin was confident that he and Yunho would work something out, that they could and would find a way to spend time together even with Yunho's busy schedule and Changmin's eventual schooling.

He chose to ignore how foolish it was to plan for so far in the future when they hadn't even said those three important words to each other yet. He was sure of his feelings, of that there was no doubt, but Yunho was a bit more of a wildcard. Oh, he cared about Changmin, that much anyone could see, but whether the concern had deeper roots was anyone's guess. He wasn't sure if Yunho had the same sort of feelings for him, especially when he thought of the way Yunho seemed to have become just the smallest bit distant during their time apart in break.

The change wasn’t very obvious. In fact, none of their friends seemed to notice in the beginning that there was anything different in Yunho. But to Changmin, who had become so attuned to Yunho’s every emotion and action, something was definitely off. Yunho had his days when it seemed like smiling was an extra effort for him, and on those days, he would barely meet Changmin’s gaze, never mind actually act like the touchy-feely person he normally was.

At first it wasn't much. Just some quietness, which Changmin accepted as just one of those days people have, letting Yunho wander into his own world as he spaced out frequently, lost in his thoughts. Then he wanted to spend more and more time with his friends, mostly Heechul, who didn't live on campus. Changmin could understand that too; after all, he didn't have the right to monopolize Yunho's time, and Yunho didn't get to see Heechul much. Changmin understood that. What he didn't
understand was why it was beginning to feel like excuses to him. Yunho just wanted to spend time with his friends; that should've been okay, but for some reason Changmin thought Yunho was just trying to avoid him now.

And just the thought of that hurt, more so because he had no idea why Yunho would do such a thing. He tried to think back, sifting through his memories in case he had done something wrong, but he came up with nothing. Yunho had seemed so happy to see him again after winter break, so loud and responsive and generally Yunho-like; what could have changed in such little time? How could everything have changed in just a short period of time?

When he did see Yunho, all Yunho wanted to do was kiss and have sex. The moment he came through the door of Changmin's apartment and saw Changmin, his lips were on Changmin's lips, hands roaming restlessly everywhere he could reach. Changmin hadn't minded at first, mostly because he hadn't yet picked up on the almost anxious way Yunho touched him.

The third time this happened, however, when Yunho walked into his room and pushed him on his bed and began to push his clothes off hurriedly, all without almost a single word exchanged, he realized he hadn't had a proper conversation with Yunho in days. They were either in class, with friends, or not together, because when they both had time, Yunho wanted to see Heechul. He hadn't minded much in the beginning, but when he realized that day that they didn't talk much except about school and things that didn't matter, he began to panic slightly.

What was wrong with Yunho? Their ease and ability to talk about everything had been one of the biggest positive aspects of their relationship to Changmin. He was so comfortable with Yunho, in a way he wasn't with many people. Sometimes Changmin even looked forward more to their pillow talk than the actual sex. But now, Yunho was distant, almost aloof, and although Changmin did his best to draw Yunho into conversations, in the rare instances he could get him to stay with Changmin alone, he couldn't succeed much when Yunho's responses were one worded or blunt and Yunho kept trying to take his pants off. Even after sex, when normally they'd talk till their eyelids felt heavy and their voices became hushed whispers, Yunho would claim he was tired and fall asleep right away, arms wrapped tightly around Changmin with his nose buried in his nape.

Changmin watched helplessly and with a sinking feeling as Yunho became more and more distant, and their relationship suffered for it.

The first day of February, Yunho's reluctance to talk to him finally came to a breaking point. Class work was still considerably light, so they chose to spend the day in Yunho's dorm. Changmin had wanted to go to a cafe somewhere off campus, maybe spend some time alone as he tried to fix whatever was happening to them, but Yunho had insisted on seeing his friends, so Changmin could do nothing but agree reluctantly. Kyuhyun and Minho were there as well, lounging around in the small living room and arguing over the video games while Donghae and Siwon were throwing the most creative insults that they could come up with at each other. Yunho and Changmin were curled up on opposite sides of the couch, long legs tangled together. Changmin was watching Donghae and Siwon, who were now arguing over who got the control more often, amused at their childish bickering. It was generally very noisy, as it tended to be whenever the six of them were together.

But after a little while, he noticed one person was being very quiet, but that wasn't anything new. People can get used to anything, Changmin thought a bit unhappily as he glanced over at Yunho to see his brows furrowed, jaw set, eyes glazed as he stared unconsciously at a spot on the carpet, obviously thinking.

Changmin nudged him with his toe, and Yunho seemed to break out of whatever world he was in. He looked up at Changmin, and when Changmin raised an eyebrow in inquiry, he forced a smile and
shrugged a shoulder awkwardly.

Not satisfied, Changmin nudged him again and murmured, "What's wrong?" Hoped that this time, he might get Yunho to talk to him.

Yunho shook his head, eyes skittering away. Frowning and heart sinking a bit, Changmin got up and tugged on Yunho's hand, and after a moment Yunho sighed and got up too. He let Changmin lead him to his room. He caught Kyuhyun's eye on the way out, but shook his head slightly when Kyuhyun's brows furrowed.

Their friends, even Donghae and Siwon, had noticed something was off with Yunho, although they hadn't said anything about it to Changmin. He could feel four pairs of eyes following them as they left the living room.

Once in Yunho's room, Changmin closed the door behind them and then turned around, leaning against the door with his hands behind his back while gazing at Yunho, who just looked back. After a moment, he said, "Are you gonna tell me what's wrong?"

Yunho shook his head again. "Nothing's wrong. I was just...thinking. Maybe I should be offended if you think me thinking means something's wrong," he said, but the joke was as weak as Yunho's smile.

Changmin stared at him a moment more. This wasn't working, nothing seemed to be working. He didn't know how to reach Yunho anymore.

Maybe this time....

Sighing, he walked over to Yunho's bed and made himself comfortable, propped up on pillows and leaning against the headboard. He left a space open between his legs and patted it, silently asking Yunho to sit.

Yunho let out a loud breath, ran a hand through his hair, and slowly came closer. He lay down between Changmin's legs, arms around his waist and cheek pressed to his chest, sighing his name.

Changmin said nothing, letting him lay for a moment, stroking his hair gently as he hoped it was enough to comfort and relax him. He became hyper aware of his own heartbeat, thudding rhythmically below Yunho's ear. Yunho's eyes closed as he let Changmin pet him.

After long moments of silence, Yunho finally looked at him, resting his chin on Changmin's chest. And still Changmin was quiet, letting Yunho gather his thoughts as he continued to card his hand through Yunho's hair rhythmically, not breaking eye contact. Hoping to God Yunho would tell him what was wrong, so that maybe they could get through this slump they had somehow fallen in.

"Okay," Yunho finally said. "Okay, what if...what if, hypothetically speaking, a friend told you to do something, something that involved someone else, and...you agreed without really thinking about how it might impact that other person. Or..." he hesitated for a moment, and then said, "or yourself. What would you do?"

Changmin could only blink, surprised by the question and floored that Yunho was kinda-sorta telling him what was bothering him after long days of silence and almost no communication. Relieved and grateful that Yunho had let him in, even if it was only a little, he focused on Yunho's hypothetical dilemma and said cautiously, "Well, it depends."

"On what?" Yunho asked.
"On lots of things. Like, what exactly I did, I suppose. And I guess if what I did was hurtful." He paused. "Was it hurtful?"

Yunho blinked. "I guess it...could be. Hypothetically."

"Hypothetically," Changmin agreed. Yunho was clearly on edge; he'd have to be careful not to agitate him even more, he thought even as he felt hope rising in his chest. This wasn't the end, they would get through this, they'd solve Yunho's problem and they'd go back to the way things were. They had to; Changmin didn't want to think of the alternative. "Well, does this other person know?"

"It's not-"

"What I did, I mean," Changmin clarified quickly.

Yunho was silent. "No, he doesn't," he said slowly.

Changmin paused again, surprised. Yunho did something hurtful to another person? That didn't sound like him at all.

"Is this a one time thing?" he asked gently.

There was a longer silence before Yunho let out a huff of air. "No, it's not a one time thing," he said rather miserably.

Changmin gazed at him, silent for a minute as he tried to think of something to say. But Yunho was normally so kind and morally upright; it was difficult to think of him doing something wrong and keep doing it, despite knowing that it was wrong. What exactly was he supposed to say to him?

"Changmin?" Yunho said, interrupting his thoughts. His eyes were searching Changmin's anxiously, his grip on Changmin's waist a little tighter. Changmin didn't think he even noticed it.

Okay, so Yunho did something wrong, and could still be doing it, and while Changmin wasn't exactly happy about it, he would do his best to help Yunho fix whatever situation he had gotten himself landed in. That was the point of relationships, wasn't it? To help your partner out when he needs you? Provide a little guidance and advice? This could be what he needed to show Yunho that Changmin would be here for him, and break down these walls he had erected.

Making up his mind, he cleared his throat. "Yunho, I would tell this person what I did," he said softly. But when panic began to creep into Yunho's eyes, Changmin began stroking his hair again, determined to help him. "Look, I know it might be scary, but it'll be a thousand times worse to let that person find out what you - I mean I - did by himself or from someone else. At least if I approach him first, I can explain to him what happened and apologize, and that person will probably take it better. Right?"

Yunho bit his lip. "Are you sure?"

Changmin cocked his head to the side. "Positive," he said, even though he was slightly confused.

Yunho nodded slowly. "Yeah, okay, I guess so."

Changmin leaned down and kissed him. At first Yunho was unresponsive, and Changmin was about to pull away, but then Yunho tilted his head and drew Changmin's lip into his mouth, biting softly.

Yunho seemed a little reassured, but Changmin knew this wasn't the end of it. Not that it mattered; Changmin would be here for Yunho all the way.
"Just, hypothetically speaking, why did I agree to do this?" Changmin asked when Yunho had settled against him again.

Yunho sighed, and shifted again. He moved up Changmin's body, the bulk of his weight now settled on Changmin and pressing him further down into the pillows and the mattress. Sticking his nose in Changmin's neck, Yunho breathed in deeply. Changmin shivered as Yunho's warm breath tickled his throat when he let it out and pressed a soft kiss to his pulse. "You did it because you love and respect your hyung and didn't want to disappoint him. You blindly followed him without stopping to think even for a minute about the consequences." Yunho paused as Changmin absorbed what he said.

Heechul. Heechul had asked Yunho to do something questionable against his own morals, and Yunho had agreed because for some reason he couldn't say no to that stupid, irresponsible hyung of his. Changmin's dislike of the man grew to previously undiscovered heights.

He knew Yunho was not without blame for not thinking for himself, but that Heechul would ask Yunho to do something that he knew would cause him distress - that was irresponsible and even sort of cruel, as Heechul well knew how much Yunho adored him.

"Mistake," Yunho said, voice muffled, letting out a hollow bark of a laugh that had no humor in it at all.

His good sense completely abandoning him, Changmin asked curiously, "What did you do?"

He definitely shouldn't have.

Yunho immediately tensed, and he tried to straighten up and move away, but Changmin held him tightly, slightly panicking. It was completely stupid of him to ask since he already knew Yunho was anxious. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked, you don't have to tell me," Changmin said, clutching Yunho to himself. Yunho still tried to move away though. "Yunho, please," he said quietly, desperate to keep that moment of openness, the first time Yunho's walls had all come down in days, and terrified he had fucked up.

Yunho stilled, and after a tense moment, he closed his eyes and sank down again. Changmin let out the breath he hadn't known he was holding, and ran a hand through Yunho's hair, the other lightly skimming down the knobs of his spine. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked, don't be angry," he murmured, hoping something would still be salvageable.

"It's okay," Yunho mumbled against his neck. Changmin was further encouraged when his thumb began to rub circles slowly on the side of his ribs.

"Just so you know, I'll be here with you, whatever you decide to do," he said quietly after a moment of quiet.

Silence. Yunho stilled, stopped rubbing circles on Changmin.

"Really." Yunho's voice was odd, a touch cynical amusement, as he huffed out a deprecating laugh.

"Of course," Changmin said, puzzled.

"You promise?" Yunho asked quietly, voice soft, almost inaudible from where his mouth was pressed lightly to Changmin's throat.

"I promise," Changmin said soothingly.

Yunho nodded minutely and pressed another kiss to his throat. "I'll tell you. Soon."
Changmin didn't say anything, just took what Yunho offered him and kissed his hair. They both lay quietly for a while, and Changmin realized with a little surprise that this was the first time in a long time he felt close to Yunho, both physically and emotionally.

"What would you like for your birthday?" Changmin murmured into Yunho's hair, deciding a change of subject was in order if he wanted to keep this fragile peace they'd attained.

"Nice try. You already got me that frame, I'm not accepting anything else."

Changmin laughed. There was a semblance of the old Yunho. "Alright alright, I'll just give you your Michael Jackson CD then."

Yunho looked up at him with his eyes narrowed. "Fine, but if you even try to give me anything else I'll...do something to you," he said decisively.

Changmin tried not to laugh again. "Right, of course, I'm very afraid of that something," he said seriously.

"Brat."

Changmin just smiled, tucking Yunho's head back into his neck.

"What about you? What would you like for your birthday?"

Changmin thought about it, but couldn't come up with anything he needed, so he just shrugged and continued stroking his hair. "I don't need anything. Surprise me."

Yunho sighed a tad dramatically, and Changmin hid his smile in Yunho's hair. "You never make anything easy."

"Why should I? That'd be too...."

"Easy?" Yunho suggested.

Changmin laughed. "Yes, that."

They lapsed into silence again, and then Yunho said, "I'll think of something."

"I'm sure I'll love it," Changmin murmured, content to lay there with Yunho in his arms, stroking his soft hair and breathing in the scent of his citrus shampoo.

***

And then it all shot to hell.

In hindsight, Changmin should've known everything couldn't be so lovey-dovey all the time. Yunho's recent change in behavior should've told him that something was up.

He never imagined it could've been due to him.

The day after Yunho's sort of confession, he was in class with Kyuhyun and, to his bad luck, Ryeowook.

He'd never become completely comfortable with him after the little episode they'd had. He had been even less thrilled to find out he had a class with the small boy the first week they were back. He kept his distance mostly, being polite when he had to be, but they weren't the same as they had been last
semester, and that was just fine with Changmin.

After their class was dismissed, Changmin and Kyuhyun were walking to the dining hall together, discussing their latest assignment.

"Changmin, Kyuhyun, wait up!"

They turned around at the sound of their names to find Ryeowook walking quickly towards them, fumbling with his books as he tried to put them in his bag. Changmin rolled his eyes, but Kyuhyun just smiled and sent him a look, clearly meant to tell him to shut the fuck up.

"Hey Ryeowook. What's up?" Kyuhyun said when Ryeowook finally came up to them.

"Um, nothing much. How-how are you guys?" He seemed kinda nervous. Changmin wondered why.

"Fine. Are you okay?" Changmin asked, just the tiniest bit curious. Ryeowook was normally pretty composed.

"Er, yeah. I was just wondering if I could talk to you guys? In-in private?"

Changmin glanced at Kyuhyun, surprised. It didn't seem like it was a normal talk about school.

"Sure, we're heading to the dining hall, wanna come? We can talk there."

"Yeah, okay, sounds good," Ryeowook said. Changmin thought he sounded relieved.

They shouldered their bags again and walked to the dining hall, mostly in silence as Changmin watched Ryeowook out of the corner of his eye.

When they reached the hall, they found it mostly empty, as it was long past lunch and not quite dinner. Most of the students there were eating late lunches like themselves, having had no time to grab a bite. The delicious scent of dozens of different types of food wafted through the hall, and Changmin's stomach growled in reminder of his hunger.

They grabbed some food and then settled at a table near the windows, the warmth of the heater next to them doing wonders for Changmin's cold-stiffened fingers.

"So, what's up? Is everything alright?" Kyuhyun asked while inspecting his cheeseburger for tomatoes, and Changmin knew he was trying to be casual about it. Kyuhyun's nose scrunched in dislike when he found them below the cheese, and picked them out between two fingers, holding them as if he was handling a bomb. Changmin had to hide a smile; some things never change.

"Um, yeah. Just wanted to, you know, talk to you guys." Ryeowook was shifting nervously in his seat, and Changmin's curiosity piqued.

"About what?" he asked, taking a bite from his pizza.

"Let me just eat a little, I'm starving," he muttered, looking down at his food.

Changmin and Kyuhyun exchanged a glance, and when Kyuhyun shrugged, they focused on their late lunches too.

About a third of a way through their mostly silent meal, Ryeowook cleared his throat and looked up. Changmin and Kyuhyun both looked up too.
"So, I was just wondering if you guys have heard any rumors recently," he said as he wiped his hands on a napkin.

Changmin raised an eyebrow; that was an odd question. "About what?" he asked for the second time.

"Okay so I heard some things, but I just want you guys to hear me out before you jump to conclusions or, I don't know, tell me I'm wrong. Especially you, Changmin," he said, looking Changmin right in the eyes. Ryeowook still seemed nervous, but also determined now too.

Changmin stilled. He didn't like where this was going. He put his third slice down, suddenly losing his appetite as his stomach turned over unpleasantly. "This is about Yunho, isn't it?"

Ryeowook nodded reluctantly, biting his lip and wiping his palms on his jeans.

Changmin's whole body tensed up; the last time Ryeowook had heard a rumor about Yunho, it hadn't been exactly been good. "What did you hear?" he asked stiffly, unable to relax, even though it was clearly unnerving Ryeowook even more.

Ryeowook took a deep breath, and then seemed to plunge in. "So one of my friends was at a party thrown by this guy named Heechul last week," - Changmin couldn't help tensing even more; anything concerning Heechul was never good - "and he told me some things that alarmed me, and I really wasn't going to say anything, because you obviously know Yunho a lot better than I do, but then I was feeling really guilty and I thought I should really tell you, and-"

"Ryeowook," Changmin gritted out, cutting through his babbling. He was already nervous, there was no reason for Ryeowook to stretch his nerves even more. "Get to the point."

"Er, right. Anyway, he told me he overheard Heechul talking about you." Ryeowook hesitated again, and Changmin just about growled at him, calmed only slightly when Kyuhyun put a firm hand on his arm. It wouldn't be good to knock Ryeowook unconscious before he could tell them what happened.

"Ryeowook," Changmin gritted out, cutting through his babbling. He was already nervous, there was no reason for Ryeowook to stretch his nerves even more. "Get to the point."

"Er, right. Anyway, he told me he overheard Heechul talking about you." Ryeowook hesitated again, and Changmin just about growled at him, calmed only slightly when Kyuhyun put a firm hand on his arm. It wouldn't be good to knock Ryeowook unconscious before he could tell them what happened.

"Just tell us what happened," Kyuhyun said calmly, hand still tightly wrapped around Changmin's wrist.

Ryeowook took another breath, and then released it. Changmin just about burst an artery; he wasn't a patient person in the best of times, and this was grating on his nerves. "Okay so. My friend said Heechul was talking to a friend about some bet he made with someone named Yunho, about how Yunho bet him a huge amount of money that he could get you to sleep with him, and Heechul had agreed. And, and he was kind of weird about the whole thing, saying he was worried about Yunho or something, but then they moved away and my friend couldn't hear anymore. He knew I knew you, and he said I should tell you. To warn you, or something. But he doesn't know you guys are already together, and have been for months."

Ryeowook finally stopped talking and looked at them, but Changmin and Kyuhyun were both frozen, staring at him with wide eyes. Changmin couldn't breath; something seemed to block his air, constricting his lungs and making his chest hurt.

This was impossible. Yunho wouldn't do something like that, he wasn't like that, he couldn't.

Breathe. Take a deep breathe, Shim Changmin, think about this.

So he did, took in a few lungfuls of air and released it. Once he felt a little steadier, he asked as calmly as he could, "Are you sure your friend didn't make this up? Why should I trust him?"
A flick of anger seemed to flash in Ryeowook's eyes, but he didn't comment on Changmin's accusation. "My friend doesn't know you, and he's never met or even heard of Yunho. There's no way he could have made this up."

Changmin didn't have a response for this. He was beginning to feel curiously numb. Kyuhyun glanced at him, squeezing his wrist. "Maybe he was talking about someone else..." he said quietly, but that was a weak suggestion and they all knew it.

Ryeowook shook his head. "Look, I'm sorry to be meddling in your relationship again, but I just thought I should tell you. I know Heechul's not really a great person. And I know you didn't like me telling you those other things, but we were friends last semester and I liked you Changmin, and I don't really want you to...be hurt," he finished, voice small.

Changmin tried to clear his thoughts, come up with some sort of response, because of course Ryeowook was wrong. Yunho wouldn't use him, he wouldn't bet on him like he was a thing. Sweet Yunho with the kind smile and sunny personality and gentle heart.

It was impossible.

But he couldn't think here, not with Kyuhyun looking at him worriedly and Ryeowook watching him with something like pity in his eyes. He had to get away, clear his head.

"Thanks for telling me, although I'm sure you're wrong," he said, standing up and putting his coat and scarf on with hands he was determined to steady. Hoisting his backpack on and picking up his tray, he headed for the trash. "I'll see you later."

He threw his unfinished pizza slice and soda out, and then walked stiffly out of the building without a backward glance. Ryeowook was wrong, Changmin knew it.

He didn't care to examine that prickly feeling in the back of his mind, as if he had forgotten something vital.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

I was in the middle of posting this yesterday, when the power went out and didn't come back till 11 at night. It was so sad.

Beta'ed by chibisuz, any remaining mistakes are mine.

Warning: slight violence. As in, the throwing of things.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yunho wasn't answering anyone's calls or messages. Again.

Changmin shifted restlessly on his bed, turning to stare blankly at the ceiling as another text went unanswered.

An ache of the likes which he had never felt before gripped his heart in a tight, cold hold. The silence of the room made him hyper aware of his own heartbeat, thudding rhythmically, almost too slowly compared to his racing thoughts.

What he wouldn't give to just stop fucking thinking.

But that had been impossible after the bomb Ryeowook had dropped yesterday. Since then, he couldn't get his brain to shut up, to slow down. A million different thoughts pushed their way to the forefront before being shoved aside by an even more distressing thought.

Changmin closed his eyes, and the tears that had been threatening to spill over since yesterday finally broke through the dam. Tears streak down his temples and drip into his ears, making him feel even worse. He took a deep breath to try and keep the gasping sobs from escaping, but that was hard too, because that ache in his chest would intensify every time he tried to assuage it.

He knew what would help, what would calm his thoughts and ease that painful ache. Unfortunately, the one person who could help was busy being...unavailable. He had a good idea of where Yunho was, but hoped that, for once since this shitty semester started, Yunho would get in touch first.

A useless hope.

Frustrated with himself, Changmin brushed away his tears angrily. He wasn't a scared 17 year old boy anymore, he would calm down and not fucking cry.

Well. Logic has always helped him before. Maybe he should just think of this as a problem that needed to be solved. He took another deep breath, determined to calm himself. The first step of any problem was to organize what information there was. Trying to get his scattered thoughts into something resembling order, Changmin began to piece things together based on what both Yunho and Ryeowook had told him.

So. It began with Heechul. The asshole.

Yunho had bet Heechul he could get Changmin to sleep with him. Except that sounded off, because
Yunho wasn't the type to instigate these kind of things. Changmin remembered when they were at the club all those months ago, the first time he had met Heechul and when he had seen his ex. Heechul had been the one to start collecting bets.

Okay, so maybe Ryeowook's friend had heard something wrong and it was Heechul who started it. The thought made Changmin feel the tiniest bit better, faith in Yunho a little restored. It didn't get rid of the cold frost that had been slowly spreading through his chest, but it did crack it. That was a start.

So Heechul had made such an immoral bet, and Yunho had agreed without a second thought because he loved and respected Heechul so much. For some reason.

It was probably right before they walked into his father's store. Now that Changmin thought about it, Yunho had seemed kind of nervous at first. Now that he thought about it, he remembered Heechul slurring "Shut up. You have to." Further proof that it had been Heechul's fault.

Yunho had spent the next two months more or less wooing Changmin. And then Changmin had finally given in, both to his growing feelings for Yunho and his desire for him, and they had slept together. One thing still didn't make sense though.

Ryeowook said they had bet Changmin would sleep with him. But they had slept together for the first time months ago; why was Yunho still with him? Yunho had said, in his 'hypothetical' situation - half of Changmin couldn't believe he had been played for such a fool, although if he wanted to be honest he had been the one pressuring Yunho to talk to him - that he was still doing the thing. But he would have won the bet the first time he slept with Changmin. The thought sent a pang through him, to be used for something as worthless as money, but Changmin quickly moved on from it. He was getting somewhere with his logical thinking, he was determined to see the conclusion through. So the question remained, why was Yunho still dating Changmin? He could've just let it go, a fuck-em-and-leave-em sort of thing, but Yunho had been the one to ask Changmin to go out with him instead. Maybe....

Changmin's eyes snapped open and he bolted upright, eyes wide and staring at the wall opposite as his mind began racing again.

Maybe Yunho had become interested. Maybe, somewhere along the way, Yunho had begun to genuinely like Changmin, and stayed with him because he wanted to, and not because of a stupid bet?

The thought sent warm feelings of hope and relief rocketing through him, smashing through the sheet of frost that had settled since yesterday.

Yes, that had to be it, it was the only logical conclusion. There wasn't another explanation, at least, none that Changmin could think of.

But now that he knew what he did, he could almost understand Yunho's attempts to push him away. He had seen the guilt in Yunho's eyes when he had been telling Changmin about the bet; he had seen how anxious Yunho had been to hear what Changmin thought. Yunho wasn't an inherently bad person, there was no way what he had done wasn't eating him away with guilt. Maybe the guilt he had was why he couldn't bear to talk to Changmin, or even stay alone with him in the same room if it wasn't for sex. Even sex with Yunho had become desperate and laced with a tinge of anxiety, as if Yunho thought they were running out of time and he was trying to get as much of Changmin's kisses as he could. And Yunho had said something about the bet having consequences for himself too, hadn't he? This had to be it, Yunho developing feelings that had taken him by surprise, just as Changmin had.
Changmin suddenly remembered his promise to stay with Yunho through it, and Yunho's disbeliefing, bitter laughter. No wonder he hadn't believed Changmin; which sane person would stay with their lying boyfriend after finding out their entire relationship was based on a bet?

Frustration at Yunho's idiotic behavior welled up in Changmin, quite suddenly furious at Yunho for pushing him away.

If Yunho would just fucking talk to him, Changmin could tell him that Changmin would forgive him anything, but only if Yunho told him the truth, if only Yunho opened up.

He hadn't been lying when he had told Yunho that the other person would take whatever hurt Yunho had caused him better if Yunho was the first to break it to him. If Yunho came clean to him, he would forgive Yunho in an instant. After all, what Yunho was going through right now was more than enough punishment, in Changmin's opinion. He didn't need to punish Yunho too.

Well, technically, Yunho wouldn't be the first to tell him about what he did. That courtesy went to Ryeowook. It was the thought that counted; Changmin just needed him to tell him the truth.

Slightly calmed by his thoughts and no longer as anxious as he had been since yesterday, Changmin lay down again, hands behind his head as he thought about where to go from there.

He would give Yunho a week to come clean before he confronted him about what he knew; a week would give them both time before they inevitably hit the peak of this thing. He didn't even want to imagine how this would go, because there was sure to be a lot of throwing tempers and items, the second one courtesy of Changmin. He tended to throw things when in a rage.

He also didn't want to ruin Yunho's birthday, which was in only a few days. Which was a bit fucked up, because he should want to make Yunho hurt, but Changmin just didn't have the heart to make the poor idiot suffer even more.

Sighing, Changmin sat up and swung his legs over the side of his bed. He needed to see Yunho. And he had a fairly good idea where he was.

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"Thanks, Donghae hyung," Changmin whispered as he slipped in through the back exit, Donghae holding the door open for him.

"No problem. Let's go quickly, someone might see us," Donghae whispered back as he let the door close quietly behind Changmin and led him to the elevators, and then the third floor.

"So...how's Yunho?" Changmin asked as they waited for the elevator to reach the third floor, glancing at Donghae out of the corner of his eye. It just occurred to him that Donghae also probably knew about the bet, being so close to Yunho. For some reason the thought made him feel inexplicably betrayed, sending a pang through him. He looked at his feet, hands stuck in his pockets.

"He's...okay, I guess," Donghae answered carefully, looking at Changmin and then away quickly. "He's been in his room all day."

"Why? Is he feeling sick?" Changmin questioned, wondering if Donghae had always looked at him like that or if Changmin was only now seeing it. It felt like someone had lifted the blindfold from his eyes; he was seeing proof of this stupid bet everywhere. His brain even helpfully provided that moment months ago when he had first met Donghae in front of the fountain, and how, when Changmin had introduced himself, Donghae had simply replied, "I know." Of course he had known who Changmin was. The idiot who fell for such a stupid trick.
"No, he's not sick, he's just...I don't really know. Maybe you can get him to tell you," Donghae said quietly, focusing on a spot on the floor. Changmin wasn't sure, but was that guilt he was hearing beneath Donghae's words?

A sudden urge to be cruel spiked through him, and he said, "I doubt it. Yunho doesn't really speak to me these days. I don't know why he's mad at me." He observed Donghae carefully, covertly, but Donghae didn't look up. He was staring very hard at the floor.

"Oh."

Changmin was going to keep guilt tripping him, but just then the elevator dinged and the doors opened. Donghae nearly shot out of there, looking immensely relieved. Changmin bit his lip as he followed, suddenly feeling guilty himself. Donghae hadn't really done anything wrong. He was a bystander in this whole shitty business. It didn't make much sense to want to torture Donghae, but not Yunho, the one who had actually been the cause of all his hurt. Changmin sighed and stepped into their suite behind Donghae.

"Is his door locked?" Changmin asked.

"I don't think so, he never really locks it," Donghae replied, moving to the kitchen table, where the surface was completely covered with textbooks and papers. "Would've saved me from being traumatized every time I walked in on him jacking off," he mumbled to himself as he settled in the chair.

Changmin smiled slightly to himself at that. Thanking Donghae, he walked to Yunho's door and opened it slowly, peeking inside and then walking in fully when he saw that the room was empty. The window was open, however, and the room was freezing, cold drafts of air blowing in.

Closing the door behind him, Changmin walked over to the window and looked outside. It was completely dark out, and if Changmin's need to see Yunho hadn't been so strong, the darkness alone would have discouraged him from attempting to climb onto the roof, just barely able to see.

Sighing, Changmin swung his feet over and then stood up carefully, widening his stance to avoid putting too much weight on one spot. No matter what Yunho said, he still didn't trust the roof not to suddenly decide to collapse under him. The cold made his breath visible in front of him, little clouds that scattered soon after being released.

Slowly, he made his way up the slant, gripping the little hooks tightly. Changmin thought it was a hundred times scarier when Yunho wasn't holding his hand and whispering reassurance. After what felt like forever, he finally reached more solid ground, and looked around.

Yunho was sitting a little way away, his back to Changmin, near the spine of the roof. His legs were bent, elbows crossed and resting on his knees as he stared off into the distance. Just seeing Yunho looking so melancholy made his breath catch, but it also strengthened his resolve; he would not let Yunho keep looking like that. He would talk to Yunho after his birthday, and they would sort out this mess. There was no other option.

"Yunho?" Changmin said softly when he finally reached him.

Yunho didn't startle like Changmin thought he would, but instead he glanced over his shoulder. When he saw Changmin, the smile he gave him made Changmin's heart turn over. How could such a sweet person do something so deliberately cruel?

"Hey baby," Yunho said just as softly, reaching out a hand for Changmin. Changmin took it, letting
Yunho tug him gently to come around. He guided Changmin down then, between his legs, Changmin's back to Yunho's chest. The slant of the roof made Changmin much shorter than Yunho, so that his head was tucked under Yunho's chin. Yunho put his arms around him, pulling Changmin snug against himself. Changmin could already feel himself relaxing and leaned against him, closing his eyes as Yunho's scent surrounded him.

Yunho nuzzled his hair, breathing in the scent of Changmin's citrus shampoo. "You smell nice," he murmured, kissing Changmin's head so gently it made his breath catch again. He swallowed painfully. Surely one was not so gentle and sweet with someone they didn't like?

"What are you doing up here? It's cold," he chided him, bringing up a hand to wrap around Yunho's larger one. His hand was icy and stiff, evidence he'd been up here for much too long, so he gently started massaging feeling back to his cold hand.

"Felt suffocated," Yunho replied tersely, nose still in Changmin's hair. His free hand slipped between the buttons of Changmin's jacket and stroked the side of his ribs over his shirt. The touch was soothing, but in the next second Changmin went through a storm of emotions. He was angry with himself for still being comforted by Yunho despite knowing what he had done, then felt the by-now-familiar pang through his chest of being used, and then anger at Yunho for using him, and finally his anger became misery at the thought of losing Yunho.

He sighed as he forced himself to relax before Yunho noticed anything. But it was too late; Yunho had stopped smelling his hair and was still. "Changmin?"

"Mmm," he answered, not quite trusting his voice.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I just..." really fucking miss you.

Yunho nudged him with his nose. "What's wrong? Tell me."

It was almost sad, really, how well Yunho could read him, see straight through him and somehow know when Changmin was lying.

Changmin was silent for a moment, contemplating what to say, and settled for quietly replying, "I'll tell you when you tell me."

Yunho didn't say anything for a long moment, and Changmin could practically feel the tension rising between them. The silence was suffocating, even though it couldn't have been longer than half a minute at the most. Changmin waited tensely for Yunho's response, body stiff and no longer leaning into Yunho's soft chest. He could feel Yunho's warm breath against his ear. "Fair enough," he finally said, moving his hands to warm them under Changmin's arms. Changmin couldn't help the disappointment that washed over him, heart sinking to his stomach, throat tight. Rebuffed yet again. He should be used to this by now.

"Changmin," Yunho murmured in his ear, brushing the shell and catching it lightly between his teeth. Changmin shivered; his ear has always been one of his sensitive spots, and Yunho knew that very well, taking advantage of it whenever he could. "Stop thinking, baby."

Changmin gave a hollow laugh. "I wish I could."

Yunho stopped biting his ear and put his fingers under Changmin's chin, turning Changmin's head to the side so he could see him. When Changmin met his eyes, he cocked his head to the side, searching Changmin's face. His eyes settled on Changmin's lips, thumb softly stroking his chin.
After the smallest pause, Yunho leaned down and pressed his cold lips to Changmin's, drawing in his bottom lip between his teeth before nibbling gently. Changmin let him, eyes heavy-lidded as he watched Yunho's lips working so seriously against his own. Yunho licked into his mouth, tongue caressing Changmin's and drawing a long moan from him. Unable to keep still any longer, Changmin twisted in Yunho's hold, rising to his knees and threading his arms around his neck and his fingers into Yunho's hair, pressing against his lips with a desperation he had never known before. He wanted to drink Yunho in, taste and memorize every detail of that perfect face and body, just in case he lost him for good.

He all but attacked Yunho's mouth, tongue aggressive and possessive, tugging on his hair, hips pushing desperately against Yunho's abdomen. Yunho clutched his waist back tightly, moaning as he let Changmin control the kiss. Despite everything that was happening between them, Changmin felt his cock fill as Yunho's hands squeezed his ass, pulling Changmin even closer, delicious friction sending small shocks of pleasure up his spine.

Yunho drew away from his lips and bent his head into that spot where neck met shoulder, latching onto his skin. He bit Changmin none too gently, but the pain felt almost good, a relief after the numbness that had taken over. Yunho licked that spot, his warm wet tongue flicking against Changmin's skin. Changmin groaned, letting his head fall back as his fingers gripped Yunho's hair tighter, pushing his head closer to himself. Yunho began to suck in earnest, a moan rising from deep in his chest. This hickey was going to be impossible to hide tomorrow, but Changmin let him, a small part of him relieved to still be wanted this way, at least.

Yunho's mouth was doing wonderful things to him, sending impossible sensations flooding across Changmin's nerves. His skin felt tingly, electric, one touch away from exploding.

Yunho finally lifted his head, and what Changmin heard next made him doubt his senses: he was almost positive Yunho whispered, "Mine."

And then Changmin's world crashed over him. Again.

Because what if Yunho didn't really like him, as he had been previously comforting himself? What if Yunho was only interested in having sex with him, and somehow knew Changmin had been so desperate to keep him that he asked Changmin out only because that meant sex all the time?

His heart plummeted at the thought. This was worse than being used once for a bet, because this was over and over again, for sex.

He hadn't notice that Yunho had been calling him, so caught up in his terrifying thoughts. He looked down to see Yunho looking at him with what seemed to be concern, but how could he be sure? How could he believe anything of Yunho now?

Why was Yunho so confusing? Why did he send such mixed signals?

Ridiculously, Changmin suddenly felt like crying again. Tears were already pushing behind his eyes, and it was a struggle to control himself from sobbing his poor broken heart out to Yunho.

What a mood kill.

"Changmin?" Yunho's voiced came through his fog, and suddenly Changmin was aware of being shaken lightly. "Changmin!"

"What?"

"What the fuck! Are you okay?" Yunho was looking slightly panicked now, Changmin noticed a bit
"Of course I am," Changmin answered, bringing himself back to the moment, the tears going away, to his relief. It looked like Yunho hadn't noticed.

"You completely zoned out on me," Yunho said, eyes searching Changmin's face.

"Um yeah, sorry. Where were we?" Fuck if he hadn't just made everything even more awkward.

Yunho didn't respond, staring intensely at Changmin as if he was looking for something. Changmin bore the search, drinking in Yunho's beautiful face. Who knew that if the moon shined just so, it would look like it were Yunho's cat-like eyes themselves glowing?

As Changmin watched, Yunho's eyes visibly lost some of its coldness. "C'mere," he said softly, drawing Changmin back down so they were level with each other. Changmin clutched at Yunho's hoodie, emotions swirling through him and making him dizzy. Yunho kissed Changmin's lips gently, a chaste press of lips on lips.

"Yunho, fuck me. Right now, here," Changmin murmured, suddenly desperate to release some of the tension in him, because if he didn't he was sure he was going to explode.

Yunho only looked at him for a second before nodding and rising slowly to his feet, pulling Changmin with him. He began to walk, but before Changmin could complain about being delayed, Yunho pulled them behind one of the many chimneys scattered across the roof. He got down on his knees and pulled his coat off, laying it on the roof and then patting it, silently asking Changmin to lay down. Changmin hesitated only for a moment before he took off his own jacket and lay it on top of Yunho's, softening the rough surface before laying down and pulling Yunho on top of him. Yunho rested on his forearms, bracketing Changmin's face, long legs cradled between Changmin's thighs. Changmin pushed his hands under his hoodie, sending him an apologetic look when Yunho flinched from his cold fingers.

Despite the warmth of the body above him, Changmin still shivered in his sweater. "Are we really having sex on the roof, in February?" he asked, somewhat amused.

Yunho smiled back down at him. "Hey, you were the one demanding it. I'm just following your orders," he said, nuzzling Changmin's cheek and then pressing a kiss to it, but Changmin noticed the shiver.

Changmin's stomach flipped from the gentleness of the act, the naturalness. Of course Yunho should kiss Changmin, and of course he should tease him. That was just the way the world worked, and anything else was just disturbingly wrong.

"We don't have lube," Changmin whispered, swallowing down his stupid emotions and kissing the underside of Yunho's jaw instead.

"It's okay, I won't fuck you," Yunho murmured, his hand reaching down between their bodies and slowly beginning to unzip Changmin's fly.

Changmin jumped slightly when Yunho's cold hand touched his dick. Yunho quickly withdrew his fingers and blew on them, and then just stuck them under Changmin's arms again. Changmin frowned at him, but Yunho just grinned back. "You don't want me touching you yet, do you?"

Well, he didn't, but that didn't mean Yunho could use his body like some sort of personal heater.

His scowl quickly became a moan as Yunho stuck his hand down his pants again, knuckles brushing
against his cock, once again at half mast. Yunho undid his own button and zip, taking his cock out of his pants. "What if we freeze our dicks off?" Changmin asked, a bit hazy as pleasure began to thrum through him when Yunho grasped both of their erections in his large hand, squeezing lightly.

Yunho laughed breathlessly. He had a nice laugh, like sunshine itself had disobeyed the laws of the universe to become a sound, just for Yunho. "If we keep ourselves warm we should be okay," he answered, thumb sliding over both their crowns and making Changmin gasp.

"How do we do that," Changmin said, eyes closing as he gave himself up to his pleasure. He was allowed to, wasn't he? There must be a reason Yunho liked his cock so much.

"Mmm, I have a few ideas," Yunho murmured, picking up the pace and stroking harder. He bent his head and began pressing open-mouthed kisses to Changmin's throat, licking his sweaty skin. His mouth was hot and wet, and Changmin found himself arching up into him, desperate to feel all of him.

Changmin moaned, itching to join Yunho's hand, so he did. He grasped their dicks below Yunho's hand, matched Yunho's pace, their breathing becoming labored as they stroked in sync.

Yunho's hand twisted on the upstroke, pulling a breathy moan from Changmin's throat with him. "Yunho, I'm-I'm close," Changmin gasped, body lit on fire as he stroked both of them harder, desperate to feel that wonderful high.

"Me too baby, hold on," Yunho said, biting his lip, brows furrowed. Changmin began to thrust into their hands, and Yunho's answering gasp let him know how that felt for him too. Yunho began to thrust as well, letting go of their dicks and leaning on both forearms again, breathing loud and hot in Changmin's ear. Changmin let his head fall back, consumed in the burning fire that was their pleasure, winter and cold weather entirely forgotten as their hips jerked against each other.

A long, drawn out moan signaled Yunho's impending orgasm, and Changmin let himself go as Yunho finally spilled all over his hand and sweater, his come joining Yunho's.

Yunho made an effort to keep himself from falling on top of Changmin, but Changmin would have none of that and pulled him down. His sweater was gross and going to be in need of a good wash, but for now he wanted to hold Yunho tight, in what was rapidly becoming the only way to stay close to him. It was a depressing thought.

They lay in silence for a moment, but eventually the heat of their orgasms began to fade and Changmin's body became aware of the cold again. He shivered under Yunho, somehow even colder than earlier.

"Yunho," he said, teeth chattering. "I'm cold."

Yunho immediately moved off, shuddering himself. He tucked Changmin's soft cock back in his jeans and then zipped him up before doing the same for himself. He smiled at Changmin, that sweet, slightly-out-of-it orgasm-induced smile. "We can cross that one off our bucket list."

Changmin laughed. "I guess so." He took Yunho's offered hand and pulled himself up, grabbing both his and Yunho's coats. He tossed Yunho his and pulled his own on, careful to avoid dirtying it with the mess on his stomach.

"Come on, let's sleep for a bit," Yunho said, holding his hand out for Changmin and yawning.

Changmin smiled at him, and slid his hand into Yunho's. "Okay," he said, and followed Yunho as they made their way slowly off the roof and to Yunho's warm bed.
Changmin dropped onto the sofa, rubbing his wet hair with a towel tiredly while turning the tv on with his free hand.

Monday was his most tiring day. He had classes beginning from 8:30 in the morning, all the way till 9:30 at night. There were gaps in between his four classes, but they weren't long enough for him to take a proper rest in, so he just studied or did homework or snagged some meals with Kyuhyun and Minho. By the time he came home, he was ready to drop from exhaustion. The worse part of it was that when he was tired and sleepy, he became snappish and ridiculously sensitive and prone to emotional outbursts, bursting into tears at the slightest provocation; basically, he turned into a cranky five year old. Kyuhyun and Yunho and the others had learned long ago to walk on eggshells when he was in this mood. He couldn't really blame them.

Neither Yunho nor Kyuhyun were at the apartment that night. Kyuhyun was off spending the night with some girl, and Yunho was at Heechul's party. He had told Changmin earlier in the day about his plans, and Changmin had agreed only if he could take Yunho out to dinner for his birthday tomorrow. Changmin had been almost positive Yunho would make up an excuse to avoid that too, probably something to do with Heechul and party, but to his immense surprise and relief, Yunho had just smiled and said okay.

That had been the only positive thing; the rest of the day had been particularly bad. He had dropped his notes in class and some idiot had stepped all over them (it was by accident, but that was irrelevant), effectively wasting three hours of hard work; there was a fifteen page paper due this Thursday which he hadn't even started because he couldn't find the books he needed; and one of the professors embarrassed him in front of the class because he had to call Changmin's name three times to get his attention. All in all, it had been a shitty day. It didn't help when Yunho was too busy to see him, and he had just wanted to go straight home and sleep.

What sucked balls was that he didn't have the energy to stay up, but for some reason he couldn't fall asleep. His brain wouldn't stop running, ignoring all the signals of exhaustion the rest of his body was sending it.

He flipped listlessly through the channels, not seeing anything. The desire to see Yunho had been building all day, and now it seemed to reach a peak as the want turned into a need, an ache to have Yunho appear in front of him and kiss him and put him out of his misery. He didn't think anything could possibly hurt so much, to crave someone so much and be denied.

The emotional and physical exhaustion of the day finally took a toll on him, and he didn't even try to stop his tears this time as they spilled over. They were the silent sort of tears, the ones that didn't make you sob or gasp, but felt like the pain intensified every time another tear slipped free.

Changmin bit his lip, too emotionally tired to make any effort to stop crying. Crying usually makes people feel better; maybe this would alleviate the ache he's been feeling since Yunho stopped being his Yunho, and became this distant stranger.

Sighing, Changmin let his head drop against the back of the couch and closed his eyes; how does he make this stop? This pain was horrible.

Sleeping would help, but that was a luxury he wasn't allowed, another thing denied because of Yunho. Changmin couldn't remember when he had started needing Yunho in bed with him to fall asleep. He hadn't slept well these past days, even when Yunho was wrapped around him. It seemed like his heart couldn't be tricked into thinking everything was okay, because it wasn't.
Frustrated by his thoughts and feeling desperate and exhausted, he gave up, reaching for his phone to ask Yunho to come over. He wasn't sure if Yunho would, but Changmin had no pride left; begging was an option he was willing to consider. His emotions were all over the place, feeling entirely too delicate to deal with not having Yunho tonight.

Dialing Yunho's number, Changmin stuck the phone to his ear and curled up in the corner of the couch, a cushion held in his lap and vaguely wondering when he had become so needy. Yunho didn't pick up on the first ring, nor the second, or the third. Changmin bit his lip as a fresh well of stupid tears sprang to his eyes, and he was about to give up and cry himself to sleep when Yunho picked up.

"Hello?" He sounded breathless, as if he had been running.

Clearing his throat and swiping at his eyes, Changmin said, "Yunho?"

"Changminnie, I'm sorry, I was inside and it was too loud in there to pick up the phone."

"Oh. It's okay."

A silence filled the phone as Changmin couldn't think of what to say; suddenly it seemed like a terrible idea, and he knew he wouldn't be able to ask Yunho to come over, because he knew the rejection would hurt even worse.

"Changdola?" Yunho whispered. The affectionate name sent an entire new pang through him. "Are you alright?"

"What? Oh - oh, yeah. I was just, um, calling. To see what you were doing." Changmin bit his lip hard; he was such a moron, he must sound so clingy.

Yunho chuckled over the phone. "I'm at Heechul hyung's house, remember? Why aren't you sleeping? You must be exhausted, I know you've had a long day."

Changmin shrugged even though Yunho couldn't see him. "Yeah. Can't sleep, though."

"...I see." He sounded odd, as if he knew something about Changmin he himself didn't know. "Do you need something, baby?" he asked gently, his voice soft.

His heart nearly tore itself in two at the gentleness, twisting and lurching and hurting. Silent tears came pouring down again. He wanted to scream into the phone, tell Yunho to stop being a dick, to stop being one way when he was talking to Changmin and then an entirely different way when they weren't together, demand Yunho come kiss him and make everything better.

He did none of that. Instead, he wiped his wet cheeks again. "No. Just calling. Sorry to interrupt your party. I'll see you tomorrow. Remember we're meeting up at six, okay?"

There was a small pause, and then Yunho said, "Okay. See you later."

Changmin closed his eyes, and hung up. He felt emotionally drained, as if he had used up his emotions quota for the day and there was nothing left for him to feel.

Getting up slowly, he turned off the tv and dragged himself to bed. He had already brushed his teeth in the shower and changed for bed, which was good, because he didn't think he had the energy to do more than flop on his bed.

Curled up in his blankets, he lay awake for a while longer before he finally felt himself drifting off
into a fitful sleep. He was in that heavy half way state between consciousness and sleep, when the
doorbell rang. At first he wasn't sure he had actually heard it, but then it came again and he forced his
eyes open. Wondering who it could be, he dragged himself out of bed and shuffled to the front door,
sleepy and yawning.

When he opened the door, he had to blink a few times to clear his vision.

Yunho was standing in the doorway, hands in his coat pockets and smiling softly at Changmin. "Hey
baby."

"Yunho?" Changmin asked, confused. His brain felt heavy and he couldn't seem to make it work.

Yunho stepped inside, locking the door behind him and forcing Changmin to take a few steps back
to make room for him. "In the flesh," he answered, reaching for Changmin's tank-top clad waist.

But that wasn't right, because Yunho didn't come to Changmin these days, it was the opposite way
around. Changmin was the needy, clingy one, the one who had to ask Yunho to come when he
wanted him, because Yunho just didn't come to Changmin on his own anymore. "What are you
doing here?" he asked, even as he let Yunho pull him forward by the waist and kiss his collarbone
with his cold lips.

"Dropped by to see you," Yunho murmured, pressing another kiss to his throat.

"But what about your party?" Changmin insisted, knowing he sounded like an idiot but he couldn't
help it; he was confused.

Yunho shrugged. "Eh. It wasn't that fun anyway."

Oh. That was why he had come. Not because he wanted to see Changmin, but because the party
hadn't been interesting. Changmin didn't know what he had expected. "Oh," was all Changmin
could say.

Yunho finally lifted his head to look at him, observing his face for a moment. "You're sleepy."

That was random; Changmin's brow furrowed. "Yeah."

"That's why you're thinking weird thoughts."

Changmin blinked. "I'm not thinking weird thoughts," he said, slightly offended.

"Yeah you are. You were just thinking that I came from the party because it was boring and not
because I wanted to see you."

Changmin blinked again. How had he known that? Has he always been able to read Changmin so
well? He blushed and looked down. "No I wasn't," he protested weakly.

Yunho just chuckled and kissed his nose. "Come on pretty boy. Time for bed." He took off his coat
and tossed it on the couch before taking Changmin's hand and leading him to his bedroom. Despite
his slow-working brain, Changmin still noticed he hadn't tried to deny Changmin's "weird
thoughts".

Once Yunho changed into the t-shirt and pajama pants he had left in Changmin's apartment, they
curled up together and faced each other. Changmin looked at Yunho and asked again, softly, "Why'd
you come?"
"Because, I know this little baby who can't sleep when no one's with him," Yunho said gently, tweaking his nose and smiling.

It warmed Changmin over. "Oh," he said, eyes falling down to Yunho's collarbone, where Changmin's fingers were currently playing with the hem of his collar. He couldn't keep eye contact with him; so Yunho had noticed that. Is that why he still slept with him every night, even when he had become distant?

You didn't do that for someone you didn't like, right? You wouldn't care enough about someone's sleep if you didn't like them, right?

Changmin sighed and closed his eyes, confused and exhausted. He didn't have the brainpower to think about this; better to enjoy Yunho's arms around him now than be so depressed.

He came closer to Yunho, arms tightening around him.

"Changmin," Yunho whispered. Changmin looked up at him; Yunho looked very serious. "I have to tell you something."

Changmin's brain froze; this was it, Yunho was going to tell him about the bet and destroy everything they had, he just knew it, felt the end of their relationship in his bones.

He wouldn't let that happen. Not before Yunho's birthday.

"I have something to tell you too," he found himself blurting out, voice blank, and then blinked. He hadn't meant to say that.

Yunho raised an eyebrow and forced a smile. "Well. Go on," he said

"I love you," he said, staring intently at his face, hawkeyed for the smallest revelation of Yunho's feelings.

He could practically see Yunho's entire body freezing up. Yunho's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed, and then rasped, "What?"

Oh God what a huge mistake, he fucked up, Yunho wasn't going to say it back, he didn't love Changmin, Changmin wasn't good enough to love, only a person as perfect as Yunho deserved to be loved by him. Not Changmin.

But it was out there now, and Changmin couldn't take it back. "I love you," he repeated, unable to meet his eyes any longer. He looked down, back to where his fingers were playing restlessly with Yunho's collar. Yunho still didn't say anything, and when Changmin sneaked a peek Yunho still looked frozen and disbelieving. "You don't have to say it back," he mumbled, cheeks burning and heart crumbling.

Yunho didn't love him.

He swallowed hard. "I just wanted to...say it. You don't have to say it back," he said again.

He heard Yunho draw in a breath, and then breathe out slowly. Changmin looked up when there was a long, tense moment of silence. "What did you wanna tell me?" he finally said, thankful his insides were so numb he couldn't cry.

"I - it's not important. I'll tell you tomorrow," Yunho replied.
Changmin looked at him. Yunho's eyes seemed sad, the haunted look amplified by the bags under his eyes.

"You should sleep now," Yunho said softly, turning Changmin gently onto his other side and spooning him, drawing him close to his chest.

Changmin blinked rapidly against the flood of tears threatening to break through the dam again; now that he wasn't facing Yunho, crying seemed to be inevitable. He wouldn't, though, he wouldn't cry in front of Yunho, not again. He took a few deep, calming breaths and closed his eyes; everything would be better tomorrow.

It had to be.

He drifted off into a restless sleep, clutching Yunho's hands tight around his waist.

***

When Changmin woke up the next morning, Yunho wasn't in bed with him.

There was a surprise.

Yawning, Changmin found himself feeling better as he stretched, his joints popping when he arched off the bed. Satisfied, he glanced at the clock and was relieved to see it was only 7:30; he had plenty of time to get dressed for classes, and see Yunho before their dinner tonight.

And then he remembered his confession last night and abruptly paused mid-stretch.

_God fucking damn it. What the hell had he been thinking?_

That was the problem, though, wasn't it? He hadn't been thinking, so tired and out of it that his normal thought processes had been derailed. He would never have normally considered that the only way to get Yunho to not break up with him was to tell him he loved him, which was stupid really.

Because for one, why would Yunho break up with him? If anyone broke off the relationship, it would be Changmin, for being lied to and used.

Changmin groaned out loud; sleepy Changmin was almost as stupid as drunk Changmin.

Rubbing a hand over his face and through his hair, Changmin forced himself to get up and start getting ready for the day. Yunho was probably out for his morning walk slash run.

When he emerged from the bathroom, teeth freshly brushed and face freshly shaved, he went to fix himself a bowl of cereal, not in the mood for more. He settled in the living room and ate while he waited for Yunho.

When he was done, Yunho still wasn't back and Changmin was getting bored. He was fiddling around with his phone, contemplating whether or not he should text him when another phone beeped. Changmin looked up in surprise; Yunho's phone was laying on the coffee table. He hadn't even taken it with him. Which was sort of heartening, really, because it meant Yunho intended to come back. Changmin was mildly surprised he hadn't just left, what with the awkward way last night had gone.

Changmin just shrugged and went back to his phone; obviously, texting or calling Yunho for his whereabouts wasn't an option anymore. A tiny bit restless, his mind began going over the sad excuse for a confession last night, and briefly he wondered how Yunho would respond to his confession,
before he remembered the reason he had even blurted it out in the first place.

Yunho had something to tell him.

Immediately, Changmin's stomach knotted, tightening. He hadn't thought much of it last night, but this was it, really. Yunho was going to tell him about the bet, he was sure of it.

Yunho's phone signalling a text message startled him out of his thoughts again. And then there was another beep, and another one, and another one.

Normally Changmin would never consider reading Yunho's private messages, but the number of texts that had arrived in a matter of seconds made him curious.

Feeling only the tiniest bit guilty, he reached for Yunho's phone.

He found that it opened without a password, which sort of made him happy that Yunho was such a careless person.

When he swiped across the screen, he found it opened directly to messages. He could see that the five unread messages were from Heechul, so early in the morning, and of course that made him even more curious. He touched Heechul's name on the screen, and their conversation popped up.

And then Changmin read the messages.

It was a most curious feeling, really. It was as if someone had gently tipped a freezing pitcher of water over his head, the cold slowly making it's way from the crown of his head, down his face, dipping into the hollows of his collarbones, between his pecs, into his navel, right down to the tips of his toes, leaving him cold and numb, frozen in his shock.

Because this, this was too much.

*Sent to Pretty Hyung 07:14 AM*
*changmin told me he loved me last night*

*Received from Pretty Hyung 07:57 AM*
*wow really??*

*Received from Pretty Hyung 07:59 AM*
*that was pretty fast kekeke*

*Received from Pretty Hyung 07:59 AM*
*i didnt think he'd ever fall for u no offense. he's such a cold bitch idk how you stand him. he must be a really good fuck*

*Received from Pretty Hyung 07:59 AM*
*guess that means u win!! i didnt rly think u could do it u know. u rly dont leave anything half way done do u hehe. u couldve just left it at the fucking but no u gotta go and be determined to make him fall for u. u must rly have no money kekeke~*

*Received from Pretty Hyung 07:59 AM*
*i hereby declare all your debts to me cleared. congrats babe~!*

Changmin stared at the words. Read them over and over again. Burned them onto his retinas.

The bet wasn't to fuck Changmin. It was to make him fall for Yunho.
Every word was a stab wound, every laugh twisting the knife, but like a dying man he felt no pain, only a curious numbness, a nothingness, a hollowness where he was sure there should've been feelings. Of hurt, anger, betrayal, pain, anything. But there wasn't.

Instead there was just... **nothing**.

Distantly he heard a lock turning, a door opening and closing, footsteps approaching.

"Changminnie?"

That so loved nickname. Now Changmin just wanted to take all of those affectionate names and burn them from his memory.

He looked up, phone held in his hand, making no attempt to hide it. Changmin stared at Yunho, knew his face must be blank and scary. Yunho's brows furrowed. "Changdollie?"

"It seems congratulations are in order," he said, and his voice was strangely distant, empty, cold, giving away nothing.

"What? What are you talking about?" Yunho looked confused.

"Your bet, Yunho," he said, shaking the phone a little. "You won it." His voice was hard, low, rough, painful to hear.

He watched detachedly as understanding dawned on Yunho's face as his eyes slid to his phone in Changmin's hand, then alarm as his eyes widened, then full blown panic when he looked back at Changmin.

" I- Changminnie, that's - " He cut himself off, swallowing hard. "Please, let me just - "

This time Changmin cut him off, as if he hadn't even spoken. "Betting you could get me to fall for you, huh? Clever. I thought it was just betting you could fuck me, at first. Heechul hyung here, though" - he indicated the phone - "he set me straight. It's nice for you to have a hyung you can tell everything to. You know, like when your boyfriend confesses his feelings for you. Especially after you've been stringing him along for months. Must've made you feel so accomplished last night, seeing as how I'm such a - what were Heechul's words again?" Changmin mock squinted at the screen. "Oh right, a **cold bitch**."

Yunho visibly flinched at his words. "Wait, Changmin, please, I - "

Changmin talked over him. "I'm sorry I was so difficult to stand," he apologized. "I hope all the times you bent me over every flat surface you could find made up for it. Heechul thinks I must be a really good fuck."

Yunho looked desperate now, rooted to the spot. "Changmin let me - "

"What, Yunho?" Changmin said, voice cold, having talked himself into a rage. He could feel the anger simmering beneath the surface, driving away the cold numbness temporarily as he stared at Yunho. "Tell me it's not true? Heechul lied? The rumors about you weren't true?" He laughed, hollow and bitter. "They were always true, everything they said about you was true. I honestly want to blame you, but I should've known better. Everyone on campus can't possibly be wrong." He shook his head. "I should've believed what they said about you. I can't believe I even comforted you about it, when they had been true all along."

Yunho didn't respond this time. He didn't even move. He looked shocked and just stood there,
completely frozen. If Changmin had been feeling even the smallest bit generous at the time, he'd even say Yunho looked hurt, as if he had a right to be.

Suddenly he didn't want to look at Yunho's stupid face anymore. He just wanted him to leave.

"Get out."

The words seemed to snap Yunho awake. He swallowed, opened his mouth and closed it again.

Changmin tossed him his phone, and Yunho caught it on reflex. "Go. Leave now."

Yunho's hands were trembling. "Changmin, please, hear me out, I - "

Suddenly, uncontrollably enraged and seeing red, Changmin picked up the nearest thing he could get his hands on and flung it across the room with all his might. A glint of silver flew through the air, and then the sound of glass smashing reached his ear, a cry of pain following right after.

Panting and still furious, Changmin blinked rapidly to clear his vision of the bright red spots. Yunho was doubled over, both hands covering his face, one hand tightly gripping his phone. When he straightened up, he looked shocked and a little frightened.

Blood. There was blood on Yunho's face, pouring down from a cut over his right eye and another across his nose, one across his forehead and another on his right cheek.

The sight of Yunho's blood should've snapped him back to his senses - he hurt Yunho - but for some reason it enraged him even more, and he couldn't handle the intensity of his feelings. "Get the fuck out!" he screamed. "Don't you ever come back!"

Yunho stared only a second longer before he turned around and fled.

The second Yunho was no longer in front of his, the anger seemed to fly out of him and he deflated. He looked around his living room, a little lost, and spotted the object he had thrown at Yunho.

The frame.

The frame he had bought Yunho for Christmas, the one Yunho had asked him to keep in his apartment because 'they were there all the time anyway'.

Laying in a heap of broken glass and blood, the photo of the two of them smiling brilliantly crinkled and cut in a corner.

He had thrown a glass frame at Yunho with everything he had, in such a rage, wanting to make the other man feel even a fraction of the hurt he was feeling, and making him bleed. He remembered Yunho's cry of pain, replayed it over and over, and his heart ached. How could he have done something so dangerous?

It was a miracle none of the shards had gotten into his eyes.

Wiped out from emotional exhaustion, he sank to his knees in the middle of the living room, hands covering his face, stupid, stupid tears spilling over again.

Now what?
I'm not sorry. That is all.
Yunho ran.

He ran without knowing where he was running, or why. The air burned in his lungs, it was so painful to breathe, but Yunho ignored it, took in one breath after another and just kept running.

_In, out._

Maybe if he kept running he'd reached the end of the earth, and these thoughts jumbling around in his head would just stop.

_In, out._

It hurt to breathe, his muscles were screaming, burning, why was he still running?

_In, out._

He kept running until he was in front of a familiar apartment building, up three flights of stairs, in front of a white, nicked door with the number 32 printed in the brass plate. He ignored the knocker and burst inside.

Heechul was leaning against the counter in the kitchen, wearing a robe and furry slippers, a cup of coffee in one hand while with the other he was scrolling through his phone.

"Hyung!" Yunho gasped, clutching the sides of the door, panting hard. There was something sticky sliding down his face, but Yunho was breathing too hard to care.

Heechul glanced up briefly and looked back down. "Oh, you're here? I was about to text you about your party..." Something seemed to register and Heechul’s head snapped back up, and then his eyes widened. He put his phone and coffee down hurriedly, concern furrowing his brows as he stepped closer to Yunho, hand reaching out to take his. "Is that blood? What happened, baby?"

Yunho stared at him in a daze. He had completely forgotten about his birthday. He was supposed to have dinner with Changmin later tonight. Stupidly, inexplicably, he wondered if Changmin remembered.

Happy fucking birthday.

***

Three weeks later
Yunho sighed, dropping his pen onto his notes and running a hand through his hair. The bustling coffee shop around him was bursting with life, the chatter of students and barista's calls for orders and the constant hum of machines concocting drinks. It was warm and cozy, and Yunho had never felt so far removed from anything in his life.

He leaned back in his chair, stretching his arms and feeling his joints popping before crossing them in front of his chest, gazing out the huge window he was seated next to. Outside, flurries of snow tumbled around in the dark, sticking to the ground and people's coats and hair. The streets were lit with the soft orange glow of the lamplights, casting gold shadows across the sparkling snow and the people unfortunate enough to be outside in this weather. The window was fogged up slightly, none of the cold outside touching the warmth inside the coffee shop.

It was late, nearing eight, and Yunho had been there for almost three hours. He checked his phone idly and saw two missed calls and five messages, all from Donghae and Heechul. He sighed again and rubbed a hand across his eyes; he shouldn't be worrying them even more, but he couldn't find it in him to care about anything.

He thought about the last time something had mattered: Changmin's face, so blank and cold but even that hadn't been enough to mask the intense pain in his eyes, pain Yunho had put there.

Even now Yunho couldn't handle just thinking about that look on Changmin's face, he had to close his eyes and take a deep breath so he wouldn't lose his shit entirely. God, how badly he had fucked up.

And it wasn't gonna be right ever again. Changmin wasn't ever going to forgive him, and frankly Yunho agreed with that sentiment; he wasn't ever going to forgive himself.

Yunho had called, plenty of times in the beginning, foolishly thinking everything would be okay if he could just talk to Changmin. He had left messages and voicemails. Changmin, of course, hadn't picked up even once. He hadn't turned the phone off either, which somehow made it worse, listening to the phone ringing and ringing until Yunho was hearing that ringing in his sleep.

So he had manned up and gone to Changmin's apartment, knocked at his door and stood there for hours, calling and pleading and begging Changmin to open the door, to listen, to let Yunho apologize even if he couldn't forgive him.

Anger would have been fine, getting punched in the face would've been fine. But there was nothing. Not a single word, not even a look. Changmin never opened his door, Yunho never even heard a single sound, as if Changmin had been sitting on his couch and just listening to Yunho plead through the door.

As a last resort and because he was too much of a coward to do it before, Yunho had finally approached Changmin in college. Or tried to. Minho and Kyuhyun had glared daggers when they spotted Yunho before Changmin had, and the looks had been enough for Donghae to drag him away.

That hadn't discouraged him; if anything, it made him even more determined to fix things. He stood to lose three friendships if he didn't find a way.

Donghae, however, managed to talk him out of that stupidity. It wouldn't be fair to force Changmin to listen; he needed time and space to figure out what to do, and if he decided he never wanted to speak to Yunho again, then so be it. Yunho had no right to make Changmin do anything.

Reluctantly, Yunho agreed to stay away from Changmin. Everything in him was screaming to get
closer, to talk to him, to try again, but Donghae was right. Yunho lost the privilege of being one of the few people Changmin trusted, and if he never spoke to Yunho again then Yunho deserved it.

Yunho picked up his pen and began to tap it agitatedly against the table top. It was amazing, really, how much his whole world had flipped the night he followed Heechul hyung into that convenience store. In the span of a butterfly's wing flapping, a beat of a heart, the drop of a pin, everything changed, so thoroughly and forcefully Yunho hadn't stood a chance.

Changmin had fallen into his life, and he had just fit, like there had been a Changmin shaped hole in his life but Yunho hadn't known it till it was filled, till Changmin had so gracefully shoved his way inside and made himself at home in the place closest to Yunho's heartbeat. He had cemented himself in, so naturally became a part of Yunho's life that Yunho's need for him just made sense, like how he needed air and food and water to live, so too did he need Changmin and his sweet kisses and gummy smile and mismatched eyes and bright laughter.

It was just the way it was supposed to be, and anything different was just wrong.

Idly, Yunho wondered when he had fallen in love with Changmin.

Was it the day in convenience store, when a Bambi-eyed boy gave them more sass than was strictly necessary?

Was it later, at the club, when Changmin had smiled so teasingly and tempted Yunho away from his friends, led him to the dancefloor and proceeded to make him so hard it ached?

Was it at the library, when he watched as Changmin's sweet lips pursed and his brow furrowed as he glared at the laptop in front of him?

Maybe it was all of that, and at the same time none of that, because Yunho distinctly remembered the day he looked at Changmin and felt something inside shift, the last piece of a puzzle fall to place, the world right itself when Yunho hadn't even known it was tilted to begin with.

Changmin in his soft off-white sweater, with his eyes closed, head tipped back, leaning on his hands and soaking up the sun on the stone bench surrounding the fountain on that day in October. Sunshine in his hair, skin nearly glowing, brown curly hair turned golden. He had looked so lovely, so ethereal, so unaware of his own beauty. It had made the breath catch in his throat, an ache build in his chest because all he could think as he stared at Changmin was how badly he wanted him. He wanted to touch and taste and treasure and keep all of Changmin to himself, wrap up Changmin in his warmth and hide him away from the world.

Yeah. That was the day Yunho had fallen in love.

He hadn't realized it at the time.

He hadn't realized it even when all he wanted was to hear Changmin laugh. He hadn't realized it when he had kissed Changmin for the first time, when his tears had made something deep in Yunho's chest ache with a fierceness he hadn't previously known, a fireball of emotions and sensations igniting, he was so drunk on Changmin's scent. He hadn't realized it when he was inside Changmin later that night, Changmin's warmth surrounding him and driving him insane. He hadn't realized it when, after Changmin had told him about his ex, how protective and possessive and still so proud of Changmin he had felt, because for some reason Yunho didn't realize that these emotions meant something. He hadn't even realized it when he had finally seen Changmin's sleazy ex, when he had heard the blood rushing in his ears, pounding, when everything in him was screaming for him to beat the shit out of the guy for hurting Changmin, his Changmin.
No, it had taken having to watch Changmin drive away from him for Yunho to finally realize.

And when realization came, it hadn't been gentle, or slow. It had hit him with the force of a hurricane and an earthquake, a tsunami, and then it was like a fact of nature:

The earth revolved around the sun, there were billions of galaxies in the universe, and Jung Yunho was in love with Shim Changmin.

He had watched Changmin's car drive away, take Changmin with it, and when he finally paid attention to that awful, sinking, twisting feeling in his gut, he realized it was because he didn't know how to cope with not seeing Changmin for an entire month. No kisses and warmth and feeling his lean body in his arms. Never mind that Yunho would get to talk to him every day, still hear that addictive laughter. No, all Yunho could think was that Changmin was going to be too far away and Yunho was too in love.

To say that the thought was a little distressing was like saying a tornado was just a little wind. Yunho hadn't known what to do with his feelings, when the obvious thing to do was to tell Changmin that he loved him. But just the thought made him panic, because what if Changmin didn't feel the same way? What if Yunho was so in love with Changmin he could happily spend the rest of his life with him, but Changmin didn't care for him? He looked like he cared, and acted like he cared, but the doubt was still too strong for him to just ignore it.

Besides, was their relationship even real? It had began on a bet, was founded on lies. If Changmin had ever found out, how could he think what they had was real?

He had found out, and he hadn't thought it had been real.

But when Changmin had left for winter break, and Yunho was standing there watching him drive away, he was frozen by the crippling fear that Changmin would leave him. His fear had made him act out, act stupidly. He knew Changmin had noticed the change over break, noticed Yunho's desire to just hear him talk, the frantic sex that somehow seemed less enjoyable, their relationship becoming all about the physical sensations, because when Changmin left, these memories were all he would have. He was so confused, about whether to stay away from Changmin so the blow, when it came, wouldn't hurt as much, or to stay as close to Changmin as possible, cherish him like he was meant to be cherished.

The result had been disastrous.

He could see what his distance was doing to Changmin, and came so close to spilling everything, but his fear closed his throat, and he left everything unsaid, left himself aching and Changmin hurting.

Hearing those three words from Changmin had been a shock to his system. He hadn't expected it, which was kind of dumb, really, when he thought about the way Changmin relaxed and loosened up when he was with Yunho. He had lain awake all night, clutching Changmin tightly as he sifted through his memories of them, and then felt like the world's biggest bag of dicks for not realizing it sooner. The evidence had been there all along, and if Yunho had just looked, he might have saved them both their misery.

Of course, he would've saved them so much trouble if he had just said those words back, because they were true and now there was no reason not to, but instead he had let Changmin fall asleep confused and even more upset.

How did Yunho manage to fuck up everything so thoroughly? Where had that sense of morality he had always been so proud of go when Heechul proposed the bet? Why on earth did he think it would
be a good idea to bet on someone’s feelings, to play with them? Maybe he hadn’t wanted to go along with it, but he hadn’t exactly put up a great fight, and in the end he had agreed, without giving a single thought for the consequences such cruelty could have. For some reason, he forgot Changmin was another human being; he had let the opinions and judgement of other people cloud his own perception, and failed to remember that this was a person with feelings who he was planning to make fall for him.

What the fuck had been wrong with him?

Ashamed, he had already come to the decision to tell Changmin everything about what he had done, but when Changmin had told him he loved him, Yunho had been dumbstruck. So he had put it off till the next morning, and he really shouldn't have.

A car honked loudly outside the coffee shop, and Yunho startled, blinking, once more becoming aware of his surroundings. Thinking about Changmin and the whole mess he had made of their relationship was a bad idea, because now he needed a break. His legs were beginning to ache from being in one position too long, anyway. He got up and stretched, loosening his locked muscles, and then put on his coat to step outside for a bit.

The difference in temperature of the coffee shop and the outside was a shock to his system. Shivering, Yunho tucked himself into the doorway of the closed shop next door, out of the biting wind. Yunho pulled out his pack of cigarettes and lit one up, bringing it to his lips and breathing in deeply. The rush of calming nicotine in his lungs was a relief, a guilty pleasure Yunho couldn't stop from beginning again when everything got too much to handle. He wondered idly if Changmin would be disappointed if he saw him smoking again. He wondered if Changmin even cared what he did anymore.

And now he needed another one.

After the second cigarette, the bitterly cold wind forced him to stop and go back inside. He had taken off his coat, was all settled back in his seat for more grueling hours of studying to keep his mind off more depressing things, when he noticed the figure stepping up next to his table.

His eyes followed the warm coat covering a flat stomach, the lean torso, long fingers holding a drink in one hand, rich blue-green scarf wrapped around an elegant neck, and finally settled on the Bambi eyes staring dispassionately back.

Yunho blinked. Surely not...?

After a moment of frozen staring, Changmin gestured to the seat across from Yunho with his coffee cup. "Is this seat taken?" His voice was soft, and yet, somehow, it was the only thing Yunho could hear. Yes, it was Changmin, the Changmin who had been his until three weeks and four days ago.

Belatedly, Yunho realized Changmin was still waiting for a response, and fumbled with the papers spread all over the opposite side of the table. "Um, no, it's not," he said, collecting them all into a haphazard pile and setting them aside. Changmin sat down smoothly and proceeded to partially unwrap his scarf, leaving it loose around his neck. He unbuttoned his coat and slid his arms out of the sleeves, leaving it to hang on the back of his chair. He was wearing a gray cashmere sweater, a truly lovely thing that seemed even more beautiful when it was Changmin wearing it. Changmin brought the coffee to his lips, took a sip, and then leaned back and stared at Yunho.

Yunho stared back, eyes lingering on the wetness on his lips. It took an effort to drag his eyes back up to meet Changmin’s.
Changmin's eyes roved over his face, and Yunho knew what he was seeing. Yunho, with tired eyes and five o’clock shadow, shadows evident under his eyes, wearing his favorite black and white sweater with the turtleneck; he looked like death warmed over, he knew. Changmin’s eyes lingered on a few spots on the right side of Yunho’s face, and after a moment his sluggish brain realized he was looking for evidence of scars, from when he had thrown the silver frame at him.

The realization made his face warm, and he finally looked down, away from Changmin’s searching gaze. The cuts had mostly healed, barely leaving scars, all physical evidence of the end of their relationship erased. Yunho wasn't sure how that made him feel.

And still Changmin said nothing, just continued to look at Yunho.

Yunho wondered if he was the only one feeling uncomfortable. He had an itch in his pants, and just barely resisted the urge to fidget in his seat. He felt like a child under the scrutinizing gaze of his teacher.

Unable to handle the tension any longer, he blurt out, “What are you doing here?”

Changmin didn’t even blink. “Drinking coffee,” he said, as if it should be so obvious.

And well, yeah, it was obvious, Yunho could see that, but he wanted to know why Changmin was drinking coffee here, at Yunho’s table, when there were so many empty seats available. “I mean, why here?” he said, waving a hand around vaguely, then putting both hands in his lap quickly when he realized they were shaking.

Changmin took another slow sip, eyes not leaving Yunho’s face. “I like this coffee shop,” he said quietly.

Yunho nearly growled in frustration. His nerves were on edge from having the person he loved so near and yet so distant, he felt like he was a minute away from exploding, and Changmin was not helping.

Shaking hands be damned, he bought one up to rub at his temple, feeling a headache bloom behind his right eye. “I meant, why are you sitting with me?” he grit out, just barely in control.

Changmin looked like he was hiding a smile behind his coffee cup, which would’ve made Yunho feel good at any other time, but now it just made him more anxious. "Can't I?” he asked casually.

Yunho stared. This was not his Changmin, not the Changmin he had come to know and love. This was the other Changmin, the one presented to the public. To people he didn’t love, or trust.

It was like getting stabbed in the lungs, chest, everywhere, and then having the knife twist until blood was pouring from every wound in his body.

Changmin was silent for a moment. “Heechul sat me down for a talk,” he finally said.

Yunho froze. Shit. He swallowed, mouth dry. Please don’t let Heechul hyung have messed up whatever was between us even more.

Yunho loved Heechul, he really did. Except, sometimes, the older man had a habit of meddling terribly where he wasn’t wanted. While Yunho could acknowledge that he had only met Changmin because of Heechul’s obnoxiousness, he had also lost Changmin because of him. Reading those stupid texts Heechul had sent later on, Yunho could see just why Changmin had reacted the way he did, why his reaction was completely justified. Yunho was sure that if Changmin had found out from
Yunho himself instead of from Heechul’s crass messages, they might have had an opportunity to salvage what remained, or at least patch up.

There hadn’t been any chances of that with Heechul's messages. And still, Yunho could not bring himself to hate Heechul because of them. When he had told Heechul what happened, numb and blank and on automatic, he'd seen Heechul's features twist up into something more like grief than Yunho had ever seen in his life. He had dragged Yunho close to him and hugged him tightly, kissing his temple and whispering in his ear, "I'm so sorry, Yunho-yah."

“Hey,” Changmin was saying now, dragging Yunho back to the present and away from his hyung’s grief-stricken face. Changmin was giving him a funny look, which probably meant that Yunho had been staring dumbly and Changmin was repeating himself.

“He didn’t mean any of that,” Yunho said automatically, just because he thought a response was expected of him here.

“Huh. That’s what he said too.” Changmin took another sip of his drink.

“What did he say?” Yunho asked, even though he wasn’t sure he wanted to know.

Changmin observed him quietly for another moment. “He apologized. Said he hadn’t really meant those things, and didn’t think of me that way. He said he only sent those messages because he knew it was a good way to rile you up. That he was just teasing you because you get so defensive when anyone tries to talk bad about me. He said it was, and I quote, ‘cute to watch a kitten argue and get so red in the face’. ”

Yunho could slowly feel his face heating up, and by the time Changmin was done he couldn’t keep eye contact. He dropped his eyes and fiddled with his pen. He didn’t know what to say to that, so he said nothing.

“I don’t know if I believe him.” Changmin’s voice was quiet.

Yunho hid his flinch as best he could. “Which part?” he said, and he really was an idiot for asking, because Changmin shouldn’t believe anything Heechul or Yunho say.

“The part about you defending me.”

Yunho looked up again, staring at Changmin, felt the bottom drop from underneath him, helpless and completely at Changmin’s mercy, and suddenly felt the ridiculous urge to cry. He didn’t know how to to fix this, if he could fix this, and the knowledge was suddenly more than he could take. The air was suffocating, Changmin’s piercing gaze was cutting into him, he was going to drown. He had to get out of here now.

Something flickered in Changmin’s eyes.

“Okay, go ahead.”

Yunho deflated slightly. “What?” Was that permission to leave?

“Go ahead, talk for yourself,” he said, gesturing with his coffee cup before bringing it to his lips.

Oh. He was giving Yunho a chance to defend himself. Except, he wasn’t really sure if he wanted to. He didn’t deserve the chance.
But Changmin was here, and he was offering it, and Yunho was a selfish person, so he took it.

He fiddled with his pen a moment longer, and then looked back at Changmin. Taking a deep breath, he said, “Um.”

Changmin snorted.

“Changminnie,” and then stopped, because he wasn’t sure he was allowed to call him those affectionate nicknames. He started over. “Changmin, I - I’m.” He stopped again, and why was this so fucking hard? He lost patience with himself. “I’m really fucking sorry,” he said on a exhale.

Changmin stared impassively back, waiting for more.

“I don’t - I don’t know how to show you how sorry I am for, for fucking everything up so spectacularly. I can’t take back what happened, or pretend it didn’t, because I hurt you so badly and I don’t think you should ever forgive me for that.”

It felt like Changmin was staring straight into his soul. Just in case he really was, Yunho tried to show how sincere his feelings were.

“I don’t know how to fix this,” he admitted. “I want to, but I don’t know how, and I’m not sure whether, whether you want me to.” He breathed deeply, feeling slightly overwhelmed, and released it in a breath, running a hand over his face. He felt about a thousand years old. “I had your trust and I lost it, and I, I can’t make you forgive me, or take me back, or even believe a word I’m saying. But. I want you to know that - “ He swallowed. All or nothing. “My feelings for you are genuine, and I never wanted to hurt you. And I’m so sorry.”

Yunho ran out of words, and swallowed again, waiting for Changmin’s judgement.

Changmin was looking down at the table, playing with his coffee cup. “Did you really defend me?” His voice was quiet, but a small part of Yunho’s Changmin was starting to show, the charmingly innocent one, the one that needed Yunho’s reassurances.

Yunho would smile if he didn’t feel like he was going to throw up from anxiety.

He looked down, mumbled, “Yeah. Every time.” He felt like a teenager fumbling on a first date. This was ridiculous. After another small silence, Changmin spoke up again.

“You bet on me.”

Yunho’s head snapped up. Changmin’s voice was quiet, neutral. He was looking at Yunho.

Yunho swallowed.

“You bet you could make me fall in love with you.”

Yunho’s throat is dry. “I know,” he whispered, face burning.

“That was cruel.”

“I know, Changmin. It was wrong and stupid and childish and plain...mean.” Yunho exhaled through his nose and looked down, playing with the hem of his sweater. “I wish I could blame someone else for it, but there’s no one to blame, just me.”
“Not even Heechul?”

“No. I’m not a child, I could’ve said no, and I didn’t. I went along with it.”

Silence.

“I’m sorry, Changmin.”

“Even though you wouldn’t have met me otherwise?” Changmin took another careful sip, coffee cup held between both hands.

Yunho looked at him, the tiniest bit curious about what Changmin was trying to say. “Um. I’m not sorry I met you, if that’s what you’re asking. I’m just sorry it was under such shitty circumstances.” He paused, couldn’t keep eye contact and played with his pen. “I really wish I hadn’t been such an asshole, Changmin.”

“I see,” Changmin said, and that was all. Yunho looked up to see Changmin shrugging back into his coat, and felt his heart fall. No chance then. Changmin just wanted his apology, which was fine, really, because Yunho had wanted to a chance to apologize. To want more was selfish.

“You should stop smoking,” Changmin said abruptly as he stood up, wrapping the scarf tightly around his neck.

The change in subject and intensity was so different it threw Yunho completely off kilter, and he automatically said, “Okay,” without really knowing what he was agreeing.

Changmin nodded, and said almost to himself as he buttoned his coat up, “I don’t like tasting cigarette smoke.” He looked up at Yunho. “Good night, Yunho.”

“Good night,” Yunho replied, so confused he wasn’t aware of what he was saying anymore.

And then Changmin left, and Yunho was left staring at his back as he made his way out of the coffee shop, pushed the door open, and stepped out into the cold.

He had just, more or less, confessed his feelings, and all Changmin said was I see. He hadn’t even acknowledge what Yunho said.

Yunho sighed and put his head down on the table.

***

When Yunho left the coffee shop, he cornered Heechul at his apartment and made him tell him what he said to Changmin.

Heechul denied saying anything, but after persistent needling on Yunho’s part, he admitted asking Changmin to just talk to Yunho, and telling him that Yunho had feelings for him.

"And? What did he say?" Yunho pressed.

Heechul frowned. "He said I see."

Yunho blinked. "That's it?"

"Yeah. Isn't that fucked up?"
Yunho glowered at that. "You don't get to say what's fucked up and what's not," he growled, even though he left his heart breaking a little more. Changmin really did seem to have given up on him.

Heechul held up his hands. "Okay okay, keep it down, tiger. Just trying to help."

"Yes well, your 'help' has done wonders for us already," Yunho snipped.

Heechul narrowed his eyes at him. "Don't use that tone with me."

Wonderful. Now he'd pissed his hyung off too. Yunho sighed and ran a hand through his dirty hair. He should really shower. Just his luck that Changmin should see him when he hadn't showered in two days. "Sorry," he muttered.

The anger seeped out of Heechul's eyes, turning them into something softer. "It's okay." He paused, opened his mouth, closed it again, and then looked down.

Curious, Yunho asked, "What?" There wasn't a lot Heechul kept back.

Heechul chewed on his bottom lip for a moment and then said, "There's something else."

"What is it?" Yunho asked again, dread filling the pit of his stomach.

Heechul sighed and crossed his arms. "Look, I wasn't gonna tell you, but now I think you should know. I went to the club last night with some of the guys, and I saw Changmin there."

Heechul shouldn't have told him. He had a feeling he didn't want to know. "He was with this huge, foreign looking guy the entire evening, and it was pretty obvious what the guy wanted. I'd love to tell you Changmin didn't seem interested, but he looked like he was flirting back, and later they left together."

Heechul was looking at him with pity. "Maybe you should give up on him," he said gently, quietly. Yunho nodded. Yes, that seemed logical. "Yeah."

But when has Yunho ever been logical when it came to Changmin?

He frowned. "But hyung, why did he come to talk to me then?"

Heechul thought about this for a moment and then shrugged. "I'm not sure, honestly."

"He gave me a chance to say my part, maybe he's thinking about us too. I mean, why would he tell me I should stop smoking, or say that he didn't like the taste of cigarette smoke if he didn't care?" Yunho insisted, trying not to let that little spark of hope become a flame, but it was sort of hard. Changmin never did anything without thinking it through; he applied logic to everything. It's not possible that he just woke up one morning and decided he'd like to put Yunho on the spot and then not make anything of it.

Well. It's completely like Changmin to put Yunho on the spot. Just not for no reason.

And now Yunho was just coming to realize with considerable embarrassment that Changmin must have seen him smoking outside, if he knew Yunho was smoking. And then came the realization that Changmin must have been watching him for a while. And that he knew Yunho frequented that coffee shop a lot these days, as Changmin seemed to be everywhere on campus.
Across him, Heechul sighed. “I don’t know, Yunho.”

There wasn’t much to say after that, so Yunho went back to his dorm. He didn’t feel completely better, but the more he thought about it, the more that spark of hope became an ember, and he couldn’t help but hope Changmin would coax it into a flame, even if he did leave the club with a huge foreign-looking guy.

***

The next week passed by as the others did, with no sign of Changmin and a constant ache. Yunho woke up in the mornings, got ready for the day, went to classes, studied, came back to his dorm, and slept. It had been like that for weeks, the only exception this time being that Yunho wasn’t smoking. It was decidedly easier to stop now than it was before, even though he had no assurance of Changmin’s kisses to keep himself going this time. Yunho knew he had become boring but couldn’t find it in him to care. Donghae and Siwon were still cautious around him, although it was easing slightly, and Yunho appreciated that they didn’t push him into any of the things they used to do together.

After his last class that Thursday, he went to the library to study for upcoming midterms. The campus library was much closer than the coffee shop, housed on the top three floors of a five storied classroom building, and frankly Yunho was sick of avoiding everyone. He’d become something of a social recluse, and that just wasn’t Yunho. He was pretty sure he had had a life before Changmin.

It was just a little harder trying to remember how it was.

He still made sure to choose a table as far away from what he considered “their” table as he could. He’d been there for less than an hour, nose stuck in a book, hands in his hair as he muttered under his breath, when the scrap of a chair against wooden flooring distracted him. He looked up to see - who else? - Changmin gazing down at him, one hand on the back of the chair across from Yunho.

“Mind if I sit here?” He sounded like he was asking a question, but Yunho knew better.

Yunho swallowed, and gestured at the seat across from him. He didn’t trust his voice not to shake if he opened his mouth.

Changmin sat down, divesting himself of his coat and scarf and then began pulling textbooks and a laptop out of his bag. Once he was settled, he looked back at Yunho, who was staring at him, naturally.

Changmin raised an eyebrow.

“What are you doing here?” Yunho chanced. His voice didn’t betray him, thank God.

“Studying,” Changmin answered, and did he really have to sound so condescending?

Yunho sighed. Obviously he wasn’t gonna get any of his questions answered straightforwardly today either. “Okay,” he said, and looked back down to his reading, but of course his attention was somewhere else entirely.

Changmin didn’t say anything. In fact, they worked in complete silence for more than an hour. At first Yunho had been tense and on edge, ready for Changmin to tell him exactly how much of a fuck up he was in that bland tone of voice he’d recently acquired, but Changmin said nothing, and against his better judgement Yunho found himself relaxing. The steady hum of Changmin’s laptop, his
fingers typing across the keyboard, the quiet and regular sound of his breathing, all of it was calming Yunho down in a way he hadn’t been for weeks. That ache in his chest had eased a little, and this was just from having Changmin near, not even talking to him.

Yunho was able to focus on his reading a little, but he was still hyper aware of Changmin, of him flipping pages and his tiny coughs and shifting his long legs beneath the table. He didn’t brush up against Yunho even once, which made him think Changmin was being extra careful not to, because let’s be real - the table wasn’t big enough to accommodate the legs of two grown men, especially not ones with legs as long as theirs; accidental touches were bound to happen. But okay, Changmin didn’t want to touch him, and Yunho was going to respect that. He tucked up his legs close to his chair, even though it was uncomfortable and they were starting to cramp.

It was almost like it used to be, when they would be in the library for a study session but with the exception of when Yunho could hook his ankles around Changmin’s and Changmin would roll his eyes but he wouldn’t pull away, would let Yunho play footsies until the innocent touches became decidedly not innocent and he’d have to put his foot down so Yunho didn’t start an impromptu make-out session.

Aaand thinking about that was a bad idea because now that ache was back.

Yunho mourned how easy their relationship had been before he had broken it, how easily they joked and talked and fucked.

He tried to focus on his reading again. Every once in a while, he couldn’t resist the urge to glance up. Changmin was always looking resolutely at either his screen or his book, but Yunho couldn’t help noticing everything. Like how his bangs had grown longer and were in his eyes and Changmin kept having to flip them so he could see, and thinking how much he’d like to brush them behind those big ears. He’d notice the way his lips pursed, the way they always did when he was thinking hard. Or how he would frown at his screen when something wasn’t immediately comprehensible, as if the information would make sense if he could just glare hard enough.

Yunho wondered if Changmin liked the big foreign guy he met in the club, if he was still seeing him. He had every right to, of course; it’s not like he had a boyfriend. Yunho knew that he wasn’t exactly allowed to be upset about this, Changmin could sleep with whoever he wanted, but it didn’t stop the sinking feeling in his gut. A part of him had sort of hoped Changmin wouldn’t get with anyone else, just like he hadn’t, which was ridiculous because he had no idea if Changmin would ever want him back.

He couldn’t stop himself from hoping, though, that if he could just be good for long enough Changmin might look his way too.

A long time later, Changmin spoke. “It’s nine o’clock,” he announced.

Yunho looked up, startled. His watch confirmed that it was indeed nine o’clock. He’d been there for almost four hours, three of them spent in silence with Changmin. He hadn’t even noticed the time creeping by.

He cleared his throat. “Yeah,” he said. Changmin looked at him like he was unimpressed, and Yunho stared back, because what the fuck was he supposed to say to a statement like that? “What do you want me to say? No it’s not?”

Changmin rolled his eyes, and started collecting his stuff. Yunho thought it was time for him to leave too, but if he got up now, it’d look like he was following Changmin or something.
Changmin made the decision for him. “Come on,” he said, putting his laptop and books back into his bag neatly.

Yunho had no idea what Changmin was doing, but wisely decided to say nothing. He shoved his books away too.

When Changmin was bundled up in his coat and scarf, he waited for Yunho with his hands in his pockets. Yunho put on his parka with slightly shaking hands, trying to make sense of what Changmin was doing, but nothing was occurring to him, so he gave up and decided to just roll with it. Changmin’s mere presence had ignited a warmth in his chest, because there was no way Changmin would sit with him for three hours straight if he wanted nothing to do with Yunho.

Maybe they could still be friends?

It wasn’t perfect, nor what Yunho really wanted, but it was a million times better than what he had now, and he would grab it with both hands.

When he was ready, he let Changmin lead him through the stacks of books, past the front desk and out the door into the main hallway.

Changmin walked past the elevators and headed straight for the doorways that led to the stairs, so Yunho braced himself for five flights of stairs filled with awkwardness, and followed him through the doors.

They made it down to the second floor, the floor where the library ended and the classrooms started, before Changmin seemed to lose his patience.

He grabbed Yunho’s forearm and pulled him through the doors to the second floor, ducking them into an empty room and kicking the door shut behind them. Yunho stumbled along behind him like a clutz, and couldn’t take a breath until Changmin had slammed him against the wall, face centimeters from his own.

Yunho’s breathing was loud and ragged, half from the force of which he’d been slammed and half from being so near Changmin. His heart was thudding in his chest, and if he didn’t calm down this instance he was gonna have a fucking heart attack.

Problem was, he couldn’t calm down when Changmin had him by the collar of his parka, eyes staring straight into his.

There was a tense moment of silence, both of them staring at the other. Yunho wondered if Changmin could see his longing for him in his eyes.

Changmin was the first to speak. “You said ‘are’,” he finally said.

Yunho tried to understand, but his blood was roaring in his ears. Changmin’s lips were so close to his own. “What?”

“The other day. You said your feelings are genuine. Present tense.”

Oh. Yunho didn’t know what to say, so he just nodded.

“Is it true?”

Yunho exhaled. Changmin’s eyes flit to his lips before looking back at his eyes. “Yeah, Changmin,
“It’s true,” he replied quietly.

Changmin stared a moment longer, and in the next minute he was smashing his lips against Yunho’s.

Yunho stopped breathing altogether, frozen, unbelieving because was Changmin really kissing him?

Changmin nipped at his bottom lip, teased it with his teeth before sucking it between both his own.

Yunho still wasn’t responding, but Changmin didn’t seem to care, because he was going to town on Yunho’s lips.

He gave his lips a final suck and then drew back. His hands unclenched in Yunho’s collar, slid up into his hair. He cocked his head. “Aren’t you going to kiss me back?” And wow, what a little shit, he knew Yunho loved that little head tilt thing he did.

Yunho didn’t hesitate anymore. He flipped them around and shoved Changmin hard against the wall, pressed as close as their winter coats would allow as he kissed him with all the fervor he hadn’t been able to for more than a month. His arms twined around Changmin’s waist, dragging him closer.

He ravaged Changmin’s lips, so much like the first time they had kissed, licking and biting and sucking. He could feel Changmin smiling into the kiss. “Oh, God, Changmin,” he gasped.

There were no other sounds, just the sounds of their heavy breathing, slick sounds of lips meeting lips. For long seconds Yunho could think of nothing but this taste of Changmin, drowning in these sensations only Changmin had ever been able to make him feel. Changmin moaned, something that sounded suspiciously like Yunho’s name, and a dam inside Yunho broke.

All of a sudden he was talking, spilling tears and words both like he didn’t know how to stop them. "I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I love you, I’m sorry for hurting you, I’m sorry for fucking everything up so badly, I love you I’m so sorry Changminnie."

He heard Changmin’s breath hitch, and then Changmin was kissing him harder. He pulled away slightly to laugh breathlessly.

That didn’t sit right with Yunho for some reason. He was dizzy with Changmin’s proximity and kisses, there were honest to God tears on his face, and Changmin was laughing. "I fucking hate you," Yunho said miserably, still trying to kiss him.

"No you don’t," Changmin murmured, his thumbs brushing the wet from Yunho’s cheeks and then kissing his cheek, the corner of his lips, his jaw and throat.

Yunho whined, tugged on his hair slightly to bring his mouth back to his. Changmin let him kiss him, and then pulled away and looked at him, really looked at him.

Yunho said nothing, heart in his throat.

"If you ever hurt me like that again I will castrate you." The words were quiet, firm.

"If I ever hurt you like that again I'll castrate myself," Yunho promised. He felt like his insides were shaking, and he suspected that the full weight of what was happening wouldn't really dawn on him till later, but for now he just wanted to keep kissing Changmin.

Changmin nodded, apparently satisfied. He leaned for more kisses, and then whispered, "I didn't sleep with Julien."
"What?" Yunho asked.

"The guy from the club. I didn't sleep with him. I didn't sleep with anyone."

Yunho nodded, relief flooding through him. "Me neither," he told him.

Yunho kissed him again, just because he could. "I'm sorry, Changmin," he said quietly, because he was, and he didn't know if he could make Changmin understand just how much.

Changmin watched him for a moment, fingers playing at the nape of his neck. "Were you ever going to tell me?" His voice was steady, but Yunho heard the underlying insecurity.

"Yes, I was. That morning. But ah. Yeah. Didn't work out too well," he said sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck.

A smile tugged at Changmin's lips. "Yeah." He coughed a little. "Um. Sorry for throwing the frame at your head."

"It's fine-"

Changmin cut him off. "No, it's not. I could've seriously hurt you. Doesn't matter how angry I was. I did something really stupid and dangerous."

Yunho leaned in and kissed his ear. "Kinda think I deserved it." He pressed his forehead to Changmin's. "I love you, Changmin," he whispered, heart beating quickly. "I wish I had said it back when you did, because it was true then, and it's true now."

Changmin closed his eyes and smiled softly, and he kissed Yunho.

"I swear I'll make it up to you."

***

Yunho's dorm was crowded and loud, the result of having seven people in a space designed for two, four at the max. Especially when more than half were drunk.

Minho and Donghae were fighting over a video game, which was laughable since neither of them were very good. Kyuhyun was telling them exactly how badly they sucked, among giving them pointers, while the others just watched in between their own conversations.

Yunho gazed at his group of friends from his spot on the floor at the foot of Changmin's seat, warmth spreading through him as he watched them all mingling. His eyes lingered on Changmin, draped over the tiny armchair, long legs spilling over the armrests. Changmin's eyes were crinkled as he laughed at something Kyuhyun was whispering in his ear.

God, he hadn't heard that laugh in weeks, hadn't seen that gummy smile directed at him. He and Changmin had been a little careful around each other, even after the long, overdue talk they had in Yunho's dorm after their study session in the library.

They had talked for literally hours, up till two in the morning. They had started out serious, talked about the things that needed to be said first, but gradually it had become more light hearted when they were both reassured that the other still wanted a relationship. Changmin had joked, and he had joked back, and suddenly they were both laughing together, just as they always had. They had fallen asleep curled together, touches light and innocent, Changmin wearing boxers and one of Yunho's
Yunho hadn't slept immediately. His arms were tight around Changmin's waist as he lay awake, watching his chest rise and slowly, steadily, lashes fluttering against his cheeks as he dreamed.

Just as he suspected, reality crashed in that moment. Changmin was there, in Yunho's arms, letting him touch him. Changmin wanted to get back together, give Yunho another chance.

Changmin still loved him.

He had to close his eyes, he was so overwhelmed.

They told their friends the next day, and though Changmin's two bodyguards were suspicious at first, they eventually relented, but still punched Yunho on each arm for good measure.

Yunho figured he got off light.

And now here they were, all of his friends gathered in one room, laughing and insulting each other as if they hadn't been estranged for more than a month. Heechul was there, too, after Changmin had grudgingly accepted his apology.

The older man was currently making faces at whatever Siwon was telling him. Probably something about how Heechul's sinful life would be forgiven if he just turned to the Lord with an open heart. Siwon had tried that one before; needless to say, it hadn't gone over very well with Heechul.

"Hey." A socked toe nudged his shoulder.

He looked up to see Changmin watching him. Changmin raised an eyebrow. "Something wrong?"

Yunho just smiled. "Nope. Just happy," he replied, raising his beer bottle in a toast. Changmin clinked his bottle against Yunho's and then took a sip. Yunho did the same, and when he finished his bottle off he scooted closer to Changmin's hand. Changmin obligingly carded his fingers through Yunho's hair, his fingers gentle and soothing. Yunho let his head fall back so that it was partly on Changmin's lap.

Across the room, he caught Heechul's eye. Heechul raised his eyebrows at him, trying to appear exasperated, but Yunho still saw the small, soft smile he wore. Yunho grinned back and raised his empty bottle in mock toast. Heechul rolled his eyes, and toasted back anyway. He cleared his throat importantly, and everyone looked at him.

Then he opened his mouth and said, "So who wants to bet how many years it'll take before there's a ring on Changmin's finger? I bet four."

Yunho was a little surprised to hear the rest of the room scream "NO ONE!" along with him.

~The End~
Well! Hope that wasn't too terrible? Was it worth the inexcusably long wait? :D

Okay so there's a lot of things I want to say (these notes are gonna be hella long) but first! A HUGE GINORMOUS HUMONGOUS THANKS TO CHIBISUZ! Thanks for putting up with me and my laziness and my mistakes and and just seriously thanks so much for all the time you spent helping me and I appreciate it so much, I know this must have gotten annoying at some point but you still kept helping and just omg thank you ily :)♥

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PHEW! God DAMN you guys have been too good to me ;; Your comments gave me so much encouragement, honestly I appreciated every single one of them so much :3

This was the first homin fic I ever starting writing, and I think you can sort of tell haha. I don't think my writing was that great in the beginning but I think I've improved? Hopefully you guys think so too haha. But would you guys believe me if I said this was literally supposed to be like a one-shot? It just took a mind of its own lol.

Also, if there's a specific scene you guys wanted to see, but I didn't include in the fic, I might be open to writing any requests, depending on time and ideas.

Lastly, this is like a four years later sort of thing, if you guys are interested ^^

So yeah, thanks so much to everyone who stuck around through the ridiculous updates and who left kudos and gave comments, you guys are the best!! MUAH! ♥ ♥ ♥

Come talk to me on tumblr or twitter :D

End Notes

Comments are love ^^

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!