Think Of You

by Adriana Morgan

Summary

After four years of marriage to Saeyoung, you realize your feelings for his troubled twin, Saeran, are more than platonic. What happens when you find yourself in love with two men who only want you to be happy? Is it possible to make this triad work?
Based off of Seven's route and Secret Endings 01 & 02. This does not contain any elements or information from Another Story (which includes V & Ray's route).

Insomnia can be a bad thing...or a good thing. I'll let you decide in this instance. I'm sorry it's so short! This is just a small prologue, I will get started on the meat of the story very, very soon. Several ideas running through my head so I hope this turns out as well as I think it will. Hope you enjoy this small taste of things to come. ^^
Prologue

Love at first sight. It’s an expression we hear a million times as we grow up. You see someone across a crowded room or a busy subway and BAM you’re instantly in love. Personally you believe this is utter bullshit. Lust at first sight? Sure, you wholeheartedly believe in it. You’re not ashamed to say that you fell in lust with every single member of the RFA the day you joined. But love? No; it’s impossible to love someone without knowing who they are. And you don’t just mean their outside personas that they present to everyone in the world to seem “normal”. Everyone has a mask they wear to hide who they truly are. Even Jumin goes home at night and utters a sigh of relief that he can finally drop that facade of being in complete control. You know; you've had enough late night conversations. He tries to hide it from you, but it slips; it’s not hard to do.

Saeran was different; his mask was one of someone else’s making. It was a mask that he was forced to wear for so long, with no relief that he came to believe it was really him. How many people could go through years of being drugged, tortured and brainwashed and still have any semblance of who they really are? The fact is that Saeran was molded into what he became.

Then there was Saeyoung. Seven oh Seven, God Seven, Defender of Justice, Master Seven, Luciel; the names went on and on. The man it took you eleven days to fall head over heels for. No, it wasn't love at first site; You fell in love with Saeyoung’s mind long before the possibility of meeting him in person even crossed your mind. He made you laugh, he kept you company when you were alone, he went out of his way to make sure you were comfortable even if he couldn’t be there personally to see to your needs. And when you finally saw him, you were already in love with him. Everything about him was precious to you and you fought like hell to make him realize he cared about you too.

In the end, you were together, as it should have been. You did your best to help him drag his brother out of the dark hole that he had been living in for so long. You did what you could to make him happy and healthy. It wasn’t easy and it didn’t happen overnight. But slowly, day by day, Saeran opened up to you; opened up to Saeyoung anyway. You were the reminder of the evil things he had done. He avoided you when he could and when he couldn’t he did not speak to you. During mealtimes you could see him stealing quick glances your way, sorrow and regret on his face. But you three lived together peacefully. Saeyoung and you planned for the future; for a future filled with the happiness that the twins never had.

But then you did the worst thing you could have ever done; you fell in love with Saeran.
The Beach

Chapter Summary

The "happy" trio takes a trip to the beach.

Chapter Notes

YAY! Second chapter already. This takes place at least a year after the game. Title of this story is inspired by 'Think Of Me' by A Fine Frenzy. That song will be the main inspiration of the story, in addition to other songs I will list as I go along. For those of you who don't care about music choices...move along, move along, nothing to see here. ^^

Quickly I want to say thank you to all the kudos, comments and bookmarks I've received. Knowing that people are enjoying my work really does motivate me. This is my first time throwing myself back into fanfiction in probably about 8 years so I'm so grateful for the reception I've received. Ahem anyway, enjoy the angst!

Song that helped me through this chapter (in addition to 'Think Of You":

Heavyweight - Rachael Yamagata

"We're going to the beach!" Saeyoung exclaims loudly, arms outstretched in pure joy, a beatific smile plastered across his handsome face. You eye the forest green swim trunks that rest low on his hips and once again think what a good idea this day trip is. Suddenly a set of car keys fly through the air, almost hitting your husband's chest before he deftly catches them.

"Make yourself useful, asshole," Saeran grumbles rolling his shoulder with a grunt of pain. "MC and I have been loading the car for hours. I don't know why you need so much crap just to sit in a sandbox."

"Saeran is amazing, he did almost all the work," you gush, moving over to massage his aching shoulder. Instantly he recoils from your touch, taking several long strides to the other side of the room. "Oh...ok. Sorry, boundaries, I forgot. I-I'll just go grab a heat patch. No touching involved."

You grin, holding your hands up in surrender.

He opens his mouth to say something but you quickly pivot on your heel and head for the bathroom, your face flaming. You forgot; he doesn't like to be touched. It's number one hundred something of things Saeran doesn't like. You smack your head to rid it of your resentful thoughts. It's not his fault that he is the way he is. Patience you silently chant to yourself, opening the medicine cabinet and grabbing one of the patches, hoping it will help his discomfort. Quickly placing the half empty box back and shutting the door, you head back to the living room but pause in the hallway, hearing the
twins speaking in shouted whispers.

"What the fuck, Saeran? She was only trying to help you. Is my wife's touch that repulsive to you?"

"No," Saeran's answer came out as an almost-shout, reverberating through the room.

"Got it!" You say joyfully, your volume slightly too high; hoping against hope to break the tension you've walked into.

Since you had known the twins as a unit, fights and disagreements were nothing new. At first they had been frightening but over the past year things had mellowed out for the most part. But this: this was something different. There seemed to be a permanent electrical current that was directed straight to you. This trip had been your idea; a relief from being confined in the house with two walking time bombs.

Saeyoung moved to place an arm around your shoulder, dropping a kiss on the top of your head. You tossed the patch to Saeran, who caught it easily with a mumbled "Thanks."

You grasp Saeyoung's hand, entwining your fingers through his and pulling him towards the door. "Come on, God Seven, I need your god-like strength to lift the cooler into the trunk. Then we're good to go."

Saeyoung flexes playfully then lifts you in the air, throwing you over his shoulder as he heads for the door. You scream in mock fear and give his bottom a slap.

"Mmm, do it again," he says lasciviously, giving your thigh a playful nip. "Bro," he calls over his shoulder, "grab a pair of trunks from my drawer. I'm positive you don't own any and you're going to fry in those jeans."

Saeran watches you go, fiddling with the patch you had so generously retrieved for him. He tries to push down the jealousy that fills his chest; his throat thick with self pitying tears. Beautiful; you are the most beautiful creature he has ever laid eyes on. He scoffs at his brother's suggestion that your touch repulses him. If only his twin knew what your touch does to him. How horrified would he be if Saeran admitted that the merest graze of your skin against his makes him want to kiss you until you're breathless? That he lays in bed at night, eyes closed, hand wrapped around his erection as he imagines you are with him pleasing him, allowing him to please you until you scream his name.

No, your touch does not repulse him but it is dangerous. He doesn't trust himself. He doesn't know how much of what he has been through has permanently changed the person he is. For years his driving force has been to punish his brother; now that desire was gone and he was lost. The love for his twin that had been buried under the drugs and brainwashing was still there and it gave him hope that he could live a normal life. But as long as he stayed here, living with his brother and his wife that he was madly in love with, he would stay in this perpetual state of in between; but he couldn't leave. He couldn't bear the thought of not seeing your shining eyes every morning, greeting him brightly as you set their breakfast neatly on the table; the small caress on the back of his neck that he is sure you don't realize you're doing and the sickest thing of all was that if he left he would no longer be able to hear you making love in the next room, your cries of pleasure at once exciting him and tearing his heart apart.

A normal life was impossible; so he settled. He settled for the fantasy of you being his, the worthless hope that maybe, just maybe, you sometimes thought of him as his twin fucked you so hard the bed
sounded as if it were in danger of breaking.

Growling in frustration and unfulfilled desires, Saeran finally opened the heat patch and slammed it on his shoulder. Not because he actually needed it but it was something you'd gone out of your way to do for him. Staking into his brother's room, he grabbed a pair of swim trunks and slung them over his shoulder, ready for this hellish day to be over.

"Saeyoung, you at least need to put some sunscreen on before…" Your voice trails off as you watch your husband's pale form race to the water, sounds of pure delight flying from his mouth. You shake your head and squirt some of the cream into your palm before tossing the bottle onto the sand beside you. "He's going to be so miserable tonight. I'm probably going to sleep on the couch so I don't disturb him."

"You can sleep in my bed," Saeran comments and her eyes dart to his, taking note of the panic he isn't quick enough to disguise. He clears his throat. "I mean, I'll take the couch and you can have my bed. I've slept in worse places."

Visions of dirty cell floors, being shackled to bare floors with no padding and pristine hospital beds with sturdy hand and foot restraints flash through your head; yes, he has slept worse but you refuse to let him suffer anymore.

"No way," you finally say lightly, turning your head to be sure he can't see your eyes tearing up. "The couch is super comfy; don't make me fight you for it."

"What? All 110 pounds of you?" He jokes back, managing to make you smile.

You turn your head to look at him and widen your eyes. "I don't have to overpower you; no, I'll stop cooking your breakfast."

Saeran gasps dramatically. "Please anything but that! I'll starve to death."

"I win," you smile sweetly, picking the sunscreen bottle back up. She waves it in front of his face menacingly. "Now it's your turn." She fills her palm with the white cream and grabs his arm.

He pulls away quickly from her touch, crossing his arms over his chest in defiance. "I'm a grown man. If I want to put sunscreen on, I'm perfectly capable of doing it myself."

"Ooooh, is that so, Mr. Grown-up? I'm already going to have to deal with one whining twin tonight because he doesn't listen. I refuse to listen to two." Quick as lightning, you grab one of his arms, pulling it away from his body and slathering it with the thick white cream.

Saeran freezes, every muscle in his body going rigid. You bite your lips as your hands run over his forearms, massaging lightly to loosen the tight muscles you can feel bunched up in irritation. Your hands move to his fingers and you caress each one, letting your fingers entwine with his. You slowly raise your eyes to meet his and instead of the anger you expect to see your heart stops at the hunger you see staring back at you.

Small, cold droplets of water break the spell and you jerk your hand away from his, smiling up at your husband, guilt assaulting you though you've done nothing wrong.

"You party poopers gonna sit under the umbrella all day?" Saeyoung's boisterous voice asks as he plops down beside you and wraps his cold arms around you.

"I was just extolling the benefits of sunscreen to your brother since you are a horrible example in that
department," you retort as your heart starts beating again, though you're afraid he'll be able to hear the fast tempo it has taken up instead. *What the hell was that?*

"Who needs that stuff when you're a god," Saeyoung quipped, pressing a kiss to your lips. You lean into it a little more enthusiastically than he was expecting and his arms tighten their embrace, quickly dipping his tongue into your mouth before pulling away.

Reaching into the cooler, he grabs a can of Doctor Pepper and chugs it. When he's done he raises an eyebrow at the cooler's contents. "Beer? Since when did you start drinking that?"

"Oh, it's not for me," you answer brightly. "I didn't know if Saeran likes it or not so I just bought some in case."

"Can't," Saeran says in a clipped tone. "Can't have alcohol with my meds."

"Oh…right," you whisper, ashamed that you didn't think of that. Instead you pick up a dripping can of soda and hold it out to him, the melted ice dripping onto his stomach.

Saeran curses loudly and jumps up, knocking the can out of your hand roughly. "Can't you just leave me alone? No one told you to be nice to me. Just...leave me alone."

He turns and stalks away, heading toward the outside showers that line the boardwalk.

Saeyoung watches him go, a comforting hand on your back. "He didn't mean to lash out at you," he says softly. "He's not used to someone caring about him."

You sniff and wipe a tear from your cheek, leaning back against your husband's chest. "I know that, silly. I remember another red-headed twin who lashed out whenever I was nice to him." She poked him in the ribs with her elbow and he grunted. "I know how to handle the Choi brothers."

"You're so perfect," Saeyoung whispers into your ear, his lips pressing a light kiss against your neck.

You shiver but not directly from his words or the kiss he knows is one of your erogenous zones. No, the only thing on your mind right now is that Saeran has failed to wear his contacts this day and the look in eyes when your hands touched looked exactly like the looks Saeyoung gave you right before he took you to his bed.
Saeran watches you exit Saeyoung’s expensive vehicle, arms crossed over his chest. His eyes follow your form as you walk across the parking lot, his gaze lingering on your hips and the way they gently sway as you move. Irritation at himself makes him jittery and his leg bounces with nervous energy. Banging his head back onto the seat's headrest he curses under his breath. What the hell is wrong with him? For the very first time in his life he is well and truly happy. The three of you form a strange but perfect little family and he's managing to screw it up. Not only is he in love with his brother's wife-something he hates himself immensely for-but now the feelings he doesn't know what to do with are manifesting into angry outbursts.

"It hurts," Saeyoung whines from the backseat, his prone body stiff as he tries to touch as little surface area of the leather seats as possible.

"Stop complaining," Saeran snaps, glancing back over his shoulder at his twin. The bespectacled brother's usually pale skin is now a bright red, the sun having done the damage that you predicted. "As usual, you're a stubborn asshole. If you'd listened to MC you wouldn't be in this predicament."

Saeyoung groans in pain. "What's with you today, man? I know being pissed off at the world is kind of your thing but you've turned it up to an eleven today."

"Nothing," Saeran answers, reaching over to access the car's sound system. He syncs his phone to the radio and starts a playlist, the music loud enough to deter any further conversation. Leaning his head back, he closes his eyes; the lyrics to the current song wash over him and become a soundtrack for today's events.

After losing his temper over the stupidest thing, he avoided the happy couple, finding an isolated place to sit and watch you; watching as he always does. From the beginning he has watched; first in
malice, his thoughts of revenge overriding any other emotion; then with longing and jealousy. Seeing you frolic in the water most of the afternoon, your laugh bright and carefree made his heart ache. Would he ever feel that kind of joy? Being near you came close but it wasn't enough; never enough.

You open the driver's side door and Saeran starts, pressing pause on his phone. You give him a smile as you slide into the seat, reaching back and setting the grocery bags behind your seat.

"I got some gel to put on your sunburn, babe," you comment to your husband, giving him a look of pity. "I think you should rest when we get home." You start the engine and let out an exhausted sigh. "I'm beat. If you guys don't mind I'll just order some sushi for dinner."

"Sounds great," Saeyoung says listlessly, his eyes closing.

Saeran grunts in reply, his gaze turning to the passing scenery as you pull out onto the highway. You grip the steering wheel tightly, grappling with something to say that will draw him into a conversation. You can hear Saeyoung snoring softly in the back, the absence of his usual chatter making the air thick with tension. The familiar feeling of being pushed away and kept at a distance is not surprising; what is surprising is how much it hurts. Thinking back to that period of time when Saeyoung tried so hard to keep you at arm's length, you realize that his words had never cut so deeply as Saeran's complete silence.

"I'm sorry," you blurt out, desperate to fill that silence and bring him back to you.

From the corner of your eye, you see him turn his head to look at you and a tiny spark of hope blooms in your chest. You've managed to get his attention. "Sorry for what?"

"For what happened at the beach. I didn't realize the ice was melting already, I didn't mean to-"

"Stop," Saeran interrupts, cutting off her apology. "Why do you do that?"

You blink and dart a quick glance at him before returning your eyes to the road. "Do what?"

"Apologize; you apologize for everything, even when it's not your fault; it's annoying."

"Sorry" you mumble, knowing he is right but thinking he could have put it a nicer way. It's in your nature to please everyone and you feel sometimes it's just necessary to take the blame to keep the peace.

Saeran sighs. "Look, I'm not angry. I'm sorry I snapped at you this afternoon. It wasn't your fault, it was just a stupid accident and I overreacted."

"But you avoided me the rest of the day."

"Yeah," he says softly, returning his gaze to the view outside his window. "That was just me being...me." His attitude seems to suddenly shift and he turns his head, one of his hands reaching up to gently tuck your hair behind your ear. Your heart skips a beat at his touch and you can feel yourself blushing. He drops his hand, clearing his throat in embarrassment. "We're cool, don't worry about it."

You swallow hard, nodding your head longer than necessary. "R-Right...great," you manage to say, now even more confused than ever.

Hours later, after making sure Saeyoung was as comfortable as he could be and eating dinner with Saeran, you stand in the kitchen carefully dipping formed balls of peanut butter into a bowl of melted
chocolate, lost in your thoughts. You can still feel Saeran's touch though it doesn't fluster you as much as it did at first. It didn't *have* to be a gesture of affection; maybe your hair was just stuck to your cheek. It had been a hot day and it was possible your face was damp with sweat. You snort to yourself at how far you'll go to delude yourself; it had definitely been more than just a brotherly act. If that had been the only out of character thing Saeran had done that evening, you could blow it off; but with Saeyoung in bed and absent from dinner, Saeran had been unusually attentive and talkative. His usual glances of discomfort directed your way were replaced with warmth and adoration.

So deep in your own head, you don't hear Saeran enter the kitchen and you jump violently when he hops up onto the counter beside where you're working, popping open a can of soda and taking a long drink. "What are you doing?"

Pressing your clean hand over your pounding heart, you glare at him. "I'm making peanut butter balls," you snap. "Don't sneak up on people like that."

"You know you don't have to go out of your way to make my brother stuff like that. Give him a bag of those stupid chips and he's in heaven."

You shrug one shoulder, going back to the tedious task of dipping. "They aren't for him. I mean, he's welcome to eat them, of course; but I thought you'd like them."

"Me?" His voice is strange but when you look up he is smiling down at you. He jerks his head at your chocolate covered fingers. "Wouldn't it be easier to use a fork or something?"

You grin and wiggle your messy fingers at him playfully. "Yeah but then I wouldn't get to lick the chocolate off my fingers afterward. That's the best part."

"Oh yeah? Let me try." With no warning Saeran grabs your wrist and inserts one of your fingers into his mouth. After a brief pause, his eyes hold yours as his tongue licks the sweetness from your skin before sucking on it gently. Heat coils in your belly and your breathing increases, the sudden desire to kiss him almost overwhelming. He pulls your finger from his mouth slowly, his teeth lightly grazing your skin. When you jerk your hand away, his tongue darts out to lick the small amount of chocolate that coats his bottom lip. "Delicious," he says softly, his voice full of sensuality. His eyes hold yours in the silence that follows, your pulse thumping almost painfully.

You finally break eye contact with him, trying to ignore the way your heart is pounding for an entirely different reason than just a few moments ago. Disoriented, your eyes dart around the kitchen, seeing nothing but Saeran's mint colored eyes staring at you lustfully. He's obviously reinserted his contacts, enhancing the carnal look he's giving you that is almost predatory in nature. You turn quickly to the sink, washing your hands vigorously as your husband's twin watches silently.

"That...no...that didn't...no," you ramble aloud, your thoughts scattered. You have to get out of the room and it has to be now before you do something you'll both regret. Pivoting on your heel you force yourself to meet Saeran's unwavering gaze. Taking a deep breath you open your mouth to speak and hope your voice is as forceful as you hope. "No."

Feeling as if you've just scolded a puppy you rush from the room, leaving the mess you've made on the counter to be cleaned up later. You have to get away from his penetrating look. Quickly you enter your bedroom, all thoughts of sleeping on the couch forgotten. Leaning against the closed door you sink to the floor, staring numbly at your slumbering husband and wondering what the hell just happened; and why you liked it so much.

Saeran stares at the tiled floor when you're gone, his heart racing. Guilt makes his chest ache and he
blinks in disbelief that he allowed himself to lose control in such an aggressive way. What had come over him? He hadn't come into the kitchen to try to seduce you, he was genuinely curious about what you were making. The evening spent talking easily with you allowed him to let his guard down.
When he heard that you were making something special for him, his body had filled with happiness. Then when you made the comment about licking your fingers he grabbed you without thinking. It had felt as natural as breathing but he had let himself forget that touching you was dangerous. As soon as his skin made contact with yours, something had come over him and he couldn't help the desire to lay you on the counter and worship your body. For a split second he had the opportunity to reign in his feelings but it was almost as if he purposely let it pass; tried to silently convince you to surrender to him.

"Fuck," he yells, throwing his half-full can of soda against the wall in anger and disgust. After so much time keeping a tight hold on his selfishness, he has managed to frighten you and betray his brother in the blink of an eye. Fury chokes him and he throws himself down from the counter, heading for the front door.
About Last Night

Chapter Summary

Saeran makes a major decision and MC finally realizes her feelings aren’t completely platonic. Saeyoung also begins to suspect something is going on. **This chapter contains strong sexual content**

Chapter Notes

Holy long chapter, Batman! This one took me awhile because I got hung up on the stupidest thing. Special thanks to Emimilykity for letting me obsess about pancakes to her. I hope everyone enjoys this chapter! I promise, things are going to start getting happier very soon. You know what they say, it has to get worse before it gets better. ;) As listed in the chapter summary, this chapter contains strong sexual content. Songs used listed below.

Breathe Me - Sia  
Dancing On My Own - Calum Scott  
Heart Like Yours - Willamette Stone

Steam from the scalding shower fills the small space of the bathroom. Saeran stands in front of the mirror, towel wrapped around his hips as he studies the dark circles under his eyes, absently running an electric razor over his chin. He’s spent the whole night walking the streets of the city, shoulders hunched, hands shoved into his pockets; gaze firmly on the ground in front of him as his emotions battled within him. Recently his moods run the gamut, from elation to misery; he’s exhausted from the tight control he must maintain on his every gaze and gesture when he’s around you while also hiding what he’s feeling from his twin.

That fleeting look of desire in your eyes the night before haunts him. His feelings on that heated gaze constantly switch from hope to self-loathing until he feels like he’s once again losing his mind. The last thing in the world he ever wants to do is hurt his brother; the brother who always put Saeran’s wants and needs above his own. He knows that you are the one and only thing Saeyoung would ever fight him over; the only thing he would be unable to provide and the only thing Saeran would never ask of him. They both deserved to happy; you being the source of that happiness was just God’s way of fucking with them.

Saeran’s eyes fall to the image of the tattoo on his arm and he frowns deeply. Saeyoung had offered to pay for its removal but Saeran refused. He keeps it as a punishment and reminder of what he let himself become. Everyone has reassured him that his actions were not his fault but he knows that isn’t true. All he had to do was be stronger; he was too trusting of those who wore their own masks. If he had just resisted the lies, believed in his other half, he may have been able to escape that living hell on his own. Saeyoung had managed to do it, why couldn’t he?

Roughly pushing his dark thoughts aside, he tosses the razor on the counter, not caring if it breaks.
Maybe if he breaks something it will help relieve some of this rage that still seems to be his constant companion, living just underneath the surface. Irritably he snatches up his clean t-shirt and shoves it over his head. When he is completely clothed he escapes the heat of the bathroom and pads down the hallway, pausing outside yours and Saeyoung’s door, the unmistakable sounds of lovemaking muffled behind the closed door.

Ashamed but unable to stop himself, Saeran leans against the wall opposite the barrier and listens; your whimperers and groans making him close his eyes to savor the sound. Silently, he berates himself for his perversion, a string of derisive words directed at himself looping in his head as his heart slowly breaks.

You awaken to the familiar feeling of Saeyoung’s arm resting around your waist, his warm breath on the back of your neck. Last night you slipped between the cool sheets, careful to keep your distance in fear of disturbing him. Now his body is pressed against yours, solid and reassuring. You gently grasp his hand and bring it to your mouth, brushing your lips against his knuckles. You absentmindedly twist the band on his finger, remembering the small ceremony your wedding had been. The only guests in attendance had been the other RFA members, your parents having passed away years ago. A small smile touches your lips when you think of the beaming faces of the people who had become your family; even Jumin managing to not look bored and Jahee inconspicuously dabbing at the corners of her eyes as Saeyoung recited the vows he’d written himself. Zen had ended up singing a love song he wrote himself that made MC extremely happy that it was just their tiny organization celebrating that day. If it had been any larger, the beauty of Zen’s performance would have overshadowed everything else at the event.

Yoosung had ended up being Saeyoung’s best man after Saeran refused. By the time it was the youngest member’s turn to give a speech, he was a drunk mess. He did manage to recite his speech though he cried through the whole thing and at the end started berating Saeyoung to “take care of the princess”.

Lastly you remember Saeran’s sad eyes and the way he’d advert his gaze whenever he noticed you looking at him. You’d wanted to approach him several times that day but any time you got close you were pulled into one direction or the other for pictures, throwing the bouquet, throwing the garter (Saeyoung’s favorite part), cutting the cake; the list went on. Your constant longing to find him that night and check that he was having fun brings last night’s events to the forefront of your thoughts. Your fingers tighten around Saeyoung’s hand, guilt of what could have happened making your eyes prick. You know the instant he awakens, his fingers entwining with yours and pressing your joined hands against your heart.

“Good morning, wife,” he murmurs, nuzzling your neck.

You can’t help but smile at his usual morning greeting, trying to push away whatever guilt remains. You wiggle closer to him, pressing your bottom against him. “Good morning, husband.”

His hand reaches under your shirt to caress your bare stomach and goosebumps cover your body. “Did you sleep well,” he asks, his hand moving up to your breasts and cupping one gently, this thumb grazing your hardening nipple. He presses his hips against you and you feel his growing erection, your heart beginning to pick up speed.

You make a sound of affirmation to his question and reach back to caress his hip, your hand moving to his bottom. “How are you feeling this morning?”

He pulls your earlobe into his mouth and sucks gently before answering. “Still sore but the important parts are still working.” He removes his hand from your breast momentarily to gently grab
your roaming hand and press it against the bulge in his boxers. He lets out a low moan when you palm his heat, his hand returning to worry at your sensitive nipple.

“That’s…good,” you gasp as his fingers pinch and pull, sending electric shocks racing to your loins. Your hand strokes his now rock hard erection through the cotton fabric that is quickly becoming moist from his precum. Pushing down his underwear the best you can with one hand, you wrap your fingers around his member, his quick intake of breath at your bare touch making heat rush through your veins.

He hastily pushes your lace panties down your hips and you guide him to your heat, already slick and ready for him. He pushes into you slowly, twin groans of pleasure filling the silence of the room. His mouth bites and sucks at the sensitive skin under your ear and your fingers clutch at his hair, hips pressing back to meet his deep, gentle strokes.

He bends one leg to rest his foot on the soft surface beneath you, pulling your leg back to drape over his raised one. He thrusts deeper into you and you cry out when he buries himself up to the root inside you.

He grasps your hip, his fingers digging into your flesh. His breath is hot against your ear; words that set your body on fire falling from his lips in a ragged whisper. You arch your back, your fingers tightening in his hair as a mewl escapes your throat. Your hips push back to meet his thrusts, your body feverish as your orgasm builds quickly.

Saeyoung’s hand leaves your hip to reach between your legs, his finger massaging the slick bundle of nerves that is throbbing painfully.

You feel your body begin to contract around your husband’s length and you cry out. “Oh god, Saeyoung, I’m coming,” you pant desperately, your body already beginning to feel waves of pleasure rolling through it.

His drives into you harder, his thrusts becoming frantic as your orgasm finally hits you full force, your body convulsing around him. “I love you,” you hear moan, his breath hot and damp. He thrusts once more, hard, then cries out your name as he explodes inside you. His hips continue to move against you, his thrusts gradually coming slower until he finally stills, breathing hard against your back.

Withdrawing from you slowly, he wraps his arms around you tightly and throws a leg over yours, his lips pressing gently against your neck. “I love how insatiable you are,” he smiles against your skin, making you laugh.

“Me? You started it!”

“Mm, I just can’t help myself around you,” he answers, nibbling at your ear.

“Oh no, you don’t,” you laugh again, feeling him grind his hips against you. “I have stuff to get done today.” You extract yourself from his embrace and sit up, looking at him over your shoulder. He beams back at you, his smile reaching his golden eyes and burning through you. God, you love this man. You playfully smack his rear and stand, pulling your panties up to cover your bottom, “Come on, lobster boy, go shower. I’ll make breakfast.”

You slip on some sweats and make your way to the kitchen, freezing at the sight of Saeran standing over the stove, spatula in hand. The mess from the night before has been cleaned up, the counters neat and tidy. The candy she had been working on sits on the island, the pieces lined up in neat rows. He turns as if sensing your presence, the corners of his mouth turning up slightly before he returns
back to the food he’s preparing.

You clear your throat and move fully into the room, grabbing the orange juice and a glass. “Good morning, Saeran,” you greet him softly, you eyes on your task.

“Morning,” he replies, his voice barely audible.

Silence falls between you, the tension in the air almost tangible. Your eyes stay on his back, watching his every move as you sip your juice. You need to say something; somehow bring up what happened between you but your mind is blank. Suddenly you realize that he has been awake for a while and your face burns in embarrassment. Just how loud were you and Saeyoung? His touch always makes you forget where you are, pulling you into a universe where only the two of you exist. You don’t realize how long you’ve been sitting and staring; your thoughts chasing themselves until you feel your husband’s exuberant presence.

“Good morning,” Saeyoung declares, entering the room with a bright smile. Throwing an arm around your shoulder and kisses you quickly on the lips, stealing your juice in the process. You notice Saeran stiffen, spatula hovering midair for a moment before he carefully restarts turning the pancakes that are cooking. You move to his side to grab another glass from the cabinet and look at him. He meets your gaze, his face unreadable, then almost immediately breaks eye contact and looks down, turning his head back to the front.

The fact that he won’t look at you makes your chest ache. No matter how stand-offish Saeran has always been, he’s never been as evasive as he is now; or perhaps you had just never noticed. Lately every action he takes attracts your attention and causes you to want to study his movements. You’re shocked when it suddenly occurs to you that the feeling is very similar to what you felt when Saeyoung stayed with you in Rika’s apartment. That fascination with his mere presence has somehow been transferred to his twin and you feel blood rush to your face.

“Food’s ready,” Saeran says in a slightly louder voice over his shoulder. “Saeyoung grab some plates.”

Soon you are all sitting around the small kitchen table, your eyes wide as you watch Saeran drown his pancakes in maple syrup. A growing puddle of the sticky substance surrounds the fluffy discs and still he continues to pour. You bite your lip in amusement, trying not to laugh.

“Jesus, Saeran,” Saeyoung comments in amazement. “Why don’t you just drink it from the bottle? You have so much crap on there you won’t even be able to taste the pancakes.”

Saeran stares at his brother dispassionately and sets the glass bottle back on the table. Holding his brother’s gaze, he picks up the can of whipped cream and sprays it over the top of the already sickly sweet mound. One copper eyebrow quirks up and the giggle you’ve managed to hold in check slips out. The sound makes Saeran’s eyes flicker in your direction and you see a small smile pass his lips before he picks up his fork to eat.

You grab the abandoned can of whipped cream and proceed to dress your pancakes, somehow managing to get a small amount of the creamy substance on your finger. You lift your hand to lick it off but before your finger reaches your mouth, Saeyoung grasps your wrist and pops your finger in his mouth. It only lasts for an instant before your finger is clean and he pulls the digit from his mouth, placing a small kiss on it before releasing you with a grin. Your posture is frozen, heat suffusing your face. You can feel Saeran’s eyes on you and it takes every ounce of willpower not to glance in his direction. You force yourself to smile and poke your husband’s cheek playfully before turning your attention to your breakfast.
Saeran concentrates on his food, not even tasting it as he shovels it quickly into his mouth. His heart pounds painfully; seeing his twin unknowingly copy his performance from the night before leaves a myriad of emotions racing through him. The decision he made walking the empty streets cements in his mind and he pushes away his now empty plate and clears his throat. He’s looking at you when your eyes lift to meet his gaze. His resolve falters momentarily when you make eye contact but he steels himself from the small smile you give him and the way it make him feel. Taking a deep breath, he looks away, making himself stare at his brother who is also staring at him in question.

“I’m leaving,” he finally says quickly, rushing to get the words out before he changes his mind. He hears your fork hit your plate but he keeps his eyes on the face that is so much like his own, refusing to look in your direction; he knows if he does he’ll break.

“Leaving?” Saeyoung asks, slowly setting down his own utensil.

Saeran nods curtly, his hands fisting in his lap. This was harder than he thought it would be. He could already see the hurt and worry in his brother’s eyes and could only imagine what he would see in yours. “I’m getting my own place. I saw an apartment for rent not too far from here when I was out earlier. I’ll still be within walking distance but you guys will have your privacy.”

Saeyoung shakes his head. “We have plenty of privacy, bro. You know we want you here.”

“Why are you really leaving?” You jump in, an angry edge in your voice.

Saeyoung places a hand over yours that rests on the table. Your body is shaking, the shock of his words blindsiding you. You can almost hear your husband’s silent comment that if it’s what Saeran wants then you should let him go.

“He doesn’t want to go,” you insist, answering Saeyoung’s unspoken words, your anger quickly turning into something more painful. “He thinks he has to because—”

Saeran cuts you off before you can say more, focusing his gaze somewhere above your head. “Look, you guys are married. Eventually you’re going to want kids and who wants their messed up brother around being a bad influence?”

“You have a good life, Saeyoung,” Saeran answers, unable to keep the sadness from his voice. “I seriously can’t continue to be the third wheel around here. Besides, what happens when I finally meet someone? You do realize I can hear everything that goes on in your bedroom? Being the gentleman I am, I pop on my headphones when things get porny. But do you really want to hear me getting it on with some random girl?”

You can’t stop the tears that slowly leak from the corners of your eyes. First he’s leaving and now he’s talking about having a girlfriend? All this because he; no they made a mistake last night? Instead of talking it over with you to figure out what is going on, he’s going to run away? And why does the thought of Saeran touching some other woman make you feel as if your heart is breaking?

You stand, your chair flying back with the force of your body. You lean your hands on the wooden surface of the table and you cock your head in confusion. “Let me get this straight. You don’t care about hurting the brother that risked his life to save you because you want to get laid every once in
awhile? And what about me…?"

Your words trail off as Saeran’s green gaze finally meets yours. The coldness they emanate makes your breath stop. You can’t remember the last time Saeran has worn a mask around you but now here it is; perfect and in place. Whatever he is going to say next is going to hurt; you know this but still you persist, challenging him silently to do his worst.

Saeran’s eyes narrow slightly as he gazes up at you. “What about you, MC?” He leans back and crosses his arms over his chest, one ankle moving up to rest on his knee. “Last time I checked you weren’t anything other than my stupid brother’s wife. Does that mean you’re stupid too? Or even more-so because you did marry him knowing that he’s an idiot. Weren’t there three other men after you back then? Some would say the smartest choice would have been the rich guy; or maybe the actor who will eventually be rich; I bet that one is really good in bed. Oh I know, the little blonde one; I’m sure there’s a thing or two you could teach him.” He pauses, his head slowly tilting as he appraises you. Saeyoung is strangely quiet and you have the urge to glance at him but refuse to break eye contact. If he’s going to talk to you this way, he’s going to look you in the eye while he does it.

A slow, malicious grin spreads across Saeran’s perfect lips. “But I went off on a tangent, excuse me. What I really meant to say is that you are nothing to me, MC; just like I’m nothing to you. The only reason we are even cohabitating is because of my brother. I thought it would be cool having a girl around doing all the cooking and cleaning but it turns out I’m doing most of that too. So….what are you? Because I can find no redeeming qualities in you whatsoever.”

“Saeran,” Sayoung finally snaps angrily, his face red with fury. “I think that’s more than enough. She may not mean much to you but she’s my wife and means everything to me. So show a little respect. MC has never been anything but nice to you, bro. She’s done nothing to deserve the vitriol you’re spewing at her right now.”

Saeran glares at you before rolling his eyes in aggravation. “No one asked her to be nice to me. I wish she’d stop because all it does is make her look pathetic. I know the only reason she does it is because of you, Saeyoung.”

Your fingernails bite into your palms as your fisted hands continue to get tighter. His words are not having the huge effect he’s going for but they are leaving small wounds. Did he really believe even a quarter of the words that were coming out of his mouth? Or had he become carried away in his desperation to push you away from him; his desperation to keep whatever was going on between you from his brother?

Taking a deep breath, you straighten your spine and force yourself to relax your fists. Your body is a bundle of physical and emotional paint, invisible bruises covering you from head to toe. Turning slowly, you try to give Saeyoung a reassuring smile that ends up being nothing more than the pressing together your quivering lips. Forcing your gaze down, you finally meet Saeran’s eyes once more. The coldness you’d seen just a few minutes ago has been replaced with panic and regret and you nod your head knowingly.

“Coward,” you spit out. “After all this time, you show your hand one time and then run away scared. Just remember that, Saeran; remember that I stayed. Now if you guys would excuse me.”

You move away from the table without waiting for an answer, hoping your shaking legs can get you to your bedroom before they collapse.

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Saeyoung watches you leave the kitchen, thoughts rapidly running through his mind. Something is going on but he can’t quite put his finger on what it is. He pushes down the urge to go after you, knowing you’ll need a few minutes alone to compose yourself. You hate him seeing you cry and this
is shaping up to be a doozy of a crying spell. Picking up his discarded fork, he digs back into his food, his gaze turning to glare at his twin.

Saeran sits forward, elbows resting on his knees, head in hands. That went colossally bad. Not one word directed at you had been the truth. He feels awful now; actually sick to his stomach as his cruel words reverberate through him. Why did he have to say something about meeting a woman? He didn’t care about that. He was just grasping for straws and it was something that stuck, so he said it without thinking. What he wants to tell you is that you are the only bright spot in his life; that he is so in love with you that he would give anything just to be able to look at you everyday; he would give up his soul to be the one you love. But none of that is going to happen so he did what he could to make you hate him.

“That was pretty harsh, don’t you think?” Saeyoung’s question invades his thoughts, scattering them into the wind. The bespectacled twin finishes his food then grabs his wife’s plate and begins to devour hers.

Saeran covers his face with his hands. “Probably,” his reply is muffled. With a groan of anger at himself he reaches up and tousles his hair roughly.

Saeyoung says nothing for a couple of minutes, finishing your leftover food before wiping his mouth with a napkin and leaning back to observe his brother. “What’s going on with you two?”

Panic began to flutter in Saeran’s chest. “N-Nothing,” he finally answers, picking up his utensils and fidgeted with them.

Saeyoung gives a doubtful hum but lets it go for the moment. “The way MC’s face looked when she left this room….it’s a face I’m pretty familiar with. I promised her a long time before we started our search for you that I would never do anything to put that look on her face again; and I haven’t, you did,” he pauses, staring at his brother’s bent head until it raises to meet his gaze. “I don’t exactly know what’s going on but I do know that it’s fairly new on MC’s end. She and I don’t keep secrets anymore, so if there were something I needed to know about, she would tell me. That’s the only reason I’m not jumping across this table to beat your ass right now.” Saeyoung sets his elbows on the table and leans forward, his voice dropping to almost a whisper. “I have an idea of what’s going on with you, however. I won’t address it right now because I don’t think it’s to that point yet. Saeran, you know I love you; you are my other half and that is never going to change. But….if you speak to my wife like that again I will make sure I give you a beating you will never forget.”

Saeran nods in complete understanding, expecting no less. “Don’t worry, if it happens again, I will help you do it.”

Saeyoung raises one bright eyebrow. “Kinky,” he teases

“Gross,” his twin says in disgust, throwing a balled up napkin at his brother’s head. “If you get your mind out of the gutter I can show you the place. Like I said, it’s really close.” Glancing down the hallway where the bedrooms resides, he bites his lip. “I’ll ask MC if she wants to see it if she ever forgives me.”

It’s hours later before Saeyoung returns to your bedroom. You heard the twins leave shortly after you disappeared into your room. Thankful that they were gone, you let yourself be overwhelmed with the grief and anger that had built inside you. Your tears had finally dried up around an hour after the guys left but your eyes are still red and swollen. Your husband opens the door and quietly closes it behind him. He walks silently to where you’re standing in front of the mirror, wrapping his arms around your waist and resting his chin on your shoulder to look at your reflections.
“You’re beautiful,” he breathes, raising one hand to stroke your hair. His warmth and kindness makes your eyes burn and before you know it tears are once again tears running down your cheeks. One long thumb brushes them away before he turns you in his arms, kneeling down to catch you behind you knees and shoulders. He easily lifts you into his arms and walks to the bed where sits with his back against the headboard, placing you gently in his lap.

One hand methodically caresses your back, his fingers making you shiver as they softly make their way up then back down then back up again. His other hand rests at your hip, his thumb soothing you with small circles. You sigh in contentment and lean you head against his chest, the steady beat of his heart feeling like home. You adjust your position slightly and wrap your arms around his waist, hugging him tightly.

“Alright now?” Saeyoung asks quietly, abandoning your back to once more stroke your hair.

You give a contented sigh and nod. “Yes.”

“Is it alright if I ask you a question, hon?” At your nod, he clears his throat and thinks for a moment how to phrase what he wants to ask. “I’ve been noticing that Saeran and you have become pretty close recently.”

“That’s not a question,” you answer softly, your embrace tightening.

Saeyoung laughs lightly. “True. Ok, I guess I’m asking if there is something I should be worried about between you two?”

You can feel him hold his breath in anticipation of your answer. You lift your head and look at him, your eyes studying his face. Reaching up, you cup his cheek with one hand, smiling when he places a light kiss in the palm. “Why would you ever be worried?”

Saeyoung gives you a slight grin. “It must be really bad if you’re answering a question with a question,” he pauses, tucking your hair behind your ear before caressing your cheek. He places a finger under your chin and lifts your face that you have lowered in thought. “No secrets, remember?”

You take a deep breath and nod, gathering your courage. “I can’t answer your question completely because I don’t know. What I do know is that you have no reason to worry; I fall in love with you a little more every day. There is nothing, or no one, who will ever come between us. I promise you, Saeyoung, I am here as long as you want me.”

“Forever it is, then,” he quips, bringing his mouth to yours. His lips move sweetly over yours and when his tongue slips into your mouth the remaining tension in your body melts away. You tilt your head to deepen the kiss and his moan of appreciation manages to push away the lingering images of cold green eyes, replacing them with golden ones as warm as the sun when they gaze down at you. When your flesh joins Saeyoung is once again the center of your universe, filling your heart to brimming with the love he freely gives you.

Afterwards you lay in the circle of his arms, unable to sleep. Your body is exhausted but your eyes stubbornly refuse to close; glued to the dark ceiling above you. Unbidden, Saeran’s words return to echo in your ears, the indifference in his tone when he claimed you mean nothing to him stabbing you sharply in the heart. You realize your body must have stiffened when Saeyoung’s arms squeeze you tightly, his voice murmuring words of comfort. You allow yourself to lose yourself in the sound of his voice, forcefully pushing aside the other twin’s hurtful words as you finally manage to drift off to sleep.
Chapter Summary

Saeyoung leaves town and you mend your relationship with Saeran; but at what cost?

Chapter Notes

First of all, I am deeply sorry that it has taken so long to get this chapter out. It's a massive chapter for me, written and edited during a move. Second, I have to once again thank my friend Emimilykity for being my sounding board and helping me figure out some parts I was struggling through. If you haven't read her story, I highly recommend it (especially if you love Zen).

Since this chapter is so huge, of course its "playlist" is also larger than normal. Songs used for inspiration listed below.

Near To You - A Fine Frenzy (This was only used during the first section)
Hurts Like Hell - Fleurie
The Only Fault - Rachael Yamagata
Say Something - Timeflies
Flesh And Bone - Keaton Henson

You recline on the bed in your sexiest pose; head perched on one hand watching Saeyoung stuff various pieces of clothing into an overnight bag. Your lower lip pokes out slightly in an impish pout causing your husband to chuckle each time he glances at you.

“Stop looking at me like that,” he laughs, throwing a t-shirt at your head. “I’ll be gone two nights tops, I promise.

You snatch the shirt off your head and fall back onto the bed, sighing dramatically, giving up on half-heartedly trying to seduce your husband into staying. “That’s what you said last time and it took four lonely nights for you to come back and the time before that it was a whole week! I think I liked it better when you were a reclusive hacker.”

Shoving the small piece of luggage onto the floor Saeyoung crawls onto the bed and moves to hover over you, his weight resting on his elbows. He catches your mouth with his and kisses you sweetly, grinning down at you in mischief when you part. “Mm, but you’re always so happy to see me when I get home.” You blush prettily, the memory of your reunion after his last extended business trip making your body grow warmer. Seeing the color in your cheeks, Saeyoung groans. “Oh God, you’re so cute. Don’t look at me like that or I might not be able to leave you.”

You wrap your arms around his neck and pull him down to meet your lips in a chaste kiss. “That’s the point,” you whisper and laugh when he growls playfully and nips at your neck. Your laugh
quickly turns into a soft moan when his mouth travels to your ear, his tongue tracing the shell of your ear before gently biting the soft lobe.

“I’ll make it up to you when I get back,” he murmurs, his hot breath making your body tingle. His fingers inch up your shirt to caress your bare stomach then suddenly he switches your positions and you end up half sprawled on top of him. You rest your chin on his chest, giving him a small glare and blowing your bangs off your forehead in frustration.

“You don’t play fair.”

He grins and tugs lightly at your hair before running his hand over your scalp lovingly. “You’re one to talk; trying to seduce me with that perfect mouth of yours. And don’t think I didn’t notice you inching your skirt up ever so slightly every time I looked at you.”

You rise to your knees and grin mischievously as you lift your short skirt just a bit. “You mean like this?”

He runs his hand lightly up your inner thigh then groans in frustration and pulls you back down to rest on his chest. “Now the whole trip I’ll be thinking of little else but burying my face between those shapely legs you keep teasing me with. I don’t know how I’m going to get anything done. I wish I had time to make love to you properly right this second but I really have to leave soon if I’m going to catch my flight.” He strokes your hair affectionately, his eyes full of worry. “What gives anyway? My trips never seem to bother you this much. Why are you putting so much effort into tempting me to stay?”

“You don’t know,” you sigh letting your head drop to his chest. You wrap your arms around his waist and listen to the steady and reassuring beat of his heart. He strokes your back; sensing that you want to say more and giving you time to gather your thoughts. “I’m sorry,” you finally say, your arms tightening around him. “I’m being ridiculous but it just seems so...empty... when you’re gone now.”

You feel his hand pause momentarily on your back before it resumes its soothing rhythm and he sighs. “You miss Saeran,” it’s not a question but you nod anyway. You hear him take a breath to speak, let it out slowly then draw another. “Have you spoken with him recently?”

You shake your head, one hand moving to fidget with the hem of his shirt. “He won’t answer my calls or texts; have you heard from him?”

Lifting your head to peer at him, Saeyoung nods giving you a guarded look you don’t quite understand. “We text; I’ve called him a few times. He always asks how you are,” he finishes softly, giving you a small smile.

“Is he alright?”

Again Saeyoung nods. “I think he’s lonely but he’s doing fine. He has a small apartment about a mile from here.” His eyes search yours, looking for something that he evidently finds as he nods before continuing. “Why don’t you invite him over while I’m gone? You guys can clear the air and keep each other company.”

“And just how am I supposed to do that when he won’t talk to me,” you retort, raising an eyebrow. “After all the awful things I said to him, I don’t think he’ll ever talk to me again.”

“You both said some terrible things you didn’t mean. I can guarantee he’s not answering your calls because he’s ashamed of what he said.”
You bite your lip in indecision. “Do you think so?”

“Come on, who is this hesitant girl in front of me? What happened to that persistence that wouldn’t let me run away from my feelings?”

You smirk remembering his attempts to kill whatever feelings you had for him. “You were easy. You practically had heart eyes every time you looked at me, even when you were yelling. If we hadn’t been stuck in what amounted to one room it would have been a lot easier for you to fool me.”

He gives you a strange smile and shifts his eyes to the fingers that are now playing with your hair. “What do you see when Saeran looks at you?”

Your brows furrow in confusion but you give his question thought before answering. A quick snapshot of Saeran’s image, your finger in his mouth, flashes through your mind but you push it away. In the month since he left, you have convinced yourself that you overreacted to the situation; imagined the seductive look on your brother-in-law’s face. This made what you’d said to him the next day doubly awful. You shake your head slightly to scatter the memory of your razor sharp words. “I don’t know, mainly it’s indifference,” you finally answer, resting your head back onto his chest.

Saeyoung lets out a breath that passes for a quiet laugh. “He’s anything but indifferent towards you, babe,” he says so softly you would have missed it had your ear not been pressed against his body.

Moving suddenly, you slide up and press your lips against his, your hand touching his cheek. Your fingers whisper across his skin before grasping his nape and holding him as your head tilts to deepen the kiss. When you separate, you are both breathless.

“I love you,” you declare, your fingers lightly tracing his lips. “I love you so much, Saeyoung. I don’t know what I would do if I lost you.”

“Hey,” he chides softly, catching your roaming fingers and kissing them, “don’t talk like that. I’m not going anywhere. No matter what happens, I’ll be here.”

“But what if—”

He cuts off your words by placing a finger against your lips. “No matter what,” he emphasizes, his lips replacing his long finger. You clutch his shoulders almost desperately, tears pricking your eyes when he finally pulls away. He takes note of the time and sighs.

“I hate leaving you like this but I really have to go if I’m going to catch my flight.”

“It’s alright,” you reassure him, forcing a smile as you blink back tears. You give him one more quick kiss before pushing yourself up and off the bed. You pick up his overnight bag and stuff the few remaining items inside before zipping it up and holding it out to him.

He grasps the handle and pulls before you can release it, embracing you with his free arm. “I’m going to put Saeran’s address into your phone. If he keeps ignoring you, just go over there and talk to him. I doubt he’ll just leave you outside ringing the buzzer.” He gives you a grin. “If he does, just lean into the sucker and let it buzz until he gives up.”

An hour after Saeyoung is gone, you sit on the sofa alternately watching the cooking show you have on and the screen of your phone. Saeran’s address taunts you, daring you to take action. You’ve tried calling him twice in the past hour and texted numerous times. As usual, your efforts go unnoticed. Your eyes once again return to the small glowing screen and you bite your lip. Should you go over?
Saeyoung said you should. You imagine it’s important to him for you to make up with his brother. It can’t be easy having the two people you love the most angry at one another. The adult thing to do would be to apologize to Saeran but it’s becoming glaringly obvious that in order to do so you’ll have to ambush him.

Restlessly you stand, switching off the television and throwing the remote onto the sofa. You begin to pace around the living area, arms wrapped around yourself. The small display of pictures on the bookshelf catches your attention and you stop in front of it. There are two pictures of your wedding day featured prominently over the other random snapshots of your life. The first is of you and Saeyoung smiling widely at the camera, hands and face covered with cake and icing. The other grabs your attention, however, and will not let go. In this photo, you stand between the twins, arms linked with them. Saeyoung beams at the camera as you laugh at something, head turned to look at Saeran who looks back at you with a half-smile. You and Saeyoung chose this picture not only because it was a favorite but because it was the only one where his brother was smiling.

You touch the frozen image of Saeran with your index finger, your eyes unable to look away from the face you haven’t set eyes on in so long. You know from experience that the Choi brothers are stubborn to a fault but enough is enough. This rift between you and Saeran needs to be mended and if you are the one that must be the first to bend then so be it.

Half an hour later you stand outside the gate to Saeran’s apartment, hesitantly staring at the buzzer. The whole way over you managed to keep the determination you stepped out of the door with but now faced with the very real possibility of facing him you find that your hands are shaking. You are nothing to me, his words return from the recesses of your memory where you’ve managed to keep them for the past month. I can find no redeeming qualities in you whatsoever. Even now the words sting more than anything ever has before.

Whatever bravery you have managed to hold onto drains from you and you step back from the door as if it will bite you. Unshed tears burn your eyes and you blink rapidly, trying as hard as you can to keep them from falling. What are you doing here? Saeran could have contacted you anytime in the past thirty days if he wanted to bridge the distance between you but no matter how many times you initiated contact, he stayed silent. He has made his intentions crystal clear; you are the one who can’t seem to let go.

Staring at the entrance you sink into a kneel, wrapping your arms around your legs and resting your chin on your knees. Teardrops fall down your face unchecked and when you hear the first distant rumble of thunder you can do nothing but laugh.

The sun has almost completely sunk below the horizon when Saeran freezes on the sidewalk near his gate, his eyes immediately noticing your small form huddled across from the entrance. His heart skips a beat at the sight of you then begins to race, making it hard for him to take a breath. What are you doing here? Ignoring you for the last month has been hell for him; the things he said to you repeating in his memory and keeping him awake at night. He can’t even count how many times he’s picked up his phone, his finger hovering over your name in his call log. The unanswered texts you’ve sent him have become his bedtime stories; the words read so frequently that they are now etched into his memory; able to be recited by rote if required of him.

Finally recovering from the shock of seeing you, he realizes you are soaked through; your hair plastered to your head and your clothes cling alluringly to your body. He sighs and walks over to where you’re crouched, holding the umbrella in his grasp over your head to stop the steady fall of rain on your head.

“Why are you sitting out here in the rain,” he finally asks raising his voice slightly to be heard over
the rain when you show no reaction to his presence.

You open your eyes slowly, your gaze falling on his black boots before traveling up to meet the intense stare of his green eyes. You gasp and stand quickly, realizing when you stumble slightly that your legs are numb. Saeran grasps your elbow to steady you then almost instantly retreats. “I-I thought you were ins-side,” you finally stammer, your teeth chattering.

“How long have you been out here?”

You shrug and give him a small smile as you try to inconspicuously shake feeling back into your limbs. “I d-don’t know. The s-sun was c-certainly higher.”

You wrap your arms around yourself, trying to stop your body from shivering. You grapple with something to say; all the different speeches you’ve composed in your mind as you sat cold and alone outside his apartment fled your mind the instant your gaze met his. Now you find yourself completely bereft of what you wanted to say in the first place. You open your mouth to speak then close it quickly when the umbrella’s handle is abruptly shoved at you.

“Go home,” Saeran says as coldly as he can manage. He turns away from you and moves towards the gate, his hands shaking. You have to go and it has to be now before he takes back all the lies that broke his heart to say.

“I’m s-sorry,” you shout above the noise of the rain, trying to get the words out as fast as you can before he disappears. “I d-didn’t mean t-the things I s-said.”

He glances back at you over his shoulder to see that instead of holding the umbrella over your head, it hangs limp at your side. He sighs in irritation and walks back to you, grabbing your wrist and lifting it so you are once again under its shelter. “I did,” he bites out, tightening his grip on your wrist slightly to emphasize his point before lightly shoving your arm away from him and quickly turning before you can see the cost of yet another lie.

“S-Saeran, please. I-I m-miss you,” you plead almost desperately and his head drops forward in defeat. Anger he could handle, he understood it; but this, the raw emotion in your voice is too much for him. He doesn’t know how to navigate through the feelings that are churning inside him at your declaration and his eyes close, his hands fisting with the urgency to draw you into his embrace and never let you go.

Him; you missed him. Even with no one around but you and Saeyoung, you missed him. You noticed his absence; you were thinking about him. These thoughts loop rapidly through his head until it’s a mantra that he repeats silently to himself. Perhaps all those nights this past month when he dreamed about your beautiful smile, you were dreaming of him too. Saeran’s heart pounds painfully against his chest, the foreign feeling of hope spreading through his extremities and making him lightheaded. With some difficulty he is able to overcome the tidal wave of emotions that are trying to drown him and slowly unfurls his fists.

“S-Saeran,” you begin timidly, unsure if you should approach him.

He turns his head, eyes still clamped shut. “Come in out of the rain,” he finally says before opening his eyes and pushing the gate open.

You quickly rush to follow when you realize you’re about to once again be shut out on the sidewalk, managing to catch the heavy gate before it latches. You break into a jog to catch up with Saeran’s long strides, happiness and apprehension fighting for dominance inside you. The chill that has made
you shiver for the past hour has seemed to have finally been able to permeate your bones, causing your coordination to become clumsy. You lurch after Saeran up the staircase, managing to tangle your feet within the third step and you go down hard on one knee.

Saeran turns at your cry of pain and rushes back down to help you to your feet. “Be careful, idiot,” he reprimands though there is no heat in his words.

“S-Sorry,” you manage to say, tenderly touching the wound on your knee to assess the damage. A small trickle of blood seeps from the small wound and you hiss through your teeth at the sharp pain that accompanies your exploration.

“Wrap your arms around my neck,” Saeran orders gruffly, his eyes avoiding yours.

Hesitantly you wrap your arms around him and he grasps you behind your knees and back and grunts lightly as he picks you up.

“T-This is not necessary,” you manage to get out even as you snuggle into his warmth. “It’s j-just a s-scratch.”

“Shut up,” he demands, his teeth clenched as if in pain.

You do as he commands and stay silent as he easily bears your weight up the staircase. He sets you down in front of what you assume is the entrance to his residence and follow him in when he steps through the dark threshold.

“You should take a hot shower,” he comments over his shoulder, flipping on the lights and throwing his keys onto the coffee table. He disappears into the next room, quickly returning with a t-shirt and sweatpants, holding them out to you while avoiding your gaze. “They’ll be too big but anything is better than catching your death in those wet clothes you’re wearing.” You accept the small bundle he offers you with a whispered thanks and head for the only other door in the small apartment. “There are bandages and antiseptic under the sink,” he calls out after you. “Take care of that wound; I don’t want you staining my clothes.”

“G-Got it,” you answer without a backwards glance, quickly closing the bathroom door and leaning against it heavily. Your heart beats wildly against your chest, your body still remembering the way he felt pressed against you. He probably only did it because he thought you’d fall and break your neck.

Shaking your head ruefully at yourself, you turn the shower on as hot as you can stand it and sigh in pleasure as the scalding water beats down against your head. The bone deep chill you’ve been feeling for the past couple of hours finally begins to thaw and you can’t help the small moan that escapes your throat.

A loud bang on the door startles you. “Are you alright in there?” Saeran calls out in a flat voice and you realize you must have slipped into a daze since the water is now running cold. Quickly you turn off the faucets and exit the shower.

“I’m fine, thanks,” you answer, rapidly running the soft cotton towel he supplied over your body and treating the still oozing wound on your knee before slipping into the borrowed clothing. The sweats are too long and the waist too large but you make quick work of fashioning the adjustments needed to make them comfortable, if not attractive. As you slip the thin t-shirt over your head, you realize it’s one of Saeran’s favorites and you smile. Your smile quickly fades, however, as you hook your soaked bra over the shower rod to dry and realize your nipples are clearly visible through the thin material of his shirt. Taking a deep breath to gather your courage, you exit the steamy bathroom, shielding your chest the best you can while trying to avoid letting the wet clothes touch your body.
“Finally,” Saeran mutters, reaching for the damp bundle, his brows furrowing in confusion when you hold onto them tightly.

“Do you have a...hoodie...or something...please,” you ask desperately, keeping your death grip on the small pile of clothing in your hands.

“Let go,” he snaps, trying to pull the wet material from your grasp. “I can’t dry them if you won’t give them to me.” With one more firm tug he finally manages to snatch the balled up cloth from your hands, his face immediately turning red as his eyes are drawn to the two hard peaks jutting out from your shirt. Fumbling not to drop the small parcel, he clears his throat; averting his eyes to somewhere just above your head. “There’s a hoodie on the back of the couch; help yourself. There’s also japjae in the kitchen; make yourself comfortable and I’ll bring you some.”

Arms crossed firmly across your chest you race to find the aforementioned jacket. You gratefully slip your arms into it and as you zip it up, you’re immediately overwhelmed with Saeran’s essence. You sink down onto the soft cushions of the couch, burying your nose in the fabric surrounding your body. If you close your eyes and let yourself imagine for just a moment, it feels as if his strong arms are embracing you. Visions of him laying you down on this very surface, covering your body with his and pressing his lips gently against the pulse point of your neck overtake your senses and you bite your lip, your fingers clutching tightly to the front of the soft fabric. Almost immediately guilt assaults you as Saeran’s green eyed gaze is replaced with your husband’s golden one; the lips pressed so passionately against your skin morphing into those of your spouse.

Your fantasy is thankfully interrupted when Saeran nudges your shoulder with a bowl filled with the sweet and savory noodle dish. You jump slightly and accept the proffered dish, pulling your legs under you as you take a small bite. Suddenly your stomach growls loudly and Saeran laughs, taking the seat next to you. “Have you eaten at all today?”

You shake your head, now methodically shoving the delicious cuisine into your mouth. “I was where you found me most of the day,” you stop long enough to answer. You miss the way he flinches and the guilty look that mars his handsome face.

“You could have called,” he mutters sullenly.

It’s your turn to laugh and you poke him with your chopsticks. “I’ve been trying to call you, asshole; and text. It’s not my fault you decided to completely cut me out of your life.”

“Apparently I didn’t do a good enough job, did I? What are you doing here?” His voice is gruff and he pokes at his food without taking a bite.

“Because Saeyoung thought it would be a good idea if we patched things up. It would certainly be better for him if we were at least on speaking terms again, don’t you think?”

“Wait,” Saeran says softly, his face unreadable. He stands and moves to the window. Something shifts in his gaze and his body becomes still. “You came because of him?”

You set your now empty bowl on the coffee table and lean forward earnestly. “I came because of you, Saeran. I’ve missed you. I wake up every morning feeling like something is missing and I go to bed at night feeling the emptiness of your room. You may have meant all those things you said to me but I didn’t. I’ve regretted every word that came out of my mouth that morning, especially after…”

Your voice trails off still not brave enough to actually talk about what started this whole mess. Saeran’s body unfreezes and he glances quickly through the blinds before gathering your bowl and returning it to the kitchen. “It’s still raining; when it stops I’ll walk you home.” He pauses then clears
his throat. “I think it would be best if you didn’t come back. I left for a reason and you being here….complicates things.”

“Alright,” you agree quietly, fingers twisting the hem of your borrowed hoodie. “I can leave now if you don’t mind me borrowing your umbrella. It’s not necessary for you to walk me home; I’ve taken up enough of your time this evening.

Your brother-in-law scowls at you. “Don’t be stupid, of course I’ll walk you home. It’s dangerous for a woman to walk alone at night. If something bad happened to you I…Saeyoung…would never forgive me.”

“Well since we’re stuck here for now can we at least pretend to be friends? If memory serves, we used to do a good job of having fun together.”

Saeran’s heart clenches painfully; how is he supposed to pretend to be your friend and keep his distance when all he’s been able to think of since seeing the outline of your pert nipples is wrapping his lips around one and hearing you moan in pleasure. The only other option is to throw you out into the stormy night which is really not an option at all. He clears his throat and tries to mask the lust in his voice when he answers. “Sure,” he forces a smile, his heart skipping a beat when you grace him with one of your most beautiful smiles. “I have ice cream, do you want some?”

You laugh in delight. “Of course you have ice cream. Is there enough for both of us? I doubt you’ve been eating much more than that since you left.”

Saeran scoffs. “Of course there’s enough. And I do eat regularly. There’s a girl at the corner store who keeps forcing me to take home dishes her grandmother prepares for me.”

You raise an eyebrow and try to push down the jealousy you suddenly feel. “A girl, huh? Is she pretty?”

He shrugs and heads to the kitchen to grab the container of ice cream and a couple of spoons. Returning, he vaults over the back of the couch, holding out one utensil to you before opening the sweet treat and digging in. “She’s alright, I guess,” he finally answers your question. “Not nearly as pretty as you but…” He immediately snaps his mouth shut, color suffusing his neck and creeping up into his cheeks.

Your heart swells with his words, your hands slightly shaking as you reach over to scoop up a small bite of strawberry ice cream. Choosing to ignore his words, you grab the remote and start flipping through the channels. Finally you find an old episode of your favorite drama, then bounce in excitement and hide the remote from Saeran’s grasping hands. “I’m the guest! I get to choose what we watch,” you declare then stick your tongue out.

For the next hour you are both engrossed in the story of an alien that falls in love with a human but tries to keep his distance from her since he will be leaving Earth in a matter of months. The episode happened to be one of the saddest of the series and by the time the credits roll, you have stolen the container of ice cream to clutch against your chest and wipe the tears from your cheeks with the back of your hand.

“Wasn’t that beautiful,” you sniff, relinquishing the almost empty carton to Saeran when he tries to pry it from your hands.

The redhead scoffs. “He tried to warn her from the beginning. All that heartbreak could have been avoided if she just listened when he tried to tell her he didn’t care about her.”
“But then they would have missed out on all those special moments they shared. Did you see how happy they were when they realized they both felt the same? Love should never be repressed; it’s better to just let it out because you never know how the other person feels.”

An awkward silence falls between you when you realize that what you’ve just declared is eerily close to your current situation. You lift your last spoonful of ice cream to your mouth as Saeran begins flipping back through the channels but freeze with it halfway to your mouth when you see Zen’s handsome face flash quickly across the screen before the channel changes.

You squeal loudly and jump to your knees, shoving Saeran’s shoulder in excitement. “That was Zen! Zen was on TV! Go back, quick!” He flips back a few channels but whatever it had been is now over. “Where’s my phone?! I need to call him. This is so exciting! I can’t believe he didn’t tell me about this.”

“You do realize it’s past midnight?” Saeran comments dryly.

“Pffft, Zen won’t care. We often talk until the sun comes up.” In your excitement you bump into Saeran, causing his wrist to jerk, spilling his last bite of dessert onto the floor.

“Oh...wow...um...sorry,” you apologize, thoughts of Zen immediately forgotten when you see the glare Saeran shoots you. “Was that actually the last bite?” You ask sheepishly and he shakes his head slowly.

His eyes move to the spoon in your hand that is still miraculously full. “Not the last, no,” he says slowly, a grin spreading across his face. “I do believe that since you ruined my dessert experience you must forfeit your last bite.”

You pull your arm back away from his reach. “You just made that up,” you pout. “Come on, Saeran, it’s my favorite.”

“Mine too, why do you think I bought it?” His eyebrows raise in question and you squeal again as he stands and makes a move to grab your wrist.

“I claim guest rights,” you shout, quickly moving away from his advances.

“That’s only in fantasy novels, idiot. And I’m not going to kill you; I’m just going to claim what’s mine.”

Without thinking, you swiftly shove the spoon into your mouth, the frozen treat immediately melting against your tongue. “Ha,” you gloat, once more sticking out your tongue. You can see the subtle move of his body before he reaches for you and you scream in laughter, turning to run around the couch where he can’t reach you.

“You are in so much trouble when I catch you,” he threatens but she can clearly see the smile on his face.

“If you can catch me,” you retort with a giggle.

When he lunges for you, you try to vault over the sofa but the long sweatpants you had painstakingly rolled up above your ankles have come undone and your legs get tangled in the material. You manage to land on your back into the soft cushions and almost immediately Saeran is on top of you, his legs straddling your hips and pinning your wrists above your head.

You stare at one another, chests heaving with mirth. Small bouts of giggles burst from your throat as you try to twist away from his grasp before accepting the fact that he has you well and truly trapped. “Well, it seems you’ve captured me, Mr. Choi. Now just what are you going to do to me?”
Saeran’s eyes darkened but his smile remained. Vaguely you wonder what his eyes would look like as he buried himself in you but you quickly push the thought away, managing to keep your playful demeanor with herculean effort. You raise your hips in a vain attempt to knock him off balance and he laughs, the fingers wrapped around your wrists tightening slightly.

“First things first,” he begins, releasing one wrist to wipe the corner of your mouth where a small bit of ice cream has comfortably lodged itself. He spreads the bit of sweetness over your mouth, his smile slowly fading as the pad of his thumb traces the softness of your lips. He then sucks the ice cream from his own digit, the desire you had glimpsed that night in the kitchen reappears though immensely more intense.

You reach up to touch his cheek and he recoils from your touch, averting his eyes though he doesn’t make a move to let you up. “Saeran,” you call softly, a gasp of surprise freezing in your throat when his gaze returns to yours. His eyes are moist with unshed tears. “What’s wrong? Did I do something?”

He lets out a soft puff of laughter and shakes his head. “No, this is all my doing and I can’t do it anymore.” Releasing your other wrist, he moves to cup your face, holding your gaze with his. “I lied, MC,” he begins, his thumbs caressing your skin with feather light strokes. “Everything that came out of my mouth that morning was a lie. I was scared; I panicked and grasped onto the only thing I knew would hurt you. I needed to get away from you and it’s the only way I knew how to do it.”

Your brows furrow in confusion. “Get away from me? Why? I thought we got along fine. I don’t know what I did to drive you away.”

Grabbing one of your hands, Saeran places it over his racing heart, his eyes closing at the contact of your hand on him. “Do you feel that? Do you feel the way it races? You don’t even have to touch me for that to happen. Merely being around you is killing me. And then I have to sit and watch while you and Saeyoung have the perfect marriage and at night—” He abruptly stops talking, taking a deep breath to steady himself. “So...I lied. You don’t mean nothing to me, MC. You mean everything to me. I’m so much in love with you that I don’t even know how to live without you; even if it is from a distance.”

Tears leak from your eyes to dampen your temples as you watch Saeran’s torment. You know how hard this must be for him to admit and all you want to do in this moment is comfort him. The feelings you’ve been burying down below the surface burst forth, your love for him causing your heart to race so fast it makes you lightheaded. “H-How long?”

“From the beginning; before the beginning; my head was so fucked up for so long that I can’t even remember a time I didn’t love you.” He pauses, his index finger tracing the curve of your cheek; a drop of wetness falls onto your skin and you realize he’s crying. “I remember seeing you when I was in the hospital; I was worse on those days. It killed me for you to see me that way. So I lashed out so that you would leave but you never did. You stayed right there by my side. Saeyoung came less and less as he made the preparations for me to leave but he knew I wouldn’t feel lonely with you there; and I didn’t. By then I cherished your presence; the sound of your voice as you read to me as I pretended to ignore you. Now...now I love you so much I have to let you go. I can’t pretend anymore that I don’t wish you were mine.” His forehead drops to yours, his eyes closed in agony.

Your hands move slowly to his head, your fingers burying themselves in his soft curls. “Can I talk now? I think there are some things you need to know.” You wait for him to nod and smile slightly. “You aren’t alone, Saeran. I...I have feelings for you too.” His body freezes though his head snaps up to meet your gaze. “I think I have for a while; maybe even as far back as the hospital. For a while those visits were the highlight of my day. I didn’t realize then what I was feeling, only that I enjoyed
being with you. But,” you take a breath and lick your sticky lips, knowing you’re about to crush this beautiful man’s heart and it will always taste of strawberries. “I love Saeyoung; I married Saeyoung. I could never do anything to hurt him.”

“I love him too,” Saeran whispers, his thumb caressing your face. “The last thing in the world I would ever want to do is hurt him or come between the two of you. But does that mean we have to suffer in silence just so my brother can be happy? And if he ever somehow found out about….whatever this is….do you think he would be happy that we suffered for his sake?”

“No but,” you begin then shake your head. “I don’t have all the answers, all I know is that I love my husband but I also love you and it’s tearing me apa-”

Your words are smothered by the press of Saeran’s lips against yours. In your daydreams, Saeran’s kisses are sweet and timid; in reality you are instantly a pool of desire as his tongue slips into your mouth and dominates your own seeking muscle. You clutch tightly to his shoulders, your nails digging into his flesh. Saeran tilts his head slightly then his tongue plunges deeper into the cavern of your mouth. His groan of need shoots straight to the core of you and your cunt throbs in answer.

You know this is oh so wrong but all you want in this moment is Saeran’s cock buried deep inside of you.

He sits, still straddling your hips and unzips your borrowed hoodie with trembling hands. He lets out a slow breath as he parts the material that has been hiding your breasts the whole evening. Carefully, his gaze locked on yours for any sign of resistance, he ghosts his fingers over the hard peaks of your breasts. You cry out in pleasure, your back arching off the soft surface beneath you. Palming your breasts he leans back down to claim your mouth, your tongues giving and taking; fighting and relenting.

Saeran’s mouth moves to your ear, his hot breath sending tingles of desire throughout your body. “Why him,” he asks, his voice thick with desire. “Why couldn’t you wait just a little while longer? Why did it have to be my brother? If you had waited just a little longer, this wouldn’t be wrong. Just a little bit longer, MC, and we would never have to leave the bed. I would be yours and you would be mine.” His voice finally breaks and he reclaims your mouth, his tears mixing with yours.

His hands move to the hem of your shirt, easily slipping under to touch your bare skin. Immediately he sits up with a worried frown. Your skin is on fire, much warmer than any flush of desire should be; his eyes dart up to look at your face and Saeran’s frown deepens. Your cheeks are scarlet red and when he touches your forehead he immediately retracts his hand. It appears your temperature has been steadily rising throughout the evening and it seems you’ve now developed a dangerously high fever.

Moving quickly, Saeran gently helps you sit and remove the hoodie and sweatpants, purposely averting his eyes from below your waist, before carefully carrying you to his bed. Once he sees you settled, he finds some aspirin in the medicine cabinet and draws a glass of water from the kitchen before sitting next to you on the bed.

“No, not Saeyoung; Saeran, my beautiful disaster.”

“Hey,” he answers shakily, placing an arm around your shoulders to help you sit. “You’ve got a pretty high fever, beautiful. Do you think you can swallow this medicine for me?” You nod weakly and allow him to place the two white tablets on your tongue then hold the glass of water to your mouth. “Good girl,” he praises you, trying not to let the fear in his voice be heard. “Just try to rest; I’ll get a cloth for your head.” You make a noncommittal sound, your body already falling into a restless slumber.
Saeran moves slowly to the bathroom and grabs a clean washcloth, tightly gripping the sink’s edge as he waits for the water to warm up. Of course this is his fault. Wasn’t everything else? If he had just answered one of your calls or texts today, you wouldn’t have stood out there in the rain for God knows how long. “Fuck,” he mutters under his breath, the urge to break something almost overwhelming. Not only had he allowed the woman he loves to get sick, there was also now no doubt that he betrayed his brother. There was no explaining this one away. If you had not developed a fever, there was no doubt in Saeran’s mind that the two of you would be happily naked in his bed right this second.

How many more ways is he going to fuck over the people he cares about? Only time will tell if tonight’s events fixed anything or completely broke them all apart. All he knows is that there will be no more running; no more hiding; no more denying what he feels. Somehow there will be a resolution to this situation; and it will start right now.

After waiting for the water to turn lukewarm, Saeran soaks the washcloth, wringing it out to make sure there is no dripping before moving quietly back into the room to place it on your forehead. Without thinking, he leans over and softly kisses your cheek, smiling when you let out a contented sigh. “I love you,” you murmur and for once it doesn’t sting him to hear it; he now knows for certain that you love them both.

Leaving the room as quietly as possible, he leaves the door cracked and grabs his phone from the kitchen counter. Taking a deep breath, he lets it out slowly and dials his twin’s number.
For The Sake Of Us Part 1

Chapter Summary

Saeyoung returns home to find that things are very different than when he left.

Chapter Notes

The next two chapters feature Saeyoung heavily. Finally we get to see what is going on in his head and how he feels. I'm sorry it's taken so long to update but honestly I had a problem getting back into Saeyoung's head space and after being in Saeran's for so long. BUT once I was there, this turned into a beast of a chapter. So much so that this chapter is actually broken into two parts. I will be honest and say that the next couple of chapters may be hard to read for some but everything is leading up to good things. It's always darkest before the dawn, after all.

Extra special thanks to Emimilykity. I seriously would not have gotten as far as I have in this chapter without her. She has been invaluable; never afraid to tell me when something doesn't make sense or needs improvement and cheering me on when I get it right. And she obsesses over the twins with me which is helpful in itself.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy the first part of this chapter. The "playlist" is below as usual. Keep in mind this will also be the playlist for the next part with a couple of songs added for the smut that you have to look forward to. ;)

Sad Song (feat. Elena Coats) - We The Kings  
I Get To Love You - Ruelle  
Shadow - Birdy

It takes twenty seven hours, thirteen minutes for your fever to break. Saeran knows the exact amount of time as he’s been awake for the entirety, restlessly watching over you. The vice that's been around his chest finally loosens and he breathes a sigh of relief, brushing back strands of hair that cling to your damp forehead. Grabbing his phone, he sends off a quick text to his brother letting him know you are better then tosses it onto the nightstand.

Standing he stretches and yawns, exhaustion finally hitting him. From the moment you entered his bed until now his attention has been focused solely on you; only leaving your side long enough for short bathroom breaks or to refill the glass of water that sits beside the bed. Now he recovers you with the blanket you have managed to kick off for the hundredth time and shifts indecisively. He’s bone tired and wants nothing more than to at least catch a nap before you need him again but the only other place to sleep is the sofa. He quickly discards the notion of leaving you alone and carefully sinks onto the soft surface beside you, leaning back against the wooden headboard.

When he’s settled you suddenly stir and throw an arm around his legs, your face nuzzling his thigh before you mumble something incomprehensible and sigh deeply, falling back into a restful sleep. Saeran’s body stiffens then slowly relaxes looking down at your sleeping form with a small smile.
He strokes your head gently then finally leans his head back against the hard surface and closes his eyes, sleep quickly claiming him.

A sudden pounding on his front door breaks the silence of the small apartment. His head jerks up from where it has fallen forward in slumber, colliding painfully with the headboard. “What the…,” he mutters, rubbing the back of his now throbbing head. Temporarily disoriented, he blinks at your still sleeping form, your rest miraculously undisturbed despite the continued battering of someone’s fist against the door.

“Saeran!” He rolls his eyes and sighs in irritation at his brother’s voice outside his apartment. Carefully he frees himself from your embrace and wearily gets up from the comfort of his bed, glancing at the clock to see that only an hour has passed since slipping in next to you. Hearing another round of loud knocks, he moves quickly to open the front door before Saeyoung knocks it down. “Where is she?” His twin questions, pushing past Saeran as soon as the door is open.

“Sleeping like any other normal person would be at this hour,” Saeran answers irritably, following his brother’s direct route to the bedroom. Covering a jaw popping yawn, he leans against the doorframe watching Saeyoung lean over you, placing a hand on your forehead. His shoulders finally sag in relief, the tension visibly draining from his body. “If you’re satisfied that I haven’t killed her and hidden the body can we go sit in the other room? She needs rest and with all your overdramatics you’re going to disturb it.”

Without waiting for an answer, Saeran pushes away from his slouched pose and disappears into the living area. Throwing himself down onto the sofa, he sighs knowing that sleep is not something he’ll be able to indulge in until his brother has some answers.

“God, I’m tired,” Saeyoung sighs sinking onto the other end of the sofa. Removing his glasses he rubs his eyes, slumping back onto the cushions.

Saeran grunts. “Shouldn’t you have been here yesterday afternoon? If you weren’t going to come back when I called, couldn’t you have least waited until the sun was up before disturbing the neighbors with your bellowing?”

“I tried to get here sooner. There was a meeting I couldn’t miss; my flight was redirected due to weather then delayed. I finally just rented a car and drove the rest of the way. I’ve been on the road for the past eight hours.”

“Then I guess you haven’t checked your phone? I just sent you a text an hour ago telling you everything was fine. There was no need to rush over here at this hour.”

Replacing his glasses, Saeyoung gives his brother a hard stare. “‘No need to rush over’? When I last spoke to you, you sounded like she was dying or something.”

Saeran’s face colors slightly. “I may have overreacted a bit,” he admits sheepishly.

Saeyoung raises an eyebrow. “Well it’s nice to hear I’m not going to be a widower already but what happened anyway? When I left she was fine.”

The smaller man closes his eyes and shakes his head, knowing his brother is going to be angry and he can’t even blame him. Then he remembers that it was Saeyoung’s suggestion that gave you the push to try and reconcile and the guilt that rushed back to the forefront is combined with anger at his brother’s interference. “Well, because you told MC she should just show up here despite me trying to maintain no contact, she ended up standing in the rain for God knows how long waiting for me to either arrive or leave; I’m still not sure which.”
“Neither, actually,” you croak from the bedroom’s threshold. Your throat is dry and sore making it difficult to speak. You clear it and swallow painfully before continuing. “I was trying to work up the courage to press the buzzer. It appears I’m not quite as fearless as you thought, Saeyoung.” You give your husband a small smile, your heart clenching when he returns it wholeheartedly.

Both men jump to their feet, whatever fatigue they suffer forgotten. Saeran makes it to your side first entwining his fingers with those of the hand that hangs loosely at your side. He reaches up and caresses your hair, tucking it behind your ear and gazing at you with worry. “How are you feeling?” You blink up at him, his unconstrained show of affection taking you by surprise. The feel of him holding your hand makes your heart begin to race, his green eyes holding your gaze on him. He squeezes your fingers and the tips of your ears begin to burn remembering his lips pressed against yours, his hands on your breasts.

Saeyoung clears his throat loudly, breaking whatever spell has come over you. Saeran drops your hand quickly and steps back, his cheeks pink. You draw a shaky breath, the door frame giving you dearly needed support. You force yourself to look at your husband who is appraising you with a raised eyebrow.

“Interesting choice of attire,” he finally says, reminding you that the only piece of clothing you are currently wearing is his brother’s thin t-shirt. You immediately cross your arms, covering your chest from the two sets of eyes that are now unknowingly staring at your breasts.

“Oh right,” Saeran speaks up, grabbing the hoodie that had been discarded onto the couch and handing it to you. You smile at him gratefully, your heart skipping a beat when his fingers brush against yours briefly. “I forgot to get your clothes out of the dryer. I’ll be right back.”

You and Saeyoung both watch him leave the room then lock eyes. You bite your lip at the unreadable expression in his, slipping your arms through the sleeves of Saeran’s jacket and zipping it up. “What’s going on?” Saeyoung asks quietly and you drop your eyes, shame suddenly assaulting you.

You can feel tears gathering in the corners of your eyes and you squeeze them tightly, trying not to let them fall. Saeran reenters the room, setting your neatly folded clothes on the sofa. He leans on the back of the large piece of furniture, supporting his weight on his hands. You lift your eyes to stare at your husband’s twin, his posture straightening at the determination he sees in them. He shakes his head so slightly you question if you actually saw it but you give a nod in answer. We have to tell him. Saeran closes his eyes briefly and heaves a sigh before returning your nod curtly.

You move your gaze to the bespectacled twin, your pulse pounding in your head. One tear escapes and tracks its way down your cheek. You reach up and swipe it away, offering up a small prayer that you aren’t about to ruin your marriage. “Saeyoung, we need to talk.”

Saeyoung’s golden eyes dart back and forth rapidly between you and his brother before finally settling on you. You can see the panic beginning to build in him, his eyes widening ever so slightly. You know his thoughts are running a mile a minute trying to figure out what he’s stepped into. You open your mouth to try to alleviate some of his distress but he speaks before you can utter a word.

“Is this one of those ‘I’m leaving you for your brother’ conversations?” He tries to make the question sound humorous but you can tell he’s actually frightened of the answer. His posture is stiff, his breathing somewhat increased.

“No!” The simultaneous exclamations of horror from both you and Saeran has an instant effect on him, some of the tension draining out of him. His shoulders relax slightly though the panicked gleam in his eyes remains.
“So, what? Did you two sleep together or something?” He chuckles nervously, his smile slowly fading when your face turns red.

“No,” you begin slowly the denial not quite a question, your gaze darting quickly to Saeran in a silent plea for help. Your memories of that night are fuzzy at best, the last thing you remember being the taste of his tears mixed with your own. Your husband’s face is slowly draining of color and you find that you’re unable to get any more words past the lump in your throat. You didn’t think this was going to be easy but you’re finding it even harder than you imagined.

Saeran sighs and rubs a hand over his face roughly before speaking into the silence that’s fallen. “I kissed her,” he confesses quietly, avoiding his brother’s eyes.

“We kissed each other,” you’re quick to correct, able to take an easier breath now that the truth is out.

Saeyoung stares at his brother, his face a storm of emotions. He tilts his head to the side in question. “Like...on the lips? With tongue and everything?”

Saeran tilts his head back, sighing again at the ceiling in irritation. “Jesus, Saeyoung, can you please be an adult for once? Yes, on the lips. Don’t make this harder than it has to be.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t want to make things harder for the guy who stuck his tongue in my wife’s mouth,” Saeyoung responds sarcastically, blood rushing back into his face.

“I mean harder on you, jackass. You know, the guy who sent his wife over to his brother’s place knowing—or at least suspecting—what could happen.” Saeran’s own anger is rapidly building inside him, his voice rising in volume. “What the hell are you playing at anyway, Saeyoung? You have an idea of why I moved out; why I cut off contact with her. I know you do because we’ve been dancing around the fucking issue for a month. You’re an idiot but you aren’t stupid. Even so, you thought it was a good idea to encourage her to come see me? Alone, at that?”

“Because she was miserable!” Saeyoung’s focus remains on his brother, his eyes and body turned toward his twin. “You were both miserable. I thought I could trust you to not let your hormones control you.”

“I’ve loved her longer than you’ve even known her,” Saeran shouts, hands fisting at his sides. Chest heaving, he glares at his twin, managing with effort to lower his voice. “I have stood in the background and watched for years. My hormones aren’t the problem, it’s my heart that I can’t control anymore and I don’t want to. I’m tired of being nothing more than background noise; sick of feeling like you and I are in a race where I’m always just one step behind.”

“So you decide to just cheat and steal the prize for yourself?”

“Enough,” you cry faintly, releasing the door frame and pushing yourself in the direction of the arguing duo. When you go unheard, you push past the fire in your throat and scream for them to stop. The anger in your voice makes them both tear their eyes away from the other and look at you. “That’s enough! I’m not going to stand here and listen to you two fight over me like I’m some prized possession.”

The twins are stunned into silence, their faces red. Your eyes dart back and forth between them, silently daring them to say anything else. Finally your glare comes to rest on your husband. Your face softens at the uncertainty you see in his eyes, your heart clenching painfully that you are the cause of it. Guilt causes you to look away and you manage to avoid both sets of eyes that each plead silently for something different. Your anger fades away as you realize the impossible situation you
are all in and you swipe a lone tear from your cheek with the back of your hand. You move across the room to grab your shorts from the sofa and slip them on quickly.

Saeyoung lifts a hand to touch you and you flinch. Buttoning your clothing with trembling hands you shake your head again and meet his liquid golden eyes. “Please don’t touch me,” you manage to whisper, your tears coming faster. You give up trying to wipe them away and let them track crookedly down your face. “I’m so close to losing it right now. If you touch me I’m going to break apart.”

Saeyoung nods in understanding and drops his hand, watching as you clumsily grab the remainder of your clothing and stuff it into your handbag. His eyes follow your movement to the front door where you slip on your sandals and straighten to grasp the door’s knob. You open the door and begin to move through the threshold before you pause and look back at the two men who are staring at you with all the love in the world. “When you two have calmed down we all need to sit down and talk...together. Before that both of you should know that I don’t regret what happened but I will disappear before I let my love be the reason you are estranged again.” With those words you quickly step into the hall, pulling the door firmly shut behind you.

Saeyoung’s heart stops at the click of the door closing. Panic rises up in him like a tidal wave and he immediately wants to race after you but his feet will not cooperate. His body is numb with shock, the world around him shrinking down until all he is aware of is the harsh, ragged sound of his breathing.

He makes a staggering move toward the door when he is stopped short by the restraining hand wrapped around his bicep. He glares at his brother angrily, trying to shake off his vice like grip. “Let go, Saeran. I don’t know about you but living without her is not an option for me. I won’t let her just disappear.”

“She’s not going to disappear,” Saeran replies, loosening his grip slightly when Saeyoung winces with pain. “Right now she’s angry and probably overwhelmed; she’s lashing out.”

Saeyoung finally succeeds in shaking off his brother’s touch and straightens his jacket. “I suppose you know her better than I do now?”

Saeran shakes his head slowly and leans against the back of the sofa, crossing his arms over his chest. “No, but I have a lot of experience in lashing out when I’m scared. This...thing...between she and I didn’t happen overnight but it’s only been a couple of days since she realized what she’s feeling. A couple of days where she’s been delirious with fever and not had a chance to actually process her emotions; give her some time to think, Saeyoung.”

“I can’t lose her,” Saeyoung answers shakily, running a hand through his tousled hair. “And I can’t just sit around here waiting for her to decide if she’s going to vanish or not. I’m going after her.” Without waiting for his brother to answer, Saeyoung rushes out of the apartment and down the stairway in pursuit.

He doesn’t think you could have gotten far with your body in its weakened state but when he makes it out to the sidewalk you are nowhere to be seen. Frantically looking in one direction then the other, Saeyoung groans aloud and pulls out his smartphone. Silently he says a prayer of thanks that he installed the tracking program months ago even if you had insisted he also allow you to track him if needed. As far as he knows, you have completely forgotten about the app at this point.

Saeyoung taps on the app’s icon and waits impatiently for it to load up. He sighs in relief when a
map of the city pops up with the dot that represents you moving steadily through a nearby park. Your husband begins running in your direction, eager to feel the reassuring solidness of you in his embrace. No matter what happened while he was gone, he knows two things for certain; you love him and you would have never let Saeran touch you if you didn’t have feelings for him too.

He races down the now sun-dappled street, eyes glued to the screen of his phone. Following the small dot on the screen, he eventually finds you sitting on a secluded bench, arms wrapped around your middle as your shoulders shake in grief.

Saeyoung approaches you slowly, shoving his phone in the pocket of his jacket before sinking down beside you. He carefully drapes an arm across your shoulders, sighing in relief when you lean into him with no hesitation. He pulls you to him tightly, burying his face in your hair. “I don’t care what happens, you cannot disappear on me,” he whispers brokenly. You bury your face in his chest, inhaling his scent deeply. Immediately you feel like you’re home and your arms snake around his waist to hold on for dear life.

“I’m so sorry,” you cry, your voice muffled by his jacket. “I just missed him so much and I felt that I needed to apologize because he’s your only family. I didn’t realize that I cared about him so much and now I can’t even remember everything that happened that night. I didn’t mean-”

“Shh,” he interrupts your rapid flow of words soothingly.”Right now you need to focus on getting better. Just because your fever is gone doesn’t mean that you aren’t ill. We can talk about...everything...when you’re better.”

“Do you hate me,” you venture to question in a small voice, unable to look up and meet his gaze.

Saeyoung laughs and places a kiss on the top of your head .“I couldn’t hate you even if I wanted to.” Standing, he pulls you to your feet, grasping your elbow tightly when you begin to sway dangerously. “Jesus, how did you manage to make it all the way over here?” Not expecting an answer, he swiftly lifts you in his arms. Too weak to protest you merely rest your head against his familiar shoulder, letting your eyes close in exhaustion.

You don’t feel him make his way back to the rented sportscar or when he places you into the passenger seat though you are aware of the pressure of his hand wrapped around yours as he drives you home. You do not regain consciousness until the heavy iron door of your third step of security slams shut behind you. You jump in surprise and Saeyoung’s arms tighten around you before you can fall from his grasp.

Pushing gently but insistently against your husband’s chest he finally allows you to gain your feet, being sure to keep a steady hand on your elbow. Straightening your back you step away from his calm reassurance. “I need a shower desperately,” you comment, your nose scrunching up in disgust. “I can’t believe I let you touch me with how dirty I am.” You peel the damp cloth of your borrowed shirt and hoodie away from your chest and scowl down at your moist skin.

Saeyoung grasps your wrist and pulls you against him, quickly wrapping his arms tightly around you before you can object. “You could be covered in mud from the top of your head to the tips of your cute little toes and you would still be beautiful.” He brushes his lips against yours, groaning in disappointment when you pull away.

“Saeyoung…,” you bite your lip, your eyes holding his golden ones. “We really have to talk about what happened.”

Your husband places two fingers on your lips to silence you then traces the shape of your mouth lightly. “We will,” he promises. “The situation will still be there in a few days. I expect you’ll
recover pretty quickly so just be patient, my goddess.”

“Promise me,” you say quietly, your fingers grasping Saeyoung wrist and pressing tightly. “Swear that you will not run away. This is important...to all of us.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Saeyoung answers with a small smile, reaching up to softly caress your cheek. “Do you need help getting in the shower?”

You recognize his change of subject and shake your head. “I can manage, thanks. If you could make some coffee while I’m in there that would be so helpful though.”

Saeyoung drops a kiss on your forehead and grins as he begins to back away from you. “Your wish is my command, darling.”

Fifteen minutes later you emerge from the overheated bathroom, Saeyoung’s oversized flannel robe wrapped around your naked body. You can smell the wonderful aroma of freshly brewed coffee and follow your nose to the kitchen. Expecting to see your husband leaning against the kitchen counter, you are surprised to find the room empty. A dull ball of dread settles in your stomach making the rich smell of coffee in the air turn sour. He promised not to run and you wanted to believe in him but if he isn’t running, then where is he? Did you and Saeran hurt him so badly that he can no longer look at the two of you? You’re positive that Saeyoung still has the ways and means to disappear into thin air if he wants to. The thought makes your hands begin to shake with trepidation.

Before you can explode into full blown panic you see a small folded up piece of paper sitting under your favorite mug. Slowly letting out the breath you didn’t realize you’d been holding, you unfold the small square, your eyes quickly devouring your husband’s handwriting.

_Something’s come up, I have to go out for a while._

_I will try to be home before dark._

_Get some rest._

_I love you._

Tears prick the corners of your eyes at his short, to the point, note. All you want to do right now is curl up in your bed together and feel your husband’s strong arms embracing you. You need his physical reassurance that he will forgive you for your lapse in judgement with his brother. Instead you prepare a cup of steaming coffee, blowing on it absent mindedly as you make your way to the living room and sink down onto the plush cushions of the couch. Worst case scenarios run through your mind and you bite your lip, cradling the warm cup in your suddenly freezing hands. What if this situation is just too much for Saeyoung? It was hard enough to get him to accept that you cared about him in the first place; how would he feel now that you also cared for his brother? Would he feel cast aside? Would he run away thinking you no longer wanted or cared for him? The thought brings tears to your eyes and you quickly dash them away. You would do whatever it took to convince him that you still loved him just as much-no, more-as you ever did.
You take a sip of the cooling coffee, its warmth in addition to the memory of Saeran’s words making your body overheat. *I’ve loved her longer than you’ve even known her*. His words, said in anger, rang truer than anything he’d ever said to you. Against your will you smile in joy with the remembered realization that he loves you. The taciturn young man who you never thought would trust anyone enough to fall in love is in love with you.

These thoughts of Saeran are quickly stifled by the overwhelming guilt of what his words meant to your husband. A fresh round of tears wets your cheeks and you feel helpless, unable to do anything but sit in the empty house agonizing over the correct thing to do. Grabbing your handbag, you dig out your phone, the sudden desire to hear Saeyoung’s voice overpowering. You aren’t surprised when he doesn’t answer and you grip the phone tightly to your ear as his cheerful outgoing message begins to play. You wait for the beep then whisper sorrowfully into the phone before hanging up and setting it down carefully on the table in front of you.

Physically and emotionally exhausted you stretch out on the large sofa, pulling the afghan that your grandmother made you years ago over your shoulders. You cannot control the flow of tears that dampen the throw pillow beneath your head and finally you give up even trying. You close your eyes and finally, blissfully you let sleep take you.
For The Sake Of Us Part 2

Chapter Summary

Saeyoung has a lot of feelings, Saeran talks more than he probably has in years, Zen is awesome and Yoosung is just busy being Yoosung (by which I mean oblivious).

Chapter Notes

Long chapters you say? I got em! The promised smut will not be happening until next chapter unfortunately because everyone is currently pissed off. But seriously this two part chapter has turned into three parts because there's just too much going on. I don't know if anyone will notice but I have added a few tags that should clear up some of the questions I've been receiving. 1. Yes, this story has a happy ending. The twins have been through way too much for me to write anything else but a happy ending for them. 2. This is a poly fic.

Huge shout out to Emimilykity for putting up with my bullshit this chapter. I hate this chapter (not really, just sick of reading it) and she probably hates it too at this point. Please go give her some love if you haven't already, she really is a great writer.

Songs this chapter. My playlist turned out being 15 freaking songs long. I will not be posting every song I used because that is just ridiculous. Here are the three that ended up being used the most.

human - Christina Perri
She (A Capella Mix) - We The Kings
All Around Me - Flyleaf

Hope you enjoy this chapter. I worked really hard to make it into something readable. I promise things start looking up for a little while next chapter!

Saeyoung grips the steering wheel, his thumbs tapping in rhythm to the music blaring from the car’s sound system. His eyes are glued to the apartment building’s iron gate, his imagination in overdrive. His mind taunts him with images of you in his brother’s arms, your naked bodies moving together. Even with the small space of the car filled with the fast paced melody of the current song he can imagine the sound of you falling apart. The harder he works to push these pictures away the more vivid they become until he’s convinced he’s losing his mind.

He had not planned on returning to the scene of his nightmare so soon but he’s on edge and eager for answers. He feels a certain amount of guilt for slipping out while you were in the shower but knows that if he didn’t do it then he would be unable to leave you at all. Despite your shakiness when he found you in the park you had seemed steady enough after returning home for him to trust that you would be alright on your own.

The song on the radio changes and his eyes close, his head falling back onto the headrest. Memories
of you assault him as the lyrics to your favorite song wash over him, squeezing his heart painfully, making it difficult to breathe. Doubt and self-loathing finally penetrate the fog of anger that’s been keeping him in forward motion and his eyes sting with unshed tears. Was this whole mess his fault? Should he have left well enough alone and hoped for the best? Most importantly where the hell did you all go from here? Saeyoung has never doubted your love for him but did he not give enough in return? Was he lacking something that you could only find in his twin? Did he push you into the other man’s arms?

Saeyoung takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly, turning off the ignition and exiting the small car. Nothing was going to be illuminated with him sitting in a parked car asking himself questions he didn’t have the answers to. Jiggling the car keys in his hand nervously, he slips through the gate behind a family of three who are too focused on their screaming toddler to notice him. Taking the stairs two at a time, he approaches his brother’s door, heart pounding.

He doesn’t remember knocking on the door but before he realizes it Saeran’s green gaze is staring out at him. Every bit of nervousness he feels drains from his body, leaving in its place a deep sense of betrayal. “We need to talk,” he says quietly, shoving his hands in his pockets.

Saeran steps back, holding the door open for his brother to enter. Shutting it softly behind him he watches as his twin crosses the small apartment and takes a seat at the compact kitchen table. Saeyoung leans back and rests one foot on the opposite knee, his eyes narrowing. The silence lengthens between them until the older twin finally speaks, his voice dripping with venom. “How many times?”

Saeran’s brow furrows in confusion, not sure of the context of the question asked. He’s caught off guard, expecting the usual brashness of his brother not this quietly simmering rage that he can see in the golden eyes shooting daggers at him. “What are you talking about?”

“How many times,” Saeyoung repeats slowly, his tone even, “did you fuck my wife before I interrupted you?”

“Did you find her? Is she ok?”

“What I think is that you should be at home taking care of her instead of sitting here accusing me of something I didn’t do.” Saeran returns, scowling furiously.

“You expect me to believe that?” Saeyoung laughs bitterly. “You really expect me to believe that nothing happened when she comes out of your bedroom practically naked? I’m married to her, remember? I know how it’s almost impossible to keep your hands off her. I imagine it was even harder for you being that you’ve been lusting after her the entire time you’ve known her. How did it feel finally getting what you wanted? Was it worth it?” He pauses and lets out another bitter laugh. “Of course it was, it’s MC.”

Saeran glares at his twin, his face dangerously calm. “Stop.” He moves to the space across from his brother and turns the chair around, straddling it and crossing his arms over its back. “Do you even expect me to believe that?” Saeyoung laughs bitterly. “You really expect me to believe that nothing happened when she comes out of your bedroom practically naked? I’m married to her, remember? I know how it’s almost impossible to keep your hands off her. I imagine it was even harder for you being that you’ve been lusting after her the entire time you’ve known her. How did it feel finally getting what you wanted? Was it worth it?” He pauses and lets out another bitter laugh. “Of course it was, it’s MC.”

Saeyoung shakes his head and stares at his brother with open hostility. “MC doesn’t even remember half of what happened, and I think we both know it wasn’t just a kiss.”
Saeran mutters under his breath in frustration at the usual persistence of his brother. “You’re right; it wasn’t just a kiss but I’m only going to say this once: I did not fuck your wife. I would be lying if I said I didn’t want to or that I wasn’t really close to it but in the end the only time MC spent in my bed was alone,” he pinches the bridge of his nose, his head beginning to ache. “Look, you aren’t going to believe anything I say right now. You’re obviously upset, we’re both tired and you aren’t thinking straight.”

“I’m thinking perfectly fine,” Saeyoung responds, his fingers tapping the surface of the table mindlessly. “I’m thinking that after everything I did for you, you repay me by sleeping with my wife as soon as my back is turned. I’m thinking that you honed in on the one thing that makes my life worth living and twisted it into something unbearable. I’m thinking that you finally found a way to make me suffer for not taking you with me when I escaped.”

The younger twin stares at his brother in disbelief. “God, Saeyoung, do you really think I would do something so hateful? I mean, sure there was a time that I wanted your life to burn down around you but that wasn’t me. After all the shit we’ve been through I’m grateful that I’m where I am today because of you.”

“Then why do the one thing that would hurt me the most?”

“I didn’t mean to hurt you. I know it’s wrong, but it wasn’t even about you,” Saeran says quietly, his heart breaking at the pain in his other half’s voice. He uncrosses his arms and lays his hands on the table beseechingly, silently asking his brother to understand. “I fell in love with MC months before Rika ordered me to find someone to infiltrate the apartment. I would watch her, being sure to keep my distance from her because I was so fucked up that I didn’t want to harm or scare her,” he pauses, clearing his throat and curling his fingers into loose fists. His face darkens, and he swallows hard before continuing. “Then these thoughts...ideas...started just manifesting in my mind without me remembering even considering them. At first it was just small jabs about how I wasn’t man enough to take what I wanted; how I was still just that scared little boy tied up in the darkness. Then the ideas turned darker and things I never would have even considered sounded reasonable.” Saeran stops talking his eyes dropping to the table’s surface in shame. Finally, he re-crosses his arms on the back of the chair, his fingers grasping at the fabric of his sleeves. “Anyway, when Rika told me to find someone...malleable...to help the cause, I led MC there. By that time I was convinced that if I didn’t trick her into staying and helping that I would never see her again. I was terrified that someone else would snatch her away.”

“And the one person you hated the most did,” Saeyoung says quietly, his anger and hurt now fighting for dominance over the pity he feels for his twin.

“I was messed up, Saeyoung. I was pissed that the only person I’ve ever loved was in love with my brother; pissed at myself because if I had just been strong like you maybe I would be the one she would die for. Pissed at you the most because you were everything I could never be. But after I was clean, after I realized you weren’t my enemy, I never planned on trying to steal her away from you or even let her know how I felt. I kept my distance the best I could, but you know it’s impossible to make yourself not love her. Look how hard you tried to do the same thing and look where we are now. She’s your wife, Saeyoung. I crossed a line that I never meant to but now I can’t just pretend that I don’t know how she feels. I can’t just continue to stuff my feelings in a box and try to forget that they exist. She loves you; I’ve never seen someone love another person the way she does you, but I can’t be sorry if even a small fraction of that is being directed at me now.”

Saeyoung stares silently at his brother for a few moments, considering his words before removing his glasses and perching them on top of his unruly hair. He sighs deeply, rubbing his eyes before leaning his elbows onto the table and burying his face in his hands. “What do you suggest we do,” he asks,
his voice muffled behind his hands. Straightening, he replaces his spectacles and regards his twin with determination. “I’m not giving her up. I know you said you had no intention of trying to steal her away, but I know that desperation will make you do some pretty stupid shit.”

“Look, I just want to be in her life,” Saeran states simply. “In any capacity she wants me.”

“Do you really think you can be happy with only part of her love; with having to share her time with someone else? Do you think it will be easy to know that when she isn’t with you, she’s with me?” There is no more anger in Saeyoung’s voice, merely curiosity and disbelief.

“I do,” Saeran answers softly. “I’ve been doing it for years. You once told me that I am you and you are me, but I never fully understood that until her. This may be a bit unorthodox to most people but Saeyoung...when have we ever been most people? How lucky are we that we found the one person in the world that makes us both happy to be alive; who gives us the strength and desire to put up with all the bullshit?”

“I don’t know how I feel about this,” Saeyoung leans back, weariness washing over him. “I suspected that you two felt some way about one another, but I never imagined it would turn into this shitstorm.” He draws in a deep breath and lets it out slowly then nods once. “I need time to think about this. Every time I look at either of you right now all I can think about is the two of you naked together; which is unsurprisingly easy being that you look just like me. I think this is the only time in our lives that I’ve regretted being a twin.” Saeyoung gives his brother a small, sad smile and laughs softly.

“I get it,” Saeran grins wryly, “but whatever you’re imagining is just that; your imagination.”

“Right,” Saeyoung mutters still not quite convinced of that fact. “One more thing then I’ll leave this alone...for now. Did she say she loves you? I mean did she actually say the words?” His sibling stares at him in silence, green eyes unblinking. He knows the answer without hearing it and it hurts more than he thought it would. He knew before even uttering the question that there was no way you would let any man you didn’t love put his hands on you.

Whatever confidence his brother’s words had restored in him shatters when he remembers the way you pulled away from him after returning home. New questions join the old ones and he stands blindly, not waiting any longer for an answer. Storming out of the apartment he slams the door forcefully behind him absently hoping that he broke it in his furor.

You open your eyes keeping your body still as you listen for any indication of Saeyoung’s presence. Almost immediately you know he still hasn’t returned and the ache in your chest returns with a vengeance. You press the heels of your hands to your swollen and aching eyes, trying and failing to keep more tears from leaking out to dampen your temples. You rapidly cycle between wishing you had never made the decision to walk to Saeran’s to feeling that it was the best decision you ever made. These thoughts are immediately followed by the look of Saeyoung’s heart breaking as you shattered him.

You scream out in frustration and helplessness, savoring the burn in your throat. The pain is a just reward for the damage you’ve done; damage that you’re afraid you’ll never be able to repair. Your head and chest pull you into opposite directions, and you lash out blindly, your small fists pounding the cushions that support you. You hate yourself for what you’ve done to your husband; how in one thoughtless moment you’ve stripped him of the security of your love and possibly driven a wedge between what had been so hard to reclaim.

Finally exhausting yourself you slowly sit up, a brief spell of dizziness making you clutch the edges
of the cushions you had only moments before been punishing. Once the room stops spinning you reach out and pick up your phone, disappointment crushing you when you realize Saeyoung has not tried to reach you since he left.

An incoming text just as you’re about to set the phone back on the surface before you makes your heart jump then begin to race when you see Saeran’s name on the small screen.

You stare at his words, your teeth worrying your bottom lip as you type out a reply then erase it. Three times you attempt to answer the simplest of questions before your phone begins to vibrate with an incoming call. Saeran’s defiant glare stares back at you and your stomach flutters with sudden nerves.

“I was going to answer,” you greet him, wincing at the sharp pain in your raw throat.

“Calling seemed more efficient,” Saeran counters, amusement tingling his words. “I’ve been watching you type for almost ten minutes.”

“Staring at the phone waiting on a reply,” you state, a smile in your voice. “It can’t be that you’re lovesick?”

“Would it surprise you if I said yes,” he asks softly, the tone of his voice changing to something hesitant and somehow fragile.

“No,” you answer slowly. “I think it would surprise me more that you were actually willing to admit it.”

“Well...surprise,” he intones and you burst into laughter at his unexpected response. He’s quiet for a moment and you can imagine the stain of red that is probably coloring his face before you hear him chuckling quietly. “I miss you.”
“Yeah?” His declaration silences your laughter though small giggles of happiness still bubble in your chest.

“Yeah,” he confirms gently. “You keep me from taking things too seriously.”

“Good,” you smile. “You’re entirely too serious for your own good most of the time. You and Saeyoung.” You stop talking abruptly, the circumstances of your current phone call rushing back to you.

“What’s wrong?” Saeran asks. “Saeyoung and I what?”

“Nothing,” you answer softly, all at once your voice thick with misery.

“It’s not nothing,” he insists and you wince at the concern in his voice.

“I...was going to say that you guys usually balance one another out pretty well but then I remembered that we hurt Saeyoung terribly this morning and now I’m sitting here laughing. I’m an awful person.”

“He’s not there?” The question is asked carefully and you feel an icy finger of dread travel down your spine.

“No, he left this morning while I was in the shower.” Saeran sighs, the sound doing nothing to alleviate the panic slowly overwhelming you. “Saeran, what’s going on? I know you know something.”

“All I know is that he was here this morning. This must be where he came when he left you; but he left hours ago.”

“If he was there then that is obviously not all you know, Saeran,” you snap, anger joining the panic that was now like a wave washing over you.

Saeran sighs again, his reluctance to say anything apparent. “His head is pretty messed up,” he finally admits quietly. “He’s convinced that we…”

His voice trails off and you close your eyes in mortification. “…had sex.” You finish his sentence in a whisper.

“His choice of words was a bit more colorful but yeah.”

“Oh, God,” you mutter, your head falling into your hand. Your tired, scattered brain finally puts all the pieces together and you groan. You remember your tearful confession in the park, your body and mind so weak that you spoke without thinking, implying you weren’t certain of that fateful night’s activities. “This is bad; this is really, really bad.”

“Saeyoung will be fine,” Saeran states with confidence and you shake your head as if he is standing before you.

“Do you even know your brother,” you question in disbelief. “Let me explain the situation we’re looking at. When Saeyoung is stressed he has a difficult time controlling his emotions. Now put that together with the fact that my husband only drives very expensive cars at very high speeds. I don’t care how good a driver he is, he’s in no state of mind to be alone right now.” You pause and bite your lip, gaining your feet and beginning to pace nervously. “What did you tell him?” An awkward silence falls between you and you freeze, holding your breath as you wait impatiently for an answer. “Saeran, what the hell did you say to him,” you explode, your fear and concern inducing your voice
“Enough,” Saeran finally says shortly.

“What does that even mean?” You wince at the alarm you can hear in your elevated voice. You take a deep breath and let it out slowly before consciously lowering your voice. “Ok...alright; I love you, Saeran, I do but I can’t do this right now. I have to find Saeyoung and fix everything. I’m sorry.”

“I think you’re overreacting; “

You let out a breath of laughter. “Just...you don’t get it; you can’t get it. This is something between he and I now.”

“So, I finally open up and you shut me out?” You can hear the hurt beneath the ice in his voice and you sigh and add it to the list of things you feel guilty for.

“That’s not what I’m doing. Look, the last time Saeyoung lost control of his emotions he...well he hurt me badly. He said a lot of things he didn’t mean and felt really bad about it for a really long time. When he was there I bet some things came out of his mouth that you never expected to hear, right?” You pause to let him answer and when nothing comes you continue. ‘Right; I’ll take your silence as a yes. He hasn’t come home, and he won’t answer his phone so that means he is afraid to ask me anything. He knows I won’t lie to him and he thinks he knows the answer I’m going to give him because I’m a fucking idiot. Now do you understand?”

Saeran sighs in defeat, the warmth back in his voice when he finally answers. “Yeah, I do.”

“Good, I have to go. I’ll call you later.” You end the call without waiting for an answer, your sense of urgency too great for formalities. You immediately try Saeyoung’s phone, cursing under your breath when it goes straight to voicemail. You hit end on the phone again and send a quick succession of texts. Still receiving no reply you stare at the gradually darkening screen, your mind racing.

You remember the tracking app he’d developed months ago and spend precious minutes searching for it among all the useless things you never bother to open until you find it. You shift your weight from one foot to the other as you wait for it to load then almost throw the phone across the room when the screen displays a ‘user location unknown’ notification. “Saeyoung, you stubborn ass,” you mutter angrily, adrenaline making you feel anxious and on edge.

Your last resort is the messenger app and you tap its icon harder than needed, impatiently waiting for it to load, making mental notes to tell Saeyoung he needs to do something about speeding up the process of logging in. Finally, the welcome screen appears, and you check who is online, not surprised that your husband isn’t among them. You type out a quick text to him then open the chat log and see that Zen has started a chatroom.

The mere sight of your best friend’s user icon gives you a measure of peace and you sink down onto the sofa unable to think of any other way to locate Saeyoung. Your hands are shaking slightly when you tap the screen to enter the chatroom, thankful that there is no video chat option available.
MC has entered the chatroom.

ZEN
MC, you're here!

MC
Hello, lovely Zen!

ZEN
haha

ZEN

ZEN
How is everything going?
ZEN
I haven't seen you around in a while.

MC
Things have just been busy...

Yoosung★ has entered the chatroom.

Yoosung★
Hey guys!

MC
Morning, Yoosung!

Yoosung★
Yoosung★
Morning? lol

Yoosung★
Sae-young mentioned you were sick

Yoosung★
but you must really be out of it

Yoosung★
it's mid-afternoon

MC
oh...right lol

ZEN
you're sick?!

ZEN
What happened?
ZEN
Are you alright?

MC
lolol

MC
Calm down, I'm fine.

MC
It's just a sore throat.

MC
Yoosung, you've talked to Saeyoung?

Yoosung★
Yeah

Yoosung★
he's asleep
Yoosung★
on my couch. lol

Yoosung★
I asked him to stop by

Yoosung★
to help me install a new processor.

ZEN
What the hell is he doing sleeping at your place?

ZEN
ZEN

He should be at home taking care of MC.

MC

Thank you, Zen, but it's fine

MC

Sacyoung just got back from a business trip

MC

I'm sure he's exhausted

MC

Enough about me!

MC

Zen...
MC

why didn't you tell me you were going to be on TV?!

ZEN

lol if I had known you would be the first person I told

ZEN

The current musical I'm in is performing in a fundraiser

ZEN

for the children's hospital

ZEN

A local news station came

ZEN

to interview some of the actors.
ZEN
I didn't know anything about it

ZEN
until they shoved a mic in my face lol

MC
I'm so disappointed I missed it!

MC
Saeran was flipping through channels and didn’t notice

MC
By the time he went back it was over
ZEN
I thought Saeran moved into his own place

MC
...yeah he did

ZEN
That interview was live

ZEN
on the late-night news

Yoosung★
Was he staying over to keep you company while Saeyoung was gone?

MC
Yep!
MC

I need to lay back down

MC

Can you tell Saeyoung to call me when he wakes up, Yoosung?

Yoosung★

Sure thing!
The hand holding your phone tightly drops to your side, your limbs suddenly weak with relief. Saeyoung is alright; he’s safe and it’s even possible he’s not avoiding you, merely sleeping. Pretending to be your usual upbeat self was difficult but now you’re thankful you were able to manage. If you can just be patient for a little while longer maybe you’ll be able to ease your husband’s mind.

Your phone buzzes and you immediately lift it to see a new text message.
Your head falls back, and you stare at the ceiling briefly wishing that Zen wasn’t such a good friend before gathering the strength to get dressed.

Saeyoung yawns and stares blearily at the floor between his knees, listening to Yoosung prattle on about...something. He can’t concentrate on his friend’s words, the constant stream of conversation unable to penetrate the red-head’s own thoughts. You were on his mind as soon as he opened his eyes, disoriented and unsure where he was.

Yoosung’s call for assistance had come as he approached his rental car, the rage that had been merely simmering at his brother’s apartment close to boiling over. He jumped at the chance to avoid returning home, realizing that in his current condition he was bound to say something he regretted or more likely ask questions he didn’t want to know the answers to. So, instead of getting the rest he so desperately needed, he returned the rental to the airport, picked up his own sleek sportscar and come over to the younger man’s home to help him install the new computer component he’d purchased.

Now he occasionally hums in agreement or mumbles some generic reply to whatever his friend is talking about, wondering how he’s supposed face you. Managing to get some rest has given him some clarity and managed to calm the anger he’s been nursing all day. He rests the blame of this whole mess on his own shoulders realizing he had been the one to push you both to a reconciliation knowing there was something there between you even if he didn’t appreciate the depth of it.
Saeran had tried to leave, he had tried to exit your life as much as he could but Saeyoung had pushed you towards him. His stomach churns as he remembers the way he urged you to use that same persistence that had worked so well on himself to persuade his brother to stop pushing you away. He couldn’t allow himself to stay angry at either of you when it had been his own actions that produced something that he was not prepared for.

Your name being spoken finally pervades his musings and his head jerks up. “What?”

“How?”

“What about MC?” He questions again impatiently.

“Oh, I saw her in the messenger this afternoon; she wants you to call her,” Yoosung answers, his gaze never leaving his computer monitor.

Saeyoung glances around him for his jacket and pulls his phone from the pocket groaning when he sees that it has died. “Dude, you got a charger for this?” He holds up the phone for Yoosung’s perusal.

“Yeah, in the kitchen,” the blonde answers absently after glancing at the phone, his attention already back on whatever had made him finally stop talking.

Saeyoung gets up and shuffles into the small kitchen, locating the charger already plugged into the wall. While he waits for it to charge enough to turn back on he grabs a bottle of water from the fridge, chugging half its contents before the phone starts to vibrate with notifications. He freezes, his heart dropping at the numerous missed calls and texts that fill up his screen. Slowly he sets the bottle on the counter and picks up his phone, ignoring his brother’s texts and sliding his thumb across the first text you sent.
Saeyoung carefully sets the phone back down and places his hands on the counter. His head falls forward and he acknowledges he should call you immediately to let you know he’s fine but not sure if he has the strength to hear the concern he knows he’ll hear in your voice. It finally occurs him to wonder what time it is, and he touches the phone’s dim screen to brighten it and curses.

He yanks the phone from the charger and storms into the other room, grabbing his jacket and moving to the front door to put on his shoes. “Jesus, Yoosung, why didn’t you wake me up? It’s after nine!”

Yoosung swivels around in his chair. “I did try once but you kicked me, so I left you alone. Besides MC said you just got back from a trip and I thought-”

“It doesn’t matter,” Saeyoung interrupts shortly, straightening and shrugging on his jacket. “Thanks for letting me use your couch.”

Without waiting for a reply, he leaves, his finger already tapping your name in his call log, praying the phone doesn’t die again before it goes through. He listens as your line starts to ring, unlocking his car remotely as he jogs across the dimly lit parking lot. Just as he’s folding his body into the small vehicle the call connects and he braces himself to hear your voice but is stunned to hear a male voice greeting him.

“Look who decided to call,” Zen answers sarcastically, his words invoking both anger and shame in Saeyoung.

“Where’s my wife?” Saeyoung asks acutely aware of the quickly draining battery of his phone.

“She cried herself to sleep clutching her phone, jerk. What the hell is going on with you two? She
won’t tell me anything except that she messed up and I can’t imagine anything she could do that would warrant you—"

“Zen, give me my phone.” Saeyoung hears you in the background and his heart skips a beat. The urge to see you that pressed him to drive eight hours home instead of waiting the few hours for his delayed flight returns with a vengeance and he starts the car, putting it in drive before speaking again.

“Look, Zen, I don’t have the time or battery power for this right now. Put MC on the phone.” He can hear your muffled voices then you’re on the other side of the line.

“Saeyoung?” Your voice is breathless, and he can tell you’re on the verge of tears.

He clears his throat before answering, trying to hold back the flow of emotions that threaten to spill over and drown him. “I’m sorry I worried you.”

“Oh, thank god. Are you still at Yoosung’s?” The relief in your voice feeds his remorse and his fingers tighten around the steering wheel.

“I just left. My phone died and is probably going to die again any second now. I wanted to let you know I was on my way though.”

“Saeyoung, I’m so sorry,” you say and sniff. The regret he can hear in your voice twists his heart and he presses down harder on the gas pedal, the car’s speed increasing rapidly. “I love—”

The phone dies and he throws it into the passenger seat with enough force to make it bounce and fall to the floorboard. “Damn it,” he yells into the empty space of the car, both hands now gripping the steering wheel rigidly. His vision blurs and he swipes at his wet eyes quickly, knowing he should slow down but too anxious to be home.

As his car swiftly eats up the miles that separate you, Saeyoung comes to the conclusion that whatever happened between you and his brother doesn’t matter. The only thing that matters to him is your happiness and if loving the other half of himself is what it takes to assure it then he’s willing to entertain the idea.
Chapter Summary

A decision is made, someone makes out and someone else finally gets laid.

Chapter Notes

Hooooly smokes this chapter is enormous. This is the longest chapter OR one-shot that I've written so far. How did I write a 10k word chapter in two weeks? No freaking clue but here it is. Realistically I could have split this chapter into two (again) but I promised smut and smut you shall have. ***THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS STRONG SEXUAL CONTENT. READER DISCRETION ADVISED***

Extra special thanks to my friend Emimilykity for being my beta and not running away when I asked her to beta this behemoth. If not for her there would be missing words, extra words and words that just make you giggle at inappropriate times. She also pushes me to dig deep for the these characters and this story. In conclusion, she makes me a better writer so hats off to her!

Songs! The deeper I get into this story, the longer my playlists get. Here are just some that helped me finish this chapter.

Look At Me - Ivy & Gold
Runaway - We The Kings
Find You - Ruelle
Find My Way Back - Eric Arjes
Bedroom Hymns - Florence + The Machine (used for the smut)

Thank you for all the comments and kudos I have received. You guys are awesome.

How much longer are you going to keep this up? It’s the question that has been burning in your mind for the past five days and the urge to finally give voice to it is almost unbearable. You glance at your husband from the corner of your eye, pretending to be interested in the tv drama that is currently airing. In all honesty you have no idea what the plot of the show is and even if asked could not explain what has happened any time in the past thirty minutes. All your attention has been on the man sitting at the opposite end of the couch, feet crossed on the table in front of you as he types furiously on his laptop. Tomorrow will be two weeks since he’d returned home from Yoosung’s; two weeks since he’s completely immersed himself in his work.

It’s the same tactic he used all those years ago when you were stuck in that small studio apartment right down to the headphones, though you aren’t even sure if he’s actually listening to anything. You suppose you should be grateful he’s not sitting in a corner facing the wall.
You understand this is a defense mechanism but that knowledge doesn’t do much to ease the hurt that it causes. You continue to keep the question silent, accepting his distance as punishment for the upheaval you’ve caused. You are convinced that if you just give him the time he needs he will return to you. Turning your head you look at him straight on, not surprised when he fails to even glance up at you. You remember that awful day and the night he returned home wishing he would share his thoughts with you.

That night you convinced Zen to leave before Saeyoung arrived, promising to tell him everything when you were able. You knew if your friend was there when your husband arrived that the ivory-haired thespian would be unable to keep himself from saying something he could later come to regret. He had been none too happy with Saeyoung the whole evening, not knowing exactly what the problem was, only that whatever it was had you miserable and in tears. As soon as the actor was out the door you occupied your time cleaning the already pristine kitchen. As soon as you heard the metal clang of the door you rushed out and straight into Saeyoung’s arms, inhaling his familiar scent as you savored the feel of his embrace; both of you apologizing before all too soon he placed a quick, chaste kiss on your lips then released you though his hands remained on your shoulders. He stared down at you for what felt like minutes and you could have sworn he was about to say something important. However, the moment passed and he claimed exhaustion, leaving you staring after him speechlessly as he headed for the bedroom without a backwards glance.

Since that night the man you married has been largely absent; both emotionally and physically. He’s been making excuses to stay away from home, sometimes not even returning until dawn and when he is home he barely acknowledges you. He has not touched you in any significant way except for the rare occasion that you awaken in the middle of the night with his arm thrown over your waist, forehead pressed against your back as he snores softly.

You're his wife; just ask him! You chew on the inside of your mouth as you stare at Saeyoung now, trying to work up the courage to ask when he’ll be done making you suffer for your mistake. The fact that you can’t be entirely sorry for what happened keeps you frozen in place. Saeran crosses your mind, as he usually does lately, and you snap your head back to the front, watching the television blindly. You haven’t seen the other twin since that morning you rushed from the apartment though you’ve texted and called each other often. He helps calm your nerves those nights that Saeyoung is nowhere to be found, the tracking app showing a location you don’t recognize every time you open it. He does your husband’s job of reassuring you that the older brother will come around; he will eventually come to whatever decision he’s trying to make and stop hiding behind the facade of work. You miss his touch more than you’ve ever missed anything and the absence of his affection has left a gaping hole in your chest.

You can do this. What are you so afraid of? It’s Saeyoung, for god’s sake. You nod curtly to yourself and stand before you can talk yourself out of it again. You move the short distance to your husband’s outstretched legs and nudge him with your knee. At first he disregards you, his typing continuing at its rapid-fire pace. You nudge him again, harder this time, and he finally pulls his legs back onto the couch and folds them. You take a seat in front of him and clasp your hands tightly between your knees, trying to make yourself keep your gaze on him. A few moments pass this way, Saeyoung’s eyes hidden by the glare of the laptop’s screen. Your courage begins to fade when confronted by the obvious fact that your husband is purposely ignoring you. You quickly reach out and begin to close the device before you allow yourself to give into the urge to bolt.

His fingers finally stop flying across the keyboard and he sighs, allowing you to completely close the laptop. He reaches up and removes the headphones before wrapping his fingers around the edge of the computer sitting in his lap. “What’s up?”

You lick your lips that are suddenly dry and resume your original pose of your hands between your
knees. This is the first time in weeks you have forced his attention onto you and now that you seem to have it, you find yourself at a loss for words. You stare at him unblinking, your chest tightening and the corners of your eyes burning. Any second now you are going to start crying. You don’t want him to see it but you’ve missed him so much and you wonder briefly if he’s feeling any of the loneliness and isolation you’ve been experiencing.

“Talk to me,” you finally plead in a choked voice, the tears you’ve been trying so hard to keep at bay slipping silently from your eyes. Saeyoung’s eyes soften before his gaze drops to his lap, his knuckles turning white with the force of his grip on the workstation. When he remains silent you swipe at your wet cheeks with the back of your hand before your voice fills the silence. “I know there are things you want to know. I’m here, willing-eager even-to tell you everything. Saeran and I-”

“I’m swamped with work right now, babe,” he interrupts you, his eyes finally rising to meet yours, his expression unreadable.

“If you don’t want to talk to me, at least talk to Saeran,” you plead, reaching out to touch his hand. You realize as soon as the words leave your mouth that it was the worst thing you could have said but you can’t help the pang of irritation that is starting to slowly grow within you. “Saeyoung, you worked too hard to drag him back from the dark to let this- me -come between you. If you need someone to blame, blame me; let me be the one you hate but just tell me what you’re thinking.”

Saeyoung opens his mouth to speak but is halted by the sudden buzz of his phone. He glances at the screen then back at you, his amber gaze pinning you in place for a moment with its intensity. Slowly, a wall comes down and his expression changes to one of cool detachment. “It’s Jumin, I have to give him a call.” You lean back quickly as he stands and begins to move towards his workstation without another word.

“You brother is coming for dinner tomorrow night,” you call after him and watch as he freezes but does not turn to face you.

“I have a meeting tomorrow afternoon,” he claims after a brief pause. “Don’t wait for me.”

“Seven!” Your exclamation stops him once again but he turns to look at you this time, the apathy on his face replaced with a mix of surprise and caution. “While I love the Defender of Justice and all, I would really like Saeyoung to be there.”

His face relaxes into a grin and your heart skips a beat. “He’ll try,” he answers with more warmth than you’ve heard in weeks then pivots and leaves the room.

You let out the breath you didn’t realize you were holding and pick up your phone. Now all you have to do is convince Saeran to come for dinner tomorrow night.

In the end you’d only had to ask once before Saeran readily agreed, his desire to see you overriding whatever misgivings he might have about seeing his brother. He hasn’t spoken to Saeyoung since that morning he stormed out of the apartment but has managed to text him enough to finally start receiving short, one word replies. “Perseverance is key,” he mutters now after reciting the Arabic password you’ve given him and entering the bunker.

He makes his way to the kitchen and pauses in the doorway, letting his eyes devour the sight of you. His gaze moves from the long ponytail you’re sporting, down to the sliver of bare skin revealed due
to you currently stretching as high as you can to grab something from the cabinet above the stove. A grin spreads across his lips as his eyes run over the curvature of your ass, the skinny jeans you’re wearing clinging to you enticingly.

Saeran leans against the doorframe, crossing his arms over his chest as you begin to mumble under your breath in frustration, chuckling to himself when you start jumping in hopes of catching the edge of the object you need. “When are you going to give it up and realize you need to buy a step-ladder?” He finally questions when your curses become louder and more colorful.

You start with surprise, pressing a hand against your chest as you swivel around quickly at the sound of his voice. “Oh my god, Saeran, you scared me to death. Make noise or something when you enter a room,” you scold, your face flushing in embarrassment. “Since you’re here, make yourself useful.” You gesture at the container that managed to elude you then place your hands on your hips.

Saeran pushes away from the the threshold and retrieves the requested item. “Hi,” he says softly, your fingers brushing his momentarily as you take the proffered item. His stomach flutters at the slight touch, the urge to pull you into his arms and cover your mouth with his coming over him like a flash of lightning.

“H-Hi,” you answer, clutching the salt to your chest as you raise your gaze to meet his. You lean slightly into him, your eyes dropping to his lips before a loud hiss pulls your attention away from the carnal promise in front of you. “Crap,” you mutter, setting the seasoning down on the counter and turning your full attention to the pasta that is currently boiling over. “I hope spaghetti is alright,” you comment, shooting Saeran a quick apologetic look. “The time got away from me and I forgot to go to the market.”

“Sounds great,” he answers, moving to sit on one of the tall chairs at the kitchen’s island. He glances over his shoulder then raises an eyebrow. “Where’s Saeyoung?” He sees you stiffen, his brow furrowing in concern. “MC,” he prompts when you fail to answer.

You sniff before answering and Saeran’s heart drops. “He said he had a meeting this afternoon,” you finally answer nonchalantly. “It must have run over. I’m sure he’ll be here before we start eating.”

But Saeyoung still hasn’t returned when the two of you take your seats at the kitchen table and Saeran can see the hurt and disappointment that you try to hide. “Why don’t you try to call him?” He finally asks, watching you reach for your phone for the fifth time before returning your hands to your lap.

Pulled from your thoughts, you blink at him before shaking your head. “No, if he’s still in a meeting he won’t answer and if he’s not...well, he probably won’t answer anyway,” you finish softly, your gaze dropping to the table.

“Hey,” he coaxes gently, dipping his head to catch your gaze. “Do you want me to try calling him?” You look at him and bite your lip but shake your head in answer. “Do you...want me to go?”

“No,” you answer immediately, your hand moving quickly to cover his that rests on the table. “No, I’m glad you’re here.” You give him a small smile and squeeze his hand. “I’ve missed your face.”

Saeran turns his hand and laces his fingers through yours, holding on tightly. “If it was my face you missed, all you had to do was look at my brother.”

You shake your head in denial. “You two may look almost the same but your faces are like night and day to me.”
He grins, his thumb caressing the back of your hand. “Am I night or day?”

“Which do you want to be?” You ask, the smile slowly fading from your face as he pulls you lazily toward him. He leans over to meet you halfway, his breath whispering over your lips as he answers.

“As long as I get to love you, I don’t care,” he says softly before closing the distance between you and pressing his mouth lightly to yours. His heart feels like it’s going to explode, the softness of your lips against his almost making him loosen the tight hold he has on his emotions. His free hand rises and touches your cheek, his thumb skimming across your skin as he tilts his head and runs his tongue across the seam of your mouth. “Let me in,” he breathes against you and you comply, a whimper escaping your throat when his tongue slides between your slightly parted lips to taste you.

A feeling of intoxication consumes Saeran, the small noises you’re making as you sample one another pushing away the voice of reason that is screaming at him to stop. Whatever intentions he ever has seem to fly out the window the moment he’s in your presence, the smell and taste of you currently drowning out any semblance of rationality. The only thing he can do is feel and the intensity of that overtakes him. Never has he felt this surge of utter need; never even imagined that something so powerful could exist.

When you release his hand and plunge your fingers into his thick curls, tugging lightly as your tongue circles and rubs against his, his restraint snaps. Releasing your mouth he stands and pulls you from your seat, his hands cupping your face as he reclaims it, his tongue plunging deeply inside to rub sensuously against your own. One hand roams down your body to your lower back where he presses you against him, his hips rocking against you in need.

“Saeran,” you sigh, your fingers twisting in the fabric of his shirt as he trails his lips along your neck. The want in your voice when uttering his name provokes a swell of white hot pleasure to race through his body; his already throbbing shaft twitching violently at the stimulation. The hand on your back lowers to trace the curve of your behind before cupping one shapely cheek and pulling you even closer, groaning at the feel of you in his hands. You gasp when he pulls your earlobe into his mouth, biting it slightly before gently pulling it between his lips. “We have to stop.”

“I know,” he agrees then takes your mouth again, your hands traveling up to clutch at his shoulders for stability as he invades your senses. Slowly the fervency of your kiss decreases, Saeran pulling your lower lip into his mouth and sucking lightly before finally releasing you completely. His forehead rests against yours, both of you breathless and tense with yearning. “I’m sorry,” he apologizes in a whisper and you more feel his words than hear them.

You run your fingers through the hair at his nape and close your eyes. “There’s nothing to be sorry for,” you say and he tries to regain some semblance of sanity even as his body cries out for your touch. “I want it too. I just...can’t...right now.”

“I understand,” he says softly, raising a hand to trace the curve of your cheek. “Everything is going to be alright, MC. We’re going to work this out.”

You shake your head slightly. “I don’t know, Saeran. I should have known it was too soon for this. I should have just let him come around on his own but—”

“Call him,” your brother-in-law interrupts, releasing you to grab your phone off the table and offering it to you. “We both know how stubborn my brother is. If you let him he’ll just continue to internalize everything and never tell you how he feels. Come on, I know enough of your history to know that if you’d let Saeyoung have his way without pushing back then none of us would be where we are now. I don’t know about you, but I kinda like it here,” he finishes with a grin.
You slowly take your phone from his hand, your eyes searching his. “How can you be so understanding?”

He gives you a smile and reaches up to run his fingers through your hair before kissing you quickly. “Because I love you,” he says simply, a stain of pink coloring his cheeks when he pulls back to look down at you, “and I love him; more than he thinks I do. My brother is obsessed with making sure I’m happy; making sure you’re happy even moreso. He gets so caught up in it that he doesn’t realize that the love he feels is being reflected back at him. I’m the interloper here, I have no right to make demands. I’m not entitled to your time or affection, I’m just happy to receive whatever you’re willing to give.”

Smiling sadly you reach up and touch his face, your fingers tracing his jaw. “You’re entitled to more than you think,” you say quietly. “You deserve all the love in the world. Why settle for what I can give?”

“I could never consider you settling,” he answers tenderly, catching your hand and pressing his lips against the back of it. “Now call my idiot of a brother so we can eat; I’m starving and you promised me food.”

You nod and rise up on your toes to kiss him quickly on the cheek before turning away to call your husband. You aren’t surprised when he doesn’t answer and forego leaving a message. You stare at the smartphone in your hand for a moment then open the tracking app that you have been using so frequently as of late. You bite your lip as you watch the app load, slightly uncomfortable with your actions. Every time you start the program you can’t help but feel like a stalker but then remind yourself that you’re using it exactly as your husband intended. You can’t deny that it is convenient in easing your mind somewhat but you can’t quite shake that creeper feeling whenever you allow yourself to tap on its icon. You heart drops now when you see that Saeyoung is at the same strange location that he has so often been when you resort to technology to locate him.

You start to place the phone on the counter but it begins to vibrate with an incoming call. You’re genuinely surprised to see your husband’s picture staring back at you when you look at the screen. Immediately you accept the call finding the nervousness you feel at speaking with him disconcerting. Even in the early days of your friendship you have never felt this level of apprehension. Maybe you shouldn’t have called him in the first place. Wasn’t him not showing up a clear declaration that he wasn’t interested in working this out?

“S-Saeyoung,” you finally stammer in greeting. You grip your phone tightly, holding onto the counter for support with your free hand.

“Sorry I missed your call. I was...uh...,” he pauses and clears his throat, “…did you need something?”

Your eyebrows shoot up at his question, suddenly annoyed. “‘Do I need something’? Are you serious? There are a lot of things I need, Saeyoung, but right now I’d be happy with knowing if you’re coming home for dinner.”

“Is Saeran there?”

“You missed your call. I was...uh...,” he pauses and clears his throat, “…did you need something?”

Your eyebrows shoot up at his question, suddenly annoyed. “‘Do I need something’? Are you serious? There are a lot of things I need, Saeyoung, but right now I’d be happy with knowing if you’re coming home for dinner.”

“Is Saeran there?”

“Yes, I told you he would be,” you answer with a sigh. “Where are you?” You wait a full minute for an answer before you realize he is not going to give one. The irritation that was slowly fading rushes back and your face flushes. “Fine, Saeyoung, keep your secrets even though you swore there would be no more between us. I have been nothing but honest; as honest as you’ve let me be anyway.”

You hear your husband let out a huge sigh. “Shit,” he mutters and you can imagine the way he runs
his hand through his hair whenever he’s distressed. It’s another thirty seconds before he speaks again, his voice apologetic. “Look, I’ll be home in just under an hour. You guys go ahead and start without me.”

“Alright,” you answer stiffly then end the call, setting the phone on the counter. While he didn’t lie about his whereabouts, he didn’t tell the truth either and the fact that he’s so reluctant to share his location gives you an uneasy feeling.

Taking your seat at the small table you shake your head at Saeran’s unspoken question, picking up your fork and forcing yourself to take a bite of the food in front of you. For the next forty-five minutes you keep the guilt at bay as you enjoy the younger twin’s company, easily falling into comfortable familiarity as the night wears on. Finally you sigh and push away from the table, gathering the dirty plates and carrying them to the sink. “I’m really glad you came over,” you comment over your shoulder as you turn on the water to rinse the used dinnerware. Saeran gets up to stand next to you, resting a hip against the counter, arms crossed as he watches you. You glance at him and smile. “If Saeyoung had been here it would have been perfect,” you remark before your face falls in horror when you realize what you’ve said. “Not that being with you isn’t perfect, I just meant-”

Saeran laughs at your panicked expression, reaching out to run his thumb down your cheek. “You don’t have to be so guarded about what you say around me,” he grins.

“I’m sorry,” you reply weakly, giving him a frown. “This whole thing is just so...weird. I look at you and I see the same Saeran I’ve always seen but I also see...something more,” you finish and look down quickly, your face heating uncomfortably. “I’m not used to being this...awkward...with you. I constantly feel like I’m going to say or do something wrong and you’ll realize that I’m not-”

“You can stop right there,” he demands then reaches out to turn off the water and pulls you into his arms. You hold your hands away from his body to prevent him from getting wet as he places a finger under your chin to raise your face to his. “Whatever you were about to say is completely untrue. You are, and always will be, everything I want. There’s not a single part of what you do and say that I don’t find endearing. These feelings I have for you aren’t new, MC. I’ve been in love with you for a long time and I don’t foresee anything that could make me stop.”

“Saeran,” you murmur, his green eyes holding you in thrall as his face moves closer to your own.

“When I said start without me, this isn’t exactly what I had in mind,” Saeyoung says from the kitchen’s doorway, his voice laced with sarcasm.

You both immediately pull away from the other, your husband’s sudden appearance eliciting all the feelings of guilt you’ve managed to fend off for the past hour to come rushing back so fast that it makes you feel somewhat sick. You watch as he sets his laptop case on the kitchen’s island and slips into one of the tall chairs, resting his elbows on the surface before him. “Are you hungry,” you ask, finally finding your voice.

“Famished,” he answers with a grin then moves his gaze to his brother. “Have you been enjoying yourself this evening?”

Saeran’s eyes dart to you then back to his twin and shrugs one shoulder. “I always enjoy myself with MC.”

The bespectacled twin laughs suddenly, startling you and making the smaller twin straighten from the relaxed pose he’d assumed as the conversation continued. “I just bet you do,” the older twin remarks, raising one copper eyebrow.
“Come on, Saeyoung, you know that’s not what I meant,” Saeran asserts, his face flooding with color. “At least I showed up. For someone who’s so worried about me screwing their wife, you did a great job of giving me the opportunity; thanks for that.”

You slam the plate you’re holding onto the counter’s surface before the seated brother can form a reply. “If you two are done provoking one another, I have something to say,” you declare angrily, glaring at both of them. Your eyes land on your husband and you stare at him for a moment, trying to read his face. Unable to discern anything but a seething anger directed at his brother you sigh. “What do you want from me, Saeyoung?” He blinks in surprise, obviously not expecting the inquiry. When he fails to provide an answer you continue. “Do you want me to guess? You don’t talk to me, you don’t touch me, you aren’t home most of the time and when you are, you can barely look at me,” you pause, the tightness in your chest making it hard to vocalize the thoughts racing through your head. “Do you want me to leave? Is that what you’ve been trying to hint at? As each day passes it feels more and more like you’re pulling away from me and I don’t know how to fix things because you won’t tell me anything. Please,” you plead, tears finally leaking from your eyes, “I would give you the world if I could but I can’t do anything if you don’t talk to me.”

Saeyoung’s eyes have been softening as you speak and you can see them watering even from where you’re standing. Your heart gives a lurch at the possibility that you’ve finally broken through the wall he’s built around himself the past couple weeks. “Come on,” he finally says, gaining his feet and holding out his hand to you.

“W-What,” you stammer, swiping at your eyes.

“Maybe I should go,” Saeran suggests softly, his eyes moving between you and his brother as he places a hand of comfort on your shoulder.

Saeyoung shrugs. “Go or stay, it doesn’t matter; we’re leaving.” Moving around the island, he grabs your hand and pulls you after him, yanking your jacket from where it rests as he heads for the door.

Saeran stands in the kitchen, listening as the bunker’s iron door shuts heavily. Conflicting emotions course through him as silence falls around him. His eyes move over the room’s interior, coming to rest on the spot where this whole situation began. His lips quirk into a smile when he remembers that fateful night that he had unthinkingly licked chocolate from your finger, finally revealing the longing that consumed him. No matter what happens from this point forward, he can’t make himself be sorry for that one moment of weakness.

Sighing he rolls up his sleeves and begins to clean up the mess left behind, not yet ready to leave the familiar setting of the first real home he can remember.

“I’m sorry,” Saeyoung says quietly, his face turned up to the heavenly array of stars above you. They are the first words he’s spoken since you left the bunker, the long drive out to the clearing high above the roiling sea spent in silence. The beauty of the display overhead does little to calm him as it usually does, his thoughts tumultuous as he sits next to you, shoulders pressed together on the hood of the small car. He’s frustrated at himself; his plan to give you and his brother some time alone having failed miserably. When you told him about the dinner he realized it was the perfect opportunity to test himself; to see if he could handle knowing the two of you were alone and doing whatever that entailed. For the first time since he walked blindly into what felt like an alternate universe, he put himself in his brother’s shoes. Sitting out here, by himself, he forced himself to imagine the two of you together, locked in each other’s embrace. After the initial stab of jealousy he was surprised to find the thought not intolerable. Yes, you are his wife but if his brother feels even a
fraction of what he himself feels then he knows that Saeran will never hurt you. It’s plain as day to him now that the two of you love each other and the conflicting emotions he feels about that fact are the only things he’s had room for in his mind for the past fortnight.

As he sped home to you from Yoosung’s it had seemed so simple. He convinced himself that he could handle sharing your time and body with Saeran but as soon as you were in his arms, the scent of your shampoo tickling his nose, the feel of your arms wrapped around him tightly, he couldn’t speak the words he knew you needed to hear. What if he confessed he was willing to invite his twin into your marriage and then you realized you enjoyed being with his brother rather than him? On the other hand, if he told you he couldn’t accept you rationing your time between them; would you abandon him and run to Saeran or possibly continue to see the other man behind his back?

The answers to those questions terrified him - still do terrify him, in fact - and kept him from voicing his insecurities and doubt. No, imagining you with Saeran doesn’t bother him now. What bothers him is his fear that he is not good enough.

When the fear becomes too much he comes here, to the seaside cliff with a perfect view of the night sky. He’d wanted to bring you here the first time he discovered this remote haven and now that he has he’s unsure how to proceed. Nothing he can say will make up for the way he’s treated you the past couple of weeks. Resorting to his default had been done automatically with little to no thought on his part. He’s been so far into his own head that he’s been blind to your pain, believing that using his work as an excuse to avoid you sufficed. All things considered, an apology is the only thing that seems appropriate to articulate.

“You don’t have to apologize to me, Saeyoung,” you answer softly, arms wrapped around your small frame.

“Yeah, I do,” he sighs finally gaining the courage to look at you. For a moment he’s struck by the beauty of your face illuminated by the full moon’s light, wondering again how he got so lucky to win your heart in the first place. He reaches up cautiously tucking the strands of hair that have come loose from your ponytail behind your ear. “I don’t want to lose you.”

“I don’t want to lose you either,” you reply, your hand coming up to grasp his wrist loosely. “Talk to me; ask what you need to ask. I know you have questions.”

Saeyoung’s mouth is suddenly dry, a million questions swirling in his head at once. For a moment he’s not able to form a coherent sentence, both wanting to ask everything in his head and not wanting to say anything at all. As long as he keeps his silence, things remain the same. As soon as he begins asking the questions he needs to know the answers to, all three of your lives will change; for better or worse. “Do you love him?” He begins with something he already knows the answer to but needs to hear you say.

Your fingers tighten around his wrist and he can see you swallow hard before answering. “Yes,” you finally admit softly. Fat, hot tears fall slowly down your cheeks, dampening the thumb that has been absently tracing the curve of your cheek.

Relief floods through him, making him briefly lightheaded before he reminds himself that there’s still
more he requires the answer to. “What happens if I can’t do this, MC? If knowing you’re with Saeran is too much for me to handle?”

He’s pleased when you don’t answer right away, pleased that you take the time to consider his words, though his heart picks up speed as the seconds tick by. Still your gazes remained locked, neither of you able or willing to look away from the other. “Then things go back to the way they were,” you finally answer, “or as close as they can be. I love you both, Saeyoung, but you’re my husband. I chose to spend the rest of my life with you and I haven’t changed my mind about that.” Saeyoung is overwhelmed with the need to feel you in his arms and stands, pulling you up and into his arms. “I didn’t mean to hurt you,” you say brokenly, your voice slightly muffled by his shirt.

“I know that,” he sighs, burying his face in your hair, his arms tightening around you as you begin to sob in earnest. A few minutes pass before he releases his grip on you, coming to rest his hands on your shoulders. “Look at me,” he says, bending his knees marginally to meet your gaze. “I want you to stop blaming yourself for what happened. Saeran tried to prevent this exact situation. I’m the one who caused this. My actions these past two weeks have just been a reaction to the shit going on in my head not because I’m angry with you. I’m not angry with either of you; not anymore.”

You sniff and swipe at your face with the sleeve of your jacket. “It didn’t seem that way back at home.”

“What? That thing with Saeran?” When you nod miserably he grins sheepishly. “I was just messing with him, I should have known he would react that way. He and I are really good at pushing each other’s buttons. If I were still angry with you guys I never would have stayed away long enough to give you some time alone.”

“You what?” Your voice raises an octave in outrage and Saeyoung flinches, his hands dropping from your shoulders.

“You what?” Your voice raises an octave in outrage and Saeyoung flinches, his hands dropping from your shoulders.

“It’s the only way I could be certain,” he defends himself. “Ever since that night I returned from Yoosung’s I’ve been going round and around with myself about what I am okay with and what I’m not. I needed to see if I could stay away knowing that there was a chance…” His voice trails off as your eyes gradually widen at his words.

“So, wait,” you say, crossing your arms. “You tricked me into spending time alone with Saeran…what…because you thought I would instantly jump into bed with him just because you weren’t there to stop us? Do you really think so little of me now that you can’t be honest?”

“Well when you put it that way…,” Saeyoung begins before you interrupt, your words growing ever more heated.

“And what if something had happened? What if I did exactly what you thought I would? Then was I supposed to just live with the guilt that I betrayed you or would you have come clean then? Or would you just continue letting me live in limbo at arm’s length?”

“What else was I supposed to do?” He explodes fervently, running a hand through his scruffy mane. “How can I just jump into this blind? How do I know with certainty that this won’t tear me apart every time you’re away from me? Tell me, MC, how can I agree to this without knowing that I can handle not being good enough?”

His vision blurs with the confession of his biggest fear but not before he sees the shock on your face. He tries to turn away; to hide the tears that make him feel even more unmanly but you grab his hand, refusing to let him construct the mask he’s been hiding behind since his world turned upside down. All the ire has vanished from your voice, replaced by anguish and disbelief. “Saeyoung, what do you
mean ‘not good enough’? The only flaw you have is not realizing your worth,” you release his hand and take a half-step closer to him. “If anyone is not good enough, it’s me. I didn’t fall in love with Saeran because you’re lacking something and whatever I feel for Saeran doesn’t invalidate what I feel for you. The love I have for you isn’t going to diminish just because he’s in my life. I’ll never not want you.”

Saeyoung’s heart begins to race as he stares into your eyes, the physical effect of your words immediate and breathtaking. His hands shake slightly with the need to touch you. His eyes drop to your mouth, the urge to capture your lips with his almost too strong to ignore, but he resists, afraid to initiate intimacy after the way he’s treated you for the past thirteen days. Despite your words, he can’t help the fear that you’ll reject him.

When you reach up to rest your hands on his chest, he closes his eyes, and inhales deeply through his nose, your scent filling his senses and making him lightheaded. Heat radiates from your body and memories of your naked form writhing under him assault his mind. You stand on your toes to reach his mouth, your breath whispering over his skin when you breathe his name.

Without thought he grasps your hips and pulls you fully against him, his mouth claiming yours in a kiss reminiscent of the first you shared years ago. His lips move against yours soft and slow, savoring the feel of you. One hand leaves your hip to rest below your ear, his thumb stroking your cheek tenderly. Disbelief that he almost ruined the best thing in his life teases from the corners of his consciousness but quickly fades as the world disappears around you.

When you open your mouth underneath his and lick delicately at the seam of his lips, Saeyoung lets out a low growl of hunger, the kiss instantly turning from sweet to passionate as his tongue eagerly meets yours. Lust overwhelms him, and he moves his hand from your hip to your lower back pulling you even closer to his body. He deepens the kiss, his tongue delving into your mouth to rub against yours erotically.

Your arms encircle his neck, your fingers tangling in his tousled hair. A small whimper escapes your throat at the ardor of his kiss and Saeyoung’s knees weaken at the bolt of pleasure that travels through him. It has been too long since he’s had you; too long since he’s felt your wet heat surrounding him. The desire to bend you over the car and bury himself in you is almost overwhelming but he manages to reign it in, instead clasping your wrists and lowering them from his neck to grab the open ends of your jacket and shove it slowly off your shoulders.

Before the coat even hits the ground at your feet, Saeyoung easily lifts you and turns to set you on the mildly sloped nose of the expensive car. Immediately you grasp the hem of your shirt and pull it up and off, tossing it onto the ground blindly as you hold his gaze. He didn’t think it was possible to get more turned on but the naked want in your eyes makes his cock twitch violently in response. All worry of your reluctance to have him touch you dissipates and he bends slightly to greedily recapture your mouth, his tongue circling yours in a slow, carnal dance. Gripping your thighs he pulls you to the edge of the vehicle’s hood, releasing your lips to speak breathlessly against you. “Lay back,” he commands and you comply, resting your weight on your elbows.

You watch as your husband removes your shoes then slides your jeans and panties down your legs, his eyes holding yours as he tosses them aside and drops to his knees. Removing his glasses, he tosses them in the direction of your discarded clothing in haste, not caring in the moment if they made it or not. He tells himself to slow down but the desire to taste you overrides reason and without preamble he buries his face between your thighs. The feel of your arousal on his tongue drives him wild, his heart rate increasing until he feels it will explode. His fingers dig bruisingly into the flesh of your hips, his self control dangerously close to fracturing. He has been despondent with the thought that he may no longer be able to love you this way and now that the familiar flavor of you satiates his
craving, he feels intoxicated.

Saeyoung’s tongue laps at your folds, moaning softly at your responsiveness. It’s something he’s always adored about making love to you. Already he can feel your body tensing as he runs the flat of his tongue over your clit. Not yet. The thought is in direct conflict to the demands of his body but the perverse wish to exert control over you dominates the instinct to promptly relieve his own insistent need for release. It’s a pleasurable torment that you both enjoy but are never able to accomplish for an extended amount of time. Experience tells him that the longer he withholds your orgasm, the more intense it will be and selfishly he wants you to remember that it was he who gave you the best you’ve ever had. He lifts his head just as you’re about to come, desisting all stimulation to your aching center. He looks up at you past your heaving chest, meeting your lust filled eyes. Holding your gaze he softly places small kisses on your inner thighs as you come down from the edge.

Releasing your hips he hooks his arms around your thighs and spreads them, giving you a grin before again lowering his head to feast upon you. Three times he brings you to the precipice of release only to deny you before you groan in aroused frustration, your body coated with sweat, your muscles straining with the need to finish.

“God, Saeyoung,” you gasp as his tongue once more begins to dance slowly in circles around your clit.

“Hmm,” he hums against your swollen flesh, smiling to himself at the way your hips buck into him at the vibration.

“Please,” you plead desperately, your body moving restlessly as two, then three fingers slide effortlessly inside you. His lips wrap around the small bundle of nerves that currently rule you and tugs gently causing your pelvis to lift from the car involuntarily as your body seeks the release it so desperately needs.

Saeyoung moans at the feel of your slick walls clenching around his fingers and he knows he can’t wait much longer to fuck you. He’s been so focused on his task that he’s neglected his own pleasure and now his erection strains painfully against the tightness of his pants. The thought of sinking into you brings him to his feet, dragging his tongue slowly over your clit once more before he begins kissing his way up your body.

His fingers continue to work at you as your mouths draw even, hot breaths mingling. Saeyoung’s mouth hovers over yours but he doesn’t kiss you, enjoying the anticipation of feeling the softness of your lips against him. The digits inside you curve expertly and you let out a strangled cry even as his tongue darts out to run along your bottom lip before nipping at it gently. “You were saying?”

You grind against his hand urgently, your eyes fluttering open to meet his, your breathing ragged. “Please, Saeyoung. If you’re wanting me to beg...this is me begging.”

His mouth crashes to yours, your tongues meeting almost violently. His fingers leave you, his hands frantically fumbling with his belt. Tearing his lips from yours, he straightens to unfasten his jeans, giving a sigh of relief when his erection is finally freed from the confines of his pants. Grasping your hips he pulls you forward again and you drop to your back, your bottom hanging over the edge of the car.

Saeyoung supports your body with his, reaching down to quickly line his member up to your entrance. His gaze lifts before he actually enters you, ignoring the way his cock throbs at the promise of your heat. “I keep stopping,” he says, his voice thick with desire, unable to resist inserting the head of his dick inside you and pumping shallowly, “because I want the hardest you’ve ever come to be around my cock.” His restraint finally loosen at the soft whimper his words achieve and he slides...
into you completely in one fluid motion, your body more than ready for him. Leaning forward, he rests his weight on his hands beside your waist, your legs draped over his arms. He remains still for a moment, his heart feeling as if it will rupture. The feel of your walls surrounding him invokes an animalistic hunger and he bites his lip as he rolls his hips against you trying to appease it. “I have to admit, though,” he pants, grinning down at you, “hearing you beg is a bonus.”

He sees you open your mouth to reply and draws his hips back slightly before snapping them forward harshly, your bodies meeting with a loud smack. Your words are cut off, a loud cry of pleasure overtaking them. Your back arches, lifting your covered breasts, your hardened nipples clearly visible through the fabric of your bra. “Unhook it,” Saeyoung demands breathlessly and you immediately obey, easily undoing the front clasp of your undergarment and pulling it apart, exposing the rosy peaks of your breasts to the night air. “You look like a goddess,” he breathes, his eyes glued to the gentle heave of your chest, “my goddess.”

Saeyoung’s head dips down to capture one sensitive nub between his lips, pulling it into his mouth and sucking almost painfully. He begins moving within you, his thrusts slow and insistent as his mouth moves from one soft mound to the other. He can feel your body tensing even as you begin using his arms for leverage to lift your body to meet his. Your fingers tangle in his hair, tugging insistently as he pleasures you, driving you ever closer to where you are so frantic to be.

“Harder,” you urge, grabbing a handful of his curls and pulling roughly, causing a sharp stab of pain to radiate from his scalp. His head jerks back in reaction, his cock slamming into you forcefully before he assumes a controlled but frantic pace, your high-pitched moans of ecstasy finally managing to crack his self control.

“Fuck,” he grunts and straightens, grasping your hips tightly, his fingers once more biting into your flesh as he drives into you. He watches as your eyes flutter closed, your small teeth biting your lower lip. “Look at me,” he commands, the exertion of his strokes making his breath harsh. Your eyes snap open, meeting his heated golden ones. “Do you want to come, babe?” He slows his strokes as he asks the question, rolling his hips against you with each one, his hands holding you in place when you would try to grind against him. You nod your head, a whimper escaping your throat. “I can’t hear you,” he teases with a grin, ceasing all movement.

“Saeyoung, please,” you gasp, trying desperately to move from his vice-like grip as the words tumble out, thick with yearning. “I love you so much. Please...let me come.”

Your pleading effects him more than he thought it would, the ardent request making him feel both weak and powerful at the same time. “God, I’ve missed you,” he breathes, beginning to move within you once more. A hand moves between your legs, his thumb massaging your clitoris as he begins to thrust into you at a brutal pace. He bites his lip hard, his moans of pleasure turning into grunts as he slams into you, your answering groans urging him on. *Come for me, baby* he thinks to himself, unable to form any coherent speech.

A stream of curses fly from your mouth in a whine as your orgasm finally washes over you, your body tensing before it begins to thrash at the intense sensation coursing through you. Your cunt pulsates violently around Saeyoung’s cock, the intensity of your release stealing his breath and momentarily slowing the movement of his body against you. He rocks against you as you ride out your orgasm, his eyes glued to your face. The thought that you’ve never been more beautiful flits through his mind before whatever control he’s been able to maintain over his body vanishes.

Pure instinct takes over and he pumps into you wildly, his own release rushing towards him rapidly. His hands move to your breasts as he leans over you, lightly biting one sensitive nipple before pulling it deep into his mouth. Your back comes off the surface beneath you, pushing your distended
flesh even deeper into him. Your fingers twist in his hair frantically, your legs wrapping around his torso as your body begins to tense once more.

When your second orgasm hits, Saeyoung comes undone. The sound of you crying out his name echoes in his ears as he comes hard, his seed filling you in long, hot spurts. The intensity of his release leaves him struggling for air, the profound feeling of euphoria like nothing he’s ever experienced before.

You stroke his hair as he comes down, your gentle touch invoking an enormous feeling of contentment to spread through him. Every doubt he’s had before this moment fades away and he clasps your hand and presses it to his mouth.

“I’ve missed you too,” you say softly, chest still heaving as you try to catch your breath. You tug on his hair lightly until he looks up at you and when his amber gaze meets yours, you give him a small smile. “Don’t disappear on me like that again. You aren’t the only one with insecurities, Saeyoung. I’ve been worried sick that you no longer wanted me; that you thought less of me because of what happened and didn’t know how to tell me.”

Saeyoung withdraws from you, immediately missing the feel of you around him, and stands. His heart is heavy as he helps you to your feet and wraps you in an embrace, not bothering to fix his clothes first. The instinct to comfort you overrides anything else and he hugs you tightly. “I’m sorry that I made you feel unwanted,” he says quietly, kissing the top of your head. “I swear I’ll make it up to you.”

You shake your head against his chest. “No, let’s just say we’re even now.” You answer, pulling back to look up at him. “But no more secrets, Saeyoung. When this location kept-” You abruptly stop speaking, heat rising to your face.

A grin spreads across Saeyoung’s face. “What was that?” He allows you to retreat from his hold, straightening his clothing as he watches you retrieve your own.

“W-what was what?” You try to ask the question offhandedly but your stammer gives you away.

“This location kept showing up on your tracking app?” He asks the question teasingly, trying not to laugh at your deer in the headlights look as he bends over to pick up your shirt.

“You’ve known the whole time, haven’t you?” You fasten your bra then snatch the shirt from your husband’s outstretched hand, quickly pulling it over your head. “How?”

“Get dressed, then I’ll show you,” he responds then hops onto the hood of the car to watch you turn your back to him and bend over slowly to pick up your jeans and his eyeglasses, giving him an unobstructed view of your bare ass. “You’re killing me, babe.”

You throw a grin at him over your shoulder and straighten quickly donning your clothing and slipping your shoes on before handing him his spectacles. You lean your back against his chest as he slips them on then let out a small sigh of contentment when he kisses your neck. His arms wrap around you, pulling you close enough that you can feel his heart beating. “As nice as this is, you’re supposed to be explaining something,” you press, turning your head to give him a quick peck on the lips.

“Give me your phone,” he orders, suddenly wishing he hadn’t said anything. He doesn’t know how you’re going to react to his explanation, he can only hope you don’t feel like he’s tricked you somehow. Retrieving his own device from his pocket he hands it to you hesitantly. His arms come around you, holding the phone where you can see what he’s doing and you watch as he taps on the
app’s icon. The now familiar map of his location loads and almost immediately his phone lights up with a notification. “I tweaked the version on my phone to let me know everytime you start the app,” he explains quietly.

“Well, that’s not fair,” you state, embarrassed at how many notifications he has probably been receiving. Saeyoung breathes a silent sigh of relief that he doesn’t detect any anger in your voice, only discomfort that he’s been aware of your actions. “Why do you even need a feature like that?”

He hands you back your phone and plucks his from your fingers, setting it on the car beside him. “Because I like knowing that you’re thinking about me,” he confesses, unable to look at you due to his own embarrassment.

You turn, slipping your smartphone into your pocket, then lifting his face to meet his gaze. “Stupid,” you whisper, determined not to cry. “Of course I think about you; I love you.”

“Even when you’re with Saeran?” The question is asked hesitantly, his voice apprehensive.

“Yes, even then. You’re a part of me now, Saeyoung. I could as sooner stop breathing as I could not think about you.”

He cups your face in his hands, kissing your bottom then top lip before his tongue slides into your mouth to seek your own. Your hands lightly grasp his forearms, returning his affection earnestly.

There is no hesitation in your response and he can feel the love he has for you swelling within him to wash away whatever uncertainties that have been crippling him.

He releases your mouth, resting his forehead against yours, eyes closed as he finally speaks to alter all your futures. “Okay,” he whispers, fingers caressing your face lovingly.

You pull back to search his face, blinking at him in confusion. “What?”

Saeyoung takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly before taking your small hands into his. He squeezes them tightly, grounding himself as the anxiety of finally coming to a decision threatens to consume him. “If being with Saeran is what you want; if being with us both will bring you happiness….I won’t object,” he reveals, surprised at the feeling of relief that flows through him at the admission.

You are silent for what feels like an eternity and he can feel your hands trembling in his. “I don’t want my own happiness to come at the expense of yours, Saeyoung.”

He releases your hands to wrap you in his arms, holding you close. “Seeing you and Saeran content is my happiness. Before I met you I didn’t think I would ever love someone the way I do you. How much I feel for you shouldn’t even be possible; it’s too big. If Saeran feels even a fragment of that then how can I stand in the way? How can I deny him the chance to love and be loved in return?”

He pauses for a moment then gives you a grin. “I can’t promise I won’t be jealous from time to time, but my decision isn’t based on the fear of losing you. If tonight has proven anything to me it’s that I was an idiot to ever doubt what I mean to you.”

“You’re absolutely sure you’re okay with this?” You look at him anxiously, the hands resting on his shoulders contracting absentely. “Don’t just say what you think I want to hear. Whatever your decision is, things between us aren’t going to change.”

“The only thing I’ve ever been more sure of is asking you to be my wife,” he says tenderly, leaning in to brush his lips against yours briefly as his hands begin caressing your back soothingly.

“Okay,” you breathe, the tension visibly draining from your body. “If we’re going to do this - really
do this - then no more trying to get a rise out of your brother.”

A wicked smile spreads across Saeyoung’s face. “I promise, I’ll leave that completely up to you.”

You bite your lip, trying not to laugh at his lame attempt at humor during this solemn moment. Your eyes narrow slightly at him though the effect is watered down by the slight shake of your shoulders. “I’m serious, Saeyoung,” you manage to say, slapping him on the arm. “This isn’t a competition between the two of you. You have to stop making him feel embarrassed about his feelings. It’s not easy for him,” you conclude softly and your husband feels a small pang of guilt at the kindness in your eyes.

“I know,” he sighs and places a hand over his heart. “I swear, no more harassing him...about you anyway.”

You roll your eyes and he wonders how no matter what you’re doing you’re the cutest damn thing he’s ever seen. He cracks a smile at the thought and you blush, seeming to read his mind. “Fine, I’ll take what I can get,” you pause, a smile of your own curving your lips. “Now, there’s just one more thing.” Saeyoung raises his eyebrows in question, silently waiting. “When we get home, you’re going to install the ‘tweaked’ version of your app on my phone,” you lean into him and lower your mouth to his, stopping right before your lips touch. “I like to know when you’re thinking about me too.”

You brush your mouth against his, pulling back fractionally when he tries to capture your lips. The air between you changes from teasing to something electric and his heart rate increases at the sudden heat in your gaze. Your mouths collide in a flurry of tongue, teeth and lips, hands grasping and greedy for one another. He knows at the rate you are going that it will be dawn before you arrive home but can’t seem to make himself care. Two weeks is a lot of time to make up for after all.
It's early evening when Saeran pushes through the glass doors of the small market near his apartment, his mind occupied with thoughts of you. Not that this is anything new. You've been living in his head for years, but now that he's touched you-tasted you even-it's almost impossible to think of anything else. He feels as if he's been living in a dream since that day he found you sitting in the rain. Before that day he never imagined that you could look at him as anything more than your husband's brother. After everything he had done to you, and to your friends, he felt lucky that you didn't gaze at
him with disgust. You've always been kind to him, even when he was at his worst; lashing out at anyone who tried to help him. Compassion and concern were always present the times he accidentally met your gaze. Love was something he never dared even hope for. Now, to see the look you share with his brother beaming directly back at him is something he's only thought of as an impossibility; something only attainable in his wildest dreams. To have it become a reality is almost unreal.

He hasn't allowed himself to think about what will happen if Saeyoung refuses to consent to the unconventional arrangement that Saeran is hoping for. He's amazed that his twin is even considering the possibility. His brother cherishes you and for him to not immediately dismiss the idea out of hand tells Saeran loud and clear that his sibling cares about him immensely. If any other man touched you, his usually amiable brother would have done more than come banging on his door to angrily discuss the matter. Saeran himself has no misgivings about the irregular situation; it's more than he ever thought he would have. If his brother refuses, letting go of you will be the hardest thing he's ever done. You are the first and last woman he's loved. There will be no one else if Saeyoung declines. He has no ill-conceived notion that you will leave his twin, and he would not want you to anyway. He has no desire to ruin his brother's marriage, and break your heart by forcing you to make an impossible choice.

As he makes his way to the back of the store, he wonders if everything between you and Saeyoung is alright. When he unexpectedly dragged you from the bunker last night it appeared that you may have finally been able to get through to him. Saeran hopes this is the case. The texts and phone calls he's shared with you this past fortnight have broken his heart and made him ache to rush to your side to offer whatever comfort he can. If he wasn't aware that would have just made things worse, he would have been there for you in a heartbeat. The fact that his brother shut down so completely that he was on the verge of losing you angers the younger man. He has no doubt of the scope of his twin's feelings for you. Saeyoung loves you more than life itself, but to say that his communication skills need work would be an understatement. Not that Saeran himself is that great at it. His therapy sessions help greatly but there are still times he has trouble expressing himself verbally. You are the only person he feels completely comfortable enough with to share his thoughts and feelings with no reservations.

Saeran's phone vibrates with an incoming text as he's reaching into the store's freezer to randomly grab a pint of ice cream. It's been almost a full twenty-four hours since he's heard from either you or his brother, and a wave of relief makes him briefly lightheaded when he sees his brother's name on the notification. He opens up his texts as he makes his way back to the front and sets his purchase on the counter.
"You must really like ice cream," the cashier, who he thinks is named Seung-hui, comments with a grin.

"What?" He asks distractedly, quickly typing out an answering text on his phone.
"The ice cream," Seung-hui persists, holding up the container. "You're in here at least every other day buying some. You must really like it."

"Yeah, I guess," he answers, trying to keep the irritation from his voice. Why would he bother buying it if he didn't like it?
"...cake?" The raven-haired girl is still asking him questions, and Saeran sighs inwardly. The girl is nice enough but small talk is something he's never been good at. He doesn't have the patience or desire to talk about things he doesn't care about with people he barely knows. Seung-hui is still chattering on, seemingly unaware that he hasn't even bothered to answer whatever question she asked. Your voice echoes from his memory and his lips curve into a smile. He imagines that small talk with you wouldn't be so terrible. He could sit and listen to you talk about anything for hours and never get bored. Every time he hears the lilting sound of your speech his heart races, and his stomach flutters pleasantly. He recalls your breathy moans as he kissed you until you were both breathless and quickly forces his thoughts in another direction. Continuing on that train of thought is dangerous, especially when standing in front of a talkative young woman who is batting her eyes at him.
He sets some money on the counter, his hand trembling slightly, hoping the talkative girl will take the hint. He can't follow the inane conversation that she's trying her best to draw him into due to the fact that his heart is now hammering wildly inside his chest, resounding loudly in his ears. Saeyoung has come to a decision. He's as certain of that fact as he is about his feelings for you. Why else would his brother not only evade answering a simple question but also want to see him on such short notice after barely communicating with him for weeks? Whatever happened after the two of you left appears to have made up his mind. He tries to search his mind for clues to ascertain what his brother may have concluded but with such little contact between the twins recently, it's impossible to say.

Impatiently he waits for Seung-hui to take a breath so he can speak. He can feel his anxiety rising with the impending visit with his twin and the feeling of being trapped by this long-winded Miss. His money still sits on the counter as she proceeds to chat, the pint of ice cream he's attempting to purchase clutched in her hand. He's beginning to regret the decision to even come out and is on the verge of just grabbing the bills from the counter and leaving when she finally finishes her one-sided conversation and giggles.

"Uh, I should probably get that home before it melts," Saeran suggests quickly before she can pick another topic of discussion, gesturing vaguely at her hand.

"Oh, you're right," she titters, finally placing the container in a bag and scooping the currency from the surface before them. "You don't talk much do you?"

"Maybe I just don't have anything to say," Saeran states shortly, taking his purchase and change from her outstretched hands. His patience is dangerously close to snapping. He doesn't know if she's
actually as air-headed as she appears or if it's merely an act because she thinks it makes her more attractive. Either way, he doesn't care; he just wants to leave.

Seung-hui tilts her head and gives him a flirtatious grin. "You're cute."

He tries to keep his face impassive, now completely regretting the fact that he bothered to leave his apartment. This isn't the first time something like this has happened. There were several girls from time to time over the years who took a liking to him, though he has no idea why when he does everything in his power to discourage them. His ruthless other self may have partaken of what was offered occasionally from the ones who seemed to be drawn to his callous indifference, but that part of him is gone—or at least quiet—and he has no desire to encourage the girl standing in front of him. If Saeyoung allows him the chance to be in a relationship with you, he will make damn sure that nothing happens to screw it up; not after waiting for so long.

"Thanks," he finally answers blandly then moves to leave. "See ya," he throws over his shoulder, breathing a sigh of relief as he pushes back through the glass doors. He sets off towards home, throwing the now ruined ice cream into the nearest trash receptacle. Most likely he could get Seung-hui to replace the melted treat, especially since it's her fault in the first place, but he refuses to return. In fact, he doubts he will be back at all. The small bit of tolerance he had for the young cashier is depleted now that he realizes she's interested in more than just mindless discourse. Glancing at his phone he sees that he only has slightly over an hour until his brother is scheduled to arrive and his heart gives a painful lurch as he picks up his pace. This is the first time he's actually cared if he was on time or not.

But an hour and a half later, Saeran is still pacing the small space of his apartment, his irritation quickly building into anger. Saeyoung is not answering his phone and he's hesitant to contact you until he knows what it is his twin wants. He's just about to try calling again when the buzzer for the front gate sounds. "Finally," Saeran mutters under his breath, moving over and pressing the button to permit access without bothering to glance at the front gate's security camera. To make his brother's life easier, he could go down to meet him since it's obvious Saeyoung intends to take him somewhere, but after waiting for so long Saeran is no mood to be accommodating. He has been unable to stay still since he returned home, his thoughts and actions all over the place. The anti-anxiety medication the doctor gave him has done little to calm his disquiet. His chest is still tight with worry and he can't quite shake the panicked feeling that is causing his hands to tremble. He forces himself to be still and focuses on an old water stain on the ceiling, working to calm his breathing as his therapist taught him.

Shortly there's a light knock on his door and Saeran closes his eyes briefly before moving to open it. He draws a breath to berate his twin about the wait, then lets it out in a rush. Instead of his goofy brother, Seung-hui stands in the hall, a smirk on her full, glossed lips. *Shit.*

"What the hell are you doing here?" He doesn't bother to hide his annoyance. Having to be polite in public is one thing but there's no logical reason for her to be at his door. He's never mentioned where he lives and has no idea how she could even know.

"Saeran Oppa," she pouts, looking up at him through her lashes. "Don't be angry, I brought you some cake." She holds up a small covered container.

"Don't call me that," Saeran snaps, scowling at the petite woman in front of him. "How do you know where I live?"

Seung-hui's smirk returns and she places a finger on her lips. "It's a secret," she answers with a wink. He rolls his eyes and lets out a sigh, having no time for her antics. "Whatever, you have to go. I'm
expecting someone and-" His words are interrupted by the gate's buzzer. *Damnit*. He glances at the small screen mounted on the wall beside his door and freezes. Not only is his brother waiting impatiently for admittance but you stand beside him, head thrown back laughing at something. Saeran is struck for a moment how even over the grainy black and white security feed you are the most beautiful woman he's seen. *I'm so fucked.* How is he supposed to explain the presence of this scantily clad woman when he has no idea why she was there in the first place? Well, it's obvious why she's here if her clothing and the coy looks she's giving him are any indications. He racks his brain for any small gesture or word said out of turn that would have motivated her to believe he desired her company but can think of nothing. He's scarcely spoken to the girl.

The woman currently at his doorstep takes advantage of his distraction to push past Saeran, squealing loudly in excitement once she's inside "Oh my god, it's so cute!" Her shrill exclamation hurts his ears and he winces, desperate to somehow get this female out of his apartment.

"Seung-hui, you really have to leave," he urges, giving into the incessant sound of his brother leaning on the buzzer. It will only take minutes for you and Saeyoung to arrive at his front door and he has no idea how to make this woman leave without you seeing her. His anxiety level rises at the fact that a practical stranger is invading his personal space, idly touching his belongings, and, more importantly, the certainty that there is no way you won't get the wrong idea about this situation. Anyone would jump to the conclusion that Seung-hui is there for anything but eating cake and having a conversation.

The female in question sets the container she brought on the counter and turns to beam at him, clasping her hands in front of her in excitement. Her eyes fall on his right arm and widen slightly in pleasure. "You have a tattoo?" She asks in amazement, rushing across the room to lift the short sleeve of his t-shirt for a better look. "That's so cool!"

She manages to reveal the bottom half of the intricate design before Saeran stiffens and jerks roughly out of her grasp. "Don't," he warns coldly, his eyes narrowing dangerously as he snatches up his jacket and shrugs it on.

"Yo, Saeran," Saeyoung yells through the door, his fist pounding insistently. "What's taking you so long? I thought you'd be chomping at the bit with us being so late."

"Hang on," Saeran calls back to buy a few precious seconds then gives a low growl of frustration. He glances at the intruder who is now sitting at his kitchen table, slim legs crossed with her elbow resting on its surface, staring at him with her chin in her hand. "Just...stay quiet," he sighs. "When I'm gone, get lost. I'm not interested in whatever you're offering."

Saeyoung knows as soon as his little brother opens the door that he is hiding something.

If the stiff posture and panicked gleam in his eyes didn't give him away, the act of opening the front door just wide enough for him to slip through before slamming it shut behind him would have.

"You said seven," Saeran snaps as soon as the door clicks shut behind him, looking everywhere but at you. So, whatever it was, it had to do with you. Saeyoung's eyes narrow slightly as he studies his twin, already having a good idea what is going on.

"I'm afraid that's my fault," you say apologetically. "I forgot to call ahead for the takeout so we had
to wait around. I'm sorry."

Saeran glances at you as you speak then quickly away, his face flushing. Saeyoung sees your brow furrow in confusion at his brother's demeanor and he can't say he blames you. The younger man hasn't been this evasive around you in months, certainly not with recent events being what they are. The answer comes unexpectedly when the apartment door opens behind his brother and an attractive woman Saeyoung has never seen before smiles brightly before linking her arm through Saeran's.

"Saeran Oppa," she whines, her smile turning into a pretty pout as she clings to him. "You're so mean to try and leave me all alone."

Saeyoung's eyebrows shoot up and he can hear you draw in a sharp breath beside him. Reaching down he clasps your hand tightly, giving it a squeeze of reassurance. He won't allow himself to believe that his brother has been seeing another woman. Even the thought is ludicrous, but he can see how bad it would look through your eyes. The plan had been to pick up his brother and return home to have dinner where they would let him know what decision had been made and discuss where to go from here. To finally sit down and talk everything out as a trio. Now there's every chance that your newfound romance with his brother may be over before it even began if this mess wasn't set straight, and fast.

Saeran's eyes close in mortification, his posture going rigid. "I told you not to call me that," he barks, trying to extricate himself from the slight woman who seems to have a death grip on his arm.

The young lady seems to finally take a good look at the newcomers and gasps in surprise, her eyes darting between the two men. Her eyes come to rest on the older brother and travel the length of his body before meeting his amber gaze. "You never said you had a brother! And a twin at that!"

"Because I barely know you," he bites out between clenched teeth, still trying to pull away.

"Saeran, who...," you finally speak, your voice quickly trailing off. Saeyoung can hear the emotion in your voice and he can feel anger begin welling up inside him. Whether Saeran wanted this girl around or not, she's here, seemingly convinced that his twin has even the faintest of interest in her. If he does or doesn't is of no consequence to Saeyoung at the moment as whatever is going on is causing you pain and that's something he is unwilling to tolerate.

"She works at the market down the street," Saeran answers irritably, finally escaping the woman's clutches and taking a couple of steps away.

"The one who gives you food," you say softly, your grip on Saeyoung's hand tightening.

"That's me," the dark brunette sings before plastering a large smile on her face and bouncing on the heels of her feet, causing her ample bosom to threaten to fall out of her half-unbuttoned blouse. "Seung-hui Park."

Something clicks in Saeyoung's head hearing her name, and he can't help the grin that slowly spreads across his face. Park is a fairly common name but there's no way this is a coincidence. The slight guilt he has been nursing over immediately checking into the building -and the building's owner- when Saeran proclaimed he would be living here, completely fades away. Everyone has their dirty little secrets they try to keep hidden away, unfortunately for Miss Park, Saeyoung is really good at digging up what others wished would disappear.

"Why don't we move this party inside," he suggests with a smile, glancing at his brother briefly before looking down at your flushed face. He squeezes your fingers once then drops a kiss on your forehead before leaning down to breathe in your ear. "Trust me, babe." He feels you nod briefly.
"Absolutely not," Saeran practically yells. "Are you out of your fucking mind, Hyung?"

The older brother's eyes never stray from the chocolate brown ones of Saeran's unwanted visitor that are staring up at him in interest. "Just open the door, Saeran, I want to have a little discussion with our guest. Once it's open, you can escort MC down to the car, this won't take long."

Saeran stares at his older brother for a few seconds before finally relenting. Grumbling under his breath he reaches around the sparsely clothed woman, trying to keep as far from her as possible, and keys in the door's security code. When it beeps, he throws the door open in disgust, grasps your free hand and all but drags you away from the fiasco behind you. You take a quick glance back to see Saeyoung escorting the young lady inside before the door closes with a soft click.

Once alone inside the apartment, any sign of friendliness fades from Saeyoung's demeanor. If what he suspects is true about the woman, she is someone Saeran needs to stay far away from. He moves across the room and holds out one of the small kitchen chairs, gesturing that she should have a seat. Instead of taking the one across from her, he chooses to lean against the back of the couch, arms and ankles crossed as he narrows his eyes at her in assessment. Slowly her seductive demeanor fades until she can no longer hold his gaze and her eyes drop to her folded hands resting on the tabletop.

The silence seems to stretch on forever until Saeyoung finally speaks. "You uncle's name is Chil-Hyeon, correct?"

Seung-hui's head snaps up and the ex-agent already has his answer before she even opens her mouth. "How do you know my uncle?"

"Well, I could make up a lie, but that would be really tedious and I just don't have the patience for it right now," Saeyoung sighs, lifting his arms to stretch. He takes note of the way her eyes are drawn to the small expanse of belly exposed, sprinkled with ginger curls. Positive he now has her full attention, he lowers his arms and moves to her side, kneeling beside her chair, a bit too close for comfort. "The truth is that it doesn't matter," he reveals in a low voice, lightly tapping the back of her hand once before straightening and beginning to pace slowly around the small apartment.

Seung-hui's lust filled eyes now follow his slender frame, her tongue darting out to wet her dry lips. "Your uncle owns this building, right?" Ignoring her obvious attraction to him. When she nods, he continues. "That's how you discovered my brother's address. Your uncle also owns the market you work at, various underground gambling establishments, and," he pauses, leaning down to rest his palms on the small kitchen table, bringing his face even to hers, "a very profitable escort business. One whose most requested girl is a Miss Seung-hui Park."

He stands once more to his full height, crossing his arms as he shakes his head in disapproval and clicks his tongue. "Miss Park, don't you know enough to at least change your name when working in that type of establishment? Especially after what happened last year with that high-ranking married official that you loved so much that you tried to blackmail him into leaving his wife for you. How was it studying abroad in America?"

Seung-hui stares at the tall red-head with the goofy glasses, anger seething from every pore, every trace of attraction now gone. "So what, you're trying to make me feel guilty for my mistakes?"

Saeyoung moves so quickly the young lady doesn't even know what he's doing until kneels down beside her chair once more, one arm resting against its back. "I couldn't care less who you are or what you do with your miserable life. The only concern I have about you has to do with my brother and our wife." He pauses, a slow smirk spreading across his handsome face, fingers tapping a rhythmless tune on the back of the metal chair. He leans in slightly, his voice just above a whisper. "I don't know what you want from my brother, other than a quick fuck, but stay away from him,
because it would be a shame if someone gained access to your social media accounts and accidentally shared all your dirty little secrets."

"You wouldn't dare," Seung-hui whispered, mascara now leaving black crooked trails down her perfectly made-up face.

Saeyoung leans into her closer to reach her ear to whisper softly. "If it's to protect my brother, you better believe I would do it in a heartbeat." He pulls back slightly to meet her eyes now filled with fear and raises an eyebrow "Do we have a deal, Miss Park?"

The silence in the car is palpable, each of you lost in your own thoughts. You can't say for sure what is going on in Saeran's head but you imagine it is something along the lines of blind panic that you'll get the wrong idea about what you walked into. True, the shock of seeing a more than attractive woman clinging to one of the men you love had thrown you for a loop. It had taken you a moment to find your voice and when you did, you opted to stay silent. Getting into a pissing match with a girl who was obviously delusional would do none of you any good. If you'd had any misgivings that Saeran was interested in the clingy girl, all doubts disappeared as his anger and panic slowly increased as she insisted on continuing to touch him.

Of course, Saeran wouldn't have realized that this girl has been working on him for months; what with all the dishes she insisted he take home and you're sure there were many conversations she tried to draw him into, but not knowing how much he despised small talk, probably mistook his disinterest for shyness. So the small girl with the doll-like features had taken it upon herself to move things along to disastrous results.

Your thoughts turn even more inwardly and you begin to wonder if this whole arrangement with him and his brother is even a good idea. Everyone is now completely onboard but when it comes to Saeran what do you even have to offer? A shoulder to cry on? A relationship where you can't fully be his? Someone who can only spare half of your heart? He deserves so much better than you can offer him. He deserves someone who can love him wholly and while your heart is bursting with love for him, is it enough? Tears you didn't even know you were shedding slide quietly down your cheeks, their reflection standing out on the dark surface of the closed car window.

Saeran's long fingers touch your shoulder from the backseat and you close your eyes, savoring the feel of his touch. The digits begin to massage in slow circles, your breath quickening with that small, innocuous action. You clasp his fingers in yours and squeeze tightly. "Don't you dare apologize," you manage to get out past the sudden knot of longing in your throat. You thread your fingers through his and turn slightly to look at him between the seats.

"What makes you think that's what I was going to say," he asks with a half smile, leaning forward slightly to bury his nose in your hair.

You let out a sigh of need, your eyes closing when his lips find your ear and nibble gently. "Because," you begin, soon losing your train of thought as you so often do around him, "When you touch me, I can't think," you laugh breathlessly, trying to push him away. "Right now we all need to be thinking clearly."

Saeran's brow furrows. "What-

Saeyoung opens the car door and folds himself inside. "Alright, I don't think you'll need to worry about Miss Park any longer." He takes note of your entwined fingers and flushed face and grins. "Did you tell him?"
You shake your head. "I thought it would be better if we did it together. Now, what did you say to...her to make her back off?"

Saeyoung leans over and places a soft kiss on your forehead "Nothing you need to worry your little head about."

With your free hand, you give him an open-handed smack to his abdomen, openly glaring at him. "Don't give me that crap. What did you say to her?" You can hear Saeran's quiet chuckle from the back and you do your best not to grin in pleasure at the sound.

Saeyoung sighs and pecks you on the lips before starting the luxury car's engine. "I just pointed out some...facts that she may not want to become public knowledge." He shakes his head in disbelief. "That is one messed up family."

"So you've been hacking again," you assert slowly. Saeran's fingers tighten around yours in silent comfort and you reciprocate the action, thankful that he is there.

Saeyoung gives another sigh. "Not exactly. When Saeran decided to move here, I did some...research. Her name came up quite a bit." Smoothly pulling into traffic, he glances at you, giving you a wink. "Now, why don't we go home, eat our now cold chicken and get down to the reason we even came out tonight."

Due to your husband's eternal need for speed, you pull into the massive garage in just under a minute from when you pulled away from the apartment building. After three years of marriage, you still can't quite get used to feeling like you've just completed a car chase each time the ride ends. Shakily you exit the Tesla and breathe a sigh of relief. You love your husband dearly but his love of cars and velocity is something you aren't sure you'll ever get used to.

Saeyoung grabs the food from the back seat and gives you a grin. "Alright, babe?"

"Fine," you bite out and stick out your tongue. "Next time I want to drive though."

He gasps dramatically and places a hand on his chest. "You want to violate one of my precious babies?"

"Damn right, I do," you snap. You glance around the room until you find the vehicle you're looking for and give him a wicked smile. "That one," you demand softly, raising an eyebrow as you point at the slate blue Aston Martin.

Saeyoung's face flushes, his breathing slightly increasing as he seems to read your mind as memories of the night before play in your thoughts like a pornographic film. Suddenly remembering his brother is leaning against the car you all just exited, Saeyoung clears his throat and turns quickly to head for the entrance. "From now on, that one's yours," he says to you over his shoulder, giving a secret smile.

"Hyung," Saeran calls out meekly, hands stuffed in his pockets. When his older brother glances back at him with raised eyebrows, the younger of the two drops his eyes to the unbelievably clean floor. "Thanks," he mumbles.

Saeyoung laughs. "You're welcome, bro, but you need to be more aware of when women are coming onto you. I might not be there next time."

Saeran gives his brother a quick look then darts his eyes to your placid face. Your cheeks are slightly flushed remembering the possessive way the other woman clung to his arm and you force a small smile to ease his mind. "Could we talk for a minute?" He asks you hesitantly and you look at your
husband briefly before nodding.

"Right," Saeyoung declares cheerfully, hefting the box of chicken and bag of sodas. "See you guys inside."

When you are alone, Saeran reaches out a hand to you then pulls you into him when you clasp it tightly. His arms wrap around your waist, his eyes searching yours. "I know you said I don't need to apologize but I'm going to do it anyway," he says softly, giving you a slight grin. "I should have known better than to accept gifts from her, even if it was just food. I was encouraging her attention without even realizing it and I swear it won't happen again."

You raise your hands to cup his face and kiss him softly. His hands slip down to trace the curve of your ass before squeezing lightly and pressing you fully against him. When you part, you are both breathless as he continues to place small kisses on your forehead and temples. "Saeyoung told me," you blurt out before the words even form in your mind.

Saeran freezes before placing a finger under your chin to raise your face to look into your eyes. "Saeyoung told you what?"

"How you've been in love with me before you even led me to the apartment," you confess, your hand grasping his wrist loosely. You can see the wall coming down before you've even finished speaking and your fingers tighten around him. "Don't you dare shut me out, Saeran," you demand angrily. "I had a right to know and it doesn't bother me. I only brought it up to say that, while yes I had a moment of jealousy watching that...girl...try to stake her claim on you, I knew better. I knew better because you've loved me for so long that there's no way she even had a chance." You release his wrist and caress his cheek. "And I can't imagine my life without you now. Despite everything you've done to keep me away, I'm here...loving you, and I'm not going anywhere. Do you hear me, Saeran? I won't leave you."

Saeran gathers you into his arms, burying his face in your neck. You can feel the slight shake of his shoulders and the dampness on your skin where his tears silently fall. You rub his back soothingly, murmuring words of comfort into his ear. "I don't want to mess this up," he declares, quickly swiping at his eyes. "If Saeyoung agrees-"

"He said yes," you confess, no longer able to hold in the good news. An ecstatic grin spreads across your mouth at his look of astonishment. "That's the reason for this meeting, or dinner, or gathering or whatever you want to call it. We were going to tell you-"

Your words are cut off by Saeran's suffocating embrace as he picks you up and swings you around, his deep laugh echoing throughout the cement walls of the garage. His mouth covers yours in a kiss that is nothing less than possessive. You moan softly, your fingers running through the hair at his nape as you allow him to taste you thoroughly before a loud cough breaks through the fog of lust that has suddenly surrounded you.

"So I guess now you've told him," Saeyoung teases, leaning against the door that leads from the garage to the bunker.

"I'm sorry," you apologize breathlessly as Saeran gently sets you back on the ground. "It just...slipped out."

"It's alright," he says with a wink, holding out a hand to you. "Someone had to break the ice. Now let's eat, I'm starving."

Five minutes later the three of you sit around the living room's coffee table, deciding to forego the
usual kitchen table. Saeyoung sits at the head of one side of the large rectangular piece of furniture while you and his brother take up the longer sides. You eat in silence, glancing at one brother then the other, trying to gauge the tension in the room. When you all sat down, the atmosphere was relaxed though you could feel slight vibes of something radiating from your husband. It wasn't jealousy; you had experienced that particular brand of emotion. No, something was on his mind that he wasn't sure how to bring up. You nudge his foot under the table to gain his attention and give him a reassuring smile and he places a hand over yours and squeezes tightly.

Saeyoung clears his throat, throwing down the paper napkin in his free hand. You and Saeran give him your full attention, both dreading and anxious to hear what he has to say. "I know my lovely wife," he pauses to run a hand lovingly through your hair before continuing, "has informed you of my decision to make this duo a trio." His smile fades and stares hard at his younger brother. "What she doesn't know is that I have a condition; a condition that if you refuse, the whole deal is off the table."

You gasp, pulling your hand from his. "You can't start adding conditions after you've already agreed, Saeyoung. That's hardly fair."

"Whatever it is, I'll do it," Saeran states softly.

Saeyoung raises one crimson brow. "Accepting without knowing your fate; that's brave."

"Just get on with it, jackass. I know how you like to draw these things out but now isn't the time. What's your condition?"

The older twin leans back and rests his weight on his hands, considering his brother with slightly narrowed eyes. "From this point on, you're married."

You gape at your husband for a moment before finally finding your voice. "Saeyoung, that's-"

"Agreed," Saeran answers firmly, no hesitation in his voice.

"What? No!" You exclaim. "It's hardly fair for me to expect you to...not...date," you swallow hard, remember Seung-hui's cute face staring adoringly up at the second man you love. You wanted to claw her eyes out, in all honesty. But how can you expect Saeran to agree to stay monogamous when it's impossible for you to offer the same?

"No other women," Saeyoung is dictating, his voice deadly serious. "I agreed to have you be a part of our marriage, not any random woman who catches your eye."

Saeran turns his gaze to you, a smile dancing over his lips. "MC is all I could ever ask for. There's no one else who could even compare." He returns his stare to his older brother. "I'll even wear a ring if you want."

"Good," Saeyoung declares cheerfully, leaning up and giving his hands a loud clap. "I've already custom ordered you one that matches ours."

"You...what? When the hell did that happen? You just made up your mind last night." You stare at your husband in disbelief at his complete about-face concerning this arrangement.

He gives you a grin and shrugs. "The internet is a wonderful thing. How do you think I survived before I met you?" Looking at his phone, he notices the time and bounds to his feet. "Gotta get going. I'm going to the movies with Yoosung. It's a double feature so I won't be home before midnight. You crazy kids have fun."
You dart a quick, confused glance at Saeran before jumping to your feet and hurrying after your husband. Catching up with him quickly, you grasp his sleeve and pull him into the hallway. "What are you up to?"

Saeyoung blinks at you innocently. "Yoosung has been bugging me about this for weeks. I thought I would finally get him to shut up and give you guys some time alone together. Two birds with one stone." He grins and pulls you into his arms. "I know what you're worried about, but I'm fine with this, babe. If we're going to do this there's no reason to do it half-assed. Whatever happens while I'm gone, it's ok. Watch movies, play games, do...other things," he winks. "I'm all in, sweetheart. No more guilt from you.

You lean into him, your arms snaking around his waist to squeeze tightly. "I love you, you big goofball."

"Then give me one of those kisses that make my knees weak and let me get the hell out of here."

Leaning up, you press your lips lightly to his before drawing his full lower lip into your mouth and sucking gently. You smirk at the low growl your kiss invokes and slowly pull back to look up into his heated gaze. "That one?"

"Why don't I ever think before I speak? Now all I want to do is take you right here against the wall."

He gives a frustrated sigh and captures your mouth, his tongue dipping quickly into your mouth to taste you before reluctantly releasing you. His hand runs lovingly through your hair as he smiles down at you. "Love him, babe. Give him the love he's never had. He deserves to not be alone anymore," he says tenderly, his fingers tracing the curve of your cheek.

You nod, unable to speak past the lump in your throat at the feeling in your husband's voice for his brother. You press your face against his chest, inhaling his comforting scent. "You're amazing," you utter, your voice muffled against his shirt. Lifting your head, you give him one your brightest smiles. "Go have fun with Yoosung and don't let him watch anything scary, you know how he gets." The tall red-head laughs and leans down to kiss you once more before calling a farewell to his brother and leaving the bunker.

You take a deep breath and return to the living room to see Saeran cleaning up the remnants of dinner. "You don't have to do that," you protest, moving quickly to help.

"Leave it," he chides giving you one of the half smiles that make your heart rate increase. "I don't mind."

You stand watching him, wringing your hands nervously. You remember last evening, the way he embraced you, the sweet taste of strawberry candy on his tongue. Heat suffuses your face at the memory of how hard it had been to make yourself stop kissing him. Your desire for him when in his presence both excites and scares you. "Well, if you've got this I'll....just go grab a quick shower," you manage to say, praying he can't hear the lust in your voice. All he has to do is look at you and you'd succumb to whatever he wishes.

Without waiting for an answer you hurriedly leave the room, grabbing an oversized shirt and pair of shorts before locking yourself in the bathroom. Standing under the shower's hot spray, you close your eyes and let the memories of Saeran's kisses wash over you. You run your soapy hands over the expanse of your abdomen and over your sensitive breasts, imagining him touching you. Snapping out of the spell of recollections, you shake your head, reminding yourself that the real thing is waiting for you in the living room. Not only is he waiting but you can love him now with no guilt or reservations. For years Saeran has been standing in the shadows, loving you from afar with no hope or expectations of you returning his feelings. And now you're denying him the opportunity to
physically love you by standing here imagining the very thing that's being offered.

Turning off the water, you exit the shower, quickly drying off and throwing on your clothes. Pulling your hair up into a messy bun, you pad down the hallway, surprised to see Saeran standing in front of the small collection of photos on the bookshelf, the picture of the three of you on your wedding day in his hand. "That's my favorite," you comment, moving to stand beside him.

He looks at you and grins. "I was terrified you could hear how hard my heart was beating," he answers, holding up the framed picture.

"Do you want to know a secret?" You perch on the arm of the sofa, swinging one leg absent. At his nod, you grin. "I was afraid of the same thing." At his dubious expression, you take the frame from his hand and gaze down at it. Your finger runs over the image of your husband's smiling face and a small smile curves your lips. "I was so happy to be marrying Saeyoung. I've known from the moment I met him that he's my soulmate. Granted, it took me a while to actually fall in love with him, but because we are so similar, I just knew our lives would be forever entwined." You pause and look up to meet Saeran's green gaze. "When he wanted a picture with the three of us, and I touched you, I couldn't help but question whether it's possible to have more than one soulmate." You tilt your head, studying his face before a smile graces your lips. "I should have already known the answer to that, however. Saeyoung has always believed that you are two halves of one soul. Now it's obvious to me that falling for you was always going to happen. It just took me a while to realize it."

Saeran's eyes have been darkening with longing as you speak. You stand and blindly place the picture back on the shelf and run your hands up his chest, pausing over his heart. You can feel it racing and yours answers in turn. His hands rise to grasp the fabric of your shirt at your hips, bunching the material in his fingers. His head lowers to graze his lips across yours, his touch so light you can barely feel it. Lifting his head he holds your gaze, swallowing hard before speaking.

"I'm scared," he confesses just above a whisper, his fingers tightening on your clothing. "Now that this...us...is a reality, I'm even more scared that I'm going screw it all up and it's all going to disappear. After everything I've done; the things I threatened to do to you, the way I hurt Saeyoung, and...V. I don't deserve to be this happy."

You reach up to cradle his face, your heart aching for him. "Listen to me. None of those things were done by you willingly. You've lived in the dark for the majority of your life, kept there by evil people who used you for their own gain. You've worked so hard to lead a normal life. Embrace being in the light, Saeran; embrace us because there is no way I'm ever going to let you sink back down into that hell. I love you."

You lean up to capture his mouth, a soft moan of arousal escaping your throat when he responds passionately, his tongue swiftly seeking to find your own. He tastes of butterscotch and you smile to yourself, remembering his habit of always carrying various pieces of hard candy in his pockets. All thoughts vanish when his hands slip under the hem of your shirt to press against the bare skin of your back, pulling you flush against him. Your body sings from the simple feel of the pads of his warm fingers tracing the curve of your spine and you wind your arms around his neck, your fingers twisting into the hair at his nape.

You stand on your toes in an attempt to get even closer to him and let out a small squeal of surprise when he lifts you and carries you the short distance to the couch and lays you down, quickly straddling your hips as he did the night you confessed your feelings.

His hands touch your waist under your shirt, sliding up slowly, teasing you with his thumbs by drawing small circles on their journey to the swell of your breasts. Your breath hitches when he finally covers your chest, palming your hardened nipples as he did that rainy night. His emerald gaze
darkens with desire as he touches you, the fervency of your response obviously exciting him.

He kneads the soft mounds gently, his eyes glued to your face, watching your reaction as your back arches into his touch, silently begging for more. His digits trace your areola, avoiding the small nubs that cry out desperately for attention. Finally, mercifully, his fingers whisper over the sensitive peaks and you cry out, your fingers digging into the muscles of his biceps. You make a sound of protest when his hands leave you to push up the material shielding you from his view. When your breasts are exposed, he sits back, his eyes moving over the sight of your nakedness. "God, you're even more beautiful than I imagined," he murmurs in reverence, his fingers tracing the curve of your breasts.

His thumbs graze the tips and you mewl, his touch traveling from your chest straight between your legs. "More," you plead, your back again arching into him. He presses your tits together and leans down to tenderly kiss the peak of one, then the other before pulling it into his mouth and sucking amorously. The hand on your other breast tugs gently, imitating the actions of his mouth and you cry out his name, your hands pressing against his head to encourage him to continue. He releases your nipple with a soft 'pop' instead and rises to claim your mouth, his tongue delving deeply to circle your own.

"Say it again," he demands breathlessly against your lips, his thumb and forefinger rolling your nipples torturously slow.

"Saeran," you gasp, the white-hot pleasure coursing through you making it almost impossible to form any coherent thoughts, much less words.

"You have no idea how many times I've fantasized you saying my name that way; how many times I've imagined what it would feel like to pleasure you." He places hot, open-mouthed kisses along the column of your neck. At the juncture where your neck meets your shoulder, he bites your tender flesh before laving it with his tongue. He pulls the injured skin into his mouth and sucks hard, leaving an angry, red mark.

You grasp his head and pull him back to capture his mouth, the addicting taste of him causing a hot rush of arousal to surge between your legs, the wetness dampening your panties and making your hips buck involuntarily. The overwhelming desire to make him feel as good as you encourages you to trail your hands down his chest and abdomen to press against the impressive bulge in his jeans. Saeran groans into your mouth, his hips pressing into your palm with need. You squeeze and stroke his erection through the thick material of his clothing, but it's not enough to satisfy your urge to pleasure him.

"I want to touch you," you plead, your hands fumbling at his belt in your haste. He sits up momentarily to assist in unfastening his pants before leaning back down to suckle one swollen bud. Your hand slides slowly into his underwear and he draws in a sharp breath at your touch. You rub him lightly, enjoying the silky smooth feel of his shaft against your fingertips, relishing the way his body seeks further contact by rocking against you. After a few moments, you withdraw your hand, pushing his clothing down his slim hips, finally freeing his erection from its confinement.

Saeran breathes a sigh of relief when he is freed, his cock bobbing slightly as the cool air of the room hits him. Your right hand reaches between his legs and his breath catches as your fingers stimulate his perineum before slowly moving up to gently cup his testicles. You squeeze ever so lightly before trailing your fingers up the underside of his cock, ending by grazing your thumb over the head, catching the bead of precum and bringing it to your mouth to lick the digit clean. As he watches with lust filled eyes, you silently spit into your palm and return to his shaft, your hand pumping him languidly but firmly. You enjoy the weight of him in your hand, the reality of touching him this way far exceeding any of the fantasies you've been experiencing in the past couple of weeks.
His eyes roll back as his eyelids squeeze shut and bites his lip hard, his hips thrusting into your hand instinctively. His breathing becomes ragged when your hand begins to twist slightly with each stroke, his own hands returning to your breasts, twisting and tugging the engorged nubs. Dipping his head, his mouth hovers over yours, your breaths mingling. Your free hand grasps his nape, your tongue darting out to run over his upper lip. His tongue follows back into your mouth, kissing you passionately. "...so...good," he moans roughly against your lips, his pelvis picking up speed as your grip tightens around him.

His hands continue to work on your breasts, and you begin to feel a familiar feeling of heat coiling in your center. The hand at his nape moves to the head of his cock, forming a circle with forefinger and thumb. Both hands pump in unison, the copious amount of precum leaking from the tip of his shaft providing more than enough lubrication to stimulate the glans. He curses huskily under his breath, one hand moving from your body to tightly grip the plush cushion of the sofa.

Lowering his torso, he mildly bites a distended nipple, his teeth scraping against the tender bud before pulling it deep into his mouth, his cheeks hollowing. You cry out his name loudly, your body tensing as your back arches into him. One hand slips under your body and pulls you impossibly closer as the unmistakable feeling of your orgasm builds rapidly. Your clit throbs with the rhythm of your racing heart, engorged and aching. "Saeran...I.....ahh..." To your utter surprise, your orgasm hits you fast and unyielding, your body convulsing under the amazed stare of your lover. Your breasts have always been one of the most sensitive parts of your body but never have you been able to achieve climax by upper body stimulation alone. You blink at Saeran as you come down, his body frozen above you, eyes wide in amazement.

"Did you just...," he asks, his voice trailing off in bashfulness.

"Yes," you laugh in astonishment, your body still pulsing with the aftereffects of your orgasm.

"But we didn't...I mean, I didn't..." Again he is unable to finish his thought, his face flushing. "I didn't know women could...finish...like that."

You reach up to brush the hair from his brow and smile. "I've only read about it, this is the first time it's ever happened to me." You pause briefly considering your words, suddenly just as bashful as your almost lover. "I think spending all that time fantasizing about you made the reality a bit overwhelming."

A slow smile spreads across his face and he leans down to kiss you sweetly. "You fantasize about me?"

You nod, your hands caressing his face. "Those nights we would talk on the phone, your voice would make me imagine what it would feel like to do this," you utter just above a whisper, catching his mouth with yours and dipping your tongue into his mouth quickly to taste him. "Or how amazing it would be touch you here." Your hand returns to his penis and strokes him lightly, your tongue returning to his mouth as he moans at your caress. "Sit up," you whisper against his lips, desiring a better angle to please him.

When he complies, you entwine your fingers and wrap both hands around his erection, stroking his length persistently. His head falls back at the sensation of your hands pleasuring him, his brow knitting in concentration as his hips thrust instinctively into your motions. His hands clutch at the fabric of the sofa, his knuckles white with the strength of his grip. Your gaze moves from his face to his swollen member, the glistening head appearing and disappearing into your grasp. Your tongue darts out to wet your dry lips, the thought of tasting him pervading your concentration and causing heat to course through your veins.
Saeran lets out a hoarse groan, his pelvis thrusting erratically, his breathing accelerating as his body tenses. Your arousal grows as you watch him begin to spurt onto your bare midriff. The force of his orgasm is so strong that he manages to shoot several hot, pearly strands of ejaculate onto your breasts and you moan at the heat of his cum on your fevered flesh. His thrusts slow and you milk him slowly, the euphoria on his face when he looks down at you rekindling your lust tenfold.

Releasing him you trail your fingers over his hips, wanting nothing more than to feel him inside you, slightly disappointed that he'll need time to recover before you can continue to explore one another. Your mouth is waiting when he leans down to brush his lips against yours, supporting his weight on his elbows as his hands caress the top of your head, his thumbs gently stroking your temples. "I love you so much," he declares tenderly, pulling back to meet your gaze. Your heart swells at the way he looks at you, bewildered that two men could love you so completely. Whenever either of them gazes at you, as Saeran is now doing, you feel like you are their whole world. It's a feeling that both comforts and scares you; the responsibility of being their source of happiness sometimes causing you to falter in fear that you will somehow break their hearts.

You push those thoughts aside and give the man hovering over you a smile, lifting your head slightly to peck him playfully on the tip of his nose. "I love you, too. You and Saeyoung make me feel like the luckiest woman in the world." You glance down at your bared form then back up with a grin. "I know Saeyoung seems to be all gung-ho about this arrangement now but I don't think he's quite prepared to walk in on this particular predicament."

"Oh, shit, I'm sorry," Saeran apologizes, quickly sitting up and straightening his clothes. His face flushes as he surveys the evidence of his arousal. "Christ, I'm sorry," he says again and you giggle.

"Stop apologizing," you scold, shoving at his thighs. "I liked it; watching you come on me was a huge turn on."

A pleased grin splits his face and he gets to his feet. "Just...wait here, I'll get something to clean you up."

He leaves the room briefly then returns with a damp washcloth and begins to gently rub it over your skin. You watch him as he works, your body still yearning for his touch. You wonder how long it will take for this unquenchable hunger for him to fade, or at least simmer down enough to where you don't want to him to ravish you every time you're alone together. It's not a foreign feeling to you, it's the same craving you had for Saeyoung in the beginning; still do, in fact, though you've been with him long enough now to control yourself in his presence. But with Saeran you're constantly hyper-aware of his nearness and the way he seems to undress you with his penetrating stare. Being around him is akin to being near a living, breathing, aphrodisiac and you can't help but relish it.

"Will you stay the night," you suddenly ask, hating the thought of him leaving after what you'd just shared. "I mean, if it's weird for you to sleep on the couch-"

"I'll stay," he interrupts, pulling down your shirt to cover your nakedness and leaning down to kiss you. "I'll do anything you want, all you have to do is ask."

You grin mischievously. "Oh, you're so going to regret saying that."

The remainder of the evening is spent on the sofa, eating leftovers and watching romantic comedies, Saeran complaining good-naturedly through each one. Neither of you can seem to stop touching the other as you occasionally exchange small caresses. When the bunker's heavy door opens just before midnight, you're reclining on the couch, your head in Saeran's lap. The two of you are engrossed in the third movie of the night that you graciously let him choose, but you sit up quickly when your husband walks through the door, your face flushing as though you'd been caught doing something
Saeyoung takes in the scene before him then grins, moving quickly to plop down on the empty end of the furniture and props his feet on the coffee table. "Aw, man, I've been wanting to see this," he remarks, staring at the zombie flick playing on the large television. He glances at his twin and raises an eyebrow. "I assume you're staying over," he comments as he pulls your feet into his lap, knocking you off balance and causing your head to land back in the younger man's lap.

"Saeyoung, what-" you begin to inquire before he shushes you and tilts his head towards the movie. "Stop talking," he scolds, squeezing your ankle briefly. "You're going to make me miss the action."

You look up at Saeran and he shrugs then turns his attention back to the movie. The brothers are soon immersed in the performance on the screen, Saeran absently playing with your hair and Saeyoung lightly running his fingers up and down your calf, but you can't concentrate on the movie's plot with both of them touching you. You can feel Saeyoung's eyes on you frequently during the two-hour film but he says nothing, even when you look at him questioningly. When the credits start to roll, you reluctantly sit up and yawn, raising your arms up to stretch.

"You look beat," Saeyoung comments, rubbing your back. "You should get some sleep. You two can have the bed." Your body stills at his words and you can feel the same reaction from Saeran beside you. Your husband laughs at your reactions. "Come on guys, I didn't suggest you go have loud, dirty sex or anything. Jumin has me doing a network security thing for C&R so I'm going to be up all night anyway. I don't want to keep Saeran awake so he can just share the bed with you. It's really not a big deal."

"I...guess," you answer slowly, turning your head to look at your now second husband. Saeran lifts a shoulder in indifference but you can see his excitement at the prospect of sleeping next to you. "It's fine with me, I'd choose a bed over the sofa any day," he comments.

Saeyoung slaps his palms on his thighs then stands. "Good, then it's settled. You guys sleep well." He leans over and places a kiss on the top of your head then disappears from the room, presumably to grab his laptop.

The green-eyed brother raises his brows then stands, grabbing your hand and pulling you to your feet. "Let's get some sleep. In the morning, I'll make you breakfast just like the old days."

You smile and start to follow him to the bedroom when Saeyoung reappears into the room and lightly grasps your arm. "Hey, could you hold up for a sec?"

You nod and Saeran releases your hand, wordlessly exiting the room to give the two of you privacy. The older twin waits until he hears the bedroom door close then releases your arm and runs his fingers lightly over the love bite you forgot about until this instant. Your face heats with something that feels a lot like shame and your cast your eyes down. Saeyoung places a finger under your chin and lifts your face. "What's with the look? You haven't done anything wrong, MC. I'm not upset, just curious."

You meet his eyes and your chest aches at the affection shining back at you. "It just feels like I'm flaunting it in your face all."

He smiles slightly and pulls you into his arms. "Flaunting what? I knew what this arrangement entails when I agreed to it. You can't feel ashamed every time you guys express your love physically. If I don't have a problem with it, you shouldn't either, babe." He places his mouth over the small bruise,
his lips brushing against it tenderly before moving to your mouth and grazing your lips. "Did you two…"

"No, not yet" you answer promptly, laying your head on his chest and squeezing him tightly around the waist. "Do you really want to know when we do?"

Saeyoung takes a shaky breath and tightens his embrace. "I don't know," he replies honestly. "I didn't lie when I said I'm all in with this but it's still hard not to be jealous."

"I know," you whisper. "Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?"

He pulls back to look at you, a wicked grin on his face. "Not with my brother in the next room, but I'm sure I can come up with a few things when we're alone." He wiggles his eyebrows and you laugh, pulling his head down to kiss him thoroughly.

"Try not to stay up the whole night," you lecture. "I know you like to work until it's done but it's not healthy to push yourself so hard."

"I promise to try," he says then releases you, giving you a light smack on the rear. "Now get to bed, woman."

You narrow your eyes at him and stick out your tongue before heading to the bedroom where Saeran waits for you. "Everything alright?" He asks as you shut the door behind you. He's already in the bed, his black jeans draped over the chair that sits in the corner.

You give a smile and nod, your fingers caressing the mar on your neck. "He noticed."

"Shit, is he pissed?" He sits up, a look of dread on his face, watching as you move across the room and crawl under the covers.

You shake your head as you stretch out, letting out a tired sigh. "No, but I don't think this is easy for him."

"Then I'll cool it with the biting," Saeran promises, laying down beside you and wrapping an arm around your waist, his fingers stroking your back.

"Don't you dare," you protest, placing a hand on his cheek, your thumb caressing his chin. "Biting is good, leaving marks...not so much; at least not yet."

He gives you a half-smile, causing your heart to throb. "Who knew you were so kinky," he teases, his fingers dipping lower to trail over your ass.

"You haven't seen kinky yet," you retort, slapping his hand away playfully.

"I can't wait to find out everything about you," Saeran confesses, his voice suddenly serious. The hand that's been stroking your back moves to rest below your ear, his mouth moving over yours. You can feel all the love he has for you in his actions and when you part, your eyes are damp with unshed tears of happiness. The two most amazing men you know are in love with you and you can't hold in the joy of being allowed to love them both.

You snuggle into Saeran's embrace, nuzzling his chest and wrapping an arm around his hips. It's not long before you hear his breathing even out and when you glance up, he's fast asleep. You untangle yourself from his embrace and turn to switch off the lamp beside the bed. You scoot back, spooning your body against the man beside you and close your eyes with a sigh of contentment.
You awaken hours later, your bedroom door open, Saeyoung's silhouette outlined by the hall light. You squint at the clock and see that two hours have passed since you went to bed. Your husband starts to close the door but you call out to him softly, beckoning him to the side of the bed.

He kneels and strokes your hair softly. "I didn't mean to wake you," he whispers, careful not to wake his sleeping brother.

"You didn't," you answer quietly. "I didn't even hear you open the door, I just happened to wake up. Are you done with your work?"

"Yeah, I'm about to crash on the sofa." He pauses, his fingers continuing to pet you. "It's stupid, but I missed you and wanted to see you; even if you were sleeping," he admits sheepishly.

"Don't sleep in there," you protest. "There's plenty of room in here, just sleep with us."

"Nah," he returns, beginning to straighten. "Tonight is for the two of you. Saeran's been waiting a long time to do things like this with you. I don't want to ruin it for him."

"Dude, just get in the bed," Saeran says irritably, moving over and pulling you with him to give his brother room. "I'm trying to sleep and at this rate I'm going to be awake the rest of the night."

You pull back the covers and pat the mattress in invitation. Saeyoung hesitates, shifting his weight from one foot to the other while he considers your proposal. Finally, he lets out a sigh of defeat, sets his glasses on the bedside table and slips in beside you. He moves closer to you, touching your forehead with his and placing a hand on your hip. "I love you," he says just above a whisper.

"I love you, too, Saeyoung," you answer just as softly, wrapping an arm around his waist.

You feel Saeran's arm wrap around your own waist, his breath tickling the back of your neck. "I love you both; now shut up and sleep."

Chapter End Notes

Orgasm through nipple stimulation alone does exist. Trust me on this.
Chapter Summary

The triad faces the first hurdle of their new relationship.

Chapter Notes

Remember when I promised that this chapter would be shorter? I lied. Remember when I said things were done being sad? I lied. Don't kill me though! This chapter has to happen to set up all the good things that are happening in later chapters. I swear, not everything about this story is going to be sad!

This is where I thank my dear friend, and beta, Emimilykity. You kept me sane writing this chapter and wouldn't let me give up, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Songs: The music I listened to was very scene specific during this chapter so I will split the list into two.

Saeyoung:
Mr. Brightside - The Killers
Smoke and Mirrors - Imagine Dragons
Holding On and Letting Go - Ross Copperman

Saeran:
Sweater Weather - The Neighborhood
Be Alright - Lucy Rose

I really hope you enjoy this chapter! Thank you to everyone who has commented, subscribed and left kudos. You guys rock!

You stir at the heat of Saeyoung’s body hugging your back. Before you’re even fully conscious, you are aware of the warmth of his hand as it moves under your shirt, and the erotic sensation of his erection pressing insistently against your backside. Your eyes remain closed in your semi-consciousness, your body instinctively seeking his touch. The deft fingers on your bare skin squeeze the supple flesh of your breast, the friction of the hips rolling against your own sparking a flame within you. He knows your body as intimately as his own; knows exactly where and how to kiss and caress to elicit the whimpering response he's gaining at this very moment. It’s almost unnatural the speed at which he’s able to have you a quivering mess, begging him to satisfy the hunger he so easily awakens. His mouth finds the back of your neck and nips at it and you finally open your eyes to find yourself staring lustfully into the gaze of your husband’s brother.

Your eyes widen as they lock with Saeran’s, all vestiges of sleep vanishing in an instant. His expression remains as still as his body as he continues to stare at you, his large pupils seeming to reflect your arousal. You stare back at him in confusion for a moment before Saeyoung manages to
slip one of his legs between your own and groans at the way your hips involuntarily grind against
him in need. In desperation you try to elbow him to gain his non-amorous attention, even as your
eyes flutter closed at the attention he’s granting your stimulated form.

His mouth moves to your earlobe and gently nips at it, his small hum of contentment tickling you
enough to cause your nipples to pucker. Your eyes snap back open wide in embarrassment at the
breathy moan that escapes your throat when his fingers close around one hardened nub and tugs. “I
swear your breasts are a gift from God,” he moans, and you frantically reach back to grab a handful
of his hair, yanking hard to end this nightmare. Every attempt to call your lover’s notice to the fact
that his twin is observing your unraveling goes unheeded, your body betraying you at the pleasure
washing over you. Saeran’s rapt study of your every reaction doing nothing but fan the flames of
your passion.

Saeyoung cries out in pain, his head snapping back to relieve the pressure on his scalp. “What…,” he
begins to question in a hurt voice until he seems to remember that his sibling is occupying the same
bed. “Oh…” he breathes next to your ear, hand frozen on your chest. He hastily removes it to place
on your hip when you shove at him, his throat clearing awkwardly as he adjusts the leg between
your thighs. “Well…this is…uh…”

“Good morning,” you utter weakly when words fail your husband, trying to force a smile.

Saeran’s eyes flick up to meet his brother’s and an eyebrow quirks. “Apparently,” he answers dryly.
He gives your fingers a brief squeeze and your face catches fire. Panic makes your heart clench
when you realize your fingers are firmly entwined with his against the pillow he rests on. When his
green eyes return to yours you think his lips twitch, but the movement is gone before it even
registers. He presses a small kiss on your hand, his lips lingering against your skin before releasing
you and sitting up.

A myriad of emotions cloud your mind, embarrassment and self-reproach the most prevalent. How
could I not realize I was holding his hand? God, I’m most likely the one who woke him up. What
would have happened if I didn’t open my eyes? Would he have just lain there quietly watching? How
long had he been watching? Of its own volition, your mind conjures images of being pressed
between the two men, snapshots of two sets of naked limbs, wandering hands, and breathy moans
filling your head. What the hell are you thinking? Stop it! Our life isn’t a porn movie. You continue
to berate yourself, staring at Saeran’s back as he pulls on his jeans and moves to leave the room. You
softly call out his name when he opens the bedroom door, your chest tight.

“I owe you breakfast,” he answers over his shoulder before slipping through the door.

Saeyoung’s head drops to your shoulder as soon as you hear the soft click of the door shutting. His
shoulders shake with laughter and you crane your neck to look at him. “Are you... laughing ?” you
ask incredulously, shrugging him off.

“Come on,” he replies, his mouth returning to your ear. The mirth in his voice is obvious though he
has managed to stop laughing outright. “You have to admit that was pretty amusing.”

The hand on your hip slides back under your shirt, caressing your abdomen as he resumes nibbling
your earlobe. You flip onto your back to stare up at him in disbelief. “What are you doing?”

Your husband stares back at you in confusion, his head tilting in question. “Attempting to make love
to my wife?”

“You cannot be serious right now,” you snap, moving away from him and sitting up. “And there was
nothing amusing about that.” You bury your face in your hands, the instant your eyes locked with
Saeran’s replaying in your mind. When you speak again, your voice is muffled. “We almost had sex in front of your brother.”

“But we didn’t,” Saeyoung protests, clearly not understanding the issue. He sits and slides closer to you. He attempts to kiss you, but you turn your head, causing his lips to fall on your cheek. It’s the first time you’ve ever rejected his affection and you aren’t surprised when his posture immediately stiffens. “Why are you so bothered about this?” he asks in a low, hurt voice.

“Why are you not?” you retort slipping from the bed to look down at him. “Think about how you would feel if the roles were reversed. Would you be happy to wake up and find Saeran dry humping me?”

“That’s different,” Saeyoung responds heatedly. “You’re my wife.”

“Right and because you decreed it so, I’m his wife too.”

“I can’t believe we’re arguing about this,” your usually jovial spouse mutters in anger. He flings back the covers and stands to face you from the other side of the bed. “Is this how it’s going to be from now on? I need permission from my little brother to fuck you?”

“Oh course you don’t,” you scoff, rolling your eyes.

“Good, because he certainly didn’t care about how I felt when he marked you as his,” he accuses forcefully. His eyes dart fleetingly to the mark that stands out on your pale skin and your hand shoots up to cover the small bruise.

Fury makes you see red and you wish you had something close to hand that you could throw at your husband’s head. “What happened to ‘no more guilt’, and ‘if I don’t have a problem with it, you shouldn’t either’? Are those the only things that were bullshit? Or has it been everything that’s come out of your mouth since you claimed you wouldn’t object?”

The target of your ire flings his arms out in exasperation. “Do you hear me objecting?” His face flushes, the volume of his voice climbing.

“No, I hear you being a jealous asshole because my husband left a hickey on my neck,” you rebound fervently.

“You act like that’s surprising,” Saeyoung retorts, snatching up his spectacles and slipping them on. “Nothing I’ve told has been a lie, including the fact that I’m jealous. I’m trying to give you what you want, but you’re making it difficult.”

You laugh in disbelief. “I’m making it difficult? I’m not the one telling you something one day then completely changing my mind the next.”

“I haven’t changed my mind,” he insists, running both hands through his messy hair.

“Then why are you standing there making me feel the exact opposite of what you claimed I should be feeling? Do you want me to feel ashamed?”

“Maybe I do,” he snaps, his hands falling to his sides in loose fists and you flinch at the bitterness in his voice. “Don’t you feel even the least amount of guilt doing that with him and not even wanting me to touch you now?”

“Are you serious?” You blink at him in astonishment. His words are so contradictory to everything he’s told you up to this point that you’re not quite sure what to say. Your mind grapples with the
words to express how betrayed you feel at his question. Instead, all you can do is wonder if this sick feeling of broken trust is the way he’s been feeling since you walked out of Saeran’s bedroom. How do I make one of you happy without hurting the other? The question dies on your tongue, your eyes searching his bright golden ones. The love and affection you usually see shining back at you are obscured by pain and jealousy. You sadly realize that nothing you say right now can appease the storm raging inside him. “I...I’m going to get dressed and have breakfast,” you state instead, attempting to give him time to cool down so you can talk this out calmly.

He glares at you for a few moments before letting out a humorless breath of laughter when he realizes there are no answers forthcoming. “So much for the whole ‘talk to me’ thing, right?” He storms from the room and you wince at the raucous sound of the bathroom door slamming shut.

Taking in a shuddering lung-full of air, you force yourself to move towards the large walk-in closet instead of making a beeline for the bathroom door as you want to. Five minutes later you enter the kitchen and immediately take note of the two plates of food sitting on the table. Saeran sits in front of one, tapping the screen of his phone until he sees you. Instantly his face transforms into a look of joy and he smiles at you invitingly. He sets his phone face down beside his food. “You need groceries,” he comments offhand as you take your regular seat at the table. “There were only enough eggs for two.”

You place your hands on each side of your plate and stare down at the perfectly prepared omelet. Your stomach is churning and you’re numb from everything except the guilt that is eating away at you. You were aware that your spouse’s jealousy was going to be an issue but you never imagined it would make you feel so vile. The knowledge that your husband is so troubled by the small mark on your skin makes you feel as if you’ve been unfaithful to your marriage. In turn, that strong sense of contrition feels like a betrayal to the brother who currently sits beside you.

You can feel Saeyoung enter the room, even with your back to the entrance. The atmosphere around you is instantly tense, the waves of anger rolling off of him hitting you directly in the chest. You search for a way to fix what seems to have broken in an instant, but with things the way they are, whatever you do is going to devastate one of them. **What happens if I can’t do this?** His words echo from your memories and you raise your eyes to look at his twin.

*Then things go back to the way they were, or as close as they can be.* Did you really say something so naive? Your gaze traces the lines of Saeran’s face and the vice in your chest loosens fractionally at the memory of his sincere declaration of love. How could you ever think things could go anywhere close to the way they were? One day--no, twelve hours--and you were already in too deep with him. You can’t imagine trying to live a life without him, as you could never survive without Saeyoung. No matter how you look at it, you’ve somehow begun to love them equally.

Saeran feels your gaze on him and looks up. One side of his mouth curves up, a lock of vermilion hair falling into his eyes. Your heart skips a beat and your bottom lip trembles at the thought of losing this beautiful man. The time you've had to love him without constraint has been too brief. “Eat,” he commands, pointing to your untouched breakfast.

You jerk your head in the negative, your hands curling into loose fists on the table. “I don’t think I can.” The quiver in your voice puts him on alert, his hand covering your closest one.

He opens his mouth to ask you what’s wrong when Saeyoung claps his twin on the back. “Congrats, little brother,” he remarks and pulls out the chair opposite you, dropping into it.

Your back stiffens at the sneer in his voice. He sets his soda in front of him and opens the bag of chips he’s grabbed from the cabinet, his eyes holding yours. “Leave him alone, Saeyoung,” you demand quietly.
Saeran looks back and forth between you, his body still. The hand on top of yours squeezes your fingers, silently giving you strength. “It would appear,” the older twin continues as if he didn’t hear you, “that you’re the one graced with all the affection now. I don’t know what you did to her, but you managed to leave an impression; in more ways than one.”

You wince and can see Saeran’s cheeks pinken as his twin’s words hit their mark. You slowly pull your hand from under his and place both of yours in your lap. The room is silent except for the crunch of potato chips as Saeyoung pops one in his mouth and chews. You peer at your husband from across the table, your fingers twisting nervously on your legs. You remember the tail end of the evening before when the three of you relaxed, doing nothing more than enjoying each other’s company. One cohesive unit of three to love and support one another. That’s what you thought would happen by bringing the three of you together. Instead, in such a short amount of time, it’s been nothing but pain and heartache with tiny snippets of joy. “Please,” you beg softly, “don’t do this.”

“Do what?” the ex-hacker asks in innocence, popping open his soda and taking a long drink. “Our relationship has always been open and honest, right?” He returns the open can to its place then leans back with a sigh, idly scratching his chest. “So, let’s do that. Let’s be open and honest about how many times my baby brother managed to make you come. I mean, it must have been a lot since you seem to prefer him touching you now. Or maybe it was a single amazing one,” he lifts one shoulder in a small shrug. “I mean I thought when I made you come on the car-”

“I’m done,” you interrupt, standing and pushing your full plate across the table. “Those chips are terrible for your health; especially for breakfast,” you lecture, unable to resist worrying about his well-being, even in your distress. Your heart races, your body beginning to tremble as you prepare to do the unthinkable. You can’t sit here and allow him to sabotage his relationship with you and his brother whose face is now bright red. The only option is to take yourself out of the equation. For a brief moment, you wish you could go back in time to prevent any of this from happening. That is, until you let your eyes drift to Saeran’s bent head, his gaze on the half-eaten food in front of him. You can’t help the fleeting thought that he resembles a little boy trying his best to appear as invisible as possible while his parents argue in front of him. Your heart is bursting with the emotions you can read coming from both men; Saeyoung’s hurt and Saeran’s shame. Two sentiments you bear the responsibility for. Instead of your love bringing you all together, it’s doing nothing but driving you apart, and being here is doing none of you any good.

Without thinking, you reach up and run your fingers through Saeran’s thick mane. When he raises his head to look at you, you give him a sad smile and run the backs of your fingers along his cheek. His hand reaches for yours and you allow him to clasp it in his own. He stares into your watery eyes, his eyebrows twitching down into a frown at what he finds there. Giving you a small shake of his head, his grip tightens. “I’m sorry,” you apologize in a small voice then take a breath and force yourself to return your gaze back to Saeyoung. He stares at you, his eyes narrowed after witnessing your display of fondness for his twin. You realize it probably wasn’t your best course of action, but there is something about the shorter twin that draws you like a moth to a flame.

You try to speak past the lump in your throat, but find that it’s too painful. Swallowing hard, you sort through your head to find something—anything—to say to erase the sour expression from your husband’s face. You manage to briefly hold his stare but after a few moments, you have to look away. Turning your head to the empty side of the room, you swipe at your cheeks before pivoting to leave the room.

“Where are you going?” Saeyoung calls out to your back and you hesitate. You rest your hand on the counter beside you for a brief moment to gather your courage before you turn back around to address him.
“Last night with the three of us in the bed, there was a moment of...well, perfection. There was no blame...no guilt...only the three of us, loving each other,” you pause to let your words sink in.

“That’s what this is about. It’s not about which one of you I prefer because the truth is, I care about you the same. You said that from now on, Saeran and I are married, so, that makes me as much his as I am yours. But the last thing I ever want to do is hurt either of you. So, if-- when -- you can, go back and remember what that moment felt like. I have faith in you, Saeyoung, and I have faith in the love you have for us, but there’s jealousy and then there’s what you’re doing right now; this I can’t do.”

He calls out to you again as you finally leave the room. Hearing his chair scrape across the floor in his haste to stand, you quicken your pace to the front door. You slip on your shoes and grab your bag, but not quick enough to avoid him catching up to you and clasping your arm. “Where are you going?” he repeats though his anger appears to have spent itself. Glancing behind him you see Saeran standing a few yards away, all color drained from his face, his piercing green eyes full of concern as he watches the pair of you.

You slip from the older twin’s loose grasp, looking up at him as you blink back more tears. Your hands shake and your legs feel weak, but you manage to stand your ground. “Anywhere but here,” you answer, your voice trembling.

“Don’t go,” Saeyoung pleads, his beautiful honey-colored eyes darting between yours. “I-”

“You need more time to think,” you interrupt, raising your hand instinctively to touch him. Before it makes contact with his chest you stop and it drops back to your side. Lowering the volume of your voice to where only he can hear, you lean into him. “If in that time you decide that you were mistaken...if this is something you can’t do, you break your brother’s heart. That is something I can’t do; I won’t.”

Your eyes return to the younger of the two, the tears you’ve been trying to suppress breaking free to slide down your cheeks. The look on his face pierces your heart; the joy he’d greeted with you only minutes before completely replaced by sorrow and regret. “You’ve done nothing wrong,” you state firmly, holding his gaze with yours.

“But-” he begins but you are quick to cut him off.

“Nothing,” you insist before your eyes switch back to the brother standing before you. “...neither have I.”

Instead of taking the door leading out to the garage, as you’d planned, you exit through the front. You expect Saeyoung to follow you immediately and are surprised when you manage to make it out into the heated summer day alone. The sun is almost mid-sky and you realize the three of you must have overslept later than you thought. The memory of being embraced by both twins warms your heart as much as the heat surrounding you warms your skin and you close your eyes, tilting your face to the sky as you pause halfway between the garage and front door.

When you open your eyes, the room is dark except for a small amount of moonlight that seeps in through the small bedroom window to fall across the face of the man lying beside you. His eyes are open, studying you silently, and you can’t help but smile at the sight of him. When he notices you’re awake, he reaches up and brushes the hair from your cheek, his fingers skimming over your skin.

“What time is it?” you whisper, trying not to wake the other male behind you.

Saeran lifts his head and glances over your and Saeyoung’s shoulders to look at the glowing alarm clock. “Almost four-thirty,” he whispers back, letting his head fall back to his folded arm.
You yawn and stretch before moving closer to him. Tucking your head under his chin you inhale deeply, relishing the scent that is so much different from his sibling’s. “...so early,” you whine, your words muddled with sleep. “Why are you awake?”

His arm comes around you, his hand resting against your head on his chest, his fingers absently running through your hair. He drops a kiss on the top of your head and sighs. “I’m afraid to close my eyes,” he admits, still whispering. “I’m scared that if I do, I’ll wake up and all this will have been a dream.”

“So you’ve been lying there watching me sleep?”

“That’s creepy, right?” he asks, the smile in his voice heating you deliciously.

“Perhaps a bit,” you giggle, pulling back to raise your face to his. You touch his cheek with your fingertips, enjoying the prickly feel of his stubble. “If it’s you, I don’t think I mind so much, but you don’t need to be frightened, I’m not going anywhere.”

He clasps your hand and presses his lips against your palm before placing it over his racing heart. You’re reminded of that night he finally confessed the feelings he’d been holding inside for so long and your heart swells. He then leans into you, his breath hot on your forehead. “I love you,” he breathes against you, his mouth showering small kisses over your face.

When he finally presses his lips to yours, you melt into him. Your heart rate increases to match his, your hand snaking around his waist and sliding under his shirt. Your fingers trail along the heated skin of his lower back, not meaning to but mentally taking notes of the differences between him and his brother. Saeran’s body is leaner, his muscles not quite as defined, though they are close. When he’d moved in with the two of you, he’d been too scrawny, the drugs and lack of nutrition during his time at Mint Eye taking a toll on his body as well as his mind. But with a great amount of patience and perseverance, he gradually allowed you to nurse him back to health; the build beneath your touch a result of your unrelenting love and care. There’s still a slightness to his frame, but the solidness of it strongly encourages you to wrap yourself in his embrace even further. Your hand moves higher up his back, and you feel several small, puckered scars marring the smooth skin. You finger one and he gently moves your arm until he can grab your hand and place it against his cheek. For the moment you allow him to avoid your caresses, sliding your hand into his hair to hold him close as his tongue meets yours.

While there is never any doubt about who the more dominant one is when kissing Saeyoung, Saeran’s kisses border on assertiveness before pulling back to allow you control. Your tongue delves into his mouth, the taste of him filling your senses and making you lightheaded. Before you know it, you’re sprawled half on top of him, one of his legs between yours, his arms holding you tightly. Your fingers move restlessly on the back of his neck, your knee pressing lightly against the semi-erect bulge in his boxer briefs. His now free hands slide down your back and into the waistband of your shorts, cupping your bare ass and pulling you higher against him.

Your breaths become heavier as lust threatens to overtake you both. Saeran’s hands squeeze the fullness of your behind, a soft groan escaping his throat when your leg rubs against his crotch. The sound makes you bolder and one of your hands slides down his body, coming to rest on his bare abdomen where his shirt has ridden up. The muscles under your hand tighten at the contact of your flesh against his and you kiss your way down the column of his neck, your hot breath dampening his skin. Your other hand pulls down the collar of his shirt and you bite his collarbone, smiling at his sharp hiss of breath. You lick the injured area then pull it into your mouth, sucking hard, and his fingers contract on your body, his back arching slightly into you.

When you release him he catches your mouth, his tongue swirling with yours frantically. Even so,
when your hand wanders lower to tease at the elastic band of his underwear, he removes one hand from your clothing and gently grabs your wrist. “Wait,” he gasps then pauses to catch his breath. His other hand slides up your body to rest below your ear, his thumb running over the curve of your lips before caressing your cheek. “I want you so much, but I don’t think this is the time or place.” His head lifts to kiss you sweetly, the hand at his waist bringing yours to rest back on his chest.

“When I finally have you I don’t want to worry about being quiet,” he explains in a whisper against your mouth. “I want to hear every moan, every gasp...I don’t want to miss even one syllable of you crying out my name.”

His words do nothing to douse the arousal surging through you. Instead, the fire that has been slowly building bursts into an inferno and you let out a low moan of need. The hand at your ear slides behind your head and presses you into another kiss, this one hard and demanding. Your fingers dig into his flesh, the longing to have him fill you driving your hips to move against him restlessly.

Eventually, he releases your mouth and you rest your forehead against his, your eyes closed as you try to slow your breathing. “How do you do that?”

“What?” Saeran inquires, his hand slowly stroking your back.

You lift your head and peer into his striking green orbs. “How do you make me want you so much just by uttering a few words?”

He laughs quietly and tucks a lock of hair behind your ear. “You tell me,” he answers, giving you a grin. “Your voice does crazy things to me.”

Suddenly, Saeyoung mutters something in his sleep and your eyes widen. It’s not that you’d forgotten he was there, but while in the haze of desire the reality that he was only an arm’s length away—at most—faded to a vague impression. Reluctantly you roll off your almost lover and sigh in unfulfilled hunger. His arm circles your waist, his face nuzzling the space between your shoulder and neck.

“Soon,” he reassures you quietly, hugging you close.

“I know,” you sigh again, turning your head to look at the man who stole your heart a little over four years ago in a chatroom. It took him only the span of four days to capture that most fragile part of you and a single second to shatter it. But you picked up the pieces and held them together long enough for the love you knew he had for you to put them back together. “At least one of us is still thinking,” you comment, biting your lip and casting your gaze up to the dark ceiling. “I don’t know if I could have ever forgiven myself if things had gone much farther with him right here.”

“Yeah, I don’t think Saeyoung would be comfortable with that yet.” Saeran looks past you to his sleeping brother and you feel him stiffen slightly.

“You ok?” Your head turns to look in his direction and he quickly relaxes, giving you a small smile.

“I’m more than ok,” he answers and leans over to press his lips against the corner of your mouth. “You should get some sleep.”

You nod in agreement. “You too, no more watching me.” You give him a quick kiss then turn over, your back pressed against him. You stare at the slumbering face of your husband, your eyes adjusted enough to the dark to just make out the lines of his face. For a moment you think you can see the golden hue of his eyes, but it is so quick that you chalk it up to your eyes playing tricks on you.

He suddenly moves a couple of inches closer to you and slides his hand onto your hip before wrapping an arm around you only marginally lower than Saeran’s. You feel his fingers press into
your lower back briefly and your heart jumps, but his eyes remain closed. Finally, you close your eyes, your arm touching both brothers as it drapes across theirs, your fingers tenderly caressing Saeyoung. The last thing you remember is hearing the deep, even breaths of the twins sleeping peacefully.

You pull yourself from your memory and open your eyes, blinking against the harsh sunlight. You glance back at the entrance to the bunker then your feet begin to move, leading you into the massive garage. You head straight for the small car your husband bequeathed you the night before, shaking hands fumbling to retrieve the key and unlock it. Quickly you slide into the driver’s seat and insert the key fob into the ‘Engine Start’ slot in the middle console. The engine purrs to life and you fiddle with the knobs until you find what you’re looking for then turn the a/c to max and lean your head against the steering wheel.

His breathing; if you’d been paying more attention you would have realized that Saeyoung’s breathing was rapid and shallow when you returned to your position between the two men. That means your eyes weren’t playing tricks on you in the dark; your husband had been watching you make out with his twin. Your mind works furiously to figure out what exactly he saw but you can’t be sure. Whatever it was, it’s enough to damn you when you refused his advances.

Everything is suddenly clear to you and you laugh humorlessly. “How is this my life?” The question fills the empty space of the small car and you lift your head to softly bang it back down. No wonder Saeyoung is so angry with you. His wrath isn’t because of a small hickey, it’s because you refused to do with him what you almost did in front of him with someone else.

You start violently when the passenger door opens, your head snapping up to see Saeran fold himself into the compact car. You watch as he closes it behind him and turns to face you. His expression is one of anxiety and your chest tightens. “Are you alright?” he asks softly.

You nod. “Are you aware that Saeyoung saw us this morning?”

“Yes,” he answers, his eyes dropping to his lap. “I saw his eyes open...after…”

Your head falls back onto the headrest and you sigh. “All I keep doing is hurting him,” you mutter. “Maybe it would be better for both of you if I really did just disappear.”

“No,” the intense young man beside you denies vehemently. Your head turns and your eyes lock onto his. Panic swims in their depths and you have to look away before you begin to tear up. “Saeyoung can’t function without you. Leaving would only destroy him...destroy both of us,” he finishes softly.

“I don’t know how to do this, Saeran,” you rebound, the back of your head rolling across the cushion as you shake your head.

Saeran sighs. “First of all, you need to stop worrying about me so much. I know your heart was in the right place refusing him but there’s no need for it. I’ve been watching the two of you for years now, I learned a long time ago how to control my jealousy.”

Your head lolls back in his direction, your gaze interrogating the flustered one searching yours. “And you were watching us this morning because…”

His face flushes, his eyes falling away from your stare. “That was…,” his voice trails off uncomfortably, his eyes darting around the interior of the car, avoiding your gaze.

“Saeran,” you prod quietly, reaching over to grab his hand when he doesn’t respond. Finally, he
meets your stare and your breath stops for a second at the heat in his. “Did it...I mean were you…” You falter over your words, unsure of how to ask what you want to know. Your own face flushes at the memory of the way he gazed at you as his sibling’s hands moved over your body and you clear your throat, averting your eyes.

He makes a small sound of confirmation, his own eyes dropping to your clasped hands, the tips of his ears turning pink. “It’s impossible to hear you make those noises and not be,” he admits huskily. “I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable…”

“You didn’t,” you reassure him immediately and you feel your body temperature rise in embarrassment. “I...well...the way you were staring at me...it...enhanced...everything...,” your words slowly die away and your eyes slide closed in mortification. “I don’t know what’s happening to me. It’s like everything I thought I knew about myself is...wrong,” you open your eyes and peer at his bent head. “When I fell in love with Saeyoung I thought, ‘this is it, I’m never going to feel this strongly about anyone else’, but I was wrong. Now I’m sitting here, admitting that when you watched us....”

“You,” he corrects, raising his head and pinning you with his stare. “I was watching you. The only notice I took of my brother is that whatever he was doing was giving you pleasure. I...your reactions...” His voice falters and he lets out a puff of embarrassed laughter, his hand ruffling his hair. “Jesus, this is humiliating,” he mutters, twisting his head to the side to stare out the front windshield.

“Hey,” you cajole, tugging at his hand when he fails to answer. Still receiving no reaction, you lean over the console that separates you and place a hand on his cheek, gently bringing his attention back to you. You kiss one corner of his mouth, then the other before brushing your lips against his. “I love you,” you tell him, your fingers pushing his overgrown locks out of his eyes. “You don’t have to be bashful about anything with me. I want to know as much as I possibly can about what you’re thinking and feeling.” Your lips return to his and his hand rises to rest against the side of your neck.

He hesitates for a moment before closing the small space between you and pressing a soft kiss against your mouth as if gaining courage before he begins to speak in a low voice. “I can’t stop thinking about how you looked when he touched you here,” his fingers trace the fullness of your breast, lingering at the tip and you let out a shuddering breath, your eyes closing at the sensation of his touch. Your response melts away his uncertainty, giving him the boldness to continue. “Then I think of how beautiful you were when you came beneath me on the sofa, and I wonder if he’d been allowed to continue, would you have come for him the same way?”

Your eyes open slowly and peer into his, the yearning flowing through you reflected in his penetrating gaze. “Did you want me to?” you inquire thickly, your hand coming to rest over his racing heart.

He nods cautiously, gauging your reaction to his confession. “Yes,” he verbalizes hoarsely, the hand holding yours in his lap convulsing. When you show no signs of distress, he timidly slants his mouth over yours, his stare holding yours until your lips meet.

His admission excites you, the sudden slickness between your legs making you squirm in the bucket seat and silently curse the obstacle that keeps you from embracing him properly. The world around you disappears as his tongue slides against yours sensually, his hand falling to your bare knee before skimming up your thigh and slipping under the hem of your skirt. He halts before reaching the edge of your panties, his fingers kneading the supple flesh ardently.
Suddenly the world crashes back down around you when you remember the multiple security cameras scattered throughout the garage. Pulling away from Saeran, you glance frantically around the expansive space and sigh in relief when you see the closest camera is mounted several spaces behind the car you’re currently occupying. If Saeyoung is observing you--which you have no doubt he is--he will be unable to see anything through the tinted rear window.

You slump back, letting out a long, frustrated breath. Your focus returns to the man who is regarding you with open adoration and your heart stutters, a smile of elation curving your lips. Quickly you grip the front of his shirt and pull him toward you, needing to taste him once more before reality completely invades the bubble in which you’re enclosed. You kiss him passionately, his groan of hunger making you giddy. His hands cup your face, tilting your head to grant him better access and he kisses you deeply, drawing from you a high-pitched whine of longing.

When you part, he rests his forehead against yours, eyes closed, his hot breath mingling with yours as you both try to slow your racing hearts. “God, I want to be inside you,” he murmurs, his hands fisting in your hair. You let out a soft groan at his words, your fingers twisting the fabric of his shirt. His lips brush across yours tenderly, his hands lowering to graze across your neck before continuing their descent to run down your arms and finally clasps yours.

“I should go,” you say breathlessly, your voice full of regret. “If we’re out here much longer Saeyoung is bound to come looking for you. Not being able to see in the car will drive him crazy.”

Saeran raises your joined hands, his lips whispering across your knuckles. “Where are you going to go?” The concern is back in his expression and you try to give him a smile of reassurance.

“I’ll probably end up at Zen’s,” you answer, surprised when your somber husband scowls at you. You let out a peal of puzzled laughter. “What is that look for?”

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” he counters instead of answering, his frown deepening when you nod.

“He’s an amazing friend,” you explain, your mood already lightening at the thought of spending time with your best friend. Zen always manages to cheer you up, no matter how down in the dumps you are. He would do anything to make you laugh, claiming that you are only yourself when a smile graces your features. He is always there when you need him and you suspect that he has even rearranged his schedule a time or two to accommodate you.

“Just...be careful around him,” Saeran is saying grimly, a stain of pink across his cheeks.

You bite your lip to keep from laughing at his worried expression. If you didn’t know better you’d think he is jealous. “Zen is a perfect gentleman,” you insist and he stares at you unconvinced.

“He’s still a man,” he asserts, his hands tightening on yours. He glances down at your bare legs and glowers. “Maybe you should change clothes first.”

“Saeran,” you scold gently, drawing his attention back to your face. “If you don’t trust Zen, at least trust me. I’m not interested in him as anything but a friend, I swear. I know to most women he’s perfect, but to me, he doesn’t come close to you and Saeyoung.”

“Fine,” he finally acquiesces grudgingly, “but if he touches you I’ll break his perfect nose.”

You blink at your usually reticent spouse in disbelief at the violence of his threat, though you can’t help the small thrill of pleasure you feel at his display of possessiveness. The resolve in his eyes gives you no doubt that he is completely serious about his warning, and you place a hand on his cheek to
quiet the anger that seems to have manifested itself so suddenly. You open your mouth to soothe him when your phone vibrates in your bag.

Retrieving the device you look at the screen in dread, already knowing what you’ll see. Sure enough, a notification that Saeyoung has opened the tracker app stares back at you and you sigh. Never before has a single notification filled you with such mixed emotions; annoyance that your normally easygoing husband refuses to allow you any time alone with his twin, guilt about what you have been doing with said twin for the past ten minutes and overwhelming affection at the urge that drove him to open the app already knowing exactly where you are. To you, the notification is a loud declaration you are on his mind and means to assure you he is no longer angry.

Whatever indignation that remains from your earlier encounter dwindles and your eyes sting with unforeseen tears. While Saeyoung’s words were uncalled for, he did have every right to react the way he did. What else was he supposed to believe after seeing you being intimate with his brother then rejecting his overtures? As much as you understand his actions you can’t push aside the things he said to you in anger and the fact that his response to your refusal of his advances made you feel like a whore. Whether it was his intention or not, that is exactly the feeling his barbs invoked. You don’t realize you’ve begun to silently weep until Saeran wipes away the wetness on your cheek with a thumb, his face a mask of concern.

“Is it Saeyoung?”

You nod setting the phone face down on your lap and putting on your seatbelt. The inability to face your husband yet drives you to hasten your departure. You look at the car’s controls and freeze, realizing you have no idea how to drive this car. Not only that but you discover you can’t see over the steering wheel and no matter how much you search you can’t seem to find any button or lever to raise the seat. “Are you kidding me?” you mutter in frustration and finally glance at the man observing your struggle. “I can’t drive this thing,” you declare in annoyance, throwing up your hands in defeat.

Saeran chuckles under his breath then reaches for the passenger door’s handle. “Switch with me, I’ll take you where you want to go.”

You exit the expensive car and meet him at the rear where he pulls you into his arms and hugs you tightly when you try to pass him. Your arms encircle his waist, your head resting on his chest, enjoying the steady beat of his heart. One hand strokes your head tenderly as he presses a light kiss on your temple. “Saeran?” you prod gently when he shows no signs of releasing you, acutely aware of the fact that there is a security camera pointed directly at you.

He shushes you and squeezes you firmly. “I just want to hold you for a minute,” he says, his voice echoing softly in the vast space. You relax against him and close your eyes, allowing his scent to surround you and ease your frazzled nerves. “Be sure to come back to me,” he finally utters, his voice breaking.

A sharp pain pierces your chest and your arms tighten around him. His greatest fear is being left behind and you wish desperately that there was another way. But you know Saeyoung and you know that he needs time to himself to come to terms with your new life. The option to stay with Saeran in the meantime flits across your mind but you quickly dismiss it. Doing that would only make things worse. “I will,” you promise, your eyes pricking.

He releases you and swipes at his eyes with the heels of his hands. Looking down at you he gives you one of the half smiles that make you weak and reaches up to trace the curve of your cheek. “I’m sorry loving me is causing you so much pain.”
You grasp his wrist and shake your head, your tears slipping unnoticed from the corners of your eyes. “Loving you is one of the best things that’s ever happened to me,” you inform him earnestly, your fingers tightening around him. Without thought you stand on tiptoe to capture his mouth, your lips grazing his sweetly, needing to reassure him that his love is not a burden.

When you separate, Saeran darts a glance up at the security camera and hugs you once more before pulling away. “Let’s get going,” he urges. “I can’t imagine Saeyoung’s patience lasting much longer; especially after that.”

When Saeran returns, just over an hour later, Saeyoung watches from his workstation as his brother pulls into the garage and parks. When he exits the car and begins to make his way inside, the bespectacled twin drops his gaze down to the smartphone that lays silent on the desk in front of him. You’d turned your phone off half an hour ago after his multiple attempts to text, call, and--when those failed--track you.

The way events transpired earlier has left a bitter taste in his mouth and his eyes ache from the tears he’s shed since you walked out the front door. He hadn’t meant the cruel things he’d said to you and he’d give anything to take them back. The only defense for his behavior is that when it comes to you he’s unable to be rational. If he had taken the time to consider what you were saying, he would have realized that you weren’t rejecting him so much as trying to walk a tightrope between his feelings and his twin’s. He knows it’s futile but he unlocks his phone and refreshes the app that has become so much more than just a way to pinpoint your location. As he knew it would, the app displays a ‘user location unknown’ notification and his chest tightens with grief. “Please,” he whispers wretchedly though there’s no one to hear his plea.

His mind takes him back to the pre-dawn hours of the morning when he’d awakened to the sound of you and his sibling whispering to each other quietly. He’s always been a light sleeper, his childhood spent on high alert for Saeran’s late-night bouts of terror, desperate to quiet his terrified little brother before their mother was disturbed. Now he usually manages to sleep more than just a few hours he used to get by on before he met you, but the habit of waking at any sound of out the ordinary persists.

He hadn’t meant to spy on the two of you, he was merely intrigued to observe the way you interacted when you were alone. When his brother began kissing you, it felt like it was too late to call attention to himself without making things awkward so he’d not said anything. At first, he tried to close his eyes and pretend to be somewhere else, determined not to hamper the growing bond between the two of you. But when the tell-tale sounds of your arousal reached his ears, the urge to know exactly what was happening was too great to resist.

He can’t explain the compulsion to continue scrutinizing the pair of you, other than a strong sense of curiosity and the unexpected rush of blood to his cock. Objectively he knows that his reaction was just a result of the stimulus of your soft moans of pleasure, but he can’t help but feel unsettled that instead of the jealousy he expected it felt more like watching himself elicit the frantic hunger he could feel coming from you. Even now, he can feel stirrings of life in his crotch at the memory of how turned on he could sense you were and he shifts in his chair, forcefully pushing the recollections into the recesses of his memory.

“Hyung,” Saeran calls out softly from the small room’s entrance to gain his older brother’s attention and takes note of his raw eyes. “Are you alright?”

Saeyoung stares at his sibling, wanting-- needing --to be angry with him but finding himself unable to conjure the emotion he so desperately desires. You had the right of it before you left, neither of you has done anything wrong. “Where is she?” he inquires, ignoring his brother’s question. It’s
obvious to anyone who glances at him that he’s far from alright.

“I don’t know,” the younger man reveals, holding up his hands in surrender when his twin narrows
his eyes. “All I know is that she wanted me to drop her off on Main Street, which I did.”

“And she made you promise not to tell me where she’s going, right?” The sheepish look that his
sibling gives him is answer enough and he sighs. So, I’m going to have to find you the hard way. He
swivels his chair around to face the numerous monitors displayed on his desk and begins using the
talent he was graced with.

It doesn’t take much thought to realize that you are with Zen, or at least you will be at some point
before the day is over. Your friendship with the statuesque actor has never bothered Saeyoung. If
Zen was your type, you would have chosen to be with him rather than going through the hell you did
to gain the ex-agent's affection. Even the flirtatious banter the two of you exchange fails to invoke
any shred of jealousy within the red-head. He understands it’s just a part of the older man’s
personality and his way of showing his fondness for you. He should feel bad for what he’s about to
do, but if his hunch is correct, it’s the simplest way to find you. “Sorry, Zen,” he apologizes as he
deftly hacks into his friend’s phone and promptly checks his location. Seeing he appears to be at
home, Saeyoung accesses the phone’s text log, swiftly finding what he’s looking for.

MC:

12:30pm: Hey babe! Do you have rehearsal today?

ZEN:

12:31pm: Nope! The director had to bail due to personal obligations. What’s up?

MC:

12:32pm: Do you want to grab lunch? We can try that noodle place near your apartment.

ZEN:

12:32pm: Absolutely! What time do you want to meet?

MC:

12:33pm: How about now?

ZEN:

12:33pm: Sounds good, can’t wait to see you. Xx

Reading over the texts Saeyoung realizes that you must have powered down your phone right after
making plans to meet your friend. He feels a small amount of relief that his suspicion is correct, able
to calm his agitation somewhat by at least knowing you are safe. With his mind set at ease, he closes
the text log and spins his chair back around to peer at his twin.

“You guys were in the Aston for awhile,” he comments, trying to sound casual and failing miserably.
He’s dying to know what happened in the sleek sports car. It had taken every ounce of willpower he
possesses to keep himself from rushing to you as the minutes ticked by with no movement from
either of you. His eyes had been glued to the large television mounted above his desk, his eyes
burning from staring so hard at the grainy black and white feed.
Saeran stares back at him in silence, his face expressionless. “We were talking,” he says, at last, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Right,” Saeyoung mutters, not believing for a second that the only activity taking place in the automobile was mere conversation. He’s seen the chemistry between you when in his presence, he can only imagine how it is between you when you’re not forced to restrain yourselves. “Did you happen to discuss the reason you were just laying there watching us this morning?”

The more introverted of the two considers his brother fleetingly then nods. “We did,” he admits, his face reddening faintly, though he manages to maintain eye contact with his twin.

“Are you going to explain it to me?” Saeyoung leans back in his chair, his hands clutching the arms of the expensive desk chair.

“I imagine it’s for the same reason you were watching us,” his sibling retorts, slouching against the doorframe.

The golden-eyed twin sighs and rubs his eyes, dislodging his glasses in the process. “So you saw me.”

“Yeah,” Saeran admits, studying his brother’s face as he straightens his spectacles. “MC did too,” he divulges softly and feels a pang of sympathy for his twin when his face flushes.

“Shit,” his sibling curses under his breath, his head falling back against the high back of the seat. He can only imagine what you think about him at this point. Do you believe his attempt to make love to you this morning was purposely done in front of his brother as a sort of revenge? You can’t know that he was only half-awake when his hands began to roam over your body, and by the time he had been completely conscious, his brother was the last thing on his mind.

“She...well, she’s not...upset about it,” Saeran says hesitantly, trying to ease his older sibling’s discomfort.

“Maybe,” Saeyoung mutters, his face flaming. “Don’t you think it’s a bit messed up, though, that we just silently watched the other with her?”

The slightly shorter man shrugs a shoulder. “What’s messed up to one person is normal to another,” he comments rationally. “If your reason is anything like mine, then it wasn’t like I was the one turning you on.”

“Of course not,” the older twin denies immediately in horror. His head rises and he locks eyes with his brother. “She’s the one I was watching...listening to; not you.”

“Exactly.” Shoving away from his position in the doorway, the green-eyed man shifts his weight, suddenly looking uncomfortable as he raises a hand to rub the back of his neck. “Listen, Hyung, do you...I mean, would it be easier for you if I took a step back?”

The seated twin’s brows twitch down at the question, his gaze searching that of the man who is fidgeting in front of him. “What are you talking about?”

Saeran averts his eyes, his head lowering slightly as if in submission. “Earlier it just sounded like maybe you’d changed your mind...,” his words falter and he appears to revert back to the hesitant little boy he was in the past, too frightened to voice his thoughts as his shoulders hunch and he appears to fold in on himself. Nervously, he softly clears his throat before continuing. “If you want me to...I,” he stumbles over his words once again and heaves a sigh. “I can try to go back to being nothing more than her brother if that’s what you need me to do. I mean I understand if you want her
Saeyoung’s heart breaks as he observes all the confidence drain from his counterpart. Guilt that he’s broken one of the most important persons in his life tugs at his chest painfully. He’s out of his chair in an instant, crossing the short distance to pull his brother into an embrace. His twin stiffens briefly before his body relaxes and his arms hesitantly wrap around his brother’s waist. Saeyoung’s vision blurs, any animosity remaining dissipating with his tears.

Releasing the man who looks so much like himself, Saeyoung grips the back of his neck, resting his forehead against his. “I’m sorry I’ve been such an asshole,” he says softly, wondering why he’s made everything so difficult up unto this point. A clarity comes over him and he realizes that he’s been expecting this to happen since his brother came to live with you. There has always been a special connection between you and his twin, and if he thinks about it, it makes sense you would be attracted to the other half of himself. He’s blinded himself these past four years, looking past the signs that his sibling has loved you from the start.

He squeezes his brother’s neck once then lets go, resting his hands on the smaller man’s shoulders and holding his gaze. “I haven’t changed my mind,” he states firmly. “Earlier was a mistake; one I’m going to fix. I’m going to bring her back to us and the three of us are going to be a family. I promise, Saeran, this is what I want. I want you to feel that same unconditional love she gives me. I’m not going to stand in the way of your happiness anymore.”

Saeran’s demeanor instantly changes and he graces his brother with a radiant smile that makes the taller man’s heart swell. He can’t remember the last time he’s seen his twin look so joyous, and it makes him curse all those that made his life so miserable, including himself.

“You deserve all the happiness in the world, little brother. I’m just glad it’s something I can so easily provide.”

“Thank you, Hyung,” the slighter twin says, his hands gripping his brother’s forearms tightly. “I swear, I’ll cherish her just as much as you do.”

Saeyoung flushes in embarrassment despite the hope that blooms in his chest. It’s taken a long time for the brothers to regain the tight bond they once shared after being kept apart for so long, but he finally feels like it’s attainable. He knows if not for you, the task would be more difficult than it has been and he silently thanks God for sending you to them. “You don’t have to thank me,” he claims affectionately. “It shouldn’t have even been a question.”

Returning to his desk, he motions to an empty chair and quickly hits the spacebar on his keyboard to turn off the screen saver and inputs his password. Pulling up his friend’s cell phone activity, he sees that the man appears to still be at home, or at least his phone is. Biting his lip, his thumb tapping rhythmically on his mouse, he debates utilizing his more illegal skills to locate you. Not that hacking into someone’s cell isn’t illegal but it is only the tip of the iceberg of what he can access. There’s no doubt in his mind that you will eventually contact him, but he needs to do something to prove how committed he is to having Saeran be a part of your marriage, and he can’t do that until he knows where you are. Glancing at his brother, who is watching in interest as he works, Saeyoung makes a decision.

“Let’s find our wife, shall we?” he grins, flexing his fingers in anticipation.
A Parallax of Three Part 1

Chapter Summary

You attempt to find solace in the company of your best friend, Zen, and end the night with a shocking result.

Chapter Notes

I know! I know! This chapter is like a week overdue, and I can't even blame the holidays. What can I say? Writing buildup isn't the most fun thing in the world to do. BUT Here is the first part of a three-part chapter. That is why I am so late posting it. I was trying to get everything in one chapter and, as usual, there's just too much material. The song lyrics used in this chapter are from the song 'Untitled, 2014' by G-Dragon. They are translated from Korean so the accuracy may not be perfect but it's the best one I could find.

Huge props to Emimilykity. She helped me tremendously this chapter. Just about all of Zen's dialogue has been re-worked by her because I just couldn't find his voice. She's my go-to for all things Zen and she did a wonderful job putting my ideas into his words. She's currently working a Yoosung one-shot that is just...amazing. Seriously, go follow her because you do not want to miss what she's working on.

I want to address the fact that Ray's route will be out the end of next month. Whatever happens in that route will not affect my story. This story is based off the original game and secret endings. I'm not a huge fan of 'Another Story', other than the fact that Ray is perfect and his voice just...ugh, anyway I probably won't even play his route until I'm done writing this as I don't want his characterization to influence what I have going on here. I'm of the opinion that 'Another Story' is an alternate universe that Cheritz created of their own world. I'm not working in that universe (at least not at the moment). That said I hope you enjoy this chapter! HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Music:

Surrender - Natalie Taylor
Only Love (Acoustic) - Pvris
Where's My Love (Piano Solo) - SYML

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, what are we watching?” Throwing himself down on the sofa beside you, Zen drapes an arm over its back, taking a long pull from the can of beer in his other hand. “Horror, action, romance…?”

It’s been hours since you had lunch at a nearby restaurant to catch up on what feels like months of
being apart. Although the urge to spill your guts about the most pressing issues of your life was tempting, you managed to keep the most important of your worries to yourself. You had to be careful about what you revealed, considering every word that passed your lips to ensure Zen wouldn’t get suspicious. It’s not in your nature to be untruthful; it’s the entire reason you’ve always been so insistent with Saeyoung that there be no secrets between you. Lying by omission is still lying and the fact that you had to stare at your friend across the small table and pretend nothing is wrong turned the knot of stress in your stomach into a heavy stone. Laying eyes on the beaming actor, who only had eyes for you, had not done much to alleviate that sick feeling but it did draw many a nasty glance as he sat down across from you. It’s not something uncommon when you appear in public with your friend, but after four years you still can’t quite get used to the unwarranted venom of jealous fans. Not bothering to read the menu, he’d merely ordered what you were having and immediately jumped into conversation about his newest role and the training that comes along with it. He was like a breath of fresh air, but there’s no doubt in your mind you would have been able to better enjoy your time together if not for the secret that consumes your every waking moment.

“Romance, of course,” you answer now with a smirk, pointing the remote at the television and hitting ‘play’. Secretly you’re relieved to be out of the general population where you can fully be yourself. How Zen ever puts up with so much scrutiny, you will never understand. You take a long pull of the beer in your hand and tuck your legs beneath you. “The only things Saeyoung will watch are horror, sci-fi, and fantasy,” you explain, settling back as the movie loads. “You can only watch so many robots become sentient before you feel like you’re just watching the same movie over and over.”

Your friend chuckles, crossing his feet on the table in front of you. “I always figured Saeyoung for a comedy guy,” he remarks, then groans when the opening scene appears on the screen. “Oh, come on! Seriously? This one again?”

“Excuse you,” you remark, raising one perfectly arched brow. “A Moment to Remember is the perfect movie when you need a good cry; which I do.” Your second brow joins the first as you stare at your friend. “And why would you assume that my husband enjoys comedies? Just because he enjoys goofing around doesn’t mean he’s not a serious person. Once upon a time he did manage to save my life without a scratch on me. You of all people should realize you can’t judge a book by its cover.”

Zen grins at you with a sheepish expression, rubbing the back of his head. “Yeah, you’re right. Sorry.”

Biting your lip, you hold his gaze for a few moments before the urge to laugh become too strong and finally burst into fits of giggles. Your friend stares at you in confusion until you’re able to catch your breath and explain. “I’m just messing with you. Of course Saeyoung enjoys comedies, but I do too, so I don’t complain.”

“You…” he grumbles and grabs the square pillow that lays beside him, knocking it gently on your head as you resume giggling.

“Sorry,” you gasp, holding your stomach. “You’re just too easy. It’s so cute the way your face get all flushed when you’re embarrassed,” you tease, poking at one reddened cheek, the bright color standing out against his pale skin. Playfully he smacks your hand away and your head drops to his shoulder, small bouts of laughter still shaking your frame.

“Stop teasing me and watch your tearjerker,” he commands, placing the pillow between you, and you adjust your body to a more comfortable position, your head still resting against him.

Zen’s begins to idly play with your hair as you turn your attention to the story unfolding on screen. A
small purr of delight escapes your throat, your body relaxing as his long, capable fingers occasionally massage your scalp and he pauses. “Don’t stop,” you complain, reaching up to lightly tap his hand. “That feels nice.” After a moment of hesitation, his digits resume their gentle rhythm and you sigh in contentment.

A half hour into the movie, you drain the remainder of your drink and sigh. “She’s beautiful, even when she’s crying,” you comment in admiration about the actress beaming tearfully up at her co-star.

Your friend hums in agreement. “You always say that, but she can’t hold a candle to you,” he retorts and you snort, immune to his pretty words.

“Speaking of beauty, what happened to that woman you were seeing? The really pretty one,” you inquire, twisting your head to look at him.

“You really have been on another planet,” Zen teases. “I stopped seeing her months ago when she tried to seduce the head douche of C&R.”

You gasp in horror. “What? How does she even know Jumin?”

“I introduced them,” he answers grimly before draining his own beverage. “We happened to end up at the same restaurant he was having dinner with his father at. For some reason I still can’t fathom, he stopped by our table to say hello. Two days later she showed up at his office unannounced and threw herself at the jerk.”

“Did he force Jaehee to tell you, or did he actually inform you himself?”

Zen lets out a bark of angry laughter. “Oh, he was more than eager to break the news himself that I was seeing a gold digging...anyway, I’ve been kind of put off from dating since.”

“Oh, Zen, I’m sorry,” you console, an arm wrapping around his slim waist to comfort him. “One day I know you’re going to find someone that’s perfect for you.”

“I could have sworn I already did,” he simpers, “but it turns out she has strange taste in men. That cross-dressing weirdo seriously does it for you?”

While you know he is teasing, you can’t help but acknowledge there is some truth to his words. There was an instant connection between you when you blindly entered their private chat room all those years ago. He was the first to befriend you and did everything in his power to make you feel welcome. Many nights you spent on the phone with him as he alleviated the loneliness and isolation you felt. More than once he’d hinted that he was interested in pursuing more than a friendship with you, but when it became apparent to everyone that you and the eccentric secret agent of the group developed feelings for one another, he quickly backed off. Since then he’s been a loyal confidante, albeit an extremely flirty one.

“He really does,” you sigh dreamily, the thought of his practically perpetual grin and quirky style bringing a smile to your face. You don’t know if it’s the alcohol you’ve been consuming for the past few hours or the overwhelming love you have for the unconventional man who is your husband, or both, but thinking of how dead the spark in his eyes was as they pleaded with you not to leave brings sudden tears to your own. Sitting up, you swipe at your cheeks, the urge to call Saeyoung so great that you find yourself reaching for your bag where it sits beside you. As soon as your fingers touch the soft leather you regain your senses and pull your hand back with a dejected sigh.

“You ok?” Zen passes you a box of tissues, his voice laced with concern. “You usually don’t start crying until at least halfway through.”
“I’m fine,” you answer tearfully, accepting his offering. You pull a couple of the white objects from the container, then blow your nose and stand. “I’m going to get another beer, you want one?”

Ignoring the crimson gaze of your friend, you take his empty can along with yours to the small kitchen, tossing them into the recycling bin. Opening the refrigerator and peering inside, you let out a disappointed sigh when you realize all the alcohol is gone. Dragging yourself back to the living room, you rest your weight on your forearms near Zen’s head. “We’re out of beer,” you inform him with a pout, propping your chin in one hand, observing the heart-wrenching scene playing out on the television.

The movie is so familiar you are able to recite the script line by line, much to your best friend’s amusement. You don’t know exactly what it is about this particular film that draws your interest so much, but the story of a man’s wife developing early-onset Alzheimer’s pulls at your heartstrings in a bittersweet way. Saeyoung manages to invade your thoughts once again and you can’t help but wonder how he would react in the same situation. Years ago he confessed that his only fear was you forgetting him, so you imagine if something similar to what you’re currently watching happened, your spouse would lose his mind. The compulsion to call him again engulfs you and you reach for your bag, but only to sling it over your shoulder.

“Come on,” you tell your friend, tugging at his long ponytail. Making your way to the front door to slip on your shoes, you grin at his confused look. “We’re going to buy more beer.”

“And how are we going to do that? I don’t think either of us is in any condition to drive at the moment,” he answers sensibly.

“There’s a store a couple of blocks away, right?” At his nod you stand and cross the room to grab his hand, pulling him to his feet. “So let’s go. The fresh air will sober us up enough to drink more,” you cajole and give him another grin. “My treat, as a thank you.”

“Thanks for what?” He gives in and slips on his shoes, grabbing his keys as you exit the semi-basement apartment.

You skip up the few steps to the sidewalk and glance at him over your shoulder. “For loaning me your couch for the night, of course.”

Zen freezes, blinking up at you from the bottom of the steps. “You’re staying the night?” When you nod, his cheeks pinken and he clears his throat. “Do you...are you sure that’s a good idea?”

Turning to meet his gaze, you place your hands on your hips. “I think it’s a fabulous idea,” you retort. “I’m not going home, not with things the way they are right now, and I don’t have anywhere else to go where I won’t be bombarded with a million questions.” Pausing, an impish smirk curves your lips. “Don’t worry, my lovely Zen, I promise not to slip into your bed in the middle of the night.”

Zen lets out a puff of laughter from his nose and jogs up the steps to your side. “As if I’d worry about that happening! I’d just rather not get decked by your husband for getting the wrong idea.

Your face falls at the mention of your husband and you turn your face away briefly before tilting your head up to peer at him, forcing a smile and shrug. “Saeyoung won’t care; he trusts you. Now come on, I’m not nearly inebriated enough and the night is still young.”

You ignore the look of doubt your companion graces you with and loop your arm through his, pulling him in the direction of the nearest convenience store. “What are you trying to forget, anyway?” he inquires, falling into step beside you, shortening his stride to match yours.
For a few moments you ignore the question, eyes downcast to the sidewalk. How much do you reveal? The truth would shock him and you can picture the lecture you would receive. Putting that aside, it’s not only your secret to tell. Finally, you wave a hand in dismissal and lift your head to meet his intense stare, hoping, for once, that you are able to lie convincingly. “Oh, nothing much,” you proclaim, praying your perceptive friend will not detect your deception. “Just this and that.”

Zen’s brows furrow in irritation. “You’re really not going to tell me what’s going on at home? Is it Saeyoung again? What’d he do this time?”

“No,” you deny, the volume of your voice higher than you’d intended. “No,” you repeat in a softer voice. “Things between us are...fine.”

“Well, is it his brother?” your friend, who is so much more like a brother himself, persists.

Either by fate or a massive coincidence, you pause in front of the large picture window of an ice cream parlor. Inside the cheerfully bright interior, couples sit at compact tables that encourage a sense of intimacy. For a brief moment, you imagine Saeran and yourself seated at one of the tiny, round tables, hands clasped for all the world to see. It’s something you want for him; want for both of you. Your love isn’t something that should be hidden in shadows but put on display like the beautiful thing it is. Saeran deserves to proudly display the love he’s found. For someone who never thought he was worth loving, it’s crucial for you shower him with every last drop of love you have for him. You turn your body to face the man who towers over you, giving him a sad smile. “I know you mean well, Zen, but this is something I have to work through on my own. I swear, when I’m able to share everything that’s going on, you will be the first person I call.”

When the pair of you resume walking to your destination, both spouses pervade your thoughts and you fall back into silence. Your mind persists in bouncing back and forth between the two men, refusing to stay on one long enough for you to address your concerns before switching to the other. While you’ve told the truth about Saeyoung’s opinion of you crashing at the thespian’s home, it doesn’t take much thought to realize that Saeran won’t like the idea; in fact, you have no illusions that he won’t be absolutely livid if he finds out.

The sun has already disappeared well beyond the horizon and the numerous street lights provide a dimly lit guide along the strip of shops, the bright lights of each establishment pouring out of open doors to help illuminate your path. “How is your brother-in-law?” Your friend’s innocent, concerned question throws you into a tailspin, and you mumble out a reply as snippets of the two lives you’re leading play through your mind like a silent movie.

Dual smiles that are so different yet similar at the same time; gazes of devotion warming you even as your chest tightens with grief. All you want at the moment is to run to both of them; to feel the solid reassurance of their embrace.

The morning’s events, before Saeyoung’s anger exploded, cause you to contemplate what their separate interests in observing you with the other means and why it doesn’t bother you in the least. Does the fact that you enjoyed being watched make you an exhibitionist? Are the twins voyeurists? Do you even care if they are? You never even considered the fact that deep inside you’ve been hiding any type of unconventional proclivity to the kinkier aspects of sex, but now curiosity about your own sexuality makes you want to discover just how far you’re willing to go to explore this newly discovered facet of yourself.

Strangely enough, you’ve known since the second day of chatting with the mysterious and closely guarded seven zero seven over the clever messenger he developed that he was a kindred spirit; someone who understood your sense of humor and could possibly give your heart to. Oh, who are you kidding? Your heart was his the moment your phone conversations turned into more than mere
banter. The scraps of personal information he let slip during your frequent, late-night talks revealed a man you were desperate to know. When it was obvious he was trying to hide his feelings from you, you were at the point of no return. Something about the chemistry between you and the way his voice made your body tingle and your stomach flutter convinced you he was someone special to you and always would be; even if he couldn’t—or wouldn’t—pursue anything deeper with you than a casual flirtation. That is until he could no longer hide his feelings that overtook him as quickly as your own. Yes, it had taken a lot of work to convince him that he was worthy of your love and that a life together was not only possible but inevitable. No one could deny the sparks that flew between you.

Compared to your previous sexual encounters, the first time Saeyoung touched you was more than just a physical exploration, it was a melding of your bodies and souls that left you breathless and willing to do anything to protect this precious man who loves you so freely and swears he would lay down his life for you if needs be. Nobody, not even your parents, has ever made you feel as loved and cherished as Saeyoung does.

Now, not only do you have an amazing husband who has been through hell and back and still managed to learn how to love, but you also have his other half. The brother who possesses his brother’s looks, but a completely different personality. A man who seems to have survived the nine circles of hell yet still found the courage to let you and his brother undertake the difficult task of supporting him through his withdrawals from the drugs, in addition to overcoming the mental and physical abuse Rika plied him with for years. It had taken a long time for Saeran to trust his brother, and even longer to trust you, but now you have no doubt of his love for you; and yours for him.

Zen slides his hand down to grasp yours, pulling you to a stop to face him. Gently he wipes away the salty wetness that has pooled at the corners of your mouth, his ruby eyes full of sympathy. Unaware that you’ve been crying, you blink up at him, seeing the question he wants to ask, but before he can give it voice, you smile brightly and tug him along to the store that’s only two doors down.

Pushing into the brightly lit market, the two of you make your way to the cooler and stand debating over the various brands and flavors of beer to purchase. “Just grab a couple of what you usually drink,” you finally declare, not really knowing the difference between all the different brews. You quickly grab a bottle of soju and head for the cashier, confident that your friend is following you. You quickly hand the cashier a credit card Saeyoung provided you in case of emergencies, thinking silently that if needing to forget temporarily that two men—brothers—are currently at odds with one another because of a nobody like you isn’t an emergency, you don’t know what is. At this point in the evening, you just want to drown out all the stress going on in your life and disappear into the oblivion of an alcoholic haze where everything in the world is beautiful and worry-free.

After leaving the store, hands full of plastic bags containing your adult beverages in addition to the numerous snacks you randomly picked up on your way to the front, the pair of you make your way back towards Zen’s residence. From the corner of your eye, you catch sight of a small playground in the distance. Squealing excitedly, you bounce on the balls of your feet and take off at a run, leaving your friend no choice but to chase after you. “Where are you going?” he laughs to your retreating form, his long legs allowing him to quickly catch up to you.

Your feet hit the sandy dirt housing a small swing set, and you drop your purchases on the ground at its side. Plopping onto one of the plastic seats, you push off with your feet, leaning your head back to stare up at the star-studded sky, your giggles ringing out into the still night. Zen follows your lead and sets his bags down next to yours, taking a seat next to you, but keeping his feet firmly on the ground as he watches you with an amused grin.

For a short amount of time you are able to clear your mind of the delicate balance you must
somehow find between the two men you love so dearly and just enjoy the feeling of the warm night air caressing your body as you sway higher. You find yourself understanding your husband’s fascination with space as each upswing seems to bring you ever closer to that endless sea of black, dotted with beautiful specks of twinkling lights. What you wouldn’t give to get lost in that infinite expanse of silence, beholden to no one or anything. Guilt assails you at these selfish thoughts and you allow your momentum to slow and finally stop. Your long hair hiding your face as you stare down at your feet, making small circles with the toe of your sneaker. Your hands grip the swing’s chain handles and you start when a gentle hand pushes back your hair to reveal your tear-soaked face.

“What’s on your mind, hm? I hate seeing you this upset,” the amusement your friend watched you with mere moments ago is replaced by compassion, bringing on a fresh bout of tears.

Standing, you rummage through the various bags nearby until you find the bottle you’re seeking and return to your seat. Unscrewing the top of the strong liquor, you take a healthy swig, your body shuddering as it leaves a trail of fire down your throat.

“Woah,” Zen chides, taking the small bottle from your fingers and setting it down in the sand at his feet. “I know you’re trying to drown your sorrows, but I really don’t think this is the way to go about it,” he pauses, peering at you. “You can talk to me, you know. It helps to talk your worries out.”

Stretching your legs out in front of you, you once again lean your head back and let out a small puff of laughter. “Oh Zen, if only I could,” you sigh.

Your comrade pulls two sweating bottles of beer from your purchases, opening one and handing it to you. As you take a long drink of the bitter brew, he opens his mouth to speak before snapping it back shut. Giving his head a small shake, he downs half his own bottle then appears to find the courage to ask what’s on his mind. Before facing you, he clears his throat and looks down at the ground between his knees. “Does...God, what I mean is: is Saeyoung stepping out on you?”

“What?” The question is so incomprehensible you’re unable to process it immediately. Saeyoung’s faithfulness has never been something you’ve worried about. Of course he enjoys porn just as much as the next guy, the two of you have even watched it together from time to time, but to think that your husband would seek the company of another woman is inconceivable. “No,” you shake your head, taking a swig of your drink. “Saeyoung is the most loyal person I’ve ever met. He wouldn’t do something like that to me.”

Zen gives a short chuckle, his thumb picking at the label on his bottle as he tries to think of the least offensive way to ask what he wants to know. “I don’t even know why this crossed my mind. I already know the answer, but I’ve still got to ask...MC, you’re not seeing someone else, are you?”

Your eyes return to the ground and you push off to make the swing sway slowly. It takes a while for you to answer, your thoughts a jumbled mess. “I love Saeyoung,” you whisper, the swing coming to a standstill.

“Hah. See? I already knew. He’s a lucky guy.” He reaches over and tucks your hair behind your ear, revealing the miserable look on your face.

A sad smile graces your lips as you meet his gaze, trying your best not to cry. “It’s complicated.”

“Huh?” Your friend’s brows twitch down in confusion, your answer not what he was expecting. “Babe, you’re not saying...Haha! I must have misheard you. There’s no way you’d do that.”

Draining your bottle, you reach for another and twist off the top, downing half its contents before
gaining the courage to continue. “There is someone else,” you confess, doing everything you can to avoid your friend’s gaze.

“Does Saeyoung know?” At your nod, Zen shoots to his feet and begins to pace in front of you. “What the hell is going on?!” His outrage shames you and you make a futile attempt to wipe the silent tears that have managed to leak from your eyes away before he can see them. Before you know what’s happening Zen is on his knees before you, pulling you into an embrace and burying his face in your hair. “God, please don’t cry. I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you; I’m just concerned for you.” Pulling away, he releases you to push the hair from your face before wiping away the tears that are still falling. “I swear I won’t press you about this anymore. Tell me in your own time, but don’t forget I’m here for whatever you need.” Pulling away, you sniffle and nod. Zen once again tucks your hair behind your ear, his fingers lingering to trace the curve of your cheek. “I hate seeing you this way.” A strange light appears in his eyes and he gives you a grin. “I know what will cheer you up; give me your phone.”

“You’ve been bugging me for weeks to learn the choreography for that song. So let’s do it.” You look at the phone and back at your friend who has positioned himself in the center of the playground. “But, I’m just an amateur. I’m going to look stupid doing this in front of you.”

“How long did it take you to learn the routine?” Arms crossed Zen quirks an eyebrow in question.

“Months! And I still can’t do it without counting my steps, especially drunk,” you laugh, but get to your feet and move to your friend’s side. Shaking your head at your foolishness, you hit play and drop the phone to the soft ground.

“One more thing,” Zen inserts quickly. “If I can learn this routine after two tries, I get to pick the next song.”

Narrowing your eyes slightly, you hold out your hand for him to shake then bend over to restart the song. You close your eyes, trying through your drunken haze to remember the steps involved, keenly aware of Zen’s eyes watching you. Your body begins to move to the beat of the music and your friend lets out a loud, surprised bark of laughter when your hips begin to thrust in earnest. With your mind occupied counting your steps, there is no room to worry about the mess that is your life and you give yourself over to the rhythm of the notes flowing through you. Halfway through the routine you open your eyes to see Zen concentrating on your steps and mimicking your movements.

You’ve seen all of your friend’s performances and there’s never been a doubt that his talent exceeds the opportunities he’s been given. Casting directors love his good looks and artistic talent but many feel he’s too pretty to play the roles he’s auditioning for. It’s a constant frustration to him. Watching him now, you think that if he wasn’t so in love with musical theatre he could have an extremely successful career as a dancer.

When the song ends, Zen bends over and rests his hands on his knees to catch his breath and glances up at you. “You couldn’t have picked something harder?” You open your mouth to remind him that he’s the one who chose the song, but he waves you away. “I don’t need another run-through. Just take a seat and restart the song.”

Doing as you’re told, you sit back down on the plastic swing seat and restart the song, your eyes
glued to the striking form of your friend as he moves to the beginning notes of the hip-hop song. You’re unaware of the grin of pleasure that splits your face watching him, amazed at the way his body moves so fluidly. You don’t know how he’s done it, but he doesn’t miss one step in the routine and when he’s done you stand, clapping enthusiastically for him.

“That was amazing!” you praise him sincerely. “Why haven’t you tried a dancing career? You would be at the top for sure.”

“And deny the world my beautiful singing voice? I think not,” your friend smiles, catching his breath. Plucking your phone from your hand, he once again scrolls through your list of songs until he comes to one he deigns passable. “Now it’s my turn to choose.”

The smooth melody of a piano begins to play, closely followed by the equally smooth voice of the male singer. Rolling your eyes, you allow Zen to clasp your hand to pull you into a short waltz. Almost immediately you step on his toes and giggle uncontrollably, the alcohol you’ve been consuming finally catching up to you.

“Just relax and let me lead,” Zen laughs, then pulls you close and places your arms around his neck when you still manage to trip over his feet. “Better?” You nod and he sets his hands on your hips, careful to keep them in a respectful position. “Now I can see why it took you months to learn one routine,” he leans down to tease in your ear, “you’re a terrible dancer.”

Laughing, lay your head on his broad chest as he restarts the song. You immediately recognize it where you didn’t before and tears spring to your eyes even before the first lyric is even sung.

“I know that

It’s difficult and hard to come back to me”

Zen sways you in a slow circle as Saeyoung’s voice promptly calls to you from the song’s lyrics, your mood instantly somber.

“I know that

You no longer want to get hurt and you’re afraid”

The man in whose arms you rest clears his throat. “I know it’s not my place to say so, but...I don’t think Saeyoung realizes how special you are.”

Your head rolls against the hard muscles of his chest. “I’m not that special, Zen. There are a million girls like me.” But I am a very lucky one.

“It may be easier

To die than to be forgiven by you”
You forgave him the instant you stepped out of the coolness of the bunker into the harsh sunlight. While his words had been unkind and hurtful, they weren’t anything you couldn’t forgive. In all honesty, you could probably forgive Saeyoung for anything. Yes, he lets his anger or jealousy overtake his better senses at times, but deep down no one has a heart as gold as he does.

“I sing this song, but

I don’t know if my true intentions will reach you

I want you to be happy”

Memories of those endless days living in Rika’s apartment return to you in a rush. How many times did he insist he just wanted you to be happy? The only thing Saeyoung has ever wanted is for you to be happy. Didn’t he try to sacrifice his own due to some misguided notion that he could never give you the happiness he believed you deserved?

“I can’t even lie, such a common thing

And I only pray that you’ll come back, I’m sorry”

You thought you’d be able to come out tonight, let off a bit of steam with your friend and end the night magically knowing the answers to all your problems. But in an instant, it all feels wrong. The hands on your hips are too loose, their fingers too long. The whiff of tobacco intermingling with the soft, floral scent from your friend’s shampoo is so much different from the fresh, clean one of Saeyoung’s. The chest your head rests on is too hard, the muscles well cut and defined from daily workouts and rehearsals.

This isn’t what you want. You adore your friend but all you want is to be with your twins. You long to drag them both into a room where all three of you can air your grievances and concerns; to stay locked in that room until you finally come to the decision that you know is inevitable. The three of you belong together.

“No, even in the next life

I want to meet you and love you again

Just like we did before”

The song ends with the vocalist’s heartfelt plea to his lover and you blink hard to keep your tears at bay. Clearing your throat, you pluck your phone from Zen’s fingers and lock the screen, before pasting a bright smile on your face. “I’m hungry,” you declare, smacking his abdomen with the back of your hand, “how about you?”

Zen pauses before answering, his eyes searching yours before giving you a slow nod. “I could eat.”
“Great! Oh! Let’s go get some stir fry, I am dying for some,” you give him a mischievous grin and scoop down to grab your purchases that you happened to end up next to. “Last one to the sidewalk pays for dinner!” Before your friend can react, you crook your ankle behind his and push against his chest with all your might. He goes down—but barely—onto the soft sand and you take off at a run in the opposite direction.

“You’re going to be buying dessert, too, after that,” he laughs after you. Glancing quickly over your shoulder you can see he’s already on his feet and halfway to you.

Squealing, you drop your bags to gain some speed but soon feel Zen’s large hands grasp your waist and lift you into the air. Throwing your head back, you let out a loud peal of laughter, your legs kicking out in front of you as he spins you around. It’s in that moment that you both realize just how much you’ve had to drink as dizziness overtakes you and you collapse to the ground in a fit of giggles.

“Oh,” you groan humorously, massaging one hip as you rest your weight on one arm. Your feet rest firmly on the now hardpacked earth, your knees pulled slightly up with Zen hovering over you, his hands resting by your hips, his forehead on your shaking shoulder. If you weren’t quite so drunk you would realize how bad this position might look to a mere bystander.

This fact comes to full comprehension when the heat from Zen’s body is pulled away from you at a rapid pace. You blink once or twice then realize your friend is lying prone on the ground beside you, Saeran’s hand pinning him to the ground by his throat as he straddles the older man. Oh God, no, please.

Carefully you pick yourself up and move into Saeran’s view. “You move a single muscle and I will fuck your throat up so much you’ll never sing another note again,” he’s hissing down at his captive and you freeze.

There’s something different about Saeran’s voice and most certainly his demeanor. You haven’t seen him this wound up and violent since…”Saeran,” you prod, reaching out a hand to touch his arm.

“Get back, Princess! I don’t want you getting hurt!” His head turns to meet your gaze and your body goes cold; this isn’t Saeran. His voice echoes from your past, a memory of broken glass and a maniacal giggle. He peers at you, a bright gleam of possessive madness in his eyes, and you shake your head in denial. That’s not possible. When he speaks again, however, there can be no doubt. “We warned you, didn’t we? Didn’t we tell you to be careful around him?”

Chapter End Notes

SO, Unknown. I've known from around chapter three or four that I wanted him included in this story. I was planning a much darker direction with him but I got to researching Saeran's condition and just didn't feel comfortable tackling it when I hadn't set up his alter's appearance soon enough. However, it's a part of who he is. It's not something he can be "cured" of and not something that is going to go away. So I began planning a different direction for Unknown and found a lovely person on Facebook who was kind enough to share her experience with DID. I now feel that I have enough of an understanding of this disorder to include it. If I get something wrong, I apologize in advance. I hope to convey Saeran's experience accurately and respectfully.
“Can’t you go any faster?” Saeran inquires with irritation, leaning over to glance at the speedometer. His knee bounces in agitation and he resumes biting his nails nervously as he slumps back in his seat.

“Yeah, I can, but I won’t,” his brother sighs, massaging his forehead. *Here we go again.* “Just...chill. Despite what you may think, this isn’t a life or death situation. She’s with Zen; at least there’s a good chance she’s with him, which means she’s safe.”

The younger of the two turns his attention to the darkness outside his window and mumbles something Saeyoung can’t quite make out. In the time since you left the bunker, their roles have gradually reversed. Saeyoung is now the one calm and relaxed, confident in your location though he’s been unable to confirm it even with his numerous resources. Saeran, on the other hand, has grown increasingly tense as time has passed, pacing the rooms of the bunker and muttering to
himself. For the past two hours, he has persisted that his older brother drive to the actor’s residence to fetch you, so insistent that Saeyoung finally agreed just to quiet the relentless nagging.

“How can you even stand her being around that peacock?” Looking back at his brother, Saeran scowls. “The way he fawns all over her when you’re around is bad enough; can you imagine how he acts when you aren’t there?”

Refusing to acknowledge his brother’s questions directly, Saeyoung lifts one shoulder in a shrug. “If you were so worried about her being alone with him, maybe you shouldn’t have all but delivered her into his hands.”

“If you hadn’t let your dick override your common sense, we wouldn’t have had to watch her leave,” Saeran snaps in return. “What was I supposed to do?”

“It wasn’t about that,” the ex-agent protests, his face growing warm at the lack of conviction in his voice.

“Bullshit,” the younger twin accuses, letting out a bitter laugh. “You were jealous that she refused to let you bang her out of deference to me.”

“Says the man who is currently sitting there jealous of a man that our wife has a completely platonic relationship with; so jealous, in fact, that he’s forcing me to check up on her like she’s an errant child.”

“Which you were more than eager to do when I returned from dropping her off,” Saeran snaps. He lets out a groan of frustration and drags his hands down his face. “Look, bickering like this isn’t going to accomplish anything. Go faster, the less time he has alone to take advantage of her, the better.”

“Zen’s not like that,” Saeyoung insists and glances down when his phone buzzes once. “Check that,” he requests, then rattles off his passcode. “Maybe MC turned her phone back on.”

“You trust those RFA members too much,” Saeran comments as he plucks the phone from the middle console and lights up the screen.

“‘You must have forgotten you’re also one of ‘those’ members now.’ The older twin takes his eyes off the road for a moment to glance at his brother. Saeran stares at the image on the phone’s lock screen of you smiling shyly at the camera, hair tousled and cheeks reddened. Saeyoung had taken it the morning after your wedding and while he can’t remember exactly what he’d said to make you blush so fiercely, he does remember the way his heart raced and his body tingled with the knowledge that you were his forever. Three years later, it’s still his favorite photo of you; at least it’s the only one innocent enough for others to view. A slight grin curves his lips briefly before his brother’s voice interrupts his train of thought.

“Shut up,” he bites out in irritation. Saeyoung once again chances a glimpse at his younger half and he sees how tightly his grip is on the device.

“No, seriously,” Saeyoung persists. “Jumin personally-”

“I wasn’t talking to you,” his twin says vaguely, but before his brother can question him, he continues. “Looks like it was a fraud alert; your card was just used.”

Saeran reads off the address and Saeyoung throws him a grin. “That’s really close to Zen’s place. I knew that’s where she was,” he laughs and shakes his head. “MC is predictable if nothing else.” He pauses, glancing at his brother from the corner of his eye. “Well, at least she is most of the time;
falling in love with you is the least predictable thing she could do.”

“She really has zero privacy with you, doesn’t she?” Saeran frowns, holding up the phone. “Not only do you track her location, but you need to know exactly what she’s spending the moment she does it?”

Saeyoung releases a frustrated growl. “We both get one of those,” he answers, tilting his head to the device in his brother’s hand, “and the tracking thing is...something private.” His body reacts to the memory of what took place immediately before and after the app became a symbol of something more than just locating one another. Clearing his throat, he tightens his grip on the steering wheel. The familiar urge to see you immediately builds inside him and he finds himself pressing slightly harder on the gas pedal.

“Whatever,” Saeran mutters, sliding the phone back into the console. “You do realize there are things MC will be keeping from you now, right? You can’t expect her to share everything that happens between she and I. There are going to be things that are private for us too.”

“Of course,” his brother answers quietly. He’s thankful for the darkness of the car’s interior that hides the flush of red reaching from his neck to his ears. This is the first time it’s occurred to him that there will be necessary secrets between you. The jealousy that tormented him this morning returns, to a lesser degree, and he pushes it aside. However, he can’t help but feel a sense of loss at that particular facet of your relationship. Full disclosure has been important to both of you from the very beginning and the realization that you will have to purposely keep things from him now to protect someone else’s privacy is a bitter pill to swallow.

Silence falls between the twins, each lost in his own thoughts. Saeyoung reaches over and activates the sound system, the heavy bass of the techno music that blasts loudly from the speakers making the car vibrate sickeningly. Wincing, he promptly reaches out to turn down the volume but Saeran stops him with a hand on his arm. His brother shakes his head when he looks at him, the music too loud to be heard over.

To Saeyoung’s confusion, a smile of relief erases the frown on his twin’s face when he pulls his arm back, leaving the song to play. For the remainder of the ride into town, one loud, headache-inducing song rolls into another as Saeran’s body appears to relax into the soft leather seat. Occasionally, the older man observes his brother’s lips moving as if talking to himself, a smug grin on his face.

As he approaches the busy streets of the city, Saeyoung finally turns the radio off, taking note of the annoyance that returns to his brother’s demeanor, his ears ringing slightly in the hush that instantly surrounds them. “How much further?” Saeran questions, pinching the bridge of his nose, eyes tightly shut.

“Not far,” his brother answers, slowing down as he nears a four-way stop. He makes a left onto the long street where his friend resides, not entirely certain of the store’s location. Slowly, he inches the expensive car along, eyes searching for street numbers above the open doors of the businesses that line each side.

“Stop the car,” Saeran suddenly demands, leaning forward in his seat, his hand already on the door’s handle. Saeyoung searches for a nearby parking spot, noticing a small playground several yards away from the sidewalk where two figures race toward the walkway. He brings the car almost to a complete stop when he hears a loud squeal of laughter. The taller figure of the two embraces the smaller and spins them around before collapsing to the ground. Whatever patience the smaller twin has left snaps and he shouts at his surprised brother. “Goddamnit, Saeyoung, stop the fucking car!”

Saeran is out of the Tesla the instant the car comes to a stop, not bothering to take the time to close
the door. The bespectacled twin sees you and Zen in a jumbled mess at the midway point between
the playground and sidewalk. “Son of a bitch,” Saeyoung mutters, swiftly putting the car in park to
chase his brother. When he rounds the car, he sees Saeran reach you, shocked that his brother
managed to make it to you so quickly. He picks up speed as his little brother tackles the elegant form
of your friend, managing to pin the larger man to the ground with his hand around Zen’s slender
throat.

You move into Saeran’s field of view carefully and speak to him, his anger at whatever you’ve said
apparent even from a distance. Even as Saeyoung arrives within hearing distance, he sees you lift a
shaking hand to touch his brother’s cheek. You speak softly to the agitated young man, your fingers
cressing him affectionately before moving through his scruffy hair a few times.

The tension slowly drains from Saeran’s body, though his hand remains in its dangerous position.
Breaking eye contact with you, he returns his attention to the man who is staring up at him in fear
and confusion. Saeran lowers his face, stopping mere inches from the actor’s, and speaks, though
Saeyoung can only make out a few of the words.

“...hands off her.”

“Are you ok,” Saeyoung asks, kneeling beside you and running a gentle hand over your head.

“I’m fine,” you answer absently, waving off his attempts to check you for injuries. You are focused
on the two men before you and move a bit closer as indiscernible whispering continues to come from
Saeran’s mouth. Once again, you reach out and touch the furious man, your fingers lingering on the
back of his hand that grips the fabric of Zen’s shirt. “Saeran, I...it’s...a misunderstanding,” you finally
utter through frozen lips and Saeyoung’s head tilts marginally to the side at the apprehension he can
detect in your voice. “W-We were just goofing around and lost our balance. I swear,... Saeran,
that’s all there is to it. Zen wasn’t being anything but respectful to me the entire night.”

Finally, Saeran’s head lifts and he meets your gaze. Almost immediately his demeanor changes.
Lightning quick, he releases Zen’s throat, allowing his brother to hook his arms under his own and
pull him off the other man. Saeran shakes off his brother’s embrace and walks a few feet away,
digging the heels of his hands into his eyes. You stand to go to him and Saeyoung grasps your wrist,
giving his head a small shake when you look at him in confusion. “Give him a couple of minutes,”
he suggests, his eyes moving to his brother’s tortured form.

Zen still lays on the ground though he turns over to his side, coughing hoarsely. Shakily getting to
his feet, he delicately rubs his long neck. “What the hell is the big deal?” The angry volume of his
voice indicating to everyone present that his throat has suffered no ill effects. His eyes stay glued to
the man who so easily overpowered him, though he speaks directly to the man’s twin. “Look, I
know your brother has issues, but he’s been with us how long now and he still hasn’t learned any
manners?”

Hearing Zen’s words, Saeran rushes back towards the other man, his intention to strike the actor
apparent to anyone observing, but Saeyoung catches him before he can get far, restraining him with
his own body. Rage makes his body shake, and it takes all of Saeyoung’s strength to prevent his twin
from breaking loose. Jesus, when did he get so strong? “Fuck you, asshole,” Saeran spits out, glaring
in indignation. “What gives you the right to put your hands on another man’s wife?”

“Since when should it concern you?” Zen’s voice climbs in volume. “I don’t recall attending your
wedding! She’s not married to you, Screwball!”

Saeran lets out a shout of laughter. “Of course she’s—”
“Saeran!” The sharpness of Saeyoung’s voice shuts the younger man up immediately, bringing his attention to his twin whose eyes have narrowed in warning. *Who has the big mouth now?* No one but the three of you are privy to your unusual arrangement—so far—and now is not the time to get into long explanations about it. “Go wait in the car,” he commands in a softer tone and his younger brother nods and turns to walk away without another glance.

As he passes you, Saeyoung watches in confusion as Saeran shrugs off your attempts to reach out to him. *What the hell is that about?* Filing the information away for later, he turns back to his old friend and bows deeply, hands folded at his wait for the count of three then repeats the gesture again. The glare melts from Zen’s face at his friend’s formal apology. “Stop that,” he snaps, red staining his porcelain cheeks. “He’s the one who should be apologizing. Do you have any idea what he said to me?”

Straightening, Saeyoung scrambles for something to say that will pacify his friend. *Stick as close to the truth as possible.* “I’m so sorry, man. Saeran’s been under a lot of stress with the whole moving thing and learning to fend for himself. Then he had this stalker situation, and I’m sure you’ll understand that he’s a bit overprotective when it comes to MC. He sees her as a little sister,” you make a choked sound behind him and Saeyoung does his best not to smile. “He saw you guys and got the wrong idea. We’ll explain it to him and I’m sure he’ll want to apologize himself.”

“How is any of this funny?” he glowers at you. “I get that he’s protective; we all are when it comes to you, but he sounded unhinged, MC.”

*Unhinged? Saeran may have been angry, but he didn’t sound crazy. At least not from the bit I heard.* “You’re right, nothing about this is funny, I’m sorry,” you quickly apologize, darting a glance at Saeyoung is who is staring at you intently. You begin to move closer to your friend then see Saeran push away from the car he’s been watching you from and freeze. Holding your hands up to him in surrender, he relaxes back against the automobile, crossing his arms and glaring at Zen. “What can I do to make this up to you?” you inquire, turning your attention back to the man who towers over you.

Zen sighs in disgust and runs a hand over his face. “You don’t need to make anything up to me,” he relents. “It’s not your fault, but there’s something fishy going on with the three of you. I just wish you would trust me enough to tell me.”

“It’s not a matter of trust,” Saeyoung interjects. “It’s just...complicated right now.”

The older man lets out a puff of laughter from his nose. “Funny, that’s exactly what your wife said.” His attention returns to you and he shakes his head. “Is there anything in your life right now that’s *not* complicated? Look, I’m here for you, I’m always going to be here for you, but keep him,” he points in Saeran’s direction angrily, “away from me. Don’t let him know you’re talking to me, most certainly don’t let him know you’re seeing me; hell, delete my texts if you have to, but keep him away.”

“This really is just a misunderstanding,” you plead, clutching your hands to your chest.

“I didn’t misunderstand when your brother-in-law threatened to kill me,” Zen snaps. “Even worse, he threatened to end my career! I’m nothing without that, and when I think of how easily he could have…” He reaches up and touches his throat gingerly, the redness on the ivory skin of his neck standing out even in the dimly lit night.

“Let me give you a ride home,” Saeyoung suggests, shocked to hear the threats his brother has made, but not sure if his friend isn’t embellishing the truth a bit due to overdramatics or drunkenness. Now
that all the chaos is over, it doesn’t take much to see that you both have had one—or several—too many drinks. Zen’s speech is slightly slurred and you sway dangerously on your feet, causing your husband to reach out to steady you more than once in the short time that has passed. He must be mistaken, Saeran would never threaten someone’s life; especially with MC right there.

“A ride?” Zen laughs in disbelief. “Are you kidding me? Like I’d make it home alive! I’ll stick to walking, thanks.” He squints in your direction, his eyes moving over your inebriated form as you once again sway and briefly lose your balance before Saeyoung’s hand catches your elbow. “MC, you alright? You’re not going to be sick, are you?” At the shake of your head, he reaches out to touch your arm, then thinks better of it. “Alright, make sure you drink plenty of water when you get home,” he lectures before giving you a wave and turning to head in the opposite direction.

You take a step forward, then pause, shooting a glance over to the red-headed young man leaning against the car. “Zen, wait,” you call out and hurriedly gather the bags you dropped during your retreat. Approaching him, you hold them out in offering, though you are careful not to come into contact with him. Even so, he takes a step back as you near and come to a stop, your bottom lip trembling. “Take these,” you suggest, sniffing and running the back of your hand across your nose. “The twins don’t drink and I’ll never finish all these alone.” Zen nods and accepts the bags full of beverages, practically dropping them when your hand brushes against his. Quickly he hefts the numerous containers of plastic and takes another step back, avoiding your gaze. “I don’t want to lose your friendship over this,” you whisper painfully, giving him a weak smile. “You mean... so much to me, Zen oppa.”

A stain of pink paints Zen’s cheeks and he finally returns your smile with a grin. “Babe, I’m not going anywhere you can’t find me.” His eyes dart in Saeran’s direction. “Just be careful, yeah?” He looks to Saeyoung and considers him for a moment before nodding as if confirming something to himself. “Get MC home safe. And make sure she stays safe,” he says to your first husband before resuming his walk home.

Saeyoung watches your back as you observe your friend’s departure through the crosswalk. You turn and his heart skips a beat when your gaze locks with his. How does she get prettier every time I see her? He clears his throat and licks his dry lips, his hands disappearing into his pockets as the silence stretches between you.

“You’re probably wondering what we’re doing here...” he begins, then quickly catches you as you run into his arms, wrapping your own tightly around his waist.

“It doesn’t matter,” you say when his words falter. His embrace around your shoulders intensifies and he buries his nose in your hair, inhaling the unique smell of you. Not once in the time you’ve been together has he ever seen you wear perfume, but the subtle smell of jasmine always follows where you go. “I’m so happy you’re here,” you confess softly, pulling back to look into his eyes again. “You both came; does that mean...?”

Saeyoung rests his hand on the side of your neck, his thumb whispering over the line of your jaw. “It’s just as I said this morning,” he answers, “I haven’t changed my mind. This is how we belong...as a family.”

His heart stutters once again at the smile that splits your face and he leans down to capture your mouth, his slightly parted lips moving over yours leisurely. Your hands move up his back to clutch his shoulder blades, your body leaning into his as his hand moves from your neck to the back of your head, holding you in place as his tongue slowly slides into your mouth to rub tenderly against yours. Almost immediately his body begins to respond to your enthusiasm and he reluctantly breaks the kiss, resting his head against yours as he tries unsuccessfully to calm the surge of need that burns
“Take me home,” you whisper, your hot breath tickling his face.

Saeyoung runs his hands down your arms and clasps yours, placing a quick kiss on each one before the two of you head in the direction of his waiting brother. His twin’s face is a mask of indifference that cracks with each step closer you take until every emotion he feels is painted across his features. His stare drinks in your appearance as a man dying of thirst might eye a glass of water, his eyes finally meeting yours across the empty space as the two of you approach his motionless form. Some of the turmoil drains away from his expression and his lips curve into a hesitant smile.

Looking down, Saeyoung sees you return his brother’s smile and his fingers tighten their grip on your small hand. It’s the same smile full of love and devotion that you’ve aimed at him hundreds of times, and to see you now gracing another man with that same symbol of affection causes a mixture of conflicting emotions to overcome him. The desire to make this three-sided relationship work wins out over the jealousy that burns in his stomach and he pulls you to a stop just outside the range of Saeran’s hearing as an idea begins to form.

“Is everything alright?” You gaze up at him in confusion.

“You don’t want me home?” You blink up at him, your brows furrowing. “You don’t want me home?”

“No, I do,” he reassures you quickly, anxious that you not misunderstand his intentions. He glances at his brother who is watching the pair of you, then back at you. “I think he...both of you...deserve some time alone where you don’t have to worry about me barging in. Besides,” he continues, once more looking in his brother’s direction, “I think he needs you more than I do right now.”

You turn your attention to the twin whose position has not changed, arms crossed, face back to being impassive as he observes the conversation he cannot hear. Your hesitation concerns Saeyoung and he grasps your chin gently with thumb and forefinger, bringing your bright gaze back to his. Just as he’s about to ask you what’s wrong, you press your face into his chest, your free arm snaking around his waist to squeeze firmly. He feels you inhale deeply then give a quick nod against him. For a moment, you stay pressed against him until you finally pull away and look up at him. “Thank you,” you breathe, swiping at the dampness on your face.

Giving you a smile, the two of you close the small distance remaining to the car. “Calmed down yet?” Saeyoung questions his brother at your approach and his twin shrugs.

“Are we keeping the fact that MC and I are together a secret? Because I don’t want to hide our relationship like it’s some dirty little secret. I want everyone to know she’s mine,” Saeran answers evenly.

“That’s because you don’t know how to control your emotions,” his twin counters.

“I admit that most of this is my fault,” he concedes, his face heating. “But I’m not going around attacking innocent people.”

Saeran snorts in derision. “He’s far from innocent. Did you even see the way he was hovering over her? If I hadn’t done something, in a couple more seconds he would have been kissing her whether
“He wouldn’t,” you break in, taking a step forward. Saeran’s gaze turns to you and he snaps his mouth shut, his lips thinning into an angry line. “If Zen wanted to do something like that, he’s had ample opportunities to do so before now. He has always been a gentleman with me...Saeran.”

Something passes between the two of you though Saeyoung cannot put a name to the current that is running between you. There is an air of apprehension and wariness surrounding you he doesn’t understand, but he pushes his misgivings aside and smiles brightly. “MC will be staying at your place tonight, little brother.” The panic that flashes in his brother’s green eyes does nothing but deepen his confusion. He looks to you, but all your attention is on the shorter of the two, your teeth worrying your bottom lip. “Is that...a problem?” he asks slowly, his eyes darting back and forth between you.

“Saeran, if you don’t want me to-” you begin but are quickly cut off.

“It’s fine,” Saeran interjects, pushing away from the car. “Though I may not be very good company; I have a splitting headache.” He winces as if to prove his pain.

“She’s the best nurse you can have,” Saeyoung declares, clapping his brother on the back before rushing to the other side of the car to open your door.

When the three of you are back in the car and outside the city, his mind is occupied with thoughts of you and his brother, though not the usual jealous thoughts of your intimacy. For the first time, he considers how the logistics of your new relationship will work. So far, he’s been preoccupied with the feeling of knowing his brother will be discovering every facet of you and what that will entail. Now he wonders how your living arrangements will change. He can’t expect you to be at the bunker seven days a week, realizing that there will be times that you are away days at a time to be with his twin. *That’s the way it should be. I can’t monopolize her time if this is going to work.*

He could always try to convince his brother to move back into the bunker with you, but then how would your sleeping arrangements differ? Is he really ready to hear you moaning for a man who’s not him? He has no disillusionment that your relationship will be a chaste one; especially after witnessing the chemistry between you when you touch. So can he live comfortably with his brother knowing that night you would be under him? If this morning is any indication, the answer is yes and he’s not sure how he feels about that yet. What he does know is that he can completely sympathize with his brother’s reaction tonight. While he can’t see himself going to such extremes, if any of the things that had happened between you and Saeran had happened with anyone besides his twin, he would never have been as passive as he has been. If any other man dared lay hands on you, Saeyoung can’t say that he wouldn’t go a little crazy himself and use some of the physical training he learned as an agent so long ago.

Forcing his mind away from such unpleasant thoughts, he once again recalls your honeymoon and the unbreakable bond that had grown even stronger in those two short weeks. Fourteen days had flown by and when you returned home, that craving to have you completely to himself for a bit longer took weeks to fade away. Now you and his brother are newlyweds, for all intents and purposes, and Saeyoung can only imagine how cheated he would have felt only having a single night alone with you.

*Can I give her up for two weeks?* No, he can’t; even the thought of not seeing you for so long makes his chest ache and his stomach turn over. The longest he’s ever been away from your side is a week and only because business required it. If he concedes to letting his brother have you to himself for a week, with little to no interruption, will it give you the opportunity to forge that bond that Saeyoung knows is so important between a husband and wife? He thinks so; he *prays* so because it’s the best he can do. Seven days is rough, but manageable, considering the small distance that will be between
Pulling up to the curb in front of the small apartment building, he releases a long breath, psyching himself up for what he is about to do. As soon as you are all out on the sidewalk, Saeran heads for the front gate to allow you privacy to say goodbye.

“Saeran, hold up a minute,” he calls to his brother’s retreating form, motioning him to return to the car when the younger man turns to give him his attention. At Saeran’s approach, Saeyoung grabs your hand and holds it firmly, gaining strength from your presence. “I’ve been thinking on the way over,” he begins, fighting the urge to squirm under your dual stares. “Maybe MC should stay longer than just tonight.”

“How long is longer?” Saeran queries, his eyes darting in your direction before returning to his brother’s.

“A week,” Saeyoung tells his twin, his amber eyes holding his gaze. “I can’t be away from her longer than that. I’ll text and call if you guys aren’t busy but I’ll stay away to give you two time to acclimate from what you were to what you are now. When the week is up, she comes home and we all sit and figure out how this is going to work. That way we all know what to expect from one another.”

“A week,” the smaller man repeats under his breath, his attention returning to you. Your hand has tightened around your first husband’s as he speaks and he feels you tremble slightly. “Are you...do you...want to stay?”

You nod silently, eliciting a small grin from Saeran. “So, it’s settled?” Saeyoung asks then smiles when you both bob your heads. “I’ll bring you some clothes in the morning,” he informs you, forcing himself to smile.

“No, don’t bother,” Saeran says, his eyes never leaving yours. “I’ll take her shopping for new things. There’s no sense in her lugging clothes back and forth between our places. I’ll make room for her belongings.”

“You’re working?” the bespectacled twin asks in surprise.

“Just some freelance stuff,” he answers, waving a hand in dismissal. “Don’t worry, everything is legal. I don’t go out so I’ve been able to save some money.”

“Oh, you don’t have to spend your savings on me,” you contribute, waving your hands out in front of you in denial. “I have my credit car-”

“No,” Saeran snaps, cutting you off mid-sentence. “I can provide for you just as well as he can.” He jerks his head in his brother’s direction.

“Of course you can,” Saeyoung soothes, beginning to feel uneasy about leaving you alone with his twin. His attack on Zen was bad enough, if understandable, but this is the first time in months he’s spoken to you in a tone that isn’t loving and respectful.

“O-okay,” you’re saying, your eyes darting between the two. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you.”

Saeran heaves a heavy sigh, rubbing his eyes as he shakes his head. “No, I’m sorry. You didn’t do anything wrong. It’s just this fucking headache…”

“Why don’t you go ahead inside and take something,” his brother suggests, slipping an arm around
your shoulders and pulling you to him. “I’d like a few minutes alone with our wife anyway...to say goodbye.”

“Yeah, sure,” the smaller twin agrees, shoving his hands into his pockets. “The code for the gate is nine-one-five-seven. I’ll leave the front door open for you, so just come on in when you’re done.”

Saeyoung watches as his brother disappears behind the apartment complex’s high stone fence then turns to you and pulls you into his embrace, burying his face in your hair. The reality that he’s about to leave you for an entire week hits him like a ton of bricks and his knees weaken. His chest tightens, constricting his breathing. The thought of returning home to the empty bunker that has been filled with so much love and laughter these past few years makes him tighten his arms around you.

You return his hug, your arms locking around his waist as you press your face into his chest. Over the years, Saeyoung has slowly become disillusioned with his religion, all his unanswered prayers a clear sign that there is no benevolent being watching over them all. But now, standing under the night sky, he offers up a prayer begging for the strength to allow you and his twin this week alone.

“You need to ask you something.”

“I’m an open book, sweetheart,” he grins, tucking a lock of hair behind your ear. “Ask what you need to know.”

You nod, your tongue darting out to wet your dry lips. Outwardly Saeyoung waits patiently for your inquiry though inside he is panicking.

Don’t ask about me watching.

“So, this morning...before dawn,” you begin and he groans inwardly. “You were watching us...weren’t you?”

He clears his throat and opens his mouth to speak before closing it without saying anything. How do I explain this to her when I don’t even understand it myself? Buying a few precious seconds, he releases you and leads you over to the parked car, lifting your small frame and sitting you on the car’s hood. Placing his hands on each side of you against the cool metal of the automobile, he locks eyes with you.

“Yes,” he finally answers, watching you closely to ascertain your reaction to his confession. You stare back at him, several emotions crossing your face; shock, resignation, embarrassment, and most surprising of all, arousal.

“Why?” you ask meekly, a stain of pink coloring your cheeks.

How are you so goddamn cute? “Well,” he says aloud, his hands moving to rest on your knees. “That’s an excellent question. One I’ve been asking myself all day, in fact,” he pauses, his thumbs absently drawing light circles against your skin. “Honestly, I don’t have an answer. At first, I was only curious...then...” he shrugs giving you a helpless grin.

“Were you...turned on?” you press, bunching the hem of your skirt into your fists nervously.

There’s that persistence I love so much. “How would you feel if I was?” He holds his breath, managing to maintain eye contact even as his face heats uncomfortably.

“I think,” you begin slowly, your eyes searching his, “that I would be okay with that.” Your hands relax and move to his shoulders, finding strength in his solid form. “Actually, I think I would be more than okay with that. I-I...like it,” you finish your sentence in a whisper as if afraid to make the...
admission. The silence stretches between you, the color in your face deepening from a light pink to deep red. “If it bothered you, I’m sorry,” you apologize, speaking to fill the stillness. “I know you’ve been so jealous and we didn’t realize you were awake. It couldn’t have been easy to-”

Saeyoung’s lips capture yours, swallowing your words as his tongue invades your mouth to seek yours. His kisses are as rough as his lovemaking, the ability to control himself when touching you nonexistent. One arm encircles your waist, his large hand pressing against your lower back as the other slides up the bare skin of your leg, pausing when it reaches the edge of your skirt.

The faint taste of beer lingers in your mouth and while he has never cared for the taste of the bitter brew, in this moment he can’t get enough. A small moan of need escapes his throat at your enthusiastic response to his ardent attention, but he forces himself to break the kiss as the words he threw at you this morning pervade the fog of lust that clouds his mind.

“Wait,” he pants, his chest heaving with lack of oxygen. “I need to say something.” He pulls back enough to look down at you, hoping with everything he is that he’s able to convey his remorse. “The things I said to you this morning…” he struggles to find the right words, his eyes moving over the face he adores so much. One hand travels the length of your back in a steady up and down trail as the other nervously fidgets with the hem of your skirt. “What I said is unforgivable and in no way indicative of my feelings for you. I-”

“Stop,” you interrupt, grasping the open ends of his jacket and pulling him closer. “We were both emotional this morning and neither of us did the greatest job communicating. I only left to give you time to cool down, I never meant to stay away longer than tonight.”

Your words wash over him, easing the guilt and tension of his actions. Love for all that you are causes his stomach to flutter pleasantly. “I don’t deserve you,” he murmurs, resting his head against yours, soaking in the heat from your nearness.

“Yes, you do,” you answer, your breath caressing his face. Your arms move up to wrap around his neck and you move closer to him. You run your fingers through the overgrown locks at his nape and smile when he shivers in delight. “You’re a good man, Saeyoung. I wish you would realize that.” You pull back to meet his eyes, refusing to let him break your stare. “I know that your jealousy isn’t voluntary, but all I can do to reassure you is to keep telling you that I love you, and I would never, ever choose someone else over you.”

“Even Saeran?” he asks, holding his breath as he waits for an answer. It’s not a fair question to ask and he wishes to take it back almost immediately, but he can’t deny the curiosity that prompted it. It’s something he wouldn’t even dream of asking you to do, however, he needs to be reassured the strength of your feelings for him is still as solid as it ever was.

“As much as I love him, no...I couldn’t choose him over you, but I know you would never ask me to.”

Saeyoung grins at your ability to read his mind and dips his head to capture your lips, a thrill running through him when you meet him halfway. His hand once again slides up your back and slips into your hair, holding the back of your head as he slants his mouth over yours. Grasping your thighs, he pulls you close enough for you to wrap your legs around his waist, your skirt riding dangerously high. The fact that you’re parked in plain view of anyone who happens to look out their window past the first floor, not to mention residents leaving and arriving at the complex, gives him slight pause. Recalling that his brother is waiting for you upstairs in the very building behind him, Saeyoung draws back until you utter a whimper of protest, your fingers sliding into his hair to pull his head back to yours.
Nimble digits skim up the bare expanse of your thighs, slipping under the hem of your skirt to explore the warm flesh concealed. Slow down. Your fingers slide under his shirt and splay across his lower back before dipping into the waistband of his jeans to clutch his ass. Blood rushes to his groin when you pull him even closer still, small moans escaping your throat as your breathing increases with your excitement.

“Every time I touch you, it feels like the first time. No matter what I do, I can’t get enough,” he murmurs, placing hot kisses along the length of your jaw, working his way steadily to your ear. “I thought I knew what attraction was before I met you, but nothing has ever turned me on the way you do.”

“I feel it too,” you breathe, grabbing one of his hands and placing it between your legs. His fingers encounter the damp material that covers your sex and he utters a half moan, half growl, his cock hardening at an exponential rate. The feel of your arousal soaking through the thin cloth, and the way your thighs inch further apart to allow better access almost rob him of all reason. It takes everything he has not to rip off the cotton barrier and take you right there, prying eyes be damned. Thankfully his good sense prevails and he runs his fingers down your inner thigh to your knee which he squeezes once before pulling away.

“Don’t stop,” you whine, catching his bottom lip between your teeth before pulling it into your mouth.

For a moment, Saeyoung lets himself get lost in the kiss, ignoring your surroundings to savor the feel of you beneath his hands and mouth. He’s beginning to regret suggesting that your quasi-honeymoon begin tonight, wanting nothing more at the moment than to take you home where he can make love to you at his leisure. Your uncharacteristic assertiveness excites him to the point of madness. It’s not unusual for you to make simple requests, but for the most part you’re happy to let him take the lead, eagerly following whichever direction he takes you. Tonight, however, you aren’t shy about putting his hands exactly where you want them, directing him without words how you want to be pleasured.

“Come with me,” he commands, the need to touch you freely becoming too strong to ignore. Sorry, little brother, you’re gonna have to wait a little while longer. Discreetly, he adjusts his erection into a more comfortable position, then helps you down from the car. Entwining his fingers with yours, he pulls you in the direction of the complex entrance. His hand trembles in anticipation as he keys in the gate’s code, scanning his memory for all the information he’s gathered about the property. Seeing the layout of grounds behind his eyes, he leads you around the multi-story building, past the swimming pool and groundskeeper’s shed to one of the building’s only blind spots.

“We should be good here,” he says, trying to keep his voice low. “There are no security cameras and little to no foot traffic. Plus, the hedges will help keep us concealed.” He grins and captures your mouth once more for a quick kiss before turning you around. Grabbing your hips he pulls you against him and places his mouth next to your ear. “Do you feel what you do to me?” he asks in a hoarse whisper, his body pressing against you suggestively. “I’m rock hard for you and we’ve done little more than kiss.” His tongue darts out to trace the shell of your ear, the tremor it invokes through your body making him grin against you. “When we’re apart this week, promise me you won’t forget how good we are together; how much I need you.”

“Idiot,” you murmur affectionately, leaning back against him and turning your head to meet his intense gaze, a hand lifting to rest against his cheek. “You know I could never forget a single thing about you.”

“Promise,” he insists, nipping at the plump mound of your thumb playfully.

“I promise,” you finally relent and are graced with one of your husband’s sexiest grins before he
rewards you with an impassioned kiss.

When you part, you’re both breathless, clinging to one another in desperation. His open mouth brushes against yours gently before he nudges the tip of your nose with his. “Good girl,” he breathes, placing a tender kiss on your forehead before the grin returns to his face. “Now bend over,” he whispers, a hand pressing against your back in encouragement.

Saeyoung bites down hard on his bottom lip as you lean over and brace yourself on the rough exterior of the building. Your hips squirm in enticement against him as you settle into position, giving him an impish grin of your own when he lets out a low groan. His hands run up the backside of your thighs, pushing your skirt up to reveal your ass to the cool night air. By a stroke of luck, the chosen haven for your tryst is dimly lit with the light bleeding from a nearby parking lot, illuminating the sight of your panty clad rear.

Though he’s aware that your time alone together is short, he takes his time touching you, trying to commit to memory every detail to be recalled later when he’s alone. The recording being created in his head will keep him company until you return to him. How did I ever live before her? The answer is a simple one; he didn’t. Before you, he merely survived each day, immersing himself in his work to forget the fact that happiness was something he could never hope to achieve. His life was gray and bleak when you appeared to turn everything he thought he knew on its head. With you, the world is full of light and color; true laughter and the purest love.

In adoration, his hands glide over you, his fingers squeezing the supple flesh of your behind. His favorite pastime is exploring your body, discovering new ways to elicit the soft moans currently coming from your delicate throat. He could spend hours pleasuring you, testing how many times he can bring you to orgasm; how long before you’re a quivering mess, body sore from his amorous attention.

When you push back against him, your pelvis grinding against the bulge in his jeans, his breath hitches. Instinctively he presses into you, hands gripping your hips to hold you to him. His eyes close in bliss at the delicious pressure and he fights the urge to find the release he knows you would so readily provide. Instead, he kneels behind you and trails his fingers along your slit, pressing the material to absorb even more of your arousal until the small scrap of cotton is completely saturated. Fuck, yes. “I need a pic of this,” he states, his voice thick with lust, his damp fingers fumbling to pull out his phone.

“What, now?” you ask, the volume of your voice rising in incredulity as you twist your head around to gape at him. “Won’t the flash draw attention to us?”

“I’ll be quick,” he answers, swiftly punching in his passcode and tapping on the camera icon.

You shift uncomfortably, beginning to straighten. “Saeyoung, I don’t know…”

He places a restraining hand on your tailbone, halting your movements as a slight pout appears on his full lips. “Please,” he pleads sweetly, “I’ll only take one.”

It won’t be the first indecent photograph he’s taken of you. At home sits an external hard drive dedicated to the hundreds of pornographic pictures he’s snapped throughout your relationship; encrypted and password protected to ensure he is the only person who can access them. He rarely, if ever, watches porn anymore; you are the only visual aid he needs.

Finally, you give him a small smile and nod before resuming your position. “Good girl,” he repeats and lovingly presses his lips against the curve of your ass. “Spread your legs a bit,” he directs, raising
the phone to frame the stimulating image before him.

Once he snaps the photo, he shoves the phone in his back pocket without giving it more than a quick glance. Unable to wait any longer, he reaches under the elastic band of your panties and slowly pulls them down, revealing your swollen sex to his greedy stare. You lift one foot, then the other to allow complete removal of the small article of clothing which he promptly shoves into his front pocket.

“God, you’re beautiful,” he murmurs, reaching out to spread you open to his view. “Touch yourself,” he demands, swallowing hard when you comply straight away. Watching your middle finger slide along your slick folds, his hand goes to the front of his jeans to rub his throbbing erection through his clothing. Your ring finger joins the other and both slide into your vagina, the abundance of lubrication causing a lewd, wet sound to reach his ears. You grind against your hand, the soft moan your movements elicit cause his cock to twitch violently within its confines and he curses under his breath.

Saeyoung leans over and places his mouth on your buttock that is not covered with his hand. A gasp, then a louder, lower moan escapes you when he nips at you before pulling the stinging wound into his mouth and sucking hard. His mouth works the small bit of flesh as the seconds tick by until he finally releases you with a soft ‘pop’ and leans back to observe his handiwork. A bright red mark marrs the smooth surface and without thinking he once again retrieves his phone, quickly pointing it at the erotic scene of you pleasuring yourself.

The bright flash draws your attention and your hand jerks away from your cunt in embarrassment. “You said one!” you exclaim in a loud whisper, straightening to try and assess the bruise that is quickly forming on your skin. “Oh god, how am I going to explain that?”

“Sorry,” he apologizes weakly. “For the mark and the picture,” he continues contritely. “I can’t do anything about this,” he runs a finger gently over the proof of ownership, feeling slightly guilty now, “but I’ll delete the pic if you want me to.”

“No,” you sigh, “it’s fine. Just...warn me next time.”

Saeyoung tosses his phone to the side, his hand traveling up your inner thigh. “Do you forgive me?” he asks quietly, his fingers reaching the slickness between your legs.

“Y-Yes,” you stammer, eyes fluttering closed when one finger finds your clit and strokes in small, tight circles. “God, yes,” you breathe, reaching back out to brace yourself against the wall to allow him greater access.

“Tell me what you want, baby” he urges, eager to have you take the lead. He’s more than happy to play the submissive role in this scenario, the compulsion to please you exactly as you command making his heart pound and, unbelievably, his cock to harden even more.

“Your...m-mouth,” you gasp. “I want your mouth on me.”

With no hesitation, he removes his glasses and sets them next to his phone, scooting closer until his thighs rest between your outstretched feet, his mouth the perfect height to taste you. Make it something she’ll remember. The old fear of being forgotten by you rears its ugly head despite his best effort to shove it down. Rationally he knows his place in your heart is as permanent as you are in his, but the nagging voice in the back of his head taunts him with irrational thoughts of you being so caught up in his brother, you forget he is waiting for you at home.

He sinks back onto his heels and with great tenderness, places small kisses on your labia, wrapping his lips around the sensitive flesh and tugging gently. He repeats the action several times, alternating
between each side, forcing himself to take things slow. Your breath comes in shuddering gasps, your legs trembling with the pleasure he’s plying you with. His tongue flutters over your delicate folds, your high pitched moans traveling from his ears straight to his cock. The smell and taste of you consume him and when you reach back to spread yourself open to his seeking tongue, he growls, unleashing the restraint he’s kept a tight hold on.

Saeyoung drags his tongue along the length of your pussy, lapping at the juices seeping from you, determined not to miss a drop. His face is slick with your arousal, its presence assuring him of your enjoyment with his technique. He teases your entrance with featherlight licks, his fingers massaging your clit. Your hips begin to move against him frantically, one hand returning to the wall to steady yourself, your head falling forward to rest against your outstretched arm.

He pulls back briefly to catch his breath, the fingers from his free hand replacing his tongue for the moment. Two fingers slide easily inside you, drawing a whimper from you when he begins to stroke your engorged g-spot. He feels your body tense, the walls surrounding his fingers beginning to pulse.

"Fuck," you whine, your moans growing louder as your orgasm builds. "God...ah...Saeyoung...you’re going to make me…” your words devolve into a low groan when his fingers leave you to be replaced with his tongue. He thrusts the wet muscle into you and you straighten slightly to grip his hair, your fingers tangling in his thick locks and holding him in place as you grind against his mouth.

He moans when you come against him, his swollen prick pulsating violently in response. *God, she tastes like heaven.* He continues to lap at you even after you release him, trying to calculate how long you’ve been in the small sanctuary, but he’s lost all sense of time. However, he is conscious that it’s been too long; Saeran will begin to worry if you don’t make an appearance soon. Spurred on by images of his twin discovering you in this compromising position, Saeyoung tastes you one last time before regretfully pulling away.

You turn and collapse to your knees before him, his hand rising to rest below your ear. Leaning forward, you clutch his shoulders for stability and run your tongue up his chin before pressing your open mouth to his.

Rising to his knees, Saeyoung grasps your hips to pull you closer, sucking in a hiss of air when your hand slides down his body and slips into the waistband of his pants. Your fingers wrap around his erection and his eyes close at the intense sensation as you begin to stroke him slowly.

"As much as I love this,” he breathes, his chest heaving, “you have to go. Saeran may seem like he has the patience of a saint, but even he has his limits.”

“I know,” you answer, your other hand moving to his nape and squeezing. “I want you to do something for me; something *else* for me, that is,” you grin.

“Anything,” Saeyoung promises without hesitation, his hips pressing against your hand that is still moving under his clothing.

You place your mouth next to his ear and whisper, a tremor traveling through his body at the hot breath teasing him. “When you get home, I want you to look at those pictures you took of me, and touch yourself just like this.” Your fingers tighten around his length, your hand beginning to move as fast as it can in the compressed space.

“Jesus,” he mutters softly, his eyes closing in ecstasy. The combination of your words and the movement of your hand driving him insane.
“...and when you’re done,” you continue, your tongue darting out to lick his ear, “I want you to send me a picture of the mess you’ve made for me.”

“Holy shit, I love you,” he rasps before his hand slides into your hair, wrapping the soft tresses around his fist to tug gently as his mouth covers yours. He recalls how hard he tried to throw away the heart you gave him so easily and the way you refused to let him. The love that is overflowing from his chest is in the kiss he gives you. His tongue seeks and swirls with yours, his fervor held in check in favor of the devotion he has for you.

His grasp is gentle when he clasps your wrist and pulls your hand from him. The absence of your touch is an immediate ache, one he will yearn for over the next seven days. He feels as if he’d discovered a new side to you tonight and is loathe to wait for the opportunity to explore it. “Just what kind of movies were you guys watching tonight?” he quips when your mouths part, foreheads pressed together as you attempt to regain your breath.

You laugh and touch his face with your fingertips. Saeyoung closes his eyes, trying to fix every detail of this moment in his mind. Concentrating, he notes the sensation of your caress on his skin, the way your musk tickles his nose, the heat radiating from your body in the afterglow of his loving, and most of all, the overwhelming feeling of intimacy between you.

The comfortable silence between you is broken by the buzzing of his phone. Already knowing what he’ll see, Saeyoung grabs his spectacles and slips them on before retrieving his phone and reading the text from his brother.

**Saeran:**

7:21 p.m.: Everything ok?

**Saeyoung:**

7:22 p.m.: Yup! We’ve just been talking. She’ll be up in a minute.

“Time to go, Babe,” he informs you, trying to conceal the sadness he’s suddenly filled with. “Your new, less charming, definitely less amusing husband awaits.”

You give him a small smile and press a kiss against his lips. He clings to you, his desperation too great to mask. “I’m going to miss you terribly,” you whisper, tears thickening your voice.

“Me too,” he replies, his vision blurry. He doesn’t bother trying to hide the tears as he adjusts his position to sit on the cool ground and pulls you into his lap. *I can do this, I can do this, I can do this.* He continues the silent chant even as you rest your head against his shoulder, your tears dampening his jacket.

“I love you, Saeyoung.”

“I…” he falters, then clears his throat to dislodge the lump that feels too great. “I love you too, hon.”

Your mouths meet one last time, your tongues moving together slowly, hands exchanging sweet caresses. Finally, you part and stand in silence, dragging your feet as you leave the confines of your
hiding spot. Saeyoung grips your hand firmly in his as you make your way back to the front of the building. Each step takes you back to the reality of your lives and he longs to freeze time, to be selfish and remain in that bubble you created just a little while longer.

When you reach the front door, he takes a deep breath and faces you. Grabbing your other hand, he holds them both over his heart. “Remember your promise,” he reminds you quietly, his gaze locked with yours.

You nod, a tear slipping down your cheek. “Remember my picture,” you respond, giving him a wan smile.

Saeyoung chuckles and pulls you into his arms, hugging you tightly before releasing you and gently nudging you toward the entrance. “Go before I change my mind and kidnap you,” he grins, somehow managing to hold back the tears stinging his eyes.

He watches as you skip up the steps to the entry, then turn and give him a wave. “I’ll call you tomorrow,” you promise and blow him a kiss before disappearing into the building.

Tilting his head back, he takes a deep, shuddering breath and releases it slowly. It’s only a week; seven days and she’ll be home. Get a grip, Saeyoung, it’s not like she’s dead or anything. He bobs his head, doing his best to convince himself that your absence won’t be that bad. If he keeps himself busy and refuses to think about the intimate relationship you are about to embark on, the week should fly by. Fat chance.

Shaking his head, he turns and pushes through the gate, replaying everything that’s happened in the past half hour. A grin slowly spreads across his face as the scene unfolds in his mind’s eye, the vice around his chest flowing to his groin with each step he takes. By the time he makes it back to his car, he’s anxious to get home and keep the promise he’s made.
Chapter Summary

Now that you have Saeyoung's full blessing, your week with Saeran should be filled with newlywed bliss. But what happens when an uninvited guest threatens to ruin everything?

Chapter Notes

I like big chapters and I cannot lie. Ahem, I'M SORRY this update has taken so long. Going forward, my update schedule will be every three weeks. Hopefully, this gives me enough time to get the chapter completed and allow me time to work on a special three-chapter story that will be published in May (if you're a Saeyoung fan, you won't want to miss it).

Ok there are several warnings for this chapter. 1. Contained somewhere in the chapter is an extremely NSFW fanart that the multi-talented Emimilykity drew for me. Please use caution when scrolling/reading. 2. The first half of this chapter contains violence and non-consensual acts. Please be aware that the events may be troubling or triggering for some. 3. The second half of this chapter contains consensual, explicit sexual acts. As with all other chapters that contain this content, please use your own discretion.

Emimilykity, you are awesome. Not one complaint about how huge this chapter is. I appreciate everything you do for me and I adore the fanart you drew. People, she wrote me a story for my b-day titled Perks of A Pre-Relationship. If you like Yoosung (or even if you don't), go check it out! It's fresh, original and well written! You can't ask for more than that.

Music:

First Half of Chapter:

Migraine - Twenty One Pilots
Don't Worry, We'll Be Watching You - Gotye
Control - Halsey

Second Half of Chapter:

Separate - Pvris
I Wanna Be Yours - Arctic Monkeys
The Approaching Night - Philip Wesley

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Saeran paces the floor of the apartment, excitement and dread combining to keep him on edge. The prospect of having you all to himself for the next seven days fills him with nervous energy despite
the pounding in his head. His body is exhausted from the rapid switch earlier, but he keeps moving, unwilling to give in to his body’s need for rest. Possibilities race through his mind so fast he’s unable to grasp onto a single idea for more than a moment. The one thing he can hold onto is the knowledge that he will finally be able to express how he feels about you with no constraints. His whole life he’s had to hide his feelings, never able to express the anger, frustration, and fear that have been his constant companions. This foreign feeling of love and affection that makes his chest ache and his body tingle is something that has been harder to keep locked away. But now, after years of adoring you from afar, he’ll be able to tell, and show, you everything that’s in his heart without looking over his shoulder for his brother’s presence.

His eyes dart to the time displayed on the microwave, surprised to see that forty-five minutes have passed since he left you downstairs. In that time he’s managed to take a quick shower and prepare a light snack of sliced apples and cheese just in case you’re hungry. Anticipating your wants and needs is something that supplies him with immense joy, he only hopes that his eagerness to please you doesn’t make you uncomfortable. It crosses his mind that perhaps his brother changed his mind about you staying. His heart sinks at the thought, his mind conjuring images of his twin telling you that being alone with Saeran is too dangerous after his furious display earlier. I’ve probably fucked everything up.

He hadn’t meant to lose control the way he did. By the time he’d dropped you off that afternoon, he had convinced himself that you seeking comfort from another man didn’t bother him. He understood your reasons for leaving and why he couldn’t be the one to offer you sanctuary. Comprehending your actions was one thing, but as the day wore on the jealousy he thought so easy to control gripped him and wouldn’t let go. The voice in his head didn’t help matters. It bombarded him with jeers questioning his manhood and when that didn’t work, it assaulted him with images of you in Zen’s bed, sheets tangled around your naked limbs.

Even now, the one inside is plaguing him with his certainty that Saeyoung has taken you away. That he has realized allowing his wife to have anything to do with his deranged twin is the biggest mistake he can make. Saeran crouches in the middle of the floor, elbows on his knees and fingers grasping handfuls of his still damp hair. His body begins to move in a slow rock, pitiful whimpers escaping his throat. Please. The word echoes in his mind, a silent plea for you to save him from himself.

As unfair as that expectation is, he believes you are the only one capable of ending this rapid stream of self-doubt. In your presence he feels whole, like the last missing piece of him is finally in place. The peace he finds being with you is like nothing he’s ever experienced before. With you, he is strong enough to chase away the shadows that whisper he is no good; that he is not worthy to love and be loved. In you, he’s found salvation.

An insane giggle begins to sound in his head, growing steadily louder. Saeran slaps his hands over his ears, though he knows it’s useless to do so. She doesn’t love you, the voice taunts through the laughter. Do you really think she could ever care about someone like you? She needs someone who can protect her, someone who can give her what she wants. You’re too pathetic for anyone to love.

“Stop,” Saeran utters aloud, straightening. He grabs his phone off the counter and types out a quick text to his brother. If Saeyoung said you could stay the week, then you would stay. His brother doesn’t lie to him and he feels a certain amount of guilt for doubting him for even a second. When his twin answers immediately, he braces himself on the counter, relief making his limbs weak. Thank God, she’s staying.

His eyes scan the small space, making sure nothing is out of place except the neatly folded pile of clothes he’s set out for you. A slight grin curves his lips at the memory of the last time you wore his clothing. It was the night you both confessed your feelings and finally, after so many fantasies, he
kissed you, immediately knowing the reality of your soft lips pressed against his was a million times sweeter than anything he’d ever dreamed.

The soft click of the front door closing pulls him from his thoughts and draws his attention to you. You remain at the entrance, your back pressed against the solid surface behind you, with one hand wrapped around the doorknob. “Hi,” you finally greet him, your voice soft and timid.

*She’s scared of me.* The thought pierces through his heart, the sharp pain it causes making him draw in a quick breath. *Oh god, please don’t be scared of me.*

“How long has he been back?” you inquire, still not moving away from the door.

Saeran doesn’t pretend to misunderstand; there’s no point. Unlike other times, he’d seen everything that happened through Unknown’s eyes. To his shame, he’d done more than just watch events unfold; he’d allowed the violent actions against the tall thespian to happen. The enormous amount of anger and jealousy he felt towards the older man was too great to suppress. It matched and combined with the one struggling to gain control until Saeran hadn’t known where he ended and the other began. No matter how great his own rage, it could never compare to Unknown’s.

His eyes slide away from your probing gaze, darting around the room in search of something to land on. “As far as I know, only today,” he finally answers, drawing upon everything within him to prevent himself from avoiding your question. He forces himself to lift his eyes back to yours, hoping you can see the honesty in them. “This is the first time in at least a year that I’ve heard a peep from him. I...I thought he was gone but he must have been hiding.”

“Oh, Saeran,” you sigh, pushing away from the door to take a step forward. You pause, biting your lip as you study him. “About what happened earlier…”

“I found you some clothes to change into,” he says quickly, gesturing to the shorts and t-shirt on display. “I thought maybe you’d want to shower since you left in such a hurry this morning. I mean, unless you showered...after.”

“No!” you exclaim, holding a hand out in denial. Your arm makes a slow descent back to your side and you give him a gentle smile. “A shower would be heaven right now. I probably reek of beer and dirt.”

“It also appears to have done a number on your hair, I don’t think I’ve ever seen it so out of place.”

A hand raises to your head, your face heating when you realize the mess Saeyoung’s fists made to your long tresses. “Oh...no. This is from…” Saeran studies your red face as you clear your throat, likely trying to come up with some plausible excuse. Heaving a sigh, you lock your gaze to his. “Saeyoung did this. He...we...got a little carried away during our goodbye.”

*Of course.* He knew his brother wouldn’t leave you for a week without a proper goodbye that consisted more of physical affection than words. He expected it to happen. What he didn’t expect is this stab of jealousy and irritation your kiss-swollen lips and flushed complexion inflict him with. He can feel his other self pushing against his consciousness, trying to exert his desire to punish you. Saeran pushes back against the anger attempting to take over, his hands forming into fists at his sides.

His doctor warned him this may happen; that the manifestation of anger his mind created long ago might one day return. Even so, he believed the happiness he’s found would be enough to banish that cold, cruel facet of himself. The temptation to ingest the medication that will surely quiet the voice in his head is almost too great, but he resists. If he gives in, the voice will stop, but his already exhausted body will succumb to the urge to curl up and escape into dreams. Missing even a moment
of this week with you is unacceptable. Somehow, he must find a way to control this inner demon that is so insistent on destroying whatever joy he’s worked so hard to achieve.

Without realizing he’s moved, Saeran finds himself pressing you against the hard surface of the door, his face buried in the wavy locks he adores. Instead of the light, fruity smell of your shampoo that he’s expecting, all he can smell is his brother’s musk. The fiery ball of anger in his chest expands tenfold, the possibility of it bursting into an untamable inferno becoming imminent. You’re supposed to be mine tonight.

His fingers lift a section of your hair, letting it slip through his fingers like silk. “So you guys were just talking? Other than the farewell kiss, I mean.”

You nod your head, your body tensing with the change you can see coming over him. She’s lying! The angry, high-pitched voice in his head insists. While you were up here preparing everything for her stay like a good little puppy, she was downstairs being held against a wall so that redhead could push inside her. “Just what kind of farewell kiss did the two of you share?”

Your brows twitch down in confusion. While the person talking to you is most definitely your husband, his attitude and suspicions are completely uncharacteristic. “What’s with the third degree, Saeran?”

The manic giggle returns to reverberate through his mind, clouding his own thoughts. I told you. Not even an hour into your “honeymoon” and she’s letting him defile her wherever he wants. “Were you fucking Saeyoung?” he spits out bitterly, the voice in head encouraging his rage and cheering him on. It steadily grows louder, shouting violently until it gains the control it so desperately seeks. Punish her! Show her what a real man is! Make her realize you aren’t one to be fucked with!

He places both hands on the hard surface of the front door beside your head. Leaning down, he peers menacingly into your eyes, his voice barely more than a whisper. “Do you have any idea how long I’ve waited for you?” He pauses to let you answer, but all you can do is shake your head no. “Five years, MC. Five miserable, lonely years. First admiring you from afar, knowing there was no way you’d ever look in my direction. Then I led you to Rika’s apartment because I thought maybe...just maybe I would be able to get to know you. But no, the savior made sure I stayed far away, always giving me chores or assignments that must be done immediately if I didn’t wish to be reprogrammed into the church. So you ended up with that idiot redhead; that idiot I hate to call my twin brother!”

The laughter that emits from his throat is anything but humorous and anything but Saeran’s. Stop this! She doesn’t deserve your venom. She’s never done anything to hurt you. All she’s ever tried to do is help us.

Saeran shakes his head, his hands trembling violently when he forces himself to gain some distance between you. The fear in your eyes is almost too much for him to take. He knows he should tell you to leave; to turn around and run the short distance home to inform his brother that something has gone terribly wrong. But he can’t. Losing you, when he finally, finally has you is not an option. We can make this work.

Speak for yourself, pussy.

Saeran takes a step away from you, letting your hair fall completely from his fingertips. This isn’t right. The horrified look on your face is reason enough to make him feel like a complete asshole. Never has he spoken to you in the tone of voice that seems to have invoked fear within you. Not even in the hospital had you ever gazed at him the way you currently do.

Taking a few more steps away, he picks up the tidy bundle of clothes he’s lain out for you. He holds them out, making sure to stay arm’s length away from you. “I’m sorry,” he utters with shame, his
eyes growing hot. “Whatever happens between you and my brother is none of my business. I should have never even asked the question. I’m not...entirely me, right now. I’m so sorry, MC. Please...don’t go. I-I...I’ll do whatever I can to make this better.”

You stare at him for a moment before pushing away from the door. Slowly you make your way to him until your bodies touch. You ignore his offering and cup his face in your hands. Standing on your toes, you pull his face to yours and press your lips to his. The clothing in his hands falls to the floor as he embraces you, his arms encircling your waist to lift you tighter against him. She’s not upset with me? Tears seep from his closed eyes to trail to your sealed lips, the taste of salt invading your mouths. When you pull away, the color of your orbs appear a blur.

“Stay with me, Saeran,” you whisper. “I’ll do whatever I can to help you through this but you have to push back against him. Don’t let him win. Whatever he’s telling you are lies. I love you. I’m not going anywhere.”

“What were you doing with my brother?” He hates himself for asking the question, but can’t seem to stop the words from coming.

You’re silent for a moment, your fingers playing with the hair at his nape. “We were saying goodbye. I’m sorry, Saeran, but that’s all I can tell you.” A smile spreads across your lips and you give him a quick kiss. “But now I’m all yours for the entire week. Do with me what you will.”

Saeran pushes down the jealousy your words conjure and chuckles, his arms tightening around you. “So many options; where do I even begin?”

You bring his head down to yours, your lips grazing his. “This seems like a good place to start,” you breathe before pulling his lower lip into your mouth and sucking.

His hand cups the back of your head as he angles his mouth over yours, his tongue seeking and twirling with yours. Mine. There’s only room in his head for the one thought. She’s mine...finally...mine. His heart rate increases as his other hand moves down your back, his fingers splaying just above the waistband of your skirt. Holding you close to him, he rocks his hips against you, his quickly hardening member obvious even through the layers of clothing separating you.

“Why don’t you join me in the shower?” you ask when you part, your chest heaving. No, she’ll see the tattoo and the scars and everything will be ruined. Instead, he forces a grin and caresses your cheek. “I just got out right before you arrived.”

“You can never be too clean,” you pout, running a finger down the middle of his chest. “Please?”

Saeran grabs your wandering finger and kisses its tip. “Why don’t I finish preparing something to eat instead? You like gimbap?”

Your stomach rumbles loudly and you both laugh. You reach up and massage his temples, a look of worry crossing your features. “How’s your head?”

“Better,” he lies, giving you a reassuring smile. Clasping your hands he places a kiss on one, then the other. “Go shower. There’s a brand new toothbrush in the medicine cabinet.”

“Aww, you bought me a toothbrush?” you tease, though he can tell by the pink flush on your cheeks that you’re pleased.

He shrugs. “Well, we are married now so I figured you’d need one here eventually.”
“I love you,” you murmur, pulling him down once more for a sweet kiss. He watches as you scoop up the bundle of clothes from the floor and drift toward the bathroom. His stare drops to the gentle sway of your hips as you walk, admiring the way your short skirt swings around your thighs as you move. When you reach your goal, you turn and catch him studying you. Your mouth quirks and you blow him a kiss before closing the door.

Saeran moves towards the kitchen to prepare the promised food. He pops one of the apple slices he’d prepared earlier into his mouth as he gathers the ingredients needed to prepare the quick meal. He’s just cracked the eggs needed into a waiting bowl when he hears your phone vibrate.

At first he ignores the buzzing, wishing to respect your privacy. But when it vibrates several more times, his curiosity gets the best of him. There’s no doubt who the texts are from and Saeran can’t help but wonder what his brother needs to say so soon after leaving you. He picks up your phone from the small table behind the couch and swipes his thumb over the first notification that appears to be a photo.

Saeran’s hands tremble when he sees the lewd picture his brother has sent. His face heats with embarrassment and anger, each building to a boiling point in him as he peers at the captured scene, unable to look away. The image is of his brother grasping his erect penis, obviously having just masturbated. Copious amounts of semen cover his hand and lower abdomen. Just beside him on the bed are a pair of familiar lavender panties.

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**Saeyoung:**

8:05pm: All for you, as promised

8:05pm: Is a week too long to keep these panties without washing them? lol

8:06pm: I wish you were here, I’m already lost without you

8:06pm: I love you, beautiful. You are my world. Don’t forget that. xxx
Unknown glares down at the text staring back at him. *I fucking knew it. We were waiting up here and the whole time she was letting him fuck her on our time!* He takes up position on the arm of the sofa that faces the bathroom door. Crossing his arms and ankles, he waits patiently for you to emerge, your device gripped tightly in one hand.

“You’re a naughty girl, aren’t you, Princess?” he asks with a wicked grin as soon as you appear.

You are slow to close the door behind you, your eyes searching the gleaming madness of his. “Where’s Saeran?” you finally ask with more curiosity than fear.

“Oh, Cherry Boy couldn’t handle seeing the picture of the cock that Redhead just sent you.” He holds up the smartphone and tilts it back and forth, taunting you, your husband’s naked form on full display.

You close the distance between you and snatch it from his hands. Unexpectedly, Unknown too reaches out and snakes an arm around your waist, pulling you flush against him. “You’re quite the whore, aren’t you?” he whispers, his mouth next to your ear. “Banging one man wasn’t good enough for you, you needed the little brother too.”

“Let me go,” you bite out, struggling against his grip. Both arms are now wrapped around you, his embrace so tight you can barely move.

His mouth moves away from your ear and places small, hot kisses along your jaw. “You’ve already proven you’re not very faithful, so why not give me a go? I bet I can make you come harder than you ever have before.” His mouth covers yours, his tongue invading it with as much force as you would expect from him. Unable to push him away, you wait for his tongue to retreat before biting down hard. A sharp sting like that of a bee radiates through his bottom lip and he pushes you away in a fury.

“Bitch,” he mutters, gingerly touching the now swollen wound on his lip. His finger comes away red and his mood shifts swiftly into a maniacal giggle. “You’re feisty...I like that.” His attack is as fast as a snake’s strike. He shoves you into the wall behind you, your head bouncing on the hard surface as he pins your hands above your head. He leans over to whisper in your ear once again. “So, you like to play rough, Princess?” He releases a laugh that sounds more sinister than humorous, then continues to speak, his words tickling your ear. “I can do things to your body you’ve only dreamed about,” his fingers tighten on your wrists, his body pressing you painfully into the wall. “I can teach you how to find the pleasure in pain.” You shiver and he giggles before running his tongue up the side of your face. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you? I bet you would sound... exquisite. God, I can hear you now, screaming in agony even as you beg for more.”

Unknown grinds his pelvis against yours, his cock already half hard with the thoughts running through his head of what he could do to you. Visions of you tied spread eagle and blindfolded flash through his mind and he bites his lip, a groan escaping him. He’s not bluffing. He’s more than capable of taking you to that thin line between ecstasy and anguish. It wouldn’t be the first time he’s introduced a woman to the bliss that suffering could provide. Right now he’d give anything to be your teacher.

He shifts your wrists to one large hand, the now free one roaming down your body in a slow exploration. Pausing at your chest, he cups the fullness of your breast and administers a harsh squeeze. You suck in a hiss of pain and he grins as his mouth attaches to the sensitive curve where your neck and shoulder meet. He bites down hard and your back arches in an attempt to disengage yourself from his embrace.

“I see why he chose you,” he murmurs against your skin, his hand continuing its journey down your
body. “You really are beautiful, and I would hazard a guess that you’re a great fuck.” Another manic giggle emits from his chest. “How pissed do you think Cherry Boy would be if I fucked you before he got the chance? Should we find out?”

A single tear trails down your cheek as his eyes lift to lock with yours. “Let me go,” you repeat, though all the venom has drained from you. You no longer resist him, his body pressed so tightly against yours there is no room to maneuver.

“Are you frightened, Princess?” he mocks.

More tears fall free with the shake of your head. “You don’t scare me.”

“Liar,” he whispers, his thumb roughly swiping the wetness from your cheek.

“If you wanted to hurt me, you would have done it a long time ago,” you answer, your gaze full of pity. Your eyes search his, looking for a sign of the man you love. “Saeran? Please.”

“That pitiful excuse for a man is gone,” Unknown hisses in fury. “It’s just you and me from now on, Princess, and underestimating me is a grave error in judgment.” His mouth crashes back to yours, the blood oozing from the wound you inflicted smearing across your lips. The taste of copper spreads across his tongue as he pushes it into your mouth, his hand gripping your face to keep your jaw from snapping shut. You’re not going to bite me again.

You struggle against him, grunting with the effort to push him away when suddenly you are free. He backs away from you so fast you slide down the wall until your bottom hits the hardwood floor.

Saeran stares down at you in horror. “What?” he mutters, obviously disoriented. You flex your jaw and wince in pain, tears of relief slipping from your closed eyes. He crouches in front of you, a trembling hand hovering next to your cheek. You flinch and the fierce urge to pull you into his arms, to comfort you, increases. His hand covers his mouth instead of touching you, however, and he watches as you wipe the back of your hand across your mouth to erase the blood that paints your lips. Glancing down at his fingers, he sees the red substance that’s come off of his own mouth, his heart pounding in fear. “What the fuck happened?”

His eyes drop to the bite mark on your neck and his eyes widen. “Are those fucking teeth marks?” His voice rises with his anger and he stands to cross the room, putting much-needed distance between you. There’s no guarantee that the anger at himself won’t trigger that part of him to return, and he can’t risk being near you if it does.

“I-I...oh god…” His fingers plunge into his hair and pull, the pain in his head and scalp causing him to wince.

“Young man, it’s ok,” you console, scrambling to your feet to cross the room to offer him support.

“The hell it is!” His distressed shout echoes off the walls of the small apartment, his face wet with the tears that suddenly spring from his eyes. “This is so far from ok that it’s in its own stratosphere! Why? Why now, when I’m finally happy?” He breaks down into silent sobs, his head falling into his hands to hide his weakness from you.

You approach him slowly and wrap your arms around his waist, resting your cheek against his back. “What can I do to help?” you ask, your voice soft and soothing.

“There’s nothing,” Saeran answers helplessly. “For so long I allowed him control. It was easier to get through the days at Mint Eye if I didn’t realize what was happening. He took on the burden of the torture each time I had to be “reprogrammed” and I was thankful to him.” He falls into an uneasy
silence, working hard to gather his scattered thoughts. His eyes close at the feel of your face nuzzling his back, much in the same way a cat might show affection to its owner. The thought almost makes him smile; almost, and the affirmation in it makes his scattered thoughts easier to gather. “But now...he has it in his head that he wants you and there’s nothing I can do to stop him. As soon as I realized what the picture was that Saeyoung sent you, he took over and I didn’t even realize I was gone.”

You place a kiss on his spine, your embrace becoming firmer. “I’m sorry you saw that. I knew he’d be sending it, but I...well, I forgot.”

He shakes his head. “It was my fault. I should have respected your privacy. I...all this jealousy I thought I was above is out of control. I can’t seem to reign it in and it’s just fueling his anger.”

Saeran pauses. I need to think more of her sake. Gently pulling away from your embrace, he heads to the bathroom with you trailing close behind. “I do have some measure of control, though I was trying to avoid it.”

Opening the medicine cabinet, he pulls out an almost full bottle of prescription pills. He holds them up for your perusal before giving you an explanation. “Antipsychotics; they will essentially put him to sleep, but the downside is they also knock me out. I didn’t want our first night to be ruined by passing out, but I don’t see another option at his point. I can’t take the chance of him hurting you again tonight.”

Entering the compact space, you squeeze between him and the counter and hop up onto the surface. Taking the bottle from his hand, you read the instructions then shake one pill into the palm of your hand. Lifting your gaze, your eyes lock with his and you smile in reassurance. “We have the rest of our lives together, Saeran. If this is going to help reassure you that I’m safe, then spending our first night together only sleeping is exactly what I want to do. I love you.” You pull his head down to yours and run your tongue over the swollen wound you inflicted. Sliding it into his mouth, you rub it against his with all the tenderness you feel for him. When you part, you place the pill between his lips and fill the cup that rests beside the sink with water. He accepts the offered drink and downs the medication. Taking his hand, you lead him to the bedroom where you curl yourselves around one another on the queen size bed.

Saeran rests his head on your chest, the soft rhythm of your heartbeat soothing his frazzled nerves. His arms hold you tight around your small waist, marveling at how such a tiny person could be filled with so much bravery. The way you’d shied away from his touch feels like a heavy weight on his chest. He can’t blame you; can’t even imagine the terror you must have felt. He may not be able to remember the events that took place, but witnessing the aftermath tells him everything he needs to know. To be laying here now, stroking his hair, so soon after your ordeal is unfathomable to him.

The trust you put in him encourages him to do his very best at everything for you. I can do anything with her by my side. Don’t leave me, MC; stay with me, love me, allow me to love you. Drowsiness finally overtakes him and he relaxes against you, his eyes closing as thoughts of his love for you continue to repeat inside his head.

The first thing he sees when he awakens is your form propped against the headboard, a novel open on your lap. He studies your face as you read, taking note of the way your thumb and forefinger idly tug at your earlobe and the cute way you bite the corner of your mouth as your eyes devour the words on the page. A sudden smile graces your lips at something you’ve read, and Saeran can’t help answering it with one of his own. She still hasn’t noticed I’m awake. You giggle, then slap a hand over your mouth, your head turning to see if you’ve disturbed your husband’s slumber. Your gazes
lock and he reaches out to caress your cheek, thankful you don’t shy away from his touch.

“Hi,” he finally says, his voice soft in the silent room.

“Hey, sleepyhead,” you answer, closing your book and setting it on the nightstand. You slide down to stretch out beside him, entwining your fingers with his and giving them a squeeze.

“How long have I been out?” he asks with a yawn, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“About four hours,” you inform him, smiling at his reaction when he groans. “I finished preparing the gimbap then went out and got some ice cream because, amazingly, you were out. I couldn’t decide what flavor to get so I bought,” you pause, squinting one eye in thought, “chocolate, strawberry, coffee, mint chocolate chip, and cookies and cream. I figured that should last you at least a couple of days.”

“Better watch it or you’ll spoil me,” Saeran murmurs, leaning over to brush his lips against yours.

“I plan to spoil the hell out of you, so you might as well get used to it, Mr. Choi,” you whisper against him, your fingers tracing his jaw. “Are you feeling better?”

He doesn’t answer right away, taking the time to search within for the uncontrollable anger that’s been present the entirety of the day. When he senses nothing but a peaceful contentment he smiles. “He’s gone, or at least he’s finally shut up.”

“So the meds helped?”

Saeran hums in confirmation though his brows twitch down in a slight frown. “I hate that I’ve missed so much time with you, though. That was four hours we could have been…” his words falter, his face growing pink at the direction his thoughts take him.

“…making love?” you finish with a grin. You scoot closer to him and throw a leg over his. “There are so many things I want to do with you this week, but we don’t have to rush anything. The end of this week isn’t the end of us, after all; we have the rest of our lives to discover one another.”

With no prompting, the image his brother sent you abruptly pops into his head and he clears his throat awkwardly. “Can I ask you a personal question?”

“Sure, I have nothing to hide from you.” Your hand begins trailing up and down his slender hip and you place a small kiss on his chin.

“That picture...the one of Saeyoung…”

You freeze, your eyes darting up to meet his. “What about it?”

“Well...do you...I mean...is that something you do often?” He averts his gaze, the pink in his face deepening to a fiery red. “You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to,” he releases, his words pouring out of him at a rapid-fire pace. Already he regrets asking; hates that his curiosity is so severe.

“I don’t mind,” you answer slowly. “I suppose it depends on your definition of often, but, yes, usually at least a few times a month.”

“And h-he has pictures of you?”

You laugh but quickly reign in your amusement at the embarrassment on his face. “I’m sorry,” you apologize, wrapping an arm around his waist. “I’m not laughing at you, I swear. To answer your
question, Saeyoung has hundreds of pictures of me in various states of...undress.”

Saeran brings his gaze back to yours, though the color remains painted across his face. “Do you...like him sending you pictures like that; and enjoy letting him take risque photos of you?”

You nod, your tongue darting out to lick your dry lips. When you speak, your voice is hesitant. “I would love to have pictures of you too if that’s something you’d be comfortable with. And of course, you can take ones of me too...if you want.”

“Yes,” his answer flies from his mouth before you’ve even finished your sentence and you both laugh. He runs a gentle hand over your hair, his heart racing. “You keep taking whatever I think I know about women and completely flipping it on its head. Not that I’m all that experienced in what women like.”

“How much experience do you have?”

“Hmm, let me think,” he continues to stroke your hair as he pretends to consider your question. “I’d say about...zero.”

“You’re kidding,” you utter in disbelief.

Saeran shakes his head. “My time with Mint Eye was mainly spent in the security room, coding and hacking....doing pretty much whatever the Sav....Rika commanded me to do. I didn’t have time to socialize with the other initiates. When I was allowed to leave the grounds, I was so used to keeping to myself that I had no interest in interacting with anyone. The one you call Unknown, on the other hand, he...well, let’s just say he has plenty of experience with women.”

You blink at him, the sympathy on your face almost killing him. “So you never...felt what he was experiencing when he was with a woman?”

“God, no. If he found a woman he wanted, I would book it if I was unable to distract him. I wasn’t interested in his particular brand of fun.”

“Yeah, I have a good idea what gets him off,” you murmur, giving a small shudder.

“I’m sorry he hurt you.” Saeran grazes the bruise on your neck, his face full of regret and self-blame. Shaking your head, you grin at him. “I’m fine; I promise it looks worse than it is. It didn’t hurt as much as it...unnerved me.”

He accepts the white lie for what it is; an attempt to ease his guilty conscious. While the enraged fragment of his psyche is uncontrollable and unpredictable, it was still his mouth that hurt you; his hands that violated and restrained you. He can still feel your jaw clenched in his fingers; the bruising grip of his hand around your delicate wrists when he pushed back to the front.

Shame presses on him to hide from your affectionate gaze, the feeling of being unworthy of the love in your eyes a physical pain in his chest. However, he resists and runs the backs of his fingers along your cheek, his devotion to you too strong to conceal. “Be careful around him,” he warns in a low voice, desperate to stress how important his words are. “However depraved you think he is, he’s much, much worse,” he pauses, his eyes studying your face. He’s the only thing I can’t protect you from.

“What? No!” You sit up and shove your hair behind your ears, your stare conveying nothing but panic. “If we tell Saeyoung, he’s going to immediately demand that I come home and it won’t matter how much I try to reason with him. Do you want him chaperoning our every move? Or even worse,
insisting that we can’t be together? He can’t know what happened tonight, Saeran, he
can’t. Promise...swear to me that you won’t tell him,” your voice raises in volume, your fingers
twisting the hem of your borrowed shirt in distress.

“And what happens next time you’re alone with Unknown?” The sadness in his voice seems to
break through your alarm, relaxing the tension in your shoulders. Saeran takes one of your hands in
his and holds it against his heart. “Every time I switch, I’m afraid the me that I know is going to
disappear. I thought I was better; I am better, but this is the first time he’s ever resisted relinquishing
control so vehemently.”

“I just need to be more vigilant around him,” you insist. “He took me by surprise; I got too close
without thinking. Saeyoung taught me some self-defense moves after the whole attempted
kidnapping thing, but Unknown acted so quickly, I didn’t have the time to employ them before he
subdued me.” The look of doubt he gives you evokes a sigh. “We’re going shopping tomorrow
right? Give me tomorrow...a full twenty-four hours...and then we’ll tell him together. At the first sign
that you’re acting weird, I will run somewhere safe and call him; if we’re here...I-I”ll lock myself in
the bathroom until he gets here,” you squeeze his fingers, your eyes silently pleading with him.

Against his better judgment, he finds himself nodding in agreement. Selfish prick. He berates himself
for being weak. This is the worst idea ever. If anything dares happen to her, Saeyoung will never
forgive me. I will never forgive me. But I need to believe this will work. I need more time; just a few
more days to feel this connection. “Come here,” he says tenderly and with one fluid motion, flips to
his back and pulls you down to him. He holds you tightly with one arm around your shoulders, the
other cradling your head to his chest. “We’ll be cautious, but we won’t go looking for trouble,” he
sighs, his thumb absentely stroking your hair. “Saeyoung is going to kill me when he finds out I didn’t
let him know right away.”

“He doesn’t have to know that we waited.”

“I thought you guys didn’t keep things from each other.”

“We don’t,” you respond, your voice troubled. Your arm wraps around his waist and squeezes. “I
thought....” your words falter briefly before you continue. “I can’t lose you.”

“Hey,” he cajoles and you lift your head to peer at him. “Whatever happens, I’m not going to let my
brother keep me from you.” You open your mouth to answer but he hurries to allay your fears. “And
nothing is going to separate me from my brother. In my heart, you and I are just as much married as
you and him. I’m not going to allow him to make me choose between you. My whole life people
have made all my decisions for me; it’s about time I live my own life. I choose a life with you and
my brother in it.”

Your eyes hold his for a moment before dropping to his lips. Reaching up, you press against the
wound on his lip. “Does it hurt?”

“No,” he replies, “it-”

The tips of your fingers cover his mouth, cutting off his words. “That’s all I needed to know.”

Sliding up, you press your lips to his as you throw a leg around his hips and maneuver yourself
astride him. The unquenchable lust for you that lives just below the surface overtakes him. His
tongue meets yours with enthusiasm, his body straining to get closer to you. The kiss almost
immediately becomes a frantic give and take of tongues and teeth, your hands constantly on the
move as you try to touch every inch of one another.
Slow it down, dumbass. Burn every second of this into your memory so you can remember it later in case you’re unable to keep your word. The taste of her, the softness of her skin, the way her breasts feel in your hands; memorize it all. One hand grasps your hair, holding it back as he slows down the kiss, his tongue delving deep into your mouth to rub against yours with slow, lazy strokes. A soft whimper escapes your throat, your pelvis grinding down against his in tight circles. There; that sound. Jesus, has there ever been anything that sounds as beautiful? Remember it; god, how could I ever forget it?

Saeran’s hands roam freely over your body, your soft whimpers and moans leading him to your most sensitive spots. I wish I could freeze time and live in this moment forever. The joy of pleasuring you is like nothing he’s felt before. Being yours is everything and more than he thought it would be. His only purpose is to keep drawing from you the noises that make his groin ache with need.

You tear your mouth from his, your chest heaving, hands fisted in his thick curls. “I want your cock in my mouth,” you gasp. Saeran’s body goes still, his eyes wide as they dart swiftly between yours. Blood surges to the mentioned appendage and he swallows hard, not knowing how to respond. Wait, what? Did...I...just imagine that? When he fails to react, your already flushed skin turns a deeper shade of red and you hide your face in your hands. “Oh god, I’m sorry, was that too much?” you apologize, your words running together in your haste to salvage the situation. “When I get worked up, I sometimes just blurt out whatever is on my mind. If you don’t like that I can try-”

He interrupts your flow of words, pulling your hands from your face and kissing you deeply. “I like it,” he whispers hoarsely.

Holding his gaze, you rise to your knees and slide your hand down his body. It presses against his erection and his teeth sink hard into his lip. When your fingers flex around the hardened flesh, his eyes flutter closed as he mutters a curse under his breath. More...please...don’t stop touching me. He swears he can feel the love you have for him in the gentle lips that press against his jaw and it enhances the pleasure of your hand slipping into his sweats, your fingers taking firm hold of the engorged flesh to stroke him with restrained lust.

He sighs your name, his tongue eagerly meeting yours when you finally make your way back to his mouth. You kiss him deeply, the mewls escaping your throat driving him insane. A groan of disappointment rumbles from his chest when you remove your hand you grin down at him. “Don’t worry, I’m just getting started,” you whisper against his mouth, nipping at his bottom lip as you grind your pelvis into his.

Saeran grasps your hips, his own thrusting up to increase the friction between you. He can’t count how many times he’s fantasized of having you astride him in this manner. However, the actuality of you moving against him, the ability to smell and taste you, to hear your vocal responses to his touch is a thousand times superior to anything he’s imagined.

“What’s wrong?” he asks when you pull back to stare down at him, your eyes moving over his features. Shit, what did I do? Maybe she just wants me to be still and let her do everything. But how am I supposed to not move when she feels so good? I want to touch her everywhere at once, but maybe I’m doing it wrong. His thoughts continue to race, his panic rising until your lips on his calm his mind and quiet the self-doubts.

“Nothing’s wrong,” you reassure him, your voice tender. The gentleness of your fingers grazing his face erases his apprehension. “I just,” you pause to consider your words then start over. “All this time, you’ve been right here and I haven’t allowed myself to really see you. I wasted so much time letting myself believe that I wasn’t in love with you and that I’m not...massively...attracted to you.”

“This would be extremely awkward if you weren’t,” Saeran teases with a grin, your words causing a
pleasant warmth to spread through him. You laugh, your forehead falling to his shoulder. The musical resonance of your giggles elicits a broad smile and he hugs you to him, placing a kiss on your temple. “Look,” he begins when your laughter subsides, “the past is what it is. I can’t blame you for taking so long to realize how amazing I am, though I’m relieved I can stop trying so hard to ignore you; that shit was exhausting.” The room is again filled with the sweet sound of your laughter and he chuckles along with you. I’m making her laugh! This is almost as good as making her moan...almost.

“Your brother isn’t the only one with a sense of humor,” you comment, your smile blinding.

He lifts one shoulder in a small shrug. “I have my moments,” he replies, his hand stroking your hair. “Everything is easier with you. When I’m with you, it’s like I realize the full potential of who I can be; who I want to be. I come close with Saeyoung, but it’s different. With him, it’s like looking into a mirror; you are more like gazing into my soul.”

“My god, I was so wrong,” you whisper misty-eyed before pressing your mouth to his. He cups the back of your head to hold you close as your tongues once again move together, the salty taste of your tears concerning him.

“Wrong about what?” he questions immediately as you part, his face a mask of anxiety. Something has just happened, but he doesn’t understand what. However, he’s anxious to fix whatever is troubling you.

“It doesn’t matter,” you assure him, “Saeyoung asked me a question earlier and I was just thinking out loud.” Before he can form words to question you again, you grace him with a seductive grin. “There are much better things I can be doing with my mouth.”

He allows you to distract him although he’s sure there is something important he is missing. The sight of your naked breasts when you remove your shirt drives all other concerns from his mind. His eyes follow the motion of his hands as they whisper up your sides, his mouth quirking at the tremor that runs through your body.

My brother may be an idiot most of the time, but he’s not wrong about her breasts. With one hand on your nape, he pulls you down to press his mouth against the bruise on your neck, wishing his kiss could erase the evidence of what occurred. Even if his wish were to be granted, the memories would remain, forever to be remembered as the time he injured you with his own body. It doesn’t matter that he has no conscious recollection of the events that took place before he regained himself. You’re still in pain because of him and that hurts more than even the betrayals he’s suffered.

His mouth moves to your ear, his fingers slipping into your hair to cradle the back of your head. “I love you,” he breathes, though the words are inadequate to describe how he feels. When you slip out of his arms and down his body, he feels as if his heart will burst from the adoration it contains.

Your gaze holds his, your fingers grasping the waistband of his bottoms and sliding them down along with his underwear. The material disappears somewhere on the floor near the vicinity of the bed. You settle yourself between his legs and rest on your heels, your hands trailing up and down his thighs.

“You look scared,” you comment with a timid smile. “This is supposed to be fun.”

“Terrified, actually,” he lets out a breath of laughter.

“We can stop if you’re uncomfortable.” Your smile fades, a look of concern replacing it.
“No!” A streak of red paints his cheeks at your giggle with his emphatic denial. “I...well, I don’t know what to do.”

You study him for a moment, your tongue darting out to run along your bottom lip. Finally, your hands begin to move again, inching closer to the part that aches the most for you with each slow caress. “All you have to do is enjoy it,” you explain gently. “Tonight is about me making you feel good.”

Saeran nods in response, unable to speak through the pleasure of your fingers reaching their final destination. They trail up the length of him and his member flexes at your touch, seeking further stimulation. His eyes close in bliss as you, at last, take him into your mouth. He fights against the instinct to thrust up to meet you, keeping his body motionless. *Oh my god...nothing can feel as good as this.* His thought is barely finished before he is proven wrong as your tongue swirls around the head of his shaft on an upstroke.

“Oh my god...nothing can feel as good as this.”

His thought is barely finished before he is proven wrong as your tongue swirls around the head of his shaft on an upstroke.

“Saeran, remember to breathe,” you instruct, the humor in your tone apparent.

Noticing the burning of his lungs, he swiftly releases the breath he hadn’t realize he’s been holding. He takes a few shaky inhalations, every nerve in his body on fire for you. “What you’re doing feels...incredible,” he manages to utter. He then bites his lip as you drag your tongue along the underside of his of his cock from bottom to top. “Oh god...that too.”

“Don’t be afraid to move,” you direct, your hand picking up the slack when you lift your head to speak. “You aren’t going to hurt me. Just let go and do whatever comes naturally.”

When your mouth surrounds him once again, he takes your advice and forces himself to let go of his inhibitions. He tries to clear his mind of everything except the euphoric sensations radiating from his groin; to allow instinct to take over. Experimentally, his hips move up as you come down. *Oh...that’s...good.* The next thrust is less timid, though he still exercises some restraint. The fear that he will hurt you isn’t such an easy thing to disregard; something he is grateful for when he hears you gag slightly.

“I’m sorry,” he apologizes immediately, attempting to pull away.

Your hands clamp on to his hips tightly, preventing him from retreating. *She wants to keep going? But-* As he peers down at you to make sure you’re alright, your cheeks hollow and he abruptly forgets what he was thinking. His body begins to move with you of its own accord, the strong suction robbing him of any vestiges of thought.

His fingers twist in the soft cotton sheets beneath him as to prevent himself from giving in to the sudden urge to bury them in your hair. It’s all too much, yet not enough. The need to throw himself over the precipice of release wars with the desire for this to last as long as it can. His head lifts from the pillow so he has a better view to watch you. At his movement, your eyes flick up and lock with his. The corner of your mouth curves up in a tiny grin around him, your gaze full of lasciviousness. The amount of enjoyment you appear to possess at being the cause of his unraveling surprises him. *She actually likes this? How is she getting anything out of this deal?* His mind briefly reverses your positions, imagining how it would feel to use his mouth on you. The act instantly goes onto his list of things he intends to perform in the coming days. *Yeah, that would definitely turn me on.* With his sudden realization comes the knowledge that if you were to hold back with him, the way he has been doing, he would be disappointed. *She said you won’t hurt her. Stop second guessing everything and just trust her.*

Trust; it’s the one thing that’s the most difficult for him to do. Over the years, you have earned the
right to request he put his faith in you. Hasn’t your whole relationship, from the beginning, been about you doing what you could to respect his boundaries while still trying to formulate some sort of bond with him? It’s a question he doesn’t even need to consider; your heart has always been wide open to him. So wide that somehow you fell in love with him without either of you noticing. The sudden awareness of that breaks down whatever walls that remain between you.

One hand releases its death grip on the fabric he’s been clinging to and hovers near your head. “Can I touch you?” he requests though he knows the answer will be what it’s forever been, even if neither of you recognized it. Not until one random night that he did so without permission, without thought, and put into motion the sequence of events that would lead you to your fate together.

You raise your head and lean into the graze of his fingers against your cheek. “Always,” you answer with a shake of your head. “Never stop.”

His thumb brushes over your slick, swollen lips. The molten desire in your eyes drives a bolt of lust stronger than he’s ever felt through him. You own me, body and soul. There’s nothing I won’t do for you. Drawing from whatever well of temerity that allowed him to propel you onto this path that night in the bunker’s kitchen, his hand slips into your hair. With gentle pressure, he guides your head back down to his throbbing member.

He watches with rapt attention as your mouth engulfs him, the breath in his lungs leaving him in a low groan. “Goddamn, you’re exquisite,” he sighs with heartfelt ardor.

A cloud passes over your expression, your rhythm faltering for a fleeting second. Did I say something wrong? Before he can comprehend your expression, it relaxes and you regain your tempo. His question gets lost in the unfinished phrases of approval and admiration that overlap one another in his head. The two of you move with fluid precision, your efforts to please him redoubling as you moan around him. The strength of his feelings for you combines with the inferno of lust that rushes through his veins, creating a heady cocktail.

It’s difficult to hear over the pounding of his heart, but the wet sucking sounds that fill the room manage to pervade the resounding beat in his ears. His muscles begin to tense, his body frantically seeking the sweet rush of release. The need to hold onto you prods him to reach down where your hand rests on his hip, his fingers interlacing with yours. His body is lost in a tsunami of pleasurable sensations, each second impossibly more intense than the one before.

His head falls back onto the pillow, his eyes clenched shut in ecstasy. Never has he felt this incredible, every nerve in his body straining towards you. His cock swells and he desperately tries to stop the inescapable wave that surges through him. When his balls tighten against his body, he knows it’s too late to prolong the inevitable. Shit, I’m gonna come. Your speed increases and he tries to pull away from you, but you follow his movements with a sound of protest. You plant your lips around the base of his dick as he begins to pulsate.

What-

It’s all he has to time to think before his body begins to spasm under you. His mouth falls open at the potent bliss of his orgasm. You swallow convulsively around his cock, your throat working to down as much as you can of the ropy strands of ejaculate erupting from him.

“Oh, my god,” he moans under his breath, the hand on your head now fistng in its long tresses, the other holding yours in a fierce grip.

Your mouth inches up his length before releasing him with a ‘pop’. You wipe your mouth with the back of your hand as your gaze lifts to his. The light kiss on the inside of his arm alerts him to the
fact he’s still clutching your hair. *Shit!* He promptly releases you, allowing you to move up to lay your head on his chest. Your hands remain entwined and you lift them to graze your lips across his knuckles.

“Are you alright?” you ask with an audible smile.

Saeran releases a breathless laugh, his chest still heaving with deep inhalations. He strokes your hair, his body limp with spent energy. “You’re amazing,” he claims, the drowsiness in his voice clear.

“Those are the endorphins talking,” you retort in amusement.

“No,” he rebukes, the seriousness in his tone causing you to lift your head to look up at him. “I mean it; I’ve believed that for years. Not many people could go through the shit you’ve gone through because of my actions and still have the ability to find anything remotely redeeming about me. And now...when you should be running for the door, you’re here, loving me; fighting for an us that has the potential to put you in danger. If that’s not amazing, then I don’t know what is.”

You shake your head once in denial. “Stop it,” you scold. “You and Saeyoung give me too much credit. Anyone would have done what I’ve done for the people they love.” Sitting up, you grab your discarded shirt and slip it over your head. “Now let’s go eat, I’m starving.”

Saeran scowls at you. “You didn’t eat?”

“Shortly after you fell asleep I ate the snack you prepared; thank you by the way, but I wanted to wait for you before eating anything else. I bet you haven’t eaten all day have you?”

“Not since this morning,” he admits, a soft grunt escaping him when you poke his flat stomach.

“You’re still too skinny! No more skipping meals!” Leaning down you give him a tender kiss and search his eyes. You appear to consider your words carefully before speaking again. “Saeran...the thing with Zen...”

“Don’t,” he warns quietly, his body tensing.

You hold up a finger, your bottom lip protruding in a pout. “Can I say just one thing?”

Saeran lets out a sigh, rubbing his hands over his face in frustration. “You are going to be the death of me. Fine, one thing.” The silence stretches as you study him, your eyes darting between his.

He chuckles. Grabbing your waist, he pulls you down onto the soft surface of the bed beside him and rolls over to hover above you. His mouth whispers over yours his teeth nipping lightly at your bottom lip. “First thing that pops into your head; go.”

“He really is innocent in this,” you voice, your tone gentle. “We’re just friends, I swear.”

Images of the two of you entangled on the ground, illuminated by the dim streetlight flash into his head. In his mind’s eye, he can see the actor’s head on your shoulder and the expression on his face when he lifted it to gaze at you. He’s not overreacting about this; he fully believes if he’d not shown up when he did, your so-called friend would have made his move.

“Technically that was two things,” Saeran states, pretending to frown at you. Even the slightness of
the smile you grace him with is enough to make his heart pick up in speed again. He wants to believe that Zen’s intentions toward you are platonic. He wishes he could, but no matter how hard he tries he can’t get past the adoration the older man gazes at you with. The backs of his fingers trail along your cheek, his expression softening back into tenderness.

“I’m sorry,” you apologize with genuine regret. “I need you to know that you have nothing to worry about. Zen is my best friend, but he’s more like a brother than anything.”

“The way he looks at you is not one of brotherly love,” Saeran asserts. “He wants you, MC. If you show him even the slightest opening, he’s going to take it.”

“He won’t,” you insist fervently. “And even if he tried, I would never betray you and Saeyoung that way.”

Letting out a long sigh, he presses his forehead to yours. “I know that, but I don’t think it’s a good idea to encourage him.”

“He understands the limitations of our friendship,” you reassure, your hand rising to touch his face.

“I hope you’re right because if he touches you again, things are not going to end very well for him.”

“Saeran,” you admonish, your brow furrowing. “That’s-”

“Can we please stop talking about that man?” he snaps. Sitting up, he runs his hands through his unkempt hair.

“Sure, I-I’m sorry,” you answer in a small voice and slip from the bed.

“Wait,” Saeran calls out as you head for the bedroom door. “Please, wait.” He gets up and wraps you in an embrace. “I’m the one who’s sorry. I shouldn’t have spoken to you that way. It’s only that we don’t have a lot of time alone together and I don’t want to waste a second of it.”

“I understand,” you answer, wrapping your arms around his waist. “I won’t bring it up again.”

“We’ll revisit this,” he promises, dropping a kiss on the top of your head. “Just not tonight, okay?” Pulling back, he places a finger under your chin to raise your face to his. He places a light kiss on each corner of your mouth before pressing his lips fully against yours. “Don’t be angry with me,” he pleads when you part, regretting his behavior.

“I’m not,” you assure him, standing on your toes to give him another quick kiss. “It’s my fault for bringing it up. You’re right, we shouldn’t be wasting any of our time together.” Your smile eases his guilt, allowing him to return the bright one you bestow upon him. “Let’s go find something trashy on tv and stuff ourselves. We’ve got five flavors of ice cream to taste test, after all.”

“I should probably put my pants back on first,” Saeran grins, realizing he’s standing in the middle of the room still naked from the waist down.

“Oh, don’t feel obligated on my account,” you return, running your fingers along the curve of his bare ass and giving it a gentle squeeze.

The sudden desire to pleasure you overtakes any craving for sustenance. *Screw it, the food can wait.* Saeran suddenly lifts you against him, a loud squeal of surprised laughter escaping you. His fingers dig into the flesh of your thighs as he moves the few steps it takes to press you against the wall. Your legs wrap around his waist, hands plunging into his hair as your mouth meets his halfway. The kiss is deep and thorough, your tongues moving together to explore every inch of the other’s mouth.
It only takes a split second for him to make the decision to do everything in his power to keep you with him for the entire seven days you’ve been allotted. It borderlines on stupidity to do so, but he understands the risks. He convinces himself that he can win this battle with himself; he can find the key to controlling the ruthless man inside him.

A distant giggle teases his ears and his heart drops so fast a wave of nausea washes over him. No. Not now. He tears his mouth from yours, his breathing as ragged as yours. Send her away; return her to Saeyoung. It’s the only way to ensure her safety. His gaze moves over your face, his chest tightening with panic. I can’t; I can’t throw away this opportunity. Once my brother finds out about him he will never allow her to be alone with me again. She’s right, we have to keep this from him for at least this week.

“Are you alright?” you echo the question you asked earlier, though your tone is the complete opposite of the amusement before.

Saeran realizes he’s staring at you blankly, completely lost in his thoughts. He gently allows you to slide down the hard surface behind you until your feet touch the floor. Once again, he forces a smile even as he feels the other man begin to push at the edges of his consciousness. He needs to quickly put some distance between you. Fear of what would happen if he were to suddenly switch provokes him to back away from you and retrieve his discarded clothing. “I’m fine,” he finally answers, shoving his legs into the navy sweatpants. “Go ahead and start eating. I’m... just going to duck into the bathroom real quick.”

He practically runs from the room, desperate to keep you safe. He rushes into the bathroom, swiftly closing and locking the door behind him. You can’t keep her away from me forever. The amused voice in head taunts him mercilessly. Especially after a performance like that.

Saeran’s shocked face stares back at him from the mirror. His hands begin to shake as Unknown’s words sink in. “You were... watching?”

Hmm, was I? Watching isn’t entirely accurate; participating is probably closer to the truth.

“You’re lying. If you’d been there, I would have known.”

There’s a lot of things you don’t know, Cherry Boy. How do you think a spineless coward like you even worked up the nerve to get her in the first place?

Images begin to flash through Saeran’s mind; snapshots of moments that have occurred with you over the past couple of months. The angry outbursts and sometimes cruel things he’s said play behind his eyes, the final image being one of him in the bunker’s kitchen with you. The memory of licking chocolate from your slender finger is clear as day and he shakes his head in denial. “No! You were gone then. If you were there, I would have known,” he repeats, though he’s not sure who he is trying to convince at this point.

Ah, such a dense boy. Do you really think she’d be yours now if I had left everything up to you? Unknown giggles ominously. I’ll never be gone. No matter what you do or how hard you try, I will always be here. Remember that, Cherry Boy, the next time you try to get into her pants.

“I will not let you ruin this for me,” Saeran insists, pushing back against Unknown’s attempts to gain control.

Let me out to play.

“Are you serious? Do you really think I would ever voluntarily let you anywhere near her?”
It is quite the predicament. In order to keep me away, you have to stay away yourself. How safe do you actually think you can keep her? You have to sleep sometime.

“If you hurt her again, I will make sure neither of us ever have access to her,” Saeran’s eyes search his own in the reflection. “Do you understand? I may not be able to keep you away from her, but my brother sure as hell can. Make no mistake, I would gladly die for her if I had to.”

Are you threatening me?

“Who’s the dense one now? You’re fucking right I’m threatening you. If you lay another finger on her, I will find a way to make you disappear...permanently.”

Do you think it will be that easy to get rid of me? Laughter booms in his ears, causing him to wince at its volume. Alright, Cherry Boy, I’ll behave...for now. But remember, you and I are a package deal. Tell MC I said hello and I’m looking forward to...speaking...with her again.

“Don’t hold your breath,” Saeran mutters in response, though he can already tell the other man has faded away to wherever he goes when not tormenting him.

There’s a light knock on the door and you call out. “Saeran, I’m beginning to sound like a broken record, but are you alright?”

He doesn’t answer, his knuckles whitening with the strength of his grip on the sink in front of him. Fear for your well-being keeps him frozen in place. His eyes close as he focuses his attention within. He must ensure there is no more trace of the man whose intentions towards you is the only thing Saeran has been truly afraid of in years.

“Saeran?” you call out again and it’s not hard to detect the panic in your raised voice. The doorknob jiggles, a fervent pounding following not a second later. “Open the door! I swear if you don’t answer me-”

“I’m okay,” he answers quickly, opening the door.

Your shoulders sag in relief, your damp eyes glaring at him in anger. “You can’t do that! I heard you talking, then you wouldn’t answer me and I was afraid-”

For the second time, he interrupts your flow of words, pulling you into his arms. “You’re right, I...I’m sorry.” He buries his nose in your hair, holding you in a tight grip against his chest. “I’m sorry,” he repeats, his eyes burning with threatening tears. Please let me be strong enough to keep her protected.

“He’s active again, isn’t he?” you ask in a whisper, squeezing him close around the waist.

“He was,” Saeran answers, pulling back to rest his hands on the sides of your neck. “I think I scared him away for now, but I don’t know how long that will work.”

“Then let’s eat,” you suggest. She’s not even fazed? You laugh at his surprised expression. “Well, worrying about it isn’t going to change anything and I’m starving. For now, our plan remains the same.”

“Except for the fact that if it had been him that opened the door, we wouldn’t be having this conversation right now,” he retorts, panic beginning to tighten his throat. “You would be pinned against the wall again or worse; you can’t be careless like that.”

“Okay, okay,” you soothe. “From now on all doors stay open.” He gives you a strange look and you laugh again. “It’s not like I’m going to watch you pee, Saeran. Although, honestly, it’s nothing I
haven’t seen before. I just need a way to observe you from a distance in case…”

“You’re right,” Saeran agrees, gaining some perspective as his anxiety lessens.

“I usually am,” you tease, giving him a quick peck on the lips. “Now can we please eat?”

He allows you to escape his hold and grab his hand. As he follows you from the suffocating space of the bathroom, he thinks he can hear a quiet tease of maniacal giggling. Alarm grips him but the grating sound is gone as quickly as it appeared. His heart races at the phantom sound of amusement. *It’s just your imagination.* You throw a glance back at him over your shoulder and he prays he isn’t wrong.

Chapter End Notes

"And I know that I can fight or I can let the lion win,
I begin to assemble what weapons I can find,
'Cause sometimes to stay alive you gotta kill your mind."

-Migraine by Twenty One Pilots

I want to hear from you, dear readers! If you've made it this far into my story, you know how much inspiration I find in music. What I want to know are the songs *you* associate with Saeyoung and/or Saeran. I am constantly on the lookout for new music and am curious what my readers enjoy. So let me know in the comments!
The Eye Of The Storm Part 1

Chapter Summary

You and Saeran set out for your first official date but not without some bumps along the way.

Chapter Notes

A chapter that is less than 10k! Someone give me an award. (j/k) I decided to split this chapter into two because I knew if I didn't /Emimilykity/ would literally kill me. I <3 you, girl!

The lyrics used in this chapter are from 'You, My Star' by Jung Yong Hwa

I created the RFA chat room using this site. http://shaorankun.com/mmchat/ You should check it out, it's pretty cool.

Don't have a lot to say, except I hope you enjoy the first part of this chapter.

Music:

Sweater Weather - Kurt Hugo Schneider & Alyson Stoner
Technicolor Beat - Oh Wonder
I Want You To Want Me - Chase Holfelder

This will also be the playlist for the second part of the chapter unless I decide to add more (let's be realistic, I will add more)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oh Zen, what did you do?

The anguished thought repeats itself a multitude of times as you scroll through the abundance of concerned texts you’ve received since the night before. Every member of the RFA has taken the time to check in with you, some more frequent--and panicked--than others. But all of them revealing that Zen has been busy warning the others of Saeran’s behavior and his threats against the ivory-haired member. As you’re trying to catch up with everyone’s inquiries to your well-being, the phone vibrates in your hand with multiple incoming texts.
Your brow furrows at your husband’s terse words. Quickly, you open the messenger app and wait impatiently for it to load. Tapping the chatroom icon, you’re surprised to see an open room with almost every RFA member in attendance. Drawing in a deep breath, you once again tap the screen and wait for the room to load.
ZEN
COME ON

ZEN
haven't you ever done something you regret when you're drunk??

707
I don't drink

707
this is a perfect example why

707
people do stupid and cruel things when they're drunk

ZEN
cruel??
707, Jaehee Kang, Jumin Han, Yoosung★, ZEN, MC

like threatening to kill someone isn't???

707

only the stupid applies to you

Jumin Han

Perhaps it would be best

Jumin Han

if this matter was dealt with outside the messenger.

707

I thought that's what we were doing

707

until I started getting panicked texts from everyone
They have a right to know!

MC, Thank God you're here

You're awake!

How is your tummy?

Good morning, Jaehee!

Um...yes, I'm feeling much better

MC! Are you alright?
Yoosung★
we've all been trying to reach you

707
I told them you were hungover

707
apparently my word isn't good enough around here anymore

707
Jaehee Kang
That's not the case,
Saeyoung

Jaehee Kang
But I'm sure you understand our concern.

Jaehee Kang
A death threat is a serious matter.

MC
This is all a misunderstanding...

707
don't waste your breath

707
obviously everyone would rather believe
707

my brother is some kind of psychopath

Jumin Han

Not at all

Jumin Han

However, if you would like

Jumin Han

I know of an excellent therapist I can recommend

Jumin Han

He is very discreet

707

Saeran already has a doctor

707

he's IN therapy
707: this has nothing to do with that

707: have faith in Saeran

707: please

707: he believed he was protecting MC

ZEN: how is that even his place?

ZEN: you're her husband
ZEN: if you have no problem with me

ZEN: he shouldn't either

MC: Zen...

707: because he's my brother

707: at the very least her friend

ZEN: Maybe he should be more worried about
ZEN:
this mystery man she's been seeing

MC:
...what? lol

Jumin Han:

Jaehee Kang:
Yoosung★

mystery man? what? who?

707

Woah, how drunk were you?
Yoosung★
Is that true, MC?

Yoosung★
you’ve been

Yoosung★
seeing someone behind Seven’s back??

MC
lol of course not

MC
I guess last night was full of misunderstandings

Jumin Han
Regardless, this appears to be a family matter.
Jumin Han
It would be disrespectful to continue discussing it.

Jaehee Kang
Mr. Han

Jaehee Kang
I'm afraid it's time for your meeting.

Jumin Han
Yes

Jumin Han
MC, please contact me later

Jumin Han
We must go over this year's guest list.
MC: Alright

MC: I will call you this afternoon if your schedule permits.

Jumin Han: Thank you.

Jumin Han: I shall make the time.

Jumin Han: Assistant Kang

Jaehee Kang: Yes, I will be right there, sir.
MC, if you would like to talk later.

Please don’t hesitate to call me.

Thank you, Jaehee.

Of course.

Now if you’ll excuse me.
“Goddamnit,” you mutter under your breath. You’re beginning to wish you hadn’t even gone to your friend’s house the night before; or, at the very least, didn’t drink quite so much. Alcohol has always loosened your tongue and with everything going on in your life, you should have been more careful. As you expected, your phone begins to vibrate with another incoming text.
God, I'm so sorry

What I told you

I told you that in confidence

I know! I'm sorry!

I wasn't thinking!

I get that you're upset. But that doesn't give you the right to blab about my personal life

You're right, I shouldn't have said that.

I'm sorry

Please just lay off Saeran, okay?

he's going through some stuff

and you're hurting Saeyoung
Heaving a deep sigh, you plop down on the sofa and tuck your legs beneath you. Your head falls back and you gaze at the water stained ceiling blindly. The sound of running water drifts from the open bathroom door. For a minute, you contemplate joining Saeran in the shower, but quickly dismiss it. Last night, the two of you stuffed yourself with ice cream and discussed many things you wanted to do today. If you give into the compulsive hunger that food couldn’t possibly satiate, you’ll never leave the apartment. Besides that, your new husband is still insecure about you seeing him bare chested. He doesn’t have to express this to you; it’s not difficult to figure out. You can’t remember the last time, if ever, you saw him without some article of clothing covering the top half of his body. Even on the rare times you and Saeyoung are able to drag him to the beach, he remains hidden, preferring to spend his time far away from the ocean’s edge.

In the beginning, you believed it was only to cover up the reminder of his time at Mint Eye. It was only later that Saeyoung explained fully about their childhood and the cruelty of their mother. You had your suspicions about the physical abuse he’d suffered while in Rika’s care, but it wasn’t until the other night when you felt the small scars covering his back that the abstract morphed into reality and all the torment he’s been through finally became authentic. It’s a miracle he’s managed to trust anyone after everything he’s been through. No more. You think furiously. From now on I’ll give my life to ensure he’s happy and loved.

Tiny pricks stab your eyes and you blink rapidly, doing what you can to prevent tears from falling. You don’t want Saeran to find you with red, wet eyes and worry that he’s done something to upset you; or even worse, believe someone else has done so. The device in your hand vibrates yet again and you glance down, an involuntary smile spreading across your face.
Good morning, Wife.

Good morning, my devilishly handsome husband

ooo, compliments first thing in the morning

you must be in a good mood

well, I was...

what the hell is Zen thinking?!

I wish I knew

...he knows about you and Saeran?

NO!

all he knows is that there's someone else

I didn't give him details

I'm not sure I'm comfortable with him knowing even that much
A movement catches your eye and you see Saeran disappear into the bedroom. The door shuts quietly behind him and you scowl.

“Open!” you call out, half afraid to get up and open it yourself.

The door remains closed and you set your feet on the floor. Whether to run for the front door or check on your husband, you don’t know. When the doorway opens, you breathe a sigh of relief.

“Sorry,” Saeran grins, sticking his head out to speak. “Old habits.”

You give him the sternest look you can muster, but he merely chuckles. “You’re awfully cute when you’re trying to act angry,” he laughs and disappears back into the bedroom. Your face relaxes into a smile at his reaction, unable to feel anything but joy when he laughs. For good measure, however, you grab one of the sofa throw pillows and throw it at the now empty doorway.
You release a spontaneous groan then slap a hand over your mouth. Your eyes dart up to the
bedroom’s threshold, fearing that Saeran may have heard you. Sitting in silence, your body alert, you try to listen for movement in the other room, but can’t hear anything.

Biting your lip, you debate with yourself about calling out to him again. You don’t want him to think you don’t trust him, but the lack of noise coming from the next room concerns you. This constant feeling of being on edge is disconcerting and frustrating. “Saeran,” you finally prod in hesitation, hoping nothing is wrong.

“Hmm?” he answers immediately and you let out the breath you’ve been holding.

“Nothing,” you voice, now feeling ridiculous for worrying. “I was just...checking.”

“Would you like me to sing or something?” The smile in his voice strangely eases your embarrassment and you giggle.

Unprompted, the smooth cadence of his singing voice floats from the open bedroom and washes over you. A pleasant tingle blooms in your chest and spreads throughout your body. The broad smile that spreads across your lips is impossible to suppress. Eyes closed, you clutch your phone to your chest. Briefly, you permit yourself get lost in the lyrics you’re being serenaded with.

“Do you know? You’re the only small star in my heart
I will only look at you for always
Do you know? When we’re together
Do you know how much we shine?”

Saeran’s voice draws closer and you open your eyes, taking in the sight of him standing just inside the living room. Completely captivated, you watch him roll up the sleeves of the charcoal gray button-down shirt. He looks up to catch you staring and your face heats at the slight grin that splits his face.

Moving behind the sofa, he leans over and gives you a sweet kiss. He smells of soap and shampoo, the taste of mint from his toothpaste still lingering on his tongue. Pulling away, he stares down at you for a few heartbeats before giving you several more quick, closed mouthed kisses.

“What is that song? I’ve never heard it before,” you comment when he finally releases you. You climb to your knees and rest your elbows on the sofa back, watching as he putters around the kitchen in search of something to eat. “There is no food, by the way.”

“I have no idea,” he laughs, turning to rest back against the counter. “The neighbors have a daughter who plays it loud enough to wake the dead. It’s been in my head for weeks now. At first, I hated it, but I think I’m starting to get used to it; it reminds me of you.”

“Well, it may just be because you’re singing it, but I like it. You have a wonderful voice.”

His cheeks pinken, his gaze dropping as he clears his throat. “Thanks,” he mutters. “Saeyoung’s a better singer, though.”

Realization that you’ve neglected to answer your husband’s last text hits you and you gasp.
“Is something wrong?”

You glance up then back down, shaking your head. “Oh...no,” you answer absentmindedly, your fingers flying across the digital keyboard. “I forgot I was texting Saeyoung.”

“You’re always jealous, aren’t you? My dear Saeran.”

Your eyes lift from the bright screen, giving him your full attention. The flush that covers his neck all the way up to the tips of his ears belies the cool demeanor he tries to maintain. Oh, Saeran.

“I’m asking if we can take one of his cars into the city,” you explain in hopes of calming the storm you can see brewing in his eyes. Have you always been this jealous? Is it you that can’t stand the thought of me talking to your brother, or is it Unknown? Is it both? “Is this the way it’s always going to be?”
Saeran flinches despite the gentleness of your tone and drops his gaze to the floor. The color in his neck flowers on his cheeks and he shrugs. “This week is supposed to be mine.”

“It is,” you assure him, wishing there were some way to be honest while erasing the resentment and self-doubt on his face. “Saeran, I’m here and I want to be here, but I can’t just pretend that he isn’t my husband when I’m with you.” You pause, your apprehension growing the longer he avoids your stare.

Setting your phone down, you stand and close the distance between you. Wrapping your arms around his neck, you stretch up to press your mouth to his in a gentle kiss. “Don’t let this ruin our day,” you whisper against him, massaging the back of his neck.

To your relief, the tension drains from him and he returns your embrace. He buries his face in your neck, his hands splaying across your back as he inhales deeply. His arms hold you against him and he releases a bitter laugh. “Our first morning together and I’m already fucking things up.”

“That’s not true,” you scold, pulling back to gaze up at him. You cup his face, making sure his eyes do not stray from yours. “I was able to wake up in my husband’s arms and hear him sing for only me. I couldn’t ask for a better start to my day.”

The pleased smile that splits his face sends a slow stream of warmth to fill your body. “You’re right,” he says and rests his forehead against yours. “I guess lack of food is making me grumpy.”

“Then kiss your wife and let’s get out of here,” you suggest, brushing your lips against his. Saeran cradles your head and slants his mouth over yours. His tongue teases the seam of your lips and you readily grant him access. It flirts with yours in invitation and you release a quiet moan, your arms pulling him closer as you eagerly accept. Your senses promptly fill with the taste and smell of him.

You can’t say how long you stand there in his arms, but when you finally part, you are both panting from lack of oxygen. Your lips are swollen from the fervor of your kisses, your bodies straining towards one another in need. The lust that darkens his eyes sends a thrill through your body that doesn’t stop until it reaches your core. Your cunt throbs in time to the beat of your heart, your clit engorged almost to the point of pain.

Your desire to scale his slender frame and wrap your legs around his waist is powerful. The hands clutching his biceps compress rhythmically as you press your thighs tight together. “We should go,” you say through large gulps of air. You force your hands to slide down his arms, capturing his hands, you step back and pull him with you. “I want to show my husband off to the world,” you beam, finding pleasure in the color that paints his cheeks.

When you step out into the warm summer air, Saeran slips on a dark pair of classic aviator-style glasses. “Well, your sexiness factor just flew off the charts,” you tease to cover the immediate desire to pull him right back into the apartment and fuck until neither of you can move.

The bashful smile he gives you in return makes your heart skip a beat. Sensing his hesitation to grab your hand, you instead reach for his and immediately lace your fingers through it. “We should go,” you say through large gulps of air. You force your hands to slide down his arms, capturing his hands, you step back and pull him with you. “I want to show my husband off to the world,” you beam, finding pleasure in the color that paints his cheeks.

Glancing at Saeran from the corner of your eye, you can’t help comparing the brothers. The draw you feel towards the younger twin is more than merely the fact that he looks like his twin. Both men
share similar traits that you find irresistible. Kindness, compassion, empathy, and bravery are just a few of the characteristics you cherish in them. But it’s also their differences that attracts you. Saeyoung is loud and boisterous with a goofy kind of humor you find endearing. On the other hand Saeran is quiet and contemplative, his humor dry and sarcastic.

Two sides of the same coin that belongs only to me. The thought makes you giddy and your fingers tighten around Saeran’s. He glances down at you with a radiant smile, the joy he’s feeling written all over his face. “I’m so happy to be here with you,” you comment, hugging his arm and resting your head on his shoulder as you continue walking.

“Me too.” He places a kiss on the top of your head and sighs with contentment. “I never thought I could feel this way,” he comments in a low voice. When you look back up at him, he’s staring at the white, fluffy clouds that fill the summer sky. He closes his eyes and inhales deeply. “I never thought I deserved to feel this way,” he continues, his gaze returning to your face. “My whole life I’ve been told that I’m worthless. When I was young, I was weak and depended on my brother to protect me even though he was just a kid. When I was with him was the only time I felt safe, no matter what.” He pauses and brushes back the strands of hair the breeze has blown into your face. “Now I realize that all that I went through was so I could properly love and protect you. With you, I’ve finally realized what true happiness is.”

Your eyes burn but you refuse to let yourself cry; refuse to ruin this day with tears. “After we eat, how do you feel about helping me pick out some clothes?”

Saeran raises a brow. “You trust me to choose something?”

Humming in confirmation, you nod. “Saeyoung does it all the time.”

“He knows a lot more about clothes than I do,” he points out.

“You don’t have to know anything about them to know what you find attractive,” you counter with a sniff.

“I think you’re beautiful no matter what you wear,” Saeran confesses softly, and your face warms. “But if it means that much to you, I’ll help.”

He chuckles at your squeal of celebration and the sound reassures you that the foul mood he displayed earlier has vanished.

That is, until you approach the outskirts of your property. The nearer you draw, the more Saeran’s mood shifts into something you can’t quite put your finger on. He seems to withdraw into himself, his shoulders hunching with each step. The sunglasses do a well enough job of hiding his eyes, but you can still see the blank expression in them as he stares at the ground in front of him. Even though he still holds your hand, he feels a million miles away.

“Everything okay?” you inquire tensely. Your heart is in your throat and you’re not sure why. Nothing has happened to trigger Unknown’s appearance, but you are the first to admit that you have a very loose understanding of your husband’s condition. Mentally, you make a note to stop by a bookstore during your shopping expedition. The more I know, the more I can help him.

Saeran turns his attention to you, blinking as if trying to clear something from his eyes. “Oh…I…” his words falter and, for a brief moment, appears distracted before the life snaps back into his stare. “Do you want me to give you and Saeyoung some time alone together before we go?” His voice almost sounds normal, but you can still detect a hint of irritation as you begin making your way up the long driveway.
“Don’t be silly,” you answer and elbow him in the ribs playfully. “He’s not even home. That’s what we were texting about, by the way,” you glance at him from the corner of your eye and you bite your lip at his lack of response. His gaze falls back onto the expanse of concrete and you sigh inwardly. “Well, that and how hot his brother is; especially those noises he makes when he comes.” Saeran’s head snaps up, his face turning a deep crimson.

To your surprise, he catches you around the waist and pulls you flush against him, claiming your mouth in a kiss that is full of hunger. His tongue pushes past your lips in pursuit of yours. Finding what he seeks, he releases a low groan at your impassioned response. The ardor of his affection bruises your lips but still you match his fervency. You press your body against his with urgency, but no matter how close you manage to get, it’s not enough.

His mouth parts from yours and travels the length of your neck. Pulling down the collar of your T-shirt, he nips at your collarbone, provoking a gasp. He smiles against your skin, moving back up your neck to finally rest next to your ear. His inflamed respiration raises goosebumps along your arm and makes your scalp tingle.

“It’s already difficult to keep my hands off you,” he breathes and your eyes close to savor the huskiness of his voice. “Then you say things like that and make it damn near impossible.”

Saeran’s hand cups one breast and gives it a gentle squeeze before his fingertips trace the shape of its hardened tip. Your back arches into him in a silent plea for more, which he readily provides. The hand slips under your shirt and tugs at the engorged nipple through the fabric of your thin bra. A whimper escapes your throat as your head falls back. Saeran nips at the exposed column of your throat then drags his tongue across the stinging flesh.

Your body is ablaze for him; every cell existing only for his enjoyment. Whatever he lacks in experience, he more than makes up for with enthusiasm. His hands are everywhere, staying in one place only long enough to arouse a sigh or moan before moving on to another burning part of your body. The stimulation of both his mouth and hands drive you mad with lust. As with his brother, Saeran is able to make you forget the world around you. The only things that exist are the two of you and the yearning that cries out for fulfillment.

“Do you… oh, God… want to go…inside?” you manage to ask. The exhilaration you’re feeling at your husband’s attention makes it difficult to catch your breath.

He rests his forehead against yours, his eyes closed as he tries to steady his breath. His hands move to rest beneath your ears and the thumbs caressing your face cause a shiver to run through you. “God, I’m tempted,” he answers in a barely audible voice. If his body didn’t indicate to you how turned on he is, the raw longing in his words certainly would. “But no, I want to spend the day spoiling you, then I want to spend the night loving you.” He pauses to press his lips against yours in a light kiss, the softness of his mouth barely grazing yours. “I have a feeling once is not going to satisfy my craving for you.”

Your fingers twist in the open collar of his shirt, pulling even though you’re already as close as humanly possible. The only way we could get closer is if he was inside me.” “I want you so much,” you breathe. “If you’ve wanted me like this for so long, how did you ever manage to stay away? I feel like I’m being consumed by flames.”

Saeran kisses the tip of your nose then pulls back to stare into your gaze. “I grew up wanting things I knew I could never have. I learned how to take the disappointment and turn it into an indicator that I was still alive. And as long as I was still alive I didn’t care if the things I craved were out of reach. Everything was just a passing distraction anyway. But you…I’ve never needed something the way I
do you. For so long, merely being near you was enough. And then it wasn’t,” his voice trails off, a shadow crossing his features. “With Unknown back, I won’t blame you if...but...I don’t think I can live without you now.”

“You could,” you state with certainty, “because you’re strong. But you won’t have to.” Your arms snake around his waist and squeeze. “You and me and Saeyoung...we’re all going to grow old together,” you promise with a soft smile, visions of the future with both your husbands warming your heart.

“I want to believe that,” Saeran whispers. The longing in his voice causes a strong sense of protectiveness to rise within you. “But-”

“No buts,” you interrupt with a scowl. “I know what you’re thinking, and Unknown or not, I’m not leaving you. Whatever happens, I’m going to be by your side...always.”

With a melancholy smile, he runs a hand over your long tresses. “I hope so,” he says in a soft voice. He bites his lip. The expression on his face changes to one of indecision. His mouth opens, then closes in a thin line before he finally makes up his mind about what to say. “He’s in love with you,” he finally reveals.

You stare at him in confusion before what he’s telling you clicks. “What?” The volume of your voice rises in disbelief.

“That’s impossible. Saeran doesn’t know everything he did to me last night.

“I don’t think he realizes it,” Saeran is saying, the soothing caress on your head managing to keep you calm. “What he feels for you goes against everything he’s about. So he gets angry because that’s what he knows. Then to him, it’s your fault and you need to be punished.” He shakes his head. “It’s bizarre and messed up, I know, but...not surprising. I mean, how could he not love you? He’s me, or at least a piece of me.”

You stare up at him helplessly, unsure what to say. “I...I don’t...Saeran, I don’t know what to do with that information.”

“You do nothing,” he answers. The force of his reply makes you blink even as a sweet shiver runs down your spine at his intensity. “Are you listening, MC? I don’t care what he feels for you, he’s still dangerous and volatile. If you even suspect that he’s taken over, you get away. I don’t care where we are or what we’re doing; you run as far away as you can. Promise.”

“I-I swear,” you vow, willing to say anything to calm down his frenzied state. He pulls you into a tight embrace, the strength of his arms squeezing all the air from your lungs. You don’t complain, however, merely let him hold you.

“I shouldn’t have said anything,” he admits after a few minutes of silence. “I’m just so scared of what he might do to you. I thought if you knew…”

Shushing him, you pull away and brush the hair from his eyes. “Forewarned is forearmed,” you say firmly, your face full of determination. “I’m glad you told me. Do you trust me?”

“...with my life,” Saeran whispers, the sincerity in his voice making your throat burn with restrained emotion. “But it’s not my life I’m worried about.”

Your lips turn down in a frown, your perfectly arched brows furrowing to express the gravity of your words. “Now it’s your turn to listen. I am going to be fine,” you affirm, placing your fingers over his open mouth to halt whatever fears he means to interrupt with. “I’m not as fragile as you believe. I know you’re trying to protect me and I love you for it, but when push comes to shove, I can protect
myself. The only way to guarantee my safety is to stay away from each other, but I don’t like that idea. I can’t picture my life without you in it now.

Your fingers slide into his attractively unkempt curls and pull him down into one more soul shaking kiss. The way your mouths fit so perfectly together reaffirms your belief that this was always meant to be. You only wish it hadn’t taken you so long to figure it out. “Now, no more depressing talk,” you demand when you finally part. “This is our first official date and I won’t allow it to be ruined by dire predictions of things that may not even happen.” Seizing his hand you pull him in the direction of the open garage. “Come on, let’s go choose which overpriced hunk of metal we’re going to take.”

“Saeyoung would be highly offended if he heard you say that about his babies,” Saeran laughs, allowing you to lead the way.

Glancing over your shoulder you grin and give him a wink. “Good thing he’s not here then, isn’t it?”

Pausing just inside the immense garage, you gesture grandly to the numerous cars it houses. “Pick your poison.”

Saeran raises a brow then scans the expensive automobiles. “How about that one?” He points to the cobalt blue roadster you happen to know costs a small fortune and is one of the rarer vehicles your husband has obtained.

“Perfect,” you state, beaming a smile in your new husband’s direction. You begin moving to the back row of cars, digging in your bag for an elastic hair tie. “A-ha!” you exclaim triumphantly, holding up the small object and pulling your hair into a low ponytail.

“Uh...are you sure Saeyoung isn’t going to mind us taking this?”

Offering a negligible shrug, you kneel to retrieve the Ferrari’s key fob. “According to Saeyoung, what’s his is mine and I say it’s okay.”

Standing, you present Saeran with your prize. After a slight hesitation, he accepts the key with a grin and slides into the driver’s side bucket seat. Foregoing the time it would take to open your door, you hop up on the passenger side window and swing your legs around to drop into the opposite seat.

Once you’re both settled, Saeran twists the key into the ignition. Immediately the engine begins to purr and he throws you an excited grin. “I still think owning all these things is a huge waste of money. But I have to admit, being behind the wheel of one is pretty sweet.”

You laugh and poke in him the ribs to encourage him to get going. The day is wasting away and there are still several things on today’s agenda. First being, grab something to eat.

Saeran maneuvers the vehicle through the open garage door and takes a deep lungful of the sweet summer breeze. Looking up, he notices how perfect the snowy-white clouds look contrasted against the bright blue of the sky. “You know,” he begins, keeping his foot on the brake to appreciate the beauty above him, “gazing at the clouds used to be my favorite thing to do.”

You reach out and place a hand on his muscled thigh, unable to ignore the urge to give it a light squeeze. “Used to be?” you inquire with curiosity.

He emits a hum of confirmation before returning his attention to your face. “It’s still beautiful; but I’ve found something even more beautiful to gaze at when I need to relax.” His fingers brush back a few stray hairs that you’d managed to miss and gives you the sweetest smile you’d ever seen on him.

Heat tightens your face, the mere action of smiling stretching and stinging your flesh. “Don’t say
things like that,” you scold, though your smile belies your anger. A thought comes to you and you grin mischievously. “Not unless you want my head in your lap again. Do you think you could drive safely with my lips wrapped around your dick?”

It’s Saeran’s turn to blush and shift in his seat. “I never knew you were so...bold,” he manages to voice through the image your words have painted in his mind.

“I’m not always,” you confess. It’s an action you’ve performed more than once, much to Saeyoung’s hearty approval. But he’s not his brother, MC. Slow down and figure out what he likes. Leaning over you slide your hand higher up the inside of his thigh. “There’s something about you, Saeran, that makes me want to touch you everywhere; no matter where we are. But, if you’d rather I behave myself...” you go to remove your hand from his body and he catches it quickly with his own and presses it back down.

“I like it,” he confesses thickly, pausing for only a brief second before moving your clasped hands higher to rest just beside his crotch.”I have to admit, you touching me is the sweetest torture; one I never want to be released from.” The heat radiating from his body seeps into yours and causes a stream of red-hot desire to flow straight between your legs.

Pulling away from the bunker, he raises your hands to graze his lips over the back of yours. The hot breath that fans across your delicate skin makes you shiver in delight.

He has no idea how hot he is.

The heat that’s pooled in your belly, surges forth to ignite every nerve ending. You shift in your seat, trying desperately to relieve some of the pressure that’s swiftly building up in your sex.

Ten minutes into the ride, Saeran chances a glance in your direction. “Why do you keep staring at me?”

You raise an eyebrow in question. “Is it bothering you?

“No,” he answers slowly. “It does make me curious, however.”

“I’m just enjoying the view,” you shrug one shoulder. “I happen to think you look excessively sexy. In fact, I’m afraid to have you be seen in public. All the women are going to be throwing themselves at my husband.”

Saeran laughs good-naturedly and gives your fingers a tight squeeze. “Too bad for them; I only have eyes for you,” he teases then brings your hand back to his mouth for a light kiss.

Those ten simple words cause a thrill of excitement to travel down your spine and through your extremities. He’s mine. He’s sexy and kind and gentle and loyal. And all mine.

The remainder of your ride passes by in comfortable silence. Despite the center console, you lean your head against his shoulder, delighting in the small kiss he places there.

“How about trying out that new burger place they opened in the mall?” you ask loudly, trying to be heard over the wind that’s having its way with your hair.

Saeran shrugs, “Fine by me. We can get everything done in one place.” He looks down at you with an unexpected stare full of lust and longing. “The sooner we’re done, the sooner you’re in my bed.”

An entirely different sort of shiver travels the length of your body. As much as you’re looking forward to spending the day doing ‘couple’s’ activities with Saeran, you can’t deny it’s what happens once you’re back in his apartment that intrigues you the most. You’ve already decided to deny him the opportunity to let you take charge of your first lovemaking encounter. No, you want to feel the weight of him pressing you down into the mattress; to see how far you can push him before...
he completely loses control. Most of all, you want to be the object that receives the brunt of years of restrained lust. You want him to unleash all the sexual frustration he’d had to hold in check all this time as he’s watched you with his brother; to make every fantasy of his come true.

Yes, tonight is going to be amazing. You’re going to use the day to ensure when the time comes, you’re both in a frenzy of need with all inhibitions vanquished.

It’s almost embarrassing how soaked you were merely having him in your mouth last night. The innocent moans and groans of the pleasure you supplied him with filled you with an immense feeling of sexual prowess you’d never felt before. Several times you’d been tempted to reach down to find relief from the intense throbbing of your clit. It wouldn’t haven’t taken more than a couple of concentrated strokes to drive you over the precipice you’d been tottering on since the first delicious taste of him. When Saeran had finally let go and touched you, thrusting into the hot cavern of your mouth, you almost came with no stimulation at all.

Even the memory of it now has your thighs slick with want. If your mouth can bring you both to such heights of ecstasy, you can only imagine what your lovemaking will feel like; and you can’t wait until this day is over to find out.

Parking is a nightmare, as you knew it would be. The five-story shopping center advertises a one-stop shopping experience like no other. The multitude of businesses that rushed to rent the smallest of spaces were the lucky ones. You’ve heard on the news there is still a two year waiting list for even a portable kiosk. Attached to the enormous building are several multi-level parking garages. Saeran immediately heads to the covered parking, squeezing into the last space reserved for compact cars, much to the ire of the man he stole it from.

You both give the irate middle-aged man a shrug of apology. With no thought or hesitation, your fingers interlace and you begin the long walk to the mall proper.

“Great idea parking in the garage,” you comment hugging his arm close. “If it happened to rain and the interior were ruined, I think Saeyoung might divorce me.”

“But you’d still have me,” Saeran voices, the shyness in his tone pulling at your heart.

“That’s very true,” you answer, running a hand over his chest. “And an excellent specimen of manhood you are. We would have beautiful babies.”

You both freeze the second the words leave your mouth. Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid! You force a laugh and smack him playfully on the arm. “Kidding!” you intone, praying this doesn’t turn into an issue.

“You,” he begins then clears his throat, shoving his free hand into his pocket. “Kids, huh?”

“Well, yeah, someday,” you confess, at the same time waving a hand over his chest. “And an excellent specimen of manhood you are. We would have beautiful babies.”

You both freeze the second the words leave your mouth. Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid! You force a laugh and smack him playfully on the arm. “Kidding!” you intone, praying this doesn’t turn into an issue.

“You,” he begins then clears his throat, shoving his free hand into his pocket. “Kids, huh?”

“Well, yeah, someday,” you confess, at the same time waving a hand in dismissal. “It’s not even a thought yet, though. I mean Saeyoung and I have vaguely said ‘someday’ but it’s not like we’re planning….,” your words falter and you bite down hard on your lip.

“You don’t want children with me?” The sadness in his question shatters you.

You pull him to a stop and lock your gaze with his. “Of course I want children with you, Saeran. But right now…this is all so new… Can we just enjoy being with one another for a while before getting into the hard-hitting issues?” You give him a gentle smile and stand on your toes to press your lips tenderly against his.

“You’re right,” he states, resting his forehead against yours, one arm wrapped tightly around your
waist. “I turned a joke into something grave.” He showers your face with light kisses, ending at your mouth for a not so light one. “Do you forgive me?”

You pretend to consider then grin at him. “Only if you feed me. I am starving.”

“Already failing at the first duty of being a husband,” he teases. The smile he gives you melts your heart and causes a hot throbbing to once again pick up its beat between your thighs.

“Don’t worry, hon, you’ll get the hang of it.” With that, you pull him forward toward the glass elevator that will take you to the bottom floor of the shopping complex.

The blast of cool air that hits your sweat soaked bodies as soon as you enter the automatic doors causes a slight tremor to run through your body.

“Cold?” Saeran is quick to inquire, wrapping an arm round your shoulder and pulling you close.

You smile and shake your head. “The A/C in here certainly is top-notch though.” You once again clasp his hand and move toward a large map of the mall’s interior. You point to small red dot with the words ‘you are here’ printed below them. “Well, according to this, we still have quite a bit of walking to do. Feel like doing some window shopping on the way?”

Your brows raise in excitement and you bounce on the balls of your feet, obviously delighted with the idea. Saeran laughs and laces his fingers through yours, giving them a tight squeeze.

“Anything you want, Beautiful,” he says then leans down to give you a quick peck on the lips.

You set off in the direction of the restaurant the map indicated, your eyes wide at the variety of different stores to peruse. You pause outside the display case of an upscale jewelry store, your eyes riveted on the bangle that sits on a cushion of black silk.

“Isn’t it beautiful?” you breathe in something close to reverence. You glance at your husband then back to the exquisite piece of jewelry wondering how you can ever explain how important this deceptively simple bangle has suddenly become so important to you.

“Do you see?” you inquire, tracing with a slender finger through the glass. “The bangle itself represents me and the two diamond encrusted infinity symbols are you and Saeyoung. You’re forever bound to me, watching over and protecting me,” you pause, blinking back tears you didn’t even realize were welling in your eyes. Fanning yourself, you turn away from the treasure that has somehow become so significant to you. It’s almost as if it were made for you.

“I see it,” Saeran admits, his grip on your hand on the verge of painful.

Swiping at your eyes, you force a giggle and pull him away from the fancy display. “That thing probably costs a fortune and I’m still starving! Let’s go get some grub.”

Hand in hand you weave your way through the sea of people until, finally, at long last, arrive at your destination. Apparently being the new “it” place to be, no one is surprised that the line snakes several feet out the door. Standing on your toes to survey the lucky ones who chose to dine inside, you see that all available seating is taken.

Your eyes fall on a very familiar, disheveled, vermillion shade of hair. You are at once ecstatic before panic sets in. Your eyes dart up to your second husband, but he hasn’t seemed to found his brother yet. Chill, MC. This is not a big deal. So what if there’s a man inside Saeran who wants
nothing more than to kill my first husband? It's not like it's going to happen here…I hope.

You open your mouth to suggest trying somewhere else but then Saeyoung spots you. The huge grin on his face cannot be ignored and you feel your mouth spreading wide into one of return.

“Hey, guys!” he yells over the loud din and motions you over. God, please don't let this be a disaster.

Chapter End Notes

If you're interested in seeing the bangle that got you all choked up, you can see it here.

Chapter Summary

Your first date with Saeran is almost everything you thought it would be. If you don't count running into your first husband, your second husband's unpredictable alter and a forgotten memory that resurfaces.

Chapter Notes

Hooooly moly, this chapter is massive. I know I've said that before, but I really mean it this time.

Thank you, Eminimilykity! You spent so much time beta reading this one and I appreciate it. Also, don't think I didn't see you fixing my punctuation errors without pointing them out. You the real MVP.

Thank you so much to all of my readers. I'm overwhelmed with how much love and support I've received. Writing is hard, and there are some days that I just want to throw in the towel despite all the chattering the twins do in my head. But knowing that people are reading, and enjoying, my imagination motivates me to keep going (and the fact that Eminimilykity might hunt me down and kill me if I quit). Please enjoy the new chapter and I swear, next chapter, Saeran finally gets some well-deserved love.

Music (because you knew I would):

I Walk The Line - Halsey
Inside Out - The Chainsmokers
Technicolour Beat - Mike Tompkins (this is a cover of Oh Wonder's song and it. is. awesome.)
Halo - Peter Katz

The huge, irresistible grin Saeyoung directs at you still makes your heart race. Your answering one is as impossible to contain as pulling the moon from the sky. The love between you still burns bright enough to warm those that are lucky enough to witness it; those except his twin brother. The potential for trouble doesn’t even occur to you; not until Saeran drops your hand. Dropping would actually be a nice way of putting it as the action feels more like the act of flinging you away from him with disgust.

The smile fades from your shapely lips, and the last thing you see before your eyes sink completely closed is Saeyoung’s fading into a frown of concern. Turning your head in your second husband’s direction, you open your eyes to see him standing with his hands on his hips, glaring at you with hurt and anger.

“I didn’t know he’d be here,” you manage to push out through the burning lump in your throat. As happy as your first husband’s unexpected appearance makes you, it couldn’t be a worse time for
such a random encounter. “I swear this is a coincidence.”

Saeran raises an eyebrow in distrust. “Coincidence?”

Anger builds in your gut and your face flushes. The fact he’s getting angry with you over something beyond your control is bad enough, but the suspicion in his eyes smarts more than anything else. It’s unfair and unreasonable for him to blame you for this predicament.

“Yes, Saeran,” you explain with more than a bit of sarcasm. “A remarkable concurrence of events or circumstances without apparent causal connection.”

“I’m not stupid,” he snaps, now outright glowering at you. “I know the definition. I just find it hard to believe that you were texting with my brother this morning,” he uses the sunglasses in his hand to gesture in the direction of his twin, “and lo and behold here he is.”

You stare at him, speechless for a moment before raising your brows. “This,” you begin, drawing a circle in the air to encompass the entirety of his form, “has to stop. I am trying to be as understanding as I can with both you and your brother when it comes to this whole jealousy thing. But...when you begin accusing me of lying to you, it becomes a major issue. I love you, but I’m not going to allow you to make me feel like shit for something I haven’t even done.” You pause and take a deep breath. “Now, since my other husband is here, coincidentally, and appears to be over the moon to see me, I’m going to go say hello. What you do is entirely up to you.”

You pivot to head toward the table where Saeyoung is watching with undisguised curiosity but are immediately pulled back against the solidness of Saeran’s chest. His arms wrap around your waist, holding you fast against him. His mouth rests next to your ear and you can hear the sudden anguish in his voice. “I’m sorry,” he whispers, his grip around you becoming more like a vice. “Please don’t be mad at me. Don’t hate me for loving you so much. I keep feeling that the time I have left with you is slipping through my fingers like sand. All I can do is think about the time you’ll have to leave and it’s killing me.”

His forehead drops to your shoulder and you lean back, raising a hand to stroke the thick, red mane you love so much. “I could never hate you, Saeran; never. But there are going to be times we argue and that’s OK.” You turn in his embrace, prompting him to lift his head. You stare up into his gaze, a solution to at least one of the obstacles standing in your way occurring to you out of the blue. “You know...if you move back to the bunker, you can see me every day. Your room is still there, waiting for you.”

Saeran goes still and his eyes dart to his brother who is making no attempt to disguise his interest in the scene unfolding in the busy restaurant. The younger man flinches in discomfort, then turns his attention back to you. “I’ll think about it,” he finally says, massaging his temple in pain.

“Alright,” you answer, caressing his jaw. You have enough knowledge of Saeran’s condition to realize that the sudden onset of his headache is a good indicator that Unknown is present and active. Though not an immediate threat, you still feel pressed to intercept anything that will push him over the edge. “No pressure. Look, let’s go say hello then we can find somewhere else to eat.”

“No,” Saeran answers with frustration. “I’m being ridiculous. There’s no reason we can’t have lunch with Saeyoung.” He forces a grin and tugs on a lock of your hair. “Besides, he already has a table waiting for us.”

His hand lingers on the small of your back as you twist your way through the crowd. You’re keenly aware of his touch and Saeyoung’s careful observation as you slowly make your way to him.
“Everything alright?” he questions as you take a seat across from your boisterous husband. The table is strewn with dirty food wrappers and various computer magazines, giving the appearance that he’s been here awhile.

“Just fine,” you answer beaming a smile at both of your men.

“What do you want to eat?” Saeran asks. “No need for both of us to stand in that long line.”

Looking up at him, you open your mouth to answer, but Saeyoung nails your order for you even as he shuffles through the stack of reading material in front of him. “Large fries; extra seasoning, ranch sauce for dipping; make sure you get extra of that too, and a large Dr. Pepper.”

Shrugging helplessly at Saeran, you can’t help but giggle. “He’s spot on.”

The younger twin rolls his eyes. To your surprise, he leans in and captures your mouth. His tongue slips past your lips to tease you, or to possibly mock the man sitting across from you. He parts almost as quickly as he was to seize your mouth, leaving you with little data to figure out the intention of his kiss. With a satisfied smirk, he straightens and walks away without a word.

“That was downright malicious,” Saeyoung gawks at his brother’s retreating form. He turns back to you and awkwardly clears his throat. “Hey,” he starts then pauses, idly flipping through one of the magazines scattered in front of him. “I was just wondering...did you get the picture I sent you last night? I mean, it’s not a big deal if you didn’t, I just wasn’t sure if it went through....”

“I did,” you answer with a salacious grin.

Once Saeran finally drifted off last night, you’d lain awake listening to his even breathing. Every once in a while he would whimper or sigh, immediately calming at the feel of your gentle caress on his head. Eventually, his embrace slackened and he turned away, freeing you from the comfortable weight of his body.

Slipping from the queen-sized bed, you’d retrieved your phone from the living room and at last had the opportunity to read your husband’s texts and view the picture you’d made him promise to send. Feeling somewhat guilty at how much it inflamed you, you’d glanced at the open bedroom door and set your phone back down, leaving Saeyoung unanswered.

Even now, though, your body responds to the image now imprinted in your memory. Your fingers slide across the table to barely graze his fingertips. “If we were alone, I would show you exactly how much I like it.”

The slight increase in Saeyoung’s breathing gives away his excitement. His amber gaze darkens, the carnal look he gives you increasing your respiration to match his. “Those are dangerous words,” he leans over to say quietly. “Do you have any idea how many bathrooms and dressing rooms are in this place?”

“And if this weren’t Saeran’s week, I would be the first to lead you to one,” you retort with a disappointed smile. After all these years, the mere brush of his skin against yours can still turn you into a red-hot puddle of yearning. You’re almost ashamed at how strong the desire to find a private haven for him to have his way with you is.

The older twin’s head drops to the table in mock dismay. “...killing me; you want me to die.”

Laughing, you tousle his hair affectionately. “Sit up, goofball, and tell me why you have a hundred shopping bags surrounding you.
Saeyoung pops back up with another huge grin, proving to you his whining was all for show. “So, I was walking through the mall, trying to ease the loneliness of my wife deserting me for an entire week,” he laughs as you grab one of the periodicals and smack him on the head. “Alright, alright. Seriously, I was bored. So I was just walking around, and in one of those huge department stores, they’re having a sale on blankets, so I bought all of them.”

“You...bought...the entire stock of...blankets?” you ask slowly, secretly wondering if the twenty-four hours spent alone has completely adled your husband’s brain.

He nods proudly. “I’m going to construct the largest, most epic blanket fort you’ve ever seen in your life.”

“Sweetheart, you do realize we have blankets at home, right?” You bite your lip to contain a burst of giggles at his excitement.

“Did you miss the part where I said I’m bored? I was here anyway, picking up Saeran’s ring.”

As he begins digging through the mountain of full shopping bags, you stall him with a hand on his arm. “Don’t give it to me now,” you suggest.

Saeyoung clasps your hand lightly when you release him, his thumb rubbing your palm in light circles. “Are you sure everything is alright?” he asks again. His head tilts in the direction you and Saeran had been standing in minutes before and raises a brow. “That didn’t seem like a very friendly conversation on this end.”

Conscious of the multitude of people surrounding you, you gently pull away with regret and let a sigh escape you. “It’s...fine,” you try to reassure him and sigh again at the doubtful look he gives you. “He...thought I invited you to meet us here.”

His expression changes to one of incomprehension. “So?”

You worry your bottom lip, unsure exactly how to proceed. You can’t tell him too much, but you have to tell him something. You swallow hard and lick your lips that are suddenly dry. “There have been...jealousy issues,” you explain, praying it’s not too vague. It is, of course.

Saeyoung laughs. “He’s jealous of me? Since when?”

“It’s not-” you stop yourself and bite down hard on your tongue. Close call.

“Saeran just feels like the time we have alone together is so short that he doesn’t want…”

“Bullshit,” your bespectacled husband states dryly when your words trail away. “There’s something you aren’t telling me.”

“It’s the truth.”

“But not the whole truth,” Saeyoung insists and holds up his hands in defeat. “Hey, I get it. There are things you can’t talk about with me now. I don’t like it...but I get it. However, things didn’t seem very copacetic and it worries me.”

Your palms itch with the urge to reach across the expanse of the small table to stroke his cheek. “I love you,” you tell him, wishing there were better words to express how you feel.

“I know you do,” he answers softly, his voice thick with emotion. “Are things truly okay with you two? He was acting kind of strange after that thing with Zen last night too. I noticed him brushing you off.”
“Saeyoung…”

His fingers grasp yours and squeeze to stress his point. “Just be careful, MC. Please. The last thing I want is to see you hurt.”

“Saeran would never hurt me,” you attempt to reassure him, but he only shakes his head.

“He has more power over you than either of you realize. I never want to see you with a broken heart again; not like what I put you through.”

Spotting the topic of discussion heading your way, you quickly pull away from his hold and swipe at the tears that have begun to leak from your eyes. “Everything is fine, I promise.” You clear your throat then hold out your hand. “May I see your phone for a minute, please?

Saeyoung’s brow furrows in confusion, but he obliges, watching as you open the notes app and begin typing. “Can I ask you to do something without you going all alpha male on me?”

He finally cracks one of his infamous grins and shrugs a shoulder. “I make no promises, but I can try.”

Turning the device around you show him what you’ve typed. “‘My true paradise’…what does that mean?”

“You don’t need to know,” you retort, sticking out your tongue. “Just have that engraved on the inside of Saeran’s ring. He’ll know what it means.”

Saeyoung narrows his eyes and glares at you teasingly. “It’s something kinky, isn’t it?”

“I love how your mind instantly takes everything to the bedroom,” you laugh, feeling lighter than you have since the night you slumbered safely ensconced between the loves of your life.

“…and the car, and the bathroom, and the kitchen…do you remember that one time in the elevator at C&R?”

Now it’s his turn to laugh at the bright stain of red that paints your cheeks. You do remember the event he’s referring to, and it’s a wonder you both weren’t arrested. Saeran approaches and you kick Saeyoung’s shin under the table, managing to do nothing but make him laugh harder at your embarrassment.

“What are you so happy about?” Saeran asks with more than a hint of irritation as he sets down the bounty of food and takes the seat beside you.

“What’s wrong, Baby Brother? Did you expect me to be sulking at home because you stole my wife?” Saeyoung returns, folding his hands on the table.

“Honestly? Yeah, I sort of did. If your recent behavior is anything to go by, I thought you’d be consumed by jealousy at this point. I’m amazed you’re able to show your face out in public.”

“From where I’m sitting it looks like I’m not the one currently green with envy.”

“Because you’re a moron,” Saeran scoffs, his neck flushing with anger. “As if I’d ever be jealous of you.”

“Really?” Saeyoung questions, leaning back in his chair and fidgeting with one of the magazines in front of him.
“Why would I ever want to be a man like you?” Saeran hisses, his voice dripping venom. Your eyes widen, panic choking you. You try to interject before he can say anything more he’ll regret, but he raises his voice to speak over you, his—or Unknown’s—fury too great to contain. “Why would I want to be someone so selfish that abandoning those that care about him comes as second nature? I mean, leaving your brother was bad enough, but to neglect the woman who loves you, not only once, but twice?” A dry bark of humorless laughter emits from Saeran’s throat as he shakes his head. “You’re a fucking idiot. And you’re lucky you’re the one who married her first. If given the choice, I’d die before I let another man touch her.”

“Saeran…” You try, and fail, once again to distract your furious husband’s notice. Saeyoung’s eyes are wide, his wounded expression ripping you apart. The need to explain, to reassure him, that the words coming out of his twin’s mouth aren’t his own is sizeable. Your nails leave deep crescents in your palms with the attempt to keep the information contained.

Saeran’s hands clench into tight fists, his face filled with outrage. “You think I stole her from you? She was mine from the beginning. The only thief around here is you. Jealous? No, I’m already a better man than you could ever be.”

“Cut it out!” you snap loud enough to draw the notice of the multitude of diners surrounding you. Your eyes burn painfully, your throat aching with the urge to release the plethora of powerful emotions devouring you.

Saeran’s eyes snap to yours, awareness of what he’s done apparent in the horrified look he faces you with. “MC, I…”

“You really weren’t kidding when you said hunger makes you grumpy,” you manage, lowering the volume of your voice. You turn your attention to Saeyoung. “He’s been pissy all morning,” you explain with a feeble, apologetic smile, praying that your half-deception works. Believable or not, it will have to do as you can’t think of anything else to salvage the situation. Even you acknowledge that it’s a weak excuse for the hatefulness he was just berated with.

“No…no, he’s right,” Saeyoung finally says, his eyes watering. He begins gathering his things, his eyes avoiding both you and his twin. “I…well, I’ve fucked up a lot. I don’t blame him for still being angry.” He clears his throat. “I’m gonna get lost now, give you guys your time alone. I’m sorry I interrupted your date or outing or whatever.”

Catching his wrist before he can stand and run away, you give a gentle squeeze of comfort. “Hey,” you cajole softly, waiting for his golden eyes to meet yours. “You don’t have anything to be sorry for. And you’re not unwanted. Stay and have lunch with us,” you suggest, wanting very much for him to remain. You’re afraid if he leaves while things remain as they are, that the rift that’s suddenly developed between he and his brother may never recover. “I’ll even share my fries with you.”

Offering a smile that’s only slightly brighter, you pick up a French fry and wave it in enticement. Under the table, you nudge Saeran’s foot with your own in encouragement. “Stay, hyung,” he urges with sincerity. “MC’s right. I’ve been out of sorts all day. I think I’m coming down with something. I shouldn’t have said what I did, though. I’m sorry.”

“What can I say?” you shrug with a pleased smile. “I know your weaknesses.”

“Please?” you add with a pout you know Saeyoung can’t resist.

The relief that flows through you at his nod temporarily weakens your limbs. “Alright,” he sighs, snatching the food from your fingers and popping it into his mouth. “You don’t fight fair. Food and pouting?”

“What can I say?” you shrug with a pleased smile. “I know your weaknesses.”
“You certainly do,” comes his murmured reply, his eyes dropping to your chest. His heated gaze lifts to yours with a knowing grin.

Your body responds to the promise in his stare. Your awareness is so focused on him that you start when Saeran’s warm fingers squeeze your bare knee and slide up to stroke your inner thigh. You turn to him in surprise and his lips seize yours in a clear act of possessiveness. For an instant, you allow yourself to give in to the kiss, your mouth yielding to every movement of his.

“You, guys?” Saeyoung’s voice penetrates the invisible bubble that’s formed around you and his brother, bursting it with efficiency. Reality rushes back to the forefront of your consciousness and you remember where you are and who exactly is with you. “It’s not that I don’t...you know, love...watching you make out in front of me, but...uh...I’m pretty sure your food is getting cold.”

You wrench away from Saeran, the now familiar feeling of guilt returning your concentration back to the older twin. Your skin, already flushed with the arousal building within you, turns a bright shade of red.

“Right, sorry,” the younger twin mumbles, his hand retreating from your leg to reach for his food. He avoids your eyes, his stare focused intently on the cheeseburger he’s unwrapping.

“Hey, we’re cool,” Saeyoung states, holding up his hands. “You guys are married now. It’s something I’ll get used to; not like I haven’t done the same thing countless times. Right now, I’m just thinking of you guys. I mean, cold fries are the worst, right?”

“Right,” Saeran says once again, this time raising his gaze to meet his brother’s.

Saeyoung offers his twin a small smile of understanding and you’re thankful to see Saeran return it with one of his own. The silent truce breaks the tension of the situation and the brothers fall into easy conversation. You marvel over how their relationship has grown to the point where forgiveness is granted by a simple apology and common ground.

This has always been the case for Saeyoung, now that you think about it. Saeran is the one who holds grudges, though you aren’t entirely sure that it’s his fault. As you’ve witnessed over the past day, Unknown’s influence is strong, even when not directly in control of his shared body.

_We have to do something. Saeran can’t stay drugged up just to have a modicum of control. It’s obvious being around his brother agitates Unknown too much. Everything Saeyoung says is a challenge or insult to him._

Eating without tasting a single bite, you become lost in your thoughts. There has to be _something_ you can do to help. Saeran’s convinced Unknown is in love with you, so wouldn’t it be possible to reason with him? Make some kind of deal to keep him in line?

_Do I really want to strike a bargain with the devil, though? I can only imagine what he’d ask for in return if I persuaded him to behave._

But you can imagine all too well. The memory of his harsh caresses and the brutal press of his mouth against yours is still fresh in your mind. A hand flutters up to finger the bruise covered by your blouse. Could you endure the unthinkable for the brothers who would sacrifice their lives for you? You glance at Saeran from the corner of your eye then study Saeyoung. The answer is immediate and concrete; yes. You can withstand anything if it’s for them.

_So all I have to do is wait for him to show up again. Or force him to...somehow. But I can’t tell Saeran, he’ll never agree to this._
Whatever guilt you feel over your intention to purposely goad your husband’s alter to appear is overridden by the conviction that you must do anything to protect him and his brother. If Saeran is correct about Unknown’s feelings, it should be possible. You are under no illusions that it will be easy, however. Unknown is violent and unpredictable, but maybe, given the correct incentive, he can be managed.

But not today. For the next twenty-four hours, you will ensure that you and Saeran are allowed this time together. All the years he patiently watched you fall in love, marry, and live with his brother deserve to be recompensed. He needs to feel as loved and wanted as his twin, and you’ll do everything in your power to make sure he does.

“You look awfully determined about something,” Saeyoung remarks, interrupting your ruminations.

“Hm?” You blink at your husband, pulled abruptly back to the present where you find both men staring at you in concern. You cast around for something to ease their minds and land on their upcoming birthday. “Oh, I’m just thinking of the birthday party I’m going to have for you guys this year.”

“No,” Saeran denies firmly and places the last bite of food in his mouth.

“Oh, yes,” you retort, turning your body in his direction. “Every year you tell me no and every year I listen, but not this year. This year you are going to let me invite all our friends and celebrate.”

“Do you really think that’s a good idea?” he asks, his hard stare full of meaning.

“I do,” you answer, warming to the idea that’s only now come to you. “Because by the time your birthday is here, everyone is going to be over their jealousy.” You’re sure to stress ‘everyone’ to include Unknown. You fully intend to have him pacified in time for the party.

“That’s only two and a half weeks away,” Saeran points out. “You expect...everyone...to be over their issues by then?”

You hum in confirmation and grace him with an optimistic smile. “We’ll have to be, because at the party, we’re going to tell our friends what’s going on; present a united front. It’s only been a matter of days and I’m already sick of hiding.”

“I agree with MC,” Saeyoung chimes in, resting his elbows on the table.

“You not want them to know?” you question with a hint of sadness.

“It’s not that,” he reassures you. “What if you tell them and they turn their backs on you? I don’t care about me, but you and Saeyoung hold important positions within the organization.”

“They won’t do that,” Saeyoung protests. “Don’t you know by now? They are good people, Saeran. Even after everything that happened with Rika and Mint Eye, they accepted you with open arms.”

“That’s because they don’t know everything,” Saeran rebounds.

“Fair enough, but Jumin does. And when it comes down to it, he’s the only one that matters. At least as far as the RFA is concerned. As for the rest,” he shrugs, “if you can’t trust them, at least trust MC...and me.”
Saeran studies his twin in silence for a moment then returns his attention to you. You smile in encouragement, and he finally sighs. “Alright,” he mutters in defeat but laughs quietly as you throw your arms around his neck in excitement.

Saeyoung observes with a slight grin. “She usually gets her way. You’ll find that making her happy is a compulsion you can’t ignore.”

The younger twin pushes your hair behind your ears. The smile on his face is warm, the honesty of it shining from his gaze. “Yeah, I believe it,” he says softly, “but I don’t think I mind so much.”

The impulse to kiss him surges within and you act on it without thinking. Leaning forward, you brush your lips against his. The softness of his mouth entices you to stay and you do, tilting your head as his hand comes up to graze your cheek. As you try to disengage from the kiss, he follows. His palm slides to your nape and holds you in a loose grip. He pulls you back in, his assertiveness lacking the proof of ownership of his earlier act. The tender motions of his mouth moving over yours holds only the love that radiates from him like a beacon.

“Woah, look at the time,” Saeyoung proclaims loudly, once again destroying the illusion of isolation Saeran’s affection creates.

The two of you part with one last lingering kiss, and when your attention returns to the older twin, you see him stuffing the stack of magazines into one of the numerous shopping bags.

“Saeyoung, I-” you begin, but he forestalls your apology by reaching out to give your hand a gentle squeeze.

“No apologies.” The soft command is just audible over the din of the packed restaurant. “I was being facetious, but I really do have to go. I have another meeting on the other side of town in about an hour,” he explains.

“You aren’t burying yourself in work, are you?” you question in concern. It’s just like Saeyoung to overwhelm himself with freelance jobs to keep his mind occupied from anything unpleasant. You being absent for an entire week, for instance.

“Who, me?” he returns with a grin instead of an answer.

“Yeah, you,” you accuse with a baleful glare. “I know you. You’ll mope around the bunker doing nothing but staring at your computer screen stuffing chips into your mouth instead of proper food; basically sabotaging your health on all fronts.”

“Then I guess you’ll need to come check on me, won’t you?”

“No, she won’t,” Saeran interjects, his arm coming up to rest on the back of your chair. His fingers leave a light trail along your upper arm and your body tremors in delight. “Don’t make MC worry about you. You’re a grown man, act like one.”

“Okay, okay,” Saeyoung relents with a chuckle. “To appease your mind, no, I am not taking on more than I can comfortably handle. These meetings have been scheduled for weeks and the jobs are simple and not at all time-consuming.” Taking a quick peek at his phone, he stands and gathers his purchases.

Rounding the table, he leans down to say goodbye in his usual manner. By instinct, your face tilts up to receive his kiss but his mouth lands on your forehead in a chaste brush of lips against your skin. Your frown of disappointment softens his face and he places his mouth next to your ear. “I would kiss you properly if I could,” he murmurs. “Remember, when you come home it’s days of just you,
me and the bed.” Straightening, he winks at you with a toothsome grin. “Adios, Little Brother. Enjoy your week.”

“I intend to,” Saeran smirks, his arm moving the short distance to encircle your shoulders and pull you against him.

A brief flash of irritation gleams in Saeyoung’s honey-colored eyes. You can’t blame him for being exasperated at his brother’s antics. I hate keeping things from you; especially when it would explain why your brother is being so antagonistic. Hold onto your patience for a bit longer, Babe. I promise you’ll understand everything soon.

“Maybe we should have told him,” you remark, watching Saeyoung’s back as he exits the front entrance. Saeran rests his elbows on the table and rubs his eyes. Looking back to him, you rub his back in comfort and place a small kiss on his shoulder. “Headache?”

“Yeah,” he whispers and releases a frustrated sigh. “It could be worse, but I’m more worried about all the shit that came out of my mouth.” Lacing his fingers, he rests his forehead against them. “How the fuck am I supposed to be around him when I can’t even control what I say? If you weren’t here, that would have been a complete disaster.”

“If I weren’t here, that wouldn’t have happened,” you express in a sad, soft voice. “I hate that I’m the cause of all this mess.”

“No,” Saeran blurts. His entire body turns toward you and he cups your face, his eyes peering hard into yours. “I don’t want to hear you blame yourself again. This was bound to happen sooner or later if Unknown was still skulking around.”

“But if I had just left you alone—”

“I would still be miserable without you,” he interrupts, his thumbs drifting across your jaw. “And Saeyoung would still be my brother and Unknown would still hate him. I think the good outweighs the bad in this situation. I promise I’ll find a way to make this all work.”

He draws you into an embrace, dropping a kiss onto the top of your head. You nuzzle his chest, the scent of him making you feel calm and secure. “I love you.” You aren’t sure if he can hear you over the crowd, but he holds you closer in answer.

The two of you stay this way for a few moments, the cacophony of people laughing and conversing fading away to nothing more than white noise. His reluctance to part is evident in the way his caresses linger on your back. They leave a soothing trail along its length, coaxing you to relax more fully against him. All remaining tension drains from your body and your eyes close in contentment.

“I think I could stay like this all day,” Saeran comments, the vibration of his words tickling the ear pressed over his heart. A slight smile curves your lips at the sensation. You’ve always adored his voice, but now your imagination takes flight with fantasies of him whispering lewd words of praise and encouragement as he moves above you. Heat spreads throughout your body at the thought of him losing the bashfulness that holds him back where intimacy is concerned. You remember the moment he allowed himself to stop thinking and simply feel the night before, and your sex begins to throb with yearning.

His innocent touch on your back does nothing to quench the growing flames that lick at your every nerve. All it does is make you curse the clothing that separates your bare skin from his. Your body shifts and your arms inch around his waist, reveling in the shiver that runs through his body as your fingers come into contact with his lower back. You tip your head back to look up at him and his lips
overlap yours in a fleeting kiss.

“You ready to get out of here?” he asks and runs his knuckles along your cheek.

Nodding you pull away, and by silent agreement, the two of you begin gathering the remnants of lunch to clear the table for the next patron. Once done, you finally leave the crowded establishment, fingers entwined as you fall into the flow of people shopping.

You’re four stores into picking up the essentials you need when Saeran’s discomfort becomes too great not to notice. His shoulders are tense and the scowl on his face increases each time someone accidentally bumps into him within the crowded mall. There are so many people that occasional contact with others is unavoidable. You can see your husband’s patience dissolving with each encounter and it causes you to make a split second decision. The only way to remove the growing look of panic in his eyes is to get somewhere less populated as soon as possible.

“Hey,” you say, bumping his shoulder with yours to gain his attention. “Do you want to go see a movie? The theater here has those loveseats for couples.”

“Sure, if you want,” Saeran’s immediate response comes with a grin. “I won’t complain about sitting in the dark with you for a couple of hours.”

“I think we could both use a break from all these people,” you remark, smiling at the appreciative look he throws your way.

The entire time you’ve known Saeran, he has hated crowds. Even small gatherings make him on edge. His preference for solitude is something he’s never attempted to hide, going as far as rebuking his brother’s attempts to join him on the walks that became a daily occurrence. Isolation has always seemed to recharge Saeran, rebuilding the fortitude to take on the exhausting task of being around his twin. Saeyoung’s need to ensure his brother’s happiness tends to make him smother the other man with his overzealous affection at times.

However, it comes to mind how Saeran has always seemed to seek your company. During Saeyoung’s business trips, his twin has always been close at hand. Watching television, reading on the couch, eating dinner; regularly at a distance, but consistently there. You realize none of those things have ever been an accident. He’s been pursuing your presence, offering his silence that comforts you just as much as his brother’s constant chatter.

With this realization, you squeeze his hand and he looks down at you with a tender smile.

*Why did it take me so long to see what was in front of me? All that time wasted when we could have been happy together.*

Saeran’s gaze lifts, something behind you drawing his scrutiny. You turn and see the entrance to one of the mall’s largest department stores. Just inside the entry stands two headless mannequins displaying a pair of summer dresses.

A mysterious grin spreads across your husband’s face and he tugs you in the brightly lit store’s direction. One of the dresses appears to have caught his eye and he fingers the clothing’s material in assessment.

It’s a beautiful dress, though something you would never choose for yourself. The short, long-sleeved garment sports a deep V-neckline you know will reveal more than you ever have before. Large irises scatter the garment’s surface, the orange colored petals popping attractively against the dress’s jade hue.
“Do you like it?” you ask Saeran and he nods. Biting your lip, you make a decision and release him to move to the rack. “Well,” you comment, removing your size and holding it up, “I don’t know if I have the body for it, but I’ll try it on.”

The way his face lights up at your words convinces you that from this point forward, you will do anything you can to replicate it. You set off for the fitting rooms with Saeran following close behind. Gaining one of the sales women's attention, you request a room then give your husband a peck on the cheek. “I’ll be right back.”

You enter the dressing room and begin to close the door. Before it can latch, there’s a light push on the heavy wood and it swings back open to reveal Saeran. Backing up to give him space to enter, you raise an eyebrow in question.

“I thought you could use some help,” he explains, closing the door and leaning against it. “You know...with the zipper.”

“You’re going to get us kicked out,” you retort with a giggle.

“No one saw me come in, I checked. I’m good at slipping into places unnoticed when I want to.”

The mischievous look in his eyes is one you’ve seen his brother give you countless times. Seeing it directed from the usually stoic green eyes, however, causes your heart to begin racing in anticipation. Holding his gaze, you reach out to place the dress and your bag on the hook hanging beside you and raise your hands to begin unbuttoning your blouse.

The intensity of his stare causes a slight tremor in your fingers as you work your way down the fastenings. As each inch of bare skin is revealed, the hunger in his eyes grows, but his body remains motionless.

You disrobe completely under his careful observation, your movements slow and deliberate. Not once do you drop your gaze even though your face burns with the vulnerability this situation elicits. Once bare, you stand before him unsure of how to proceed.

Is he really in here just to watch me or does he expect me to do something? He hasn’t moved since I began undressing. Maybe he really did come in just to help with the zipper. If it were Saeyoung, I’d know what to do; hell, if it were Saeyoung I’d already be pushed up against the wall. But Saeran is more reserved; more inexperienced. Does he want me to make the first move? Is he hesitating because we’re in public? He commented earlier on my boldness. He said he likes it but what if he was just saying that to make me feel better? What if he wants to be the one in control? What if I’ve been too aggressive?

The silence stretches between you as your thoughts continue to race. Your body flushes with embarrassment to be standing so exposed and you shift your weight in discomfort. Saeran continues to scrutinize you until your self-consciousness becomes too great. Irrational panic consumes you and you snatch the dress from its hanger and hold it against your chest to shield yourself from his view.

“Don’t hide,” he requests, his voice low and pleading.

Your eyes suddenly burn and you face away from him to conceal the surge of emotions you can’t explain. Even with your back to him, you can’t escape his probing stare. Your eyes meet his in the mirror and he straightens, pushing off of the door to close the distance that separates you.

“I’ve made you uncomfortable, haven’t I?” he asks, his hands moving to rest on your shoulders.

Some of the tension leaves your body at his touch and you lift one shoulder in a small shrug.
“It’s...sometimes it’s hard to know what you’re thinking.”

“I know,” he admits and places a light kiss on your bare shoulder. “It’s a habit I formed to survive. The environment I grew up in didn’t exactly encourage sharing your thoughts.” His lips move to your ear where he presses another soft caress. “I’m sorry, I’ll try to do better for you.”

“What are you thinking right now?” you ask with undisguised curiosity.

Saeran’s lips form into the half-smile you adore so much as his fingers skim down the length of your back. “That I want to touch you,” he reveals in a murmur. “I’m thinking how beautiful you are and how lucky I am that you’re mine.” His eyes follow the path of his hands. They graze over the curve of your ass, one finger lingering on the mark Saeyoung left last night. “What happened here?” he questions with a scowl. “Is this from when that asshole dropped you?”

“No,” you answer quickly then realize the truth may be just as upsetting to him. “Um...Saeyoung…”

His eyes flick back to meet yours in the reflective surface, a dangerous hint of anger lurking in their depths. You brace yourself for some kind of cutting remark, but to your surprise, he chuckles and shakes his head. His hands slip around your waist to splay across your abdomen, pulling you back against him. “I knew he’d have to leave some kind of reminder on you,” he breathes into your ear and gives it a nip.

“He j-just got carried away.”

“Do you like that?” Saeran asks, giving the dress that still covers you a gentle tug. You release the article of clothing and it falls to the floor in a quiet rustle of fabric. “When he gets carried away?” His thumbs trace light circles around your ribcage. “Do you like watching him lose control? Tell me,” he cajoles in a whisper, “I want to know.”

He nuzzles your neck and you tilt your head to the side. His mouth moves down your neck in hot, opened mouthed kisses. The tip of his tongue leaves searing, wet patches that make you shiver with arousal. “Y-yes,” you manage to say and let your head fall back onto his shoulder.

“Is that what you want from me?” His palms glide up to your breasts. “When I kiss you here,” his fingers brush the sensitive peaks and your back arches. One hand makes the journey back down your body in a slow descent and your heart begins to pound with excitement.

In all the encounters you’ve experienced with Saeran so far, not once has he had the opportunity to explore the area between your thighs that is currently aching with need. “Or here,” he continues, his long digits finally sliding between your slick folds. A low, lustful groan fills your ear and your walls contract with desire. “God, you’re so wet.” His voice is thick with longing and your body responds to it without hesitation.

His middle finger pushes inside you with ease and your hips grind against him in a steady, sensuous motion. A whine escapes your throat at the sensation of him teasing the part of you that is desperate to be filled.

Saeran’s mouth seizes yours in a scorching kiss of eroticism. His tongue thrusts forward then retreats, emulating the unhurried pace of his finger. They work in unison to add fuel to the blaze that’s already threatening to rage out of control. You grip the back of his head, clutching at the abundance of flame-colored curls as your restless body writhes in his embrace.

The finger withdraws one last time and grazes your clit in a featherlight stroke. You clutch his wrist to prevent him from moving and tear your lips from his with a gasp.
“There,” you pant and emit a strangled moan when the pressure on the engorged nub increases. A fine sheen of sweat coats your naked form from the fire he continues to stoke. It burns through you unchecked, its heat reflected back at you in his smoldering gaze.

“Tell me,” he repeats. The way he studies your face with such passion makes you yearn for him all the more. Everything he’s thinking is in the piercing green eyes searching yours for the answer he seeks. “Do you want to see me unleash my self-restraint? To lose myself in the taste of you on my tongue?”

Releasing his wrist, you move to cover the fingers that are still busy stimulating the hardened tip of your breast. With the freedom to move, his middle finger is joined by the ring and both slip inside you. They separate and spread to stretch you, and you cry out, pushing down to drive them deeper.

“Please,” you whimper, uncertain if you’re answering his question or pleading for the release he’s prodding you towards with each plunge into your pulsating core.

“I will,” he promises then extracts his fingers. They draw one last delicious circle around your clit before completely leaving you. He grins at the confused furrowing of your brow and places a light kiss on the tip of your nose. “But not here.”

He appraises the fingers coated with your arousal then lifts his inquisitive scrutiny to yours. With purpose, he holds your enthralled attention and inserts one of the glistening digits into his mouth. A deep sound of pleasure rumbles from his chest and he replaces the first with the second. An electric bolt of lust shoots through you, causing your cunt to clench violently in response as you watch him withdraw his finger in a slow, deliberate gesture.

“Delicious,” he utters in a soft undertone. A tremor runs up your spine at the innocuous word that prompts the memory of the bunker’s kitchen and the revelation of Saeran’s true feelings for you. The same predacious look gleams in his eyes and unable to resist, you turn and pull his head down to yours.

Tongues collide and twirl as he palms your ass and squeezes, holding you tight against the large bulge in his jeans. He steps forward and your back hits the mirror. The taste of yourself on his tongue drives you wild and you clutch at his bright vermillion mane. Your fists tug at the locks that remind you so much of autumn leaves. Your senses are heightened to his every action, each movement inspiriting you into a frenzy.

Your hands drop to the fastening of his belt and give an urgent tug. In the blink of an eye you find them pinned above your head, your fingers interlaced tightly with Saeran’s. His body presses you back against the smooth reflective surface and the events of yesterday evening pervade the haze of attraction. Beginning to tense, you convince yourself to assess the situation before letting panic set in.

While the stance is the same, the vibe Saeran emanates is miles away from anything you’ve ever felt from Unknown. True, the position he holds you in is effective in imprisoning you but his firm grip is still loose enough to allow movement if desired. The body pressed against you seeks to give as much as it receives, and the mouth that leaves yours to travel across your neck and down your collarbone is tender.

Relax, it’s Saeran.

He flicks his tongue across one nipple and applies light suction, drawing from you a hoarse moan of surrender.

Oh, God.
“Fuck, Saeran,” you gasp when his teeth close around the nub in a gentle bite.

Unknown could never be this attentive; he’s too selfish.

Your lover ejects a hot puff of laughter against your skin, his lips placing small, amorous kisses back up your collarbone and neck to end at your mouth. It slants over yours and you tilt your head back to allow his tongue to delve in search of yours. He frees your hands and skims your neck with his fingertips. “We’re going to be late for the movie if we don’t hurry,” he claims, his voice gruff with feeling.

“I don’t mind,” you pronounce and thread your fingers through the belt loops of his pants. Giving a quick jerk, you yank him fast against you and rotate your hips in an alluring manner.

Saeran releases a jagged moan of neediness at the contact. For the merest second, he allows you to dominate your combined efforts to get as close as possible to one another. His forehead rests against yours, his thumb tracing the outline of your partially open lips. The tip of your tongue darts out to lick the roving digit, and the sound that comes from him can only be described as a growl. He cradles your head and fastens his mouth to yours in a passionate caress of tongue, teeth, and lips.

Any semblance of control you had over this encounter vanishes as you give yourself up altogether to the riot of fierce need coursing through you. The timid uncertainty Saeran displayed last night is nowhere in attendance. The confidence he exudes reminds you greatly of his brother while still maintaining an atmosphere thoroughly his own.

When Saeyoung touches you, it is always done with the same exuberant zeal he shows for everything he loves. Holding back is something he hasn’t done since he made up his mind to accept the love you offered. When he gave you his heart he tore down the walls surrounding him to allow you to see all his vulnerability and insecurities.

Saeran’s defenses have been much harder to demolish. The barrier he had to erect to persevere through his childhood is cracked but not broken. Everyone is his life has disappointed him in some major way and you’re determined to chip away at that impediment with the adoration and faith you have in him. Already the fissures have deepened enough to allow you a glimpse inside, but to the rest of the world, he remains secluded within himself.

Saeran nips at your bottom lip and drags his mouth from yours. You mewl in disappointment, the urgent drive to seek and provide the release you both require overriding all reasoning. He reaches down to disentangle your fingers and raises them to his mouth. He smiles against your skin, his chest heaving with excitement and lack of oxygen. Each heated exhalation fans across your flesh, turning you on just as much as the erection still prodding at the apex of your thighs.

Taking a step back, he releases you and you frown at the loss of his warmth. Bending, he picks up the forgotten dress and offers it to you.

“If we stay in here much longer the salesperson will get suspicious,” he answers your unspoken question.

“Saeran Choi, you are a tease,” you state in mock outrage and slip the dress over your head.

You present your back to him and he chuckles as he zips you up. He examines you in the mirror, his eyes wandering over your frame. The short garment floats around the top of your thighs, the empire waist making it comfortable to move in and enhancing the fullness of your chest. The neckline plunges alarmingly, revealing the swell of your breasts.
“You’re beautiful,” Saeran breathes.

You blush and pull on the hem. “I’m going to be putting on one hell of a show if there’s a strong breeze,” you jest, trying to avoid his stare of admiration.

Saeyoung has always maintained that you are the most gorgeous creature he’s ever laid eyes on. You learned within the first year of being with him that it is useless to argue with him about it. You’ve always seen yourself as little more than average, but in your husband’s presence, it’s easy to believe it’s true.

Saeran looks at you now with the same transfixion his brother displays when with you. Looking back at him now, it’s simple to see the similarities between the brothers. Take away the contacts, add a few pounds and you could be convinced it is Saeyoung staring back at you with such immense hunger.

*They are more alike than Saeran wants to admit.*

He gives the price tag a sharp tug and holds it up. “Keep it on. Grab anything else you want and meet me up front.”

“But I didn’t even look at the price,” you protest as he reaches for the doorknob. “It could be too-”

“It doesn’t matter how much it is,” he interjects, glancing back at you. “It suits you and seeing you in it makes me happy.”

“Alright,” you concede, his happiness trumping whatever reservations you may have about him spending too much money on you. You stoop to gather your discarded clothing and shopping bags. “But I don’t need anything else, you’ve spoiled me enough today.”

“I enjoy providing for you,” he answers, shyness tinging the confession.

“Then you can provide me with some Milk Duds at the theater,” you tease and place a kiss against the curve of his shoulder.

Cracking the door, Saeran checks that the coast is clear then envelopes your delicate hand with his. You head for the cashier, walking as close as you can without tripping one another. Several female heads turn as you make your way to the front and you smirk.

*Look all you want and good luck. Saeran’s faithfulness is just as unchanging as his brother’s. Their love is the only thing I can be certain will never waver.*

Four years you’ve lived with the twins, and in all that time, Saeran had never gone on a date. There was never a girlfriend, never a night where he returned after all the lights were extinguished and the bunker quiet. He spent his nights, and most of his days, within the bunker’s walls. His daily walks never lasted more than an hour or two and he always returned with an air of anxiousness that dissipated when you smiled and welcomed him home. Four years he was subjected to watching you and his brother in wedded bliss. Four years of witnessing impassioned displays of affection; the thought that Saeran’s heart broke each time you touched never occurring to either of you.

*I was so fucking blind. And selfish. How could I not see he was in love with me?*

Because he is a master at hiding his thoughts. You think back to all the times he pushed you away, how he avoided your touch as if it would burn. Donning a facade of indifference around you, you never suspected underneath lay deep affection; except you conclude that maybe you did.
While Saeran was excellent at keeping to himself, there were those instances where you would catch him staring at you with raw emotion. Always, he was quick to mask it, but you recognized it for what it was. It was the same way Saeyoung looked at you. Not knowing how to handle the situation, you pretended not to see. You pretended things between you and Saeran were the opposite of the truth. You treated him as a brother and you’re convinced you damaged his heart repeatedly in the process.

**What would have happened if he just approached me when he first noticed me? Before the apartment, before I met Saeyoung?**

This thought stays with you as you leave the department store. It persists as Saeran purchases the movie tickets for the only flick that isn’t sold out and taunts you as you take your seats in the semi-dark theater.

“Are you angry with me?” Saeran asks with hesitation, interrupting your cyclical thoughts and lacing his fingers with yours. “You’ve been miles away since we left the dressing room.”

“Oh...no, not at all,” you utter, wrenching yourself back to the present. “I’m fine. I just...can I ask you a question?”

“Sure,” he agrees turning his body a fraction to give you his full attention.

“How long did you...were you...aware...of me before the apartment?” He stares at you in silence, his discomfort at your inquiry obvious. Wanting to ease his mind you hurry to continue. “Saeyoung told me you’d been...watching...but he didn’t say how long, and I was just curious-”

“Six months, give or take,” he inserts with a great deal of embarrassment. Even in the lack of illumination, you can see the color that suffuses his face.

“Six months,” you repeat in a murmur, your heart clenching at the loneliness he must have felt.

“Why didn’t you ever approach me?”

Saeran draws in a deep breath and exhales slowly, appearing to gather his thoughts. “The first time I saw you was in that small cafe a couple of blocks from your apartment.”

A smile spreads across your face at the memories you have of the tiny coffee shop you used to spend so much time at. “I remember that place.”

“You should,” he remarks with a grin. “You practically lived there.”

You laugh at the recollection of the owners teasing you about paying rent for the table you stayed parked at. The little table tucked into the back corner was better than any library. You studied there, losing track of the hours that passed as you worked on essays and reports. It became a second home and suddenly you are hit with a wave of nostalgia.

“Wait,” you say in confusion. “You were there? Why did I never see you?”

“I know how to go unnoticed,” he answers with a wry smile. “At least I used to,” he adds, running his fingers through his hair. “It was a lot easier without this bright hair. Anyway, I was there killing time. I was sick of sitting in that fucking room full of glowing monitors. They made my headaches worse, and while I enjoyed my solitude, it got lonely sometimes.”

Losing himself in his recollections, Saeran’s eyes unfocus. The wisp of a smile graces his full lips. “So, I’m sitting there getting annoyed at all the chatter around me, but still reluctant to leave. Then you walked in and everything just faded to a distant buzz. You were wearing a yellow sundress that
reminded me of the sun. You...glowed...with warmth. You set your laptop down and left it as you approached the counter to order, and I thought of how careless you were. But no one even gave it a second glance. It became obvious as you stood making chit-chat with the barista as you waited for your iced coffee that you were a regular. I couldn’t hear everything you were saying, but I could hear your laugh. And it captivated me.”

Pausing, his eyes refocus on you. His thumb begins to trail lightly over the back of your hand.

“Okay,” you voice in puzzlement, “but that doesn’t explain why you didn’t say anything.”

“I’m getting there,” Saeran responds. “I moved to a table closer to you, wanting to...well, I guess I just wanted to listen to your voice. Then this boy walked in. He couldn’t have been more than eight or nine; skinny...too skinny. His clothes were too big and he kept having to hike up his pants. He came up to the counter, and you smiled at him and stepped aside to let him order. He requested one of those little cakes they sold then pulled a few coins out of his pocket. It was obvious he didn’t have enough, and even from where I’m sitting, I could see his bottom lip start to tremble.

“You crouched beside him and began speaking to him. ‘Hey, I’m really glad you’re here. I think I ordered too much food and I’m afraid I’m not going to be able to eat it all. Do you think you could help a girl out?’ And just like that, you saved his dignity and fed him at the same time. I watched as you tousled his hair and sent him to your waiting table. You stood to place an order for one of everything in the display case. Then you sat with him for over an hour listening to him talk, not once showing a sign of boredom. I’d never seen anyone show such kindness without wanting something in return. I knew then that I would never be good enough for you, but I would have given anything just to know you. I was afraid to approach you; afraid I would scare you by speaking to you out of the blue for no reason. I relegated myself to watching you from a distance; observing you...admiring you…” His fingers brush the hair from your cheek, “loving you.”

‘I would have given anything just to know you.’

The words feel so familiar but you can’t quite place where you’ve heard them before. They nag at you as Saeran continues.

“The more time that passed, the more unlikely it was that I would ever have a chance to meet you organically. I was messed up when I led you to the apartment. I did it hoping to find a way to talk to you; to...hold onto you, but I waited too long. I’m sorry,” he apologizes. “I’m sorry that I dragged you into all that mess. I was convinced it was the only way I would ever get to be close to you. When you fell in love with Saeyoung, I was livid. Not just at the situation but at myself. It was me that brought the two of you together. I broke my own heart.”

His gaze drops to your clasped hands and he blinks rapidly. “After that I just let Unknown call the shots. It hurt too much to stay in control; I had no reason to anymore. I’d lost my brother...and I’d lost any chance I might have had with you. Surrendering to the dark was the only thing that made the pain go away.”

Your eyes burn and you reach out to lift his stare back to yours. “Oh, Saeran,” you breathe in a broken whisper, your chest aching at his misery. “I’m so sorry.”

He shakes his head at your apology. “None of it was your fault, I did it to myself. I’ve never blamed you. And now I do know you, and even though I’m still not good enough for you, I’m lucky enough to have your love and it’s more than I ever imagined it could be.”

Your eyes close as you lean forward to rest your forehead against his. “I do love you.”

“I cherish you,” Saeran replies in a hushed voice that is barely audible over the quiet murmuring of
the audience.

The theater darkens as the lights are lowered, signaling the start of the movie. A soft kiss skims your lips then is gone. Saeran sits back and tugs you close. His arm encircles you and you rest your head on his shoulder as the screen brightens.

‘I would have given anything just to know you.’

The obscure phrase once again niggles your brain, the memory of it remaining just out of reach. For some reason you associate it with fevered dreams and the feeling of a cool cloth on your brow; a gentle hand stroking your hair and a soothing voice.

“He’ll be back soon,” the voice assures you through the haze of misery.

Something cool touches your forehead and you sigh in relief. A relaxing caress moves over your scalp and you feel the tension leaving your body. The constant ache remains, however, and you moan in discomfort.

“Shh,” your caretaker soothes. “You’ll feel better soon, try to get some sleep until he returns with the medicine.”

“It hurts,” you whine and attempt to shift into a more comfortable position.

“I know, but it won’t be too much longer. Do you want me to get you some water?”

“Don’t leave me.” You clutch at his wrist, irrational desperation making you dig your nails into his flesh.

“Okay.”

His weight shifts as he lowers himself to the floor in front of the sofa you currently recline on. Fingers travel the length of your arm from shoulder to elbow in a light, calming touch.

“That feels nice,” you murmur, releasing a breath of contentment despite the pain that rages through your extremities. “I love you.”

The gentle touch freezes and you jerk your shoulder to encourage it to resume. After a moment’s hesitation, it does and you allow yourself to begin falling into the sweet oblivion of sleep. However, a soft voice pulls you back from the brink of darkness.

“What’s wrong?” You attempt to answer but slumber’s embrace snatches the words before you can speak them.

Once more you sink deeper into the promise of unknowing before the sorrowful voice tempts you back from the edge yet again.

“I shouldn’t be doing this; I shouldn’t be touching you. I would have given anything just to know you, but now that I do, I’m becoming greedy. Being around you is heaven and hell at the same time. Until you, my brother is the only person I’ve ever truly loved. But now…” his voice cracks and he has to clear his throat before continuing his choked confession. “God, MC, I’m so in love with you.”

“I love you, too, Saeyoung,” you mumble nuzzling your head deeper into the pillow beneath you. You hear a sharp intake of breath as the hand swiftly retreats, and you frown at its loss.

“I...uh...”
The bunker’s heavy metal door clangs and the atmosphere around you changes. You force your eyes open and peer at his back as he moves away. The vague thought that your husband has lost weight floats through your consciousness, but a wave of exhaustion consumes you and you finally slip into a deep sleep.

Yes, that’s where you’ve heard the phrase before. During the first year of marriage, you’d come down with the flu. Under the twins’ diligent care, you’d recovered within a week but your memories of those seven days are fuzzy at best. You were in and out of sleep, your fever raging dangerously high and causing strange dreams.

*That was one of those fever dreams, though. Unless...maybe it wasn’t.*

You examine the recollection, searching for clues to prove one way or another if it was real. The image of his retreating back keeps replaying and it suddenly dawns on you why it feels so off.

“It was you!” Your enlightened exclamation causes several moviegoers to shush you in irritation, but you hardly notice them. Your attention is front and center on your husband who stares back at you in bewilderment.

The person caring for you that day wasn’t Saeyoung, it was his brother. Your illness distressed your husband so much that he couldn’t stand to just sit by and wait for it to run its course. Needing to take action, he’d left you in his twin’s care and drove to the pharmacy to purchase several different medications. Most you never even used.

All these years you’ve persuaded yourself that his odd confession was something your mind conjured on its own. It was really the only logical explanation; at least that’s what you thought.

However, there’s no doubt in your mind that it actually happened. It wasn’t a dream; it was Saeran comforting you as you lay sore and too sick to move. It was his tender ministrations that eased you. Most shocking of all is the fact that it was his quiet voice professing his love for you. He’d bared his heart, and you’d called him by his brother’s name.

Guilt slams into you with the might of a sledgehammer. Your chest tightens and your eyes burn, your new husband’s troubled face blurring. Unable to face him, you turn back to the large screen, tears tracking down your cheeks in uneven paths.

“What’s wrong?” Saeran leans over to whisper in your ear. You shake your head, incapable of answering. “What happened? What did I do?” His voice becomes increasingly more unnerved the longer you keep your silence.

“Nothing,” you force out past the knot in your throat, anxious to set his mind at ease.

Releasing a sound of frustration, he gathers your purchases and grabs your hand to pull you to your feet with ease. Tight-lipped, he leads you from the auditorium and stops just beyond the door. Dropping the shopping bags to the floor, he traps you between his body and the wall.

“What the hell is going on?” he questions in exasperation. “One minute you were fine and now you’re...like this.”

You avoid looking at him, focusing your sight on the dark fabric that stretches across his chest. “I’m sorry.”

“I don’t want your apology, I want a reason,” Saeran snaps. He inhales deeply and releases it before placing a finger under your chin to raise your face to his. “Talk to me, MC.” Still you remain mute, your vision obscured by the droplets leaking from your eyes. “Please,” he begs in distress. “Seeing
No! I’ve hurt him enough already.

“You cared for me...when I was sick, you watched over me.”

“Well, yeah, it’s the least I could do after it was mostly my fault,” he peers down at you bafflement.

“Not then,” you say with a shake of your head. “When Saeyoung and I returned from our honeymoon. I came down with the flu. While he was gone to buy medicine you…”

“...told you I loved you,” he finishes, his tone resigned.

You nod, a fresh round of tears coming close to escaping. “And I called you Saeyoung.” He flinches and you bite your lip in anguish. “I’m sorry,” you sob, giving yourself over to the remorse. “I’m so sorry, Saeran. I keep thinking back to all the times I must have broken your heart, and I can’t stand it. I can’t even use the defense that I didn’t know because-”

His mouth covering yours staunches the flow of words you’ve lost control of. It molds itself to you as the fingers under your chin roam along your jaw on their way to the back of your head. They slip into your hair, holding you in place as he kisses you sweetly.

“Stop,” he breathes against you. “Stop apologizing; stop blaming yourself for things you have no control over. We’re together now and that’s all that matters. Do you understand?”

Without waiting for a reply, his mouth returns to yours. You surrender to him with a whimper, your fingers clutching at the collar of his shirt. Letting go, they glance over his chest and down his abdomen, to rest on the waist of his jeans.

His tongue licks at the seam of your lips and you grant him immediate access. It swiftly finds yours and circles it as his pelvis rocks against you. His excitement is obvious and you let out a quiet moan at how much he desires you. You slide one hand down a fraction to cup the bulge of his erection, and he releases a low groan of hunger. He presses into your touch, his hand moving from the wall to palm your breast.

You lose yourself in the moment, forgetting the danger that you can be discovered at any second. He’s right, nothing matters except that you’re together. You wrap a leg around his hip and squeeze, encouraging him to move even closer to you. Instead, he tears his mouth from yours and steps back out of reach.

The two of you stand studying one another, chests heaving with passion. Again, with no words spoken, he retrieves the bags scattered across the floor and clasps your hand. You have to jog to keep up with his long strides across the theater’s lobby and with each step, you grow more worried about his state of mind.

“Where are we going?” He ignores you, sights set straight ahead. “Was I too bold again? I’m so-”

With an abruptness that startles you he gives your hand a jerk and pulls you against him. “Don’t you dare apologize again,” he commands, his voice thick with restrained lust. He leans down to place his mouth next to your ear, ensuring he won’t be overheard. “I’m dangerously close to fucking you right now. I’d rather our first time not be in a public restroom, but if we don’t get out of here, I don’t think I’ll be able to control myself.”

Your mouth goes dry at his admission. The heat in his eyes when your gazes lock makes your body cry out in response. The tremulous hold he has on his self-control is apparent in the tremor of his
body when your lips form into a provocative grin.

Standing on your toes, you lap at his upper lip, a breathless laugh escaping you at the growl it provokes. “What are you waiting for, then? Take me home and make me yours.”
The Eye Of The Storm Part 3

Chapter Summary

FINALLY Saeran gets some love of the physical nature.

Chapter Notes

Nope, this isn't an April Fool's Day joke, you really are getting an update already. I think this is the chapter everyone has been waiting for and I hope it lives up to everyone's expectations.

Thanks as always to Emimilykity. I told her to be brutal with me about this chapter and man....she took me at my word. I still love you! She just updated her story, Princess, today and it is so good! Go read it!

Music:

The End Of All Things - Panic! At The Disco (thank you Tor for this suggestion)
Medicine - The 1975
Bigger Than Love - Oh Wonder
Alive (Acoustic) - Adelitas Way
Intertwined - dodie

This really should go without saying but I'll say it anyway:

**THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS STRONG SEXUAL CONTENT. NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN. READER DISCRETION STRONGLY ADVISED**

It takes Saeran three failed attempts to enter the access code to unlock his front door before he gives up. He puts his hands to better use and palms your bare ass instead. Your yielding form is trapped between the unbudging door and his body, his tongue doing unseemly things to yours. This isn’t a neat, polite kiss; it’s one of unleashed passion. Your combined saliva coats one another’s lips, the sloppy desperation of it adding to the excitement that soon you’ll be one. A hand splays across the small of your back, holding you tight against him as his hips rock into you with fierce need.

His free hand cradles your head, tilting it to the side to allow him even greater access to your mouth. Every single one of his senses is focused on you. The smell and taste of you drive him into a frenzy of carelessness. He could take you right here, against the door, for all the world to see, and feel no shame in it. The only driving force controlling him is the savage need to be inside you this very instant.

Too long he’s played the part of the perfect gentleman. Too many times he’s denied what his body
has screamed out for in requirement. Being next to you all day has been the sweetest kind of torture. The knowledge that you wear absolutely nothing under the flowing garment he chose for you has driven him to distraction. It would not have taken much to pull you into any secluded corner and slipped his aching cock inside you. He doubts you would have made any sound of protest.

You’ve made your need of him no secret, and while he’s enjoyed spoiling you for the afternoon, he almost wishes he had given in to your offer to stay home. How many times could he have made love to you already? How many times could he have heard you calling out his name as your body convulsed under him, your slick walls pulsating around his rigid prick? The only thing that kept him from fucking you anywhere in the mall is the romantic notion that your first time be in his bed. He wants—needs—the memory of sliding into you for the first time to take place on the soft sheets of his personal haven.

Now, his hand slips inside the very generous neckline of your dress and cups your breast. His thumb grazes the hardened tip, and you gasp in surprise. Your head falls back as his fingers tug and roll the sensitive nub between them. Saeran’s mouth is immediately there against the curve of your throat, his lips sucking lightly at the delicate skin.

“To have this is something we should be doing inside the apartment?”

He lifts his mouth from you just long enough to answer. “I can’t get the fucking code to work,” he pouts before latching back onto your flesh.

You laugh and turn in his embrace with the intention of trying the code yourself, but he promptly grasps your hips to demonstrate just how hard he is for you. He grins at the shiver that runs up your spine at his assertiveness.

“‘Saeran,’ you reproach with a breathless giggle, your fingers compressing against his biceps. ‘‘Don’t you think this is something we should be doing inside the apartment?’”

He laughs and dlans through the now open doorway, he slams it shut with his heel and turns you to press your body against the closed surface. To his surprise, you reverse your positions and begin working at the fastenings of his belt with swift, nimble fingers. His head falls back against the hard surface of the door, his eyes clenching shut as he allows you to relieve some of the pressure in his groin.

He’s been painfully hard since leaving the theater, the long ride home doing nothing to alleviate his condition. Especially with your hand resting just below his crotch the entire ride, your wandering fingers trailing along his inner thigh to occasionally glide up the length of his shaft before quickly retreating back to safer territory.

As much as he longed to reciprocate, his hands remained in a white-knuckled grip on the expensive car’s steering wheel. He was already pushing the car as fast as it would go, and the last thing he needed to do was crash one of his brother’s most expensive possessions; he’d never hear the end of it. It took everything he possessed to remain in control when you leaned over to run the tip of your tongue up his neck. You nipping at his earlobe and sucking it hard in your mouth made it all the more difficult. He wanted to beg you to stop and beg you to continue at the same time. The half-assed look of warning he gave you was all he could muster, and it made you giggle as you settled back in your seat. The hand on his upper thigh remained, however, and he couldn’t seem to make himself care.
He’s yanked abruptly from his recollections at the feel of his unyielding flesh freed from its confines. You drop to your knees before he can comprehend your intentions and place a kiss on the tip of his throbbing member, your tongue applying a firm lick against the underside of his glans. Saeran curses under his breath at the bolt of pleasure that surges through his cock and balls, and with great effort, grasps your shoulders to gently push you away.

“No, Baby,” he says gruffly and pulls you to standing. “Tonight it’s my turn to do something for you.”

He tucks his erection back into his boxer briefs, grinning at the way your bottom lip protrudes slightly in a small pout as you watch it disappear from sight. Tugging you forward, he unzips your dress and guides it down your arms where it flutters to the floor around your feet, at once forgotten.

His hands cup your face as he captures your mouth, his lips moving over yours in a soft caress. Guiding you back with this body, he leads you to the kitchen where he hoists you up onto the counter’s surface. Pulling your legs up and apart, he coaxes you to rest your feet on the edge of the countertop. He then grasps your hips and draws them forward.

Gazing down at your exposed body, he swallows hard, his hands trembling with both anticipation and trepidation. His confidence slowly begins to ebb away when faced with the reality of putting what he’s researched into practice.

*What if I touch her wrong? I just want to make her feel good, but what if everything I’ve read is untrue? What if it’s all bullshit written to sell copies of their books? Get it together, Saeran. You won’t know unless you try.*

“You’re beautiful,” he utters, resting his hands on the curve of your waist. They move higher in a slow ascent, and he takes note of the way your breath stutters. His palms graze your breasts, and he revels in the soft moan that escapes you.

Stooping, he presses his mouth against the curve of one bosom, his hand moving to your back to hold you against his roving lips. He places featherlight kisses around your areola, avoiding the hardened center until you groan and tug at his hair in frustration. Finally, he relents and pulls the sensitive peak into his mouth, your cry of pleasure making his cock twitch violently in response. He brushes his knuckles along your slit, vaguely thankful you aren’t one of those women who insist on shaving themselves bald. He enjoys the feel of your dampened pubic curls against his fingers. He straightens one finger to tease at your slick folds, you gasp, your hips bucking forward in search of the friction you need so badly.

*God, I hope this works.*

Seizing your mouth, his tongue plunges deep as his wrist turn. He slips two fingers inside and crooks them, pressing hard against what he hopes is your distended g-spot. He swallows your strangled cry, massaging the responsive patch in a rough ‘come hither’ motion until your legs tremble and your fingers pull at his hair. Just as suddenly he stops, drawing from you a low mewl of disappointment. Lifting his soaked fingers, he runs them over your partially open lips. You allow him to insert the digits into your mouth, and you suck earnestly. Your tongue cleaning them of every vestige of your arousal even as the color in your face deepens.

Saeran thought it impossible to be even more turned on, but he discovers he is mistaken. The sight and feel of his fingers in your mouth after having just been so deep inside you makes his heart pound with lust.

An overwhelming urge to taste you brings him to his knees before you. The smell of your arousal
tickles his nose, and he believes that there’s never been anything that smells as sweet. The sample he had of you back in the dressing room is not nearly enough to satisfy the craving he still has for you. Yet, he hesitates, self-doubt about his inexperience paralyzing him.

How do I make her feel as good as I did last night? There are so many different parts compared to me. How do I know if I’m concentrating on the correct one?

“Saeran,” you prod uncomfortably in his stillness. “Is so-something wrong?”

Oh, no! Please don’t get uncomfortable because I’m a dumbass.

You begin to close your knees in embarrassment, and he finally snaps out of his trance. Placing his hands on the insides of your thighs, he urges your legs back open and places a small kiss at the juncture of each thigh.

“You don’t have to...well, you know,” you assure him, your voice barely audible in its shyness. “Some men don’t like it and if you don’t, that’s okay. I’ll under-”

Before you can complete your sentence, he leans forward and drags the flat of his tongue along the length of your pussy.

You have to reassure her before she gets the wrong idea. It’s now or never.

You cry out in surprise and delight. Your arousal coats his tongue and he moans, his hands moving to grasp your hips and pull you even closer. The potency of your flavor intoxicates him, making him higher than any drug ever has.

...so fucking good...I need more...

He plunges his tongue into your core, loving the way your slippery walls clench as if to pull him deeper inside. The tip of his nose grazes your clit due to the depth of his thrusts. You cry out and tangle your fingers in his hair as he begins to rotate his tongue to lap up as much of your juices as possible.

His tongue withdraws, and he wraps his lips around your labia, tugging gently as he’d seen demonstrated in several videos. Your hips roll in a sensuous circle, and he smiles to himself, proud that he’s obviously doing something right.

When he realized that his brother was going to allow him to love you, he’d spent many sleepless nights reading up on how to pleasure a woman. Not just any woman, though. In each visual aide he found, it was your face he saw in his mind, your head thrown back in ecstasy. The imagery of you shattering beneath him was so vivid, he can’t count how many times he ended up with his dick in his fist, longing to satisfy his craving for you. Afterward, he always felt empty and alone, his seed spent but his body crying out for you even though it had just been sated. But tonight would be different; tonight his body and soul will finally be one with yours, and when it is over, he’ll finally feel the deep satisfaction he’s been chasing for so long.

Saeran’s tongue finds your clit and flicks it before pulling it into his mouth. Your hips come off the hard surface of the counter, your nails digging into his scalp as he sucks greedily at the bundle of nerves. The kitchen is filled with the lewd sounds of your high-pitched moans and air squeaking past his lips as his laving tongue breaks suction on the small nub.

He moves to repeat the action, but you stop him with a hand on his head. “Wait...please...I can’t...”

Your whimpered plea breaks through his excitement, and he is instantly on his feet pushing the
sweaty strands of hair from your forehead. “Are you crying? I haven’t been hurting you, have I? Why didn’t you say something? Did I...was I doing it wrong?”

You release a breathless laugh and wrap your arms around his neck, pulling him into a passionate kiss to staunch his rapid flow of concerned questions. With hesitation, his arms embrace your waist, one hand traveling up to grasp loosely at the back of your neck. Your mouth enslaves him, your tongue pushing past his lips to worship his with long, slow strokes of adoration. You palm his cheek, and he leans into your touch.

When you part, you gaze into his piercing green eyes, a gentle smile playing on your lips. “You were perfect...too perfect. I wasn’t crying. I was just...really, really close to coming and I want you inside me when that happens.”

Your confession knocks the wind out of him, his heart stuttering in elation to realize he’s been doing everything correctly, so far. This affirmation boosts his ego and returns some of his confidence.

“Oh, hold on,” he commands and wraps your legs around his waist. With gentle care, he lifts you from your perch and gives in to the impulse to slant his mouth over yours once more. His lips cling to yours as he makes his way to the bedroom, careful not to bump into anything that would cause him to drop you. Not only would it mortify you both, but to him, you are the most precious of cargo.

Arriving at his destination, he allows your feet to find purchase on the hardwood floor. His mouth remains locked to yours where he feasts upon you, his tongue savoring the way yours curls around his, drawing from him a low groan of necessity for more.

Your hands rise to the top button of his shirt and begin to work it loose, but Saeran’s hands cover yours, stalling your actions. Your eyes meet in silent understanding. He tries and fails, to hide the fear and panic that’s swiftly coming over him.

“Even now, after so long, the two women who swore to protect me are still ruining my life.”

“How long are we going to pretend I’ve forgotten about your tattoo?” you ask, breaking the stillness that’s fallen.

His hands convulse around your fingers, and he swallows hard, gathering the courage to admit the truth. “It’s...not just the tattoo,” he utters, his eyes dropping to your clasped hands.

“I know about the scars, Saeran. They don’t bother me.”

“How...?” he begins to ask, his eyes flicking up to meet yours, then sighs. “Saeyoung, of course.”

“No, not this time,” you defend your first husband. “He did tell me how cruel your mother was, but I felt the scars myself the other morning; before you moved my hand away.”

“They’re...I’m...ugly” Saeran whispers, avoiding your gaze. His eyes burn, and his vision blurs much to his dismay.

What a way to show how manly you are. She probably won’t even want you touching her after a display like this.

“My body is too skinny, despite everything I do to bulk it up. My back is covered in scars from the beatings I endured. There’s even a permanent scar on my ankle where Mother kept me tied up. It’s...pretty hideous to look at, and the thought that you may feel the same if you saw them...” He forces his stare back to yours, ashamed at the matching tears running down your cheeks. He catches one salty tear from your cheek and licks it from his skin, self-reproach screaming at him within.
“Don’t cry for me,” he pleads brokenly. “I’m not worthy of your tears.”

“Shut up,” you demand, dashing away the remaining teardrops from your face. “That isn’t your decision to make. You’re beautiful, and kind, and tender, and…. God, Saeran, I love you so much. It hurts me to hear you belittle yourself so cruelly. Especially when none of it is true. Please…let me love you. I…want…I need…to see you.” You make another move to unbutton his shirt, and this time he allows his hands to drop to his sides in acquiescence.

His eyes close in shame, afraid to see the look in your eyes when you finally discover the numerous imperfections that mar his skin. His heart pounds with the gentle actions of your fingers and lips grazing each inch of exposed skin. Finally, you slide the barrier from his shoulders and hesitate, letting your eyes drink in the sight of his bare chest.

Saeran silently sends a prayer of thanks to his brother for forcing him to the gym each morning at ungodly hours. The light weight lifting regime he’s been doing has managed to somewhat define the muscles in his chest and biceps. The muscles under the light touch of your fingers brushing his bare skin twitch at the gentle contact, and he can feel you smile.

He tenses as your fingertips trace the intricate tattoo on his right shoulder. To his surprise, you press your lips against the black design. “If you take away the meaning behind this, it really is a beautiful work of art. Did you design it?” Not trusting himself to speak he merely nods.

The memory of how proud he was to show his Savior the tattoo he’d designed especially for her now makes his stomach roil. Remembering her pleased squeal of delight and the way she clapped her hands at his talent and devotion sickens him. His hatred of her wants to rise to the surface, but he pushes it back down. This is not the time or place for Rika to rear her sick, twisted head.

“You should stop hiding it,” you say to him now, the pride in your voice so much different than compared to the woman he believed saved him. “Wear it as a badge of what you survived. When I look at it now, I don’t see Mint Eye, I see the characteristic perseverance that’s made you what you are today.” Your fingers gently turn his face to yours, locking eyes with him to ensure he makes no mistake about your next word. “Mine.” The possessiveness in that single word causes blood to rush straight to his groin, his softening member instantly hardening once more. “I want to be yours, Saeran; I’m ready to be yours... Do you want to be mine?”

“More than anything,” he breathes, his hands clenching to prevent himself from grabbing you. He can sense that you aren’t done examining him, and he stands as still as possible, exposing himself as you’ve done for him several times.

You walk around his motionless form, your fingers trailing along his slender hip. Pausing once behind him, you fall silent and it takes an enormous amount of willpower to allow you to look your fill. He starts violently at the touch of your lips on one of the round, puckered cigarette scars located on this shoulder blade.

“Shh,” you soothe, your hands coming up to hold onto his shoulders in a tender grip. “Say the word, and I’ll stop.”

“No,” he whispers, his hands unfurling. “It’s… I… trust you.”

“Thank you,” you breathe against his back, your lips once again pressing against one of his childhood reminders of torture. “I’d kiss them all away if I could.”

As if it’s possible, you kiss each and every imperfection. Tears roll down your cheeks faster with each one, dampening the heated skin of his back. Still standing behind him, you rest your head
between his shoulder blades and reach around to free his stiff phallus. Taking it firmly in hand, you begin to stroke the rigid flesh, your hips moving with his as they begin to thrust into your hands.

“Sit,” you command in a whisper, releasing him to allow him to drop to the edge of the mattress. Sinking to your knees, you grasp the waist of his pants and underwear. He lifts his hips slightly to assist you in pulling them down and off, tossing them to the side. Holding his gaze, you remove his socks then glance down to see the smooth, angry scar that’s faded to a fleshy pink encircling the entirety of his ankle. Taking his narrow foot in your hands, you pull it into your lap to assess the damage. “Does it hurt?”

Saeran clears his throat, his hands clenched in the sheets beside him. “Not anymore. It’s just...ugly.”

“Nothing about you is ugly,” you correct and begin to rub your thumbs up against the arch of his foot, smiling at the sigh of relaxation that he releases. Your eyes stay lowered to your work, and as the silence stretches on, Saeran becomes increasingly uncomfortable, his erection slowly losing its rigidity.

Why isn’t she saying anything? And why has she stopped making any sort of sexual advances? I knew it; my body disgusts her and she doesn’t know how to tell me without hurting my feelings. If she would just look at me, I could ascertain what she’s thinking. Just, please, don’t let it be pity. I can deal with anything but that.

Your head lowers even further as your thumbs trace the healed scar around his ankle. You press your lips to the old injury and finally lift your gaze to his. Anger burns in your bright irises and the relief of it makes him lightheaded and somewhat dizzy. The innocent movements of your mouth on his skin have also inflamed his libido, and his cock is half-hard with the promise of soon being buried in your heat.

You release his foot and kiss your way up his body, beginning at his flat abdomen and ending at the lips that so eagerly anticipate yours. “Every single inch of you is beautiful, Saeran,” you breath against his mouth, your hot breath mingling with his. “I’ve seen it all and I’m not repulsed; I’m angry at the people who hurt you so much.”

You climb up onto the bed, your legs straddling his thighs. Wrapping your arms around his neck, you pull him into a ravenous kiss of thrusting tongues and tiny love bites.

“I want to make you mine,” Saeran professes, his bashfulness making his voice barely audible.

“I’m ready when you are,” you grin at him, looking down at your naked bodies. You run a thumb around the top of his cock, spreading the small bead of precum over its head. “I’ve been ready since you sang for me this morning. If I don’t have you inside me soon, I may expire from lust.”

“Well, we can’t let that happen; not before I have a chance to feel you come around me,” he answers through the pleasure of your finger teasing him and grins. With no warning, he flips you over so you’re lying beneath him.

He stretches out on top of you, one knee resting between your legs, his weight supported on one elbow as his other hand skims up the outside of your thigh. Your slim fingers splay across his back, and for once, he doesn’t shy away from the caress. He delights in it, letting all his insecurities about his mangled back fall away under your loving touch.

Finally, his body and soul are as bare to you as yours is to his. It causes a great sense of intimacy that buoys him up, the joy in his heart incomparable to anything he’s felt before.
He drags his teeth over one engorged nipple, and your back arches into him, one hand pressing the back of his neck to urge him to bite harder. Taking your cue, he bites down on the sensitive nub and you cry out, your legs moving against his in agitation. His weight shifts, and once he assures he’s not crushing you, the fingers of his free hand pinch and pull at the neglected peak, rolling the hardened bit of flesh between his digits.

Your back comes completely off the bed under his ministrations, your body restlessly moving against him, seeking some sort of friction. Saeran’s dick is now fully erect, prodding incessantly against the inside of your thigh.

The moment of truth draws swiftly forward and suddenly he is frightened. His heart is beating hard enough that he’s sure he’ll break a rib. His cock is so eager to be inside you he fears he’ll be unable to last long enough. Once he’s inside you, he’s worried his over-eagerness will end everything before it can even begin. All he wants to do is hear you moan his name as he moves above you, but what if it’s all over after a couple of strokes? Then he’ll die of mortification and you’ll be left wholly unsatisfied.

Deep breaths, Saeran. You’ve controlled your orgasms before; isn’t this what you’ve been practicing for? To last as long as you can for her? You can do this.

Shifting his weight again, he moves to kneel between your legs. He slips a finger inside you to test your readiness and bites his lip hard at the abundance of arousal seeping from you. Unable to resist, he once again crooks his finger to find that elusive patch of skin that appears to give you so much pleasure.

Your hips buck up to meet his hand, his name slipping past your lips in a high pitched plea. The finger withdraws, his excitement too great for teasing and settles between your thighs. The heat emanating from your pussy increases his heart rate past what can possibly be safe, but he fails to expire. Apprehensive about what his next move should be, he rests his weight on his hands on each side of your head, leaning down to capture your mouth.

This I know how to do. Do I need some type of verbal agreement from her that it’s alright to put my cock in her? She’s already said several times she wants that but-

Saeran’s jumbled thoughts are interrupted when you reach down and firmly grasp his penis. Rubbing the head up and down the length of your slit before lining it up with your entrance.

You bite your lip and stare up at him with lust filled eyes, your legs rising to wrap around his waist. ‘I’m ready when you are,’ you comment shakily. You smile up at him with trembling lips, a certain indicator that you’re just as nervous about this as he.

The tip of Saeran’s dick twitches violently when he realizes it is surrounded by the heat of your cunt. His eyes hold yours and his forehead wrinkles in concentration as he thrusts slowly into you. He pauses, the wonder of finally being inside you almost too good to believe. The lust filled gaze you peer up at him with makes his cock pulse in response. Bending his head, he pulls your bottom lip into his mouth, his teeth scraping against the delicate skin as he releases it, drawing another breathless moan from you.

If I can just keep making her sound that way, nothing else matters. God, she feels so good.

He pulls his hips backward and sinks slowly back inside you, a small groan escaping from his own throat. It’s everything he thought it would be, but so, so much more. The physical pleasure he expected, but this overwhelming feeling of love and devotion that enhances each and every movement is surprising but fully welcome.
Your back arches into him with each unhurried thrust, small whimpers of pleasure giving him the confidence to try harder. Each advance bringing him ever closer to being fully ensconced in the impossibly hot cavern of your body. His mouth hovers over yours, your excited breaths mingling to ignite every nerve in his body. Without thought, he withdraws just a bit then snaps his hips forward, both of you crying out loud at the pleasure it provides.

He sinks to his elbows to give his hands better range of motion and runs his fingers from your hip to the enticing curve of one breast. The supple flesh feels perfect in his hand and he squeezes, eliciting another moan from you. His hips resume their shallow thrusts until he once again slams into you, too impatient to take this any slower.

...amazing... this is paradise...here with you...

A whimper emits from your throat, and your arms come up to embrace his shoulders. Your nails dig into his flesh when his pelvis settles against yours, his body motionless, adjusting to the feel of stretching you to fit his body.

“Fuck,” he breathes, all the oxygen in his lungs expelling at once when he is at last fully settled within you. The intense feeling of your body pulsating around him is indescribable, though certainly better than anything he could have imagined. “This is... fuck...can we just stay like this for a minute?”

In answer, you lift your head and capture his mouth, your adept tongue slipping past his lips to flick against his in open invitation. He accepts the offer and laps unhurriedly at yours, enraptured with the way you surrender, not only your body but your very essence to him.

“I love you, so much,” he whispers against your mouth, his thumbs stroking the hair at your temples.

“Promise you’ll never leave me, Saeran,” you breathe, pushing the red overgrown locks from his eyes to stare into the beautiful green depths of them. “Swear we’ll stay just like this...forever.”

“I could never leave you behind,” he says brokenly. “You are my soul, MC.”

“I love you,” you proclaim and move your hips up a fraction as your heels press him down.

Saeran gasps, sucking in a hiss of surprised air. “God, you’re so... tight,” he pants, lifting his hips to sink back into you just as slowly as before. He fights against the instinctual urge to drive into you, wanting to remember every moment of your first time together. Every inch of his dick is filled with the pleasurable sensations of your walls gripping at its length with each withdrawal and return.

He glances down where your bodies connect. The sight of your creamy arousal coating his dick as it appears and disappears inside you the sexiest thing he’s seen in his life. Nothing about this encounter even compares to the studying he’s done on the subject. He’s beginning to realize nothing could have prepared him for the joy and love this act evokes within him. His heart is bursting with the feelings he has for you.

Saeran’s hips begin to pick up speed, needing to make your moans louder. It’s always been the focal point of his fantasies about you, and he’s desperate to hear you cry out his name. He adjusts his body, bringing his knees slightly higher to allow for deeper thrusting. You cry out as he inadvertently stimulates your clit with each forceful rock of his hips.

Wrapping his arms around your middle, he flips the both of you, managing to maintain the connection of your bodies. You eagerly adjust your legs into a kneeling position, using your thighs like a vice to squeeze his hips as you begin to grind against him in a sensuous back and forth motion.
Saeran half-reclines, his feet planted firmly on the mattress’s surface to give him the leverage needed to thrust up. One hand supports his upper body as the other slides up your back to grasp your nape.

Your gazes lock. Using your knees you rise up off his cock to sink back down in a slow rotation of your hips, a moan of pure bliss releasing from both of you at the action. Each languid push down of your hips meets the upward thrust of his. Saeran cries out at the roll of your hips on each downstroke, the pleasure that radiates from where your bodies join overwhelming him and making him forget to take things slow.

“You feel amazing,” you pant as your palms run over his shoulders and lightly massage the sides of his neck. “I knew loving you would be good, but this….God, Saeran, I can’t get enough.”

Your hands return to his shoulders, your nails digging into the flesh as you rest your forehead against his. Saeran seizes your mouth in a searing kiss of ownership and devotion. The exertion of your bodies takes a toll on your breathing, and he reluctantly releases your mouth and buries his head between your breasts.

Your head falls back with a strangled cry as he sucks one engorged nipple deep into his mouth, his thrusts becoming increasingly more assertive.

The hand that’s been grasping your neck travels down your back to trail to your inner thigh. His thumb presses against your swollen clit and your back arches, your hips picking up speed to match his new demanding rhythm. Your body arches back, your hands clutching his thighs to find purchase as he fucks you with an intensity that surprises you both.

“Saeran,” you gasp, trying to force your eyes open to peer into his. “I’m going to...God, it feels so good.”

Saeran leans up and wraps both arms around your torso, continuing to thrust up into your pulsating cunt. It tightens almost painfully around him, and he doesn’t need a book to tell him that your orgasm is close. “Come for me, MC,” he whispers against your mouth, your tongues restlessly lapping at one another. “I love you, so, so much.”

Your forehead presses hard against his as your body begins to convulse around him.

“I’m coming,” you say once in a quiet, hoarse voice, then again a bit louder. You repeat the litany, each iteration louder until you’re crying out his name with the ecstasy he’s supplying you with.

Your pussy clenches around him, drawing from him a low growl of male satisfaction. As your body is still trembling with the aftershocks of your orgasm, he flips you once again and places your feet on his shoulders. Grasping his throbbing cock, he swiftly lines it up to your still twitching entrance and buries himself completely in one hard stroke.

Any semblance of needing to remember every detail of this encounter is lost in a thick haze of lust and sensation. Saeran laces his fingers with yours and holds them against the soft sheets, watching as his shaft drives into you with purpose. It doesn’t take long before you are once again crying out his name, your toes curling inward as your cunt once again pulsates around him.

Saeran releases your hands and allows your legs to fall to the sides. Grasping your hips, he lifts your pelvis in the air, desperate to find the release he can feel rushing towards him. Your fingers trail over his abdomen and he’s lost.

His head falls back with a primal cry of release as his body plunges into you one last time. It’s the most intense orgasm he can ever remember experiencing, and he continues to pump into you, hoping
for it to last just a moment longer.

It’s not until he can feel his semen begin to leak around the sides of his cock that is still buried in you that he realizes he’s messed up.

Now spent, his motions are gentle as he lowers you back onto the surface of the bed and lies down beside you. He throws an arm over his eyes to hide his embarrassment but knows that won’t work for long.

You curl up against his side, your fingers drawing light patterns through the deep red curls that decorate his lower stomach in a downward trail. “Are you alright?” you ask in a soft voice.

*I knew she’d notice. She’s going to hate me.*

Saeran clears his throat awkwardly and removes the arm from his eyes. His cheeks match the color of his hair as he dreads what he has to say. “I...uh...well, you know….I’d never done this before. And I sort of forgot...to buy condoms...” he finishes in a mumble, letting his words trail away. “I didn’t do it on purpose!” he insists vehemently. “Everything about today just happened so fast, and I didn’t want to buy any beforehand because that would seem too presumptuous...”

Whatever reaction he expected was not one he received. You throw your head back and laugh, your breasts jiggling attractively in your mirth. You turn and cup his face, pressing your mouth to his briefly before explaining. “We don’t need those. I’ve been on the pill for years; before Saeyoung even.”

“You had sex with men before Saeyoung?” The question is out in the open before he even realizes he’s blurted it out.

Your eyes search his for a moment and you pull up the sheet to cover yourself. It’s then that he knows he’s fucked up.

“I had a life before Saeyoung, Saeran. I had a life before you saw me in that little cafe. So yes, I’ve had sex with men- a man- who wasn't you or your brother, but that was a long time ago. Years before I even knew who your brother was. Is...this going to be an issue?”

“Oh of course not,” he assures, pulling you into an embrace and kissing the top of your head. “We’re together now and that’s all that matters, right?”

The tension leaves your body and you snuggle into him, throwing a leg over his as you rest your head on his shoulder. Saeran smiles up at the ceiling, unable to remember a time when he was ever this happy.

He recalls the day his brother snuck him out of the house as a treat to introduce him to the sweet taste of ice cream as they sat together watching the clouds form and reform into different shapes.

That used to be his happiest memory, but now it’s you. The way you laugh, the cadence of your voice, the way you’re so in tune with his moods that you can instantly detect when something is awry; your body. He grins at this last thought, remembering the way your body looked as he made love to you. The flush of passion making your cheeks pink, and when he was finally inside you, the look in your eyes as he began to move within. Oh yes, the sky was his favorite childhood desire, but now he’s outgrown its innocence. You are now his favorite desire and he won’t allow anyone to deny him.

“What are you thinking about?” you question, tilting your head to peer into his grinning face.
“You,” he says simply, nudging the tip of your nose with his. He captures your mouth to express all the love he’s incapable of putting into words.

You stretch languidly, a huge yawn escaping your mouth as he releases you. You clap an embarrassed hand over your mouth and shrug apologetically. “It’s appeared you’ve worn me out, Mr. Choi.”

Leaning over, Saeran kisses you once more, his tongue teasing your lips before retreating. “And I plan to do so again tonight, Mrs. Choi.”

Heaving a sigh, he sits up and searches for his discarded clothing.

“Where are you going?”

Finding what he seeks, Saeran gains his feet and begins to dress, giving you a slightly disappointed sigh. “I have to take Saeyoung’s car back. I’ll be amazed if nothing was stolen out of it. Besides, I bet you’re starving after that workout.”

As if on cue, your stomach grumbles and you both laugh. “Give me a minute to dress and I’ll go with,” you say, throwing back the sheets to reveal the well-proportioned form of your bare body.

Saeran sets a knee on the bed and leans down to nip at your naked buttock, growling in appreciation. “Stay,” he demands softly You giggle and flip over running your fingers through his hair as he fully reclines on your midriff. His head rests on your tummy and he gazes up at you with such love that you have to look away, lest be blinded by it.

“Take a nap,” he suggests. “I’m just going to return the car to the garage then pick up some dinner. Sushi ok?” At your nod, he smiles. “Sushi it is. I’ll leave your shopping bags on the couch, just make whatever room you need for your belongings.” Rising, he kisses you once more, this one less teasing and more filled with the promise of things to come. “I’ll try not to be gone long.” His palm strokes your scalp and you give a slight nod.

Saeran makes the trek downstairs to retrieve the numerous purchases from the day and quickly returns to set them on the couch. Turning to leave, he pauses at the apartment’s open doorway, glancing back through the dimly lit bedroom. Even from this distance, he’s able to see that you’ve already drifted off to sleep. As much as he longs to join you, there are things he must take care that he can’t, or won’t, involve you in. With one last lingering look, he tosses the Ferrari’s key fob into the air and deftly catches it as he exits the apartment.
Gathering Clouds

Chapter Summary

Your plan to surprise Saeran backfires in a disastrous way.

Chapter Notes

TADA! I believe I'm on schedule. I don't have a lot to say, really, just bear in mind this chapter is setting up events that happen next chapter. Regardless, I hope you enjoy it!

Thank you so, so much to Emimilykity and LittleGrim for helping me work out the small details and always willing to voice their encouragement.

Music:

Home Is Such A Lonely Place - Blink182
Heart's Brighter - Lenka
Bring Me The Night - Sam Tsui and Kina Grannis

You emerge from the steam filled bathroom to the enticing aroma of food. You follow your nose to the kitchen where you see Saeran standing in front of the stove stirring what appears to be a pot of soup. A low growl rumbles within your body, vibrating from your throat rather than your hungry stomach. The distance between you only increases your craving, making you famished for him. It’s been four days since the first time you made love, and you’ve lost count of how many times he’s loved you since then. Still, your appetite for him is easily roused. You’ve been unable to keep your hands off each other, seeming to always be touching in some way.

Feeling that familiar need rekindle, you close the gap that suddenly feels all too wide. You snake your arms around his waist and place a small kiss on his naked back. A quick intake of breath can be felt beneath the hands that caress his chest. Grinning, you trail them down to the waist of the pajama pants that ride dangerously low on his slim hips. You nuzzle his spine, savoring the masculine scent that will forever remind you of sugar tinged kisses and mint colored eyes.

“Good morning,” he greets over his shoulder, and your body freezes at the familiar amber irises that meet your stunned gaze.

Saeran stares back at you, a pair of semi-rimless glasses perched on his nose. The gunmetal gray of the half frame makes the gold of his eyes pop. An overpowering sense of longing for Saeyoung makes your breath catch.

Realizing he is waiting for a return greeting, you clear your throat. “G-good morning,” you stammer, his appearance disquieting you for some reason. “I didn’t know you wore glasses,” you blurt out, at once realizing how oblivious you sound. Four years you’ve been living with the man, and in all that time, you never even considered that his eyesight may be as bad as his brother’s.
“Yeah, the contacts aren’t only for aesthetics,” he chuckles, turning his attention back to the simmering food in front of him. “I don’t wear these often but the contacts have been irritating lately. Allergies and all.” Turning in your embrace, he wraps his arms around you and brushes his lips across yours. “Do they bother you?”

“Of course not, Silly,” you assure him with a smile. You push away any thought of his twin and kiss his chin. “You look hot, as you always do. You just surprised me.”

“Hot, huh?” he teases, his hands skimming down your back to palm your behind.

“Oh, yeah,” you nod with emphasis. “I mean, how do you expect me to get anything done with you walking around half-dressed like this?” Your fingers toy with the hair at his nape, causing a tremor to run through him. Pressing your breasts against his naked skin, you tilt your face to hover your mouth just under his.

He leans in to seal his lips to yours and you pull back slightly, your mouth quirking. The growl he emits turns your grin into a full-blown smile of seductiveness. You continue to tease him, keeping your lips just out of reach until his fingers slip into your hair to cradle the back of your head. With a possessive snarl of frustration, he finally crashes his lips to yours. His tongue immediately pushes into your mouth to tangle with yours.

Reaching back, Saeran turns off the burner and wraps his arms around your waist. Lifting you, he carries you to the table and sets you down. He wraps your legs around his waist then grasps your hips and pulls you against him.

“What are you doing?” you whisper as his mouth travels along your jaw on its way to your ear.

“You’re still mine for three more days,” he answers next to your ear then bites down on its lobe. A throaty laugh escapes you as you pull away and give his chest a gentle shove. “If you don’t stop, we’ll never get around to eating.”

“Oh, I plan to eat,” he promises, his voice full of suggestion. His mouth attaches to your neck, pulling the flesh between his teeth with light suction. In an instant, your nipples are hard. You groan at the bolt of electricity that travels through you at his words.

“Saeran, stop,” you demand, though there is no conviction to it.

“You started it.” His hand slips under your shirt, his fingers skimming up your bare flesh to your breast. He encounters the lace of your bra and his mouth leaves your neck. “You’re wearing too many clothes.”

Saeran grasps the hem of your shirt and pulls it over your head, dropping it on the surface behind you. Pausing for a moment, he takes in the swell of your breasts above the sky blue of your undergarment. Running his fingertips over the rounded flesh, his other hand travels up your inner thigh to press between your legs. You wince, a small gasp escaping your chest even as an eager heat coils in your belly from his touch. Your body is sore from all the intimate activity over the past few days, but you don’t mind the ache.

“Are you alright?” Attuned to your reactions, he is quick to notice your discomfort. His hand moves to your knee and gives it a gentle squeeze.

“A bit tender is all,” you smile and lean forward to kiss the frown from his face. “Not that I’m complaining, but you’ve been riding me pretty hard.”
It is the truth. Saeran has proven to be a very intense and enthusiastic lover. Though not quite as unrestrained as his brother, he still has no trouble fucking you with a fervency that leaves you languid and spent.

“Then let me kiss it better,” he cajoles, the insinuation back in his tone. His eyes remind you in both color and intention of a lion anticipating its next kill.

*Damned if he’s not as irresistible as his brother.*

He leans forward and pulls your bottom lip into his mouth, his teeth pulling at the delicate flesh. “I’m so hungry for you,” he whispers against you, his hands falling to the fastening of your shorts. “I promise I’ll be gentle.”

Your inevitable nod of consent nudges him over the edge and into action, his hands working with an expeditiousness that leaves you breathless. Soon, the small kitchen is filled with the lustful sound of your pleasure-filled moans. Saeran is true to his word, his tongue and lips moving over your slit in soft caresses. His tenderness excites you just as much as the sensation of the wet muscle moving against you.

It’s not long until you’re clutching at his hair with one hand, the other supporting your weight as you find the leverage to grind your pelvis against his hot mouth. His lips wrap around your clit. The tip of his tongue works the over-sensitive nub as one finger carefully massages the slick area just inside your entrance. You gasp his name and he moans, the vibration of it sending you over the precipice of release. Your hips lift off the table as you come hard. The swiftness and strength of your orgasm surprises you and your head falls back as your body spasms with uncontrollable tremors.

Small convulsions are still running through your pussy as he kisses his way back up your body. Gentle lips move across the swell of your heaving chest, the curve of them against your skin unmistakable as you speak.

“Jesus, how are you so good at that?”

“Instinct, for the most part,” he answers. His mouth grazes yours in a brief kiss as he hands you the clothing he placed behind you. “But I did do some research...after we told Saeyoung about the kiss; just in case.”

Your eyes widen in surprise as your shirt clears your head and falls into place. “Saeran Choi, you watched porn.”

His face flushes in embarrassment, his stare shifting to the side. “Some...maybe. I didn’t know how else to learn; I wasn’t going to ask my brother.”

You place a hand on his cheek and gently guide his attention back to you.

“Don’t be bashful. I’m just teasing you. It’s a perfectly normal thing to do.” The tip of your tongue runs along your bottom lip, and you notice the way his eyes are drawn to the unconscious action. “Maybe...next time we can watch together?”

One corner of his mouth quirks. “I have no idea what my brother is talking about when he calls you predictable.”

Laughing, you press your lips to his again. Affection for this shorter, more serious version of your first husband causes tiny bubbles of joy to tickle your chest. You adore how they are so marvelously the same while being simultaneously so different.
Your fingers make the journey down his chest and across his abdomen. Palming the obvious bulge in his pants, you give a light squeeze as you lick at his lips. To your surprise, he grabs your wrist.

“No, My Love,” he breathes, his heart picking up speed beneath the hand that rests against his chest. “This morning was about you; giving you pleasure is enough for me.”

You allow him to place your hand on his shoulder then slide it behind his neck and twirl a bright curl around your finger.

“I love you,” you express, pulling him down to rest your forehead against his. “How did I get so lucky finding not one, but two amazing men to love?”

“Because you were made for us,” Saeran returns, his hand coming up to rest below your ear. “I’m so happy; I never thought feeling this way was possible.”

The two of you stay this way for a long time, soaking in the warmth and love of the other. Finally parting, he helps you from the table, his hands lingering on your waist as your feet touch the floor. Smiling down at you, he tucks a lock of hair behind your ear and kisses the tip of your nose.

As you slip into the remainder of your clothing, Saeran prepares bowls of soup and rice for you. Setting one set of bowls on the table, then the other, he leans down and drops a kiss on the top of your head. You smile up at him and wait for him to take the seat in front of you before glancing down at the dish of Doenjang Guk.

“This looks amazing,” you say, picking up your spoon and taking a bite. It is lukewarm but still delicious, and you close your eyes in delight. “It is amazing.”

“Thanks,” he replies with a heavy dose of shyness, his cheeks flushing once more though the color is not as deep. He takes a bite and wrinkles his nose. “Not my best; maybe I should have added some chili flakes.”

“It’s perfect,” you rebound reaching out to scoop up some rice. “Did you teach yourself to cook?”

“Oh...well, some.” His gaze drops to his food as he falls silent. He takes a few more bites before clearing his throat and shifting his weight. “Rika...she taught me most of what I know. She, uh...insisted I learn so I could prepare her meals. She didn’t trust anyone else to do it and she was too busy… Fuck, it sounds like I’m defending her.”

“It’s okay, Saeran,” you assure in a subdued voice.

“Can we not talk about this? I mean, I’ll tell you everything eventually; I don’t mind you knowing...I just...I’d like this week to be about us not me...most definitely not about her.”

“I understand. You know what? I’m too hungry to talk anyway.” Trying to make him laugh you shove an overly large amount of rice in your mouth. Your cheeks puff out comically and you’re pleased to receive a wide smile in return.

He returns to his food and you observe him as you eat. There are dark circles under his eyes that concern you. More than once these past four days you’ve awoken alone, Saeran nowhere to be found. You know he’s leaving the apartment at odd hours and when he returns, the lingering smell of cigarettes clings to his clothes.

His explanation of late night walks isn’t completely uncharacteristic but the smoke-laced kisses are. Saeran has never smoked...but Unknown does. This worries you more than anything else as your second husband has been more introverted around you than usual the past couple of days. Except
when it comes to sex.

As the days have passed, he's become bolder in his physicality. The self-confidence he exhibits when inside you is leaps and bounds over that first incredible encounter. Whatever timidness he felt before has dissipated leaving in its place a competent and self-assured partner.

The fear that Unknown is at play is an ever-present knot in your gut. The close scrutiny you watch Saeran with when you're together reveals nothing out of the ordinary. That is, if you put aside his sudden, peculiar nighttime behavior and the sexual confidence that seemed to manifest overnight. Short of searching his belongings and pushing him on the issue, you can’t do much more than accept his word.

Except you have a plan. You intend to stay awake as long as it takes tonight to discover what your husband is trying to keep from you. Whatever it is, it’s not something he should be dealing with alone. Solitude is all well and good until it begins to hurt one of the people you care so much for.

Besides, if his disappearing act is because of Unknown, it may finally be your chance to speak with the erratic alter. You’ve been unwilling to provoke Saeran into any kind of emotional turmoil to trigger the other man, so if he is appearing on his own, it’s the perfect opportunity to confront him. The more you think on it, the more you like the idea. Challenging him in public seems like the most advantageous strategy anyway. It will be harder for him to get physically close to you if there are people around; at least you pray so.

Clearing your throat, you set down your utensil and push away your empty bowl. Saeran lifts his gaze to you, giving you his full attention.

“I'll help with the dishes, then I have to go out for a little while.”

“What? Where?” he scowls, his displeasure at your information apparent.

“I have to run an errand,” you explain and rest your elbows on the table.

Standing, he begins to clear the table. “I'll go with you,” he states.

You sigh internally, understanding his desire to stay as close as possible to you for the remainder of your time together. However, you’d received a text from Saeyoung last night informing you Saeran’s ring is ready. You’d like to retrieve it in secret, if possible, and present it to your husband in private.

For a moment you’re tempted to ease his mind with an explanation of where you’re going. You consider it for a brief few seconds before disregarding it. The reaction he gives at finally seeing a tangible symbol of your marriage is something you want to savor alone. When he sees the phrase you’ve chosen for the inside of his ring, you don’t want to share the response it evokes; it belongs to you and you plan to treasure it forever.

“It’s a surprise.” You rise and take your empty dishes to the sink where Saeran stands with his hands gripping the edge of the metal basin.

His shoulders are tense, and he remains motionless as you wrap your arms around his waist. Resting your cheek against his back you hug him in a tight embrace. You can hear his heart pick up speed at your touch and a small smile plays across your lips.

“I won’t be gone long,” you promise. “When I get back, I swear I won’t leave your side for the next three days.”

His body relaxes bit by bit as your hands trail up and down his chest, dragging your nails lightly
along the smooth surface. Heaving a sigh of defeat, he turns in your arms and wraps his own around your shoulders. He pulls you close and buries his nose in your hair, inhaling deeply as if to memorize the smell of you.

“Stop acting like I’m never coming back,” you command, doing your best to insert a bit of levity to your tone. You suddenly feel like crying. A certain amount of guilt, and anticipation, that you’ll be seeing Saeyoung soon wells up inside you. The two emotions war with one another but each makes you feel more wretched by the second.

Why does it feel like I’m doing something wrong?

Because it’s Saeran’s week and you are, for all intents and purposes, sneaking away to see his twin. You acknowledge how wrong this is, but now that the expectation of being in your first husband’s arms is there, it’s impossible not to act on it.

I won’t stay long. Just long enough to pick up the ring and hold Saeyoung for a few minutes. I miss him so much. I only need a taste of him; just a sample to get us through the next few days.

The longer you stay in his brother’s arms, the stronger that longing becomes, the shame of it crushes you. Regardless, the yearning that has been building since running into Saeyoung at the mall reaches a tipping point. The unforeseen demand of your body to be near him makes your hands itch to touch him. Your ears miss the inflection of his voice; your heart the unending love he showers you with.

Swallowing the lump in your throat, you pull away from Saeran’s embrace. You clear your throat and give him a smile, hoping he won’t see the self-reproach in your eyes.

“Leave them,” he instructs softly when you move to begin rinsing the used dinnerware. “I’ll take care of them.”

His hands slip around your waist, splaying across your abdomen to pull you close. He places a light kiss on the curve of your ear then journeys down to end at the juncture of neck and shoulder. His tongue drags across your skin, making your flesh pebble with the shiver that runs through you.

“Go do what you have to do,” he whispers, his breath tickling you, “and hurry back to me. I won’t be sane until you’re back in my arms.”

It is unusually quiet when you enter the bunker. So quiet, that the loud clang of the heavy metal door closing behind you causes you to startle. Your heart has been racing in expectancy since you hit the end of the driveway. Each step closer you get to being in your husband’s presence increases the craving that runs through your veins, making you feel much like an addict chasing their next high.

You take a deep breath, the comfort of being surrounded by the familiar trappings of home settling around you like a mantle. Turning your head to the left, you peer into Saeyoung’s workstation, disappointed to find only his desk littered with empty chip bags and soda cans. The vacant desk chair taunts you. The hoodie draped across its back reminds you of the days of loneliness with your only friends being in the smartphone you carried with you religiously. The phone was your lifeline for those eleven days, the only connection you had to any kind of solace. Saeyoung’s reassurances that everything would be ok, that he was watching over you, being the only things that could calm you down as events escalated at an alarming rate.

The isolation that Saeyoung must be feeling now hits you, and your eyes sting with gathering tears. The only contact you’ve had with him for the past four days is via text. Afraid of Saeran’s reaction if
he caught you speaking with his brother, you always came up with an excuse for why he couldn’t call you. The two of you promised Saeran a week, and to do anything to take your attention away from him for these seven days feels like a betrayal.

No matter what you do lately, you feel disloyal to one or the other. Whenever with one brother, the other seems to always be on your mind. Keeping your thoughts away from your first husband has been difficult, but necessary. Even so, he’s invaded your dreams, always there staring at you with all the love his heart possesses. Leaving you to wake up with an aching heart, seeking his twin’s arms to fill the emptiness it causes.

Glancing to your right, you can just see into the kitchen. A lone pizza box rests on the corner of the visible counter, more bags, and cans surrounding it. You sigh and shake your head in disappointment.

_I knew he wouldn’t eat properly._

Removing your handbag where it rests across your body, you hang it on the coat rack that sits just inside the entrance and move further into the bunker. Intending to check the bedroom for your first love, you head in that direction. The sight of the small blanket fort set up across the living area stops you in your tracks. A small giggle escapes you at the multi-colored fortress, its construction anything but epic.

You can’t tell exactly how it’s anchored, but it only covers the area between the sofa and the television. Dropping to your knees at its entrance, you peer inside. Contained within lays a thick bed of at least five blankets of various prints and colors. Resting atop them lies the sleeping form of Saeyoung. Surrounding him is even more rubbish. He’s sprawled with one arm thrown above his head, the other wrapped around a pillow. He wears nothing but a pair of black and red striped boxer briefs, a day’s worth of stubble gracing his endearing face. The brownish-red color of his facial hair is darker than that on his head, matching the trail that runs from his belly button to disappear beneath his underwear.

Above him sits a cooling stand that holds his laptop, the fan quietly whirring. His glasses and phone rest beside it and your heart jumps at the sight of the customary striped frames. A movement catches your attention and your eyes dart back to your slumbering husband. You watch as his head moves to find a more comfortable position, your name falling from his lips in a mumbled sigh that tightens your chest with emotion.

Crawling into the surprisingly comfortable space, you stretch out beside him and place a light caress across his cheek. Immediately, his eyes open and he squints at you with a dazed stare.

“Am I still dreaming?” he croaks in a whisper.

You smile and shake your head. “Not a dream,” you answer, and run your fingers through his uncombed hair. “You haven’t been taking care of yourself.”

A grin appears on his handsome face, and he releases the pillow to turn onto his side. He wraps his arm around your waist, throwing his leg over yours and nuzzling your breasts. All the tension leaves your body as he encircles you and you realize just how on edge you’ve been. The near constant necessity of being aware of Saeran’s moods has taken a toll on your nerves. You love being with him but you can’t deny how taxing it can be. The guilt that follows this admittance is just as heavy as the guilt you felt not an hour ago in his arms.

“I’m so glad to see you,” Saeyoung breathes, his head lifting to examine your face, appearing as if he’s taking inventory of your features.
“Do I pass the identity check?” you tease as you grow uncomfortable under his careful observation.

“Hell, yeah,” he enthuses, his voice full of exuberance. The hand leaves your waist and rises. Running his fingers along your jaw, he leans in and presses his lips to yours.

It doesn’t take long for the kiss to turn into something more than the sweet caress it started out as. Soon, his palm slips behind your head, long fingers sliding into your hair to cradle you as he nudges you onto your back. His tongue pushes into your mouth, seeking and finding yours with all the desire he’s had to keep contained while you’ve been gone.

Your hands come up to cup his face, your thumbs roving over the rough stubble on his chin. You can detect the lingering taste of Dr. Pepper on his tongue and it makes you smile against him. A giggle begins in your chest at the flavor that seems to be ever-present, and soon, your whole body shakes with mirth.

Lifting his mouth from yours, Saeyoung pulls away to look at you in question. “What’s so funny?”

“It’s not that,” you reply, the giddiness racing through you making you laugh all the more.

Your eyes begin to water and you run a thumb across his wet, bottom lip. He kisses the digit, his eyes warm as they peer down at you. With no warning, your laughter turns to sobs, relief, and remorse pulling you in different directions.

“Hey,” he says and flips over, pulling you to lay on top of him. You bury your face in his neck, the smell of Ivory soap combining with his musk helping to soothe you. “What’s going on? What’s wrong?”

“N-nothing,” you sniffle as you fidget with his hair. Your body relaxes against his, going limp with exhaustion you didn’t even realize you felt. “I’m just really happy to see you.”

His hand strokes your hair and he kisses your temple with affection. “You don’t sound very happy. In fact, you sound kind of miserable. Is...Saeran treating you right?”

You nod immediately, not trusting yourself to speak. Saeran is treating you right; at least as right as he can. You feel loved and needed when you’re with him, the feeling only matched by the one you feel when with his brother; a feeling that used to ease you no matter how wrong everything else in your life seemed. But now all it does is arouse shame for longing for one brother while with the other.

“This is hard,” you finally admit. “Loving you both is easy, but making this work...it’s...”

“Did something happen?”

You shake your head. “When I’m with him, I feel guilty that I’m not with you, and when I’m with you, I feel guilty that I’m not with him.”

“Ah, yes, the wonderful feeling of guilt. I know it well,” Saeyoung sighs and wraps his arms around you. “Would it help if I assure you I’m okay?”

“You aren’t okay, though,” you claim, lifting your head. “This place is a mess, and you’re unshaven and you’re not eating right and-”

“Alright, alright,” he chuckles. “I miss you...a lot. It’s...hard to function without you around. I’m constantly thinking about what you’re doing and if you miss me as much.” He tucks a lock of hair behind your ear and smiles. “But I’m okay as far as you being with Saeran. This is an adjustment
period for all of us. It would be easier if he would move back in here.”

“I already kind of invited him to,” you reveal, resting your chin on his chest. “I know I should have discussed it with you first.”

“That’s great!” A smile spreads across his face. “What did he say? Is he moving back?”

“He said he’d think about it,”

“Better than a no,” Saeyoung points out and pulls you down to kiss him once more. “How long can you stay?”

“Not long,” you answer in disappointment.

“Then we better make the most of it,” he says slipping his hand onto your nape as his head lifts to capture your lips.

Your legs fall to each side of his hips as he sits up, his free arm supporting your back and pressing you closer. He pulls away slightly to look into your eyes, the golden hue of his unhindered from the spectacles he usually wears. The fingers on the back of your neck massage the taut muscles, causing a flood of relaxation to pool through you. Your breaths mingle as you stare at one another soaking in the pleasure of merely being together.

You rest your forehead against his with closed eyes, your heart racing at his nearness. Saeyoung has always had this effect on you, ever since that very first phone call where he tried to teach you a scamming lesson. Sure, he’s good-looking and his voice does delicious things to your libido. However, there’s always been this indescribable quality about him that makes each time as exciting as the first. Perhaps it’s the way he always acts as if he could devour you or the unreserved way he gives you every bit of himself. Whatever it is acts as an aphrodisiac, driving you to higher and higher points of lust until you feel as if you’ll die if he doesn’t touch you.

His fingers brush against the curve of your waist on their way up your torso as his mouth resumes kissing you. The tongue that slips past your teeth is tender, its pace unhurried despite the limited time available. He palms your breasts, and even through your clothes, you can feel the heat of his skin. A tiny whimper emits from your throat as his thumbs pass over your hardened nipples.

You attempt to gather your wits before things progress too far. Allowing anything further to happen would be a terrible breach of trust to Saeran. However, all the longing you’ve felt for the man currently in your arms makes it difficult to think rationally.

“Saeyoung,” you breathe, attempting to regain some control.

Instead, he releases a low groan against your neck that sends a lightning bolt of hunger through you. “Say it again,” he whispers, his tongue tracing the shell of your ear. “I’ve jerked off so many times since you’ve been gone just thinking about the way you moan my name when you come.”

His name fills the confined space of the fort, the utterance a plea of release from the sweet torture of his mouth nibbling its way across your neck. His touch falls to your hips and he clutches them with greedy fingers. He begins rocking your pelvis against him, his moving in short thrusts. The evidence of his excitement presses against the heat between your legs, and you wince at the sharp stab of pain that turns into a dull ache. It’s a solid reminder of the man waiting for you. Saeran pervades the haze of desire that’s clouded your judgment, and an overwhelming sense of shame washes over you.

“Wait,” you gasp and place your hands over Saeyoung’s, stalling his actions. The fervency of his actions are a good indicator that he’s close to losing control, and if you don’t put an end to this now,
it will be too late. “We can’t…”

He lets out a frustrated breath, his forehead falling to rest on your shoulder. The fingers on your hips compress and release rhythmically as he takes deep breaths in an attempt to calm down.

“I know,” he finally says as his arms slide around you to hold you close. “I don’t think Saeran would forgive me if I made love to you on his time. This is so fucking hard...and I don’t mean my-”

“Stop it,” you laugh and slap his arm playfully. You then run your fingers through his curls, an inordinate amount of affection making you weak. “You know I want to.”

“I do,” he sighs and falls onto his back, pulling you down to lay atop him. A hand strokes your hair as you listen to his rapid heartbeat slow to a steady thump. “It’s probably good that we stop anyway. I don’t want to make you sorer than you already are.”

Your face warms uncomfortably and you squirm. “Who said I’m sore?”

Saeyoung laughs, causing your head to bounce on his chest. “You act like I don’t remember our honeymoon,” he teases as he tugs on a lock of hair. “I also know it didn’t stop us from finding a way to pleasure each other anyway. I doubt it will stop you and Saeran.”

You stack your hands on his body and rest your chin on them to peer up at him. Teeth worrying your bottom lip, you consider him in thought. The door is open to discuss your physical relationship with Saeran, but do you really want to cross the threshold? You can see the questions Saeyoung wants to ask in his eyes. For years, the two of you have shared every thought, wish and dream. Keeping anything from him twists your stomach into knots.

For this to work, however, there have to be things that are for you and Saeran alone. The thought to share the intimate details of your marriage to Saeyoung with his twin is inconceivable to you. But echoes of Saeran’s questions in the dressing room reverberate through your memories, and you reconsider your stance.

“Does it bother you?” you question to steer the conversation away from the details. “Me being with Saeran, I mean.”

“Do you mean...sexually?” At your nod, his eyes unfocus as he thinks. He’s silent for a couple of moments, considering your inquiry. “No,” he finally answers as his attention returns to your face.

His cheeks bloom red and your head tilts. “Just no? If that’s true, why is your face so red?”

He chuckles with nervousness and clears his throat. It’s clear he’s uncomfortable with your question. All it does is pique your interest and your eyebrows rise in query. “Well,” he starts and shifts his weight. “The truth is...that is...I mean...it turns me on,” he finishes in rush, his eyes sliding to the side in avoidance.

“What?” you laugh in surprise. Even more astonishing is the rush of warmth that floods your sex at his confession.

“I’m not proud of it,” Saeyoung defends, the color in his face deepening to a scarlet red. “But when I think about it, not that I think about it on purpose, but when I do, it...isn’t unpleasant.”

“You don’t think about it when you...you know?” Mimicking the act of masturbation, you interrogate him, both of your faces now flushed deeply with embarrassment.

“No!” he denies quickly then bites his lip. “Well...once. It just popped into my head at the end!
It’s…the thing about it is…God, I don’t even know how to explain it.”

“It’s alright,” you soothe, your fingers beginning to trail across his bare chest in comfort. “It’s not a big deal. We can’t control what we think.”

“It’s not alright. I don’t want you believing I’m some twisted pervert who gets off thinking about their brother,” he replies in irritation at himself. “It’s not the fact that it’s _him_. I mean…It is but it’s not. When I watched the two of you in bed that morning, it was like being outside my body watching myself pleasure you. I could see your every reaction without being blinded by my own needs. But seeing you that way made me want to reach out and contribute to that pleasure. There’s only so much I can do with two hands…but with four? Can you imagine the things that could be done to you?”

Images flit through your mind of their hands on you. Your imagination adds the damp feel of their tongues moving across your skin, and your hips twitch in search of relief from the dull throb that now torments you. A knowing grin spreads across his face at the restless movements you begin to make against him. You return it with a wry smile.

“I should go.” You attempt to sit up, but Saeyoung’s arms hold you tight.

“Not yet,” he whispers, his eyes pleading with you to stay. “We don’t even have to talk. Just stay with me until I go back to sleep. I didn’t fall asleep until sunrise this morning and I’m exhausted.”

You glare at him. “You promised you wouldn’t overwork.”

“I’m not,” he assures you as his hand slips behind your head to pull you into a soft kiss. “Just a bout of insomnia. It’s difficult to sleep when you’re not here.”

“Oh, Saeyoung.” Your heart breaks a little at the revelation and you give him another light kiss. “Alright, go to sleep, Babe. I’ll stay.”

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“You nodded. “I did, but I wanted to see you, too,” you grin and run your fingers along his scruffy cheek. “I needed my Saeyoung fix.”

“I’m really happy you did,” he expresses quietly. “I’ve missed you so much. Not talking to you is the hardest, I think. Even when you were trapped at the apartment, I was still able to hear your voice.”

“I know,” you agree and rest your head back against his chest.

A comfortable silence falls between you and it’s not long before Saeyoung’s breath even out, indicating he has drifted off to sleep. You ease yourself from his body and are unsurprised when he turns with you to trap you once more in his embrace. His ability to wake up at every sound and movement is something you’ve had to adjust to over the years.

“Just a little bit longer,” he mumbles and throws a leg over yours.

He nuzzles the top of your head and you smile. It feels good to be here with him; good to feel the way he wraps his larger body around your small frame. Safe. You feel a sense of safety that you
didn’t realize has been missing with Saeran. It’s not that you’re scared of him, because you are far from it, but the constant threat of him changing into another person robs you of a piece of the confidence you have with Saeyoung.

*Five more minutes, then I’ll leave.*

Your eyes drift closed as you tuck your head under his chin and snake your arm around his waist. Absently, your fingers caress the naked flesh of his back as you get lost in thoughts of both brothers and how to best navigate your new relationship.

You awaken with a start. Saeyoung’s body is pressed close against your back, his hand resting on your bare abdomen where your shirt has ridden up. Blinking, you remain motionless, attempting to remember where you are. It finally clicks and you gasp in horror. The bunker. You’re in the bunker with Saeyoung and you fell asleep.

*Oh no! How long have I been out?*

Reaching above your heads, you snatch up Saeyoung’s phone and touch the home button. The screen lightens and you once again gasp. Your body goes into immediate action to disentangle yourself from your husband’s embrace.

*Saeran must be worried sick! I promised I’d only be gone a little while and it’s been hours!*

“What’s going on?” Saeyoung mutters, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“I have to go,” you answer in a panicked voice. “I fell asleep. Saeran is going to be so upset.”

“Hey,” he soothes, grabbing his glasses and slipping them on. “It will be fine. I’m sure he’ll understand. You can’t be getting much sleep over there.”

“He doesn’t even know I’m here!”

“What do you mean? You didn’t tell him where you were going?”

“No,” you respond over your shoulder as you crawl from the cozy cocoon. “And if he finds out, then he might…”

Saeyoung follows as you stand and rush to the workstation to retrieve the item that brought you here in the first place. ”He might what?”

You clutch the ring box to your chest and curse yourself for your blunder. You’d almost revealed the one thing you must keep secret no matter what; at least for now.

“What?” you feign incomprehension as you turn to meet the stare of your first love.

He sighs and places his hands on his hips. You can’t help but admire how striking he looks standing before you practically naked. Your gaze roams over his body, starting at the red curls atop his head and not stopping until you reach his bare feet. Along the way you take note of the broadness of his chest, the way his biceps bulge slightly in evidence of his daily workouts. The stomach that is not as flat as his brother’s, but close. Strong thighs that bespeak his pre-dawn runs. Most of all, you take notice of the way his body responds to your observation. The semi-hard cock outlined by the cotton boxer briefs reveals the effect you’re having on him.

“Don’t look at me like that,” he commands thickly. “I can’t think when you do, and I feel like I’m missing something really important right now. You said if Saeran finds out you were here, he might,
and you stopped. Saeran might what?"

Unable to think of any plausible answer you can possibly convince him with, you remain silent. Your fingers tighten on the small object in your hand as your mind races.

*I can’t tell him; not yet. If I do, he won’t let me leave. It will just make things worse.*

“He’ll yell? Cry? Scream? Punch things? What the hell will he do, MC? Because whatever it is worries the hell out of you, which means it’s something important enough that I need to know.”

“Three days,” you blurt. “Three more days and I’ll tell you everything, I promise. Whatever you want to know, I’ll spill. But right now...I have to go.”

“Are you in danger? Can you at least tell me that?” he asks, the tone of his voice turning into a plea for answers.

Pinpricks of pain stab your eyes and you blink rapidly to relieve them. “No,” you whisper, though you fail to specify which question you’re answering.

He grabs you as you try to pass, wrapping his arms around you in a tight hug. You make an effort to find consolation in the smell and feel of him, but all you can do is worry about what’s going on back at the apartment.

Pulling away, you cup Saeyoung’s cheek and brush your lips against his in farewell. “I love you.”

Instead of releasing you, he holds you tighter. “If you love me, tell me what’s going on. The more you avoid my questions, the more concerned I get.”

“Three days,” you repeat, your eyes darting between his. “Please, Saeyoung, just be patient a little while longer. You’re less than five minutes away from us. If I need you, I promise I’ll call. Trust me to know what I’m doing.”

He skims his knuckles along your cheek and sighs. “Short of keeping you prisoner, I guess there’s not much I can do except that.”

“Thank you,” you utter in a rushed whisper. You clasp the hand caressing your face and kiss it. “I’ll see you in a few days.”

Fifteen minutes later, you skid to a halt at the apartment building’s gate and key in the access code with shaking fingers. Your breath comes in heavy gasps, the run from home and your panic making your chest tight. You enter the air-conditioned lobby at a run, foregoing the elevator in favor of the stairs. When you arrive in front of Saeran’s door, you pause to catch your breath before slowly entering the lock’s passcode. As anxious as you are to see him, fear of what you’re going to find on the other side of this closed barrier is stronger.

*Please let him be okay.*

The door opens and you step through the threshold. Your body freezes just inside the door, the sight you’re greeted with making your stomach drop.

*Not okay.*

The harsh smell of chemicals permeating the air makes you wrinkle your nose. The apartment’s interior is strewn with the aftereffects of someone’s rage. Glancing in the kitchen, you can see the broken remnants of a chair scattered across the linoleum floor. The living room appears as if a
tornado passed through, papers and shattered computer parts littering the area around Saeran’s desk
and sofa.

The man himself sits on the plush sofa with his head lowered. Absently, he bites his nails as his knee
bounces in nervousness. He’s changed clothes since you left and now wears a pair of black leather
pants and black hoodie you’ve never seen before. The hood of his jacket is pulled up, partially
obstructing your view of his face.

“S-Saeran?” you prod with hesitation, slowly closing the door behind you. You hold onto the
doorknob, dread flooding through you the longer he refuses to speak. “Are you...alright?

His head turns. Pale green eyes snap to you, slightly narrowed in anger. It’s apparent he’s been
crying by how red and swollen they are.

“Where the hell have you been?” he asks, and the raw voice he questions you in is filled with
accusation.

You open your mouth to speak, but no words come out. You’re struck speechless by the bleached
white hair with hints of faded red hanging in his eyes. For the first time since you’ve known Saeran,
you can’t determine if he’s himself or Unknown as he stands to face you. The rage radiating from
him could be from either, and the glare he shoots at you is completely shuttered. Any other emotion
he might be feeling is hidden behind the fury burning in his stare.

Saeran’s form is motionless, the agitation he exhibited when you entered gone. A dangerous stillness
encompasses his body, his only movement being the tightening of his hands into fists. Whoever it is
standing in front of you requires answers, and though you shrink at the responsibility, you are more
than aware that it is yours to bear.

Taking a deep breath, you drop your hand to your side and take a step forward to confront the
consequences of your actions.
Torrential Downpour

Chapter Notes

I cannot stress this enough ***PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO THE TAGS****
There is dubious consent in this chapter in addition to very graphic sexual content. No one under the age of 18 should be reading this chapter. Also please be aware that there are numerous "HAPPY ENDING" tags. This means that this story DOES end with a happy ending, it just takes a while to get there. One more time to be safe ***DUBIOUS CONSENT ALLLL IN THIS CHAPTER****

Thank you to Eminilykity, as always for being a cheerleader and helping me out. She certainly isn't scared to call me out when something isn't working.

Also thank you to LittleGrim for helping me out with small bits of dialogue and minor details that might have never occurred to me.

Music:
First Half of Chapter:

Pretty Girl (The Way) - Sugarcult
Heaven In Hiding - Halsey
The Fragile - Nine Inch Nails
Nicotine - Panic! At The Disco

Second part of chapter:

Madness - Ruelle
Bad Dream - Ruelle

Huge shout out to the members of the r/MysticMessenger Discord channel. You are all awesome and kept me laughing during this difficult chapter. I don't want to name individuals but you know who you are! <3

“What…” your voice falters under your husband’s piercing green glare. You clutch your hands in front of you, doing your best to disguise the faint tremor in them. Clearing your throat, you take another step forward and try again. “What happened?”

Saeran raises an eyebrow and slants his head. “What happened?” he parrots and releases a strangled laugh. “What happened?”

He shoves the hood from his head and runs the fingers of both hands through his pale locks. You watch as the white curls fall back into place, your eyes burning at the loss of the vibrant vermillion you love so much.

"I think the answer is pretty fucking obvious," he snarls. "The better question is what kind of errand takes six hours to run?"
"I'm sorry," you whisper shamefaced. "I didn't intend to be gone so long. I just-

"...was too busy fucking my brother to care," Saeran finishes for you and your face heats.


"You're going to deny that you were with him?"

You shake your head, unwilling to lie to him. "No, but I swear, Saeran, nothing happened."

Saeran's laugh is full of bitterness. "God, I should have known you couldn't stay away. You really expect me to believe that he had you alone, in the privacy of your home, and he didn't lay a finger on you?" Your gaze drops to the floor and he laughs again. "That's what I thought."

Your head jerks up. "We kissed, but that's it! We stopped before things went too far. Neither of us wanted to betray you."

"You betrayed me the second you left to see him without telling me," he retorts.

"Y-You're right," you stammer, and at that realization, the tears you've been holding back overflow onto your cheeks. "I'm so sorry that I didn't tell you I was going over there. But I'm not lying; nothing happened. He asked me to stay until he fell asleep and I drifted off too."

He stares at you in silence, his breath coming in shallow gasps. You can tell he is overcome with panic, the situation doing nothing but agitating his anxiety. "What did I do so wrong that you had to run to him?"

“It’s not like that,” you insist but he appears to not be listening. He’s begun to pace the only clear path through the debris strewn across the floor.

“I’ve been so fucking stupid,” he mutters and plunges his fingers back into his pink-tinged hair. “I must have been delusional to believe you could love me; that you wanted to be with me. You couldn’t even last a week before you got bored.”

His words knock the breath from you. A vice tightens around your chest, the pressure of it squeezing painfully. Through your blurred vision, you see him turn his back to you and sink into a crouch. The slight shake of his shoulders gives away the sobs he tries to hide from you and their presence makes you hate yourself for hurting him yet again.

Blindly you reach into the front pocket of your handbag, fingers closing around the small object within. You make your way to him as you pull it from its hiding spot and collapse before him, swiping hastily at the wetness on your face.

His elbows rest on his knees, his fingers clutching at his still slightly damp mane. "I do love you, Saeran. I want to be with you. Everything I've told you about how I feel is the truth. I would never lie to you about that. I would never hurt you that way."

There is no reaction to your words and it makes you even more desperate to reach him.

"Look," you say, your trembling fingers fumbling to retrieve the band that matches yours and his brother's. "Please," you beg, tossing the box aside and holding up the ring. Still receiving no response, you grab his left hand and pull it down to slip the ring onto his finger.

You kiss the back of his hand, hope blooming in your chest when he doesn't snatch it away from your grasp. "This is why I went," you explain, running your thumb over the platinum band. "I
wanted to surprise you. I wanted to give this to you when we were alone. I know I messed up, and I’m so sorry. Please…don’t shut me out.”

The hand remaining in his hair drops slowly, and he stares at the piece of jewelry that now adorns his finger. In silence, he studies the wide band and you hold your breath in anticipation. Finally, he looks up to meet your eyes. They’ve softened, but whatever he’s thinking is still concealed behind a cloud of distrust.

You empty your lungs with a long, slow exhalation and place his hand over your heart.

“I promise, that from this day until my last, I will love and cherish you,” you begin. For days you’ve been trying to come up with something special to say when presenting him with his wedding band. While a traditional wedding ceremony is impossible, you’d hoped at least reciting vows to bind yourself to this man would somehow make up for it. Whatever words you’d settled upon have fled your mind, however, so you pull inspiration from what’s in your heart and pray it’s enough.

“No matter whether our days are bright or stormy, I swear on everything I am that I will never abandon you. My life is not complete without you in it and I’ll do whatever it takes to prove that to you.”

Saeran remains mute, his eyes dropping back to study the metal encircling his finger. His only movement is the slight tilt of his head, and as the seconds tick by, you grow ever more apprehensive that your words mean little to him now; frightened that you’ve broken his heart one too many times.

Eventually, his gaze flicks back to yours and the proprietorial gleam contained within steals your breath away.

“You’re mine,” he finally states with a smirk, his voice an octave lower than usual.

You nod and his thumb catches the single tear that slips from your eye. “Yes,” you confirm, and before you comprehend what’s happening, his mouth claims yours.

The force of his kiss knocks you off balance and you fall onto your back. His body covers yours, his hands resting below your ears to hold you in place as his mouth makes love to yours. It’s a type of kiss you’ve never experienced before; possessive yet worshipful. His tongue pushes past your lips impatiently, staking its claim with a single deep thrust. He groans as yours responds with enthusiasm and rocks his hips against you, his cock already semi-rigid.

His hands leave your face to slide down your form. They push your shirt up with frenzied movements, fingers making quick work of the front clasp of your bra to expose you to his ravenous inspection.

He leans down, his mouth hovering over one pink tip. The heat of his breath hardens the peak, and your back arches in need. With a chuckle, he presses you back down to the floor and holds you in place.

“So eager,” he murmurs in amusement and presses his lips against the underside of one breast.

With no warning, the heat of his mouth envelopes your nipple. Fingers dig into your flesh as you once again attempt to arch into him. The suction he applies draws the taut nub deep, and you cry out, your nails dragging over his scalp. He releases you with a lewd ‘pop’, and his hand replaces his mouth as it travels to the neglected mound begging for attention.

The bottom half of your body moves restlessly against him. Your clit throbs with the stimulation he’s plying you with. Your leg wraps around the one pressed between yours in an attempt to find relief
from the tension building inside you.

One hand slides down your body and he angles you slightly to the side to cup one full buttock. He kneads the supple flesh as he grinds against you, his erection prodding your thigh. You breathe his name as you move with him and utter a sound of protest when his heat suddenly leaves you.

He rises to kneel before you, unfastening your shorts with sure fingers to pull them roughly from your body. His hands press your legs open, and he licks his lips as his eyes move over your sex.

“Fuck me,” he murmurs, reaching out to run his index finger along your slit. “Your pussy is beautiful. No wonder he’s been keeping you to himself.”

You open your mouth, but whatever words you’d been about to say flee from your mind as he slides the finger inside you. His wrist turns and the digit presses up against your g-spot, eliciting a breathless, open-mouthed moan.

“God, you’re so wet. Is all this for me or him?”

“You.” The gasped answer coincides with the addition of another long finger. A third joins them, stretching you easily as they begin to pump slowly within you.

“Look at that,” he says to himself and bites his lip as he watches his fingers disappear and reappear from inside you.

His free hand undoes the front of his leather pants with efficiency and shoves them down far enough to free his engorged cock.

“Touch your clit,” he commands. You comply and he groans at your immediate obedience.

He spits into his hand and takes firm grip of his rigid flesh. His eyes sink closed briefly, and you watch as he pleasures himself. Your pulse is racing with excitement, the sight of his hand moving along the length of his shaft making your walls clench violently around the fingers filling you out.

A puff of laughter escapes his chest and his eyes open to meet yours. The mint green irises gleam with lust. His touches border on punishing while still being gentle enough to give pleasure.

“Do you like watching?” he asks with a grin, pushing his fingers even deeper into your heat.

“God, yes,” you groan, arching your back.

Air hisses between his teeth as your legs spread further apart. Your nimble fingers pick up speed as they circle your clit, provoking a soft whine. He gives his thickness one more firm stroke, releasing it to lower his mouth to your ear.

“Maybe next time I’ll let you watch as I come on your tits,” he whispers. You whimper and he smiles against you, the stickiness of his fingers pumping into you and your heavy breaths the only sounds in the small apartment. “But tonight, I’m gonna fuck you so well you can’t think of anything except how good my cock feels inside you.”

At his words, your hips buck up with a strangled moan. His vocalization surprises you but sets your blood on fire. He’s never been exactly quiet during your lovemaking, but never so blunt and you’re quickly discovering that you love it.

Your head turns and his mouth slants over yours. Your tongues dance as your fingers leave your body to glide up the underside of his heavy erection. They wrap around the unyielding member and
a low growl rumbles from his chest as you begin to skillfully massage its length.

“Tighter,” he instructs and curses under his breath as the tension of your grip increases.

His fingers leave you, and he braces his weight on both hands as his pelvis follows the motion of your caresses. His teeth tug at your bottom lip, the pressure of it verging on painful.

“What is it about you that makes me want you so fucking much?” he growls, his forehead pressing hard against yours.

“I want you, too,” you breathe and entice him with a flick of your tongue against his lips.

As if he’s been waiting for your confession, he immediately pulls away and removes his pants. Throwing them to the side, he straddles one slender thigh. He pulls the other onto his hip, twisting your pelvis into an obtuse angle. Gripping his cock he runs it over your slick folds then lines it up with your entrance.

His eyes rise to meet yours as he pushes into you. Studying your reaction, he begins to move in shallow thrusts. One hand clutches your ass, assisting the one just above it on your waist in holding you in place.

The heat in his stare burns through you. Something lurks around the edges of it that you can’t quite comprehend. Whatever it is sets your nerves ablaze, and your body strains to get even closer to him. Your nails dig into his thighs as he continues to tease you, your attempts to meet him halfway thwarted by the position he holds you in.

His hips suddenly snap forward, the force of his thrust causing your bodies to connect with a loud smack. Giving you no time to adjust, he withdraws and drives back into you, drawing a high-pitched moan of surrender from your throat.

Blindly, you clutch at his wrist and raise his hand from your waist to press it against your breast. Freed from his hold, you begin to move with him, easily matching the fierce pace he’s set. His fingers pinch your nipple and your back arches. A surge of electricity shoots from the point of contact straight down to your cunt. The leg draped over his hip wraps around to the small of his back, your heel pressing into his tailbone in encouragement.

His hand clamps onto your breast, the punishing grip of his fingers arousing a visceral need you’ve never experienced before. The painful pleasure of his affection is unexpected but not unwelcome. You’re no stranger to rough sex. Saeyoung indulges in his sadistic tendencies on occasion. The hunger it always unleashes is incomparable to anything else; until now.

While it does inflame you, you can’t help but feel as if the sudden appearance of his dominating behavior is retribution for your mistake. However, there is no animosity in the attentive observation he studies you with; no anger in the rough handling of your body. The brutal way he fucks you still holds a hint of tenderness, and when his palm slides from your breast to roam up around your neck, you are unafraid.

His fingers close around the delicate column, his grip firm but still loose enough to leave your breathing unhindered. Your gazes lock and you nod at the question in his eyes. At your assurance that you’re alright, his hand remains.

“You are so fucking perfect,” he praises, his voice breathless from exertion.

The fondness in his words puts to rest any doubts of his intentions. Whether this started out as a way for you to atone for your error in judgement or not, it’s now the familiar act of connecting heart and
Your fingers surround his wrist, your thumb resting on the rapid beat of his pulse. “I love you.”

The soft declaration stalls his movements. His body goes still as his eyes widen slightly.

“What did you say?” he pants hoarsely, the digits around your throat compressing lightly.

“I love you,” you repeat and feel his cock twitch inside you.

For a moment there is a flash of regret in the intense green eyes peering down at you. In an instant it’s gone, its brief appearance making you doubt you saw it at all. With an abruptness that startles you, his hands leave your body and he withdraws. Your eyebrows twitch down into a disappointed frown, and you attempt to sit up.

Strong hands preempt your movement, however, to flip you over. You feel the heat of his quick exhalations on the curve of your ass and lift your pelvis to meet the press of his open mouth. His teeth drag across the smooth surface as his hands seize your hips. The dampness of his tongue travels up your back, causing a shiver of arousal to travel down your spine and pool between your legs.

His knees frame your hips and the feel of his cock probing your slit makes you push back in search of stimulation. Your cunt throbs with unfulfilled release, and you press your thighs together in an effort to relieve some of the aching hunger consuming you.

Saeran’s body covers yours once again, his chest pressing tightly against your back. Moving your hair to one side, his mouth latches onto your neck and you tilt your head to side to grant better access.

He draws a bit of the sensitive flesh between his teeth and reaches down to line himself up to your dripping pussy. A soft moan slips from him as he sinks slowly into you, not stopping until he is fully sheathed in your warmth. His gentleness is in stark contrast to the savagery he displayed only moments before. His pelvis rolls against yours, and you utter a small whimper of need.

“Does it feel this good when he fucks you?” he whispers in your ear.

“I-it’s not a contest,” you breathe. You gasp as he withdraws almost completely and possesses you with one vicious stroke.

“If you believe that, you’re even more stupid than I thought,” he says with a nasty bark of laughter.

Your brow furrows at his words, an icy finger of dread making your body freeze. A terrible suspicion causes goosebumps to pebble your skin.

*No, it can’t be him. I would be able to tell the difference...wouldn’t I?*

You open your mouth but your question is forestalled as he adjusts his angle and slams into you, his powerful thrust impaling your g-spot. All thoughts flee your mind at the euphoric wave of pleasure engulfing you and you cry out at the intensity of it.

His arms hook your shoulders, the strength of his fingers against you leaving bruises on your pale skin. He continues to piston his body into yours. Each forceful plunge of his cock ramming against the over-sensitive patch. Your fingers scramble against the hard surface beneath you, seeking purchase that remains illusive as he assaults you with pleasure greater than you’ve ever encountered.
“You should feel honored,” he pants around soft grunts. “This is the first time I’ve taken the time to ensure a woman enjoys herself just as much as I do. So be a good girl, Princess, and come all over my cock.”

You’re incapable of speech, the dam of sensations inside you broken and unsalvageable. Your head falls forward, your moans bouncing off the hardwood floor to echo back at you. He bites down hard on your shoulder, and the coil within you snaps. Your body spasms beneath him, your pussy convulsing hard around him.

“Yes,” he mutters with a hiss, fucking you through your orgasm.

The pleasure is too great, and you instinctively try to squirm away but he holds you in place as he seeks his own release. Your body screams out in response to the continued demand of his. The air is filled with the obscene sounds of skin slapping, heavy breathing and unchecked noises of lost inhibitions. A luscious tension begins to build within you once again and you clutch at his hair, your fist provoking a sharp intake of breath.

“You want to play rough?” he asks in amusement. “Okay, Princess, let’s get rough.”

A chill passes over you from the loss of his heat as he straightens and repositions himself between your legs. His hands grasp your hips and pull you to your knees. Immediately, he sets a ruthless pace as his hands move to knead the roundness of your ass. A sudden harsh smack against the yielding flesh calls forth a startled cry that quickly turns into a keen of pleasure as his palm covers the stinging patch of skin.

You are lost in a world of lust. Coherent thought is impossible with the constant assault on your senses. His hand comes back down on the same thrumming spot, and your back arches. Reaching back you grab his hip, the might of your grip leaving crescents embedded in his flesh.

Seizing your hair, he wraps it tightly around his fist and pulls. Your head tilts back with a choked moan and he clicks his tongue in reproach.

“Oh, no you don’t, Princess. It’s too late to hold out on me now. Let me hear those pretty sounds you were making before.”

His free hand sneaks under you, fingers latching on to one erect nipple. He pinches the responsive nub then rolls it expertly. A string of curses fall from your lips at the immense heat that radiates from your cunt and travels throughout your body. You begin to push back against Unknown’s violent tempo, desperate for relief from the tautness rapidly building.

“Holy fuck,” he groans and tugs you up to wrap his arms around your waist. “You’re so good,” he mutters in your ear.

Your arms immediately surround his neck and pull him into a sloppy, open-mouthed kiss. Your body moves against him sensually as your tongues battle. Taking one of his hands in yours, you guide it between your legs and he grins. Adept fingers circle your clit as his mouth places hot, damp patches along your jaw to your ear. He bites down on its lobe, and your eyes close as your teeth sink into your bottom lip.

“Give me one more, and I’ll give you that cum you’re so desperate for,” he pants, applying more pressure to the slick bundle of nerves under his fingertips.

The hand at your waist makes the journey up your torso and neck to rest just below your ear. Turning your head, he captures your lips, his tongue plunging deep in search of yours. He laps at
you greedily and the devoted quality of it throws you over the edge.

Your second orgasm crashes into you with a violence that astounds and leaves you breathless. Your fingers clutch desperately at his thick locks as you lose control of your body. Tremors wrack your frame and Unknown’s hands grip your waist to keep you upright as he rams into you with frenzied thrusts.

His cock pulsates and you push back hard into his movements. With a loud cry of triumph, he comes, his head dropping to your shoulder. A massive shiver runs through his body as he erupts inside you. Hot, thick strands of ejaculate coat your walls as the warm breath from his soft moans fan across your back.

Uncertain arms embrace you and hold tight. “Goddamn you,” Unknown murmurs in an almost inaudible voice. “I don’t like this. You’re not supposed to matter, but somehow you’re all that does. How did you do this to me?” His body tenses, the arms around you taking on a desperate quality. He strains against something unseen, his head pressing hard against you. “Remember me, Princess.”

Before you can process and examine his words, the reality of what has just happened rushes back to you with a velocity that makes you nauseous. The trickle of semen leaking from you makes your face burn in shame, and your vision blurs when the arms around you jerk away as if burned. You know without looking that Saeran has returned.

Immediate remorse fills you. Not because of what happened; because you didn’t want to stop what just happened. But how are you supposed to explain to this gentle man that the act you just participated in is as much an act of love as what you’ve been doing with him for the past four days?

Saeran stares at you with wide, horrified eyes. He blinks hard, attempting to gain his bearings. He feels like an actor who’s been dropped into the middle of filming without a script. The last thing he remembers is crouching on the floor, his back to you as he struggled to hide his pain. Now you sit before him with flushed skin, red blemishes that are quickly turning to bruises scattered across your naked body.

Your gaze shifts down under his alarmed regard as your clumsy fingers refasten your bra and tug down your shirt. Shoving your sweat soaked hair behind your ears you look everywhere but at him, your cheeks blooming a deep crimson.

Saeran closes his eyes against the wave of dizziness that engulfs him as his world tips on its axis. It’s painfully obvious what’s just taken place. If your appearance isn’t a clear indication, the feel of your combined fluids on his softening cock leaves no room for doubt. The guilt he feels at being unable to protect you is a physical ache and he scrambles to his feet to shove his legs into the tight leather pants he despises.

It’s as he zips the trousers that he notices the ring surrounding the finger on his left hand. He freezes, his heart dropping sickeningly. His hand clenches into a tight fist, fury and an immense sense of loss engulfing him.

“I’m sorry,” you whisper in a tearful voice. “I didn’t-”

“Get dressed,” he interjects, turning his back on the sight of you weeping softly.

He crosses the room in huge strides and snatches up his phone. With shaking fingers he unlocks it and taps on his brother’s number. His body begins to tremble as waits for his twin to answer.
“Hey, little bro-” Saeyoung answers jovially, his delight at hearing from him apparent.

Saeran doesn’t give him the chance to finish, however. The situation is too dire for niceties. “Get over here. Now.”

The smile leaves Saeyoung’s voice in an instant. “What’s wrong? Is MC okay?”

“I’ll explain everything later, just get over here.”

“On my way.”

“Saeran?”

His eyes sink closed at the timidity in your approach. He wants nothing more than to pull you into his arms; to reassure you that he’s not angry with you. But he can feel stirrings of the other man crawling up his back; his desire to control his shared body. He jerks his arm away from your touch, too much a coward to turn and acknowledge the hurt in your bright eyes.

Instead, he retreats to the bathroom and locks the door behind him. He leans against the barrier, digging his head into its hard surface at the soft knock of your knuckles. His eyes burn and he takes a deep breath. Your voice drifts from the other side and he can tell you’ve rested your forehead against smooth wood.

“I’m so sorry,” you choke out, and the misery in your voice almost makes him open the door. “So, so sorry for...everything. Please...talk to me.”

He lifts his head and bangs it back in anguish, the impact dislodging the tears that have gathered to obscure his vision. He digs the heels of his hands hard into his eyes, doing what he can to keep his sorrow contained.

**Hurry up, Saeyoung!**

The urge to open the door and forget everything that’s happened since breakfast is almost impossible to resist. The tenuous hold he has on his consciousness keeps him in place. Giving into the compulsion to comfort you-comfort himself-will only lead to disastrous results. No, the best thing—the only thing—to do right now is keep you at a distance until his brother arrives.

Saeran catches sight of the band around his finger in the mirror and his gaze drops. He re-examines the ring he doesn’t recall receiving. His finger traces the small stripe of Gibeon Meteorite that decorates the plain band, tears of loss dripping from his chin to land on the precious metal. It’s an exact replica of the one his twin wears. He remembers how long you searched for Saeyoung’s ring, wanting the symbols of your love and devotion to include something from the cosmos Saeyoung loves so much. A space station wedding was impossible but you did your best to give him the next best thing. And now the two of you have accepted him into your marriage, and in a matter of days, he’s managed to screw it all up.

You even took this away from me, you bastard. I should have known not to trust you.

The other man is there, observing in silence and it unnerves Saeran that for once he has nothing to say; no threats, no laughter, no sarcastic comebacks. Only a quiet stillness that forebodes things to come. A sick realization comes over him and drains the color from his face. Static rings in his ears and tingles within the tips of his fingers and lips. His stomach makes an unexpected leap into his throat, and he barely makes it to the toilet in time.

The doorknob jiggles, your voice panicked as you try to gain entrance. “Saeran? Are you okay?”
He doesn’t answer even though he can imagine the concern you’re feeling.

*Why did I ever believe I could be happy?*

There’s a loud pounding on the front door, and Saeran breathes a sigh of relief. It can only be Saeyoung.

He can hear the muffled voices reaching him; Saeyoung’s confusion and your tearful half-explanations.

“Get her out of here,” he yells as he spits into the toilet. At his brother’s voice, he can feel the frenzied quality of the man inside desperately trying to exert control.

“I’m not leaving until you let me explain,” you say, lips pressed tight against the door’s crack.

Saeran knows you aren’t bluffing. You will sleep, curled up against the thin door in hopes of getting through to him. The only thing he can do—the only way to get rid of you—is to break both your hearts.

“Get lost!” he snarls and bangs a fist against the wood. “I don’t want you now. It’s bad enough I had to share you with my brother but with *him*? It makes me sick. It’s making me sick to be with you. I’ve reached my limit. So...just leave...I can’t even bear to look at you now.”

A shocked silence falls on the other side of the door and Saeran painfully clenches his eyes closed. The bitterness of his words leave a nasty taste in his mouth; even nastier than the bile he can feel rising up his gullet once more.

“C-come on, MC,” Saeyoung encourages gently. “Let’s give him some space.”

“No!” you exclaim loudly, the doorknob jiggling once more with the fury of your grip. “Saeran needs me! I’m not just going to leave him when he’s in this much distress!”

There’s a brief moment of silence, then you let out a loud, tearful scream of frustration. “No! Let me go, Saeyoung! I’m not leaving him! Do you hear me? I’m *not* leaving him!”

Your bawling grows distant, fury of the one within wrapping around Saeran’s consciousness.

*I’ve got this one. I’m not going to let you fuck up the best thing that’s happened to u...you.*

Blackness descends, and with no small amount of shame, Saeran eagerly allows it to embrace him.
Fractures

Chapter Summary

In order to keep you safe, Saeran does the unthinkable, much to his brother's chagrin.

Chapter Notes

Bet you thought I forgot about you, huh? Holy frick, it's been forever. I'm so, so sorry it's taken me so long to update. This chapter was really hard for me to write; so hard that I had to take a break to write two happy oneshots just to pull myself out of the dark hole I fell into. I promise future updates won't be as long in coming.

Please be aware that this chapter deals with mental health issues, self-harm, and mentions of suicide.

Thank you so much to gitchedmirrors and Sleeplesswithapen. They are two of the greatest friends I could ask for. Thank you guys for cheering me on and double checking me for mistakes, etc.

Music:
Each character gets their own song this chapter! YAY!

Unknown:
Sandcastles - Adam Jensen

Saeran:
Misery - Blink 182

MC:
I Don't Believe You - P!nk

Saeyoung:
Whisper - A Fine Frenzy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He emerges from the bathroom to the sight of Saeyoung’s hand grasping your upper arm as he pulls you toward the front door. Instant rage overtakes him. How dare that asshole put his hands on you? You’re his; hadn’t you told him so less than an hour ago? He may have to share you with that weakling but he’ll be damned if he allows this traitor to touch you.

“Get the fuck away from her.” Unknown commands, his strong voice filling the room and interrupting your protests at being dragged away.
Saeyoung freezes then turns slowly to face his brother. Shock widens his eyes and as their gazes lock, Unknown’s hands clench into tight fists. Saeran’s memories meld with his own of the man who looks so much like him. Conflicting emotions of affection and betrayal tangle together and his heart begins to pound furiously.

“What…” Saeyoung begins but his voice falters.

His voice is like nails on a chalkboard and Unknown takes a step forward, chest heaving with fury. “I’m not going to tell you again.”

You jerk away from your first husband’s slack grip and move a small distance from him. “Saeran,” you entreat, pulling his attention away from the other man for a brief moment.

“Don’t call me that,” he snaps then unclenches one hand to hold out to you. “Come here.”

Your slight hesitation causes a twinge of something unfamiliar in his chest. His eyes narrow in irritation at both you and the foreign feeling running through him. Why are you being so difficult? He shouldn’t have to wait for you to obey; shouldn’t even have to voice his wishes at all. You should know his desires without him vocalizing them. Hadn’t you understood while he was inside you? The way you moved together was perfection.

Finally, you move to his side, and to his annoyance, relief fills him. His hand slips around your waist to pull you close and he smirks as his other hand moves to turn your head in his direction. His mouth claims yours in a deep, possessive kiss. You attempt to pull away but submit as his grip on you tenses.

You press against him, your tongue responding to his caresses by coiling with his. A growl rumbles from his chest and the hand on your waist moves to your ass. Fingers squeeze the roundness of your behind as he gets lost in the taste of you. Your fingers twist in the fabric covering his chest and his hand slips behind your head to ensure you are unable to retreat until he’s had enough of you.

Once he’s assured of your capitulation he releases your lips and wipes away the slickness of your combined saliva coating your bottom lip with a gentle brush of his thumb. “Good girl,” he praises.

A choked gasp sounds from the man observing from across the room. “Wait…holy shit…I get it now,” Saeyoung mutters, managing to divert Unknown’s attention. Saeyoung’s eyes are on his brother’s visage but he directs his words directly to you. “This is why you were so worried. Jesus, MC, how long?”

“Since the incident with Zen,” you answer in a small voice. “We were going to tell you—”

“Stop talking.” Unknown smirks again at your immediate compliance and he rewards you by stroking your head with an affectionate hand.

Saeyoung’s pale complexion flushes at the authority in his twin’s voice and your swift obedience. He appraises you with a quick once-over. “Has he hurt you?”

You have just enough time to give a slight shake of your head. “Don’t talk to her!” Unknown’s voice raises in anger, taking on an edge of instability. “Actually, don’t even look at her.”

He moves to stand in front of you, blocking you from his enemy’s sight. His head tilts as he studies the other man. He can feel Saeran prodding at the edges of his mind, but he pushes away the intrusion. “Do you really think I would hurt something that’s mine? I’m not you; look at you. You’ve all but abandoned your wife, shoving her into the arms of another man. It’s too late now for you to pretend you care. But that’s what you like to do, isn’t it? Make empty promises of forever then run
away at the first opportunity! When have you ever cared if someone else got hurt?”

Unknown’s breaths come in heavy gasps, his face heating with righteous indignation. *His fault. It’s all his fault. Everything is his fault.* If he had stayed; if he had bothered to protect his weaker brother, none of the evil enacted on him would have occurred. Unknown’s very existence is the fault of the morally corrupt man in front of him. He’d used his twin as a diversion in order to escape to a better life. He needed to pay.

Saeyoung remains silent for a moment then slowly shakes his head. “I didn’t abandon either of you; you know that. *Saeran* knows that.”

“I’m not Saeran!” Unknown shouts, enraged to the point of madness. He begins to take a step forward but your arms embrace him from behind.

Your forehead rests against his back and you squeeze him in a firm hug. “Please,” you whisper, nuzzling his spine.

Your affection cools some of his ire though his fists continue to furl and unfurl methodically. *Leave him alone.* Saeran’s voice whispers from the shadows. *Haven’t you done enough?*

“Oh, not nearly enough,” Unknown answers aloud.

Saeyoung’s brows twitch in confusion. “Saeran?”

“Stop. Calling. Me. That. Name,” he bites out with a clenched jaw. He can feel his control slipping and he frantically tries to regain it. *Hurting him hurts her.*

Unbidden his hands come up to clasp yours. His thumbs caress your fingers and you press your face into him. “Come back to me,” you plead.

“No,” Unknown says with a margin of desperation before everything fades to black.

Saeran blinks, attempting to assess the situation. His head is spinning and he closes his eyes with a deep breath. An electric current runs from the base of his skull and down his spine. A stab of pain shoots through his head and he winces. Wrestling to stay in control, he slows his breathing, counting silently to ten forward then back. Feeling as if he won’t slide back into the darkness, he opens his eyes to meet the amber gaze of his brother.

“I’m sorry.” The apology is for keeping such an important thing from his twin, for the things said to him this night and most of all for what he’s about to do.

The fantasy of forever was a foolish one. It was destined from his birth that he should be alone. His whole life has been one long series of denials. Love, affection, sunlight, food, freedom...now you. It doesn’t surprise him, he accepted his fate long ago. He can be content with the small amount of happiness he’s had with you; he has to be.

He forces a demeanor of indifference and releases a long, silent breath to steel himself. “Let me go,” he finally says with an icy detachment as he pushes your hands away.

Your arms drop and as he turns he slips the band of precious metal from his finger. He presses it into your palm before he can change his mind and your fingers close by reflex as he retreats. “What are you doing?” you whisper past the lump in your throat.

“I don’t want that,” he states and backs away. “This isn’t going to work.”
Your face crumbles at the conjured distance in his voice and his facade almost slips with the need to comfort you. “Saeran...don’t do this.”

His chest aches at your plea, but when you attempt to reach out to him he holds up his hands in defense. “Don’t touch me.” You flinch as the color drains from your face. His heart breaks in tandem with yours but somehow he manages to continue. “I thought I could do this, but it’s too much. It’s not worth it; you...aren’t worth it.”

“You promised,” you remind him, striving to keep your composure and failing. Tears slide down your pale cheeks and you swallow hard. “You said we would make this work.”

Your voice breaks on the last word and Saeran turns to hide the distress he can no longer contain. However, he is confronted with the tearful image of his twin and his pretense disintegrates. With his state of mind so fragile it’s impossible to hide from his brother and he can see understanding soften his sibling’s angry glare. A glint of the outrage he feels at the way Saeran is treating you remains, but there is also compassion.

It’s the cognizance shining back at him in those honey-colored eyes that gives Saeran the strength to keep trying. He can feel Unknown’s blind fury crawling under his skin. The urge to give in, to punish, to eradicate is almost all-consuming. He can feel his own thoughts being overtaken by the other.

“Take her home,” he utters past numb lips. His whole body feels weightless, the room seeming to dim and brighten with each breath he takes. “Keep her away from me.”

A white-hot stab of pain behind his eyes causes him to release an involuntary cry of pain. His body folds in half and he grasps his knees, fighting to stay in control as Unknown’s voice screeches in his head. What are you doing? She loves me! She’s mine!

An image appears behind his closed eyelids of your flushed face. You stare back at him with pure devotion, the lustful look in your eyes making them appear darker than usual. His fingers grip your throat, your pulse pounding wildly beneath his fingertips. Your voice reverberates in his ears, your breathless declaration of love even now setting his blood on fire.

Unknown’s mocking laughter sounds in his ears. Do you see? Has she ever looked at you that way? Or are you just the pity fuck?

“No,” Saeran whispers in denial as his anger blossoms into heedless rage.

Then you are beside him, gentle fingers stroking his hair. You say his name in a soft voice, attempting to soothe him and with an impatient gesture, he knocks your hand away.

“Don’t,” he bites out, straightening and clasping your arm in an iron grip. He drags you toward his brother then gives you a violent shove in Saeyoung’s direction.

The older man catches you as you are propelled into his arms and stares in disbelief at his other half. “Saeran-”

“Get out!” Saeran screams, his face flushing a bright red. He retreats a few steps, his eyes wild.

The pair of you remain, however, staring at him in betrayal and concern. Your face is streaked with tears and the presence of them makes him long to take back all the cruel things he’s said to you. However, the longer you stand there, the stronger the urge to punish your disobedience becomes. No, not his urge; Unknown’s. It’s becoming difficult to comprehend where his thoughts end and the other’s begins.
Suddenly he is pushed aside and Unknown’s voice emerges from his mouth. “Princess, don’t go.” The command comes out as a desperate plea and the shock of it halts Unknown’s advance. A confused expression flashes across his face before it transforms back into one of pique.

“Why are you still standing there?” Saeran asks, his voice raw and hoarse. “How much clearer can I be? I can’t do this. I don’t want this; I don’t want you. Being with you has brought me nothing but misery. And now—”

He hisses with pain, his words interrupted by another sharp stab of pain shooting through his head. Stop! Take it back; make her stay!

“Saeran, you can’t just throw her away like—” Saeyoung tries to reason with his twin, doing his best to comfort you as your shoulders bounce with pitiful sobs.

“You don’t get a say! He,” he shouts tapping the side of his head with two fingers, “doesn’t get a say! This is my life, my body; no one gets to tell me what I can and can’t do!” Making a wide circle around the two of you, Saeran approaches the front door and opens it with a sharp jerk. “Now get the fuck out of my apartment.”

Unknown rages at the restraint he’s held with. For once, Saeran’s wrath is greater than his own. It allows the usually more complacent man to retain control though he can feel his hold slip by the second. The smaller twin’s need to ensure your safety makes it possible for him to look away as your eyes plead with him. The only way to protect you is to keep you as far away as possible.

“Let’s go,” Saeyoung says in a low, tight voice. His hand slides down your arm to clasp your hand. He pulls you toward the entrance, his eyes not leaving the form of his brother. Saeran stands, one hand gripping the doorknob in a white-knuckled grip, his gaze locked to the floor.

You drag your feet against the wooden floor but it is no match for your first husband’s strength. “Saeyoung, wait,” you beseech, but he ignores you as the two of you approach his twin.

Saeran chances a glance in your direction and wishes he hadn’t. Your red, swollen eyes leak freely, the wet trail of your tears glistening in the light. His stare meets yours and he’s transfixed, unable to look away. The torment he feels twists in his gut, the urge to vomit once again making him lightheaded. He hates himself for doing this but can see no other way.

He grips his brother’s arm as he passes, pulling him close to speak under his breath. “Change the code and the password; keep me away.”

His eyes burn into Saeyoung’s, doing his best to communicate the importance of his directive. He can’t be sure how much Unknown does or doesn’t know about the bunker’s security and if the unstable man is able to breach its protocols this whole encounter will have been for nothing.

Saeyoung’s head gives a quick jerk of affirmation and Saeran shoves him out the door and slams it shut. It takes all his strength to drive the deadbolt home and when it’s done he manages six steps from the thick barrier before his legs collapse beneath his weight.

He doesn’t feel the impact of his knees crashing to the hard floor or the slap of his hands against the unyielding surface as he falls forward. His mouth opens in a silent scream and his forehead drops to his hands as heart-wrenching sobs rack his slender frame. He tries to draw a breath and finds it almost impossible through the vice around his chest.

As he lays there in agony, the sound of your fist against the door pervades his desolation, doing nothing but enhancing his anguish. He falls to his side and brings his knees to his chest. His arms
wrap around his legs and he squeezes himself into a tight ball. The screeching voice in his head berating him with insults and curses overwhelms him but still he holds onto the fragile tendrils of control.

“Leave me alone!” he screams, unsure if he’s speaking to you or the man within. All he knows is his grip on reality is disintegrating by the second.

Saeyoung’s heart shatters into jagged fragments as he watches you strike your clenched hand against the door that separates you from his twin. The wretchedness of your sobs makes it hard for him to breathe and the effort of holding his tears in check cause his eyes to burn. Guilt assails him as he looks on with a helplessness greater than any he’s ever known. He feels as if his own actions have caused your heartbreak, but he’s at a loss as to how he can fix it.

Concern for his brother wars with that he has for you, leaving him torn. What’s left of his heart is pulling him in two different directions, but one thing is crystal clear; Saeran wants you gone. His twin’s reasons are at once unclear as they are understood. It’s obvious he’s frightened for your safety, but if Unknown has been in play since the first night you were alone with him why has he not sent you home before now?

Filing the question away to examine later, he wraps his arms around you, effectively pinning your arms to your sides to stop your continued assaults on the door. You go limp in his embrace, shoulders quivering with silent weeping. His forehead drops to the top of your head and he closes his eyes against your pain.

“It’s my fault; all of this is my fault. If I hadn’t pushed her to reconnect with Saeran. If I hadn’t agreed to extend our marriage by one. If I had kept her to myself. If I was stronger, I could have prevented this. I promised her I wouldn’t hurt her again.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers, his voice thick with regret. “I’m so sorry.”

Wordlessly you turn and press your face into his chest with a small whimper. Your arms come up to encircle his waist and, to his shame, relief floods through him. Relief that he’s not lost you, relief that despite his other half tearing your heart in two you don’t blame him, relief that he can be the anchor you need him to be.

“Come on,” he urges and releases you but slips an arm around your shoulders. He leads you to the elevator at the end of the corridor and soothes you the best he can as you wait for it to arrive.

Saeyoung stares down at your lowered head, long hair concealing your face from his view. Reaching up he pushes back your tresses and you gaze up at him, agony etched into every line of your expression. Your quivering lips attempt to form into a reassuring smile and the sight of it destroys him. His thumb wipes away the moisture trailing down your cheeks and opens his mouth to once again apologize but the soft ding of the arriving elevator distracts your attention.

You step through the open doors but don’t bother to face forward. Saeyoung falls into place beside you and reaches around to press the lobby button. A quiet ping fills the silence and he realizes you’ve dropped the wedding band that has been clenched in your fist.

“I’m sorry,” you whisper tearfully though you make no attempt to retrieve it.

“Hey, no big deal,” he assures you, bending to recover the ring.
The air shifts around him and then you’re gone. He just has time to see the back of your head as you slip through the doors as they begin to close. He takes a step to follow but is too late and strikes the metal door with his fist in frustration.

“Damn it,” he mutters and shoves the piece of jewelry into his front pocket.

He stares at the lit numbers above the door, bouncing on the balls of his feet as the elevator makes its slow descent. He should have known you wouldn’t go so easily; he wouldn’t have either if he wasn’t so worried about his brother’s state of mind if Saeyoung fails to do as he demanded. The door opens and a rush of residents file into the near empty space. In annoyance, Saeyoung watches helplessly as almost every button lights up as everyone’s floors are chosen. He pushes insistently through the crowd and breathes a sigh of relief when he manages to make it out before the door closes once again.

Saeyoung sprints up the stairs, thankful he’s maintained his daily run even though it’s no longer strictly necessary. Still, he’s out of breath as he pulls open the heavy door of Saeran’s floor. Rounding the corner, he spots you sitting with your back against his brother’s apartment door. Your forehead rests on your raised knees and even from where he’s standing he can see your body shaking with grief. The sight stops him in his tracks, your heartbreak bringing back memories of a time you’d cried over him in the same manner.

He moves in your direction but his steps are slow as he approaches you, his mind devoid of any words he can say to make this better. Sinking to his knees before you he drops his head onto yours and strokes your hair.

“I won’t ask you not to cry,” he murmurs, “because I know right now it hurts like hell. But...please...let me be your strength.”

With a strangled cry your legs drop and you wrap your arms around him. Your body heat is scorching as you press your face into his neck, your hot tears drenching his skin and the collar of his shirt. His arms grip you in a tight embrace and he wishes he could absorb your pain, not caring that it would double his own. What he feels can’t be anywhere near comparable to what you’re going through at the moment.

“I don’t believe him,” you whisper, your voice filled with misery. “He loves me, Saeyoung; he does.”

“I know,” Saeyoung answers, hating the situation you’re all in. Once again, he can’t help but blame himself. If not for him Unknown wouldn’t even be a factor. If only he’d refused to leave without his twin all those years ago, or stayed to protect him as he should, then Saeran would have never had to break so hard. “Babe,” he says with hesitation. “Why didn’t you guys...tell me...about him?”

You pull away to meet his stare, wiping the back of your hand across your nose. “Saeran wanted to,” you confess and avert your eyes. “I...convinced him to wait. I knew you’d insist that I come home and I...I was selfish...and greedy.” Your gaze darts back up to his and your face crumples. “We were going to tell you, I swear. I...we needed this week; we needed the seven days to get to know one another without...”

“...me getting in the way,” he finishes for you.

“That’s not what I was going to say,” you hurry to deny. “We needed the time without worrying if seeing us together was hurting you. I... we ...love you, Saeyoung.”

He rests his forehead against yours and resumes stroking your hair in solace. “I know you do. And
you’re right, you guys needed time alone, but...Christ, MC, what if he’d hurt you?”

There’s a long pause before you answer and Saeyoung begins to accept one won’t be forthcoming when you finally speak. “He won’t do anything I can’t handle.”

Pulling back with surprise, your husband’s eyes search yours for the meaning to your words. You stare back at him with a stubborn defiance he doesn’t quite understand. Deciding to leave it alone for the time being, he nods. “Alright,” he concedes. “Come on...let me take you home.”

“I can’t,” you retort with a slight shake of your head. “I can’t just...go. I can’t leave him to go through this alone. What if...Saeyoung, what if he hurts himself?”

He sighs and hangs his head in thought. You’re right and he admits to himself it’s a fear that’s been in the back of his mind since the door slammed behind him. Bringing his worry to the forefront causes his heart to pound in urgency. Sudden panic chokes him and he closes his eyes and concentrates on his breathing; now is not the time to give in to his own anxiety. He loathes the thought of leaving you alone with your heartache, but he recognizes that speaking with Saeran will be impossible with you in attendance.

“Alright,” he finally mutters, coming to a decision. Lifting his head, he reaches up and tucks your hair behind your ears and places a gentle kiss on your lips. “I’ll talk to him,” he says, his thumbs grazing your jawline. Standing, he pulls you to your feet and reaches into his pocket to retrieve his key fob. He presses it into your hand and brushes his mouth across your forehead. “Wait in the car.”

“But-”

“If you’re there...I uh...I don’t think it will be Saeran I’m speaking with.”

You look confused for a moment before realization dawns. “Oh my god...it’s me...I’m the reason…”

“I don’t know for sure,” Saeyoung is quick to reassure you. It’s the first lie he’s told you in the four years of your marriage and though doing so makes him feel dirty, it’s to spare you even more hurt. “Look, if it is or isn’t...either way Saeran is obviously desperate to keep you away. If he knows you’re around, if he knows he can see you, I doubt he’ll even open the door.” Your head has lowered as he speaks and he lifts your face up with a bent index finger under your chin. “Do you trust me?”

“Of course I do,” you whisper through choked tears.

“I’ll fix this.” You open your mouth to speak but he covers your lips with a gentle thumb. “I know what you’re going to say and this whole thing is at least partially my fault. I should have known starting a new relationship would be stressful for him. I should have seen the signs that night he attacked Zen and when I ran into you at the mall. I’ve allowed myself to be blind to what’s going on. Now let me try to rectify that.”

With an enormous amount of reluctance, you concede with a nod. He gives you a small, comforting smile and leans down to lightly press his mouth to yours. Your kiss is laced with the salty flavor of your tears and its presence makes the gesture a bittersweet one. You run your fingers along his cheek when you part and he briefly leans into your touch.

With no words exchanged, you turn and begin to make your way to the elevator. Saeyoung watches until you disappear behind the sliding metal doors before raising his fist to pound against his brother’s door.

“Go! Away!” Saeran’s broken scream drifts through the barrier and the quality of it chokes
He clears his throat and attempts to mask the pain he, himself, is feeling. “Can’t do that, little brother.” He rests his head on the wooden surface, the fingers of one hand lightly caressing its smoothness with his fingertips. “Come on, Saeran, open the door. MC isn’t here; it’s just you and me.” Nothing but silence greets him, causing his concern to grow ever more desperate by the second. “Alright, I’m going to give you until the count of three, then I’m kicking in this door.”

Saeyoung straightens and squares his shoulders, planting his feet firmly to the ground. “One,” he calls out in a loud, clear voice. Still hearing no movement on the other side of the door, he adjusts his body by resting his weight on one slender hip. “Two,” he calls louder, being sure he’s heard through the thick barrier; still nothing. He draws in a deep breath and releases it slowly, really not wanting to take this measure but quickly realizing there is no other choice. “Three.”

He waits two heartbeats before he kicks hard at the doorknob, then throws all his weight against it. It opens with a deafening sound of splintering wood. Christ, that would have been much easier with a gun. The sight he’s confronted with when he rushes through the demolished door makes his heart squeeze tightly. Saeran sits at the small kitchen table, a white hand towel placed carefully under his arm as he runs a serrated knife horizontally along the inside of his arm. He’s in an almost trancelike state, ignoring the bright red streams of blood that run from his arm to stain the pristine white below him. All color drains from Saeyoung’s face as he witnesses his brother methodically run the sharp knife along the surface of his skin, droplets of red following in its wake.

“What the fuck?” Saeyoung whispers once, then again at almost a shout as his body finally begins to move.

Snatching the weapon from his twin’s hand, he flings it into the kitchen sink and lightly grasps Saeran’s arm to observe the damage. Five perfectly even lines of red marr his pale skin, the rivers of red flowing freely across his skin to spatter the cotton beneath him.

“Come on,” Saeyoung bites out through clenched teeth, his concern for his little brother barely keeping his fury in check.

He believed they were past this; past the self-harm and suicidal ideation. He should have known given what happened not twenty minutes ago Saeran would be thrown into a backslide; a backslide Saeyoung isn’t sure how to bring him back from. Saeran is unresponsive as Saeyoung slips his arms under his to haul him to his feet and only barely moves his feet to assist his brother in leading him to the bathroom. The older man sits his twin on the closed lid of the toilet and rummages around until he finds the first aid items required.

Crouching, he wipes the wounded area with a damp cloth, cleaning away the dark red rivulets that slowly drip down his forearm. “What are you thinking, Saeran?” He asks, shaking his head in frustration.

Expecting no answer, Saeyoung soaks a cotton ball with hydrogen peroxide and dabs the cuts as gently as he can. “I want to die,” Saeran confesses, his voice cracking with emotion.

“That’s not true,” the older twin scolds, grabbing the triple antibiotic ointment and squirting some on his index finger. Eyes glued to his task, he continues to speak. “How do you think MC would feel if she heard you say that?”

Silent tears track down Saeran’s face and his body begins to shiver. “I promised I wouldn’t hurt her; I promised no matter what we would find a way to make this work.”
“And you will,” Saeyoung insists, taking a sterile bandage and wrapping it tightly around his brother’s wrist.

“How?” Saeran whispers brokenly. “How can I make anything work when I told her she wasn’t worth the effort? Saeyoung...I love her...so...fucking much. I...don’t know what to do anymore. I can’t...I don’t want to live without her, but...how can I keep her when...”

Saeran’s demeanor changes in an instant and he’s suddenly glaring balefully at his almost mirror image. “Where’s my girl?” Unknown demands, jerking his arm from Saeyoung’s grip as if burned. He looks down at the bandaged appendage and snorts. “Fucking weakling; doesn’t even have the guts to do it properly. Not that I’d let him anyway.”

Mint green eyes rise to meet amber ones and Unknown smirks. “You can’t keep her from me, she’s mine.”

Saeyoung sinks back onto his heels and studies the other man. “Maybe,” he finally says with a resigned sigh. “But she’s mine, too; and Saeran’s.”

“I don’t share,” Unknown states, ice dripping from his words.

“See, therein lies the problem; to have MC, you’re gonna have to learn how to share.”

‘Fuck you.”

“Nah, MC does a good job of keeping me satisfied, but thanks,” Saeyoung quips with a toothsome grin.

Unknown’s face turns an ugly shade of red and he leaps at the other man, pinning him to the floor with one hand wrapped around his throat. “Does it sound like I’m joking with you right now?” He lifts his captive’s head and slams it back down onto the tiled floor.

Saeyoung lets out a pained laugh. “Dude, calm down.”

Unknown lowers his face until it is mere centimeters from Saeyoung’s and snarls. “Where. Is. My. Woman?”

“Our woman,” the red-head corrects and is rewarded with another smash against the floor. “If you seriously damage me, do you really think you’ll have a shot in hell with MC? Christ, she’s already going to be pissed about the lump I’m sure has already formed on the back of my head.” He hisses as a stab of pain shoots through his head and flings away the hand that’s loosened around his neck.

Sitting up, Saeyoung stares at the man who is his brother, yet not quite so. There’s a roughness to the man sitting before him; a simmering rage that appears to never cool.

“I fucking hate you,” Unknown spits out, fidgeting at the edge of his bandage.

“Stop messing with that,” Saeyoung scolds as he gingerly touches the back of his head to assess the damage. “And I can’t say I’m real fond of you either.”

“How can you sit there so calm, knowing my cock was inside your wife not an hour ago? Doesn’t it bother you that I know how it feels when her pussy clenches so tight around you that you can’t do anything but give in and let her milk you for all she’s worth?”

Saeyoung makes a noncommittal sound, refusing to be dragged into a discussion about the finer points of your lovemaking; and God if they aren’t finer points. You’re the best lover he’s ever had
the pleasure of lying with, but he’s not going to discuss your many virtues with his quasi-brother.

“Why are you here anyway?” he asks instead and gains his feet. He offers a hand to the other man and is predictably rebuked.

Shrugging, Saeyoung turns away and begins clearing away the bloody supplies that dot the counter. “That coward is crying in the corner,” Unknown speaks up, his voice full of disdain. “Crying because he drove her away. All he had to do is listen to me and things would have been fine.”

“He’s terrified you’re going to hurt her,” Saeyoung responds softly, washing his hands and dabbing them on the beige towel that hangs beside the sink.

Unknown snorts again. “If I wanted to hurt her, I could have done so a hundred times over by now. I...”

Saeyoung raises an interested brow. “You what?”

“None of your fucking business,” Unknown snaps and stands with his hands on his hips. “Where is she?”

Saeyoung sighs and rubs his eyes. “Can you stop acting like a fucking parrot? You’re not getting anywhere near her until we lay down some ground rules.”

“I don’t do...rules,” Unknown sneers but perches on the chair’s arm.

“Oh, you will for her,” Saeyoung insists and grins when Unknown’s gaze shifts. “First, you’ll be moving into the bunker.”

“Like hell I will,” the smaller man denies, crossing his arms over his chest. “I don’t need a keeper again. It was bad enough the first time.”

Saeyoung shrugs indifferently. “You either live with us where MC and I can keep an eye on Saeran or you can live a lonely existence in this shithole.”

“If I agree to this...do I get time alone with her?” The small spark of hope in the man’s voice almost makes Saeyoung feel bad for him; almost.

“That brings us to my second condition. You don’t touch MC again unless she wants you to. That means no stray caresses, no grabbing, no hugging, no grazing her hair in passing and absolutely no sexual contact.”

“Like that’s any of your fucking business,” Unknown rebounds, his voice rising in anger. “You don’t own her pussy, asshole.”

Saeyoung’s brows shoot up. “And I suppose you think you do? Let’s get one thing straight...

Unknown ….MC is my wife, first and foremost. I don’t own any part of her because she’s a human being. If she wants to fuck you, she will; if not...you’re going to stay the fuck away from her. If you
don’t, it won’t matter that you inhabit my brother’s body; I will break every one of your fucking fingers. Got it?”

Unknown scoffs and narrows his eyes. “You have no fucking clue who you’re dealing with, redhead.”

Suddenly it’s all too much for Saeyoung; your heartbreak, Saeran’s fractured mind and his overwhelming guilt at being its cause, the boiling anger that lately seems to live right below the surface of his skin. That rage consumes him and before he realizes what he’s doing, he has Unknown pressed hard against the wall. One hand squeezes the smaller man’s throat while the other grips a handful of bleached white hair and slams his head against the surface behind him. The slight glare on his glasses hide the animosity in his gaze but it’s apparent in the methodical way his fingers squeeze and loosen on his brother’s neck. Keep your cool; don’t let yourself slip any further. This guy may be an asshole but Saeran is still in there somewhere. Thinking of his brother cools some of his fury but not nearly enough.

“Wipe that fucking grin off your face,” he utters in a low, menacing voice, “you’re not intimidating me. I’ve known men like you; I’ve killed men like you. You don’t frighten me with your bravado; if anything I pity you. If you can’t understand anything else, get this one fact through your thick skull; MC. Is. Mine.” His fingers tighten as Unknown makes a move to gain control of the situation and Saeyoung clicks his tongue. “Someday, she may let you fuck her again, but her heart will always be mine; it always has been and there’s no way in hell I’m letting someone like you steal it away. I will do everything in my power to protect her; even from my own brother. So if you hope to have any sort of chance with her, you’ll be a good boy and follow the rules you despise so much.”

Hatred glares back at Saeyoung in the depths of Unknown’s green eyes, but the slight nod of acquiescence feels like a win, albeit a bittersweet one. Doing any harm to this man harms his brother and the knowledge that even that would fail to stop him if it meant protecting you leaves a sour taste in his mouth. Unknown’s face suddenly shifts and all the tension drains from his twin’s body indicating Saeran has returned.

Saeyoung removes his hands from his brother’s neck and hair but presses a palm hard against his chest to hold him in place. “S-Saeyoung?” Saeran’s voice is hesitant and small and it does nothing to ease the shame that Saeyoung is still mad as hell at him.

“I don’t know how much of that you just heard,” he begins, doing everything he can to disguise the scorn in his voice, “but you’re coming back with me to the bunker where you’re going to stay until I am convinced you’ll no longer hurt yourself. Shut up,” he snaps when Saeran opens his mouth to protest. “Sorry, little brother, but you don’t get a say in this. I’m not going to leave you here to wallow in misery and guilt.” Saeyoung digs in his pocket to pull out Saeran’s wedding band forces his brother to take it. “That’s yours; you don’t get to just decide on your own that you’re no longer married. That’s not how it works; you’re going to fix things with MC and hope like hell she forgives you for the things you said to her. She loves you, Saeran, and I can tell you from experience that pushing her away ‘for her own good’ doesn’t work; at all. She adores every single piece of you, and God help us both, that includes Unknown. He’s a part of you, Saeran, whether you like it or not. Pretending you can control him is not only fruitless, it borders on idiotic.”

Saeran’s face flushes and he attempts to push his sibling away. “You have no idea what you’re talking about,” he complains. “You’re not the one with the fucked up brain; you don’t have to live in constant fear that you’ll turn into someone else. If you think I’m going to willingly put MC in harm’s way-”

“I’m really sorry about this,” Saeyoung sighs before executing a near perfect uppercut that
immediately knocks his twin unconscious.

Catching Saeran as his body goes limp, Saeyoung eases him to the floor and leans him against the wall. The older man crouches, hands hanging between his knees as he studies his brother. He hates it’s come to this but he doesn’t have the time or patience to argue right now. The only way this situation is going to be fixed is by ensuring Saeran is around you as much as possible. Unable to avoid you, he’ll realize Unknown may be a factor, but not a threat. At least that’s what Saeyoung hopes.

Standing, he takes in the mess around him and shakes his head. He’ll have to hire someone to clean this shit up and move Saeran’s things back home. For now, his twin can sleep on the couch, or if he’s so inclined, with you and Saeyoung. Spying one of Saeran’s old leather cuffs half-buried under a pile papers, Saeyoung snatches it up and snaps it onto Saeran’s wrist. The last thing you need to believe is that your second husband tried to harm himself over you; he’s done enough damage to your heart tonight.

Saeyoung moves into the bedroom and quickly packs an overnight bag, being sure to grab Saeran’s meds from the bathroom. He grunts heavily as he heaves a still unconscious Saeran over his shoulder and leaves the small apartment behind.

Chapter End Notes

Emimilykitty no longer betas for me but I must give credit where it is due. Months ago she made the comment "what if Saeran gave the ring back?". From that nugget, this chapter was born.
Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry it's taken me just over a month to finish this! I've been super busy and found little time to write lately. I can't promise that won't let up by the end of the year, but I do plan to update at least once a month.

***This chapter contains non-consensual acts (back half of the chapter if you want to avoid) and explicit consensual acts. Do not read if not 18+***

Thank you to glitchedmirrors and sleeplesswithapen for all their help. <3 you guys!

Music:

Take Me Home - Us The Duo
Die For You - Starset
R U Mine? - Arctic Monkeys
True Colors - Zedd, Kesha

The sight of Saeyoung pushing through the heavy iron gate of the building’s entrance makes your heart stop before it begins to pound with frantic terror. Saeran’s unconscious body is draped over his twin’s shoulder, a leather overnight bag bouncing against Saeyoung’s opposite hip with each step he takes. His mouth is set in a straight line, his thick brows lowered in a ferocious scowl.

You fumble for the door handle with shaking hands, panic making your motions clumsy. Oh, God, please no, let him be alright. Finally, you manage to open the door and spill out of the car’s passenger seat, nearly losing your balance in your haste to reach the twins. As you approach your husbands, Saeran begins to slip from Saeyoung’s shoulder and he pauses to heft him back into place with a grunt of exertion.

“What happened?” you question, your voice high-pitched with alarm. “He didn’t...did he...?” Your words falter under your unwillingness to speak the unspeakable.

“No,” Saeyoung is quick to assure you as he pushes past you. “I’ll explain later; help me get him into the car before he wakes up.”

You bite your lip to stem the flow of questions begging to roll off your tongue. His stride picks up speed to reach the vehicle and you jog to keep up with his long strides. Eyes glued to Saeran’s white, messy curls as they sway from his twin’s movements, you run worst case scenarios over in your head, but dismiss each one almost as soon as it’s imagined.

These thoughts temporarily distract you from the heartbreak you’ve experienced in the past hour, but when your eyes drop to Saeran’s naked ring finger, it all comes flooding back in an agonizing rush of pain. Your vision blurs and though his love for you is not in doubt, despite his words to the contrary, you worry the damage you’ve done is irrevocable. Did he really mean it when he said you weren’t worth the effort? Is he really unwilling to work through the mess you’ve made of everything?
The memory of his icy glare is like a knife through your heart and it becomes difficult to breathe. The guilt you feel at triggering the events that have taken place twists in your belly and the sudden urge to vomit is almost overwhelming. Six feet from the automobile, you come to a standstill as the remaining strength drains from your limbs. Sudden exhaustion overtakes you and you lose touch with reality. The world around you fades away into a confused haze and you blink at Saeyoung as he speaks to you, his expression morphing from annoyance to concern as you continue to gaze at him with a blank stare.

He closes the distance between you and bends his knees to lower himself to your height even though it’s obvious he’s having trouble maintaining a solid grip on his limp twin. The bleariness with which you observe him appears to alarm him, but when he moves one hand from his brother’s leg to snap his fingers in front of your face, you still can’t seem to pull yourself from your abstraction. Saeyoung taps your cheek with his fingertips, and when that elicits no response, he gives you a gentle slap. Finally, the world rushes back into focus and you cover the mild sting his action has caused.

“Shit, I’m sorry,” he apologizes as he straightens back to full height and clasps your hand. He gives your fingers a tight squeeze then releases you. “I didn’t know what else to do, did I hurt you?”

Mutely, you shake your head as your eyes wander back to Saeran’s still unconscious form. “I...I’m fine,” you answer with no little hesitancy. Are you fine? No, not really, but you’d say anything in this moment to wipe the distress from your beloved’s face. “Come on,” you urge past lips as numb as the rest of you and move past him to travel the short distance to open the car’s back door.

Giving you a look of appraisal, Saeyoung allows Saeran to slide from his shoulder and the larger man maneuvers him into the backseat before hurrying to the other side to grab his twin beneath his arms and awkwardly pulling him fully into the vehicle. Saeyoung curses in what sounds like a mixture of English and French, though your knowledge of either is almost nonexistent. Your hand lingers on Saeran’s ankle, your eyes fixed on his relaxed features.

The scene that happened upstairs replays in your head, Unknown’s desperate plea for you to stay piercing your heart as deeply as Saeran’s shrill screams for you to leave. The words he spoke in those few seconds held something you’d never heard from him before; fear and neediness. You recall how the brutal man who lurks in the depths of your husband made love to you with frenzied affection; his earnest caresses bruising your tender flesh but holding a certain amount of fondness.

‘It’s not worth it; you...aren’t worth it.’ The declaration continues to haunt you, self-doubts of your worthiness assaulting you like violent ocean waves, each echo in your mind weakening your resolve just a bit more. He’s right; you aren’t worth all this pain and heartache. Look what you’ve done to the two men you love so much; Saeran’s mind is once again back to the fragile state it was in when you met him and Saeyoung…

“MC,” Saeyoung prods in a panicked voice and you pull yourself from your thoughts to meet his worried study of your face. “Are you alright?”

“Fine,” you repeat through the lump in your throat and force yourself to lift your hand from Saeran’s form. You close the car door and slide into the passenger seat just as Saeyoung slips into the space beside you. He starts the car, but instead of shifting into drive, he reaches over and grabs your hand.

His fingers thread through yours and he lifts them to his mouth and brushes his lips over your knuckles. “He didn’t mean it,” he says, his deep voice filling the enclosed space. Your head moves in a shaky bob, the tears that have been gathering in your eyes escaping to zigzag down your cheeks.
“He’s not wrong,” you choke, trying so hard to keep your voice level but failing. “I’ve done nothing but make him miserable; made both of you miserable.”

“That’s not true,” Saeyoung retorts, holding your hand over his heart. You can feel his steady heartbeat and you attempt to draw strength from its reassuring presence. “I’m only able to make it through the miserable parts because I have you. God, MC, you’re the sun and the moon and the stars to us; you’re everything.”

Your eyes close to block out the devotion shining from your husband’s eyes, feeling as if you don’t deserve his loyalty. His body shifts, then the fingers of his free hand caress your cheek. “He’s stubborn; probably even more stubborn than I am. But...MC...if anyone can get through to him, it’s you. What he said...” Saeyoung’s voice trails away and you open your eyes to peer at him. He wets his lips then continues. “What he did...it’s a more extreme method of pushing you away than I used. Nothing he said up there is how he feels, you have to know that.”

Leaning into his touch, your fingers cover the ones still lingering on your face. “I hope you’re right,” you whisper, the pain almost too much to bear.

“I came around,” Saeyoung answers, leaning forward to rest his forehead against yours, “and he will too. Don’t give up on him; don’t give up on what you guys have.”

“But.”

“No buts,” he interrupts and presses his mouth to yours in a brief kiss. “Have the same faith in him you’ve always had in me.”

You give a slight nod, your heart aching. For the first time all night you consider how hard this situation is on your first husband. It can’t be easy to be stuck in the middle of this situation and the fact he had to witness his twin breaking you causes fresh tears to spring to life. You try to smile, wanting so badly to ease the grief in Saeyoung’s eyes, but your lips do little more than tremble. He sighs, wiping away your tears before releasing you to straighten and shift the car into drive.

“Everything is going to be alright,” he assures you, pulling away from the curb to steer the car around in the opposite direction.

Slight movement from the backseat draws your attention, but when you glance behind you, Saeran’s body is still except for the rhythmic rise and fall of his chest. Once more, your gaze lands on his ringless finger and you pull your eyes away before another bout of tears can overtake you. Saeyoung reaches over to squeeze your fingers and you clutch his hand with both of yours, finding comfort in his wordless support.

It only takes moments to reach home and though you loathe to give up the solace of his touch, you allow him to pull away to kill the engine. In silence, the two of you exit the car and you open the back door as Saeyoung rounds the vehicle. As soon as he begins to lean in to pull his brother forward, Saeran’s feet land a blow to Saeyoung’s abdomen that drives him backward.

Unknown springs from the open door and rushes the taller man, his shoulder landing another blow to Saeyoung’s midriff. Saeyoung wheezes and bends at the waist, only to be met with Unknown’s fist against his cheekbone. His striped frames fly from his face and clatter to the concrete floor as you look on wide, horror-filled eyes.

“That’s for having the gall to strike us,” Unknown spits, grabbing Saeyoung’s collar in one fist. “This is for daring to touch what’s mine.” His opposite fist slams into Saeyoung’s nose and you scream as blood immediately gushes forth to flow across his upper lip. Unknown’s clenched hand
drives into Saeyoung’s middle twice in quick succession and when it again rises to strike his face you cry out.

“Stop!” You plead at a shout, your voice echoing in the large garage. Unknown’s body freezes, his chest heaving with rage. His head turns and he peers at you with a crazed expression of wrath. However, his glare softens as he studies you and a spark of hope flickers in your chest. “Please,” you beseech then slap both hands over your mouth when Saeyoung’s own fist rams into Unknown’s gut, causing the shorter man to slump forward with a painful wheeze.

Wasting no time, Saeyoung wraps his fingers around Unknown’s neck and pulls him up, only to propel him backward, stopping only when his captive’s back crashes into the side of the car he just exited. “Calm down!” Saeyoung yells at the man who’s regained his breath and is throwing curses at him at top volume, the words bouncing off the concrete walls to reverberate through the air around you.

“Let go of me, asshole,” Unknown snarls, struggling against Saeyoung’s hold.

“Look, I’m sorry for sucker punching you,” the older man apologizes, seeming to have no trouble keeping the other man restrained. “Saeran wasn’t going to listen to reason and it’s the only way I knew to get him here.”

“You...what?” You ask in a voice that’s barely above a whisper, but it freezes both men in place.

“It’s only a matter of time before she realizes what you really are,” Unknown smirks and drops his hands from Saeyoung’s wrist. “Fucking coward; doesn’t get his way and his first instinct is to resort to violence.”

“Like you’re one to talk,” Saeyoung rebounds in a growl, his face flushing with anger. “If you’d just kept your hands off her, we wouldn’t even be in this mess.”

Unknown releases a humorous bark of laughter. “She gave herself to me, redhead, and unlike you, I have enough sense to accept a piece of ass when it’s offered.”

A pang of regret and shame make your stomach drop at Unknown’s words. It hurts to hear you’ve been nothing more than another notch on his belt. You’d believed...well, it didn’t matter what you’d believed; not now, not when he’s just made it painfully obvious what the encounter meant to him. Your demeanor quickly changes to one of dismay, however, when Saeyoung’s arm pulls back with a clenched fist. “Saeyoung, no!” You cry out as you take a step forward.

He chances a glance in your direction and whatever he finds there causes him to mutter a curse and lower his raised arm. “Go inside,” he snaps, his attention focused back on the man he still holds against the vehicle’s surface.

“But-”

“Goddamnit, MC, I’m not going to hurt him; just go!” Saeyoung shouts, his already flushed expression blooming an even darker shade of red.

Your eyes widen at his tone, the desperate vexation of it reminding you of the small studio apartment he was forced to reside in with you and his distress when you refused to allow him to push you away. Your gaze darts to the man he detains whose furious glare is focused on your first love.

“Just wait until you release me, you fucker,” Unknown hisses when Saeyoung manages to keep a tight grip on him despite his struggles. “You’re going to regret speaking to her that way.”
“I already do,” Saeyoung bites out, his jaw clenched with fury. “But if it gets her away from you, I’m willing to live with it.”

“You can’t keep her from me!” Unknown shrieks, his face turning a bright crimson.

“MC, get the hell out of here!” Saeyoung demands though it sounds much more like a plea. He glances once more in your direction and it’s enough to provide Unknown with the opportunity to break free. The leaner man’s knee lifts to land a debilitating blow to Saeyoung’s abdomen and he staggers backward.

Instead of pressing his advantage, Unknown turns in your direction with a smug grin. He shoves away from the car and takes two steps toward you before Saeyoung’s arms come around to pin his to his sides. Unknown releases a shout of outrage, struggling violently to escape Saeyoung’s iron grip.

Your eyes meet your first husband’s and he jerks his head toward the door leading into the bunker. Realizing your presence is doing nothing but agitating the situation, you nod and hurry inside, ignoring Unknown’s frenzied demands that you stay. You head for the workstation as soon as the garage door closes behind you, attempting to bring up the security feed with shaking fingers. For a brief moment you can’t remember the correct keystrokes to access the cameras, but on your third attempt the numerous monitors light up to reveal the image of Saeyoung pressing Unknown’s torso down onto the hood of the car, the smaller man’s arms pinned behind his back.

Even from where you observe, you can hear the men shouting, their anger-filled voices tearing at your heart. Look what I’ve done to them. Renewed tears slide down your face unchecked and you sink into the expensive desk chair. Your trembling hands grip the arms, your nails digging into the soft leather. Helpless to do anything but wait for the outcome of the scene you’re watching, you try to gain control of your breathing, not realizing until this moment that it comes in heaving gasps.

Suddenly, Unknown’s body goes limp on screen and you lean closer to get a better look. Saeyoung slowly releases him and takes a step back as he reaches up to gently swipe his upper lip and shake his head at the blood that comes away. He wipes his fingers on his jeans and moves to retrieve his glasses before heading for the door. Unknown-no, it has to be Saeran-follows meekly behind. You push to your feet and rush to the workstation’s entrance, gripping the doorframe as the men enter the bunker.

“S-Saeran?” You prod quietly and his head jerks in your direction. His eyes widen with either shock or fear, but when you open your mouth to ask if he’s okay, his face shifts into indifference and he turns from you to push past his brother.

“Saeran,” Saeyoung says to his back and Saeran’s shoulders hunch in defense.

“Just leave me alone,” he says brusquely, not bothering to even glance back. He throws himself down on the sofa and rests his elbows on his knees. He buries his face in his hands and you find yourself moving in his direction, the overwhelming need to comfort him urging you forward.

Long fingers encircle your wrist and begin to pull you. “Saeyoung, wait,” you protest and begin to direct questions to the back of his head. He ignores your inquiries, content to pull you along as he makes his way down the hall to the bathroom. When you reach your destination, Saeyoung pulls you into the dark room, quickly closing and locking the door behind you. You reach over and flip on the light, wincing at the damage that’s been done to your lover’s face when it’s revealed by the room’s bright illumination.

The tender flesh beneath his left eye is swollen and already beginning to show signs of a nasty bruise; his upper lip covered in bright red blood, though thankfully his nose has seemed to have
stopped bleeding. Instinctively, you reach out to touch his battered features, but stop yourself before
making contact. Pivoting to hide the way your eyes tear up at the sight of him, you grab the hand
towel hanging beside the sink and soak it with cool water.

Turning back, you begin to dab gently at the mess under his nose, doing your best to avoid his gaze
full of questions. “You need to put an icepack on your cheek,” you comment, your voice coming out
no more than a whisper. The lump in your throat makes it difficult to speak and you’re determined
not to let Saeyoung worry about you any more than he has tonight.

“Why?” Saeyoung questions, the tone of his voice making it clear he’s not talking about something
as mundane as an icepack.

Still, you wet your lips and try to evade his question. “For the swelling,” you answer, your eyes
darting up to his before fleeing just as quickly.

“You let him touch you,” he accuses, ignoring your attempt to hide from his hurt and anger. “Why?”

Wiping away the last traces of blood on his face, you sigh and give a slight shake of your head.
Saeyoung takes the soiled cloth from your hands and tosses it into the sink before placing a finger
under your chin to tilt your face up. He needs answers, but you’re afraid to give them. How much do
you reveal? How much does he want to know; does he want details or generalizations? How do you
explain something you don’t even fully comprehend yourself?

“Saeran was...inconsolable when I arrived home,” you begin, still not knowing what to say but
unable to lie even if it is to spare your husband’s feelings. “He was saying that I didn’t love him and
he was...stupid...to ever think I could. Then he got quiet and...I...I was so desperate to reach him,
to...reassure him. I didn’t realize...he’d switched when...I gave him the ring, but...when he kissed me
I...should have known.”

“He tricked you?” Saeyoung inquires in a dangerous tone, his brow furrowing into a scowl.

“No,” you’re quick to defend, pressing your palms flat against his broad chest. “He wasn’t
pretending to be Saeran...I just...I was so focused on making things right that I...failed to notice.”
You pause and take a deep breath, then swallow hard. You force yourself to stare up into
Saeyoung’s watery gaze; as hard as this confession is on you, for him, it’s a hundred times more
painful. “When I finally realized it wasn’t Saeran...I...didn’t care. For better or worse, Unknown is a
part of Saeran. He’s the angry, bitter, hurt part of himself that protects the man I fell in love with.
How can I... not ...love him for that fact alone?”

Saeyoung releases a long, slow breath and tilts his head back, focusing his attention on the ceiling
above. “So...you love him now, too?” His voice comes out low and hoarse and the misery it contains
makes your bottom lip quiver with unshed grief.

“I...I...don’t know,” you stammer as your fingers twist in the fabric of his t-shirt. You lean forward
and rest your forehead in the middle of his chest, silent tears of grief leaking from your eyes. “What I
do know is that I love you , Saeyoung.”

Strong arms encircle your shoulders to squeeze tight and you can feel each shuddering breath he
inhales in an effort to control his emotions. His mouth drops to the crown of your head, his lips
brushing it in a tender caress of affection. “Don’t leave me again,” he pleads in a broken whisper, his
arms tightening even harder around you. “Everything feels so empty when you aren’t here.”

“No, I swear, Saeyoung...never again.”
Saeyoung pulls back enough to search your eyes and you can tell by the way his pupils dilate that he is about to kiss you. His hands move to cup your face and you push hard against his chest. “Saeran-”

“-is fine,” Saeyoung interjects, thumbs grazing your jaw. “At least he’s as fine as he can be right now. MC... I need you, here, in this moment. Please...just be here with me.”

“O-of course,” you agree as his hands leave your face to slide down your shoulders and arms to slip around your waist and pull your body flush against his.

His face finds a home in your neck and you encircle his shoulders as his body begins to shake in dejected surrender. All strength drains from his form and he pushes you back against the door, his tears flowing freely to dampen the collar of your shirt.

“I’m sorry,” he sniffs and makes an attempt to pull away; an attempt you are quick to thwart.

“Let it out, my love,” you encourage and stroke his hair. “That’s what I’m here for. Don’t be embarrassed or ashamed of your feelings; don’t hide from me.” You push his sweaty curls from his face and smile. “I’m your anchor just as much as you are mine. Let me be here for you, Saeyoung.”

Saeyoung rests his forehead against yours, and lifts his hands to rest them below your ears. “I love you so damn much, MC. I feel like everything is spiraling out of control and I’m scared that when it finally comes to a standstill, I’ll have lost you somewhere along the way.”

“Never,” you whisper, “I’ll never leave you, I love you too much; I...I couldn’t live without you, Saeyoung. You’re my heart and the oxygen I breathe, you’re-”

The press of his mouth against yours stifles your words and your fingers immediately slide into his damp hair to pull him closer. You can’t say whose head tilts first but the way your tongues reach deep into the other’s mouth indicates a synchronicity born from years of practice.

The sudden compulsion to feel his skin against yours overcomes you and you tug insistently at the hem of his black t-shirt. Your actions rough and frantic, and Saeyoung breaks the contact of your mouths just long enough to pull the offending item over his head to toss it over his shoulder. Immediately you are back in his arms, your tongues coiling around one another with unhinged abandon.

The world around you fades away into a hazy mist of nothing, the only thing keeping you grounded in reality is the man currently making love to your mouth as if his life depends on it. You lock tonight’s events away in a small box in the back of your mind to be removed and examined later, but for now, your focus is entirely on the man in front of you.

Your hands move up the flat expanse of his abdomen and over the broadness of his chest, your nails scratching across puckered nipples, evoking a strangled moan. Saeyoung tugs your own shirt over your head as you unclasp your bra and let it slide down your arms to fall silently to the floor. Your husband’s mouth immediately covers one nipple, drawing the taut peak deep as his fingers dig into the flesh of your hips.

Your back arches with a sigh of surrender, your fingers fisting in the red curls you adore. His pelvis prods against the apex of your thighs and you moan at how hard he already is. Your hands drop to the belt of his jeans and begin to unfasten it with clumsy fingers, eager to wrap your fingers around his rigid flesh.

Saeyoung’s hands shove yours away with gentle motions and make quick work of both belt and fastenings, his mouth never once leaving your body. Once done, he moves to the button of your
white jean shorts, impatiently undoing them and shoving them down your hips where they puddle at your feet.

Reaching out, you tug at the clothing hiding him from your view and take a certain female satisfaction at the sigh of relief he breathes against you as his cock springs free from its confines. Your fingers whisper up his thighs, building the anticipation of touching him this intimately in at least a week. You graze his balls and Saeyoung groans against you before lifting his head to capture your mouth. The desperation of his kiss spurs your own and you finally wrap your slim fingers around the girth of him, swallowing his groan.

“God, I need you, MC,” he breathes against your lips, his hips thrusting into the motions of your hand.

You suck on his bottom lip, then the top before kissing each corner of his mouth. “Take me, Saeyoung,” you whisper with all the hunger coursing through your body.

Not needing to be told twice, Saeyoung lifts you and you wrap your legs around him as he enters you with one swift motion of his hips. You’re more than ready for his length and when he easily stretches you, your twin cries of being home fill the small space of the bathroom and beyond. It isn’t a gentle coupling, it’s a desperate mating that contains all the longing and loneliness pent up over the past week.

Saeyoung’s fingers dig into your thighs, each forceful thrust driving your body up to slide back down onto his hardened flesh. Your hands clutch his naked shoulders, the force of your grip leaving crescent-shaped indentations in his skin. Tears slip from the corners of your eyes at finally having him inside you once more; of finally finding that physical connection with him that is so important to you both.

His exhalations come in breathless grunts as he pistons into you, his pace bruising and brutal. Your mouths collide in a flurry of tongue, teeth and lips, the give and take of your immense desire driving you to passion of never achieved heights. You can’t remember ever wanting Saeyoung in such a primal way and when he turns to set you on the edge of the bathroom counter, your nails leave long, angry scratches down his back. He hisses in pain, gathering your hair in his fist and jerking your head back to stare into your eyes.

All movement of his body stills, except the heavy rise and fall of his chest. “Are you mine, MC?”

You try to nod, but his grip is too tight to move. “Yes,” you breathe, your fingers now gripping his bulging biceps.

He nods and considers you. “When you look at me, who do you see?”

His hips begin to move in shallow thrusts, and when you fail to answer right away his hips snap forward in a punishing thrust before then once again resume their languid motions. His strokes tease but fail to provide any sort of gratification. You whine as you press your heels into his lower back in encouragement but still, he keeps up his slow, steady pace so much different than the fast and furious fucking he was giving you before.

Realizing he’ll deny your orgasm until you tell him you wet your lips, smirking when he takes notice of the tip of your tongue peeking out before retreating. “I see my first love,” you begin, your hands leaving a light trail from his biceps to his chest when you lay one palm over his heart. “I see the man I had to work hard to convince my feelings for him are true and that nothing he could do would shatter or erase them. I see the man I would spend eternities following to prove that my love for him is neverending. I see the father of our future children. I see the man who loves me more than life
itself. I see you, my beautiful Saeyoung; just as I always have.”

Saeyoung’s fist releases your hair as his fingers slide to embrace your nape. The kiss he bestows upon you is one full of all the love and devotion he holds for you. He nips at the softness of your lips, never staying in one place long before moving to another, ensuring that he leaves no surface neglected. His tongue slides past your teeth to tease before it retreats and he begins to trail hot, open-mouthed kisses along your jaw. He ends at your ear where he pulls the small lobe into his mouth and nips gently before sucking away the stinging pain he’s caused.

“I love you so much,” he whispers in your ear, his tongue tracing its shell. “I can’t lose you, not to him.”

Your arms encircle his neck and squeeze tight. “You could never lose me to anyone, silly. I love you too much. I’m yours, now and for always.”

His arms tighten around you briefly before one arm drops and he presses a hand against your lower back as the other reaches out to brace his weight on the mirror. With no warning, he drives into you, the power behind his motion greater than ever before. You scream out his name in ecstasy, your legs tightening around his waist as he begins to fuck you with wild uninhibitedness.

The low, breathless moans he emits next to your ear enhances the relentless assault of his cock ramming into you at a velocity so fast you can’t tell if he’s entering or withdrawing; not that it matters, you’re lost in a sphere of sensation.

“Oh...my... god , Sae...young,” you scream, unable to control the volume of your moans.

Your reactions to his affections evoke a primal growl of possession and his head turns to capture your mouth, though you’re both too out breath to do much more than spiral your tongues together in a heated, carnal dance. His hand comes off your waist and grasps one full breast, his fingers rolling the engorged nub in the exact way he knows drives you wild.

A delicious tension begins to build in your belly and your hips come up off the counter, matching him stroke for stroke. The small space around you is filled with the sounds slapping skin and groans that grow increasingly louder.

“I don’t know how much longer I can last,” Saeyoung pants against you and you give him a small nod.

“I’m close...come with me,” you urge, shoving the sweat-soaked hair off his forehead. He kisses you hard, his tongue plunging deep into your mouth before pulling back only to immediately return; emulating the act of your bodies. Too oxygen deprived to keep the act up for long, Saeyoung buries his face in your neck, his hot exhalations fanning across the sensitive juncture where your shoulder connects. He licks the delicate skin before pulling it into his mouth and sucking hard before releasing it with a loud pop. “Come, my goddess,” he commands then bites down hard on your flesh.

As if waiting for his command, your body tenses then begins to spasm, wave after wave of intense pleasure leaving you unable to do nothing but call out his name as your inner walls convulse around him.

“...so...amazing...love...you” Saeyoung manages before he finds his own release. His cock hardens and lengthens, then he’s pulsing violently as he begins to ejaculate. Even once he’s spent, he continues to move within you and you match his slow, lazy strokes with contentment.

“I’ve missed you so much,” you sigh and moan when his lips capture yours in a slow, sensual kiss.
“Me too,” Saeyoung responds once he releases you. “I wish I could spend the night making love to you over…” he kisses your neck, “…and over,” he mumbles, flicking his tongue against your collarbone.

Your back arches into his caresses, your hands trailing up and down his back “How many times did you put those pictures you took to use?” you ask, unable to contain the giggle that escapes you at his mock groan of pain.

“Too damn much,” he grumbles then shoots you a grin that makes heat pool in your center. “Having the real thing is so much better.” Once more he kisses you, his tongue teasing yours with slow lapping strokes. “Oh, no you don’t,” he protests when you unwrap your legs from his body and attempt to rise. “I’m not done with you yet.”

He places your limbs back around his hips, evoking a small squeal of surprise when he easily lifts you and carries your sweat sheened body to the shower. He turns on the taps and once the water’s temperature is to his satisfaction he steps inside with you still clinging to him.

Finally, he lets your feet touch the porcelain bottom of the tub as the shower’s spray soaks your long hair. Still, he holds you, his hands moving to clasp your ass as he reclaims your mouth. You pull back, dragging your teeth along his bottom lip as you do and smirk up at him.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

“Who, me?” Saeyoung questions in a tone that drips with innocence, even as his fingers begin kneading the plumpness of your behind. You quirk an eyebrow and his full lips slip into a salacious grin as he pulls you even closer. He leans down to speak in your ear and the huskiness of it sends a shiver of pleasure down your spine. “Certain parts of me may be...ah....out of commission, but I aim to give you at least one more massive orgasm and my fingers and tongue are more than capable for the task.”

Your breath hitches at his suggestion, your blood quickening as one large hand moves to pull your leg around his waist as the other slips between your legs to tease your entrance. “Are you still sore? I’m sorry I went so hard, but I needed you too much to hold back.”

Biting your lip you give a fractional nod. “A b-bit, but don’t apologize,” you pant as your hips begin to move of their own accord. “You didn’t hurt me and...oh, God...” Two fingers glide slowly inside you and your head falls to his chest. “I-I love it when you...l-let go.”

“Does that feel good?” he asks and you can feel the shining gold of his iris’ burning into you, taking in your every reaction.

You nod. “Y-yes...God, yes.”

“Then kiss me,” he demands and when you obey, the fingers plunge deep and scissor.

You both startle violently as the door to the bathroom crashes open, jumping apart as if you’d been doing something wrong. Heavy footfalls cross the small space between the entrance and where you stand before the shower curtain is unceremoniously shoved open.

Unknown glares at Saeyoung for a long moment before turning his attention to you. Wordlessly he grabs your wrist and tugs to convey his wish for you to exit the shower. When you don’t immediately comply, he pulls harder and you quickly move to do as he wishes before he pulls both you and Saeyoung to the hard, slippery surface of the tub.

The water stops running as you’re dragged from the now steamy bathroom and down the hall,
leaving a trail of soaked footprints in your wake. Water drips into your eyes from your drenched hair and your body shivers at the bunker’s air conditioning after being in the sauna-like bathroom.

The two of you reach yours and Saeyoung’s bedroom and Unknown shoves you towards the closet. “Get dressed, we’re leaving,” he barks, crossing his arms over his chest as his eyes roam over your naked form.

“You aren’t going anywhere,” Saeyoung protests, entering the room with a towel wrapped around his slim hips.

Unknown gives no warning, no indication that he’s even heard Saeyoung but before you can blink, Saeyoung lay on the floor in a crumpled heap. Unknown shakes his fist, trying to restore feeling back into the hand that just knocked out your husband and you move quickly to the foot of the bed to grab Saeyoung’s robe to cover yourself with.

Slipping into the soft flannel that smells of him instantly makes you feel better and your eyes narrow at the conscious man giving you a dangerous stare. Your back straightens as you lift your chin in defiance. “I’m not leaving.”

Unknown lets out a peal of surprised laughter and raises a brow. “Are you actually trying to defy me, princess?”

“Just because your dick has been inside me doesn’t mean you own me,” you sigh in frustration and wrap your arms tighter around yourself. “Beating up on Saeyoung won’t change that; in fact, it’s going to make me not want anything to do with you.”

He’s across the room in a flash, allowing you no time to react. Picking you up, he tosses you onto the bed and immediately climbs on top of you. He straddles your waist, his hands pinning your arms to the plush surface. Fingers tighten painfully around your wrists when your body bucks up in an attempt to dislodge him.

Unknown lowers his head, placing his mouth next to your ear. “Since you’re obviously not picky about whose cock is inside you, then I would tend to agree on that point,” he states in a quiet voice that belies his anger. His wiry form is tense with indignation, his grip on you so firm you begin to lose feeling in your hands. Deceptively soft lips graze your skin and despite your situation, your body responds to the caress. “But, you’ve seem to have somehow forgotten your promise, princess.” His nose nudges your temple as his voice drops to a whisper. “I swear on everything I am that I will never abandon you. My life is not complete without you in it.”

Your eyes burn at the echo of the vow you believed you were saying to another man. “Saeran,” you plead.

He clicks his tongue and nuzzles the column of your neck. “You’re such a stupid little whore...but you’re my whore,” he states and licks the delicate flesh below your ear.

“Please,” you sob, trying to wriggle away. “I don’t want this; not like this. Don’t make me hate you,” you whisper brokenly, tears sliding from the outer corners of your eyes when you clench them shut.

His hold suddenly loosens and he sits up to gaze down at you in horrified confusion. He opens his mouth to speak, but his words are forestalled by the arms that embrace him from behind and lift his weight from you.

“Saeyoung, wait,” you protest, sitting up as he drops his twin roughly to the floor and stands over him with blind fury.
“Jesus, you’re a stubborn asshole,” your husband mutters in anger, his hands forming into fists. “Was I not clear how this was going to work? Did that really sound like permission to put your hands on her? I’m trying really hard not to hurt you, but goddamn if you aren’t making it impossible.”

“I…” Green eyes fall to the floor and he glances in your direction quickly from the corner of his eye before closing them to shut out the sight of you and his brother. “I-I’m sorry,” he says, his thick with regret. “I...that wasn’t…I’m sorry.”

Saeyoung’s shoulders relax as he realizes Saeran has regained control and his hands unfurl. “Saeran…”

The smaller man pulls his knees to his chest and tries to make himself even smaller by wrapping his arms around them. “I didn’t mean to,” he denies. “I’m sorry…I can’t make him stop.” His fingers clutch at his white hair and pull at the pale locks. “I don’t want to be this way; anger, love, hate, the need to protect and the desire to punish. It’s all happening at once and I can’t make it stop,” he rambles, his words tripping over one another in his rush to get them out. “Saeyoung…hyung…please…help me,” he entreats. “I can’t think from all the yelling and I just need you to make him stop, please :.”

Your vision is obscured by tears and you blink rapidly to clear it. You hold your breath, afraid to say anything; afraid to make Saeran’s pain any worse. As you observe, Saeyoung sinks to his knees and pulls his brother into a gentle embrace. Saeran’s arms encircle his brother’s waist to cling to him in desperation as his body shakes in misery. Saeyoung’s liquid gold gaze lifts to meet yours, his eyes full of pain. The bruise on his handsome face stands out starkly against his pale skin and your heart aches for both men. The thought of leaving once again crosses your mind. If not for you, if not for your feelings for Saeran, they could be happy; they could wholly reconcile and you would be free of this crushing guilt that makes it difficult to draw a full breath.

As if reading your mind, Saeyoung gives a small shake of his head. “Everything will be alright,” he insists and you aren’t sure if he’s comforting you or the man sobbing against him.

You want to believe his assurances; need to believe he’s correct. I can’t go and I can’t stay. I would do anything for them, but I’m so lost as to what isn’t going to cause more damage than it heals. Standing you close the distance between you and your husbands and attempt to stroke the hair of each. Saeyoung leans into your touch, tears sliding down his cheeks as his eyes close. Saeran, on the other hand, shies away from your affection, jerking at the feel of your fingers in his hair and pulling away as quickly as possible.

“I’ll…leave you two…” you manage to say, the sting of Saeran’s rejection hurting more than any of Unknown’s words.

Saeyoung nods and you trail your fingers along his jaw in one last caress before you begin to leave. Before you can take a single step, however, Saeran clutches the edge of your robe. “Don’t,” he whispers. “Don’t go; it hurts and...if you leave...he’ll make it worse. I’m s-sorry; I know I’m being...selfish, but-”

“It’s alright,” you interject, unable to bear the anguish in his voice. Whatever he needs you to do to ease even a modicum of his unease you are more than willing to provide.

You take a seat on the floor, sitting as close to Saeran as he will allow. One of Saeyoung’s arms leaves his brother’s frame and wraps around you and your head falls gently to his chest. Still, Saeran’s fingers grasp the hem of your robe and though your hand itches to cover his in solace, you refrain. Silent tears flow freely from your eyes, but you don’t bother to wipe them away; there’s no point in doing so when you feel as if you’ll never stop.
Denial

Chapter Notes

FINALLY! I started writing this chapter on August 3, if you can believe it. I apologize for the unexpected hiatus. I'm not quite as busy as I was before, so I'm hoping I can get more writing in now. Which means (barring any major life changes) it shouldn't be another two months before the next update. I hope you enjoy this one!

Thank you to CherieoftheDragons for beta reading this chapter for me. <3

Music:

- Flames - Tedy
- Gravity - Alex & Sierra
- Mercy - Shawn Mendes

You can listen to all three songs here: https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLrfGPKjT5fHa3MRIDhcHzb3arBuE6PmL

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unknown crouches beside your sleeping form, hands hanging limply between his knees. It’s hard to make out your features, but he’s watched you sleep enough times before to know the tip of your thumb is resting against your lips. There’s a bright flash of lightning that briefly illuminates your face, and he can’t contain a small grin when he is proven correct.

A deafening crash of thunder fills the silence, but still you sleep on. His grin morphs into a full-blown smile at your ability to sleep through anything. When he’d first started taking over this body at night, he’d been careful not to wake you as he left and returned from his outings to enjoy the freedom of movement usually denied him. Toward the end of the week, he gave up the pretense of trying to exit the apartment quietly when even the clomp of his heavy boots failed to make you flinch.

Now, his eyes flick over to the one who looks so much like the one inside him, and his smile melts. He is the lightest sleeper Unknown has ever encountered. The crouched man’s eyes narrow into a glare, feeling the golden heat of the redhead’s gaze on him. The larger man’s towel has come loose during his slumber and he lay naked, his body tense and ready for attack.

As annoying as the other one is, Unknown is smart enough to glean that separating you from him is going to be difficult. It can be done, but first he’ll need to undo all the brainwashing this idiot has done to you. He’s managed to keep you by his side for so long he’s ingrained into your mind like a parasite, one Unknown has no doubt he can squash, but for now his best strategy is to play along.

He releases a sigh of annoyance. “I’m only moving her to the bed. Unless you want... our...wife to sleep on the cold, hard floor.”

“Forgive me for not trusting the man who tried to rape said wife only hours ago,” Saeyoung answers bitterly, shoving off from the floor and grabbing a pair of sweatpants from the nearby chair.
Unknown slips his arms beneath your still form and hefts you with a grunt as he straightens. “I wasn’t going to force myself on her, dumbass, not in the way you’re thinking. She needed to be reminded of the promises she made, promises she willfully broke the second you showed up.” He grins maliciously in the dim light. “I want her willing, redhead. She’s the best fuck I’ve had, and forcing her would only ruin that.”

Saeyoung declines to answer, merely clenches his hands and moves to the bed. Throwing back the thick blanket, he settles in, open hands resting across his bare abdomen.

Unknown scowls. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing? I’m not sleeping in the same bed as you.”

Moving his arms behind his head, Saeyoung shrugs with a grin. “If you want to sleep with MC, you have to put up with me. There’s no way in hell I trust you alone with her despite your...colorful promises.”

You stir in Unknown’s embrace, nuzzling your face into his chest. “Saeran?” you inquire sleepily, and he scoffs.

“No,” he bites out, then presses a soft kiss on the top of your head. “He’s sleeping, just as you should be, princess.”

Saeyoung clears his throat to mask a chuckle at Unknown’s uncharacteristic tenderness, but soon falls silent under the icy glare of the wiry man holding his wife. “...’kay,” you agree groggily and cuddle into the plush mattress when Unknown settles you between Saeyoung and himself.

“Keep your hands off her,” Unknown warns just above a whisper. “Or I’ll blacken the other side of your face.”

“Same goes for you,” Saeyoung counters, sliding down to stretch out beside you.

“Don’t worry, asshole, I won’t touch her until she asks me to; just as you decreed.”

“Then we have an agreement?”

Unknown chews the inside of his cheek in thought for a moment before giving a brief nod. “Want to shake on it?” Saeyoung asks cheekily and holds out one hand.

“Fuck off,” Unknown snaps and turns his attention to your sleeping face.

Ignoring the other man’s presence, he takes advantage of your unconsciousness to study your features— the way your lips twitch into a smile for a brief moment before they again relax in slumber, the fluttering of your eyes and the way your long lashes rest against your pale skin. Timidly, he reaches out a hand then freezes, his eyes darting past your head to make sure the redhead isn’t watching. The ridiculous man who just minutes ago was so distrustful has already fallen into slumber. As he observes, the larger man mumbles something indiscernible and turns to his other side.

His gaze drifts back to you, and the hand hovering over your face lowers. With gentle fingers, he pushes back a lock of hair that’s fallen across your cheek, a wave of protectiveness making his chest swell. The emotion confuses and irritates him, but still he trails a soft caress along your temple and across your jawline. Touching you relaxes him, the tense muscles of his shoulders loosening in relief.

What the fuck is happening to me? His hand trembles minutely at the thought, then jerks away when
your eyes open to meet his.

You stare at him, your piercing regard pinning him in place. Your expression is neutral, and he can detect no fear emanating from you. After his actions earlier, he’d thought you’d be scrambling to get away from him, but you remain still. Unknown clears his throat, feeling awkward for the first time he can remember.

“I’m not the other one,” he finally states, keeping his voice low. This is the first time he’s been alone with you since being inside you, and he’ll be damned if he lets that fucking idiot asleep on the other side of you ruin it.

“I know,” you answer in a whisper, and his pulse jumps. He raises an eyebrow in question, then lowers it in annoyance when you fail to respond to his unspoken inquiry. His jaw clenches at your muteness, pushing down the urge to demand an answer.

The continued silence allows in the memory of struggling to gain control of his shared body as your pleasure filled moans drifted from the bathroom and down the hall to where he was forced to sit and listen. Somehow the weakling found the strength he typically doesn’t possess to hold Unknown at bay. He finally broke, however, allowing the stronger of the two to force himself to the front and put an end to the disrespectful actions taking place under his nose.

“You hurt me.” Your hushed accusation breaks through the haze of anger building inside him, and he scowls.

Shame is something he’s never bothered to feel, but now it rises from his core to heat his face and cause his hands to clench. He will not apologize; he will not give you that power over him. What he’d done was necessary, and with time you will see that; he will ensure you comprehend your duty to him.

“I wouldn’t have had to if you remembered your fucking place,” he snaps in defense, resisting the urge to reach out to you. His fingertips itch to soothe the ache he knows you’re experiencing in your delicate wrists. He can still feel them entrapped in his grip and his fists tighten. Regret – another emotion foreign as an alien terrain – burns behind his eyes at the cruelty he inflicted on you. For the first time ever, he wishes he could take back his harsh actions. Impatience at this shifting moods makes him unsettled. He’s close to losing control, and to his surprise, the last thing he wants at the moment is to blow this chance to talk to you.

“What, exactly, is ‘my place’?” Your voice rises slightly in anger, and the attraction that accompanies his rising ire at your insolence mystifies him.

He slaps a hand over your mouth as he glances quickly at the man behind you, then lets out a slow breath of relief when there is no movement. His gaze turns back to yours, and he freezes. You glare at him in defiance, your bright eyes blazing with fury, and he finds himself mesmerized. An electric current of arousal travels through his body and he pulls away as if burned.

“You knew the answer to that when you slipped that ring on my finger; I guess fucking him lowers your IQ,” he hisses, trying to cover up the trembling of his voice. The effect you’re having on him is discomfiting, his own emotions unfamiliar to him. Before he can stop his flow of words, he continues in a pathetic, strained voice. “You didn’t even give me a second thought once you saw him, did you?”

Your eyes soften at his words, and he feels sick at the pity in them. Who are you to feel sorry for him? “He’s my husband,” your answer comes, your tone one of helplessness, and though it’s what he expected to hear, it still makes his stomach drop.
“Then what am I to you?”

It takes a moment for you to respond but when you do a tingle of something unrecognizable travels through him. “My husband.” Your words are sincere, the truth of them in your steady gaze. “I didn’t mean to hurt you - I’m sorry.”

You reach up to touch his face, but his hand is quick to grip yours before you can make contact. “Don’t,” he commands in a strained voice. Hearing how pitiable he sounds he narrows his eyes in anger. “If you think you have the capability to hurt me, you are out of your mind, princess. You disrespected me with him, of all people. Did you really think I’d just let that slide?”

“So you thought raping me-”

“I wasn’t trying to force you,” he interrupts, the volume of his voice increasing with his frustration at having to once again explain his actions. “I was reminding you who you belong to. God, how can you be so stupid? What kind of shit goes on in that pretty little head of yours? Because it sure as hell isn’t logic.”

To his bemusement, his words are met with a furious scowl as your face flushes with ire. You jerk away from his hold and sit up to stare down at him in fury. “Stupid? I’m stupid? I’m not the one running around claiming ownership of someone who has been married to their brother for years.”

“He’s not my brother!” Unknown is quick to correct as he also sits to face her. Vaguely he’s aware of the subject of your heated discussion rousing and turning over to prop himself up on one elbow, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Disregarding the other man, he matches your glare.

Ignoring his denial, you continue, too furious to care. “Don’t sit there and pretend like you didn’t know exactly what you were getting yourself into. You’ve been influencing Saeran’s actions since the beginning; since that night in the kitchen, at the very least.”

Unknown blinks in surprise and you scoff. “Wait, what night in what kitchen?” Saeyoung asks in puzzlement, his brows twitching down in confusion.

“Not so stupid now, am I?” Your gaze remains locked with the smaller man, your face flushing with anger. “Saeran would have never, ever, made a move on me without you goading him to do so. He loves Saeyoung too much to hurt him, but not you. To you I’m just the means to an end, right? You don’t care anything about me, you just need to hurt my husband any way you can.”

The words you fling at him hit their mark harder than he could have imagined, and the realization that they are untrue is like a bucket of ice water being dumped over his head. He remains motionless, his stillness belying the panic making his heart beat irregularly. He’s losing control of this situation, and that knowledge incites the words that fall from his mouth without thought in a desperate attempt to regain some dominace.

“Saeran’s wanted to fuck you for years, I just gave him the balls to do it,” he utters in a low, frigid voice. “You’re goddamn right I wanted to hurt him,” he jerks his head in Saeyoung’s direction and smirks, “and you made it too easy, princess. First sign of interest and you were ready to spread your legs for the little brother. What does that say about you, hm? Maybe you weren’t as happily ever after as you thought.”

From the corner of his eye, he sees the other man sit up, his back straight with indignation, and the room’s dimness hides the malicious grin that spreads across Unknown’s face. He appears to have struck a nerve, and the pleasure of getting a rise out of the redhead is almost as good as the excitement that courses through him at the rapid rise and fall of your chest.
Light from the open doorway illuminates you, revealing the attractive flush in your cheeks. The robe you wear gapes open, revealing the enticing curve of your breasts, and he can’t help but be thankful that in the near darkness you’re unable to tell that his eyes are drinking in the expanse of flesh you’re revealing.

Your fury incites a myriad of scenarios to flood into his mind. Fantasies of tangled limbs and greedy mouths that channel the chaos of your rage into carnal acts so depraved that even the wispy fragments floating behind his eyes are enough to make his cock begin to harden. If you were alone, he would attempt to draw the phantom moans in his ears from your perfectly shaped lips, but, as usual, the asshole beside you is fucking things up.

“What’s the matter, princess?” Unknown cocks his head to the side and smirks. The expression on your face is one of angry horror and he feels a spark of hope that maybe he’s broken through your wall of self-delusion. “Does the truth hurt? Are you finally realizing this sorry excuse for a man has never been able to give you what you need?”

“What I need…” you murmur under your breath, and his heart picks up its rapid pace. Finally, it appears he’s getting through to you.

He leans forward until his mouth is beside your ear, his voice dropping down to a seductive whisper. “Does he know how to make you wet with a single command?” The tip of his nose grazes your temple. “Does he know how badly you need someone to make your decisions for you, to take the burden of thinking from you? Does he have any idea how much it turns you on to know you exist only for my pleasure? Even now, you want my cock so badly that if I told you to drop to your knees and suck me off as he watched, you wouldn’t hesitate for a second; that’s just the kind of whore you are.”

The sting of your palm across his cheek causes him to jerk away from you in surprise. In disbelief, he stares at you, fingers gingerly prodding the spot where your hand connected with his face. She hit me. A maniacal giggle of astonishment bubbles up from his chest and explodes from his lips. The bitch actually hit me.

“You’re disgusting,” you hiss and clutch at the neckline of your robe you finally notice is hanging open. “Saeyoung is all I’ve ever needed. There’s never been an area he couldn’t please me in, which is more than I can say for you.”

“Careful, princess,” he warns, his body going still, all traces of humor gone. “We both know how much you loved fucking me...or should I say letting me fuck you.”

You shake your head in revulsion. “God, the only thing you ever think about is sex.” You crawl from the bed to gain your feet. Turning to face him you glare. “Yes, I enjoyed having sex with you,” you admit, your eyes darting quickly to glance at Saeyoung before returning your full attention back to him. “That’s one area where you certainly aren’t lacking. But loving someone is more than just fucking them. I don’t expect you to understand this, because I doubt you’ve ever loved anyone, but what happened between me and Saeyoung wasn’t about getting off. It was about loving each other, and reaffirming that love after being apart for so long. Not once have you taken the time to consider how I feel. You assume that to make me want to be with you, you have to control me. Did it ever cross your mind that maybe you’re just nice to me, if you treat me as more than just an object to be owned, I might stay by your side because I want to? Do you not understand that I care about you?”

Your voice cracks, and you fall silent. It takes everything he has to keep his expression impassive. An alien feeling wreaks havoc inside him, twisting his gut and making his eyes burn. His fingers clutch at the sheets in an attempt to mask the way they tremble, and he swallows hard against the unexplained lump in his throat. What the fuck is this? Saeran; it has to be that lovesick fool that’s
making him feel these useless things. He can feel the other man prodding at the edges of his mind, and Unknown strengthens his resolve. _Not yet, cherry boy._

“MC,” Saeyoung chokes out, and it diverts Unknown’s attention from within.

The older man has switched on the lamp that rests next to the bed, and in the yellow light Unknown can see your face is streaked with tears. Your eyes are locked on your first husband’s face as you sniff and swipe the back of one hand across your nose.

“I’m sorry,” you whisper, barely able to squeeze the words out through your tears. “You asked me if I love him, and...I do. God help me, but I do.”

Saeyoung bounds from the bed and pulls you into his arms, holding you tightly against his chest. Unknown looks on as Saeyoung kisses the top of your head, his hands caressing the length of your back. “It’s okay,” he murmurs against you, his breath ruffling your hair.

The longer you remain in the other man’s arms, the hotter Unknown’s anger burns. _Him. It’s always him._ He’s superior in every way to the bespectacled idiot currently crying along with you. Has he not proven to you that he’s the better man? What the fuck kind of spell does this asshole have on you? It’s Unknown’s arms that should be wrapped around you, his mouth pressed against your hair.

_I am him and he is me; when I’m gone he’ll love her enough for the both of us._ Saeran’s voice drifts through Unknown’s mind like wisps of smoke, and he scowls.

What are you blabbering about?

_I have to leave. If we stay, you’ll destroy her._

Unknown’s heart drops to his stomach, and he clutches at the bed sheets. _No!_

Saeran sighs. _If you remain, she’ll be forced to choose again and again and it will tear her apart._

_She needs me!

Saeyoung needs her and as long as you’re in the picture, you’ll never accept she wants--needs--to be with him._

_I have to protect her._

From what?

_Him, you...everything. She’s too trusting, too forgiving. I have to make sure she’s safe from herself. That asshole is going to abandon her the first chance he gets, you threw away the best thing that’s happened to you, and she...well, she doesn’t know how to do anything but make bad decisions. When the two of you come crawling back to her after you realize what you’ve done, she’ll welcome you back with open arms, only to be hurt all over again. I’m not going to let that happen; no one is going to have the chance to hurt her again._

And who is going to protect her from you?

_I would never hurt her. I can give her whatever she wants. I will do anything for her if..._

..._she loves you._

_I don’t need her love._ Unknown’s tone hardens and he moves to the edge of the mattress to set his feet on the floor. _I need her obedience, and it’s past time I put a stop to this tv drama bullshit._
He attempts to rise from the bed, but finds he’s unable to move. Internally, Saeran once again sighs. *You’ll never be able to rule her the way you want. All you’ll do is break her, and then you lose every piece of her that you fell in love with.*

*I don’t love her.* Unknown’s face burns with indignation - at being restrained by the voice in his head and his unwillingness to believe that voice’s assertions. *Then why are you so determined to protect her?*

Unknown has no answer. It’s impossible. Even the notion that he’s capable of such a useless emotion is absurd. But why does he care what happens to you? You are nothing to him; a woman who has proven you can’t be faithful - just another whore in a long line of whores who can’t be trusted. So what if you promised to stay by his side? He doesn’t need you; he doesn’t need anyone. Other people are a burden; better he take cherry boy’s advice and leave. Let you delusional lovebirds live your miserable life of lies as you pop out children one after another. Why should he care?

But he does. For some reason he can’t reconcile, the thought of never seeing you again is like a dagger in his chest. The idea of never holding you in his arms again, of tasting you, touching you, is so inconceivable he begins to panic at the thought.

Saeran begins to slowly gain control and for once, Unknown fails to resist. As much as he wants to interrupt the scene in front of him, his head is reeling from the realization that he cares about you.

Saeran’s reluctant agreement doesn’t need to be voiced. Unknown can feel it in every cell of their body and with that assurance, he lets go.

Saeyoung didn’t think there was enough left of his heart to break, but he was wrong. Standing there with his arms wrapped around you, your fists digging into the small of his back as your body shakes in misery, is nothing short of hell.

In silence, he berates himself as he attempts to soothe you, wanting so much to take your pain as his own. He should have done something, should have *said* something to halt the hateful things being spewed from his pseudo-brother’s mouth. The truth is, however, he had been too stunned to do anything but observe your exchange, his mind racing to put together the pieces of what was being discussed.

“How?” Saeran’s choked voice interrupts Saeyoung’s thoughts, and you pull away from his embrace in surprise.

Saeyoung tries to push down the sting of jealousy that heats his face as your warmth leaves him. You move the short distance to his twin and fall to your knees in front of him. Using the sleeve of your robe, you swipe quickly at your face before clasping Saeran’s hands in your own.

The younger twin stares down at you, his eyes wet with unshed tears. “How can you love him after he said those hateful, disgusting things?”
“You said some pretty hurtful things, and I still love you,” you respond, and Saeyoung doesn’t need to see your face to picture the fragile smile you’re attempting to maintain.

“I don’t get that either.” Saeran’s gaze shifts to the side for a moment before returning to your upturned face. “Why do you let people hurt you, then forgive them with open arms? How can you hear him...me...say the most despicable things and not hate us for it?”

You lean forward and press a light kiss on the back of his hand. “Because I love you, Saeran, I will always love you, no matter what.”

“Please...let me go,” Saeran pleads, tugging his hands from yours. Saeyoung knows his words hold more meaning than you merely touching him, and Saeran’s desperation to convince you to let him walk away fills Saeyoung with empathy.

“Look at me,” you implore, fingers digging into Saeran’s thighs. “Look me in the eyes and tell me everything you said before tonight was a lie. Tell me you don’t want me anymore, that what I did is unforgivable...tell me...” your words falter, and you swallow hard before forcing yourself to voice the remainder of your appeal. “…tell me you don’t love me...that you never did,” you end in a strained whisper. “I-if you can do that...I won’t stand in your way if you want to leave.”

“No.” Saeyoung takes a step forward in alarm. Fear chokes him – fear of Saeran wounding you all over again, of striking a final blow that manages to not only devastate you, but put an end to any chance of reconciliation. “Look, we’re all tired,” he says in an attempt to redirect the conversation. “None of this is anything that won’t keep until tomorrow, right? Nothing has to be resolved right this second.”

Saeran’s gaze shifts to his brother for a moment before his eyes drop to his lap. “Your life will be easier if you just...forget...about me, about...us.”

“Maybe,” you answer, and sink back onto your heels. Your hands leave his body, and Saeyoung wonders if you notice the slight movement his brother makes to draw you back to him before he catches himself and again twists his fingers in the sheets. “But if easy means losing you, I want the most difficult life possible.”

Saeran releases a growl of frustration and stands to peer down at you. “You’re either an idiot or a masochist. I don’t want anything to do with either one.”

“Saeran!” Saeyoung snaps, and attempts to grab his twin’s arm as he pushes past on his way to the door. “You know, so far I’ve tried to be understanding. I’ve tried to convince myself you’re hurting our wife because you think it’s for her own good, but I’m beginning to wonder who the bigger asshole is - you or Unknown? Because from what I’ve seen tonight...at least he has the balls to fight for what he wants.” The smaller twin pauses in the open doorway, one hand clutching the frame, his knuckles white with the force of his grip. Saeyoung presses his advantage and continues. “Remember how you felt when you thought I abandoned you, how lonely you were thinking I didn’t want to be with you anymore – that I didn’t love you? Think real hard about what you’re doing, Saeran, because all those feelings of worthlessness you felt...you’re doing the same to our wife. Look at her – she loves you, she wants you, and you’re just...throwing it all away. I should have never left you when we were young, and that’s on me. I will take that guilt with me to the grave – don’t take this to yours.”

“I’ll sleep on the couch,” Saeran responds, seeming to ignore all his brother just said. “I’m going to call my therapist for an emergency session in the morning, so if I’m gone when you get up, don’t worry...I’ll be back. I’m aware living alone isn’t...the best idea right now, but...both of you stay away from me. Unknown is...quiet now – he shouldn’t bother you anymore tonight.”
You rise and turn to take a step in Saeran’s direction, his name on your lips. Without a backward glance, he crosses the threshold. Saeyoung’s eyes are on you as his brother pulls the door shut behind him, and the soft click of the latch catching is deafening even with the storm raging outside. Your chest rises with a deep inhalation you release slowly as you nod at nothing in particular.

Saeyoung’s pulse pounds in his throat, at a complete loss. Any words of comfort have already been said, and wouldn’t help ease the hurt that slouches your shoulders. Already he regrets the things he just said to his twin - agonizing reminders his little brother doesn’t need, especially right now. He watches as you gather yourself and move to the closet. You emerge moments later wearing one of his old, worn t-shirts that is unraveling at the hem. He’d started that process of undoing on the night of your first ‘real’ date – nervous fingers pulling at a loose thread as he tried desperately to think of anything but kissing you. If not for the memories it holds, it would have been tossed long ago.

“I didn’t know you’d kept this,” you comment with a tiny smile, a smile that warms him, but also twists his heart – a smile that holds more bravery than he’s seen in any agent.

He clears his throat and gestures at her attire. “I didn’t know you’d remember it.”

“Idiot,” you scold affectionately and slip into the king-sized bed. “Of course I remember it; I remember everything about that night. I bet you don’t remember what I was wearing.”

The challenge in your voice is clear, and he’s more than happy to help distract you from the turmoil inside. He sits cross-legged in front of you and pretends to think. “Hmm...well, I know it was a dress.”

You roll your eyes. “That’s too easy, I almost exclusively wore dresses and skirts back then.”

A memory of you shyly pushing a lock of hair behind your ear forms in his mind, and he gives you a tender smile. “It was a short-sleeved, mini sheath dress, high neckline, white with pink cherry blossoms. You wore these silver, strappy sandals that hurt your feet, but you pretended the whole night you were fine. Your hair was loose, except for a small section in the front held by a silver hairpin shaped like a cherry blossom.” Reaching out, he pushes the hair from your face and catches a tear that rolls down the apple of your cheek. “I thought you were the purest...most...beautiful thing I’d ever seen – I still do.”

You clasp his hand and squeeze before placing a kiss in his palm and pressing it over your heart. “I love you, Saeyoung,” you declare quietly, your gaze locked on his. “I’m sorry I’ve hurt you so much.”

“I hurt for you, not because of you,” he corrects. “You are kindness personified, and I still wonder what it was I did to win your heart.”

“You’re such a good man – you and Saeran both, you just can’t see it.”

Saeyoung gives you a mock look of doubt. “If you say so.”

“I do,” you whisper with conviction, and pull him forward to press your lips briefly against his.

“How do you feel about getting some sleep?” he asks when you part, and you nod.

Moving to your side, he wraps his arms around you protectively and stretches out with a sigh. Legs tangled together, your head rests on his chest, and he tries to ignore the tears that dampen his skin. You lay in silence, his hand stroking your hair in a vain attempt at comfort. Finally, you speak.

“It’s over,” you state, and Saeyoung’s stomach drops. “He thinks I’ve betrayed him, and he’ll never
forgive me for that. I don’t think he even has the ability to forgive that, not after all he’s been through.”

He takes a moment to answer, but when he does, his voice is confident. “I think you’re wrong. Even if he does think you betrayed him, Saeran could forgive you anything.”

“I just want him happy and healthy. I don’t know if he can be either of those things with me. I love him...so much...but maybe he’s right – maybe this...was a mistake.”

Saeyoung’s arms tighten around you. “I don’t believe that.”

“Was he this bad...before...after the hospital?”

Your husband takes his time answering, casting his thoughts back to those hellish days he kept you away from the bunker due to his brother’s instability. The time is mostly a blur now, faded snapshots of sleepless nights awake with worry, and constant vigilance. Broken remnants of anything Saeran could get his hands on to release his pent-up rage, including his brother.

“It’s...different, this time,” Saeyoung finally says, his fingers tracing a pattern up and down your spine. “Before, Saeran was rarely himself – he couldn’t be reasoned with. One look at my face, and he was instantly enraged. Now...well...the anger is still there, obviously, but with you...Unknown is...” He pauses, searching for the right word to describe the volatile side of his twin, “...softer.”

You scoff. “Softer? Unknown is about as soft as a stone pillar.”

Saeyoung chuckles. “Maybe so, but tonight is the first time we’ve had any semblance of a conversation where he wasn’t trying to kill me. I think...no, I know ...that has a lot to do with you. I’m sure Saeran is able to influence him more than before, but Unknown is...well, it’s like he’s trying to please you – make you happy, y’know?”

You answer with a doubtful grunt and nuzzle his chest. “You know you make me happy, right?”

You lift his hand and kiss the inside of his wrist. His heart swells with affection, and he smiles down at the top of your head. You hook your pinky with his and press your thumbs together as you tilt your face up to his. “I promise from this point forward, no more running away. You don’t have to worry about losing me to anything...or anyone. No matter what happens, I’m not leaving your side”

He doesn’t realize until you speak the words that he’s been afraid of that exact thing. There’s no question Saeran can’t live alone for the time being, and if things really are over between you, Saeyoung fears what living with his twin will do to your already bruised heart. Relief and a touch of guilt flood through him and the hand on your back slides up to cradle your nape. “Come here,” he commands gently, and pulls you down into a tender kiss.

His lips move over yours in a reaffirmation of his love and devotion, your fingers still locked together in a promise just as binding as your wedding vows. Though the caress is almost chaste in nature you’re both breathless when you part. His fingers move to trail across your jaw, love for you brimming inside him.

“What’s bigger than love?” he inquires with a slight grin. “Whatever it is, that’s what I have for you.”

“Me too,” you respond, releasing his hand to skim his cheek with your fingertips.

“We’re going to figure this out,” Saeyoung promises, and kisses you once more before urging you to lay back down. His arms envelope you, and he releases a contented sigh. “Tomorrow is a new day, and somehow we’re gonna make this work.”
You fail to answer, though your arm tightens around his waist. Eventually, your breathing evens out, indicating you’ve drifted off to sleep, but still Saeyoung stares at the ceiling, his mind racing to find a way to keep the oath he’s just made.

Chapter End Notes

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