I'm running so I can forget
by jarofactusbell

Summary

A dumping ground for short drabbles for my sons Stray Kids. I take requests of scenarios and pairings. Any sequels and prequels are at the discretion of the author's. Drop by to say hi or read a few of these some of them are okay. If you drop nice comments or write me essays there is a high chance I'll write you a novel in the future.

Let's make one thing clear though - these fics are trash and so am I.

Some snippets:

cute fic
and through laughing, maybe maybe felix found out that underneath his fingertips there is skin but underneath his heart, there is han jisung. and that's all he needs to know

lol you thought i write crack too
"Lemme buy you everything you want," Jisung breaks out of Changbin's hold and cradles one of Felix's hands, which is honestly mood. "Everything," he repeats, creepily stroking the skin, "what hand cream do you use?"
But that's the future

Chapter Summary

Lee Felix or as Changbin refers to him, a fucking menace, is fucking loud.

Chapter Notes

Inspired by the kiss scene in episode 3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lee Felix or as Changbin refers to him, a fucking menace, is fucking loud.

Changbin tries to cover his ears as the kid screams even louder, drowning Jeongin out. There's some sort of decibel-shattering contest happening out in the kitchen, with both kids straining their already loud voices to shatter all the glass. No one flinches, except for Jisung because his heart is known for being crafted in delicate glass, and Changbin is left with the risk of going permanently deaf in one ear. Hyunjin watches him punch his pillow for a solid minute before sliding from under his blankets, opening the door and telling the kids something. The screaming ceases, miraculously, by the powers of Hyunjin but then Jeongin along with Felix flood into the big dorm room instead, talking loudly.

Changbin throws Hyunjin a look like *Why did you bring them here?* Hyunjin either ignored him or he didn't see it.

"Hyung, hyung!" Felix screams. "Help me with my raps!"

"I'm busy," he grits out, pulling his cap further onto his eyes. "Go away you loud monkeys."

"Kids!" Chan calls from the kitchen. "I bring food!"

The raucous pair descends into the kitchen like a pair of hungry vultures, ripping Chan apart without mercy, all in their puppy dog eyes glory. Changbin digs his pencil tips onto the sheet of paper with more force than needed for writing and ignores Hyunjin's eyeballs over his shoulder.

"HA I WON!" Felix springs up from the sofa, already dancing across three people's faces. Jisung and Woojin quickly rescue their snacks before they reach their untimely demise on the dirty, unswept floor of three days. "I won I won I won!"

"What's your wish, kiddo?" Minho pulls him down and onto his lap, probably preventing someone getting smacked on the face. Felix curls onto the brunette, pouty lips tinted dark against the dark living room, lights turned off for their gaming night. He's tapping his knee, once, twice, before he makes a decision, sitting ramrod straight on Minho's knees.
"Someone should do the dishes for me for the next week," he tells them, white teeth flashing.

"He's good," Changbin hears Woojin whispers. The boys try not to make eye contact with the blonde, pretending to look elsewhere, even Minho, who should have immunity. Felix is anything but unpredictable and he's giggling as he's poking Seungmin as Unlucky Member of the Week.

"I thought we were mates. I thought we had something special," Seungmin wails, throwing popcorn at Felix and Minho.

"I love you, Seungminnie, I do," Felix giggles, shielding his eyes, "I'll do it with you, don't worry."

"You better, or I'm revoking our roommate's code of conduct and terms of services," Seungmin huffs, curling into Jisung who pats him as per his duty as respectful older sister.

"You're probably gonna sneak off to nap on Hyunjin's bed anyways, with him on it, why bother," Woojin mutters softly but it's heard across the couch. By the time it reaches Hyunjin there's three popcorn bowls being overturned, Jisung shielding Seungmin who's being slapped at on either side of him, Jeongin screeching, Chan screaming and Hyunjin being shoved off the couch.

"You fucking menace," Changbin mouths at Felix. It's too dark for the boy to see.

When Felix totters over him for the second mission, Changbin knows he's fucked up big time. Karma either is punishing him for getting into fights back in primary school with the idiot who insulted his friend or it just doesn't like him. It doesn't matter why - it matters that he's here and they're stuck together for at least a whole week, granted that they can patch Minho back up fast enough so that all nine of them can debut. Felix is clinging onto Minho and giggling, flashing him puppy dog eyes and promises of loud screaming over the next week. He doesn't know what the other boys say about him and Minho, but Felix and Changbin are beyond awkward with each other. The kid here threatens his barely-intact ear drums. Changbin can feel the cameras feeling pity for him, the crew telling them they're allowed a short break before filming resumes. He leans against the practice room's wall, breathing in and out. His lids flutter, up and close. Changbin can see Felix staring at him, or rather feel the penetrating eyes boring into his closed lids. He's not opening his eyes, hoping the wall will take him with it into oblivion.

"Kiss...as in," Changbin hums at the English slip up, Felix stuttering to recover from the slight language buffer, "as in on the cheek? With lips?"

Minho curls away in silent laughter, his head muffled into the air sofa. Changbin is frozen, watching Felix flicks his eyes to the crew and to him, unreadable expression sitting on pouty lips.

He stares at the boy. What?

Felix looks away. Nothing.

"I want Changbin-hyung and..." he meets that flick of Felix's eyes again, "me."

One of the makeup artists behind the camera director drops her brush in surprise. Changbin too is frozen in shock, half tempted to throw Minho under the bus, half tempted to get it over and done with. Seeing him buffer, Felix opens his mouth to maybe change the kissing partner, maybe to make a fool of himself, but Changbin gets up and seizes him by the neck, tilting his cheek to his face.
Felix flaps. A lot. He hits everything around him and Changbin.

"Stop - Fe - seriously ya got to stop moving," he growls, both hands now clapping Felix in place. The boy flashes him a brief panicked look before swallowing, baring his cheek for Changbin. This is weird. It looks like he's forcing the boy to pay him ransom or something.

"Do it!" Minho cheers.

"I'm sorry," Changbin tells Felix and presses his lips onto the pale smooth skin.

And nothing.

Literally that's just it.

_Damn this kid has nice skin_, Changbin breathes through his nose. _He smells nice too._

Felix shoves him off, flinging himself away, not meeting Changbin's eyes. The camera crew signal for them to take a break until the next segment comes on, giving the two boys a brief reprieve.

Felix curls away from Minho's encouraging hand, ears bright red. He peeks an eye at Changbin who stares evenly back, lips parted.

"You're scaring him," Minho scolds, successful at last in gathering the blonde boy inside his arms, rubbing his back. "Stop staring."

"I will literally fight you," Changbin retorts back, for a lack of a better response.

"We're filming again. Please sit down," a staff reminds them.

On the way back to the training studio, Changbin is stuck with Felix in the back, Minho adamant on them two sorting this out. It would work out if Felix replies to Changbin or make eye contact at all. All he's done since the kiss is walk as far away as humanly possible from Changbin and speaking through the staff and Minho to him.

"Kid," Changbin starts.

Felix flinches, back straight, eyes fixed on the windscreen.

"You know you're fucking annoying right. Plus you're goddamn loud," Changbin rattles off quietly under his breath. "You're always with Channie and on half the guys' laps when you're sitting down."

Felix whimpers, hands digging into the seat.

"If you wanted to get my attention that badly, you could've just told me straight up. None of this dilly dallying will get you anywhere."

"What?" Felix whips his head to him, big puppy eyes blown even bigger. "You what?"

"Close your mouth, Felix," Changbin rolls his eyes, "and speak Korean."
"When did you find out?" The blonde continues in English, even though Changbin has no issue with understanding, he's pretending he can't hear him. "Hyung!"

"Felix," he finally turns his head, grin slicing up the left side of his mouth, "let's put this on hold until we've debuted, yeah? Hyung will tell you everything after we make sure that dead weight Minho can debut."

"I can hear everything you know," Minho comments from the front. They both ignore him.

"But I want to know now!" Felix bounces up and down, coming closer to Changbin, puppy dog eyes wide.

"Any closer and you're on my lap, Lee-ssi."

Felix pinches him. "Bully. I don't know why I like you."

Changbin only hums and allows himself to graze the back of the boy's hand. Warm and soft. Like his cheek.

Some time in the future Changbin would wake up to a blonde head of hair with dark roots showing all up his nose, a mix of his cologne, Seungmin's shampoo and Chan's laundry detergent around him. He would not be able to go anywhere without a penguin following closely, grasping his fingers. He wouldn't be able to get insurance for permanent ear damage because of the human version of a boom box that is Felix constantly wanting to do better, to stand out more.

But that's the future. Right now they have what they have.

Chapter End Notes

I tried. Send me suggestions on what pairings I should do next
Jisung watching on the side like the reluctant and absolutely disgusted spectator

Chapter Summary

Jisung judges like it's an Olympic sport

Chapter Notes

Requested by Arace: That one scene in Stray Cuts where Jisung was judging Jeongin and Minho with two pink fans.

Otherwise known as I don't know how to write under 2k and end it decently

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jisung judges like it's an Olympic sport.

"But I'm not. This is how my face always looks," he would protest and perhaps throw a few choice items around, hitting at least three out of four unfortunate roommates.

"Seriously Jisungie, you need to stop," Hyunjin groans as a pen flies too close to his ear.

"What's up, kids?" Woojin pokes a head in and swerves into the door frame like his life force depends on it. A balled-up pair of socks sails over his head. "Hello to you too mister grumpy pants."

"I'm not judgemental!" Jisung wails, now flinging himself onto Jeongin who catches him but doesn't know what to do with this new-found responsibility. He looks at all his hyungs who seem pitiful but no one make a move to alleviate his burden.

"Hard to say that when all you've done is judge," Changbin mumbles, face smothered onto his own pillow.

"Since when?!"

"Glad I could oblige," Woojin grins and jumps into a frontal roll, ending at Jeongin's feet. "You ready kiddo?"

"But I'm not judging!"

Examine exhibit A. 3RACHA at work inside a small recording studio. They were writing lyrics. Chan Elder and Chan Younger (call me that one more time and I'll break all of your Doraemon pens Han Jisung don't test me - Chan-hyung he's threatening me help me - guys seriously we need
to get this done like, today, Binnie-yah don't break his pen he'll cry for a week) fiddled with their communal laptop when a trap beat emerged out of nowhere. Jisung was in the middle of writing sentimental lyrics. He was in his maximal concentration zone. He was Zen. He was fully in touch with his inner self. The minute the trap beats came on his pen tip imprinted on the page so hard it punctured through the next four pages under it.

Jisung lifted his head and gave the two Chans what the boys now affectionately termed 'How on any level of common sense did you think that was appropriate to show in front of me?' and they both quickly stowed all sounds away, meek under Jisung's hard stare.

"I was on the verge of some authentic and unique lyrics!"

"Even Chan-hyung is scared of you. Wow."

"Stop bullying me!"

Examine exhibit B. Minho and Hyunjin collaborated on a dance routine and they wanted feedback on a particular dance sequence. After scouring the training studio left, right, centre, inside and out, they stumbled upon Jisung, aimlessly wandering the hallways with a sheet of paper. Through the natural unwritten law of First Seen First Enlisted, Jisung was roped into watching a straight hour of the same choreography, which within the first ten minutes he's already pulling out his Judging Face. Hyunjin was disheartened at the unresponsiveness and lack of enthusiasm at the choreo that cost him blood, sweat and tears. Minho was shattered that their lyricist didn't appreciate their hard work.

"Well what's wrong with it?" He asked.

"Your footwork's weird. You don't sync well. What was that," Jisung flopped an arm, "thing you did?" Hyunjin gasped, offended. "Is this the whole thing?"

"Nah, just a bit of the choreo."

"Show me everything. Maybe you just gave me a bad sequence."

"Oh so you weren't being absolutely judgy," Felix emerges from his dorm, draping all over Changbin's back and shoulder.

"Do you want to fight me, Lee-ssi?"

"See- see!" Jeongin points, almost throwing Jisung off him. "He was like that, yesterday, in the showcase!"

The last examination. Rehearsal room before the trainees' debut showcase. Jeongin was complimenting Minho on him polishing the dance choreography. Minho, feeling playful or perhaps fearless in the face of judgement, told Jeongin he's cute. The compliment relay was exchanged back and forth like a tennis match, with Jisung watching on the side like the reluctant and absolutely disgusted spectator, two electronic pink fans aiding his souring expression.
"You know I hate PDA!" Jisung wails, nearly swiping Hyunjin by the face.

"But we're just being nice?"

Changbin isn't saying anything, but the look he slants across to Jeongin and Minho speaks more than Jisung's Judging Face can do. Minho vehemently denies anything other than platonic brotherly affection, with Changbin's face souring at the word 'affection', despite his own boyfriend plastered on his back.

"I'm being unjustly slandered!"

"Who cares, mate," Felix slurs, in English, face smooshed into the junction between Changbin's neck and shoulder, "let it go."

"I will not let anything go! This is injustice. This is affecting my mental state~"

"I think Chan-hyung is bringing food," Woojin looks at his phone. "Chicken?"

"YAH WOOJIN-AH!"

"But does my face look like I'm judging all the time though?" Jisung asks the dark. It's meant to be aimed at his dorm mates.

"Seriously Jisungie go to sleep otherwise I'll choke you with a pillow," Changbin mumbles into his pillow.

"A murder, a murder~," Jeongin sings.

Hyunjin grunts, not getting involved in any of it.

Chapter End Notes

So happy that people are appreciating this! Please keep commenting and requesting any specific pairings/scenes that you want and I'll try my best.
This isn't some damn David Attenborough documentary

Chapter Summary

"Why is he sick so suddenly?" Woojin points to Felix, delirious, muttering gibberish under his breath, his eyes not focusing anywhere. Jeongin wrings a towel and smothers it over his forehead and eyes, glaring at Woojin.

"We don't have snow in Australia," Chan explains.

"You don't? What is there in Australia?"

"Shitty immune system and tolerance to changes in weather"

Chapter Notes

The Binlix/Changlix? sick fic that is weirdly popular here we go~~~

Let it be known that it doesn't snow in Australia and I would 1000% get sick if it snows can confirm.

Also I know I promised Binlix but it turned into OT9 and I'm trash for OT9 so have it. But also WHIPPED CHANGBIN IS SO SOFT I CAN'T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A knock on the JYP many studios' doors. Chan, also Chris and sometimes mistakenly Byungchan, nearly rips off his earphones the third time the door vibrates on the spot. A loud 'Hyung!' on the other side is heard.

Chan opens the door before Seungmin bodily takes it down by the sheer force of his shoulder from the outside. This door is flimsy enough as it is - Woojin thought it was a 'genius' idea last Tuesday to bring a soccer ball into the JYP training dorm, unearthed from underneath his bag full of whatever he managed to squeeze inside. Naturally a soccer game was to occur. Naturally minimal damages would follow, namely Chan's studio along with a smashed window in one of the unused practice rooms. Luckily the staff overlooked the damages, the defence of 'kids will be kids' working surprisingly in their favour. Chan was not pleased. Woojin didn't hear the end of it until now.

"Yes?" He looks at Seungmin who retreats quickly as the door opens.

"We might...have a problem.

Chan squints, "How big?"

"Like," Seungmin's mouth flattens into an unsavoury line, "Felixie has a fever big?"
"I want to die," Felix groans, in English, swaddled in at least four blankets and burning up inside.

"What's he saying?" Jeongin whispers to Hyunjin who's trying to read the tiny Hangul instructing what to feed a feverish kid who's refusing to take medicines. Minho is attempting to reason with one of the staff near the front door so that he can run to the pharmacy nearby. Jisung's left to potentially slip out if gentle negotiation doesn't work.

"Felix-ah," Woojin kneels down and tries to not get hit by Felix's swinging fists, "are you hot or cold?"

"I hate this weather," the kid moans, kicking.

"That's-that's helpful," Jeongin glances around, "do we - do I - ?"

The door slams open and Chan rushes in, pulling blankets off Felix. In a rush of English and Korean, Felix is propped on a pile of pillows and forced water inside him. Hyunjin's phone bings. Apparently Jisung and Minho both escaped the company's watch and are en route to the pharmacy.

"Why is he sick so suddenly?" Woojin points to Felix, delirious, muttering gibberish under his breath, his eyes not focusing anywhere. Jeongin wrings a towel and smothers it over his forehead and eyes, glaring at Woojin.

"We don't have snow in Australia," Chan explains.

"You don't? What is there in Australia?"

"Shitty immune system and tolerance to changes in weather. I think it's the first time he's been this cold since moving, that's why he's burning up. The heater broke last night right?"

Hyunjin's 'oh shit' is heard.

"Yeah don't worry about Felix. Once we warm him up and incubate him he should be right. I was like this for a couple of months when I came here as well. Don't panic too much," Chan touches Felix's forehead once before stepping out, "gotta tell the staff that the other two haven't gone rogue. Maybe you three should cook him something or keep him warm. I don't think it's that serious. He won't die."

Woojin glances at a now napping Felix, breathing loudly down the front of Seungmin's stray hoodies that they force him into once they found him freezing in the morning. Hyunjin gets up, beckoning Jeongin with him. Patting the boy's hair, Woojin leaves, closing the door softly.

They're in the kitchen trying to cook congee with Jeongin's mum on the phone in Gumi with shitty connection giving the three of them instructions. Changbin emerges from his mentoring session with one of the rapping instructors, glancing around to see the boys huddled over a steaming pot and a grainy image of - is that Jeongin's mother? - held by Hyunjin, default tallest out of the three. Changbin does a mental head count - no Chan, Jisung, Minho - Seungmin just ran past muttering 'more hot water' - Felix!

The kid's head is slumped on his chest and he's wrapped in at least three jackets, engulfing his mantis arms. Changbin's frozen black heart thaws in the ridiculously cold temperature, taking his cap off and sitting on the edge of the bed, rifling through the sweaty hair.

"Whua-" Felix groused, the sound English, "Changbin-hyung?"
"Hey kid," Changbin leans in, palm flat on Felix's forehead, "you're burning up."

"I'm cold, hyung," Felix mumbles, head dropping onto his palm. Changbin shuffles in, pushes Felix's head back onto the pillows behind his neck and hovers over the boy, trying to assess his fever, eyes looking for any signs of immediate hypothermia.

"Do you need something, Felix-ah?" He murmurs, fingers methodically combing through the boy's head. Felix mumbles something in English, reaches both hands to Changbin and squeezes him around his middle, nuzzling his neck.

"Cuddle?" Changbin breathes onto Felix's forehead. A barely-there nod. "Okay, baby, you have to move in for me, I'll fall off the bed if we stay like this."

Felix doesn't budge much, but he wiggles. Changbin appreciates the effort. He gathers the boy in his arms and pushes Felix back, settling just on the mattress so that he won't fall off. The minute the blanket covers the both of them, Felix snuggles as close as humanly possible to Changbin, legs intertwined with Changbin's own. Tucking the younger boy under his chin, Changbin turns a head to the door, palms flat on Felix's back, smoothing circles over the skin underneath the three layers of jackets possibly forced on by Woojin.

"Hyungie?" Felix breathes out.

"Hmm?"

"Thanks."

"Have a nap, Felix. You'll feel better when you wake up."

Someone knocks on the door. Changbin's one eye flicks open as Hyunjin pokes a head in and does a double take, shock travelling from his head to his toes. Woojin also looks inside, curious and breaks into a grin as he sees the telltale lump of Felix next to Changbin, curled like a cat craving warmth.

Jeongin? Jeongin outright squeals.

"Piss off," Changbin snarls. All three coo when he immediately snaps his head down and pats Felix's hair.

"Can we take a photo?" Jeongin whispers.

"This isn't some damn David Attenborough documentary, kid. Go away. Come back in three hours or something."

"What's going on?" Seungmin pushes the two guys at his room's door and his face splits into a wide smile. "Aww, Binnie-hyung!"

Changbin glares. It looks eerily similar to a wet kitten, with Felix as an extension of his body.

"Leave them alone. Wake him up in a bit, alright Binnie-ah? We have food," Chan herds the curious children away, nodding to Changbin. Before the dark-haired boy can even think that his crisis is averted, Chan winks and whispers a loud 'Cute' before fleeing, with Changbin flinging a watch at his back.
Minho and Jisung skid into the main lobby, kicking shoes off and swinging the bags of medicines as they dash to their kitchen. Four people lounge around, Jeongin sprawled on Woojin's lap as he folds laundry, Seungmin and Hyunjin playing an aggressive game of Slap Jacks but with chopsticks. Chan is heard singing trot from the kitchen, with Jeongin shouting lyrics to him.

"Where's the kid?" Jisung pants.

"He's not dead, chill," Hyunjin waves him aside.

"His temperature was so bad this morning!"

"Binnie-hyung got it all covered," Jeongin tells them. Minho squints.

"How?"

"He's been with Felix ever since you guys left. We're about to wake them," Woojin replies, smoothing one last shirt.

"Wake...them?" Minho looks from Woojin to Jisung, flabbergasted as the lyricist.

"They're cuddling," Seungmin whispers, his tone conspiratorial.

"Okay...then?"

"It's bloody adorable, okay? But don't come in. Chan-hyung got hit by a flying watch because he called them 'cute'," Jeongin giggles.

"Well, does he need these meds any longer?" Jisung jostles the plastic bags they escaped the staff's watchful eyes for.

"Definitely. I'm waking them now let's go hyung," Jeongin jumps up, full of fervour, "let me just say though, it's so soft. Changbinnie-hyung is secretly a softie."

"I'm so confused," Minho tells the remaining boys. Hyunjin obliges him with a soft hum. "They're dating? What?"

"Why does it matter?" Woojin waves it aside. "Let them be."

"But how come I don't know this? What else don't I know?"

"Jeonginnie and Hy-" Seungmin opens his mouth but is taken down by Hyunjin and Woojin at the same time. His limbs fly around in different directions. Minho doesn't care to intervene.

"It was rhetorical, child," Minho looks at Hyunjin, "but I'm judging you, pal."

Chan emerges to see Hyunjin trying to throttle Seungmin and Minho. "What'd I miss?"

"Is that congee I smell?" Jeongin runs from god-knows-where to tackle Chan. "Hyung I love you!"

Changbin is carrying Felix on his back. Hyunjin throws a chopstick in surrender. Jisung tries to eat all of the congee in secret. It doesn't work.
"Hyungie?"

"Go to sleep Felix-ah."

"Thanks for taking care of me."

"Why would I not?"

Somewhere in the corner, Jisung texts Minho from under the cover, "Holy shit Minho-hyung they're sharing a bed I can hear everything it's so stupidly cute."

A text replies

_Fuck this dorm and y'all dating asses_

Chapter End Notes

I am working through the requests but send me more I like being busy
He feels as if he is inside a compression chamber. The further most monitor reads: oxygen level, 20%.

You only sang one line of the song, but it stand out. It's not because you sang well that it stood out.

Minho, have you rapped before?

To the camera, he tells them.

Honestly, I feel a bit emptier. I've never done rap before. What should I do?

It's not the rapping, or the singing. It's not the bright light of the cameras zoning in on the exact same spot in the centre of his eyes, every single time. It's not the CEO's words jarring onto his skin, picking at his bones under too loose clothes.

It's the waiting outside practice rooms' door. It's the backs of those who had succeeded obstructing the eyes of their fans, eagerly looking at them. It's the continuous 'maybe next time Minho-yah' over and over and over and over -

Until Minho can't feel the pressure of his own compression chamber.
The oxygen level has dropped, or it has risen again. He can't hear the heartbeats inside his ears, blinking away the sweat and tears. Felix's heavy timbre, breathing onto the microphone in quick puffs, signals his demise. There is no miracle that befalls the tragic hero in this tale. Minho's wrist shakes, the microphone jostling inside his palm. Changbin's shoulder to one end, resolutely tensed to Jisung's swinging arm behind him, keep him in a maddening chaos. *Three four six seven one five nine*

A hand slips into his. *Three four three four three four three four thre-

*I'm escaping my dark past*
*Lighting up my dark road ahead*
*I run as I could forget*
*Those tedious moments*
*The bell of the new beginning*

Minho can't hear the pulse inside his own ears, but Jisung's frantic methodical squeeze at every syllable break keeps him on a rhythm. In out in *out in -*

*Breathe.*

The compression chamber breaks. Air floods in. Minho hasn't tasted the pure serene of the sky's demesne in an indefinite period, choking on nothing and everything.

He squeezes back. Twice. One a loud quiet *thank you*. One a soft *you are my key, of release.*

In the hallway of barely-concealed whispers, of cameras turning their backs from the boys clutching each other and their own shadows, hands collared Minho. They know words are not needed to console each other, torn apart and built up in front of a lens of a camera. Thumbs ghost his collarbones, the sides of his neck, his nose. There's too much and too little air. Minho's lungs collapse and inflate. Jisung's soft 'are you okay' is mumbled into the back of Minho's hand, chapped lips grating his bruised skin.

He lets his own fingers graze Jisung's eyebrows, the bone underneath pliant under his fingertips.

It's an unspoken *I don't know but you're here*. Jisung hacks out a dry laugh, head collapsed onto his shoulder.

Maybe in the future, where the nine of them, escaped and unbound, huddled on the bank of the Han, hands inside each other's pockets, kept alive by the sheer ridiculousness of the situation. Maybe Jisung and Minho's hands don't end when they're together, they're Minho and Jisung and a conglomeration of both of them in two bodies. Maybe when Minho sneaks into Jisung's bed even after JYP told him the news none of the boys say anything, Woojin going so far as to breaking three cameras with Chan's Goku figure. *It's an accident*, he hears him reason with the producers.
later, Goku's head gone with the force of contact with the glass. Maybe when Jisung sneaks outside of the dorm bringing him food from Chan and Jeongin's pilfered snacks, when they kiss outside of Felix's window, Minho's lips trembling with the lump of unbearable burden and Jisung's dry ones, barely touching. Maybe when they kiss for the uncountable time since then Minho's own hands and own being don't keel under the pressure.

But now, the compression chamber still exists. But he has smashed all the devices that hold his being in place. Oxygen level: unlimited.

Chapter End Notes

No more exams throw me more prompts.

Also I am sorry I slept for 5 hours and I'm still salty about MINHO BECAUSE HE NEEDS MORE LOVE BOY IS MY SON so this is me venting at his elimination.
"Lord save my soul," he prays, suddenly religious.

Chapter Summary

Hyunjin and Jeongin link hands, matching rings clacking together on the table with their joint palms.

Chapter Notes

From yohoo: kinda curious about hyunjin and jeongin
From yeolcit MY BESTEST SUPPORTER EVER: I actually want to see whats with jeongin and hyunjin now that you mention them in his chapter

Here you go. A sort of tacked on story from chapter 3.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jisung startles awake. Someone is trying to pull some nasty shit in the dark.

Distinctly he can hear Jeongin's going hyung don't swear you're too soft for that.

"Shut up maknae it's my right," he curses under his blanket, trying to squint in the dark. Why is it always their dorm? Why can't it be Felix's or Chan's?

Distinctly a loud I'M YOUR HYUNG JISUNGIE is heard in the voice of Bang Chan. Jisung needs to take a walk to expunge all these voices from his head. Preferably by methods of lobotomy or an accident that includes him losing all of his memories.

Jisung decides that this is not worth it and tries to block out all sounds. The intruder must've decided to forego any mischievous thoughts because all sounds cease.

"Good riddance," he grumbles and makes a mental note to buy noise cancelling headphones. It'll be a great consolation if it's out of Chan's pocket or the PD himself. The more expensive the better.
"Oi, lads," Jisung puts an actual foot on their dining table. Seungmin eyes the foot with brief contempt before flicking his eyes to Jisung.

"You're gross."

"Not important right now child," he waves it aside, "someone is sleepwalking at night and it's disturbing my much needed rest. I don't look like this with no sleep. Give me a rest, literally. My light sleeper self isn't going to bed if y'all rampaging the entire dorm looking for snacks in the middle of the night. Save it for the morning, Jesus Christ."

"Why do you always complain though?" Woojin tries to stop Seungmin but the damage is already done. "Your roommates aren't. They're sleeping fine."

"Because they can sleep anywhere and I can't? Back me up Chan-hyung."

"Kids," the potential showdown between Seungmin and Jisung stops before it can be a thing, "respect each other's wishes. If Jisung wants us to be quiet at night then we should. We need everyone to work together so we can all debut. Please."

No one reply. Woojin clears his throat. A few tactical telepathic eye exchanges with the clear message of DO AS HE SAID flashing in bright warning lights above Changbin's head.

"Yes, Chan-hyung," they chorus. Jisung cringes at the besotted look Chan throws at Woojin who beams back.

"Don't cringe you'll get crinkles," Hyunjin reminds him.

Seungmin does not understand why he is in this situation. It should not happen. No one should be subjected to this. He is an unwilling victim.

"Yah, Han Jisung you stupid dickwad," profanities run from his mouth, in frantic whispers, "why are we stealing Woojin hyung's card? He'll kill us."
"Shut up hyung you're no fun," Jisung waves him aside, head still under the bed. "I need money that's not my own."

"I get that, but why is half of your body under a bed? Why am I shining a torchlight on your ass?"

"To the left, yep, keep it there thanks hyung," Jisung doesn't pay him any attention. He's given up. It is not salvageable. Someone is going to have a heart attack and that someone will be either Chan or Woojin depends on their luck.

"Lord save my soul," he prays, suddenly religious.

"To the right, Jesus on a moldy cereal bowl, Kim Seungmin, do you do anything right?"

Jeongin twitches awake, eyes blinking. His chest thuds at he's gasping in air. An arm tightens around him and a nose nudges the back of his head. The smell of talcum powder and lemon zest embrace him. Soft breaths ruffle his hair.

"Go to sleep, Jeonginnie," is whispered into his hair, "hyung's here. Breathe, baby, close your eyes."

He closes his eyes.

AGAIN! SERIOUSLY!

Jisung snaps open his eyes, eyebrows trying to not merge into one terrible monobrow of rage.

"God fucking darn this damn team I asked them to -" he storms into the kitchen to see Hyunjin wringing a towel in the sink, sleeves rolled up.

"Did I wake you up?" The brunette asks softly, eyelids low. Probably because of sleep, although the red around his eyes tells a different story. "Sorry Jisungie."
"Go back to sleep hyung," Jisung tells him, "I'll crash with Felix."

"Careful, Felix bites in his sleep," the boy smiles, the infamous eyesmiles that broke and healed many hearts. Jisung rolls his eyes, knowing full well the blonde child does not do such a thing.

["Hwang Hyunjin I hate that you're right and I demand compensation."

"I think it'll make a memorable battle scar. Keep it."

"Who the fuck bites and punches in their sleep? Who?"

"Calm down kid someone might think there's something dodgy going on."

"You are like two months older the fuck Jinnie-yah?"]

Jeongin wakes up again, this time to Seungmin and Woojin crowding around him. Hyunjin's hand is holding his, rough thumb rubbing circles on the back of his hand.

"I can make him something?" Seungmin looks at Woojin.

"Do you need anything while we make food, Jeongin-ah?" Woojin bends down to wipe the beads of sweat from his forehead. He twitches, breathing something like a burden from his lungs.

"Just water, thanks hyung. You don't need to do this for me I'll be fine," he whispers, voice hoarse with the weight on his chest.

"I'll stay with him," Hyunjin reassures them, "thank you hyung."

"Scream if Jisung comes and bothers you two," Seungmin makes a threatening gesture, "I'll throw him into the river."

"Seungminnie, let's go, come on," Woojin tugs him away.
"Hey," Hyunjin's hand squeezes his. Once, twice. "I'm here."

Jeongin doesn't say anything, air still gushing in and out of his lungs, as if he hasn't had enough. His vision flickers from darkness to absolute blinding light, to the point where he hasn't seen Hyunjin at all. Hyunjin's palm covers his eyes, shutting his eyelids closed. Something chapped touches his forehead.

"Sleep again, baby, you'll feel better."

"Oi, Changbin."

Changbin stubbornly ignores him, head bent over the communal laptop that he snitched from Chan. Jisung sighs, rolling up his sleeves. Seungmin and Minho who walk by skid to a stop to watch Changbin doubles in pain and surprise at what the boys term 'the Han lightning strikes'. Changbin springs up and they both collapse in a mess of limbs and kicks at each other, rolling on the ground.

"No violence," Seungmin reminds them, with absolutely no intention of butting in.

"Fuck you too mate," Changbin spits out angrily.

"Answer my damn question!" Jisung roars back.

"What, bitch?!"

"Why's Hyunjin crying at night?"

Changbin squints at him, "The fuck you think I am, a mind reader? Ask him if you're so curious, don't come to me."

"Yeah but I'm trying to not make it so obvious that I'm sending you on an espionage mission. Scram, go, do my dirty work for me," Jisung's hands are still fastened around Changbin's collar and neither of them refuse to move. Minho had stepped away, only to bring back one cooking Chan,
armed with a ladle.

"Is anyone dying? Or dead? Preferably both? No?" He swings the ladle in a complete circle. "Ah, Jisungie you troublemaker."

"What did I do-"

"I know you nicked Woojin hyung's card last week boy, don't try me. Let the man go before I give him the all clear to demolish your kneecaps."

Jisung glances briefly at Changbin. He's like two chopsticks across. He won't be able to harm Jisung.

"Try me you whore," Changbin glares. Jisung pulls an arm back, ready to engage in a bruising battle. Minho looks tempted to stop them then.

"Oh no I think Felix has fallen and is grievously injured in his dorm," Seungmin starts to speak really loudly, "he is grievously injured, perhaps with a broken ankle."

"Wha-" Jisung pulls away to stare at the guy, "what?"

Changbin throws him off and dashes to Felix's room.

"What just happened I don't understand," he asks Chan who shrugs and returns to his cooking.

"Jeonginnie, baby, jagi."

He grunts and rolls to the right. The chamomile tea Woojin forced into him helps somewhat with the waking up during the night sweating and crying from nightmares thing. There's a shove to his shoulder and he face-plants into the pillow, groaning.
"Stop doing that," he complains.

"Eat something."

"I will literally kick you in the balls Hwang Hyunjin-ssi I haven't slept this well in so long."

A poke then something settles in the crook of his neck. Warm and even breaths. Jeongin complains but shifts to accommodate the added weight, cheek against the side of Hyunjin's head.

"Disgusting." Changbin who walks in walks straight back out, nose cringing.

"Fuck off," Jeongin tells him.

"Why are you locking me out I deserve to be respected in my own damn bedroom?!" Comes Jisung's anguished wails. Seungmin's voice can be heard telling him off and Woojin's pacifying 'children, please, no fighting.'

"You're too disruptive at night and some of us can't sleep. Fuck off to Chan-hyung's room or something," Changbin's voice maintains at their door.

"CHAN LOVE ME!"

"I did not sign up for this job."

"Hyung?"

"Lemme sleep too, kid."

"You think Jisung-hyung knows what's up?"
"Nah. He's too blind to."

"Okay."

Their breaths mingle until Jeongin breathes in Hyunjin's air from deep inside his lungs.

"Hyung?"

"Yes?"

"Stay with me?" *Forever if you please.*

"Of course." *Until I die, always.*

"Oh my god was that why y'all all secretive about Hyunjin and Jeongnnie, because y'all think I'll blow up or some shit?" Jisung throws a chopstick at Changbin's chair.

"Do you want an honest answer?" Seungmin points a spoon at him.

"Fucking fight me right here right now baby face I'll end you."

"No fighting at the dinner table please. Felix is still sick please also control your volume."

"This is my house too you gotta tell me shit," Jisung whirls around to Hyunjin and Jeongin, "I don't care if you make out in the closet or some other nasty stuff, but please, let me sleep. I don't oppose nor do I care enough to expose you. Let me sleep. I beg you. My eyes are falling from my sockets because of how much sleep I'm not getting."

"But," Jeongin's chopsticks hover, "we don't move around at night."
"At all," Hyunjin adds.

"Well who the fuck keeps traipsing around at deadass 4 with socks on on laminated floor work?!"

"Oh," Seungmin snaps his fingers, "Changbin-hyung."

Jisung lets out a dinosaur screech and swears vandalism on Changbin's impressive record collection. Hyunjin and Jeongin link hands, matching rings clacking together on the table with their joint palms.

Chapter End Notes

Why is Jisung so extra in my fics I'm sorry child I will give you justice next time.

Many holes and terrible explanations. Please ask more questions in the comments.

Question: Should I have a fortnightly/weekly update? I feel that I work better (and faster) if I have a deadline so that more of you can request and read your requests. Comment your thoughts and I'll see what I can do
Besides that, it's your life, go live it, ignore Jisungie

Chapter Summary

"But let's be real," Seungmin tells Felix, "if it's anyone going around breaking hearts it'd be Jeonginnie."

"Right?!" Felix surges up, water dripping down the back of his shirt, "I told Chris that, but he didn't listen."

"Hyunjinnie is delicate," Jisung muses, at this point completely used to Felix's bursts of English, "if you stare hard enough he'd cry."

"You sound like you tried that before," comes Woojin's dry reply. Jisung shrugs, but his face gives off the look of a demon child who would confirm his nefarious theories on people before animals.

Chapter Notes

Very short, because people need more chill Chan and Jisung being Jisung. And of course, Hyunjin/Jeongin.

For yohoo: I kinda want to know what will be chan's reaction if he knows that jeongin *ahem youngest son dates with hyunjin

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hyunjin-ah, Jeonginnie, can you two please come to the lounge?"

Felix blinks a bleary eye from Changbin's bed, wrapped around him like a protective koala. Changbin refuses to get up, grunting as Hyunjin and Jeongin file out the door, confused as to why Chan called them at a weirdly specific time slot (3.41 pm on the dot, give or take the first ten seconds) every time he needs to scream at both of them at the same time.

Apologies to Chan, he does not scream, but he might as well has, because one disappointed Chan with the accompanying Woojin is something worse than yelling. The two of them are very good at the I'm Not Angry I'm Just Disappointed In You Look. One time it brought down Jisung who was almost in tears after they're done with him.

"Why'd he call them?" Felix asks Changbin.

"Don't mention him or them it'll be us next," Changbin rolls over, taking Felix down with him. Tucking his nose under the blonde's chin, he heaves out a breath.

"You good, hyung?" Felix's finger prods him on the side of his stomach.
"Yeah, all good," Changbin replies. His mouth moves in a weird line.

"Are you okay, did you eat something bad did you get punched by Jisungie again what's wrong-"

"I'm fine, jagi."

Felix rears back and stares straight at Changbin whose palm is over his face as if he can't believe that word left his mouth. Felix's shoulders shake until he's outright cackling at his (boyfriend? potential partner? someone closer than a friend? the guy he came close to kissing? the guy that took care of him when he's sick?) hyung, slapping Changbin on the arm as the black haired boy swears at him.

"You - oh my god that was so bad," the blonde chokes, "just - just call me Felix."

"How about you fuck off to Seungmin and annoy him instead of me you little shit-"

"Hyung, Changbinnie-hyung," he scoots closer now, the mole next to his eye in front of Changbin's eyes, "I like you too. Honey."

"MINHO-HYUNG HE'S PINCHING ME!"

Minho lifts his head, shrugs and goes back to stretching Woojin who's trying to not scream in agony.

Hyunjin and Jeongin stand before Chan, who's tapping his foot on the couch with his hands crossed and elbows on his knees, leans forward and asks them to take a seat in front of him when they shuffled in. They're both trying to not make eye contact with each other or with Chan, eyes wandering elsewhere in the room.

"I don't want to dilly dally, because we all have things to do," Chan begins, "let me just say - who you date and what you do in your free time are none of my concern. I care that you're healthy and that you're not doing anything dangerous. Besides that, it's your life, go live it, ignore Jisungie."

Jeongin cracks a smile and stops twiddling with his ring.

"However, once we practice it's business time. Any misconduct will be something that I have to review and penalise you for. Do not be unprofessional during work hours, you two are colleagues, do we understand each other?"

Hyunjin can't even begin to see himself not standing on a debut stage together with Jeongin let alone think about how to sneak off and canoodle. People in the company do it but he's not particularly fond of that.

"Yes, hyung," they chorus.

"Glad I've got that preliminary stuff out of the way," Chan leans even more forward, grinning at them. The infamous eyesmile. It does not look friendly at all. Jeongin twitches in his seat.

"Just so you know, we are here for you, me and the guys. Be safe, play nice, don't break each other's hearts," a look is slanted Hyunjin's way, "and learn something from it. We'll be together for a long time. None of you are escaping from my bosom. You are all my babies I will go down
fighting for your rights to be here."

"Ew hyung," Jeongin cringes, "I'm old enough, thanks."

"Why did you look at me when you said don't break anyone's heart I am a dedicated child I will love him with all my heart Chan-hyung come back-"

Seungmin, shampooing and pulling Felix's hair, digs into his temples. Felix shrieks at him, loudly and in obvious pain.

Changbin charges in like his life is on the line and is subjected to four boys laughing at him, Felix the loudest, flicking soap suds at him. He leaves promptly, glaring at passing staff who stare at them and ignore their antics, telling the boys to get ready for their busking session.

"But let's be real," Seungmin tells Felix, "if it's anyone going around breaking hearts it'd be Jeonginnie."

"Right?!" Felix surges up, water dripping down the back of his shirt, "I told Chris that, but he didn't listen."

"Hyunjinnie is delicate," Jisung muses, at this point completely used to Felix's bursts of English, "if you stare hard enough he'd cry."

"You sound like you tried that before," comes Woojin's dry reply. Jisung shrugs, but his face gives off the look of a demon child who would confirm his nefarious theories on people before animals.

"Hyunjin is a delicate giraffe and we must protect him instead of the baby. The baby has too much protection already," Seungmin decides.

"You do that honey," Woojin tells him, disinterestedly.

"Felix, give me validation," Seungmin digs a pointy nail into the boy's scalp. He flinches. The footsteps of a certain black lover can be heard approaching outside.

"You is good you is kind Seungmin-ah," Felix tells him.

"Hyung can I strangle him?"

"No darling, Chan will be sad."

"God damn it."

"Why are you discussing my death like it's no issue can you not do that?"

Chapter End Notes

I want AUs because after episode 8 I AM SAD PLEASE UNDERSTAND I NEED A LOT OF DISTRACTIONS AWAY FROM CRYING so please be nice and request AUs.

I have decided to maybe stick with at least one fic per week.
Bookmark/subscribe/whatever thingy you do to get notified because my parents are away for three days and I'm feeling emotionally devastated after Felix so I'm binge-writing to get rid of my feelings
I don't know if I call bullshit is an acceptable response to this but I'm gonna go with that

Chapter Summary

"Whoever suggested we all bond by sleeping on the cold hard floor with insects infiltrating breathing air needs to get his brain checked," Hyunjin snarls and is muffled by Woojin's smack to the side of his head.

Someone coughs really loudly with 'Chris' punctuating in between coughs.

Chapter Notes

For Arace and her prompt: Felix's mosquito noise, I'm sorry it took like five weeks for this to be a thing and too crack-ish for it to be good.

Forgive me. Please love me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes


"Is - is everyone okay?" Jeongin asks, too afraid to question what the sound is and where is it coming from.

"Who's making that noise?" Asks Hyunjin, an asshole past the point of his bed time.

"Okay seriously -" Minho begins to speak when the annoying buzzing sound returns.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Jisung roars, turning to his left and throwing his face into his pillow.

"For the record," Changbin comments in an annoyingly mild way, "I told you this was a bad idea, but anything Changbinnie said must be negative, you said. Guess who's right and who's not now, bitch."

"Whoever suggested we all bond by sleeping on the cold hard floor with insects infiltrating breathing air needs to get his brain checked," Hyunjin snarls and is muffled by Woojin's smack to the side of his head.

Someone coughs really loudly with Chris punctuating in between coughs.

"Why do my children not respect me," Chan asks, his melancholy lost inside the void that is sucking away his dignity and reputation.
Seungmin snores, hugging one of Hyunjin's arm to him and lying on Jisung's leg.

Eeee.

"Nope that's fucking it someone close the damn door I can't sleep like this," Jisung throws off his blanket and steps over lumps of half-awake boys on the floor. "Un-fucking-believable."

"Watch your mouth," Minho reminds him, yawning.

"Let me sleep then!"

Jeongin stirs and crawls closer to Chan who's tuned them all out by then.

"Do you all have personal talents that you'd like to share?" The camera director asks them for an interview. While Minho bursts into his 'etched into my flesh and blood' BTS routine, Seungmin tries IU's five octave note, breaks about three windows and scars three children. Woojin does some split thing that looks impressive, but it turns funnier when he split his pants.

The camera turns to Felix who doesn't anticipate it and emits this awfully familiar sound of a mosquito buzzing.

"FUCKING YOU!" Hyunjin bursts into a rare fit of rage. The camera shutters off, the director too stunned to recognise who the sweet and kind boy is right now, a beast reincarnate, his wrath so loud someone from two rooms over asks if anyone got hurt.

"Oh no we're fine!" Seungmin shouts very unconvincingly.

"You made that stupid noise and I couldn't sleep you bitch," Jisung scolds Felix with no heat. Hyunjin is fuming, his pale skin showing the neglect of having no sleep for two days straight. His nostrils enlarge and collapse. Felix shrinks into himself, using Woojin as a human shield.

"Why did you keep making that noise even though we told you not to?" Woojin turns to him. Felix mumbles something. Seungmin heard it.

"You - that's how you snore? You snore like a fucking mosquito?"

"When I'm nervous I make that sound too."

"I don't know if I call bullshit is an acceptable response to this but I'm gonna go with that," Hyunjin relents.

"What the actual fuck?" Minho asks him. "Make the noise. I call bullshit."

Felix peeps out a sound so mosquito-y it creeps everyone else in the room. Jisung drops to the floor, asking why are Australians so in tune with their environment that a kid can be a bug.

The recording resumes after Felix bows in apology to the boys about the misunderstanding from before.
"Oi, Lix."

"Yeah what?"

"Cannot believe you bullshit that and it worked."

"It wasn't exactly a lie. Sometimes I snore and it sounds like a mosquito noise."

Chan blinks.

Then, "Are you serious." It wasn't a question.

Felix nods like it's obvious. It's not.

"But Chris," he prods the older boy, "why'd you ask me to imitate a bug at the start for? You know everyone is sensitive to sleep."

"Look, I was trying to see if through common suffering we could all come together as one and obviously that didn't work out too well oh my god what if they hate you now you're a child come to me for asylum -"

"Shut up Chris."

The next time he makes the mosquito noise, cleared of all crimes and convictions and out of pure joy, Hyunjin's eye only twitches minutely. Changbin laughs at half of the boys' sour expressions.

Chapter End Notes

I haven't watched that episode so this is just me purely bullshitting through the prompt please overlook all of the inaccuracies
Have you been reading too many fairy tales?

Chapter Summary

Legends say that those who visit the fairies of Seoraksan will wander and get lost - lost because of their memories and wander until they claim back those memories.

Prompt: If you’re requesting au’s, can I suggest an au where the MAKNAE line are like fairies and the hyungs are humans that are like super shooketh [alaina_deja]

Chapter Notes

It's just me apologising here.
Note: Everyone is an asshole except for Hyunjin and Jeongin. Maybe Felix if he tries hard enough. Have never been to a national park in Korea so I'm just fusing the Australian and Vietnamese ones from the void of my memories. Also the fairies are like generic YA slash Shakespeare fairies. I know you asked for fairies but it spiralled into this but please accept it.

ALSO LONG ASF BE WARNED

I also love it so please love my fic child

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Legends say that those who visit the fairies of Seoraksan will wander and get lost - lost because of their memories and wander until they claim back those memories.

"Just for the record I'd like to say what the fuck and if we die I'm definitely haunting your asses," Minho declares, backpack high on his back.

"We're not even in the car. We're not even there yet. How do you know we'll die?" Woojin throws up his hands.

"Intuition, hyung," Minho tells him vaguely while attempting to sound sagely. It just sounds ominous.

"Death will be a sweet reprieve," Changbin looks elsewhere at the horizon. Nope that's just a pair of runners hanging off the electrical wires.

"I'm driving, get in, shut up," Chan closes the booth and shepherds the boys in, slapping at Minho's arm as the words of doom and death pour forth from him like a leaked tap.

"It's a park Minho-yah. What's the worst that can happen?"
"Left - left - left Bang Chan do you not understand the words I am saying?" Woojin shrieks from the shotgun seat. Minho naps, headphones obscuring any intrusive noises - which entail anything emitted by half the people in the car. Changbin sits still, his a face of someone who accepted that humans all die some day, except that he is waiting for his death the same way someone waits for a college application - with haste and anxiousness and anticipation. He ate something weird one time we went cherry picking, Chan would explain to curious minds who wondered about the poor boy asking for death to take him all the time, ate a dose of reality instead of regurgitated media rubbish.

People fan away from their friend group, for the sake of everyone's barely intact sanity.

"I am turning left!" Chan replies, weirdly in fluent Russian. "I'm trying my best!" He amends in his native English.

"Is death coming?" Changbin sits up even straighter.

"No!"

"I'm reversing I'm reversing the wheel is touching the mark -"

"But what if I'm hungry?" Minho asks, hugging a third bag of chips to his chest.

"You're that hungry?" Woojin looks from his overstuffed bag with purely food supplies to the chip bag. At Minho's fervent nod he slaps a palm over his face, muffling the screech that is halfway between I'm-done-with-life and why-am-I-friends-with-you, with a touch of agony and despair.

"Let's just find the picnic place first," Chan shoulders his mercifully packed bag of medical supplies and emergency tools in case they all fall in a ditch somewhere by the wills of the gods. No one knows for sure. Minho regularly alternates between praying and cursing the gods for the hastening of his impending death, the days of his exam results approaching closer and closer.

"No one jinx anything I don't want to die yet," Woojin warns them, water bottle pointing threateningly at Changbin's direction, "no death wishes from you, mister."

"I haven't even said anything," the boy protests.

"Shut up bad hair job Chan is leaving us," Minho sprints after Chan who had left them behind in hope of not seeing them ever again or starting his new life as a hermit in the middle of a national park. There were rumours of Chan having an emergency travel bag that he can pick up and 'fuck off out the door if he sensed danger' by words of Changbin who allegedly saw the bag when Chan came for a sleepover.

"He won't become a hermit for life right?" Woojin asks Changbin.

"To be honest with you hyung I've no idea how that guy's brain works so we should probably catch up before he's fucked off for real," Changbin starts to run after Minho.

"I'm not equipped for uphill running damn it you young 'uns!" Woojin wheezes after them.

"Well run faster!" Comes Chan's shout.

"You sod off you little cauliflower head!"
"Here to visit the park, dear?" One of the ladies, spread out on their straw mat, smiles with a fading dimple at Changbin. He skids to a stop from his sprint up an infinite number of steps (maybe like 700 last he heard Woojin squeezed out), dusts his pants and bows in front of the three ladies. They coo and offer him snacks which he refused, eyes scanning for his hyungs.

"Yes, ma'am," he replies, bowing once more.

"What a good-mannered boy," another lady coos, "be safe in there, dear."

"I will, ma'am."

"Binnie!" Chan calls for him.

"Trash can!" Comes Minho's equally trashy English.

"Shithead!" Woojin shrieks. "You lost?"

*You can't swear in front of old ladies Seo Changbin hold it in and punch them later breathe boy in and out in and out.*

"Be careful, lad," a lady tells him, eyes closed. He squints. "There are fairies in that forest. They bewitch young men and lost souls. Those never return."

"I'll be careful in there, ma'am," he tells them, not heeding any of the advice at all. He makes up a washy wishy excuse about his friend dying and he has to leave right now or he'll really drop dead I'm really sorry ladies -

"And dear," he hears from behind him, "don't fall in love with any of them. They'll only break your heart."

"How did you get separated you dumb sheep?" Woojin aggressively tucks him under his arm and tries to smother his hair in fast head rubs.

"I saw some locals," he grouses, "fuck off hyung."

"I don't appreciate that tone young man."

"Locals? What'd they say?" Minho chugs from Woojin's water bottle. Chan is scouting for wild animals so that he can unleash his inner Neolithic hunter. Woojin and Minho both have cameras ready to blackmail the minute the 'primal urge to take off after a deer consumes me' - Bang Chan Chris 2k17 in KakaoTalk at an unspecified time and location, quoted inaccurately by a screenshot on Changbin's phone.

"There are fairies in the forest and they're like," Changbin takes Woojin's arm off him, "land mermaids."

"Land mermaids," Minho repeats.

Changbin nods, satisfied with that description. Minho looks like he's feeling too many emotions to properly verbalise a suitable response to that, so he's just standing there with his mouth open like an idiot and twitching.
"I'd like to inject a customary what the fuck in this particular conversation but I too can envision what he described," Woojin adds in.

"Look at this! You broke him! Now he's speaking pretentiously like the asshole that he is!" Minho gesticulates wildly and nearly swipes an emerging Chan whose face spells out t-r-o-u-b-l-e with capital letters accompanied by dancing tree branches.

"Who died?" Changbin asks Chan.

"There's no road ahead. I don't know why I can't see 'em," the boy's brows scrunch together, "feels off somehow."

"Did you look carefully?" Woojin snaps out of it to jeer.

"No Woojin-hyung I looked with my forehead that's why I couldn't see the road that isn't there oh my god why didn't I think of it before using my own eyes to look forward what a revelation really unheard of truly mystical-"

"Weird humans, bickering in the middle of the forest," someone says.

Changbin elbows Minho so hard he spits out at least four litres of water, coughing like he caught the bubonic plague.

"What was that?" Woojin looks around.

"The land mermaids," Changbin whispers, conspiratorial.

"The what?" Chan asks him, in a weird mix of Korean and English, not thrown off by how he can see that image inside his brain straight away but more by the phrase. "Who? What?"

"Yoo hoo," a twinkle of a bell and rustling leaves, "over here, puny humans."

Felix's tail flicks and twitches. Hyunjin fusses and tries to work his brush through the child's fur and tail, occasionally smacking his back for flicking his tail too often. Jisung hurls seed pods at Seungmin who's twirling around tree branches and lolling his tongue out at Jisung who's constantly shifting between red and purple. Jeongin naps on the leaves, wings fluttering mildly, mouth open. The spring wind breezes through the foliage. Hyunjin clicks his tongue. There's a troublesome scent in the air.

"No," he tells them before they can ask it, "leave the humans alone."

"Why?" Jisung whines. "We'll steal their hats and food then leave."

"Sweetheart," Hyunjin tries to swallow the scream surfacing from inside his throat, "last time you said that someone died of shock when they saw you. The elders are unhappy with us. They think we harvest human deaths like food."

"The witches at the gate do that, no?" Felix perks up, ears twitching. Seungmin leans over to pet them, cackling as Felix bats his hands away.

"Yes but they're outside of the elders' control. We are. Leave them be Jisung-ah."

Jeongin wakes up and crawls to the very edge of a branch. Jisung scrambles to gather the fairy inside his arms, eyes wide.
"I want to play," he looks forlornly at the four bickering humans, "I'm really lonely. No one play with me."

Immediately Seungmin and Jisung deny the accusation with wide eyes. *I play with you all the time.*

"Me too," Felix yawns, whiskers twitching, "for a while, at least, can't we just talk to them then leave?"

"Please forgive me, elders," Hyunjin prays.

Woojin's first instinct is to open his mouth, then close it. Chan has gone completely still, bones creaking because he's an indecisive little shit and can't make the call to run or stay so he's just buffering in real life on one plot of land.

Minho? Minho spits out sheer and pure rubbish because he has no filter and rubbish is his true calling.

"Oh my god they have wings," he turns to Changbin who's relatively not that freaked out, "Changbinnie there are wings."

"Yes, yes, great, next," the one with the blue hair and long-ass fingernails waves him aside, "I thought I heard some great conversations here. Did we interrupt those?"

"Do you want an answer," Woojin, DNA wired to be sarcastic and shady even if it is life or death, breaks out of his trance to deliver the one liner, not even a question at this point. The purple-haired thing giggles as the blue one turns red like, all of him turned red.

"You - you're, *fairies,* Chan meant to say, but what came out is, "the land mermaid people thing."

There is a prolonged silence of 2 seconds. Humans and supernatural beings freeze in shock, astonishment, pure horror or just plain defeat. Chan is another one who has no filter in dangerous situations even though his reflexes are fast. Clearly God can't give a child like him the full package - what lacks for his intellect makes up for his physicality.

But on to more dangerous things.

"I'm a what?" The blue one asks. "Seungminnie, did you hear him? Land mermaid thing."

"Actually he said people before thing," Minho reminds them.

"Same difference, human."

"Okay seriously that is not even how it works did you study syntax at all you uncouth beasts?"

Woojin flaps his arms in a wacking motion. Minho points at that in praise before returning to being terrified.

"One word missing makes all the difference! Don't tell me it's the same difference it is not fight me right here right now you lousy uneducated barbarian -" Woojin tries to swing his fists at the creature as Minho tries to bodily stop him from hurting himself. It happened before. Woojin hurts himself before he can hurt anyone, physically. One time he tried to hit a guy and ended up tearing his shoulder tendons.

"He's a weirdo!" The land - nope, fairies laugh at them.
"Oh this is so funny!" One wipes tears from its eyes.

_Swoosh!_

The creature with wings gets up, dusting himself. Three people blink like they're either too used to magical creatures dropping from the sky or three is the limit of unreal things the human brain can handle in the span of five minutes and theirs are fried beyond use, rendering them useless in front of weirder things.

"Ouch," he/she/it grousers, rubbing the side of its head with a palm with long talons. Minho is blinking as he stares straight at the phenomenon, eyelashes moving four thousand kilometres per second to follow every movement, the surgeon in him too intrigued to deny the possibility of this creature existing.

"Where's hyung?" The blue one asks.

"He's refusing to come down," the fairy tells him.

"Long nails," Woojin blinks, twice, "wings," he scans the wings, "gossamer wings, right, fangs."

"Did he finally break? Will we be free of his nagging?" Minho asks, not at all hopeful that's a lie.

"Shut up hyung," Changbin grouses.

"Will you play with us?" The thing that just fell out of the fucking sky asks, eyes big. Changbin shifts back, eyes half on Chan half on Woojin, trying to look at three places at the same time and not succeeding. Why Chan and Woojin?

"He's so cute," Chan coos, pitch reaching at least two octaves higher than his normal voice.

Yep.

There it is.

The Cute Animal Children Lover Gene. Commonly found in women of any ages, weak-spiners like Bang Chan and aggressive motherly types like Kim Woojin. Traits: immediate sympathy and overwhelming love and care for anything they deem small, cute and squishy. Can be identified by the phrases: 'I want to take you home and protect you from the harm of the world', 'let me love you' and 'It's so squishy I'm gonna die'.

"Let me love you," Woojin drops his fists and steps closer. Minho has stopped functioning, his brain leaving when Chan cooed at the thing. Changbin, designated sanest person in this crew, has to bodily stops Woojin and Chan from kidnapping the fairy and taking it home to Seoul with them. But Changbin is one skinny kid who writes rap music not the two gym rats who camp in their university's gym 25/8. He's underhanded. It cannot be expected that he will be able to hold on to them for long or at all.

Chan escapes and sprints to the fairy who accepts his crushing hug with too much attention. Changbin watches in horror as the blonde guy fells one supernatural child to the ground, bundling him into his chest while declaring something ominous like 'my precious' to his hair.

"I'm so sorry," Changbin apologises. To the universe. To his mother who he should've called yesterday. To not listening to the locals just then. To the friends of the knocked down fairy.
"Eh he should be fine," the blue one shrugs. It extends a hand. "Seungmin."

"You're Korean? You have a Korean name?"

"No I'm actually German sweetheart it's just that it's more convenient to have a Korean name," Seungmin tells him. He lives for long enough with Woojin to know that is the tone of heavy sarcasm.

"Look I haven't seen or talked to any magical creatures before how do I know what names they have? Or if they have names at all?"

"Reasonable," Seungmin concedes, "but still stupid nonetheless."

"Try harder," he sneers.

"Jisung-hyung this one is being difficult," the fairy points to Changbin, sharp nail too close to his nose to be safe. The purple one, Jisung, however, is accosted by the bulldozer force that is Kim Woojin on the path of collecting cute things. Jisung must've been deemed cute in whatever standards Woojin has up there in his head and is the second fairy creature thing taken down, just minutes after the first one, although this particular tackle seems a bit too rugby-esque and violent to be affectionate.

Plus Jisung is swearing death on Woojin's vegetable garden and academic grades while Woojin cuddles him.

"Do we help," Minho looks at them. He's just asking loud enough so that later, when they live, he can claim that he had the intention but he was occupied with his own situation, therefore he was unable to help Woojin.


Something swoops over their heads and Woojin shrieks as someone lands on the ground, bird's wings widespread and majestic, spanning about eight shoulders each wing.

"Children," the angel thing clicks his tongue, looking around, "I see you're having fun."

"Shut up you're only 100 years older!" Jisung throws a stick at him.

"Would you like help," the angel too asks, not bothering to mask it as a question. Woojin has Jisung in a one-armed hug, squeezing and trapping his arms. Jisung is flailing, half cursing in gibberish half trying to kick Woojin off to no avail. Minho and Changbin watch passively as this unfolds into one tragedy to the next, with the occasional backing track of Chan and the other thing mutually squealing about something. The last time anyone paid attention it was about nail colours.

"My apologies," the angel bows to the humans, "my name is Hyunjin. The kids wanted to," he slants a look at their surrounding. It's a really long look, tinged with heavy disappointment and something like regret at being lumped together with these creatures. "Talk to you four. It's been a while since we had visitors."

"But you won't, like, eat us for dinner or anything right?" Minho, reasonably, asks.

"I taste like rubber and regret. I highly don't recommend me if you're looking for a nutritious meal. Try the blonde guy wrestling Jisung-ssi," Changbin points to Woojin, "he's a certified gym rat and
he's healthy."

"I'm a vegetarian. I have never tasted meat before in my life," the angel tells him, "have you been reading too many fairy tales?"

"No offense but there are literally no other source for me to find out these things, how do you expect me to know any of this?" Changbin rants, the stress of dying in *fuck knows where* unloading in the form of anger.

"Plus dietary requirements are personal. You don't just know those things about people until you're close enough," Minho adds, not so sanely.

"I've never thought of that," the angel rears back, "my apologies, that do seem horribly discriminatory."

"Same. How do you expect to know people before you met them?" Changbin tries to reenact that meme face, the one with the you don't say caption. Minho chokes. He must be doing a piss poor job of it.

"No come back cute squishy child!" They turn as Jisung throws Woojin off, dashing to the angel. "Come back!"

"Creep," Changbin spares his hyung.

"Say that again you little emo shit!"

"Would you like to have tea with my only sane child and I?" The angel asks.

"Will they die if we leave them to rot here?" Changbin points to Chan attempting to put the fairy child into his Bear Grylls bag. The angel makes a noise like a broken boiling kettle and a harpooned whale, fist trying to hold together the last of his sanity.

"Probably. The witches are on a hunt today. Best if we take you all to our place."

"Do you swear to keep us safe?" Changbin's hand is on the angel's wrist.

"I swear, Changbin-ssi," the boy's features morph between a man and a woman, "please follow me. Jisung's magic will be able to help navigate your friends to our abode."

"How'd he know your name?" Minho whispers to him.

"Fuck if I know hyung. If I die," Changbin leans to his ear, "protect my music with your life."

Felix sets the tea on the table, more than reasonably confused as to the instructions to welcome guests. They have no guests, only playthings or the elders. The word 'guest' has not been heard in this part of their area for virtually never, due to Jisung and Seungmin's joint abilities to scare away most of the humans that do pass by. Hyunjin is adamant on warding humans off, with Felix and Jeongin perpetually thirsting for interaction with anyone outside of their own. It's a desolate existence, born without a community or acceptance on all of their ends. Lonely souls gravitate to one another. They build this place, cloaked by their own magics, hidden away in fear of persecution from those they view as companions and friends.
Hyunjin's footsteps are approaching. There are more following his, with Jisung's snide words accompanying them. Friends? Playthings? The elders?

Hyunjin ducks his head inside, smiling at Felix. Then the guests follow.

The locals so far had been right about the fairies being land mermaids and them bewitching stupid hikers to be lost on their ways, which they already were physically and always have been mentally. Changbin hates the fact that he's able to breach the third warning.

*Don't fall in love with any of them. They'll only break your heart.*

The person in front of him, with bruised pouty lips and heavy eye bags blinks slowly, mouth opening and close. Changbin can hear Woojin harassing him inside his head despite being three people away from the blonde.

*Seo Changbin what did I tell you about falling in love at first sight?*

*It doesn't exist?*

*Precisely. Shut up and say hi.*

He shuts up and says hi to the person. "I'm Seo Changbin."

"Felix," whispers the boy, hair shifting from orange to black to ash brown. Changbin is 100% fascinated by the shift of colours, mouth not even bothering to close. Chan pauses from pinching Seungmin's cheek (how did that happen and when? Chan, if not for his human clumsiness, can pass as some shady as undead ninja mutant turtle zombie thing) to Felix's face, gasping loudly and unattractively.

"You're a vermin."

In English. In Australian English. In Aussie drongo - insert heavy outback Australian accent here.

Felix picks up a cup of tea, probably steaming hot, from the tray that he is carrying, and hurls it at Chan's face.

"I beg for forgiveness," Chan tells them, the universe, his family for allowing him to return back to the motherland instead of quarantining him back in Australia because he is the embodiment of stupidity and recklessness in the form of a barely escaped adult boy and these bad traits transfer via osmosis every time he makes contact with new victims, and his friends. Most likely his friends.

That's just what Woojin thinks anyways.

"Are you okay?" Minho asks Felix whose fangs flash threateningly at Chan's direction, ears erect.

*I got tea splashed on me and you're asking if he's okay?"

"You got splashed," Changbin, chewing on a woodland biscuit, by invitations and blessings of Jisung who he's still side-eyeing, "on your shoes. You'll live, Chris."

"But he's a fox! We call foxes vermin in my town!" Chan insists.
"Jeonginnie if we kill him how sad will you be?" Jisung asks Chan's newly adopted son. At the child's watery eyes and jutting lower lip, Jisung's easygoing demeanour drops as he profusely apologises, promising not to go near the guy don't cry Jeonginnie hyung is sorry.

"Why are we here?" Minho bats away Woojin's grabby hands at Seungmin who's cowering away from too much attention.

"We just wanted companionship," Hyunjin, the angel, informs them. He's arguably the sanest one, sitting with a fixed posture and occasionally judging all of them in the one glance. "The children were getting lonely."

Jeongin and Felix nod, putting a collective balm on all the confusion and rage within that small and odd conglomeration of boys and creatures.

"Do we get, like, anything out of it?" Woojin asks.

"We don't eat you for dinner," Jisung smiles, fangs flashing.

"Yep sounds great who do I companion."

Minho coughs into his fist. It sounds like you major in English speak properly.

"I won't impose any restrictions on where and what you do," Hyunjin puts up a hand, "but beyond the grove is not our domain. We can't control anything beyond our land. You are forbidden to trespass to the witches'. They are cannibals and they will not hesitate to feast on your blood."

"Wonderful," Woojin's eyes shake. How did we get here and how do we get out, he looks at Minho.

"Great," Minho slaps his thighs. Fuck if I know hyung.

Chan is enamoured with Jeongin and had somehow badgered Seungmin to sitting near him. Changbin is -

"Question," Minho asks Hyunjin, "where the fuck's our kid and where the fuck's yours?"

Changbin thought he escaped the curse of bad decision making as the direct descendant, Chan, inherited the bulk of it from Woojin and it diluted down from Minho to him. He prided himself on being reasonable most of the time, not getting involved in the shenanigans that Chan cooked up, the role of damage control befalling onto his shoulders almost unwillingly. It doesn't mean he's unhappy with his status as the sane one, it's just that he wish his friends would stop getting into weird accidents for him to rescue them all the time.

Felix blinks twice at him and Changbin is ready to follow him wherever he wants to go.

"Would you mind," Felix struggles with Korean, "helping me with cleaning up?"

Yes!

"Sure," Changbin rises without a sound, tailing Felix's flickering tail. Like a fox's. That's right. Felix's hands up to his wrist are stained sooty black, like a fox.

His shoes crunch on spindly twigs before his thoughts can jump to the boy's fluffy ears and how much he wants to touch them.
"Where are we?" There's one of those bed swing thing, attached to a tree branch. Felix lunges and hops onto the cushioned seat, feet tucked under his legs. He blinks at Changbin, head tilted.

"Sit with me," he pats the space next to him.

Changbin doesn't think twice about it.

"How are you?" Even when whispering, it's a low raspy tone of voice and Changbin is a little bit in love.

"I can understand English," he says instead, "the stupid blonde duos speak English all the time. I'll be able to understand you."

"Oh," Felix meets his eyes, pupils flickering from blue to brown, "that's convenient."

"Very," Changbin agrees, mesmerised. "Why are you lonely, Felix?"

"None of us chose to be born this way," the blonde extends his talons, painted black, "and we're not unfeeling creatures. Without companionship and love we will rot. That's why occasionally the passage to our land opens, to let lonely souls from our world meet yours."

"Are you lonely, Changbin?"

"Jisung give me back that med kit!" Chan roars, hurdling himself over a shelf. Minho has resorted to throwing fortune cookies from inside the packaging at Seungmin who's cackling for all the corners of the land to hear.

Hyunjin passively sits apart from all of this cacophony, sipping tea and wiping crumbs off the occasional person that dashes by him.

"I don't know, Felix-ah," he answers, "maybe."

"The magic of the land is strange," a breath and a jaw tilted to somewhere in the distance, "it always responds to what we need, not what we want."

"What do you want, Felix?"

"I don't know, Changbin-ssi," amber meets dark brown, "I've never been treated kindly. I don't know what the gods' wills are for allowing you passage to our land."

Seungmin, amid cackles, drops Minho onto the ground. A strange whistling fills the air.


"Where's Changbinnie?" Minho scans around, "should we panic?"

"You're protected, as long as you are inside. They should be too if they're not at the grove," Hyunjin's lips tremble.

"Unless they're on the swing," Jisung whispers.
"Am I what you need, Felix-ah?" He's too afraid to move in closer, to the eyes that blink closely and morosely. Felix breaths in, mouth slightly open.

"You're certainly what I want," the boy concedes.

"How flattering," Changbin grins. Felix beams back, eyes folded in a curve. His hands itch. He's scared to make contact with that skin. Felix glows pale gold, but there's too much coldness for Changbin's sensitive hands to make contact with.

Fuck it it's what I want I might as well yolo it, he thinks to himself and reaches forward to trace the line of Felix's jaw.

"You're warm," he notices.

"Did you think I wasn't?" Come the giggles, shoulders shaking.

"To be honest, yes." More giggles, open-mouthed. Changbin is moving dangerously closer, closer and closer. He can see the freckles on Felix's nose, brown dots amidst white skin. His fingers are going forward, forward -

A tinkling sound. Felix's face shuts off and he moves in front of Changbin. A giggle behind his ears. Wind ruffles his hair.

"Felix-ah," someone taunts. Female. "You know you shouldn't bring your guest out on neutral ground like this."

"Hag," the blonde tells her, Korean steady, "we're on mutual ground. You cannot harm him while I'm here."

"But I can damn well try to, dear," a breezy giggle, "I told you, Felix, you should've joined us when we asked you to. How tragic would it be if your beloved guest die in front of your eyes?"

"When I say run, don't look back," Changbin hears, "straight. Just run straight. I'll be fine. You get to safety."

"Will I see--"

"RUN!"

Hyunjin isn't pacing, just like how Minho isn't panicking.

Someone crashes into the lounge. Changbin hits something and crashes down onto Jeongin who squawks and tries to catch him. Changbin looks like he saw his family slaughtered before his eyes, sweating and stuttering as he grabs onto Jeongin.

"Fel - Felix - out - witch-"

"You need to leave, right now," Jisung herds them out the door. "Out, out!"

"But Felix-"

"Changbin-ssi," Hyunjin grabs his shoulder, "he'll be fine. Go."
"Hyung."
"I know." I know. I'm sorry.

"It's been fun, don't come back, fuck off," Jisung skids to a stop before an obscenely big boulder, "now go."

"I feel like there's a catch," Minho tells him.

"Do you ever shut up? Let's go," Woojin tugs him along.

"Changbin-ssi," he hears, "I'm so sorry."

"Hurry up slowpokes!"

"We're coming we're coming!"

Changbin feels like he's forgotten something. He blinks. Looks behind him.

Nothing's there.

Chan walks into his room like he owns the place. Changbin blinks the sleep out of his eyes, fresh from a nap. The Australian boy is ranting about something then slams his hands onto Changbin's shoulder. It feels like a fresh dose of bullshit is incoming.

"I need you to guide the new kids around campus."

"And?"

"And that's it. Do you think I hold ulterior motives all the time?"

"I want you to breathe and look within yourself. Dig deep within your soul to find the bullshit that's lurking in there and tell me honestly, Chris - ouch ouch okay okay!" He shrieks as Chan pinches him.

"I just want the children to settle comfortably," Chan tells him unconvincingly.

"You're just here for my camera."

"Oh and that too."

Changbin throws a pillow at him.

"Hyunjin, Seungmin, Jisung and -" Woojin turns side to side, "Felix."
Changbin is feeling a horrible sense of déjà vu.

"I'm Seo Changbin," he extends a hand to brown hair. He remembers blonde going to brown and changing coloured irises.

"Felix," the familiar voice rumbles, "Lee."

Legends say that those who visit the fairies of Seoraksan will wander and get lost - lost because of their memories and wander until they claim back those memories.

"You're what I need," Changbin hears himself whispering.

"Likewise, Changbin-ssi," Felix's eyes twinkle.

Chapter End Notes

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS IT I'M DOING PLEASE JUST IGNORE THE TECHNICALITIES

The national park, Seoraksan, is located in Gangwon, up north, which is like really close to the North Korean border.
I need a holiday, or a new career objective

Chapter Summary

Felix is trying his best, but this - this is ridiculous. Changbin's grip on him is asking a lot of things. It's asking him to stay immobile on a bed for roughly 72 hours or whenever someone brings relief medicine over. It's asking him to cut off blood circulation to not one, but both of his arms. It's asking him to not go to the toilet. Most importantly, it's asking him to deal with a sick Changbin.

plz (if you can and want to) make a sequel of the sickfic where changbin got sick from felix and is a soft and clingy sick bean hng from ikyksou

Chapter Notes

NEWS FLASH I DO WANT TO MAKE A SEQUEL OF THE SICK FIC HERE WE GO

Will write a lot more this week since I saw my list of prompts and they're running on 15 so I should start fulfilling those. Will be very short as I can't write for an extended amount of time with good quality words. Hover around for your prompts to be fulfilled or request more.

Also - should there be a Stray Kids fic fest? I'm thinking of hosting one. Opinions?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Someone knocks into Woojin's shoulder. Nope. He's not opening his eyes. He is sleeping. No one is disturbing his rest. He's finally getting the six hours that he rightfully deserves. No children is -

"Hyung," an awfully close to tears child nudges him, "hyungie please get up."

Woojin blearily forces his eyelids to do the heavy lifting work. Jeongin kneels in front of his bed, one leg stuck under Minho's own bed.

"Ginnie? What's wrong sweetheart?"

"I think Changbinnie-hyung is sick and he's dying," the maknae breaks down.

Chan stirs and slaps himself on the face in the bed next to his. "Who's here?"

"I'm coming I'm coming," Woojin groused. "I need a holiday."

"Hwaiting," Minho cheers lifelessly at his back.

"Fuck off," he tells the brunette, stepping over something on the floor.
Felix is on a bed. Tick.

Felix is no longer dying. Tick.

Changbin is on a bed. Tick.

Changbin is the one dying this time.

"God, I need a holiday, or a new career objective," Woojin breathes in, making his way to Changbin who's clinging too close to Felix for it to be comfortable. Hyunjin and Jeongin had been evacuated into Seungmin and Felix's room, Jisung is off dilly dallying elsewhere and out of danger. Woojin kneels as Felix sits up, gently working his neck away from Changbin's grip.

"Hyung," the blonde rasps, "think he's sick because of me."

"How do you want to fix this?" He asks, because he's no idea how to.

"I can just stay with him, don't worry hyung," Felix whispers, "it'll only spread to others if you all fuss over him. I'm immune against it already. Can you just give me lots of water, towels, congee and the meds from when I was sick?" At Woojin's ragged nod, "cheers, hyung."

"Okay weird theory time, but," Jisung slaps Seungmin's thighs. Not only did Seungmin jump in surprise, but he slaps Jisung back on the arm for retaliation, squinting in judgement. "Listen to me, okay. Changbinnie-hyung last time, absolute softie in front of our sunshine. What if this time he's fully soft in front of Felix?"

"I don't think that's a valid theory," Hyunjin points out.

"Do you want to fight me right now Hwang? I will. Let's go."

"Because it's fact, Jisungie," Chan emerges from his slumber, having gotten more sleep than all of them, contrastically awake and fresh, "Binnie-hyung is a certified softie. He's just tsundere on camera."

"And in front of Felix," someone mutters. It sounds bitter and very Minho-esque.

"Shush you," Woojin pacifies all sounds, "stay away unless you want to feel like you died. Go to practice and clean up around the dorm. I don't think we'll be good to film today."

At Seungmin and Hyunjin's surreptitious crawl to the direction of the quarantined area, "No you can't purposely get sick because I will know and the staff will be able to see through your bullshit."

"No fun," Seungmin blows a strand out hair out of his face.

Felix is trying his best, but this - this is ridiculous. Changbin's grip on him is asking a lot of things. It's asking him to stay immobile on a bed for roughly 72 hours or whenever someone brings relief medicine over. It's asking him to cut off blood circulation to not one, but both of his arms. It's asking him to not go to the toilet. Most importantly, it's asking him to deal with a sick Changbin.

It goes something like this.

"Hyung I need to use the toilet," Felix whispers.
Changbin? Changbin hugs him even tighter, bladder be damned.

"Stay with me," he whines into Felix's neck.

"Hyung I love you and everything-" he tries again.

"If you love me then don't leave me~."

"Literally the toilet is right outside the door I don't think it counts as leaving if I just-"

An elbow. In his left side. It probably hit a spleen. Felix cries inside his head, swallowing the cry of pain inside him. Changbin is sick. He is not right in the head. He's probably not like this normally.

Chan opens the door, giggling annoyingly as he sees a fully strangled Felix and the boa constrictor boy Changbin entwined uncomfortably (on Felix's half). He half leans outside and whispers urgently for someone else to come in and Jisung sticks his head in, shit-eating grin splitting his mouth wide open.

"Hey Felix, hey hey, hey Felix," he grins, "enjoying ourselves, eh?"

"I hate you both and I hope you'll die," he groans, "soon."

Changbin snuggles in closer. There is a sound, reminiscent of a drop bear, that is escaping his windpipe no matter how hard he crushes it down. Jisung's giggles, if possible, ascend higher into wherever annoying giggles originate from.

"You're on your own," Chan whispers, enunciating each word, "tough luck princess."

It's all in English, in case Felix feigns ignorance later.

A soft snap and Jisung is out the door. Chan leaves medical and food supplies near the bed and ducks away, sniggering loudly. Changbin is knocked out cold, even though his grip is just as hard on Felix's arms. After five unsuccessful attempts, with him nearly dislocating five joints in the one time, he drops to the floor in a crumpled heap of teenage dejection, exhausted to the marrow.

Changbin hugs the blanket closer to him, nose close to where Felix's head was.

"You're lucky I like you," he squints, "way too much. Seriously there should be a limit."

Changbin rolls onto his front, squishing his nose onto the pillow.

"I need to pee," Felix crawls outside. "I'll be back, hyung."

Changbin wakes up feeling like he died, which shouldn't be a new thing given that's how he feels inside all the time. But when it's physical, he needs like five moments to process and assess his surroundings to properly freak out.

He's in bed. Yep.

Blankets? Yep.

Food? Plenty.
Water? Enough.
Meds? Ah he must've been sick.
Felix? Sitting up and writing.
Towels? There are a -

Wait.
Felix?

"Felix?" His limbs undergo a spasm period of whoops there is my cute dongsaeng who I may or may not be crushing on sitting in the same bed as me I must panic. The blanket is kicked away. Many items of clothing fly. Felix rears back, clutching the book he's writing on to his chest, eyes wide.

"Hi?" The blonde greets, but it sounds like what is wrong with you to Changbin's ears.

"Why are you here?" His voice sounds like it took a trip south to hang out with Satan and never came back. Felix gestures to the jug of water on the floor, pointing and glaring at him until he reaches over and pours a cup.

"I came in to check on Jeonginnie, said hi to you but you weren't replying so when I came to check you were burning up. I've stayed with you since. The kids all evacuated to somewhere else so you don't have to worry."

"Big fucking deal, Lee," Changbin grouses, hands messing with his hair, "why didn't you just leave me?"

"Pretty sure I passed it onto you, so it's only right if I take care of you like you did with me," Felix shrugs.

"You say it like it's something natural," one corner of Changbin's mouth curls up slightly.

"Is it not supposed to?"

"I don't know, Yongbokkie," Felix's eyes widen, thick lashes fluttering, "seems awfully close just for a friend."

"Are you friendzoning me right now?" The blonde gasps, giggling, hand clasped over his chest dramatically. "I can't believe you. My own hyungnim. My to-be-secret-boyfriend. Friendzoning me. Well I guess this relationship is cancelled then. It's great while we were flirting hyung. I learnt many things. I will now try them on Chris."

"Don't you dare," Changbin snorts, scooting closer, "I'll break his kneecaps."

"Terrifying," Felix leans in and lets his cheek brushes against Changbin's lips once. Twice. "I'm sure he'll be absolutely horrified."

Changbin hums, closing his eyes. "Stay."

"I'm not leaving."
"Stay."

"Okay okay fine. I'm staying."

"No switching rooms," Woojin puts down his foot. It squeaks on the floor. "If you get to switch, next it'll be Jisung leaving every night. Stay where you're meant to be."

"But hyung-" Felix starts to pout, lower lip jutting out pitifully (at least to Changbin it is, the whipped fucker), "can we swap for two or three nights?"

"I agree," Hyunjin adds on.

"Me too me too!" Jisung's hand shoots upwards. "Please please!"

Woojin looks at Chan for reinforcement only to see the you're 8 against 1 give it up mate look. Minho at least has the decency to whisper a soft 'sorry' to him.

"Fine. Do what you want," he concedes. "I'm so tired. I need sleep."

"Yes you do. This is all just a bad dream," Chan gives him a total of three pats on the shoulder. "Sleep Woojin hyung."

"I'll break your kneecaps don't try me Bang."

"Why are my kneecaps always getting attacked they've done nothing to you! Hyung! Hyung come back!"

Chapter End Notes

FOR THOSE WHO ARE WAITING I AM WRITING YOUR PROMPTS I'M JUST A PERFECTIONIST AND I WANT THEM TO SOUND DECENT PLEASE UNDERSTAND

Comments speed up the production of prompts - a scientific facts. Kudos and bookmarking too.
Lacking the Seung in the Seungjin duo

Chapter Summary

They argue all the time, about everything and anything. The competition is fierce and all in all pointless, some sort of rivalry starting from their kindergarten years or if you listen to Seungmin, 'it started when our parents wanted us to bond and I knew straight away that I had to assert my dominance over his stupid good-looking face'. Their mutual friends, the entire neighbourhood, teachers and everyone else who come into contact with Seungjin either drop in defeat or become immune to their constant competition.

Chapter Notes

The prompt - was hoping for hyunjin and seungmin from denden. Wherever you are I had a crack at it please enjoy!

I made it into a high school I always compete with you to see who's the superior one out of the both of us AU. Hope you like this short one!

Kudos to you if you can find who the guest cameos are.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I finished first!"

"No I did!"

"Me!"

"Me!"

"Boys, boys," Chan tells them. When Seungmin and Hyunjin show no signs of stopping he slams the bottle of Coke onto the table. "Back to studying, please."

They acquiesce, even though Seungmin mumbles.

"I still got the most correct."

Chan stops Hyunjin from lunging across the small table without lifting his eyes from his marking.

"What now?" Jisung asks, disinterested at the NASCAR speed Hyunjin is scribbling onto his notebook. "No don't say anything," the boy puts a hand up, "I have to finish before Seungmin."
"I wanted to play soccer with Changbin-hyung," is Hyunjin's reply.

"Sure you do pal, sure you do."

"Uh," Ryujin taps Jisung's shoulder, "there's a guy asking for Hyunjin." Her forehead crinkles, as if she's debating her next words. "Really intimidating."

Her face is asking if they deal in drugs. Jisung mirrors her expression, scrunching up his face in utter distaste.

"See, Changbin-hyung is here to fetch me," Hyunjin slams his book shut like nothing is out of the ordinary. Ryujin spares Jisung one last judgemental look and walks away, with Hyunjin running to the door and excitedly chatting to Changbin.

"But where is Seungminnie?" Jisung looks around, the classroom mercifully lacking the Seung in the Seungjin duo, or as Minho nicknames them The Cacophonous Assholes. They argue all the time, about everything and anything. The competition is fierce and all in all pointless, some sort of rivalry starting from their kindergarten years or if you listen to Seungmin, 'it started when our parents wanted us to bond and I knew straight away that I had to assert my dominance over his stupid good-looking face'. Their mutual friends, the entire neighbourhood, teachers and everyone else who come into contact with Seungjin either drop in defeat or become immune to their constant competition. But Seungmin without Hyunjin is a rare sight. The last time it happened Hyunjin was away for a dance competition for three days (and eight hours, Seungmin had counted, tallied, made a timeline and stopwatch countdown in his room and everything). Either Seungmin is dead or lost a leg somewhere -

"Oi," Jisung hears, Yejin's voice next to his ear, "science building. Seungmin."

"You call that a good shot? That's a terrible shot!" Chaeyoung points at Minho who's fumbling with his dribble. "COME ON!"

"Noona," Hyunjin runs past her, "you're terrifying."

"WELL RUN FASTER WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY! TZUYU I SAW THAT. HAND BALL. HAND BALL."

"Who let her referee?" Changbin mutters, pulling his tucked shirt from under his belted school pants to mop at his face. "She's a demon."

"I HEARD THAT YOU STRING BEAN!"

A blur runs by and crashes into Hyunjin. Changbin and him both rear back and catch the person, who's shaking hair out of his eyes. Suddenly he's collared and Lee Felix is staring at his eyeballs.

"Seungmin is being cornered at the science corridor. Run."

Hyunjin doesn't even have time to process anything. He just ran.

"What's up?" Seungmin lifts an earbud from his ear at the tap on his shoulder. Looming over him are three people, expressions closed off. He feels an instinctive voice inside his head saying whatever this is, he should get out of it, pronto. "Can I help you?"
"Yes, indeed you can," one girl leans down, too down, until their noses touch. "You're a menace. Fuck off. Stop bothering Hyunjin."

People are gathering around the hallway area. Someone pulls out a phone. The girl is still staring at him, mouth curled up on one side of her face.

"Why not, huh? Got a crush on him or something?"

"Whether I do or don't shouldn't matter to you. Please move away. I'm leaving," he finds his voice and attempts to shift back, to have breathing space to think.

She steps closer.

"How do you think the school would feel about that, having a gay kid in our school? Disgusting. You don't deserve to be here," she snarls into his face. He doesn't flinch.

"Once again, the school doesn't need your help specifically to 'remove' me. My sexuality should not affect my performance or how I function at school. I don't see any validity in your arguments."

"Oh and the faggot speaks back?" A finger to his forehead. "Well I'm saying it's disgusting, so stop hovering around Hyunjin like you're a bitch on heat."

"Frankly speaking," he swipes her hand away, rolling his shoulders. She moves back, eyes narrowed. "Why don't you approach him with your noble intentions instead of using me as a scapegoat for your failed attempts?"

Her expression shifts briefly to horror until she lets out a loud bark, raising her hand.

Many things happen.

Seungmin's own hand shoots out to lock onto her wrist, holding it in place in mid air. She bucks, trying to pull her wrist back. Before Seungmin can do anything drastic, a hand shoots out to grab his other wrist, pulling him bodily back.

"You're going to regret it," Hyunjin tells him, next to his ear.

"I'm leaving anyways," Seungmin turns to stalk away, not even bothering to look at the girl, Hyunjin's hand still attached to his wrist.

"So," Hyunjin begins, "why were you there, chilling in the corridor?"

"Had a question and Dr Park is always in that corridor so figured I should ask him about it."

"Nerd."

"I will literally punch you Hwang Hyunjin," he raises a fist, not even bothering to glare at Hyunjin. Their hands separate. "Why were you there?"

With the uttermost serious face, Hyunjin faces him.

"You can't die before me. I have to die first."
Seungmin does punch him. Hard. In the side of the stomach.

"Jisungie," Felix twirls a pen, "how long do you think it'll take until they notice they like each other?"

"You're looking around the one year mark," Yejin drops in their conversation casually, hands on Felix and Jisung's shoulders. "Super dense. So dense. How are they so smart and so dense?"

"You're asking me as if I have all the answers, Park," Jisung rolls his eyes. "News flash, I do not."

"They're so cute together," she sighs, ignoring him, "imagine them competing to be more romantic."

"Please stop," Felix points the pen at her.

"HWANG HYUNJIN STOP LYING I GOT MORE CORRECT!"

"NO YOU DIDN'T I DID!"

"Yeah," Yejin nods, sagely, "one year. Keep a tally."

Chapter End Notes

SEND ME MORE REQUESTS AND COMMENT LOTS AND LOTS
At some point Felix had to bait Seungmin with beef jerky

Chapter Summary

The doorbell rings. Chan, sleeves rolled up and over his elbows, shorts also rolled, both hands and feet immersed in soapy water with three boys in the bath, debates the pros and cons of leaving three kids by themselves as he braves the distance to the door.

Chapter Notes

Can I get some of this Aussie line interactions and some motherly! Chan over Felix, Seungmin, and Jeongin plz! Maybe an au where the boys are all hybrids maybe and Chan is the “owner” - HI ALAINA_DEJA (oops I don't know your real name) HERE YOU GO I HAD FUN WITH IT SORRY THAT IT WAS SHORT AND IT DEFINITELY HAS AUSSIE LINE INTERACTION FELIX IS A WHOLE SON

Also disclaimer I never took care of babies I don't know how parenting works please forgive

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"DADDY! APPA!"

"No no no baby not a toy not a toy Minnie-yah!" Chan has never ran so fast in his life, hurdling over a kitchen bench to scoop Seungmin up in his arms and disarm the child of the dangerous club he's sporting.

Told you you should've put heavy objects on higher places where the children can't touch them, Minho's voice scoffs, too Minho-esque to his liking.

No shut up Minho that was not an invitation to start mocking my parenting techniques. You can't even mother Hyunjin. Shut up.

"Chris, Chris," he hears from the direction of his bedroom, the English strange in the land of Korea but not in his household, "Jeongin's pants are dirty."

"Can you change his pants for me, honey? I need to clean up out here. Minnie made a mess," he wraps Seungmin around him with a sash around him, a loincloth designed to hold babies not private parts in place. He's careful not to tie Seungmin's tail into the cloth, pulling it aside and tickling the boy's belly. His baby giggles and grabs his fingers, undeveloped teeth sticking out from under gums. Seungmin's a raccoon, hands a mixture of paws and fingers, sooty black and always seem to carry things that will hurt him. Besides his sharp amber eyes and a tail, the hybrid baby is as much a baby as any other babies.

The slurs painted on his mailbox last week didn't seem to think so, but Woojin had taken care of
that. Something about beating the hooligans up. Not Chan's business nor should he care. He cares that Seungmin had tried to grab hold of one of the spray cans left behind and he had to chase the child up three stories of their apartment block to get those back. At some point Felix had to bait Seungmin with beef jerky, Jeongin slung on his back.

Speaking of those two, Felix emerges from one of their bedrooms, Jeongin's rid of the soiled pants, held up by the armpits. Chan throws the last of broken pieces of glassware into the bin, broom in hand to sweep the smaller fragments of glass away. Jeongin is shoved up in his face, talcum powder lingering on soft skin as Felix runs back to clean up inside the bedroom.

"Thanks honey!"

"Do we just soak it?"

"With hot water and soap. Don't put too much soap."

"Daddy, daddy," Hyunjin hugs Jeongin to his chest, pressing his cheek onto the baby's, "can I have a younger brother?"

Minho and Chan exchange a look, tea cups still steaming in their hands. Chan's face is a loud and clear don't do it hoe. Minho crouches down to Hyunjin, petting his thin fine hair.

"Maybe when you're a bigger boy, okay baby?"

"But Felix already has two younger brothers," Hyunjin whines, "I want my own too."

"You can come play with Ginnie," Chan crouches too, eyes etched into crescents, "he misses you when you're gone."

"Bang Chan don't spoil him. Jeongin needs to sleep."

Jeongin makes a sound and cuddles closer to Hyunjin. His smile is threatening to split his face in half as he gazes down onto the baby.

"I've decided," Hyunjin tucks Jeongin under his arms, "I'm going to marry him when we're both adults."

Minho amazingly doesn't break, but his hands are twitching. Chan stares at the tiny toddler, barely 3, and counts to three. He mutters something that sounds like 'not another Felix episode, please, God.'

"Later, baby, when you're both adults," Minho puts a solemn hand on his son's shoulder while glaring at Chan who's standing behind the toddler.

This is all your fault, he glares.

Bro how?

Men can't get married in South Korea. You're going to break my child's heart. Say Jeongin is engaged or something.

He's 3. I doubt he'll remember this when he turns 20.
"Hey Jinnie-yah," Chan whispers, when Minho turns his head, "if Korea doesn't let you marry my baby, let's go overseas and get you guys married, okay?"

"You promise?"

"Pinky promise."

The doorbell rings. Chan, sleeves rolled up and over his elbows, shorts also rolled, both hands and feet immersed in soapy water with three boys in the bath, debates the pros and cons of leaving three kids by themselves as he braves the distance to the door. It's not a particularly long walk, he can even run, but his feet are slippery from the bath, it'll be double time his normal I'm-running-because-I-frankly-do-not-care-about-you-my-children-need-me and once more, three children, unsupervised. Felix he has no problem trusting, going on 6 and a reliable older brother to the other two. Seungmin and Jeongin together either are perfect angels who don't make each other permanently blind by throwing sand at each other or collaborate on a snack spree which ended his kitchen, dented five pots and plugged on the blender at 3.45 in the morning.

Chan came to work that day with eye bags wider than his eyes. His manager didn't nag him when she found him passed out twenty minutes before work ends on his desk, instead delivering to him a hamper basket from everyone else in the office, goods ranging from cleaning products to food. He might've sobbed, in defeated gratefulness or some primal emotions, collapsed on the table until Woojin swing by to scrape his ass up from the table, dragging him home.

"Who's there?" He lingers by the threshold of the bathroom, deeming rudeness to his visitors preferable to his bathroom demolished by his two beloved demons, cute as they are.

"Channie I forgot to pick up milk for you and the babies. I'll come back real quick," Woojin's voice drifts in from outside. A loud 'thwack' interrupts a prepared response from Chan as he whips his head back to see Seungmin trying to wrestle Felix under the water, Jeongin mercifully hanging off the towel rack and away from accidental drowning.

He screams at the door, hoping Woojun understands by then that this noise means thank you for the milk my oldest child is about to die don't expect a coherent reply.

Woojin shouts an "Okay then!", maybe some mumbling about how he's ungrateful and a brat, but Felix is rescued and Seungmin is properly chastised, lower lip jutted out. Chan sighs, lifting the boy to wet bathroom tiles, handing him a towel, still with an unimpressed face. He's drying Jeongin, arms lifting lethargically, his bushy tail twitching.

"Who's a good baby, who's a good baby?" He's nuzzling the monkey hybrid with his cheek, grinning as the baby squeals back and hits his nose with tiny fists. "You are, you are," Chan continues, voice reaching a higher pitch, or his talking with my angels voice, bitterly named by Minho, the jealous sleazer.

"Papa!" Seungmin shrieks from somewhere. Chan bundles Jeongin, hoists him into his arms and turns without falling flat on his face, all under one second.

Felix is holding baby Seungmin by the armpits, blowing into his ears as Seungmin shrieks an apology, tail thrashing and splashing water which rains down on all four of them. Jeongin squeals, laughter clear in his voice, arms reaching out to 'Pepix, Pepix.'

Chan sighs, relaxed that Felix doesn't hold a grudge (the Seos nearby didn't escape this fate, by
Felix's three year old's logic of 'they kept me away from Binnie-hyungie') against his baby brother. Jeongin ceases squirming, planting a wet and big kiss on his cheek, giggling as Chan imitates his squeals.

"Wait wait wait wait!"

"Stop throwing more bears. Minnie. Minnie! YAH BANG SEUNGMIN CAN YOU STOP!"

"Too loud," Jeongin complains, burrowing his face into his pillow.

"Boys, you do this every night. I don't understand how is this any different than yesterday," Chan sighs, removing his specs and placing them on the table. At the two boys' constant bicker that seemingly runs for a while, he pinches his brows. "Turn off the light when you're done, okay kids?"

"Okay, love you, papa," Felix squeezes his middle tightly. Seungmin climbs over Jeongin to give his cheek a loud, smacking kiss before turning back to bicker with Felix.

"Daddy?" Jeongin asks, head tucked under Chan's chin, "did you really promise to let Felix hyung get married to Binnie-hyung when he was three?"

"Oh god please no," Chan moans, rolling away in shame, "no no please don't."

"He promised you away to marriage too," Seungmin's voice rises in accusation. Felix is blessedly silent.

Then.

"You promised me to who?"

"Ginnie-yah I thought you loved daddy."

"I love you," is his baby's quick reply.

"He's lying," Seungmin points out straight away.

"Play nice, you two," Felix placates, anger gone in a flash, a miraculous feat given his German shepherd hybrid genes, "he's old and delicate. If we bully him too much he'll die of dejection."

"Oh god hyung I think you killed him. APPA! APPA!"

"He's being dramatic he's alive."

Chapter End Notes

For the people who are still waiting for their prompts to be fulfilled I'm so sorry that they are late. I write prompts not on how early you submitted them I just write them as I feel like it (I'm sorry). However I am on a roll tonight (currently 11.45 pm) and hopefully I'll crank out another fic after this one, like the repeated ones about Felix struggling with Korean ( wow sadist much guys I struggled with English too leave my
child be he's trying his best).

IF YOU GIVE ME LOTS OF COMMENTS I'LL WRITE EVEN FASTER I JUST FOUND OUT I HAVE MORE TIME TO WRITE DRABBLES KEEP YOUR PROMPTS COMING
He begins the Cheer Up routine, screeching the high notes to the heaven.

Chapter Summary

"Hey hyung," Jisung faces a sleeping Minho on his bed, also facing him, "welcome home."

"Go the fuck to sleep you distracting idiots!"

Chapter Notes

but I just want to say that Min and Lix are back. I just want to celebrate by reading fics. Can you like make a fic with Min x anyone or even everyone. If possible, ty and ily by Aleqsxia

I'd like to say that this is just OT9 with a hint of Jisung x Minho. Hope you're okay with that.

ALSO I'M SORRY FOR DISAPPEARING I GOT MY RESULTS FROM SCHOOL AND I WAS SAD FOR LIKE THREE DAYS THEN 18/12/17 HAPPENED BUT I PICKED MYSELF UP NOW AND YOU CAN HAVE STRAY KIDS STUFF

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I think I saw someone outside," Hyunjin tries to fit his head outside, finger rolling down the tinted car window. Woojin drags him back by the back of his shirt.

"It looked like Min-" he protests, flapping his sleeves while Woojin freezes. Jeongin hiccups, palms held over his gaping mouth.

"No it wasn't," Jisung insists, "let's keep going."

"I honestly swear to god," Hyunjin keeps insisting, "I saw him."

"No you didn't," Woojin counters. "None of us did."

"But-"

"You're making the kids upset," Changbin passes by him, mouth pressed in an effort to stop himself from saying too much.

"But-"

"Jinnie-yah," Chan calls, "help me with this step."
Felix pulls him aside.

"I saw him too."

"Do you think he's okay? What if he died and returned as a ghost to haunt the dance line? What if Big Hit kidnapped him because he's so good and he should train with BTS instead of rotting in JYP's basement? What if-"

"How about you stop watching conspiracy videos and stop?" Felix throws a piece of celery stalk at Seungmin's head. "No one died, dumbass."

"You never know that," returns Seungmin, in a suspicious whisper. Felix rolls back his sleeves, ready to smack this kid clear of his nonsense when Hyunjin sighs.

"You good there mate?" The blonde asks in English.

"Yeah, sure."

"Don't beat yourself over what already happened," Felix grips his shoulder while Seungmin's "He's too good to be gone forever from the debut lineup."

Felix passes Seungmin a 'thank you' with his widening eyes. His roommate rolls his eyes back at him. Obviously.

"But if he's alive why is he in sight of us? What if the company sees him? What if fans see him?"

"Hyunjin-ah," Felix puts a comforting hand to the back of his head, "breathe. I trust what PD-nim is doing. Mostly. Hyung will come back to us."

"Yeah! We'll debut together!" Pipes in Seungmin. When Hyunjin's head still stays down low, the maknae breathes in. Felix scoots back, knowing full well something will go extremely wrong.

"Cheer up Hyunjin, cheer up Hyunjin!" he begins the Cheer Up routine, screeching the high notes to the heaven.

"Make it stop!" Felix wails.

"I'm cheered up, I'm cheered up!"

"Oh, Minho-hyung," Changbin hums, eyes passing over a familiar back.

Then his brain catches up with his eyes.

"Minho-hyung?"

Minho grins from outside his window. "How you doing, kid?"

"Jisung will throw a fit," is what Changbin says in reply. Minho continues grinning.

"Brilliant. To the dorms it is."
"I got a text from Binnie," Chan rolls to the right and falls off his mattress. Woojin sighs and hauls him up by the scruff of his shirt. "It was really confusing. I think there's Russian."

Woojin squints at the mess of emojis on Chan's screen, feeling the exhaustion of managing 7 literal children weighing heavily on him already. Minho hasn't even been gone for three days yet and there's already anarchy.

"Call?" Woojin points.

Chan picks up.

"I'm in front of the dorms. Mind unlocking the door?" Comes Minho's cheery voice.

Chan tosses the phone onto a bed as he and Woojin push each other out of the doorway to run to the front door.

Jisung opens the front door, headphones already inside his pocket, ready for his nightly runs. The door swings open to reveal one Lee Minho, scarf knitted by his nephew up to his nose, his cheeks pink-bitten by the wind.

Jisung throws himself at the boy. There's no sound, only them two hugging at the doorway.

"Why's the door open?" Jeongin asks, coming outside of his room. "Jisung-hyung?"

"MINHO-IE!" Comes Chan's tribal war cry.

"Where?!" The children thunder after they snap out of their shock. "There?!"

"I'm literally outside. It's cold," Changbin complains.

"Oh my God he's not dead," Hyunjin marvels.

They all crush Minho into one massive group hug, Changbin included. And he hates physical contact.

"Why are you here?" Jeongin demands.

"How are you here?" Woojin asks.

"Why did you disappear for like three days?" Hyunjin looks at him.

"How did you know which car Changbin hyung was in?" Felix asks.

"Magic," Minho grins, breathless, "but also the staff told me."

"I knew the staff were on our side," Chan whispers not-so-quietly, the sound victorious.

"And I just needed time to think and reflect on what I did that dragged down the team. After a while though I thought that by myself it'll be even harder, so," Minho laces his hands with Jisung and Woojin, "I'll be by your side, even if I hurt."
"Still think it's a publicity stunt," Seungmin says.

"Can you just stop we are trying to have a moment," Changbin scolds him.

"You disgusting emotional flamingo," Jisung sobs. Everyone tells him afterwards that he looked ugly. "We thought you got kicked out of the company or something."

"No I actually requested to have some time off to think. It was kinda sudden I do know now when I just upped and left without telling you guys anything," Minho rubs the back of Jisung's neck with one hand, eyes tender. "Forgive me."

"What is that called?" Felix leans over to Chan.

"PDA," the blonde whispers back.

"No like the Korean word, Chris, Jesus, get it together."

"Uh I think affection is close," Chan frowns, "yeah, affection."

"Disgusting," Hyunjin smiles, "three days and you're already like this."

"Don't leave again," Jeongin drapes himself all over Minho's back. "I missed you."

"Ew I'm crying," Seungmin sobs. Woojin bundles him into his chest, executing bro thumps on the kid's back, with Seungmin choking.

"Hey hyung," Jisung faces a sleeping Minho on his bed, also facing him, "welcome home."

"Go the fuck to sleep you distracting idiots!"

Chapter End Notes

Also something happened and I'm not too sure what but this is the end result of me getting spoilers for episode 10 and I'm a mess writing while sobbing

Will have an actual schedule up soon so y'all know when to tune in for trash fanfic I pulled out from the void
He allows himself two seconds of regret

Chapter Summary

"Please stop him," Changbin tells Woojin who's busy with the handed out cat and not his reputation being damaged. Felix coos over him and the cat. Even Hyunjin solemnly informs him he'd fulfilled his duties as a tsundere man, to the core principles.

He just wants to get out and go home.

But the cat did look damn cute.

Chapter Notes

A KINDA FLUFFY CRACK FIC WITH 8 TIMES THE MEMBERS (ALL)
ALMOST SAW SOFT CHANGBIN AND THE ONE TIME THEY DID by ikyksou

(I know you requested this two weeks ago but here it is at last please forgive me I just write stuff and hope it works)

I think it turned into Changbin being tsundere and being nice rather than being soft.
AND IT JUST DERAILED FROM THERE ASDFGHJKLL OOPS I'LL WRITE A DIFFERENT ONE IF YOU'RE NOT OKAY WITH THIS IT'S JUST PURE CRACK

Sorry. And I updated twice in a day I did warn you of bad content.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1. Jeongin

Being the youngest means that he will either

1. be mothered/smothered/ coddled

2. be bullied

Literally there is no in-between. The hyungs' moods swing from one end to another quicker than Jeongin can catch up and he's perpetually on edge as to what kinda day is it for him every morning.

Luckily there are only like four people that he especially watches out for; the rest stay mercifully decent and motherly to him. Who are they? Well.

One Bang Byungchan, one Kim Woojin, one Kim Seungmin and one Seo Changbin.

The first two suffer from extreme maternal instincts. He is their child. They are married with 7 kids and he is the baby and they will bundle him in fifty fluffy blankets and wrap him in bubble wrap.

The last two are the mood swingers. One day they could be aggressively mothering him and by the
afternoon could boss him around to fit their agendas.

It's frustrating, trying to navigate through this hierarchy. Who made these social ladders that say *if thou art younger thence thou must followeth thy elders' words.*

Lies.

His elders know as much as he does, probably even less (he saw Hyunjin fumbled with the remote control to the sound system in one of the training rooms before - it was both sad and funny). He does not deserve to be treated as less than a person. He deserves better. He deserves -

Something cold. On the back of his neck.

Jeongin's spine concave into itself and he launches himself about a couple of metres into the air, screaming hysterically.

"What? Who? Why?" He cries, holding the back of his head, looking around. Only Changbin is holding a still-cold can of Coke, one eyebrow quirked up in the most unimpressed manner eyebrows can be quirked up, other hand on his hip.

"Are you done?" The older boy asks. Jeongin nods, nervous. He's waiting for the day to be determined right here right now. And squawks when the can is passed over to him with Changbin staring at it until he pops it open and sips the sugary poison, blinking up at their main rapper.

"Thanks, hyung?" He tries. He really did. He's waiting for a snide remark, typical of Changbin. Changbin only stares at him some more and walks away, shouldering his way out of the room.

Jeongin stares too, confused as to what had transpired. What has happened? His knowledge of the world is compromised. Changbin had acted out of his customary ways, almost to the extent of being nice.

Jeongin shudders when he thinks of the words 'nice' and 'Changbin' together in a sentence. It scares him even in his thoughts.

"Well," he chugs, "more poison for me I guess."

2. Hyunjin

Hyunjin is a good person. Sometimes he has this abandoned child at the amusement park look on his face when things are happening too fast and he can't really follow, but with good reasons. Has anyone ever heard one Chan speak in normal speed? Search up Zelo's rap in Weekly Idol. That is the normal speed. But with English. A lot of English and accented Korean. With lots of hand gestures that knock about ten flies from their flights.

He's a good person but right now his hyung, his friend, his capable leader, one Bang Chan, is doing a shoddy job of explaining whatever the hell he wants to do with the choreography.

He doesn't even know if there's a theme. Is there one? Is it there at all?

Who knows. Except you're Bang Boss Man with all the Big Ideas but you can't Speak Slowly.

Hyunjin can feel his will leaving his body. He can't do this. Their choreography will be a mess. No one can blame him. He tried but all he managed to catch is 'you, left, center' and weirdly 'sit on my
"Oi," Changbin suddenly comes into view, bearing an iPad, "hold this. Chan, come."

"Why?" They both ask.

"All the plans and shit are in there. Use that," he looks at Hyunjin. At Chan he scoffs, "I need you to check over the raps. Jisung thinks he messed up one verse and it's stressing him out to raid the pantry for chocolates."

"I'm coming," Chan takes off.

"But you're not-" Hyunjin remembers Jisung practicing raps with Changbin this morning and not writing anything, "thanks?"

"Go back to that," Changbin leaves as Chan's loud 'My child Jisungie your lyrics are always perfect you don't need to stress!' echoes in three corridors.

Hyunjin's scrolling through the iPad as the thought struck him.

"Did Changbin-hyung just," he gasps, "try to be nice to me? Oh my god. It was almost soft. What."

3. Minho

"Taste this," he holds up a ladle to one unsuspecting child to his left. Could be from Jeongin to Jisung, in that spectrum of I-will-say-your-cooking-is-good-even-though-I-want-to-cry-at-the-taste to you're-not-horrible-I-just-hate-the-world-also-your-outfit-is-ugly.

Changbin leans over to taste the stew. Some called it the Draught of Living Death. Some called it Demon's Drinks/Poison/Beverage.

Bottom line is Minho can't cook for shit.

Changbin swallows, clicking his tongue.

"More salt," he looks Minho in the eye. He's not too sure if the child is serious or not, because he accidentally dumped four spoons of salt in there and it tastes ridiculously salty, but he appreciates the effort.

"I'll do that then. Run along now Binnie-yah," he waves the ladle in the direction of the lounge, "be off. Be merry."

When Changbin tries to appear like he's not fleeing to get water, Minho throws in gracious spoonfuls of sugar, grinning.

"Soft and sweet. When will he stop being tsundere?"

4. Seungmin

"But I want the plushie!" He wails.

"Well I want it more!" Felix shrieks back with as much intensity.
Neither of them refuse to let go of the Pikachu plushie.

Granted, it's really big. Like fucking huge. Like Seungmin would risk getting fined for physical assault to fight for this plushie, prying it from Felix's cold unconscious fingers huge.

And Felix knows he loves his Pokemon. The shit just wants to piss him off.

"Clearly Seungmin, one of us has to be the bigger person here," Felix puts a foot forward, growling. Apparently the sight of his canines is supposed to intimidate him. Seungmin thinks the fuck not.

"You're right because it ain't gonna be me," he pulls the Pikachu to him. Felix yanks it back. Seungmin trips over something and falls forward, his grip on the plushie loose and redundant as Felix seizes the yellow monstrosity, cackling as Seungmin collapses Pikachu-less to the ground.

Except that he didn't meet the ground. Someone pulls him back by the back of his shirt and he tries to gain possession of the Pikachu again, but finds himself being dragged back by the person who just prevented him of 20,000 won of hospital bill for a broken nose.

Felix's eyes are wide and he's blinking a lot. Seungmin turns to see Changbin, pulling out his wallet and murmuring to the stall owner, who digs and holds up an identical Pikachu plushie to the one Felix is holding. Changbin receives it with a blank face, nodding a soft thank you and turns to the two boys.

"Didn't know you were into Pokemon, hyung," Seungmin looks at Changbin, all dressed in black with a permanent resting bitch face, holding the brightest thing he ever held in the near vicinity, not if you count the chandelier(s) in his house.

"Stop arguing," Changbin pushes the plushie onto him. Seungmin hugs it tightly before he can reply. "You're making us look bad."

"My Pikachu," he coos at the yellow huggable. "Changbin-hyung I owe you my life."

"I don't want it. Come, Chan thinks you're both dead. So loud."

5. Chan

It's all quiet. Somewhere distant there is someone humming.

Bang Chan knows that inside a dorm, being one that lived in a dorm for 6 years himself, there's little to no privacy. So when there are moments where privacy can be given, falsely, others just generally pretend they are deaf and blind at that moment.

So when he hears Changbin whispering something to his mother over the phone, voice softer than he's ever had to all the other boys, he leaves him be.

"Yes, mum, I'm eating well. No I'm not bullying anyone. I miss you. A lot. It's hard but I chose this. I'm not alone."

"There are eight people behind me."
Chan goes back to bed.

6. Woojin

This is a disaster.

"What do you mean, there's no more makeup?" He asks the staff, the clear how the fuck do we look like decent humans on screen then ringing in his voice.

"You're our stylists," Jeongin looks at them helplessly. You're supposed to be professional, his eyes say.

The stylists hang their heads in collective shame at being called out by teens and three barely adults.

"God what's next?" Jisung asks no one in particular. "Changbin knows how to do makeup?"

Changbin's head emerges from underneath someone's open suitcase (it might've been Hyunjin - everyone and their dogs know he hides makeup products everywhere he goes; Seungmin tripped over a serum bottle last week), eyebrows pinched.

"Call me hyung, brat," he pulls out a plastic bag, "and yes I do know how to do makeup."

"Oh god tomorrow I'm going to speak fluent Korean," Felix turns to Chan, "and you can all call me Yongbok."

"There's no guarantee -" Seungmin begins, but Changbin had already harassed Woojin into sitting nicely and already dabbing cream and moisturiser onto his face, hands working like he knows exactly what he's doing.

It's a bit terrifying.

Woojin squirms and Changbin glares down at him.

"Still, or I'll highlight your acne, bitch."

He settles down.

"I wasn't serious about being fluent in Korean," Felix amends himself, "but y'all can call me Yongbok because this shit is magical. Look at his cheeks," he turns Woojin's cheek to the children to ooh and aah over.

"Will I get cut if I touch it?" Jisung asks. Woojin's not too sure if that's a legit question.

"Did you take my highlight?" Hyunjin asks shrilly. Changbin allows Jeongin to swipe his finger twice on Woojin's freshly highlighted nose then bats all intrusive hands away, glowering. Felix clings onto Seungmin, the Pikachu feud long forgotten between the two of them.

"That doesn't matter," Minho waves it aside, "his nose looks sharp. And long. Like a graceful swan."

"Hyung you're losing your words," Jisung chimes in and Minho pinches him. The lyricist dances
away, flapping his arms like a bird taking off.

"Binnie-yah."

"Stop talking I'm almost done."

"When did you learn to do this?"

Changbin is now eye level with him, eyes uncharacteristically softer than normal. "Neighbour. Weak arms so she couldn't do her makeup herself. Used to come over for dinner when I was young and learnt how to do makeup. Got better when I tried on mum and when her high school graduation party came around I did her makeup. She's somewhere in Seoul now."

"Ah," Woojin hums, "thanks for not letting this show go to shit."

"Quiet," Changbin motions for him to close his eyes, "you're being annoying."

7. Jisung

There's a thud in the dark. Something groans. It probably was a human sound.

"Who died?" Hyunjin slurs.

"Binnie-hyung?" Jeongin asks. Changbin grunts in reply.

Something is thrown in the dark and collapses against the light switch. The lights splutter on, with three boys on their beds, hair five different ways and squinting eyes. Jeongin knocks his ankles on the pole of his bunk bed as he tries to get off his own bed, sitting weirdly and staring at his leg.

Changbin notices a Jisung shape on the floor, breathing in bliss ignorance, shoulders moving up and down. He drops down to the floor, grunting, pulling pillows and blanket with him and throws them over Jisung, then rolling his head onto the blanket.

"Turn the lights off," he tells Hyunjin.

A balled-up pair of socks fly towards the light switch again. The lights shutter off.

One last thing Jeongin sees before he's knocked out is Changbin scooting closer to Jisung, tucking the boy's head under his chin and hugging him close to his chest.

"Yo, Bin," someone shoves his shoulder. Changbin refuses to open his eyes.

"Yah, shithead, you're choking me," something like annoying and Jisung blends together. Changbin doesn't need to confirm that it's actually 1/3 of 3RACHA, or 1/1 of the Annoying Line. He rolls away, limbs flying in different directions and hitting things like the floor and bed legs and a human body.

"Did I hug you to sleep," he slurs, eyes not opening, maybe to protect him from Jisung's judgemental eyes.
"Uh," he lets his lids go up a midge. Jisung is squinting at his pile of blankets. "I think. Honestly I don't know anymore."

"You good though?" He asks.

"I literally do not care unless you kill me in the dead of the night," Jisung deadpans. Thinking better of his words he tacks a pitiful "please don't kill me." Changbin scoffs.

"Why would I bother? I'm too young to go to jail."

"Great! I want food! Clean up, get out, don't come near me unless you've had a shower," Jisung pulls the blanket from under his legs and makes kicking motions with his socked feet. It smells disgusting.

"Goodbye you failure," Changbin stands up.

Jisung graces him with a tongue out.

8. Felix

Felix walks into the fridge handle at two in the morning.

Just. Walked into it. No preamble or anything. Straight up step step hit.

It's a loud noise. Someone grumbles from inside their room.

"Yongbokkie?" Someone calls him. Instantly he shakes himself awake.

"Don't call me that," he scowls then squints at the fridge.

"The hell are you doing?" The voice hisses at him. It sounds pissed off.

"I don't know. I'm so tired," he tells the handle, "sorry for walking into you. Sorry that I made you talk."

"No you stupid foreigner, here!"

Seo Changbin is standing to his right, holding a water bottle threateningly, eyes telling him all the concerns and worries one should have for children who walk into fridge doors then hold conversations with said doors.

Felix is just tired, okay? Give him a break. His brain doesn't even know what year it is.

"Can I crash in your room, hyung?" He asks instead.

"What's wrong with yours?" Changbin squints suspiciously at his room. "Did Seungmin die?"

"Nah he snores pretty loud though and I can't sleep."

"Come," Changbin's hand finds his wrist. The grip is almost gentle. "Hurry. I want to sleep."

Felix lets himself be dragged across their dorm in the middle of the night, smile dopey on his face.
"Is that a kitty?" Jeongin gasps and shoves Hyunjin aside to crouch in front of one of the stylists' pet.

"Can I pat it?" Jisung asks, already kneeled down, eye-level with the obscenely white kitten.

The stylist makes a vague gesture that probably meant *sure go ahead* as she fixes Chan's hair.

As soon as Jeongin makes an attempt to be the cat's friend, leaning forward, the kitten sprints from the mini circle of boys crowding it, running elsewhere.

Running to someone.

Changbin looks surprised as a kitten runs his way, launching up at him. He catches the tiny animal mid-flight, settling it into his arms and turns to the boy like *what is this and how do I get rid of it.*

The kitten meows. Minho tells him to be nice.

"Uh, good kitty?" Changbin tries.

"Try harder!" Woojin demands.

Changbin looks like he'd rather throw himself into the void rather than be nice to a small animal.

"Hyung, please," Seungmin's eyes widen significantly. "Be nice to the cat so I can pet it."

"Oh god," he mumbles to himself, "here we go again." Maknaes' puppy eyes hold everyone victim. Changbin is no exception to it. He can feel his dignity draining out of him like a pipe to the sewer. He allows himself two seconds of regret and looks at the bundle he's holding.

He brings the cat up to his face, its lower body dangling loosely in the air. The kitten yowls, distressed, but quietens down as Changbin whispers 'hey buddy, who's a good lad?' softly to him.

An entire room quiets down. Even Jisung drops his precious expensive headphones, which he never does.

"Oh my god you're so soft," Felix giggles, eyes squished into adorable annoying eye smiles. "Squishy bun bun."

"Please stop him," Changbin tells Woojin who's busy with the handed out cat and not his reputation being damaged. Felix coos over him and the cat. Even Hyunjin solemnly informs him he'd fulfilled his duties as a tsundere man, to the core principles.

He just wants to get out and go home.

But the cat did look damn cute.

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Almighty yes here it is, since this is the holidays.

My fellows and friends and peers and people who are just looking to waste their time,
the mandatory times I update every week are:

- Wednesdays (can be one or two updates, two is when I feel like I'm on a roll and churn out terrible quality things but you're committed to these fics you'll just have to bear with it)
- Saturdays (probably one, very rarely two unless it's like end of November next year where I will go forth into the Adult Life and have more time to update)

Any other time I update out of these two days I am feeling like a writer that week.

Everything is in AEST - I don't know how time zones work but yes, that is how I measure my time.

Have fun with my works. Keep commenting they make me happy and I churn out more fics from the void for you. I am rewatching Stray Kids for the very specific requests from episodes hang on I got you. Request more I will find time to finish the majority of what I have now before the year ends (which is just Felix being bad at Korean). I am always happy to write but do nudge me a little if your prompts are neglected in the basement somewhere I might've veered right past it because I don't remember it.

This was a very long update. Kudos and bookmarks and subscriptions keep the writer happy and healthy. I hope you all have a good Christmas break.
He just misses hellhole Australia

Chapter Summary

"This is circle time and we will all be nice to each other," Woojin clears his throat, "all of us will be nice to each other," he looks at all the boys.

"So what's up?" Seungmin jerks his head at Felix, "something wrong, pal?"

"I miss home," Felix tells him, them, who knows, eyes somewhere far away, "it's...a bit worse nowadays."

"Oh my god," Minho rubs his face, "we're all so busy practicing that we forgot to take care of each other. I'm so sorry Felix-ah."

"Hyung seriously it's not your fault or anyone's fault," Felix dismisses, "I'm just feeling things."

Chapter Notes

BY MY BEAUTIFUL READER Somethingbad123 (I'm sorry for not doing this earlier):
Felix is homesick and Chan is there to help but it ends up becoming a OT9 storytelling party where the Aussie's tell them about Australia?

As an Australian I can guarantee you it'll be a diss fic about Straya. All experiences are derived from when I went for a holiday and a week in I already wanted to go home.

ALSO CHAN AS A SURFER IS A THING OKAY IT'S VERY POSSIBLE

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He wakes up and glances at his phone.

It's nearly the end of November.

And it's fucking freezing.

"Why is the goddamn spring so cold what's the big -" he kicks all his blankets off, rolling off the bed. His room is dark and there are too many breathing noises for it to be a one-person living area.

Da fuq is echoing in Felix's mind. Isn't he at home?

Someone mumbles something in the mother tongue. The realisation came at him like that one footy Pottsie windmill kicked into his nose in year 8. Sudden and hurts too much to even breathe...
without blood gushing out of his air holes like two mini geysers.

He's not at home anymore.

Ever since then it's getting a bit better (or just less worse - he's not too sure if having a Seungmin attached to his side 25/8 is a good sign or bad, but his mother taught him to be positive and not punch a bitch, he loves his mother and she has the power to see him doing wrong two oceans away so he has to be careful.) He gets along well with the boys, struggles less with Korean than when he first stepped a single shoe back onto the Motherland (God those were embarrassing times - he should've paid more attention in Korean classes back in Sydney), gets to dance and sing and rap all the time. There are a surprising amount of '00 liner, the hierarchy kinda murky after Hyunjin because they're all just born two months after each other. They feed him a bit less meat (and food) than he like, but there is an Australian guy who helps him along with older idols who speak/understand English that give him pointers. They're all kids sharing the same dream and he's never happier sharing the same space as them.

But sometimes he misses home. Miss his parents who nag him day in day out from English to Korean words to text messages to post-it notes on their too-big fridge. Miss his dog and how she always chew on his shoes when he's leaving for swimming. Miss his sisters and their stupid makeup schemes and his unwilling participation in said schemes. Miss waking up and looking outside to see dry ass dirt and death birds glaring at him. Miss the stupid skin-peeling heat and too-cold winters and beaches that have twelve too many health warnings for kids to swim in (besides the crocs, poisonous jellyfish, sharks and bacterial infections). Miss getting beat up and beating his teammates up in taekwondo. Miss the time where everything wasn't a competition.

He just misses hellhole Australia.

"Chris?"

Chris sits up so fast Felix is positive his head came close in dropping clean off his neck. He allows two seconds for the older child to gather back his dignity.

"What's up?" Chris tries again, this time with less embarrassment. Felix runs at his bed and flings himself onto it. "Long day?"

"Ew you sound like my wife," he props his head up after smothering his face into Chris's pillow. It smells like hair sweat.

"Honey~" A disgusting round of aegyo.

"Please don't do that," his face blanks out, his soul is dead, he had lost all purposes in life.

Chris doesn't deflate, only pout at him. How is this guy older again? Is this what being in the entertainment industry entails? Being a 5-year-old? Acting stupid?

Can he quit now?

"No but what's up?" The blonde slaps him generously on his lower back. "You look stupid recently."

"If by stupid you meant homesick then yes," he rolls over to peek at Chris, "I miss home."
He must've sounded miserable (God forbid) because not only did someone else heard it and rhino-charged into the room, Chris flies at him with all the grace of a pterodactyl descending upon its meal, screeching and crushing him into his chest. Felix struggles, but he hasn't grown up that much yet so he has to suffer this abuse because he is scrawny and weak.

"My babies!" Han Jisung throws open the door, polluting the air with more noise. "Who's dying?"

"Go away Jisungie I got this," Chris shoos him away.

"Bitch he is my child let me coddle him," Jisung pushes Chris away, pressing Felix to his own collarbones, fingers aggressively combing through his hair. Felix struggles for two seconds, deeming it futile anyway, flops lifelessly onto Jisung's chest and breathes out heavily.

"What do you miss, Lix?" Chris asks.

"I dunno," he mumbles, "maybe the birds, maybe the fam, maybe all of it."

"Disgusting," Chris tells him.

"I know how to help," Jisung sits him up. He's still flopping like a ragged doll. "I shall summon the rest."

"Please don't Jisungie-"

"OI GET IN HERE!"

"Why are we here?" Hyunjin asks, hanging very comfortably over Seungmin's lap who'd rather not have someone taller and heavier on top of him.

"No," Changbin draws up his elbow, "I am not below hurting you, hyung," at Woojin who is attempting to sit near him. Woojin pouts and drapes himself all over Jeongin. Minho sensibly pats Jeongin's knee twice, for consolation.

"Yon-" Jisung begins and Felix taps his knee so fast only the sound is heard, "Felix, my dude, my friend, my best boy Felix, is feeling homesick. We, as his friends his fellow peers his only companions and the people who are patient enough with his shit-"

"Language young man!" Minho scolds him.

"Are obliged to listen," Chris steps in.

"Are you two like, his lawyers or something?" Hyunjin squints at them.

"This is circle time and we will all be nice to each other," Woojin clears his throat, "all of us will be nice to each other," he looks at all the boys.

"So what's up?" Seungmin jerks his head at Felix, "something wrong, pal?"

"I miss home," Felix tells him, them, who knows, eyes somewhere far away, "it's...a bit worse nowadays."

"Oh my god," Minho rubs his face, "we're all so busy practicing that we forgot to take care of each other. I'm so sorry Felix-ah."
"Hyung seriously it's not your fault or anyone's fault," Felix dismisses, "I'm just feeling things."

"As you should. We all miss home, but it's worse for you and Chan I imagine," Woojin says, voice incredibly sympathising. Changbin slants his eyes over Chan like oh you're here too.

That earned him a slap from Jeongin.

"Like I don't miss," Felix struggles, "home, as in like all of Australia. It's all stupid things. My dog eating my shoes. The beach."

"The beaches are nice," Chan grins, "I used to surf every summer and fly kites at the beaches near my house."

"I used to swim, so," Felix looks at Minho who nods at him encouragingly, "I'm really attached to the beach. The water is always cold. It could be 40 degrees plus and it will still be cold. When you step in the water you want to die. It's worse during summer. Under the sea it's freezing and out of the sea it's boiling. There is no escape only suffering."

"God that sounds like a hard life," Seungmin blinks. It's hard to tell if he's serious or not.

"And the summer is horrid. It's always cold or hot there, no in between," Chris whines. Felix turns to stare at him dead in the eye.

"At least you don't live in Melbourne. Four season weather."

"Oh god you're right sorry Sydney I'm so grateful to you."

"What's a Melbourne?" Jeongin leans over to Woojin.

"That's a city, honey," the blonde answers.

"The birds, you forgot the birds," Chan pokes Felix.

"How can I not," Felix deadpans, "how can I forget the most memorable thing I left behind, Christopher?"

Someone laughs at Chan's birth name. It might've been Jisung.

"These birds are nasty," Chan turns to his children, "they will come at you with their sharp claws and murderer's eyes and your ass better book it outta that place before your eyes are gone."

"I'm not too sure if you're completely-" Changbin snorts and is silenced by Felix staring dead into his eyes, lifelessly.

"They do. All of this is 1000% accurate. I almost lost an ear once," Felix stares some more at Changbin, "an entire ear."

Jeongin gulps and burrows further into Woojin.

"And like, ew, it smells like burnt hair all the time," Chan complains.

"Don't forget the seatbelts," Felix chimes in, "during summer." They both shudder.

"Running around playing footy then smashing a window at least once in your life," Chan leans back dreamily. Woojin is squinting in disbelief at the child.
"I played soccer though," Felix supplies.

"Boo you British loser."

"And tennis."

"Still too British mate."

After the bickering ends and Felix looks visibly relaxed, Woojin calls for a group hug. Which is something one should avoid in any situation, knowing there are people like Christopher Chan Bang and Han Jisung in the general vicinity.

Seriously.

Why.

Felix goes down complaining, kicking his feet and laughing as Changbin's fists dig into his sides and Hyunjin puckers his lips to try and kiss him. Jeongin squeals and tackles him and the oldies try to crush his windpipe with their collective elbows.

It's a horrible way to spend Christmas but he'll take it.

Chapter End Notes

I love Australia really but the death birds are cancelled in my book someone take them away.

I'm sorry for breaking schedule my family decided to drag me to the middle of nowhere to have a family bonding experience while I am chasing three deadlines but I am back with this crackfic plus I will be kinda really busy next week due to Christmas and being nice to relatives to there will be one small update, on Sunday probably.

YOU'RE FREE TO COMMENT IN THE MEAN TIME MERRY CHRIST'S BIRTH HO HO HO LOVELIES I LOVE YOU ALL FOR STICKING THROUGH WITH ME SORRY THIS WAS RUSHED
"Fucking hell!" He gasps, swinging the wet sponge around. A soft footstep to his right and Seo Changbin, in dying sunlight, deck all out in leather damn those legs look good in tight jeans, lifting a brow up and looking at him.

Felix is looking and feeling like a wet rag and he feels suddenly self-conscious, hands awkwardly trying to rub away the stains on his arms and face.

"How did you find me?" He hisses, embarrassment forgotten as Changbin inspects his house, Evil Vampire Lord Smile on. "Oi, eyes here. I'm the view."

Changbin glances at him briefly. "Certainly, but that's not why I'm here."

Chapter Notes

HI I'M BACK Y'ALL GOTTA HEAR THIS RANT FOR TWO SEC I WAS STARTING A NEW FICLET AND IT WAS GOING WELL AND ALL BUT MY LAPTOP BECAME LOCKED SO I WAS LIKE OKAY I'LL UNLOCK IT BUT IT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING AND IT SHUT DOWN AND BASICALLY THAT WAS THE STORY OF HOW I LOST LIKE AN ENTIRE CHAPTER OF CHANxWOOJIN IT WAS SO GOOD AND I'M SO SALTY

*recovers*

But have Changlix as compensation as I search my dying brain for that lost Chanjin. I'm sorry that this was short I binge-wrote it in a day I can certainly expand more on moments but I think this is an acceptable length BUT SCREAM IF YOU NEED A SEQUEL (because me too) AND I WILL CRAM ONE IN.

*looks at list of prompts*

I WILL CRAM ONE IN

Requested by the lovely Taeyongtrash: i was thinking of a supernatural!au, like changbin being a grumpy vampire and felix a human and as always extra lol :) you can make it about anything you want.. idk maybe changbin ends up being enamoured by felix after meeting him- (he's his blood donor) or well, do it as you like. ♥ no worries. or he could be his blood singer? lol. thank you ♥♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Felix Lee is generally a dumb child.

This is not a self-diss. It is a certified fact. His mother like to reiterate it to him at least four times a
day. His father throws the words 'dumb' and 'child' ominously to the wind in some adult-y whispers that are in no way suspicious at all and his sisters just outright laugh at him whenever he does something dumb.

But he digresses.

Felix's family isn't the richest in town. They get by. Sometimes Felix can't buy stupid things his little prepubescent heart wants (like albums and posters and books) and he just had to suck it up.

But this is urgent. The motorbike is the cheapest the guy will sell it for and Felix is desperate.

He remembered joking about it with Jisung a few years before when they were both thirteen, awkward and wrestling on grass fields whenever they play soccer together (which hasn't changed at all, only Felix has gotten taller now and Jisung has sharper elbows), that if the need arises, Felix would sell his left lung and kidney for his mother. They vetoed out that rule, due to health reasons and Felix might die as a byproduct, and veered towards prostitution and/or escorting, maybe dabble into sugar daddies if needs be.

His mother is a wonderful person and she deserves all the nice things in life. Him slaving over his two jobs to save up for those earrings and rings? Worth it.

Him right now going into a blood donor centre - truly something that is worthwhile.

It is not his fault these vampires pay bucket load of cash for like a minute feeding.

*What if they drain you dry?* Hyunjin's stupidly reasonable voice nags him from one shoulder.

Right. That too is a concern. But the bike takes priority. Must get bike for mother. She deserves all the nice things in life.

*Lee Yongbok you are going to bleed yourself dry. And die.*

Bike. Must get.

He walks clean through the entrance.

"What is the thing? What am I supposed to do?" Felix, very reasonably, asks the first person (vampire? creature?) that he sees.

"The thing...? What thing?" they, the person with the name tag which might've said Jeongin in the dark, leans back and stares at him in heavy judgement.

"Blood. Donating. Where I get paid." At Jeongin's confused face, he tacks on vague hand gestures and points to his jugular. "Bite."

"Uh, oh right," Jeongin ducks under and pulls out a clipboard with a blank document. "I'll be brief with the explanations. You agreed to enter into a temporary contract in which you are required to donate up to 10 pints of blood, around 250 ml. The method of donation varies, but will always involve puncturing of the skin, either by a surgical needle or by fangs."

Felix raises a hand at 'fangs'.

Jeongin swallows his next words and motions for him to say what he has to say.
"I get bitten? Tonight? At some point?"

"Uh," the boy squints, "that's - yeah, that's the other method of blood donating. Super popular. Don't know why."

"Cool. Where do I sign?"

Jeongin continues like Felix became one with the house plant.

"In any circumstances that you felt your recipient going overtime or over the limit or over your comfort you are to press this," Jeongin hands him a small clicker, "it alerts the security staff who will clean up the mess. There will be refunds in the case of an accident. We will deposit an initial amount in your account as soon as you sign the contract, and the amount of blood donated after your service will be calculated and sent to your account by the next day," Jeongin continues, ignoring Felix. "Please don't sign yet I'm not finished."

"There's more?"

"There's a stack of documents under here if you want me to read all of them to you," Jeongin replies without batting an eyelash. Felix shuts up.

"If you want to enter a part-time or casual or permanent contract please return within a week for us to finalise details with you," Jeongin makes eye contact with him. He nods. Probably won't return. For sure. One time thing that pays well for a bike is already enough on his risk list.

"I'm all good," he confirms. Jeongin finally slides the contract over, giving him a pen.

"Sign here please," he points to the line. Felix signs. Jeongin cranes his neck back and traces his finger on a computer screen, mouthing words under his breath. After a few moments of Felix awkwardly existing and not trying to pace a hole through his rundown shoes, Jeongin clicks aggressively on a pen, scribbles something onto his clipboard and texts someone, all in the same second. After some footsteps, bells dinging, Jeonging whispering to his computer and closing his eyes, he resurfaces, one sharp fang imprinting a mark onto his bottom lip.

"You'll be fed from tonight. All our night time doctors are fully booked, precisely at this moment," his tone conveys something like useless imbeciles, "so you'll be fed from. Any questions?"

Felix shakes his head.

"All good. Please follow Minho-ssi he will guide you to your client," Jeongin retreats into the dark. Felix walks away when he hears the faint, "And Felix? Be careful."

Obviously Felix doesn't heed any kind of warnings given to him. Walking into a feeding centre is pretty up high on everyone's Don't Do It Hoe list, yet him, in his filial moments, had ventured in and now he is following a guy down three stairs and five corridors to a vampire that will feed off him. Or like, a doctor that will draw blood off him. To be honest neither options sound appealing.

Also his guide walks but he can't hear footsteps. Meanwhile Felix is trampling for five blocks to hear his impending presence.

Once with cash he's buying lighter shoes.
"Here we are," Minho stops in front of a room, "be careful. This client is a," the guy looks at Felix, humming in his throat, "weird guy. Try to not be too difficult."

"That's reassuring?" Felix tries for a convincing tone. "I'm a difficult person too. I don't know how that will work out."

"The system pairs up client and donor according to compatibility. I'm sure you match with him," Minho smiles, but they can both hear the somehow. Felix breathes in, shuffles his feet, scuffs the front of his ratty runners on the carpet and turns the doorknob before Minho can do it for him.

Changbin is reading when the door screeches open (it doesn't really, but he is in a foul mood, as always) and the smell of fresh blood floods into his nostrils.

"Why is there no light?" A voice asks.
And loud too, this one. Why does he always get stuck with the loud ones?

"Because vampires don't need light, dipshit," he grouses. There is a shot of fear in the human's pheromones. Changbin's fang pokes out of his gum, cruel side satisfied.

"That's stupid," Annoying Human complains, fear gone, "they should provide for both species. What if I split my head open and die? Now?"

"I get a full-course meal and your family gets funded to the fourth generation," he answers easily, not bothering to look for where the human is in the dark. He'll come closer soon enough. Changbin likes to play with his prey before he shuts them up. It's all part of the fun.

The human is silent.

"That sounds good actually. I always want to die painlessly. How do I do it? If I annoy you more would you kill me? We haven't paid our debt for the house yet and my sister needs a car. End me quickly."

Changbin promptly chokes on the wine he just sipped. Surely this human thing isn't-

A face pops up in his face. He flinches, just barely.

"Oh," the stupidly attractive human blinks, "damn it the movies didn't lie."

Changbin can only make an irritated sound with the back of his throat.

"You're so pretty," the boy declares without preamble, staring straight into his eyes. "Why are you so pretty?"

Does Felix regret his life choices?

All the damn time.

You know what Felix is this close from being impaled with fangs he's going to humanise everything because he's selfish like that. The centre of his own universe is him. He is his own orbit his own damn sun.

"Food shouldn't talk too much," the vampire drawls, voice deep. His face is tanned with defined lines like everywhere and no Felix didn't just try to estimate how sharp a person's face is ew that's weird and his eyes are nice they're like narrowed does he need glasses he looks like he needs glasses-

"You should invest in a pair of beer bottle's end caps. I'm sure they'll help with the despaired vision," Felix seriously puts these words forward, unblinkingly, as the other guy's jaw slowly falls open, movements ceased.

"What." It's not a question.

"Take a few minutes," Felix advises sagely, too used to bamboozling people as a staple in his daily life, "I always make people astounded. It's a wonder no one tried to kill me yet."

"Count yourself lucky," the vampire unfreezes, "because I'm very tempted."

"I was serious about the death offer. How much is my death worth again? Funerals are expensive too so if you could dispose of my corpse without a trace and make it up to my family that'd be cool." Felix is stopped by a forearm to his throat, the vampire's eyes dilated to a brief yellow.

"Stop talking or I'll throw you out," he hisses. Felix moves back to talk more, undeterred. "Without paying," the guy hisses, the sound eerily close to a cat's.

Felix gasps, offended. His greed tells him to shut up for the money and what's left at the bottom of the barrel of his intelligence tells him he should stall for time and sprint out of there. Far far away. Get a real job. This is prostitution. Blood prostitutioning. He is low, but not that low.

Felix ever so wisely stops talking. The voice of Hyunjin inside his head groans and slams his forehead into a metaphorical wall.

"You signed up to give me blood, not to creep me out. I should do the creeping out, not you. Jesus kid, what's wrong with you?" The guy mumbles, pulling onto his black coat.

Felix lets it out before he can hold it in, "I thought that was a cape."

"Don't test me, stupid human. I'm going to drain you dry."

"Either way I'm walking away with the better end of the deal, so do your worst. I urge you to do your worst."

"How badly is your family doing to be this desperate for money?"

"Eh, decent, but I don't want them to be in debt, hence my sacrifice," Felix gestures to himself vaguely, and in his head, in the third person, "besides, look at this. How much do you think I'll achieve in life?"

"I think that you need to shut up and let me drink your blood," the fangs are out and approaching while Felix is in the middle of his self-depricating routine which is, first of all, rude, and second of all, how dare he.

"I was talking. Put your fangs back!" He flaps and slaps the guy in the arm, skidding away. "I need
"Why the fuck do you need to prepare yourself?"

"Because I'm about to get my blood sucked? Clean out of my neck? I'm scared of sharp objects? Have some sympathy here you lump of unmixed cement," Felix wags a finger in front of this guy's face, the nerve of him. "Do it, come on, retract your damn fangs."

"I will throttle you into oblivion and revive you just to do it again," he seethes, eyes now red. Felix crosses his arms, foot tapping and putting physical space between him and the vampire. After an intense staring contest which Felix obviously won, the guy retracts his fangs after some choice swear words thrown at him and waits with clear distaste as Felix performs a whole stretching routine in front of his eyes.

"Okay I'm good," Felix springs up after he's gone through five dozen exercises. "Look lively, my blood is decent I am a healthy boy I snort my iron powder."

The guy looks like he'd rather a wall reinforced by titanium be physically implanted onto the floor or he might Avada Kedavra Felix into a state worse than death. Felix is prepared. He had annoyed more people than ants he stepped on. He is fully equipped for this situation.

Changbin didn't fully understand Woojin's words when he was complaining about a feeder being a headache in human form but he can now, pinching his nose to stop the sighs from leaving him. He can't do this. There's no way out. If he leaves he can't even make it past the door without falling flat on his face but if he stays he'll drink the human clean of blood and suck on his flesh by the bone (that is not an exaggeration Changbin is that hungry).

He must've looked really done or that exhausted that the flood of gibberish stop streaming but instead a face is close to his nose, big eyes looking into his dilated pupils.

They should make a rule against good-looking and good smelling feeders. Changbin's instincts run a bit loose when he's hungry. His nose right now is telling him to smell the human, preferably with him being unconscious and bottle up the blood underneath that skin. His mind is screaming NO FUCK THAT HE'S ANNOYING YOU ARE BETTER THAN THIS but he's been a vampire for about 20 years and he is not good with the self-restraint.

It makes all the sense inside him to pull the feeder closer until his nose bumps into the boy's temple, inhaling the beat of blood rushing to his head.

"Hello," the human squirms, "what are you doing?"

"Trying to locate where your brain is with my superior aural sense," he snarks back. The human smells better skin on skin. Changbin discreetly takes in a lungful as a tirade of gibberish makes a reappearance.

"Bullshit. I've seen the movies. If you said you can read minds maybe I'll overlook it but this? This is unacceptable."

"The only thing unacceptable is your lack of filter."

"I'd say my general existence too but that's a close second."

Changbin pulls away, eyes back to black. The millenial humour is alien to him and he's trying to
decipher whether the financial issues are really true or these brats are just spoiled rotten. The kid clearly isn't rich, but he's close to poor than most middle classes, with the holes in his jeans and run down runners. Changbin's long lost humanity returns, deep inside his oesophagus or his appendix, and he prepares for what he's going to regret.

"Do you need to bite me now? You look like you need to, stat," two hands slap him on the mouth and push against his cheeks, "fang me scary vampire sir."

Changbin's humanity disappears just like that. Gone with the wind.

He tries to open his eyes and sees the kid glance at the ring on his finger. Lee Felix, our maknae is engraved onto it. Probably a gift, from a sister or someone. With each difficult exhale he feels like he killed someone in the past life and now he is compensating for his crimes.

"Ask me any question and I'll answer it," he grunts out. The human stops fidgeting and bloody moving, going completely still.

"Wait why?"

"Because I feel like it. Ask or I'll bite."

He even takes off his coat for dramatics.

Felix shuffles back, hands in front of his face in a shitty attempt to shield Changbin away when he blurts out "What's your name?" to stop his advance.

"Seo. Changbin."

Felix stares at him.

"You asked. I answered. Let's move on," he moves even closer until Felix is backed against the wall, eyes wide and lips moving. Changbin's hand frames his jaw tenderly, because he's not a barbarian, and he angles his head, mouth hovering in front of the vein on the kid's neck.

"The name is Lee. Felix Lee," he chirps out.

Changbin feels no remorse when he sinks his fangs quick and fast into the jugular, blood gushing into his palate.

Felix twitches a bit as Changbin bites into him, but it's probably like mosquitoes or some other thing where the fangs have anaesthetic and his nerves are numbed from the pain after exposure. He counts and by the 59th second the vampire pulls out the fangs, licking his wound and stands up, side facing him.

"Your payment will be forwarded by two days time," Changbin drawls, "don't come back or I'll break your spine."

"But I like you," Felix expresses his love and adoration through a whole body wiggle on the chair. Changbin turns to give him a disgusted look and bends to pick up his coat. Felix kicks his legs and turns his ankles, rolling until he can swing his legs off the chair.

Understandably he wasn't prepared for the vertigo trip standing up because he rolls straight off the chair onto the floor.
Or not.

His shirt saved him. By someone. Someone is holding the shirt that has him in it and he's being pulled up by the back of his shirt from his ultimate downfall to the nice carpeting down below.

"Why are you a disaster?" Changbin's voice asks him.

"I don't know it be that way sometime," he returns with a meme.

"I don't know if that is grammatically correct but I stop caring long ago. Stand up. I'm letting go."

"I can't," he really can't, "support me."

A sigh. Then he's hauled face to face with Changbin, one arm thrown over solid shoulders, a hand on his hip and the triathlon back to the lobby begins by a vampire dragging an incapacitated Felix half leaning on him.

"Oh you're shorter than I thought," he tells the top of Changbin's head which he easily towers over.

"I'm throwing you out onto the curb, do not test me," seethes the vampire.

"Who then will annoy you as bad as I had?" He gasps.

"Probably another feeder," they stop. Jeongin is walking up to them with a phone in hand, a taxi's tail light flashing outside. His mother will end him. His sisters will be up all night to snitch him out on it. Goodbye freedom. Goodbye life.

"Can you walk to the taxi?" Jeongin blinks.

"Uh," Felix can't feel his legs, "I think so."

"I'm carrying him. Go and change shift. Feed," Changbin squats down and picks Felix up bridal style, carrying him to the taxi. Felix grabs onto the back of his neck, hanging like a long-limbed koala, going slightly red because of how weak he looks being carried like delicate cargo to a shipment truck.

Jeongin waves at him and runs back in.

"Why the kindness?" He asks at the taxi door.

"Go home," Changbin answers, pushing him in but stays until his seatbelt is clipped on.

"I love you Seo Changbin!" Felix sticks his head out the window and screams to Changbin who is probably long gone. (He isn't.)

His family is asleep. Infiltration successful.

Inside his room Jisung and Hyunjin are both passed out on his bed. His phone vibrates with twenty different essays from the both of his friends coordinating a story of how he upped and left to somewhere and not back yet at his bedtime.

"I owe you so much," he whispers to them. Jisung's frown tells him he better.
His mother is a bit suspicious of how much money her only son owns but is overall more grateful for his thoughtful gifts. His nightly escapades are overlooked.

He's polishing the bike one day, out on the street with his feet sloshing in soapy water and wearing thongs, a disgusting combination, where a breeze passes by.

"So this is why you donated blood," a whisper at his ear.

He screams so loud the cats two streets over wake up and yowl.

"Fucking hell!" He gasps, swinging the wet sponge around. A soft footstep to his right and Seo Changbin, in dying sunlight, deck all out in leather damn those legs look good in tight jeans, lifting a brow up and looking at him.

Felix is looking and feeling like a wet rag and he feels suddenly self-conscious, hands awkwardly trying to rub away the stains on his arms and face.

"How did you find me?" He hisses, embarrassment forgotten as Changbin inspects his house, Evil Vampire Lord Smile on. "Oi, eyes here. I'm the view."

Changbin glances at him briefly. "Certainly, but that's not why I'm here."

"What do you mean certainly fight me-"

"Next time, when you need money, get an actual job. Blood donation shouldn't be an option," Changbin stands on his toes, hawk nose longer in the dusk light.

"Look it was either that or organ selling."

"Call me then. I'll just feed on you as repayment."

Felix chokes on his snarky response. Vampires are rich. Stinking rich. Christopher once told him that he knew someone who sat on a literal stash of gold. He's debating it, but he promised himself he wouldn't stray to blood prostitutioning again, reasons or not. This is basically unofficial blood donation. Hyunjin's screaming DON'T DO IT HOE is listened to this time around.

"I think I'm good. That was a one time thing. I won't do anything that dangerous again."

"Good, otherwise I would be forced to fight other vampires off you and that's not pleasant to look at. When are you free?"

"You're giving me too much information to process - Friday after 4 I don't have swimming then - wait fight what," Felix almost trips over the spilt water to grab onto Changbin, the vampire fluidly stepping out of arm's reach for him.

"I'll see you then," he nods and turns to walk off.

"God damn it buy me food first before you ask me on a date!"

"Tomorrow," a wave over the shoulder, "look forward to it."

Jisung points a fork at his face after he stuffed himself of half of Felix's fried chicken.
"You got a lot of explaining to do. Start now."

"So like remember when I snuck out that one night to go somewhere? I went to a blood donation place."

"You what?" Hyunjin slams his palm into the table top. One person stares and keeps walking. Jisung steals another wing.

"I needed money," he whines, "the bike was cheap."

"Felix you dumbass, why would you do this to yourself? Your mother. Think of your mother. She'll kill us," Hyunjin rolls up an exercise book and slaps the side of his head with every word. Jisung hugs the chicken container to his chest, munching and sucking on the bones. They were quality chickens and Jisung had deemed Felix a 'successful sugar baby' the minute the chickens arrived with a note saying 'here is food where's my date?'

"And you got yourself a sugar daddy! A vampire one!" Hyunjin hisses.

"Yell that a bit louder why don't you," Jisung drawls, feet now up on the table, chair hanging on two legs.

"Shut up. He's cute. Don't judge my tastes in men," Felix fends off the attacks, "I hate you both."

"I need a photo. Or something. How does he look? What if he kill you?"

"Shut up Hwang Hyunjin or I'll put you in the lizard tank."

"Call me," Hyunjin shoves the back of his head. Felix mumbles back a 'sure mum'. Jisung passes by, gives him a high five and runs after Hyunjin's long legs, completely neutral on whether Felix dies or not, which is nice of him as his best friend and childhood friend. Felix is chilling on the bench near the bus stop to his swimming club, sucking on a lolly, tie loose and five buttons out of nine unbuttoned on his shirt. It's hot and no matter if it's 3 in the afternoon or 6 in the morning it'll be the same heat.

A car beeps at him. He's sitting cross-legged, a habit he picked up from his sisters, and the supporting leg slides out in surprise. He crumbles in posture and has enough time to recover as the driver rolls down his window in a sleek black car, probably vintage, and Seo Changbin with sunglasses looking like a rich asshole leans out, mouth curling into a ghost of a smirk.

"Enjoying the heat and the sun there?"

Felix picks up his bag and rushes to the passenger seat straight away, without invitation. It's cold. The car is probably air conditioned. Changbin looks cute and technically not a stranger or a serial killer (intentionally anyway).

"Where are we going?" He buckles his seatbelt, running a hand through his hair. Changbin glances at him through the back mirror and steps on the accelerator, wheels moving forward.

"Somewhere indoors. We'll need to get you changed."

"Wait why?" He turns to look at Changbin. "Are you fattening me up to eat me?"
"Side profile is on point, but he digresses."

"We're going somewhere fun and you need to look better than a slob, hence the change in clothes. It won't be long."

"Will I get killed at any time today?"

A turn into a small alley. Changbin's fang glints as he smirks, hands turning the wheel.

"Possibly, but let's worry about that later."

"You're the worst date I've ever had," Felix complains, but inside he's swooning, "and the worst vampire I've ever met."

"Funny you've never met or known any of those two things so I don't know if I should trust you there."

"You're making more mistakes if you think trusting me is a legitimate option."

"Hm," Changbin's hand grazes Felix's own on his knee, "you're trusting me now."

"It seemed like a good idea at the time," he defends, "plus you're hot. I am only a teenage boy full of hormones. Leave me and my emotions out of this."

"Your emotions and you brought you into this mess," the vampire resolutely does not look at him but Felix bets he's getting a kick out of this. Holding hands with him. Buying him food. What's next? A kiss? Permanent romantic love in his life?

"I can hear you thinking," Changbin reminds him.

"Oh shit really?" Felix jolts. "Once again, I am a mess of hormones. I am not thinking properly."

Changbin just hums and squeezes his hand. Felix is giddy inside, the contact with cool skin contrasting with his overheating one. Changbin lets go to turn another corner and the hand returns, just at the back of his head, running through his hair.

"Hey Changbin?"

A grunt.

"Why me?"

"I don't know. You were just weird. I'm into weird. I can't help who I like."

"That's so reassuring to my self-esteem."

"Also anyone who stupidly talked me down I always take out on an outing. See if the interest is platonic or romantic."

"How's the trial so far?"

The car pulls to a stop. Changbin unbuckles both of their seatbelts, nose uncomfortably close to Felix's own. He can see his own freckles in the vampire's dark eyes. They're within optimal kissing distance. Felix can hear his heart beating inside his ears. It's inconveniently loud.
Changbin moves just a midge closer and lets their lips brush. Felix stops breathing, body gone still and frozen.

"It's pretty good. I think I might have to pursue this," the brunette grins and retreats out of the car, letting one Lee Felix screaming inside.

"Come back here and kiss me again you slippery snake!"

**face of god (hwangjin):** Are you dead yet

**bokchoy (leefel):** ye nah m8

**squirrelmon (hanjisung):** shame

**bokchoy:** u kno wat u shld do? die

**face of god:** I genuinely thought you'd die. I don't know if I should be happy or not

**bokchoy:** both of u go and live with the penguins

**bokchoy:** leave me n my date alone we r goin g

**face of god:** I hope he dumps you soon

**bokchoy:** i tried fam it didnt work

**squirrelmon:** oh well we'll just have to sit and watch the carnage

**squirrelmon:** tell him to send more chickens

**squirrelmon:** i have cute photos of you that i can exchange for

**face of god:** Please don't

**bokchoy:** NO DONT STOP ME BINNIE HYUNG ILL END HIM

Chapter End Notes

I don't know who stopped bookmarking but that was definitely enough motivation for me to update. Please know that I am super sensitive about Stray Kids WHO ARE DEBUTING and am just sensitive in general and the slightest thing sets me off into no work mode so please be gentle with me 2018 is already starting out badly lmao

ALSO TAEYONGTRASH MY DEAR I DON'T KNOW ABOUT EXTRA BUT FELIX IS ME ASF AND I HOPE THIS IS EXTRA ENOUGH FOR YOU

UNEDITED BECAUSE IT'S LATE I'M GOING TO BED WILL FIX IT LATER

SORRY
He should prevent his stupid children from burning all of it to the capitalist regime

Chapter Summary

Woojin chose to throw Chan a hug. Because Woojin's been too dumb and his brain was sending him signs like 'maybe you're obsessing over someone you know and yo ass needs to figure out who and why' but he couldn't interpret the signals.

you should do a ship with chan :( he deserves some love. :( by jihancheollie could i request a woojin x chan pairing by yjh1004

Chapter Notes

FRIENDS AND FAMILY I CAME THIS CLOSE TO ACCIDENTALLY DELETING THIS WORK BECAUSE MY SCREEN LOADED AND IT'S A TOUCHSCREEN AND MY FINGER CAME THIS CLOSE TO THE DELETE WORK BUTTON WHY AM I LIKE THIS

The Chanjin fic (that I had to rewrite asdfghjklrsryuio I'm still salty)

You can ask me what is happening and the only answer I can give you is I had an idea it went away and this is me trying to finish something without any ideas

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Those that know of Kim Woojin or know him are guided by the one and only principle: Kim Woojin will not change his habits for anyone.

It's a sort of contract he signed with himself. As with any contracts, there are exceptions. The exceptions to his life principle are his family, including all of his close friends, those who are in favour of him, his adopted children and the family pets or life and death situation, which understandably anyone would do anything to survive in. Outside of these circumstances, Woojin is as stubborn as an anvil that had been set into the sea: immobile, painful to remove, takes too much effort and recruitment of external help. His tastes in many things, arguably everything, had remained the same since his mind learnt of object permanence. Which means that his tastes in anything that can be possibly named are the same - romantic interests, food, clothing, colours, people he hate less than others and choose to associate with. These lifestyle habits make him a hard person to please, and a harder person to friend. He rejected offers to go out for food more times than he accepted them, with the more memorable rejections such as Seo Changbin plucking lettuce leaves out of his burrito and flinging them at Woojin's freshly laundered jumper, or so he claimed, meanwhile chanting "PICK A DAMN PLACE TO EAT OR I'LL THROW CHOPSTICKS AT YOUR HEAD NEXT YOU DAMNED NAIL IN THE COFFIN". The cafeteria cleaners were not impressed, even though they laughed at Woojin's affronted expression and Changbin's roar that is too similar to crocodiles at their feeding hours - bloodcurdling. The video of the whole incident, released by Han Jisung, went viral and remained iconic in the students' hearts, a forever meme in
their souls. Woojin felt no remorse for these rejections, deeming them acceptable in his heart and carrying on with his life to this day.

His life is set in stone, all obstacles plotted out and taken care of via careful avoidance and confrontation. Therefore it makes no sense for Woojin, he who had done minimal wrong in this accursed existence, to be stuck with an issue that forces him to change the life he constructed for his sanity.

The first time they met, the guy fell onto Woojin from a couple of stair steps from the science building. There is this step in front of the main entrance that initiated a rite of passage for all students, all students, had tripped, fell, rolled down and twisted their ankles over at least once. Woojin fell too. Jisung has a video of that particularly loud descent. There are some giggles now and then whenever they pass by this route. Woojin's set route is only ever problematic in that it subjected him to teasing, merciless mockery, but he can get to the music building much much faster than other routes (which he experimented back in the summer before his official university life). He had imprinted upon this path. No amount of Jisung's pig chortles can deter him. Until the day he keel over he will not change paths.

Which of course on a nondescript day something (someone) fell from nowhere onto Woojin, with the softest 'Move' next to his ear. He was standing, then he was sideways, then he was rolled like a patch of cow's grass patch along the hard concrete but on someone. Someone was cushioning his fall even though he was fell on.

It was weird. Woojin couldn't even grasp exactly who it was and what his voice was. There was a distinct cologne that the person wore, tangerine and toothpaste, which, gross and when Woojin was pushed over one last time, face looking up at the sky, there was no one near him.

He really wondered if there was someone or he was so sleep deprived he imagined a demon knocking him off his path, sent from the numerous pentagrams Changbin was seen drawing in front of his door. Changbin protested that they were for his minor, but Woojin held a suspicion for the dark arts. If anyone Changbin seem the most likely.

There was a broken off eyebrow, but besides that he didn't remember much.

That didn't stop him from revisiting that route. Just to confirm there weren't any demonic activities happening there. Or stupid idiots falling off stairs who smelled like toothpaste.

He didn't meet the guy directly the second time, and it wasn't at the stairs, but he was at the library, passed out from his two jobs and studying for an assignment on an empty stomach that his will to live disappeared, just for a moment. When he woke up, a box was sitting next to his crossed elbows with a note sitting on top of it.

The pro and con of set habits are that on one hand he resolutely follows good habits but on the other hand he also cannot quit bad habits. And one of those bad habits is opening things in front of him. For inspection. For curiosity. Stall owners stare on, unimpressed, whenever he goes to a fair. It's mildly inconvenient. It's also inconvenient to move his fingers to unfold the note, terrible scribbles hurting his eyes without glasses.
After some time of squinting and moving the page as far away as possible, he could deduce the words 'sleep' 'stairs' 'food' and 'apology'. Opening the box, there are rolled omelets and sushi rolls wafting delicate fumes of Japanese goodness. He stashed the box under the table, fearful for the librarians' keen noses and quickly packed all his things away. Leaving the library, he ransacked his bag for his glasses, slipping them on to read the message, a bit confusing with the order the words stood out to him earlier.

*Dear Woojin hyung,*

_Sorry I bumped into you the other day. I know you habitually starve yourself on Thursdays so I made food to apologise for the fall. Please don't starve yourself that's some serious stuff. Also I'm not stalking you I know one of your friends._

And signed by CB. Woojin's music obsessed brain interpreted it as C flat but he took a while to reorient himself to recognise the common form of exiting signature, someone's initials. As much as Woojin was tempted to interrogate which of his friends (he doesn't have that many, the number sit comfortably under ten), he reminded himself there was no arbitrary debt he and the stranger owe each other, therefore he should, in Elsa's voice, let it go.

Instead he didn't. Hyunjin was his first.

"Can I help you?" Hyunjin put his book down, gently, end of the spine first on the table, then closing the cover. Woojin flinched, barely noticeable and put on innocently confused eyes, blinking slowly.

"You're sounding more like a sale person now," Jisung's back chair legs skidded past them. Hyunjin flung a highly accurate balled up piece of draft paper he rolled inside his palm, at Woojin's questioning eyes from before, and Jisung squeaked, shielding his face.

"I was only speaking truth!" The brunette wailed. Hyunjin's hand hovered near his pacer and Jisung scooted away, faster than the Naruto ninja dash.

"Now, stop bullshitting," Hyunjin pursed his lips, "tell me what's up."

Woojin's bad habits thus precede his redeemable traits. His lack of filter, no matter how old he gets, will never exist, in the imaginary plane or in the physical plane. He looked Hyunjin in the eyes and asked "Do you know a CB" with no intonation at all, a maintaining flat note from beginning to end. His student, his child that he didn't sire - sat in the chair unblinkingingly and breathed out twice, still maintaining eye contact with him.

Before Woojin could defend himself, Hyunjin breathed a soft "No".

"No?"

"N-o. Pronounced 'no'. Opposite of yes. I don't know any CB. That sounds like a perfume range," Hyunjin crossed his arms, "You should control this urge to find this person out. It doesn't sound healthy."

"I rarely do anything that is healthy, Jinnie-yah, let's not start discriminating my habits now. I'll just move onto Changbin."
Changbin was harder to reach, because unlike Woojin who is single and alone since the womb, Changbin has a boyfriend, a very hot one apparently, with the periodical phone glances every group study sessions. The boyfriend then was on a holiday to Australia, his homeland, and Changbin was always in a call with him.

"Chang-"

"Sorry hyung Felix is calling. I'll talk to you later," the necromancer wannabe stepped out of their tiny booth, mouth working its way into a smile which no one thought was possible for someone like him to be able to do. Or maybe it was just him.

They could all hear the soft "Hey sweetheart, how are your sisters?" No mockery at the tone Changbin only ever uses on Gyu. Changbin gets violent when Felix or Gyu is brought up in an unfavourable light. After the lettuce flinging incident Woojin didn't want his clothes to be soiled more by the impulsive child. Jisung allegedly was punched and Hyunjin pinched, neither one of them wanting to approach Changbin in his happy or savage moods. Felix could get away with a lot of things but not them. Sometimes people wonder at how a literal flower child can be so compatible with the spawn of darkness, but wise men said you can't help who you like and Woojin could relate to that then.

Distinctly he heard Jisung screaming "Tell Chris hi for me!" before the child is reigned back by Hyunjin, who's tapping the end of his pen with barely controlled agitation on the unsolved exponential on the page.

Five minutes, but Changbin didn't seem like he'd return soon. Jisung hadn't try strangling Hyunjin yet but he seemed close to. Hyunjin had constructed a textbook fort, pelting pens' caps and rubbers at the squirrel face child who's screeching in bats' high frequencies as he sought refuge under the table.

"Jisungie." He's actually doing this.

Jisung's forehead emerged from under the table.

"Ask your question, but expect no answer. I don't know much of anything at all."

"Do you know a CB?"

"Changbin?"

Hyunjin and Woojin shared one round of shudders. Woojin could not even begin to envision the reality of that guess. That was too terrifying of a guess. He did not want it to be a thing. His type regrettably did not cover Seo Changbin. If Changbin was the one being nice all of the sudden and supplying him with food he must flat out refuse the child.

"Remember when he and Felix were flirting?" Hyunjin reminded them.

Jisung started cackling. There was no flirting, just Changbin refusing to be near Felix until the blonde stopped and started being clingy to Jisung then Changbin cornered Felix in some dark creepy hallway at 8 pm and threatened to throw him off the stairs if he didn't want to go on a date with him.

"Not Changbin. Can't be Changbin. I have to feed him. It's in my schedule. My hands remember to make the food before my brain remembers why. It is a staple in our friendship. Changbin doesn't
reciprocate the affection. It's what makes our friendship strong," Woojin lamented. "Any other ideas for who might be CB?"

"Not really. Have you tried Changbin hyung when he's not busy having a life?"

"Like right now? I am trying my best. My best isn't enough."

"The last time you said that you won the singing contest, so shove your arguments up your rear end, hyung," Hyunjin not unkindly reminded him. Jisung offered one thumb up before disappearing to avoid the rain of crumbled up paper.

Woojin has a terrible addictive personality. His obsessions are short and intense. He modelled his life to minimise these obsessions, but they interfere with his habits. He could not function until the obsessions go away. Waiting it out seemed the best course of action, except that by doing so his habits fell apart at their foundation because they serve him, not the obsessions. Hyunjin had caught him pausing a number of times during the day, unsure of what was next on his agenda. Jisung carefully fed him and wrote notes everywhere like a treasure trail so Woojin could blindly follow. They both know not following his schedule makes him anxious but following his schedule knowing he would obsess over something again makes him guilty and compromise as best as they could. Changbin stayed far away from him, removing himself as the solution.

Woojin, logic aside, believed in Murphy's words of "The thing you're missing is always in the last place you look", with Changbin as the actual last source. He would hunt the child down, ask him about it and hopefully forget it all, as there was no other way to access information. Half of him was convinced he had imagined everything and the food was just a nice gesture from his loyal children or Lord forbid, Changbin in his rare kind moments. But the other half with its stupid insistence on toothpaste clothes, demanded answers and until there was a definite no, Woojin's schedule would be in disarray.

Changbin was once again in the middle of a call with Felix. He allowed the child two minutes then strode over, hovering behind him.

"Okay, well I can pick him up, sure honey," Changbin hummed into the phone. Woojin took it out of his hand.

"Hey Felix," he told the boy.

"Woo-jin...hyung?" The child greeted. "Hi?"

"Need to ask you something two secs. Know anyone who goes by CB?" He held up a curled fist at Changbin's excessive show of irritation and anger at the interruption of his excessive phone calls to Felix, who was due back to Korea in like, two days. That many phone calls could not be helpful to the bill. He's picky about money. He should prevent his stupid children from burning all of it to the capitalist regime.

"I don't," Felix hummed, "wait no, yes, I know one. Christopher Bang. My cousin, goes by that initial. I think."

"You think."

"Stop being mean to my boyfriend you old geezer," Changbin swiped at his wrist. Woojin stepped back but didn't relent his grip on the device.
"The art of sending letters died out about 20 years ago. He writes me no notes, because texts exist. So I only have a vague memory of that initial being used, like ten years ago."

"Changbin-ah you're rubbing off on him. He used to be sweet. Now he's just extra sass with salt," he complained.

Changbin's grin split one side of his face. Woojin shuddered, face like someone gave him olives on his plate and he didn't know until he bit into them.

"He goes here?"

"Oh yeah, definitely. We went back to visit our family together, he left yesterday, should be arriving today. Does science, I don't really know why. Squinty eyes, messy hair, line down his eyebrow and his clothes always smell like toothpaste, I kid you not, whatever he put on there smells exactly like toothpaste and it raises too many questions."

He pulled the phone away from his ear. How. How is this possible. How.

The thing you're missing is always in the last place you look. Well-said, Murphy. Well-said. Felix wasn't in his list of suspects, but god damn did that saying come true.

"Hyung?" Felix asked him from Australia, "You alright?"

"Did you murder his family or something?" Changbin teased his boyfriend.

"Ha ha ha, I'm hanging up."

"Wait no I love you come back," Changbin passed by his frozen self, hands seizing his phone like a life buoy, "Felix? Jagi?"

"Disgusting," he heard Felix complained, but with love and fondness, "I have to go. You'll see me in two days. Love you hyung."

"Love you too baby."

Changbin poked him once more and Woojin still stood, frozen.

"I'm picking up Chris from the airport today. Come if you want."

"Woojin-hyung?"

"Channie?"

Woojin could not believe, first of all, he walked and seated himself in Changbin's car, which is a life hazard of its own, and second of all, he's at the airport. What if Felix was wrong? What if this Chris person never heard of Woojin before? What if everything was just an elaborate scam Felix thought up to make him feel better about not having anyone? What if-

When he saw Chan he almost wanted to throw something or scream. Preferably both.

Suddenly the fall came back in clarity. Suddenly he saw the stupid eye smiles the biochemistry child with burnt spots in his lab coats running down corridors with steaming test tubes, one of his eyebrows burnt off because of a lab explosion. Suddenly he remembered them two mucking around with the recording studio and making a song that sounded half-decent, Chan in a dirty
hoodie that always smell like toothpaste. Suddenly he remembered Chan is fucking Australian and his birth name is Christopher and his last name is Bang and he always sign in all of his notes with CB 'because it's cute, hyung'.

"Oh my fucking god," Changbin nearly dropped his phone behind them, "it's Chan-hyung."

"Hey," the kid smiled, "what a nice welcoming party."

Woojin chose to throw Chan a hug. Because Woojin's been too dumb and his brain was sending him signs like 'maybe you're obsessing over someone you know and yo ass needs to figure out who and why' but he couldn't interpret the signals.

"I'll be somewhere else and pretending I don't exist," Changbin announced and disappeared.

"Hey?" Chan hugged him back, easy and comfortable, "what's all this?"

In all seriousness Woojin looked him in the eye and went "Date me."

"Sure?"

"This is not a joke Bang Chan. Get lunch with me."

"Yeah definitely, but dating? Let's work that out later. I'm hungry."

And he had the audacity to pick up his bags and Woojin's hand, squeezing it tightly. "Let's go. Changbinnie is dying."

"Hyung!" Chan descends upon him like an overexcited puppy, all 68 kg of him hanging onto Woojin's back and shoulder, nuzzling into the back of his head. He turns, pats the child on the cheek twice and turns back to marking, eyes tired from the contacts sitting on his eyeballs for the whole day.

"When I'm done let's get food," he murmurs to Chan who's swinging side to side and sniffing his hair, "in about ten minutes. Come here and sit next to me instead of hanging off my back."

"But the librarians hate PDA. This way I can hide easier," comes the whine.

"It's fine the librarians will overlook it. Come," Woojin holds out a hand. Chan vaults himself over the couch, snuggles into the junction between Woojin's neck and collarbone, limbs wrapping around him like an insistent ivy, and giggling as Woojin threads his fingers through his hair.

"You smell like vanilla now," Woojin murmurs, dropping a kiss into the top of Chan's head.

"You smell like toothpaste now," is the reply, "hurry or we won't make the line. Tune your watch."

"Okay mother."

Chapter End Notes

chanjin chanjin woochan?
Changbin didn't sign up for Jisung's problems when he kidnapped Felix on that one date

Chapter Summary

The facts:

- Jeongin and Seungmin are childhood friends, went to all the same schools growing up and follow each other into university. They are brothers related not by blood. Their love is intense and sibling-like. Nothing can break them apart

- Jeongin and Seungmin have a habit of being disgustingly domestic around each other so much that homophobes in their classes cry in medical distress

- Hyunjin has a big fat crush on Seungmin

- Seungmin doesn't know of the crush and Hyunjin doesn't know that he and Jeongin are childhood friends

- There is a bet at school going on to see who will crack first: Jeongin or Jisung

Chapter Notes

Thus the thrilling saga of me making something up to fulfill prompts continue. I'm still writing the vampire!AU ToT

SOMEONE WANTED SEUNGMIN AND HYUNJIN AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME I CAN'T FIND IT BUT HAVE IT
UPDATE I FOUND IT
waahhhhh can you please please please do more seungjin? fluffy seungjin? anything seungjin will be fine <3 by karentoanyone

I'm getting my Stray Kids album on Wednesday which means:
-I either will write the fluff that rot many teeth
or I continue being sad like I have been for ages, completing those angst prompts (there are only like 3 don't scream just yet)

Be ready to handle the extreme ends of the spectrum

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The facts:

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Jeongin and Seungmin have a habit of being disgustingly domestic around each other so much that homophobes in their classes cry in medical distress.

Hyunjin has a big fat crush on Seungmin.

Seungmin doesn't know of the crush and Hyunjin doesn't know that he and Jeongin are childhood friends.

There is a bet at school going on to see who will crack first: Jeongin or Jisung.

It goes something like this.

Hyunjin's first day is full of him pacing up and down the corridor in an attempt to control his nerves, which obviously doesn't work. Someone suddenly opens the door, nearly hits him in the nose, with the casualty being his arm and leg, and watches in curious horror as Hyunjin hops around on one foot swearing and flapping his arms around in a terrible attempt of an interpretative dance.

"Did I hurt you?" The person finally realises. "I'm so sorry!"

He crouches down to look at Hyunjin and Hyunjin? He is a weak child. There is only so many gay feelings a barely escaped adolescent boy can suppress and his feelings are reaching their metaphorical cap. He cannot escape his hormones his hormones control him.

The guy has the softest fluffliest and roundest eyes and hair. This is what those balls of fluff his cousins put on their purses look like in human form. Absolutely soul-crushing and heart-wrenching for Hyunjin because he's weak against soft people. He already hugged Jisung three times that week because the boy's 'going to college is hard so I don't brush my hair and it be this mess of fluff instead' hair is adorable and fluffy.


Then he just leaves.

He cries about it straight away, almost externally. Jisung gets about forty texts on average in the next four weeks with just the crying kaomoji on the daily, finger undecided on whether he should block the tall giraffe or take pity on him. He's giving it two weeks until a decision is required.

By two weeks Jisung wished he blocked Hyunjin because while others see a cool and reserved fetching lad he knows the guy has about three solid bones in his body and those are his elbow joint, skull and left ankle. Nothing else. Hwang Hyunjin is a spineless coward and the spinelessness always manages to worm its way through the flood of texts he unleashes on Jisung. Jisung is a peaceful person. He only fights, with words, in underground rap sessions. He's not going to commit homicide because of one stupid high school friend. He is beyond this. He is better than this.

Another uwu arrives from Hyunjin. Jisung lets out a harsh breath, the urge to punch something in him screaming to be free.

Not going to crack. Not going to crack.
Seungmin hangs around Jeongin's lecture hall, both of them punching each other in the arm and arguing about what to buy for Jeongin's aunt's birthday.

"Flowers and wine," Seungmin pinches Jeongin's elbow.

"I told you, she wanted jewellery," Jeongin insists, swerving the pinch, "stop pinching me."

"My way or no way," Seungmin frowns. Jeongin rolls his eyes, attempting to outstep Seungmin into his hall.

"Hyung you're blocking the way."

"Ginnie-goon."

"No. Leave. Begone demon," he starts to fake exorcise his friend away, "I paid for my education. You did too. Leave me to my nerd business."

They push and shove each other a bit more, with Seungmin transitioning into English and Mandarin at some point, whining in higher frequencies, like demons' chanting. People give their 'bonding' morning routine a wide berth, idgaf a permanent expression worn on the majority of people's faces who share classes with Seungmin or Jeongin. Or some unfortunate saps, like Lee Minho, the TA, who is stuck with them for both.

"Please stop," he tells them. He is carrying two books and three plastic bags. The burden is too much for his spindly arms to handle.

Seungmin actually stops, but goes on to hug him instead, draping all over Minho's upper body like an insistent expensive fur coat, but in the middle of summer, but you can't take it off because your grandmother taught you to appreciate expensive gifts, thus you just suffer, audibly and visually.

Minho has inserted that face and that face is the only thing Jeongin has to cheer up his whole entire day.

"Please stop," he deadpans, the will to climb up the steps to his usual seats depleting one by one.

"Keep him," Jeongin pushes his friend away, "forever, infinitely, I don't care, I don't want him near me."

"I thought you loved me!" Seungmin wails, still attached to Minho.

"Take your lovers' spat somewhere else," Minho's voice is drowned out next to Jeongin and Seungmin's bickering.

Jisung pushes Hyunin faster along the corridor, while the tall jellyfish human is gazing on with puppy-just-got-kicked eyes at Seungmin, attached to Minho and proclaiming his undying love to Jeongin who begins to walk away.

"Oh shit!" Minho's fist is curled around an ornamental candle, ready to fling it at the intruder. Jisung, hands frozen from yanking the curtains aside, eyes the candle for half a second and falls face first into the bed, Minho's legs moving quickly away.
"End me," the child grouses.

"Me too, kid, me too," he wants to reply, but a soft but vindictive "mood" is all that transpires. They sit, contemplating what they did in a past life to be stuck in a punishment such as this in this life, playing babysitters to a love triangle of the 3 most problematic morons in the school.

Jisung just really wants a day without pining. One. One single day.

Minho wants to sleep, preferably forever.

"Out," Woojin, the nurse, finds them and kicks them out.

The facts:

- Felix and Jisung share a platonic love that rival even Felix's own relationship with Seo Changbin, which has no depth enough as it is
- Felix knows of Jisung's predicament and via the bro code, is obliged to intervene
- Changbin didn't sign up for Jisung's problems when he kidnapped Felix on that one date

"Heyo," Jisung feels two arms lacing around his neck, familiar smell of mango and pen ink wrapping around him, "how are ya?"

He doesn't answer, just hides his face into Felix's arms. Changbin pulls out a seat across from them, face permanently stuck in a disapproving frown.

"You made this idiot," Changbin jerks his head to Felix, still attached to Jisung, "give up food. It'd better be good."

"I have a solution!" Felix beams from the top of Jisung's head, "but I'll need a bit of cooperation."

"But where is the problem?" His boyfriend asks. Jisung hands him his phone, pointing to the Hyunjin texts. It takes Changbin two seconds to flick through the texts, put the phone down and ask 'How do you live with this?'

"So there is this anime convention thing happening in the art campus," Felix flings himself onto Changbin's lap without any warning. Jisung and Changbin blink, the older guy accommodating his mess of a boyfriend into his chest, wrapping an arm around his middle. Jisung allows them two seconds of nuzzling before he starts obnoxiously clicking his fingers, pointing to himself like 'back to me thanks'.

"Stupid Felix here knows that Jeongin is an avid fan of anime, therefore you should drag Hyunjin to the convention, steal Jeongin away, I don't know how nor do I care, let the idiots interact without the door slamming incident, get out."

"If you don't marry him in the future, marry me," Jisung tells Felix who blows him a loud air kiss. Changbin pulls Felix closer, nose in his hair, glaring without any malice at Jisung.

"It won't be that easy though, asking Hyunjin to anything. He barely gets out," Jisung remembers and feels a fleeting moment of panic. Please let this work. He'll take Jeongin on a date for the team if all things line up, the stars align, Changbin has a ring for Felix.
"Does he watch anime?" Changbin very reasonably asks.

"I guess? I don't really pay attention to the metal stuff he watches. Is Death Note an anime?"

"You know what Jisung, we'll figure something out," Felix reassures him, "together. We're coming as well, for the food."

"You're a lifesaver, Lee."

Felix winks obnoxiously at him while Changbin orders a black coffee with 'extra regret and bitterness at the world'. Chan, the barista, gives him one long judging look before turning to throw more powder than necessary into the coffee machine.

Felix's 'we'll figure out something together' either means:

1. Jisung taking one for the team
2. Kidnapping

Minho stamped down option 2, but tentatively endorsed option 1. Jisung is now loitering in front of Jeongin's next class, feeling like a stalker (Changbin hacked into Hyunjin's phone on Sunday to get Jeongin's schedule, which, first of all, was terrifying, and second of all, Jisung cannot believe Felix is dating some kind of criminal). Minho, according to plan, should be detaining Seungmin back so Jeongin could be isolated, the possibility of that being none and void, but Felix guaranteed him that it'll work, 'trust me I did this to Chris and Binnie-hyung and it worked like a charm'.

Speaking of the devil, Jeongin is walking rather speedily to his classroom, books clutched and falling out of his bag. Jisung dives to save a few, swiping a few loose pens that began their pilgrimage to freedom down the hallway. Jeongin drops down as well, both of them hustling all the stationery into one bag, bumping into each other here and there.

"Thanks," Jisung hands Jeongin the last pen.

"Oh your braces are gone," he notices. No wonder the baby is hotter now. Objectively. He is here to set Hyunjin up. Must focus.

"Yeah, they've been removed for a couple of months now," Jeongin helps him up, "were you waiting for someone?"

Jisung being Jisung looks Jeongin dead in the eye and says "You."

"Okay? I'm here now?"

"There's this anime convention that my friends and I are going. We figured it'd be more fun going in a big group, so just wanted to know if you want to come. Oh my god is this too weird, I know we talked like three times in high school, or something, and I remember you fanboying over Haikyuu, because same. Am I rambling? Oh oops - what..."

"Hyung," Jeongin interrupts him, "I'm coming, don't worry. I'm bringing Minnie along though, that alright with you?"

"The more the merrier," Jisung shrugs, "my friend will just find reasons to cook too much food to bring along. I'm sure this will encourage him."
Jeongin laughs, and it's cute and bell-like, but Seungmin is also coming and Jisung needs to bail.

"Well, it's good catching up. You should go in soon, I'll see you at the convention," he waves goodbye and turns to flee, not before hearing.

"Jisung-hyung, next time if you want to ask me on a date, just say so."

Jisung trips as he flees.

"There is good news and there is bad news," he informs the team. Felix stops trying to wrestle Minho, hair dishevelled.

"How bad are we talking?" Chan squints.

"Hyunjin is coming soon, make it quick," Changbin sinks into his bean bag, "can I steal this?"

"If I say no you'll do it anyway," Chan rolls his eyes while Woojin stares on at him disapprovingly. Changbin sprawls even lower into his bean bag, pulling Felix's jacket over his face.

"So as I was saying," Jisung continues, now perched on Chan's knees, "the good news is I got Jeongin to come along."

Felix cheers and they attempt a high five over Chan who slaps both of them away. Woojin pats the top of Felix's head to console his stolen high five.

"And the bad?" Minho very reasonably asks.

"Jeongin thinks I'm hitting on him," Jisung replies, still confused, "like he's hot and everything but, I don't know, eh."

"That is so reassuring," Changbin mutters.

"It's not that bad of a news!" Felix amends. "You're doing great!"

"Why are there too many people?" Hyunjin appears, drops his bag onto Felix and hugs Woojin, swaying them back and forth.

"Coordinating transportation for the anime convention," Minho lies, not really, they were, Chan's car can only fit so many children. "you coming as well?"

"Pass," Hyunjin waves it aside, "Death Note barely has anything on."

Felix's 'Attack on Titan' is met with an eye roll, "No, people just rock up with Titan suits and those scar me."

"So is that still a hard pass? Because I know Seungmin is coming," Jisung prods.

Hyunjin stands up very ungracefully but also very quickly. He gives all of them a wide-eyed look.

"Why does that have anything to do with me coming?"

"Actually I asked Jeongin and by default, Seungmin is going to follow," Jisung fends off Hyunjin's
jabs, "stop, it's for your own good. I won't even have to resort to murder."

"Bitch," Hyunjin hisses, "leave my love life alone."

"We'll do that when there is one," Minho helpfully supplies. Felix offers Hyunjin Chan's iced coffee to 'soothe your burns' and Woojin starts cracking up, losing it at Hyunjin's affronted face.

"Pass, but a soft pass. The hell am I supposed to do?"


"Damn hyung, chill," Chan whistles sharply.

"But, but," Hyunjin interrupts them all, "what? Why? Aren't Jeongin and Seungmin dating?"

Felix moves quickly, before Changbin could catapult himself at Hyunjin, roar stuck in his throat of prolonged frustration and anger. Using the Soothing Voice, he is barely calmed down. Jisung had thrown the stack of paper he's shuffling in his hands in the air, body's wracked with uncontrollable spasms. Minho emits this soulless but scary hyena cackle, lungs heaving like he was forced to run a marathon where he'd much rather be sleeping.

"Jinnie-yah," Chan tells him, gently, very gently, "go to the convention and talk to Seungmin. Stop asking questions."

"Jisung-hyung!" Jeongin waves at him from where he's holding hands with Seungmin. Jisung smiles, waving back. Changbin's 'just get in already' is met with three elbows, and Woojin coos as Jeongin detaches from Seungmin who ominously starts chanting 'I should've bought you flowers' loudly, coming to join them.

Jisung doesn't miss the nudge Felix gives Minho, both of them grinning as Jeongin loops an arm in Jisung's elbow.

Hyunjin is left alone to escort Seungmin who finally catches up, pouting as his companion is stolen from him. At one look at Hyunjin he lets out a loud 'AH!' Three people turn. Jeongin gives Hyunjin a look and start pointing at Seungmin.

"Door guy!"

Seungmin's eyes light up in recognition. Hyunjin tries to hide behind Felix who pats him sympathetically.

"They're doing dance covers," Minho notices as the ring around two boys grow, "wanna join?" he asks Hyunjin.

"Can I too?" Felix pries Changbin's grip off him, but the boyfriend holds on tighter. Minho is detained by Woojin so only Hyunjin steps out into the circle. Kim Donghan waves at him and gives
him a very long-armed and koala-style hug, swinging him off to Changgu, who's squishing his face. The girls surrounding them squeal and applaud, then someone, probably a friend of Donghan's, he has a lot, presses the play button on the speaker by accident, and a BTS song comes on.

Donghan nearly bowls Hyunjin over running out to dance to Dope. The friend changes songs, a foreign one, and Hyunjin bullshit it. Not stretching before dancing is dangerous, but he's not about to b-boy his way into oblivion (Kang Daniel's broken wrists and frequent visits to the hospital scar the dance department infinitely, thus the b-boy ban) but a few popping tricks should suffice the screams of the rabid fangirls.

"HYUNJINNIE-YAH!" Minho whoops.

"YOU'RE SO COOL!" Felix helpfully adds in.

"OPPAA~" Jisung screeches and howls in loud laughter as Hyunjin loses his balance, but quickly recover with a krump that properly captures all of his embarrassment at his friends who are twice as loud as the girls around him.

The speaker's batteries die and Donghan apologises to the disappointed groans from their enthusiastic audience, who's lingering to get photos with Hyunjin, but he books it out of there before any jacket grabbing could happen. One time Jisung lost a shoe. It gets weird super fast.

"That was so cool!" Jeongin tells him.

"Oh thanks," Hyunjin smiles, "should've stretched before hand, but that was a light session, not too much happening."

"Seungmin wouldn't shut up about you, and I see why," Jeongin whispers and Hyunjin hears it, but they're both acting like they haven't.

"Good luck," Jeongin pats his back.

"With?"

"Things."

"Bro," Seungmin approaches him, "I pushed a door into your face first day at uni, right?"

"I, uh, yes," Hyunjin stammers, "me, yeah."

"Do you, like, need a second? Breathe. I don't store dead bodies in my apartment or anything," Seungmin grants him one pat on the arm.

"That's so reassuring. That's exactly what body hoarders would say," he snorts. Seungmin makes a shushing motion, eyes disappearing into soft crescents and Hyunjin is trying to calm his gay heart down. Breathe Hyunjin, you got into dance school, you can handle talking to a cute boy for two minutes. Or five. Seungmin walks really close to him and he's having problems walking, subtly moving to the side and almost screams when Seungmin follows, not consciously, because he's pointing to a booth with Cardcaptor Sakura printed in large block letters and grabbing onto Hyunjin's wrist.
Well then.

"Kim Seungmin," he squeezes Hyunjin's wrist. Thank gods arteries don't burst that easily.

"Hwang Hyunjin."

"Hyunjinnie-gah, let's go!"

"Wait wait what-"

Seungmin buys one big bag worth of merch and Hyunjin, as an avid fanboy of bands and TV shows, can understand the impulse, he does, he's not judging (he is) the big ass pink monstrosity somehow Seungmin managed to wheedled the kid behind the stall to give it to him, but the minute is hits two he's stepping in.

"Can I get another-"

"No he's not," Hyunjin pulls him away, "we're going."

"But Hyunjin-"

The child gives Hyunjin a bag anyway. He's glaring at both Seungmin and the kid, someone named Allen, but both of them are grinning and Seungmin is pulling him away to another booth.

"I want that one!" The brunette points to another plushie, the other two bags somehow ending up held by Hyunjin. There are too many things to hold and not enough time to pay, everything is happening and he can't stop them from happening, with the girl this time being completely immune to Seungmin's puppy eyes.

"But why~" He whines. The girl, very pretty, big eyes, purple eyeshadow, looks at him like she found a rat from a sewer on her bedroom floor and contemplating what's the best way to kill it without getting blood in between the tiles.

"The puppy eyes might work on the other stalls, but my club got me to guard this one because one, the merch is expensive as fuck, and two, I'm gay," her name is Tzuyu and she's officially Hyunjin's favourite, "pay or scram."

"My boyfriend will pay!" Seungmin reaches for Hyunjin's wallet. In a superhero move, he slaps the hand away, keeps afloat two bags full of plushies and glares at Seungmin in one fluid move, creds to his dancing years because a less coordinated man would not be able to manage all of that. It hurts him now that he thinks about it.

"No," he hisses at Seungmin.

"Yes," the demon, attractive, cute, fluffy demon from hell, snatches his wallet anyway and pulls out the amount Tzuyu needs. She's eyeing Hyunjin like are you sure you're dating and if you are then rip your wallet.

"And your boyfriend is okay with this?" She raises one eyebrow.

"Of course he is," Seungmin inches closer but Hyunjin is stepping onto the back of his shoe and he stumbles back, slamming onto his impressive and bulky collection of merch, "Jinnie-yah~"

"Don't Jinnie-yah me, bitch, that's my money," Hyunjin kicks Seungmin's calf, "two sec, over here,
come on."

He reluctantly follows. Hyunjin puts the things onto the ground, shrugs off his jacket and gets ready to fight. The money is for his sister, as congratulations for doing well on her end of year exams. He's going to knock this punk into next week if he thinks taking Hyunjin's money is okay. It's not.

"I was joking," Seungmin defends himself.

Hyunjin ceases rolling up his sleeves, but doesn't stop glaring. He flexes his veins out for further intimidation factor. Seungmin is gulping now. It's working.

"You better be. Look at this. I buy this much stuff once a year. You burn it all in a day. Do you even have a job? Save your money."

Seungmin ducks at he attempts a waacking dance, hands flying too close to his ears. Hyunjin pulls back his arms to apologise, crashes into Seungmin and catches the guy by the arm, both of their faces too close for it to be considered normal or hetero.

"Uh," Seungmin leans back, "if you want a kiss you have to buy me plushies first."

Hyunjin lets go and Seungmin squeals as he falls back, but not really because Hyunjin holds him by the collar.

"I don't even know why I like you," Hyunjin mutters as he bends over to pick up the bags. Seungmin must've heard him because there's this inhuman shriek from behind him and an extra 50 something worth of carbon energy in human form and the burden of love vaulting onto his bag. He does his best to carry plushies, bags and Seungmin, back and steering clear of Tzuyu's booth who waves at them, bored, carrying him away to the rendezvous point Jisung texted him earlier.

"So are you dating yet?" Minho asks, too excited.

"Can I block you now that I've been relieved of emotional rubbish bin status?" Jisung throws him more plushies, at his face (Look Jinnie-ah, Tobio, but with a cape! - I literally don't care, Jisung).

"No," Hyunjin refuses profusely while Seungmin replies with 'We're practically married'.

Changbin snorts really loudly and descends into a hysterical coughing fit, courtesy of Felix who slams one loud smack onto his back. Jeongin shoves Hyunjin two thumbs up, grinning as he leans into Jisung, rubbing his cheek on the guy's shoulder.

Hyunjin must've looked really confused at that because Jisung gives him a look like 'they not dating'.

Hyunjin's 'hoe how do you know' is met with an eyeroll. Jisung nudges Seungmin's foot.

"Oi, you dating Jeongin?"

Hyunjin chokes on his inhale.

Seungmin stares dead at Jisung in the eye. "I know we're close, but we're not that close. That's basically incest."

This time it's Chan who breaks into a coughing fit, with Woojin slapping his back in rapid
succession.

"Take him away, far far from here. I'm already a favourite with his mum. She'll live without him. She has me. By the way," Seungmin turns to beam at Hyunjin, "if we're meeting in laws then you have double the in laws from mine, okay?"

"Why do you keep mentioning marriage? Date me first!"

Hyunjin regrets his nonexistent filter too much because there's Seungmin throwing himself onto him with the backdrop of seven other guys whooping and heaping crackers onto his fallen body.

"Buy me the plushie," Seungmin pouts, nose really close to him.

"Later," he promises.

He buys Seungmin three. Jisung calls him whipped and limits him to three lovesick texts a day, otherwise I'll break your phone, you duck.

(Seungmin slips a ring onto his finger, as a joke on their first date. When they go on that trip to Australia, with Felix guaranteeing sponsorship, Hyunjin slips a ring onto Seungmin who not only scream but tackle him down in the garden of Chan's house, babbling something about 'stupid tall boyfriends and their smartassery'.)

Chapter End Notes

OMG AND CHAN'S NAME IS ACTUALLY CHAN NOT BYUNGCHAN
ASDGHJKWOIURH I DIDN'T KNOW I THOUGHT IT WAS BYUNGCHAN BUT
I'M CALLING HIM CHRIS FROM NOW ON I'M SORRY CHANNNNN

I SWEAR I CAN WRITE GOOD FICTION IT'S JUST JANUARY IS NOT MY MONTH
and it feels worse than dying

Chapter Summary

you have one and only answer from meeting your own ghost.

the ghost of regret is the one that crushes your lungs, blinds your eyes, locks away your voice and throws it to the space between night and day.

and it feels worse than dying.

Chapter Notes

WHOO LOOK AT YA GIRL UPDATING TWICE IN A DAY
(tbh this one is just one big wtf from start to finish bear with me because I can't bear with myself - what? what is happening? me too I don't know)

Hello dear yjh1004 with the prompt of i kind of want to read the typical angsty changlix after our sunshine's elimination

I did light angst but this is as far as I go. I can't make myself write a sad Felix please understand I am very emotionally unstable when I have more balance perhaps I will attempt a different angst prompt but this is the best I could cough up right now. ALSO CHANGLIX IS CLOSE TO MY HEART I CRIED WRITING THIS

See the end of the chapter for more notes

there is a highway, off to the west of seoul.

it qualifies for gravel path because the edges had been worn down by tyres hours upon hours, sometimes trucks, sometimes cars.

and legend, folk tales, stories – they tell of a tale. regret. anguish. death. the veil between life and death when one drive past this highway.

perhaps the visions are real and ghosts live beyond the body, even with living beings. what can anyone prove or refute? they’ve all seen something, but they can’t say what.

you. you don’t fear the dark, not the dark on its own. you fear what your mind conjures up in the absence of light, the fear that has no shape but a mass of its own, manifested in semi-corporeal monsters, outlines, figures, masses – moving, reaching, howling for you. for your mind unrestrained is your greatest fear, and your eyes under thrall to the organ inside your skull fall prey to the projection of heartbreak, anguish, regret.

this highway perhaps will make sense. perhaps you really are haunted and your eyes are seeing things. perhaps all you need is your mind to be numbed beyond the point of conjuring massless entities between seeing and not-seeing.
who knows?
certainly not you, anyways. that’s why you’re on the highway.
your hands grip the steering wheel, nudging the car back whenever the tyres crunch on pebbles. the lights died out a few minutes ago, and you’re engulfed in a gradual crawl of the dark. unfathomable depth. the whisperings start. lumps of bushes and sign posts flicker in and out of sight. fences bracket on either side.

“hyung.”
the tyres screech as you swerve to the emergency lane, tail lights flashing furious yellow. no. no. no. he’s not – surely – not. it’s not possible.

“but not impossible.”
it’s his voice, but –

“you’re not real,” you tell him. or yourself.

“i’m as real as you allow me to be, changbin-hyung.”
you want to scream. want to cover up your eyes your ears or your brain from looking. seeing. being in the same air-shut space with him.

him.

him.

him.

he’s as real as you’ll allow him to be. he could disappear. he really could. you’ll just have to – freckles, thick lips. a face smiles at you from the passenger seat, the same face, ageless, from the countless dreams, nightmares, hallucinations and in-between moments of waking and sleeping.

his name falls from the back of your throat, rubbed dry months ago from screaming the same syllables. over and over and over and over.

“felix.”

“hey,” the boy next to you smiles, “long time no see.”

“you’re not- what – what are you?”

“I don’t know,” a shrug, “a nightmare, a ghost, a vision, whatever you want me to be. i’m only like this because you want me to look like this. or remember me to be.”

it’s not real. it’s a ghost of regret, manifested from something that can override even your own mind:

a broken heart.
“go away felix. it’s – it’s done. it’s too late.”

“nothing’s ever too late. you’re here right? you must’ve wanted answers.”

there are more questions as you’re sitting in that car, with a ghost of someone who was there. or was there a ghost at all?

“one thing for sure.” you watch the face moves closer, the air barely brushing the shell of your ear as the lips mutter into your ear.

“it’s not real.”

perhaps none of it is real and everything is a lucid sight your heart conjures up. you turn. there is no one. a brief flicker of an outline, a back, a familiar back, up ahead, receding away to the patch of light spilling onto broken concrete, until dusts scatter under the lamp light and all you have is air, warm air, ghost air, in the confined space of your car.

“it wasn’t your fault. why are you sorry, hyung?” the phantom whispers.

“but i lost you either way,” your heart tells you, “for that i’m sorry.”

the highway is a gateway that enables regret to manifest itself in cruel visions, heartrending things, distortions under the lamp light, shuttering on and off. all the answers you have will never be answered. you would not be visiting this path a second time. you have one and only answer from meeting your own ghost.

the ghost of regret is the one that crushes your lungs, blinds your eyes, locks away your voice and throws it to the space between night and day.

and it feels worse than dying.

Chapter End Notes

LMAO WHAT IS AN ENDING I DON’T KNOW HER
SEND ME NICE COMMENTS I’M CRYING
i don't make the rules that is how the australian works

Chapter Summary

katuk: STOP STEALING MY PEACE AND MY BOYFRIEND

macca's run: WE'RE THE SUPERIOR SHIP

macca's run: WE CUDDLE ON THE DAILY

macca's run: WE HAVE PET NAMES

macca's run: HIS MUM KNOWS MY MUM - THEY TALK EVERYDAY

macca's run: HE GAVE ME A RING FOR 3RACHA'S ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY

macca's run: WE CONNECT ON A SPIRITUAL LEVEL THAT IS BEYOND LANGUAGE

macca's run: WE COMFORT EACH OTHER

macca's run: I KNOW I CAN TREAT HIM BETTER THAN YOU CAN

alvin: is that shawn mendes

macca's run: i ran out of things to scream about

A joint request by
- alaina_deja's Can I request a fluffy Aussie Line fic with a lot of cuddles and pda/Aussie Slang just to tease the other members
- felix_freckles' but I'd love to read a Chan+Felix fic, I'm craving interactions between the aussies. I was thinking of a fic where Chan teaches Felix some English, and idk maybe some Aussie slang in between and the members not understanding shit. And maybe Chan being really caring about him ❤️ only if u feel like it :)

Chapter Notes

Just because I'm Australian doesn't mean I know how the slangs work.

ALSO YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A STORY BUT TRUST ME IT'S FUNNIER THIS WAY, THE AUSSIE SLANG WORKS BEST HERE

WHOO LOOK AT ME GO THREE UPDATES IN LIKE A WEEK-ish.

A guide to all the names:
Chan: lite and chrispy, lord have mercy, macca's run
Felix: rhonda, felixy cheezles, felix felicis, broken ice cream machine
Jisung: alvin
Hyunjin: jean
Jeongin: fluffy rubber ducky
Woojin: grizzly bear
Seungmin: hey minnie you're so fun
Changbin: bean, katuk, resting bitch face with a permanent fuck off tattooed on his chin
Minho: No x 4 stick to the status quo

My prompters are all sweet and cute the more you comment and request the happier I get

See the end of the chapter for more notes

{Group chat: hell children and the overseers}

lord have mercy: children

grizzly bear: Ahem

lord have mercy: hi hyung lol

lord have mercy: if anyone sees felix throw a jacket at him he's been sniffling all morning

bean: hE's BeeN wHaT

jean: triggered

jean: but smol scale

bean: im too concerned for the idiot to address that diss

jean: ye ik

jean: dont even think it was a diss it was an pbservation

alvin: no changbin hyung u cant kill him at least 3 ppl will be sad, jeongin included

bean: how bout i just knocj him

lord have mercy: no killing

bean: ffs

lord have mercy: no swearing

hey minnie you're so fun: question

lord have mercy: hello sweetheart

alvin: ghey

lord have mercy: hello one of my children
jean: calm down jesus u act like we all want to be ur kid

alvin: stfu distressed grandpa jeans pls adopt me again hyung im sorry

hey minnie you're so fun: are we

hey minnie you're so fun: good now?

grizzly bear: Keep going, ignore them

hey minnie you're so fun: so i gave fel a jacket

hey minnie you're so fun: but he just stared at me then said yeah nah

hey minnie you're so fun: and left

hey minnie you're so fun: if he said yeah why did he not take the jacket????

jean: he said nah tho

hey minnie you're so fun: but he said yeah first

hey minnie you're so fun: i dont understand/????

jean: ???

lord have mercy: that means no

jean: wait wut

bean: if yeah nah means no what does yes look like

alvin: nah ...

alvin: yeah?

lord have mercy: spot on!

bean: i refuse to believe this is how ppl speak

lord have mercy: i don't make the rules that is how the australian works

fluffy rubber ducky: i was on my way out of the studio

fluffy rubber ducky: and ran across felix and chan hyung

fluffy rubber ducky: i asked them what time it was

fluffy rubber ducky: chan hyung told me it was 4 in the arvo

fluffy rubber ducky: wHAt iuS aN aRVo
jean: sounds like avocado

hey minnie you're so fun: is dat edible

grizzly bear: No honey

alvin: sounds liek a guy's name

bean: how bout yall go to sleep

jean: soemtimes when chan hyung wants to wish me good luck

jean: he says 'have a good one' instead of 'fighting'

jean: but he forgets he does the language

jean: so he says have a good fighting and until this day i never let him live that down

No x 4 stick to the status quo: did i just hear felix screaming in australian

grizzly bear: Minho that is not a separate language on its own

bean: i dont understand someone translate

No x 4 stick to the status quo: u cant tell me that when all the fluent englishy ppl want to cry when those two speak

grizzly bear: I stand corrected

hey minnie you're so fun: OI MATE HEARD U JUST HUMILIATED YERSELF

hey minnie you're so fun: YEH THINK YA FUNNY BUT YEH NOT FELIX

fluffy rubber ducky: i could hear their accents

grizzly bear: You're not the only one

{Private chat: chris bang}

lite and chrispy: felix

felixy cheezles: ye

lite and chrispy: i just asked binnie if he wants to go on a maccas run with me

felixy cheezles: u

felixy cheezles: u do realise he doesnt possess the knowledge of the motherland's tongue, yes?

lite and chrispy: can u not m8
felixy cheezles: sometimes being senile has its drawbacks

lite and chrispy: IM ONLY 3 YRS OLDER

felixy cheezles: and his response?

lite and chrispy: oh so i was liek

lite and chrispy: changbin, my lad, binno mate, im hungry, lets go on a maccas run

lite and chrispy: him - i have no idea what u just said hyung pls speak english

lite and chrispy: I WAS SPEAKING ENGLISH U FAILURE OF A CARBON BASED LIFE FORM

felixy cheezles: as the boyfriend im obliged to tell u to stop

felixy cheezles: as ur fellow strayan brother id like u to continue

lite and chrispy: he told me to speak english otherwise fuck off

felixy cheezles: dont slander my bf u know only minho hyung and hyunjin swear

lite and chrispy: u kno changbin has a resting bitch face with a permanent fuck off tattooed on his chin

felixy cheezles: im changing his name to that rn

{Group chat: hell children and the overseers}

felix felicis: hello i just achieved new intel

felix felicis changes lord have mercy's name to macca's run

felix felicis changes bean to resting bitch face with a permanent fuck off tattooed on his chin

macca's run changes felix felicis to broken ice cream machine

broken ice cream machine: skoin on mate

broken ice cream machine: thought we were mates

macca's run: listen 'ere mate

fluffy rubber ducky: THEYRE DOING THE THING AGAIN

No x 4 stick to the status quo: i need you two to stop for the sake of my sanity

jean: just yours

No x 4 stick to the status quo: im the centre of my own universe be ur own
jean: rightly justified

alvin: can we ban them

resting bitch face with a permanent fuck off tattooed on his chin: why is my name so long

broken ice cream machine changes resting bitch face with a permanent fuck off tattooed on his chin to katuk

katuk: i dont understand

macca's run changes broken ice cream machine's name to rhonda

rhonda: u dont have to honey

jean: update on the bogan line bc i have nothing to do

alvin: do u ever rest

jean: only in death

No x 4 stick to the status quo: mood

grizzly bear: I could help with the having nothing to do

jean: as i was saying

jean: felix fell asleep and chan hyung started whispering my precious while petting his hair

fluffy rubber ducky: did i just hear hyung trying to put an aussie accent to gollum's voice

katuk: woorjin hyung

grizzly bear: Yes?

katuk: how do i delete traumatic sounds from my head

grizzly bear: Knock yourself out and convince yourself it never happened

fluffy rubber ducky: think happy thoughts

jean: stab urself with a sharp object and go permanently deaf

alvin: even better

alvin: pull a van gogh

No x 4 stick to the status quo: morbid and visceral but i approve

alvin: ik
alvin: that's why we're still friends

katuk: okay im a coward so ill use jeongin's approach

grizzly bear: My guess is you heard Chan babying his child

katuk: DON't MENTION IT

katuk: IM THINKING HAPPY THOUGHTS

katuk: GYU MY ONLY LOVE SCREW FELIX THAT TWO TIMING HOE

jean: felix is now on hyung's lap and hes being wrestled into the maximal cuddling position

fluffy rubber ducky: *shivers*

grizzly bear: We don't talk of that

katuk: HOW COME U PROTEC THE BABY BUT NOT ME

grizzly bear: We don't speak of Christopher full stop

grizzly bear: Christopher Bang is dead in this household

No x 4 stick to the status quo: death to the state

No x 4 stick to the status quo: death to anarchy

No x 4 stick to the status quo: death to our glorious leader and the rise of communism

alvin: ur such an anarchist

No x 4 stick to the status quo: it comes with old age

No x 4 stick to the status quo: the minute u hit 20 u just feel pure chaos in ur soul

katuk: does rage qualify

No x 4 stick to the status quo: absolutely

macca's run: GUYS GUYS LOOK AT MY CHILD ISN'T HE PRECIOUS

macca's run: MY PRECIOUS

grizzly bear: TIME OUT BANG CHAN

alvin: GOLLUM SHOULDN't be DISRESPECTED LIKE THIS

fluffy rubber ducky: HAPPY THOUGHTS HAPPY THOUGHTS HAPPY THOUGHTS

hey minnie you're so fun: i took a picture and they're so cute, hugging each other on hyung's bed

hey minnie you're so fun: if the gollum thing didn't exist
No x 4 stick to the status quo: and changbinnie

hey minnie you're so fun: that too

katuk: its liek ur asking for a fight

hey minnie you're so fun: then i wouldve shipped banglix

alvin: i ship banglix more than i ship changlix

jean: step up ur game changbin hyung ur bf is being stolen away by a much better man

macca's run: we ship ourselves too lol

katuk: STOP STEALING MY PEACE AND MY BOYFRIEND

macca's run: WE'RE THE SUPERIOR SHIP

macca's run: WE CUDDLE ON THE DAILY

macca's run: WE HAVE PET NAMES

macca's run: HIS MUM KNOWS MY MUM - THEY TALK EVERYDAY

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macca's run: WE COMFORT EACH OTHER

macca's run: I KNOW I CAN TREAT HIM BETTER THAN YOU CAN

alvin: is that shawn mendes

macca's run: i ran out of things to scream about

katuk: SQUARE UP AND FIGHT ME OUTSIDE RN CHRISTOPHER BANG

macca's run: COME AT ME MATE

alvin: we just moved in and already theres a brawl

No x 4 stick to the status quo: ill throw in a pitcher of lemonade if theres blood

rhonda: chris come back it was so warm before

grizzly bear: No blood or lemonade please the neighbours will complain

fluffy rubber ducky: LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA HAPPINESS ARE YOU HAPPY YO

jean: is that red velvet

fluffy rubber ducky: ・゚・*(ЙД`)・゚・ IM SORRY IT WAS THE FIRST THING I THOUGHT OF
alvin: ginnie
alvin: honey
alvin: sweetheart
alvin: dont pay attention to the jerk
alvin: hwang hyunjin ur dead
hey minnie you're so fun: dont bully the child
hey minnie you're so fun: we swore on it and everything
hey minnie you're so fun: cannot believe u would break our vows this way
fluffy rubber ducky: (╯︵╰,) pls dont fight
No x 4 stick to the status quo: AH HA
No x 4 stick to the status quo: an enemy of men
No x 4 stick to the status quo: destroy him
grizzly bear: I didn't want to do this, but
grizzly bear: Hyunjinnie that was out of line
jean: I ASKED ONE UESTION
rhonda: spare the guy
rhonda: hyung
No x 4 stick to the status quo: yes?
grizzly bear: What's wrong?
jean: yo
alvin: wut
katuk: what now
macca's run: WOT SKOIN MATE
rhonda: oh lol wanted to ask where smething was but found it
rhonda: also jisung & hyunjin shut up we all 00 liner
rhonda: mate
No x 4 stick to the status quo: that was so passive aggressive
alvin: 11/10

jean: y r foreigners so handsy and touchy

macca's run: because we love you

rhonda: not me

grizzly bear: I know your love is intense and everything but don't make me get out of bed and suffocate you

No x 4 stick to the status quo: still waiting for that chan vs bin smackdown

alvin: how about a jin and sung smackdown

No x 4 stick to the status quo: as long as theres blood im g

macca's run: woojin hyung had left bed it's been a good one until next time

katuk: idc wat anyone say but if he open his mouth one more time

hey minnie you're so fun: I THOUGHT THAT IVE BEEN HURT BEFORE

Chapter End Notes

I can confirm that people actually speak like this

Also this was just me throwing in all the Aussie jokes I know of please understand my sense of humour is limited this is why I don't have friends.

ASK ME IN THE COMMENTS ABOUT ALL THE AUSSIE JOKES I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO EXPLAIN. (Also if you don't know where Minho's username is from I am judging you)
Tell me a lie. Any lie

Chapter Summary

Tell me a lie. Any lie.

I can't live without you and I wish it was a lie.

Chapter Notes

Hi I like to be in pain. Time to share it.

THIS IS NOT A PROMPT I WAS SAD SO I WROTE A THING. ALSO ddana_sassana THIS IS ONLY A TINY PREVIEW OF WHAT I AM CAPABLE OF ONCE I DO THE PAIN THING JUST LETTING YOU KNOW. AND YES IT IS A CHANGLIX THING. I DON'T KNOW I LOVE PUTTING MY BABIES IN PAIN

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tell me a lie. Any lie.

I'm not a very good liar.

Oh are you not now? I would've believed differently.

I don't know. Leave me alone. (Don't leave. Never leave.)

Tell me a lie. Any lie.

You're ugly. (You're ethereal. Stunning. Your beauty is so much that my two hands cannot even begin to graze it. Words fail to describe you.)

Thanks you too. (You're a terrible liar. And you are beautiful.)

Tell me a lie. Any lie.

We'll see each other again. Here. There. Somewhere in between.

That's not a lie, is it?

Well it's not truth either.

Tell me a lie. Stop giving me truth.
You're ugly and I hate you. *(Quite the opposite, really.)*

That's more like it.

(Told you we'll meet again.)

Tell me a lie. Any lie.

**I don't want to lie. It's fine.** *(Although I want to. None of this is okay. Look at you.) You tell me a lie.*

Ah how the tables have turned. Don't I look alive today?

(We both know that's a lie.)

Tell me a lie. Any lies.

**The laws say yes, but the rings are a flat no.** *(The laws prohibit us from marrying but dear god the rings fit perfectly, hugging your finger so tightly.)*

You're mean.

**No I'm not. I just like bullying you.** *(And loving you.)*

Put that ring on me, will you? I want to look pretty. All in white.

**I'll tell you a lie.**

Which one?

**We're getting married right now and you're wearing all white. No need for vows. We already exchanged them.** *(We are in your bedroom. Everything is in white because you insisted. Death should be pure, a rebirth, not an end. Your skin is yellow green, your joints shake and break. The room doesn't have any air.)*

Am I cute now?

**You're ugly like usual. It'll do.** *(It's a lie.)*

That's so mean.

Tell me a lie. Any lie.

**I can't live without you. It's the truth. I can't lie. Not anymore.**

Oh but you can. We spent all that time apart.

**Yes, but temporarily. Not forever.**
Nothing's forever.

**You are. We are.**

How disgusting. You will live.

**I wish that was the truth.**

If it is not so, wait for me. Look for me. If we are forever then you will find me wherever I am.

**I can't promise you that. I don't know how to. There's too much -**

Then lie to me. Tell me a lie.

**I will search for you. Until there's nothing left. I will not stop, will not lose hope, will not forget, will not die, until we meet again.**

See that's not too bad. I'll go now.

**NO! No no please no. Come back, come back please. I can't I can't -**

Tell me a lie. Any lie.

**I can't live without you and I wish it was a lie.**

Chapter End Notes

If anyone has Twitter my account is @jarofactonbell. I'll scream over there whenever I'm close to updating.

If anyone is confused know that I too am confused - what is happening and who is what?????? You have chosen to read this interpret it as you will I have no idea what is happening anymore please send in questions I am too happy to answer
as they stand in that kitchen, light soft, not really doing much

Chapter Summary

"Shut up I'm still talking. Remember when I asked you what my role in this group is and you told me some half-ass answer like 'main vocal'?"

"Okay?"

"Your role is to lead," Woojin's hands frame his cheeks, "my role is to care. And to love. To nourish."

Chapter Notes

SOMEONE CLICKED ON MY KO-FI LINK AND THAT IS THE REASON WHY I AM UPDATING BECAUSE I THRIVE OFF MONEY (but also because I have realised that my prompts are clearing up quickly and I like the satisfaction of clearing things on a checklist)

Prompts by:
Nina -> Can I request a Chan X Everyone, in any way you want to write it? and also Nina -> but could you do one it's just basically all the members appreciating/looking after Chan or something?

It is done. I'm sorry you had to request twice I am a mess

Pure screech. No plot. Just Stray Kids aggressively caring for their leader. Also Woochan if you squint extra hard lmao everything is just platonic love I do this with my friends I am extra clingy and extra aggressive in taking care of them I can guarantee this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He was sleeping when two things happen:

1. He woke up and feels the distinct imprint of his laptop's keyboard on one side of his face, his forearms and his neck

2. He's being carried away. There are hands under his knees and behind his shoulder blades

"Kidnapping is illegal," he tells the person.

"Can't be kidnapping if it's someone you know," a voice tells him. There is a laugh in there somewhere.

"You can't tell me that after Jinnie-hyung made us watch that one kid who got kidnapped by his
dad and kept in the basement for god knows how long," he mumbles, shuffling a bit in the awkward embrace, face pressed awkwardly into a shirt that smells like burnt fabric, "Jinnie-yah."

Hyunjin probably rolls his eyes. He always does, when the older boys tell him something he disagrees with.

"You're going to bed," Hyunjin drops him on his bed and throws a blanket over his face, "three hours. Don't wake up before then."

"How will I ever pay you back for this kindness?" He pushes the blanket down below his nose, blowing hair out of his face.

"By sleeping. I'm coming back to check in twenty minutes and if you're not asleep, you're not leaving this room tomorrow," Hyunjin points a finger at his face, debates something and leans down to kiss his forehead, "take care hyung."

"Love you too baby."

Hyunjin comes back and he's passed out.

Something nudges his leg roughly about 3 hours later (it could've been 20 minutes later or 20 years later - time after he closes his eyes is really hard to measure). He grunts, rolls onto his stomach and stuffs his nose into the pillow, smelling like Jeongin's shampoo.

"Up, or I'm kicking," Changbin nudges him again.

He says that all the time to Felix but seven people had caught him moving Felix aside, gently, for him not to take the child seriously regarding kicking. Changbin has a soft spot for all of them. His heart is pure sugar cotton candy. No malice exists in that boy's chest.

"Five minutes," he groans.

"Food won't wait for five minutes, dumbass," a corner of his blanket is pulled aside, "up. Out. Begone."

He attempts to roll off onto the ground, but Changbin 's foot stops him as one of his leg falls off the bed and there is the sigh. The sigh he makes before he caves in. Chan cackles inside his head as he's supported to a sitting position, Changbin doing most of the lifting and pulling, face a permanent scowl (but with love).

Once Chan is sitting he stands and the look Changbin gives him is enough to let him cackle out loud, yodelling in joy.

Jisung from next door knocks over something and curses quietly. Changbin thumps the wall in disapproval and the softest 'shit' is heard.

"Ya, Han Jisung!" Chan raises his voice.

"Sorry!"

At Changbin he bends down, blows a kiss at the child and backs away doing finger guns, and he swears he can hear the slightest 'Stupid oldie pretending he's ten'.
Seungmin, hair freshly combed, uniform newly ironed and frying eggs with a green Shrek apron over his school clothes, hums a tune under his breath. Chan pads into the kitchen quietly and stuffs his nose into the crook of the child's neck, arms wrapping around Seungmin's middle.

It must've been because everyone under that roof is ridiculously clingy because not only does Seungmin not flinch or elbow him in the chin, he tightens Chan's arms around his waist, pats the back of his hands twice, then starts singing Fifth Harmony out loud.

"How'd you know it was me?" He presses a kiss into the child's nape.

"Jisung ran out just then telling everyone that you woke up," Seungmin turns off the stove, "and you smell like you've been working all night."

"Is the burnt hair thing real or are you just tripping me?"

"It smells like you're overworking yourself. Come on, move back, I got your food," the child taps two fingers on his wrist, once, twice, "hyung you need to eat. Proper food. You need to eat proper food."

Chan detaches from him and his face looks like Seungmin told him that his music is awful and Goku is lame (Woojin had assembled all of Stray Kids bar Chan one night after Jisung tucked him to bed, outlining the two Unapproachable Subjects: The Figurine and The Music. Any violations to these subjects - mentioning them in a bad light, criticising or using them as emotional leverage in a fight will have one Kim Woojin to answer for). Seungmin scrapes the eggs off the frying pan onto a plate, takes off his apron and loops an arm under Chan's arm, dragging him to the living room.

"But I want to hug you for longer," he whines, throwing his arms around Seungmin, "you always leave straight after."

"Sit," Seungmin pulls out a chair, "I woke up early today, so I'll stay until you finish."

Chan remains unconvinced.

"Pinky promise. I swear on all the guitars in this dorm."

"I heard that!" Woojin screams from somewhere.

Chan doesn't let go of Seungmin nor does he pry him off.

He doesn't let go of Seungmin, nuzzling into his shoulder, until Hyunjin throws open the door, tears them apart and rushes Seungmin out, chanting 'we're late we're late we're late' as they jump down the stairs three at a time.

Seungmin screams a shrill "Eat properly!" before he's gone.

It must've hit the 4 hour mark, because Jisung had tried in the last two minutes to save all of their progress (virtually none), from slapping his hands away from the mouse to kicking him to WWE style wrestle him.

Felix slams open the door to his room (it's locked to keep Changbin in, he always kick Hyunjin to
the couch whenever he goes on a toilet run in the middle of the night) to see Jisung holding Chan in a head choke, socks skidding on the floor, wide eyes blinking like 'how do I help'.

"Quick - laptop," Jisung grits and chokes Chan even harder, pulling him away.

"Fe-" wheezes, "save - child-" He wheezes, appealing to Felix.

Felix grabs the laptop and makes a sprint for it, out the door. Jisung lets go in surprise as Felix and someone outside talk to each other, both of them devoid of that laptop. One Lee Minho returns with his device, devastatingly shut.

"Hi. Stop. Go for a walk. Don't come back until you've properly exercised," he points at Chan, "if you need to take someone with you I'm more than happy to go. You will not sit on your ass for 4 hours straight and not walk it off. It's unhealthy. You'll die soon."

He whines and collapses back against the wall, his back of his head hitting solid plaster. Jisung by this point speaks fluent Chrisism extracts a USB from somewhere and solemnly assures him that it's been saved. All of their nonexistent work had been saved now will your ass just run around like the idiot you are and get out of the dorm it's so depressing seeing your face all the time hyung-

Chan lets out a devastating shriek at the kids' bullying, crippled because he thought they loved him and valued his presence. Minho begins to tap his foot, pouting at him and Chan caves. He's weak when Minho begins to exhibit expressions other than happy and tired. Jisung cheers a little when he's escorted out by Minho, Felix bundling both of them in thick jackets.

"Don't get sick," Felix kisses both of them on the nose, "take your time. Take all the time you need."

"You know what you are mate? A snake," Chan tells him, digging his elbow into the kid's ribs. Felix sidesteps him with way too much grace and holds the door open, putting on a dumb face.

"Sorry, I don't speak English," he tells that to Chan's face, "have a good one!"

"FELIX LEE YOU ARE SUCH A LIAR-

"Hyung you're being too loud."

He thinks of Kim Woojin as the nicest bear on earth. The best cuddler. 20/10 Reliable Older Hyung Who Leads The Children Better Than Bang Chan.

But other times, he's Kim Woojin, Trying To Aggressively Mother Stray Kids Into Healthy And Comfortable Things and Chan? He's allergic to that. He's been a trainee for 7 years. Comfort and healthiness are foreign concepts to him. He cannot compute why he needs to like, exercise and drink water and buy warm clothes for winter while Woojin fusses about these things, muttering death threats under his breath.

He's behind the kitchen table, Woojin on the other end. They've been doing this for the last five minutes.

"Five more minutes," he hears himself whining. Wow. He whines a lot nowadays.

"No. Stop," Woojin slams a palm on the table, "give me the key. I'm locking all of you out."
"But-"
"Christopher Bang," a knock on the table top, "you need to rest. Give me the key."

He hands the key over, knowing the battle is lost the minute Woojin dishes out the I'm Not Angry I Just Care A Lot About You And Your Health look. Woojin sprints away, successfully ridding the practice room of the rest of Stray Kids too diligently practicing and rounds them all back up in the dorm, stripping all their dirty clothes as he ushers them through the door.


There is a collective groan. Minho balls up his hoodie and throws it at Chan's head.

"If you didn't leave for the toilet and take the key then this wouldn't happen!" Seungmin whines.

"Go before I throw you in the showers," Woojin threatens them (He won't really. He'll gently bribe them inside, but the threat stands.) He turns to Chan, looking him up and down and makes a decision, hooks a pinkie into Chan's own, moving him along to the laundry room.

"But why?" He asks but still follows, a duckling to its mother.

"If I leave you you'll probably sneak back in."

Chan is about to refute that claim but Woojin only gives him raised eyebrows, daring him to say no. He keeps his mouth shut.

"Stupid boy. If you don't take care of yourself the kids won't follow," Woojin detaches from him, voice gentle, "I might be good at making them listen, but you're still the leader. It's good that you're strong but we don't need you to be strong all the time. We need to see you at least for an hour everyday, functioning as a human being. Progress is progress no matter how small. If you don't rest you're increasing the risk of jeopardising the small progress we make and the bigger leap of progress you're making."

Stepping in closer and touching their foreheads, Chan feels the next words rather than hearing them, eyes closed.

"Channie."

"Yeah?"

"That's hyung to you, brat."

"No need to call me hyung, hyung."

"Is that Harry Potter?"

"Oh good I thought you were a barbar-"

"Shut up I'm still talking. Remember when I asked you what my role in this group is and you told me some half-ass answer like 'main vocal'?"

"Okay?"

"Your role is to lead," Woojin's hands frame his cheeks, "my role is to care. And to love. To nourish. Right now you are failing my job for me which I don't appreciate, but we'll work that out. We feel bad when you're not resting. Go do stupid 20 year old things. Have a life. Gosh it's like
you're eighty."

"I'm having trouble discerning whether that was a heartfelt lecture or a diss-"

"Chris," Woojin bumps noses with him, "feed the babies. I'll be back." Then he lets go.

Jeongin had been advised against straining his vocal chords just after his session with the trainer. All of the boys are up his back on not speaking, not singing *don't hum Ginnie-ah you'll lose your voice!* By dinner time, most of them are content with a lack of singing from their youngest, passed out in front of the TV the company managed to sneak in while they were out. People are sprawled everywhere. Someone's feet are in other people's armpits. There is a stale smell of sweat on the couch.

Jeongin is in the kitchen, eating yogurt and scrolling through Chan's phone while they wait for the warm water to heat up. Sharing a couch is difficult, but sharing a wooden chair that could barely fit Hyunjin at his manspreading moments is even harder. Jeongin agreed to the compromise of sitting in Chan's lap, which he does anyway, chair sharing or not, nodding to the theme song playing in the background of his game.

It's insignificant, but for once Chan feels like he needs to do one million thing in the five minutes he's sitting in the kitchen doing nothing. Kettle boiling. Maknae humming on his lap, skin and bones under someone's hoodie (boundaries? no idea who she is). Chan wraps his hands around the boy's middle, nose next to his ear.

"Are you feeling less tired, hyungie?"

He hums, the sound lazy. Jeongin smiles.

"That's good. Do you want to hear me sing?"

"We're obliged to keep you from singing until the trainer gives the all clear. I don't want you to strain yourself. Rest your voice."

"City of stars," Jeongin begins to sing and Chan panics, just lightly, "are you shining, just for me?"

"City of stars," someone continues, "there's so much that I can't see."

It's Woojin and he's leaning against the wall, smile soft and fond at them two. Jeongin waves, eyes pulled into crescent smiles. Woojin makes a gesture that probably convey 'no more singing until I say so' and leaves, not before singing one line.

"I don't know if I know, where will I go, cause all I have is this crazy feeling, a rat-a-tat on my heart."

It makes no sense, but makes all the sense in the world. Chan gets up to get Jeongin water and cuddles into the boy as they stand in that kitchen, light soft, not really doing much.
REMEMBER TO HYPE ME UP, BOOKMARK, SUBSCRIBE AND SEND LOVE (MONEY TOO).

OH AND SEND ME PROMPTS THE CUTE ONES ARE QUICKLY DISAPPEARING.

Jesus that was a long intro

What other announcements? I'm on Twitter so just screech at me (@tacobell_com). I had an interesting talk with someone and she told me she stopped reading this collection after chapter 10 and I don't know, I went over from 10 onwards and they're not terrible, so I guess it was just a personal thing (or do I not write decent after chapter 10???? I really don't know???) Share your thoughts please I want to know if it's just a one person thing.
Seungmin joins in the cackling hyena club

Chapter Summary

"Jisung-hyung?"

"What's wrong?"

"Swap room with Hyunjin-hyung."

"You like me that much? Wo-"

"Yeah I do."

Jisung falls off the bed. It was a moment of complete and utter inelegance. He looks like someone stole all of his figurines. Jeongin refuses to meet his eyes.

"Yeah - I, uh - yes," Jisung points at Jeongin, "that works too. Nice. We can - work, it - stuff - things out."

I'd love to read some fluffy Jeongin and Jisung, maybe one taking care of the other? by Alex

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the nice things you guys sent me!!! Just the tiniest drabble because I am going through them as fast as possible to make room for the sequels of the

*deep breaths in*

- Fairy AU
- Hybrid children AU?? Did anyone even request this??
- Vampire AU
- A lot more sequels than my brain after first week of school could come up with

I also don't know what happened here but let's roll with it

Jisung and Jeongin don't go to school, and being the young ones (Felix permanently camps in the studio in the JYP building with Chan, the both of them practicing in Korean and English while Woojin periodically checks in on them, making sure no one passes out - it happened before and Woojin Was Not Pleased) they are forced into close proximity and forced to interact.

Not that either one of them is bad or anything, but they have closer friends. Other friends. People who don't harass people for kisses or whine a lot. Jisung or whine a lot. Jeongin.

They don't like each other much. It's been that way since ages.
Felix gives Jisung this look as he returns, a bit before the school boys get back, as they change to practice clothes. The kid never bother to tell him what it is, only looks at him at him in pitiful intervals as they practice.

They pass each other again, for the fifth time that morning, Jeongin getting yogurt and Jisung getting water. Dips his fingers in his cup and flicking water droplets at the maknae then screaming for Chan's shelter as he races back in the bedroom studio. Jeongin rolls his eyes outside.

Felix stares at him more. Seungmin joins in with the staring. Jisung feels personally victimised as he goes to bed, two kids judging him from the other beds.

("Jeonginnie."
"Yeah?"
"You good at home?"
"Yeah I'm good, hyung. Why?"
"Ah - something feels off. Maybe I'm just really sensitive."
"Maybe.")

Chan catches Jeongin entering Jisung's room, checking on the boy after he fell asleep with Woojin's guitar, hugging the neck. The blonde doesn't say anything, only passes a hand through Jeongin's hair.

Chan stares a bit at Jisung at dinner, somewhat concerned and somewhat intrigued, like he finally discovers that Jisung has a face. Felix does a whole 'stop staring at my bae you old creep' and Changbin starts his jealousy routine and there's Hyunjin betting money with Minho on when is Woojin going to throw chopsticks at them and Jeongin is staring at him from behind all of this cacophony and even though Jisung is convinced they hate each other he finds that those eyes are the same ones Minho made when he brought soup and fed Jisung that afternoon after he came back from school.

They are forced to interact, hence Jisung's concern over Jeongin's eye bags. What if the child dies? They can't let Seungmin be the maknae he's not cute enough. Hyunjin's voice screaming at him that his best friend is cute enough thank you very much you arboreal child of the void is drowned out. Felix is helping them fix their movements, Korean still clumsy but body language evolved to the point of communicating just as well as speaking. Jeongin is trying his best in not keening over, which is concerning both of the other boys inside that room. At the spin in the bridge, Jeongin
sways and Jisung catches him before he drops, pushing him up to a half sagging position.

"No," Felix tells Jeongin as he tries to say that he's fine, "go away. Sleep. I'm appointing Jisung as your bodyguard. Don't even leave your room."

"But I need to-"

"No," Felix gives the all clear to Jisung, "take him away!"

Jeongin's protest is not listened to and he is somewhat offended (first of all how dare he Jisung carried him on his back all the way back to their dorm, wrestled him into a taxi and everything). Jisung and him bicker, the insults are there just for appearances, every 'you're stupid for not sleeping enough' is 'I worry about you not sleeping enough' and every 'why do you care so much leave me alone' is 'you take care of yourself too don't just worry about me'.

When Jisung refuses to leave Jeongin's room, Jeongin doesn't have much to say about that, just begrudgingly goes to sleep and waking up periodically to find Jisung's face close to his.

(Hyunjin then joins the staring club. Jeongin for the first time notices that he's been stared at, a lot, whenever Hyunjin thinks he's not looking. It's a bit unsettling. Hyunjin tells someone outside something and Seungmin pokes his head inside, looking at them and lets out an 'ah'.

That 'ah' makes some sort of sense inside Jeongin's head but he doesn't know what.)

Jisung gradually then usually spends time inside Jeongin's room, his presence almost unmissable whenever someone passes by. Hyunjin had been camping in Woojin's room for too long for the two boys not to notice something is off and Jisung gets an intense staring match with Woojin in the kitchen as they set up for dinner, the blonde's brows uncharacteristically drawn close together and worried.

Minho habitually pats him down, searching for something then walks off, leaving Jisung very confused.

What's more confusing nowadays is his lack of aversion towards the baby. In the place where pointless annoying feelings would linger there is almost a grudging fondness and underlying worry, a nagging 'Is the baby doing alright?' playing on loop inside his head. Jisung being Jisung who prefers his life simple and pretends like nothing's wrong, picking on Jeongin as per their routine.

Jeongin meanwhile decreases his jabs, tolerating his presence in his room with Hyunjin displaced and unsettled elsewhere. In place of arguments, now there are stretches of silence and looks passed when one thinks the other isn't looking and almost everyone in the dorm notices but doesn't comment on this new development.

("You know you can tell me anything yeah Jisung?"

"Felix, there's nothing wrong."
"You can't just break routine and tell me nothing's wrong. Tell me you bitch."

"Is your boyfriend teaching you swear words Felix-ssi? Are you this type of person- Stop hitting me I'm sorry!"

Hit, "Go," hit, "die," hit.)

"Jisung-hyung?"

A hum.

"Wanna sneak out and get ramen?"

"Who's teaching you these rebellious thoughts, Jeonginnie? Is this Hyunjin's influence? Should we swap rooms?"

Jeongin crushes the urge to giggle down deep inside his throat and settles for a shrug.

"But yes I'm coming. Let's go quickly."

"Jisung-hyung?"

"Yeah what?"

"Do you still hate me?"

"I never hated you."

"So what do you, like, feel towards me, now?"

"Something. Not hate. Something."

(When Jeongin asks Changbin what that answer means in the morning, the same 'ah' that came from Seungmin is heard again. But this time Jeongin knows what it is.)

"Jisung-hyung?"

"What's wrong?"

"Swap room with Hyunjin-hyung."

"You like me that much? Wo-"

"Yeah I do."

Jisung falls off the bed. It was a moment of complete and utter inelegance. He looks like someone stole all of his figurines. Jeongin refuses to meet his eyes.

"Yeah - I, uh - yes," Jisung points at Jeongin, "that works too. Nice. We can - work, it - stuff -
things out."

When Felix hears about it he laughs until there's no air left in his lungs and Jisung feels a bit 
insulted that his best friend is throwing actual dirt onto his shallow grave but Jeongin just walked 
past and he gives Jisung this bright spring day smile and Jisung probably melted inside (he can't do 
that externally Felix needs to stop laughing otherwise he'd die) and oh no Changbin saw that and 
now he's laughing too what is happening-

"Wave to him, damn it," Seungmin whispers from somewhere.

"You shut up," he hisses back but complies. Jeongin blushes, hides his face, waves back and flees.

Jisung melts. Seungmin joins in the cackling hyena club.

Chapter End Notes

It ends up as a bit of tsundere Jisung which I Endorse FYI

I'M HOLDING A Q&A NEXT CHAPTER. SEND IN YOUR QUESTIONS, 
ANYTHING, AND I'LL PUT THEM IN A CHAPTER AND ANSWER THEM 
THERE. PLEASE SPECIFY Q&A FOR THE SAKE OF THE AUTHOR I GET 
CONFUSED EASILY. THIS IS A CHANCE FOR US TO INTERACT AND FOR 
EVERYONE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT ME!!! PLEASE PARTICIPATE. 
ESPECIALLY THE FREQUENT PROMPTERS!!!

*** YOU CAN ASK ME ANYTHING AND I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO REPLY. 
AND YOU CAN ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS. THE MORE QUESTIONS AND 
PEOPLE WHO ASK THEM THE BETTER****
Chapter Summary

Jokes aside I need more questions to answer so just chuck yours down in the comment section so I can add them here.

This will go on until THURSDAY OOPS I LIED where *unrolls schedule* yes a fic is scheduled to come out. Not sure which one yet I have three drafts sitting around but maybe it's one of the highly anticipated AUs.

MEANWHILE THINGS THAT WILL GUARANTEE A GOOD FIC:
- more questions
- direct bank deposit
- a full scholarship to Oxford to study creative writing

Chapter Notes

Hi. I feel that there is a crucial piece of information we have not communicated with each other. I am a human who lives in Australia, sadly in Melbourne for those who hold onto the hopes of me knowing Chris (I WISH THOUGH). I'm Vietnamese, I'm a big English nerd, I write a lot beside fanfiction (which I get recognised for. How cool is that?) and wait for it,

my last name is Nguyen.

Jokes aside my name is Jennifer. Feel free to communicate this with the wider world I'd rather you call me by my name than referring to me as 'author-nim'. That's weird. I am Jen.

Now go crazy with the knowledge of my name

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hi hi. Here comes our first Q&A loyal readers and friends and people who proposed to me.

Question 1 from Somethingbad123 (an amazing person and I love you so much)

*I HAVE A QUESTION: PIE OR CAKE, WHY?*

Answer: To my super Australian ass, pie is savoury (meat pies) so I don't think I can lump these two in the desert category, not that it'll work. Plus desert pies are gross in my opinion so I don't eat them or know of them.

I love cakes though, even though I feel bad whenever I'm eating them. BUT THEN MY THROAT
CAN'T HANDLE SWEET THINGS SO UNLESS THE CAKE IS REALLY BLAND I CAN'T EAT IT WITHOUT SUFFERING DO YOU SEE WHY I AM SO BITTER???

I hope that answers your question. Do ask me more ♡♡

Question 2 from sarangga (a nice and sweet pupper who i love and cherish)

My questions for the q&a are kinda boring but...
Your Stray Kids bias?
Other Kpop groups you stan?
And ultimate bias?

Answer:

First of all no question is ever boring. And second of all thank you for requesting stories I will write them. Soon.

My Stray Kids bias is *deep breath* Stray Kids. I don't have a bias and I don't try to hurt myself in choosing a bias. Some days one child would be funny to me the other day someone would be mad rude so I don't even bother. I love all of them equally.

I listen to a lot of groups but I have these albums at home sitting on my shelf:

<------ actual proof ------>

MY ULTIMATE GROUPS THO:

◊ VIXX (actually kings I love them)
◊ B.A.P (my rice boys)
◊ Pentagon (SONS, ALL OF THEM SONS)
◊ JBJ (how can you not stan??)

Some other groups: Mamamoo, Red Velvet (I'm so gay), KARD, SEVENTEEN EYY and others

Trust me if I go on we'll be here all day.

My ultimate bias is Moon Jongup. My actual bae. Ultimate female idol? No sorry haven't heard of that THEY'RE ALL PERFECT
Hope you learnt more about me!!!

Question 3 from **alaina_deja** (my love my life my bro):

*Ok... QUESTIONSSSSS*
*(If you’re comfortable with sharing)*

*How old are you? (YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD WRITER AND IM CURIOUSSS)*

*Who’s your favorite person to write in Stray Kids?*

*What do you want to write more of? (Like people, genres, AUs, etc)*

*Who’s your bias?*

**Answer:** I don’t know if age has anything to do with writing well?? Well I'm turning 18 on April 5th (send birthday wishes please I want to cancel my subscription to living). I'm in my last year of high school. I write decently because I write a lot and I have a lot of issues that come out as poetic on paper hence the whole writing well gig.

My favourite person so far is Felix, in terms of easy to write because I relate to him a lot. But Hyunjin is a new favourite too because he's such a mess bless you child.

What I need people to request more are:

*unrolls scroll*

(I’m kidding)

- other couples (I see like three recurring couples and no one else?? I need diversity)
- AU. Any AU. I love AUs
- idk something that makes you go I NEED THAT AS A BOOK
- More Minho please he needs love
- Also diversity - sexuality/gender/relationship/identity - I want to experiment with those

I'm going to need you to look at question 2 because I'm not typing it all out again.

ILY.

Question 4 from **fukuurohdani** (amazing supporter of all my fics thank you thank you <333)

*How are you so good at writing?*

*Is there really going to be a sequel for the fairy AU and the Vampire AU bc if there is I will cry rivers those are my faves?*

*And who is your bias?*

**Answer:**
Vampire AU (of course there'd be more but here are some parts)

"Who's the guy?" Meifeng tosses her head to the considerably young man, one leg crossed over another, hand under his chin. He's watching the news rather attentively. All the regulars at the pub are known by name. This new addition is fresh but also... worrying. The vampires always flock to new blood unmarked by anyone. The body of that poor child last week at the back of Madam Jie's noodle shop speaks too well of the vagabonds of this slum.

"Dunno. Came in with Fai," the owner, Wei, tells her, "best if we don't ask."

The bell at the door rings with its familiar tune of 1,2,3. Xu Fei steps in, light hair oddly bright under barely functioning lighting, wide lips smiling warmly. He bows politely at Meifeng and Wei, then makes his way to the stranger. Fully expecting a fight, both of them shuffle back, braced for violence.

And it never comes.

The stranger merely glances up, blinks and pulls out a chair for Fei. They begin to chat, low and comfortable, in a strange tongue. Fei even smiles and leans into the stranger's space, with no resistance or aversion whatsoever.

"I'm surprised you managed to find this place. My instructions weren't very clear."

"Hyung you told me to go straight then turn left. There was nothing to it."

"Ah~ why so cranky, Binnie Binnie?" A nudge. "Wanna get something with a shot of blood? The owners know me."

"Yeah I could tell. They were whispering your name before."

"I'm quite well-known," a brilliant smile, "so, blood?"

"I'll have what you're having," a lazy wave, "you went for a walk or something?"

"Nah, just sent a letter home," to Korea, "we're meeting a friend of mine. Cute kid. You'll love him."

Meifeng gives them their drinks and notices, for the first time that night, that their eyes glow bright red, shoddy lights or not.

Fairy AU (likewise with the vampire!AU)

"Is he - are they -"

Jisung could only nod. Could see the way his friend's, his brother's shoulder shakes in the effort of holding everything inside his skin. Hyunjin is outside, cursing and willing the sky to open up torrents of rain, pouring and flooding onto the witches' domain. Howls and cries dim the teary-eyed look Felix gives his brother. Jisung clasps him in a hug.

"We'll talk to the elders. We'll get him back. I promise you this."
"We cannot let him go," Myungho tells them.

"Why not? He'll die otherwise," Jisung throws a hand to Felix, "look at him!"

"We cannot just banish you without reason, Felix, and I'm afraid once you find this," Rina purses her lips, "person of yours, the land won't accept you back. That's as good as banishment as anything else."

"But he needs-"

"Jisung," Myungho puts up a hand, "enough."

Jeongin's eyes waver. Seungmin hides his face in Hyunjin's shoulder.

"I accept," Felix's voice speaks up, "I accept the terms of banishment."

"Did you not hear what I said-"

"I accept. I will renounce my immortality. I will renounce my memories. Let me find Changbin. I need him to survive. I can't - I can't do this anymore. Living is just as good as death if I spend more time like this, like what I am."

Hyunjin's hand connects to his. A squeeze.

"Me too," Jeongin whispers, "I'll follow hyung."

"You don't have to-"

"What's the point of separation? We'll all need each other to survive, hyung. I'll go with you."

"Me too," Jisung puts up both hands.

Hyunjin raises his head, daring the elders to defy their wish. Their third wish. Their final wish.

"Very well," Felix snaps his head up, "you may."

How am I so good at writing????? I don't think that's true I just enjoy writing.

How did you become a writer? A lot of really bad shit happened to me when I was younger, and I can't rap. Also, I

🚀 mysharona1987

Probably the best ever response to the “How/Why did you become a writer?” question.
I HAVE NO BIAS OKAY I FEEL BAD FOR NOT HAVING ONE SUE ME  
jk I love you  

**Question 5** from **Somethingbad123** (THANK YOU FOR REPLYING SO FAST GODSPEED MY DUDE)  

Oooooh I have another question: There are two pills in front of you, one gives you a full 24 hours with your ult and the other gives you a chance to meet your ult briefly in person but become good friends over text but you never meet them in person again. Which are you choosing?  

---  

Also sidenotes in response to the chapter  

Q1) I understand your struggle and I am sorry. But seriously though try a pecan pie and be blessed with the understanding of the might of the dessert pie.  

Q2) OHMYGOD YOU STAN THE TENTASTIC BOYS TOOOOOO!!!!!!  

Q3) You are not that much older than I am... huh... also I can't wait to see you try something new.  

Q4) I FEEL LIKE THIS IS THE BILLIONTH TIME I'VE SAID THIS BUT I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT PART OF THE VAMPIRE AUUUU~~  

---  

**Answer:** Since me as a person is awkward for a prolonged period of time, I choose the text message option. Bruh if you met your ult for like a short time I think you'll live happy for the rest of your days in bliss without needing to see them again lest being able to text them.  

Addressing them side notes because I love your comments.  

1. Pecan pie. Okay. Don't think that's a thing or some cheap food but I will scout for it.  

2. MY SONS PENTAGON ARE BEAUTIFUL THANK YOU  

3. I feel like ... people expect me to be older??? Do I sound wise? Do I sound old? I always write things this way I have no idea what else I can do  

4. THE VAMPIRE AU IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION BUT DO READ THE SPOILER IN QUESTION 4  

**Question 6** from my friend **laruam**  

hmm do you have any favourite books or works of writing?  
or this sounds a bit cheesy but inspirations?  
favourite foods?  

**Answer:** People will flip out when they find out but I read a lot of classics. Yes. I know. Loved Jane Eyre so much. The Brontes can kill me beyond the graves I'll be happy. I LOVE HARUKI MURAKAMI SO MUCH I COULD DEDICATE A BOOK FOR HIM AHSKSMWBWK and other Vietnamese authors out there writing in English I always have a read at what they wrote.  

Yes I am Vietnamese.
Inspirations nowadays are from me:
◇ weirdly getting ideas from zoning out
◇ experiencing traumatic events that I turn into poetic experiences
◇ from staring at people
◇ listening to songs
◇ staring at song lyrics

Favourite foods: anything with cheese and I can eat with rice. I'm super Asian.

Anyways thanks for playing!!

Question 7 from leefelix

THIS IS A STRAY KIDS FIC BUT I SAW THAT YOU LIKE JBJ AND I JUST WANT TO ASK IF YOURE JOINING THE FIC FEST???

Answer: I joined the minute sign ups open no stress.

Question 8 from strawwhatmikans (super high contender to being my favourite)

I LOVE HARUKI MURAKAMI SO MUCH TOO DJDJDJJD your twt name!! is so nice!! i think i told you this on twt already haha. and jane eyre!! damn do you have gOod taste. ngl i was forced to read jane eyre for school but then i loved it. that shit is so good.
i don’t know if you’re interested in poetry but ocean vuong is a vietnamese american poet and writes BEAUTIFULLY please check out his poetry collection night sky with exit wounds (or just read some individual poems online) and his essays in the new yorker (“a letter to my mother that she will never read” is my favorite) if you haven't already!
i just love asian american writing.

ANYWAYS I AM ALSO V ASIAN I will eat all things with rice,, and cheese is literally my favorite food ever i remember i used to struggle with deciding what my favorite food was and then i realized most of the top contenders had cheese in them so....

Answer: I CONSTANTLY REREAD JANE EYRE BECAUSE I AM IN LOVE WITH THE WRITING THANK YOU FOR VALIDATING MY WEIRD CLASSICS LOVE. Ocean Vuong? Absolutely I will hype him up all my Vietnamese English writers are my fam and I will love them.

Same. Asian Americans write really well. I have a number of their books at home and I'm thinking of collecting more. Do recommend more books for me to read as we get to know each other since I get weirdly inspired by other works so you'll have more Stray Kids material and I get good literature to cry over.

Honestly rice is a staple in my life I cannot live without it. And cheese.
Okay, that was fun to read, can I still join the party, I offer you my love for Pentagon as recompense for my lateness. I'm super happy to find another PTG stan??¿! There aren't enough of us but dear GODS finding eng sub is a mess.

So. Questions. How'd you get into kpop? How many languages can you speak? What's your favourite colour? Have you ever been to a concert/fan signing? Do you know Un Haeng Il Chi aka the SVT hip hop unit's finest track ever? Singing or dancing? Do you have a certain song, or list of songs, that you listen to when you write? Urban, suburban, or countryside living?

Also sorry your subscription to life is non refundable and cannot be returned before completion of membership term, it was all there in the fine print ;:* happy birthday and thank you for writing fics~♡♡

Answer: The chances of me finding Pentagon English subtitles are slimmer than me being fluent in Korean because they don't exist. At all. I want to fight someone but I don't know who.

You can pop in any time and I'll be happy you commented (ง‘̀ ł̅‘́ Ꮛ̅‘́́>V) (ง‘́ ł̅‘́́V)

I got into kpop kinda early on because I heard Big Bang songs on TV but I stopped for a while until last year where I watched GOT7's Weekly Idol whatever (performance? acting? them being themselves? no idea) and I had to learn their names and then I listened to more songs and now I'm writing fanfiction about boy groups...

No regrets though.

I speak English and Vietnamese. And nothing else. I wish I could speak or read more (cue to my ass trying to learn French in year 7 - that did not work out well). I have now perfected the art of reading fluent body language. Does that count???

No one asked about my favourite colour since 1957。・゚・(ノ´Д`)・゚・。*sheds many tears*

Probably blue. Or purple. Anything with a blue tone in it works for me. I'm not very fussed about my favourite colours but no yellows. Please no yellow.

I have now listened to Un Haeng Il Chi. It's so lit??? Thank you???

In my perfectly constructed world I would have a cottage in the middle of nowhere where the weather is forgiving on my anti-outdoors self, but

1. Australia is too hot and bushfire is a staple in my life
2. Europe is too cold for me. A fireplace in theory and decoratively sounds nice but not practically
3. Australia has bugs, serial killers hiding in the mountainsides and creepy animals lurking in the outback

Therefore I'll have to go with suburban life. Although it's mundane

I don't listen to music when I write seriously - which is almost all the time, but I can compile you a comprehensive list of all the songs I listen to while not writing, but then I write as a direct correlation of having heard those songs.

Disclaimer: I only have two moods which I need music for - high or low
Me being sad, sentimental and mopey:
- Thinking out loud
- One (by one Ed Sheeran)
- Photograph
- Castle on the hill
- Perfect BY SIR SHEERAN THANK THE LORD HALLELUJAH
- Praying by Ke$ha
- If it was you by Jung Seunghwan (honestly anyone who sang this would make me cry, but Produce 101 and Lee Geon's versions especially make me sad)
- Western sky (Solji's duet)
- Fools (RM and Jungkook's cover)
- Mistral gagnant by Coeur de pirate
- Mashup of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Secrets by One Republic
- Lay me down by Pentagon's Jinho and Hongseok
- Beautiful (Monsta X's acoustic version, Wanna One and Pentagon - all sad and beautiful)
- Beautiful liar by LR (an actual masterpiece??? I cannot stop crying??)
- DOWNPOUR BY ANYONE
- Glow by Stray Kids

Me getting lit in my kitchen:
- ALL OF PENTAGON'S TITLE SONGS BLESS
- GRR, Hellevator, Ya ya ya and Matryoshka
- Honeymoon, Feel so good, Wake me up, Skydive, Hands up, Utopia by my main boys BAP
- Dynamite by the kings VIXX
- Charlie Puth's songs are lit - How long, Marvin Gaye, Superman
- Shawn Mendes too because my boy can sing - Stitches (BLESS SEUNGMIN FOR COVERING THIS SONG), Treat you better
- Rumours by Jake Miller
- Queen by History
- Don't recall but English version

I have more but off the top of my head these are in my most recently played. I hope you learnt more
about me. I hope I'm as funny in my mundane life as I am when I write.

ALSO MY MEMBERSHIP TERMS CAN END TODAY BECAUSE I AM DONE WITH LIFE. I'll be happier if I could go to a concert or fansign but due to me being broke, that's not a possibility within reach yet. I'll get there. Some day.

**Question 10** from ur #1 fan (which doesn't tell me much, really, but thank you. I am extremely flattered)

*I TOO TURN 18 IN APRIL!!! wow we are birthday buddies. also you're an incredible author and i also love jane eyre and murakami and wow you are such an ~intellectual~ I FEEL ENLIGHTENED BY YOUR PRESENCE

vampire au snippet killed me and so did the fairy one because those 2 were also my fav short stories!!!!

anyways my question is, why did you decide to start writing stray kids fics?? and what's your favorite thing to write? (poetry, short stories, journal entries, personal essays, etc) and what's your favorite subject to write about??

lol sorry for the baRRAGE of questions but i love you so much thanks for being amazing!!!!!!!

**Answer:** The only thing vaguely intellectual about me is that I can read classics and I'm studying literature, otherwise I am pure trash.

I'M WORKING MY ASS OFF FOR THE UPDATES PLEASE SHOW LOVE

Anyways I think it was either right after Minho's e*********n or a bit further on, but definitely after The Changlix Kiss that I go - I need fanfiction. So I searched for fanfiction, which obviously there wasn't much, or any at all and my standards are ridiculous. I was very deprived of trash content for a while and this line of thought came to me in an epiphany:

1. I stan a cool group with minimal fanfiction, which means that there's not enough exposure to the mainstream kpop community
2. I need fanfiction to survive through this life
3. There are two options: complain about the lack of material or generate some material. I wrote for other groups before, it's not exactly horrible. I could do the generating until better content crop up.

And here we are. It's quite surprising how much this collection grew over the months (3 months and 6k views??? You bloody legends). I have now made myself quite notorious. People on Twitter know who I am. Sometimes when I comment on other works the authors recognise me. It's a new feeling, being recognised.

Outside of fanfiction I write a lot of poetry, short stories and nowadays internal monologues. I'll write a poem one day, maybe, but it all depends on how fast I can churn out the other requests (I'M WRITING THEM PLEASE FORGIVE THE AMOUNT OF TIME I SPENT ON THEM). I write a lot on subjects that are sensitive to my culture (dysfunctional family dynamics, sexual identities, the facets of love, recently I touched on crime) because I like to think of myself as a Cool Hip Groovy Social Justice Writer Who Fights For Marginalised Groups' Inherent Rights With Smart Words but with varying frequency of failure. I'm not giving up though. People should know these
things. My people should know these things.

NO THANK YOU FOR BEING AMAZING I LOVE YOU PLEASE REQUEST A THING

Question 11 by wallababy (you're from Melbourne you're basically my friend my fam my mate)

yooo i live in melbourne too, in fact rosé went to the school i take evening classes at, so

okay and questions !!
1. what country do u most want to visit and why
2. what’s one goal you have for this year?

Answer: I want to visit Greece because:

1. I love the architecture
2. The Mediterranean
3. Cheese
4. Ancient Greece ruins and museums and the history and the music
5. I just want to come and sit on the rocks that saw everything from dancing goat men to the fall of Cyprus. Like it's an impulse I can't ignore

I want to get a 95+ ATAR and disappoint my parents because they're Asian and they want straight up a 99.95 ATAR.

Jokes aside I want to finish compiling my collection of fiction/stories thingo for publication or become magically rich. Either one works.

THANKS FOR DROPPING BY

Question 12 by elea (HI I LIKE YOU ALREADY)

Thank you for always writing so well!

First, can I ask, what is your favourite animal? I am curious~

ALSO I am v glad you stan Pentagon they are wonderful children bless. Who is your bias???

Finally would it be alright if I requested poly jichanglix? Thank youuuu ily

Answer: Thank you for reading my works, it means a lot ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

I really am a big fan of animals so any of them would do, although I prefer pandas because they're
my actual spirit animals.

PENTAGON ARE MY SONS AND I STAN ALL OF THEM. BUT IF YOU WANT ME TO BE SPECIFIC THEN IT'S YUTO GOD DAMN JAPAN'S FINEST MAN COMIN' THROUGH FOLKS

I will write you a thing. Wait for it (hopefully not too long IM SORRY)

HANG AROUND FOR YOUR FIC TO BE WRITTEN AND ILY TOO °・°(´ ▽`)°・°

Chapter End Notes

That was fun. Please support me in whatever I do in the future

ALSO I'M SORRY FOR NOT UPDATING TODAY I WAS GOING TO FINISH THE AU BUT THEN I HAD IDEAS AND I HAD TO INTEGRATE THEM TO MAKE THE SEQUEL GOOD AND IT SNOWBALED INTO SOMETHING THAT REQUIRES LIKE THREE HOURS OF TYPING WHICH I DON'T HAVE BECAUSE YEAR TWELVE HAS TOO MUCH WORK SO I'LL TRY TO POST IT TOMORROW

Or later tonight idk I need to sleep first
Chapter Summary

There is always some truth in stories, tales, songs. He dare not risk his life by leaving, but by any chance, the moon has to. He's stripping out of his garments, dashing by the undergrowth, eyes always looking up -

In moonlight the soot dwindles into the night air all around him. In the moonlight he sees his fingers again in 220 years and in the moonlight he knows that he is human again.

Felix is 220 years of wandering on the surface to find his one but he had already found them.

Chapter Notes

Many announcements. Too many people requested this so I am not going to single all of you out individually. Guaranteed pure trash.

1. This is a Good Length for a sequel (prequel??) and I could write more but I only plan for it to be a 2 part thing, not multi-chapter
2. This is also close to what I write normally, in my Serious Scripts To Send Off To Literary Places To Get Stared At
3. I'M SORRY THAT IT'S SO SAD I'LL MAKE IT UP IN ANOTHER FIC
4. Platonic soulmate is a pure concept that I accept wholesomely

Please forgive errors it's now 2 WELP

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Is he - are they -"

Jisung could only nod. Could see the way his friend's, his brother's shoulder shakes in the effort of holding everything inside his skin. Hyunjin is outside, cursing and willing the sky to open up torrents of rain, pouring and flooding onto the witches' domain. Howls and cries dim the teary-eyed look Felix gives his brother. Jisung clasps him in a hug.

"We'll talk to the elders. We'll find a way. You're okay."

"We cannot let him go," Myungho tells them.

"Why not? He'll die otherwise," Jisung throws a hand to Felix, "look at him!" The fraying fur, black sooty paws fading to grey, hair no longer changing colours. The elders avoid looking at Felix, knowing full well the truth. He won't be able to live for much longer - the land can only
sustain him for so long. His kinds are cursed creatures and cursed they will live and cursed they will die. A small forest can only protect him from so much of his fate.

"We cannot just banish you without reason, Felix, and I'm afraid once you find this," Rina purses her lips, "person of yours, the land won't accept you back. That's as good as banishment as anything else."

"But he needs-"

"Jisung," Myungho puts up a hand, "enough." We will keep him alive. He is one of us. We must.

Jeongin's eyes waver. Seungmin hides his face in Hyunjin's shoulder.

"I accept," Felix's voice speaks up, "I accept the terms of banishment."

"Did you not hear what I said-"

"I accept. I will renounce my immortality. I will renounce my memories. Let me go. I can't - I can't do this anymore. Living is just as good as death if I spend more time like this, like what I am."

Hyunjin's hand connects to his. A squeeze.

"Me too," Jeongin whispers, "I'll follow hyung."

"You don't have to-"

"What's the point of separation? We'll all need each other to survive, hyung. I'll go with you."

"Me too," Jisung puts up both hands.

Hyunjin raises his head, daring the elders to defy their wish. Their third wish. Their final wish.

"Very well," Felix snaps his head up, "you may."

A time since long ago, where the wretched were not so much wretches and the damned were not, they were people, living, coexisting. There were no distinctions - gods walked among mortals and spirits among the living - simply living. No one condemn anyone and no one possess the power to banish.

That is, unless one broached the laws of the earth and reversed the strings of fate. Then that one will live a life cursed.

For the land pre-existed long before any being walked on it. It crafted these creatures out of its own flesh and blood and it will punish severely those who desecrate its flesh and blood, even its own.

For those who cheat the natural course of life the earth will wreck havoc.

Perhaps that was what befall Felix. Perhaps his people, so devoted to their love, too much that two soulmates would not be called two halves, but one whole for the very thought of separating one from the other, inseparable as they should be, is an unheard of phenomenon. It was also Felix's
own people that begged the gods, so far apart from the land, to grant them one wish, the only wish, to stay with their ones forever and to carry that love beyond the passing of their ones.

It was against the very construction of nature. Things that lived must die. Beginnings must have endings. Blood must bleed into water and bones grind to dust. Love was a force not of the land, uncontrollable and impulsive. The land itself did not fear unearthly forces, but its denizens were under its jurisdiction and it must enforce the laws that had been carved into the very foundation of time.

The gods might've been able to cheat death, but the earth was able to curse life.

And so it cursed Felix and his people.

They were to be deformed, inhuman as the date of their deaths passed. Half-human half-demon. They were to wander, never settle on any pieces of still land for more than one sun's rotation around the earth. They were to be persecuted, ridiculed and even killed as they seek asylum, for they were anomalies, demons, creatures of another realm.

And they would die if they were not reunited with their ones for a long time.

Felix died at the tender age of seven and ten, not even a proper adult. He was without a soulmate, but no one could foretell his death, thinking he had time. Finding the one that will unite two souls into one was a lengthy process. He died but the blessing from the gods allowed him to live, deformed, half the boy he was and never the man he would become. He was alive, but not living. His mother raised no questions at his return, only told him that his eyes, they were no longer brown.

That night his village was swallowed up whole. Their existence were to end.

But not Felix. Felix was at a creek a few stones' throw away. His village had no Blessed Ones for the last few harvest seasons, the oldest one occurring at his grandfather's lifetime. Blessed Ones never stay, cursed to wander until one day the earth would take them if they could not find their ones elsewhere. The curse for love was unimaginable for young ones born with this gift. Curse, Blessing. The title Blessed One weighed down heavier and heavier until the earth would swallow them whole, claiming back its own strayed ones. There were no escaping what seems to be a gift. They were not granted a wish, they were forced into a curse, a relentless cycle of finding searching looking for this one, this cure to all their miseries -

Then what?

The old stories sang of ones growing old together, of curses pardoned by the land at the begging of the gods, at the gesturing of 'look, isn't this love enough to grant pardon? isn't this enough?' The old stories were old, millennia of myths and tales falsified to console the wretchedness of this existence, of how cruel things were and would continue to be for the Blessed Ones.

Felix only had time to take a coat, some sturdy footwear, his mother's jewellery and the pendant his father always carried, passed down from ancestors long under the earth. His sisters gave him rice balls wrapped in banana leaves, dolls, trinkets, one too young to understand why her brother was leaving, one too in grief to give him anything other than her tears.

He left. He never looked back. He knew he couldn't.

And he was never able to find them again.
At the tremor of the earth he knew. He turned, wanting to come back, to rescue them, but the
tremors stuttered to an abrupt stop.

The trees whispered and moaned. He knew the answer inside his head.

Move on. Don't look back.

So he did.

It had been a century of his existence, or perhaps more. At every attempt to swallow him whole,
the earth had failed, and with every attempt, Felix learned something. A new trick. A new
language. A new name.

And of recent, magic.

There had been legends of him. The Flame. His hair would remain a stubborn shade of golden
sunset, eyes dripping from all the greens of leaves and all the blues of sky, but never brown again.
Undying, they talked of him, immortal.

Cursed, the whispers also hissed, cursed by the land.

He pretended to not understand, but he knows. The land was always there, a constant too much for
him to bear, but a gradually familiar weight. He passed by towns and villages and empires falling
and rising, moons emerging and suns flaring bright red embers, looking searching trying to find his
answer, but to no avail.

The weight of death seemed almost welcoming. He almost contemplated stopping, embracing the
land his ancestors arose out of.

One nondescript day Jisung fell onto his head from a tree branch that he adamantly insisted that
was there (it was not). They bickered, fought and there were death threats thrown around carelessly
to which Felix, his own being fused with too much exhaustion, too much weight, had caved in to
the weight inside.

"Kill me then. End me. I beg of you."

He had looked Jisung in the eye. The fairy responded by throwing dirt at his face and calling him
an idiot. Or some other such vulgar terms Jisung was so fond of using, but for the sake of Jeongin’s
innocence, Felix had trained his memories to remember the barest of these curses, all centering
around how dumb Felix was.

"What," he had asked.

"Don't be stupid. Why would you want to die? Think about people who care about you! Family!
Friends! Loves! Why would you want to die?"

"I had been alive-"
"Yeah so have I," Jisung had interrupted him, "I'm living, aren't I?"

"It's different," he tried. Feeble his voice had dwindled down to.

"No it's not you, torch. It's not."

Jisung then forced him up that imaginary tree. Felix took one step and was bounced back several, head light. Had something finally hindered him? Was he not as strong as he imagined himself to be?

"Oops our land gets flustered whenever we invite someone new in. You not cursed or anything, fox?"

"Well," he stepped back, "probably."

Jisung didn't squint, although he did lament on how thoughtless Felix was and that they were to be terrible friends if this progress, whatever they were doing.

"Stop talking," Felix rolled his eyes, "we don't even know each other."

"Yes you are you dumb dumb," Jisung insisted, "a child of the sky, are you not?"

"Well I'm certainly not of earth if you want it phrased that-"

Jisung flung a rock at his face and it hit him smack bang on the forehead. Felix didn't register pain, only stared dumbly at Jisung for a long time, eyes blinking. He did not dare to touch or feel for the last earth's rotation, too fixated in his shroud of self-guilt and grief, numbed by the externals, touched by none and felt touched by none, felt physical pain for the first time in many passing days.

Blood dripped from his forehead and down into his eyes. Tears and blood curled and merged into one and Jisung stood there, dumbfounded as Felix wept, eyes scrunched shut as bloody tears fell from his face.

"Jisungie?" Someone called from beyond them. "Jisungie what did you do?"

"I was making a friend!"

"You're killing a friend! Are you alright?" Something touched Felix's open wound. He hiccuped the gasp and shook his head, feet rooted to the ground. He could not move, could not see and could not talk, the pain there and persisting for him to react accordingly to barraging information. A sigh and a mumbled 'Should be raising these kids better' later, something wet touched his forehead and Jisung's persisting voice ebbed to a hissing volume. Felix opened his eyes to a tall person, draped in white, lips open to say something to him but he could feel his skin closing onto the wound, swallowing the pain into his flesh, embedded into his blood.

"Are you-" the person reached a hand out, "do you want to come with us?"

Head moved from side to side. Left and right. No. You can't, his head told him. You could never.

"Can you come with us?" Jisung asked, fingers stretched out in front of him.
He blinked, once or twice, at the fingers. They looked like his sister's, when she was a baby. Jisung inched, one foot by another, until he could reach Felix's own fingers.

Felix didn't flinch when Jisung's fingers touched his, nor did he pull away when their fingers entwined.

They moved, together, forward.

The land allowed him to pass.

He found out that they were not of earth, these arboreal dwellers. Jisung's wings emerged in a purple flourish and the person draped in white sprouted feathers from his shoulder blades, downy white fluttering under filtering sunlight.

Hwang Hyunjin was his name.

"Stay. We'll protect you," he had told Felix.

"Maybe," was his answer.

Two more greeted them. One was a picturesque green, latticed wings of black and green. One was a kind-faced creature with large yellow eyes. They told him hi. Felix couldn't reciprocate back the sheer tenderness in their eyes, the recognition of their own, a mutual understanding of the outlawed, the casted aside, the ones that tread the shadows and the the light on this earth. Their hands too reached out for him and he accepted them.

For a while, at least.

Wounds treated and Jisung reprimanded, the young thing in green, Jeongin, asked him again if he would stay.

"Maybe," was his answer.

"We could ask the elders," Jisung's words passed in a whisper.

"We could," Hyunjin hummed, "but will he be okay with that?"

"We took in Seungmin."

"I took in Seungmin. You were just there."

"Can we? The land let him in."

"The land lends shelter to any broken and lonely thing out there. It rejected him the first time, no?"
"That's because he lied to himself. Didn't want to sound lonely, or look like an outcast."

"And your stone flinging fiasco helped with this realisation?"

Jisung made an affronted noise and tried to throw something at Hyunjin who held him back easily.

"What to do about him though? He's barely strong enough to go on for another day. He'll die at this rate."

Seungmin glowed bright gold as he huddled close to Felix, soothing voice lulling him to sleep. The three of them shared a look, this fact too clear for them.

"Speak for him," Seungmin murmured, too soft under the whispering trees, "we can't let him leave like this. Beg them for a few days at least. They won't be that cruel to turn him away."

"No they won't Seungmin," Hyunjin closed his eyes, fingers touching Jisung's, "they won't."

The elders granted Felix a week. A week to recover and to leave. Seoraksan was not kind to uninvited guests, especially ones that do not belong to earth or sky, cursed to wander.

"Can he not be one of us?" Seungmin asked Myungho one day. Jeongin took Felix to the waterfall at the heart of the forest, the both of them young and lost too much at too little years with their families, limbs constantly in contact, as if spent apart they would crumble into dust.

"Yes but you must understand," Myungho tipped his head to the sky, "he would not live for long, with his curse. He would be better protected in this land of ours but that would condemn him into a pitiful fate."

"Always waiting for his death."

"Why are you cursed?" Jeongin asked him, two more days until Felix's infinite leaving. He did not have a destination in mind, only leaving this makeshift of a family to wander, again, until he fulfilled the curse.

"I am to find someone who would complete me," he answered, the response practiced and bitter on his tongue, "lest I fail I would be consume by the earth."

"Stay with us. We will look after you. Find a way around the curse," Jeongin urged, moving closer and closer, until there was no space left between them. Their noses touching and their breaths the same. Felix could feel Jeongin's heartbeats as if they were his own.

"You know I cannot," he whispered back. The mendacity of the situation seemed ridiculous to him. What had he to lose if he stayed?

Your first family were consumed by the very earth you are lying on. Do not ever forget where you come from and where you will return. Ashes will return to ashes.

"I know you can, but you think that you cannot. I do not know what day tomorrow will be like, but I know that we will have each other. Perhaps your one exists out there and you have not chanced upon them, but in the mean time, let us protect you. Be with us."
The old Felix before the nights spent wrapped up with Jeongin, the days bickering with Jisung, moments in between clasped so tightly his ribs melted into Seungmin's own, Hyunjin's eyes asking and caring in a million words left unsaid, would have said no. The Felix that knows the love these strangers exuded to him was something the Blessed Ones search for in their one and could never find and if he were to be consumed in darkness he would feel the magic his ancestors sang about in songs that carried through the years, of unworldly magic in an embrace of two or many.

"Okay," Felix closed his eyes, "please let me stay."

Seoraksan accepted him as if it was waiting just for his mendacity to be erased.

"Why are you cursed, Seungminnie?"

"My master wanted to create man from an animal and I am his creation. His family wasn't very accepting nor was anyone else. I found Seoraksan almost the same way as you did, wandered, got lost, ended up here."

"And do you regret it, staying?"

"Do you regret it, staying?" Seungmin's tone went up a defensive notch. He hummed, burrowed his nose inside the boy's neck.

"No."

Felix was 120 years wandering on the surface where he found his family. The elders that protected the forest had warned them of their limits. They could only move freely within their territory, not the witches' nearby. They could only ever have three wishes that the elders would grant.

And the forest would feed on the memories of the mortals it invited inside in sustaining its own. Felix was not accepting of that treatment, of the cruel theft of memories, magic in themselves.

Rina had told him that the land must balance itself. It cannot give without taking.

"This way you'll have more time, Felix. And time is the only thing we don't have."

Sometimes Felix thinks of himself as an undiscovered mine, waiting to go off. The witches seldom taunt them on neutral grounds, ever since Felix rejected their offers to become one of their own for the many times. The earth has been waiting for this time. Changbin had been a sign, his one in the flesh and blood - Felix knows it, feels it from inside him and out.
Seoraksan had separated them.

The home that sheltered him from his own curse had also taken away the cure to his curse.

But he is not spiteful. The spite that accompanied him for so long had fizzled into nothingness. He has something, people, a home, to care for, to live for. Time is what he doesn't have, the minutes trickling away as he finds a solution to his dilemma. He knows why the trees howled and why the witches appeared -

If he leaves he would die. And then he would never meet Changbin ever again.

"What happens when you meet your one?" Hyunjin murmurs into his temple.

"I don't know. I've yet to find out."

"Brat," a tap on his shoulder, "don't die before that happens."

"We'll see, hyung, we'll see."

The black from his wrist migrates slowly but gradually beyond his elbows, his knees, now to his hips and his shoulders. Jisung cries whenever Felix reassures him that he's fine, the two of them waiting to speak to Rina, the more sympathetic one to them.

"Please don't leave us," Jisung sobs, clutching Felix's hands to his forehead, "I can't live without you."

"You have to. You have to live once I'm gone. For me. For everyone else," he croaks back. The thought of leaving before showing Jeongin the world he never saw beyond the trees in the forest or take Seungmin to see ice mountains or the libraries in the far east with Hyunjin and a million stupid things to do with Jisung pierces a hole in his ribs and narrows out the contents.

"I need all of us to live. What's the point?" Jisung howls to the moon.

"What is the point?" His words ebb. "What is the point?"

"Together, as one," he repeats, the song still lingering in his mind after all these years, "apart, crumbling to the earth."

"Where you go I will follow," a breath in, "where you die I will lie down."

"Only the moon saw our love and only the moon solves our plight," he sits up.

Hyunjin stirs next to him but Felix tiptoes out nimbly, needing to confirm something. There is always some truth in stories, tales, songs. He dare not risk his life by leaving, but by any chance, the moon has to. He's stripping out of his garments, dashing by the undergrowth, eyes always looking up -

In moonlight the soot dwindles into the night air all around him. In the moonlight he sees his
fingers again in 220 years and in the moonlight he knows that he is human again.

Felix is 220 years of wandering on the surface to find his one but he already found them.

Rina knows. Rina sees the soot that is no longer there. Jeongin cries loudly as the banishment spells are lifted just enough to shove Felix across, tumbling. Hyunjin gasps and Seungmin tries to lunge to catch him. Jisung stands frozen, shock too great to register.

Felix bathes in golden sunlight and he's more alive than 220 years of wandering to find his one had given him.

"You're no longer cursed," Myungho's lips move and shake, "human again."

"I didn't need Changbin," he laughs, "I need you lot. You're what I've been looking for." Jeongin cries even louder. Hyunjin chokes back a sob.

"You are free to go Felix-ah," Rina bids him, "free."

And you four too, she doesn't need to say.

Jisung doesn't hesitate when he steps over the barrier, joining Felix as soon as the boy laughed. The other three glance at each other, nod and cross, never looking back.

"Our third and final wish is for the five of us to live as mortals, returning to the ashes and dirt that we came from, all of us as one."

Chapter End Notes

IT'S BEEN TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS BUT HERE IT IS FOLKS

As I was writing:
- Wanted to write word but changed my mind to question half way through typing and wuestion was the result (happened on an embarrassing count of at least 5 times)
- Forgot other synonyms other than whisper and told and said exist
- What is a plot I forgot
- I tried to make it all old and such but it's 1 so I gave up
- My family enforced a curfew but I snuck upstairs to write all of this
- Inspirations do not come at 1 in the morning, friends, they come when you have rest
- I've reached a point where I'm so tired I don't even know what my fingers are doing
- Started out as a romantic soulmate trope but I dogged that so now we can all cry
about maknae line being cute and crucial to each other instead because I Made It So
He doesn't know what hope feels like

Chapter Summary

Prompt: HIGHKEY WANNA SEE A HURT/COMFORT FIC WITH MY GODS 3RACHA IN WHICH CHAN AND JISUNG COMFORT CHANGBIN AFTER THE ELIMINATIONS OF MINHO AND FELIX by ikyksou

It's obsessive, whatever they choose to commit to. It's unhealthy, this not sleeping thing and pushing themselves beyond their capabilities. Their silent promise, of safeguarding each other, becomes a mantra under the shower, in the shadows of hallways and in car rides, in bumping shoulders with each other in the kitchen at 4 in the morning because one can't sleep and stayed up working and one just woke up from a four hour nap, ready to start working.

And every time they put on excellent performances when the cameras are rolling, the mendacity of their smiles becomes to pungent Changbin starts to whisper to himself.

"Ain't that funny if it was true?"

Chapter Notes

Hello children time for pain (but it's short because it's now nearly 1 and I'm crying my way through it which is why it's short and I spent like $30 on an album why is my life unravelling)

I told y'all I'm moving really quickly through my prompts for the new ones (which are too many but I'M COPING) I'M SORRY IKYKSOU THAT I TOOK LIKE TWO MONTHS TO WRITE YOURS I SWERVED IT FOR TOO LONG BUT HERE IT IS I'M SORRYYYYY

Someone need to send me a sequel list because I lost track of how many people asked for which sequel and I'm just generally confused. ALSO DO YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I WRITE SEQUELS?? IT GETS BORING. WE SHOULD JUST BE HAPPY WITH MY ONESHOTS THE MINUTE IT BECOMES MORE THAN ONE THE QUALITY SPIRALS DOWN THE TRASH VOID

If you asked for a sequel prepare for the actual worst I most likely will do those last.

I will write another Stray Kids chat fic if anyone can tell me what's the reference I'm making in this one

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's always Chan who pulls himself together first.

After the news that they're going to be eliminated, via a broadcast show, after waiting for years on
end with no chance of debuting, after obstacles heaped on obstacles, seemingly endless.

Chan gathers all of them together, holding the pieces of them, boys now that the cameras are off, tears and splinters of flesh overflowing.

It becomes a sort of taboo. No one says anything for a day, practicing mechanically at what is required of them, but not speaking. They all thought last time was the last time and the company was harsh, but not cruel, but didn't it seem cruel a mere boy, barely able to understand a foreign language, could be expected to be fluent within two months? No one voiced the question, but all of them thought of it. They were barely holding it together last time, but he was there and he was so bright and cheerful and all sunshine and sweet things in life in one boy's body and didn't it seem cruel to separate a family from one another?

It then becomes a race. Who could've been there better for him? 3RACHA bears the burden of leading, their beacon of hope, their pillars of support, but with Chan barely able to hold the team together with himself fragmented, it becomes a tug of war game between Jisung and Changbin.

Both tried, too hard, for Stray Kids. Both cried, too much, for Stray Kids.

And even though Jisung bawled his eyes out on national television for him, Changbin was the one, is the one, who hurt more.

It's obsessive, whatever they choose to commit to. It's unhealthy, this not sleeping thing and pushing themselves beyond their capabilities. Their silent promise, of safeguarding each other, becomes a mantra under the shower, in the shadows of hallways and in car rides, in bumping shoulders with each other in the kitchen at 4 in the morning because one can't sleep and stayed up working and one just woke up from a four hour nap, ready to start working.

And every time they put on excellent performances when the cameras are rolling, the mendacity of their smiles becomes to pungent Changbin starts to whisper to himself.

"Ain't that funny if it was true?"

It's the third time that week that Woojin has to routinely check up on the three of them. Chan had fallen fast asleep, slumped against the back of his chair while Jisung dozes off, mouth open, breathing shallow, pens staining his fingers and palms and ink streaks run amok lined pages of his notebook.

Changbin? He hasn't been sleeping well since the day he's gone. He's practicing, almost obsessively, gesturing fiercely into the air. He doesn't see the door open.

"Hey kid," Woojin looks inside, "wanna get food?"

"I'm," Changbin pauses, eyes red, "okay. These two can do with some food."

"You sure? The kids want to see you. Seungmin started complaining to the staff that you rotted to death."

Changbin musters up a mirthless laugh.
"Ain't that funny if it was true?"

When Woojin leaves, not before restocking his (it's Chan's room now, everyone crowding into the four people bedroom, Seungmin and his room too much of an acute reminder that he's not here) with water bottles. Chan jerks awake, words leaving his mouth from the remnants of a dream, disoriented but awake.

"Binnie," he blinks, "you're awake."

"And you should be sleeping," he chooses to ignore the statement. It's not a question. "Go back to sleep."

"You're not sleeping enough," Chan argues, now even more awake, "it's not good for your health."

"Not getting enough sleep isn't-"

"Shut up," Jisung interrupts them, "just," his eyes close, "stop."

No one says anything. Changbin's finger starts tapping out patterns on his leg, the tremors inside him going and leaving. His head pounds, but his eyes burn when he tries to close them. Too many colours behind his lids. Two syllables drum inside his ears. His breathing is shallow, too slow.

"I know there's no point in me," Chan's voice ebbs into sounds, "telling you two to stop blaming yourself, because words are empty."

Upright. Standing. He cannot fall.

"But I need you to know that whatever this," he gestures to Jisung gripping a pen too hard inside his palm and Changbin's dark circles, so prominent they hollow out his eyes, "is, isn't what they would want."

"Hyung hates it when we don't take care of ourselves," Jisung slumps further into the wall, "says we're wasting time to recharge where we could be doing more things with that wasted time."

Maybe for the first time in a week Changbin is face to face with the reminder that Minho, apart from them as he is, is still very much there. They subconsciously leave out spaces where ghosts would sit, empty air to invite the people who are not there to be there. He grips his knees, hollowing out his lungs. In and out and in and out -

"And if you cry, Felix would be sad," Chan tells him.

Changbin drops to the floor, the sound that left his lungs scratched and primal.

It's true that he is extremely fond of the Australian idiot who works too hard and plays just as hard and pockets all of their hearts inside his workout pants. It's true that while he cloaks himself in the mendacity of 'I'm fine' he is not and no one had dared to breach this lie, webs and shrouds of lies he constructed, for fear of his crumble and collapse.

It's true that he blames himself the most and the words his two closest friends tell him would not bring back their brother, their sunshine.

Jisung must've crossed the room and Chan must've dropped to the floor too, because he's being
gathered by four arms, quiet sobs accompanying his. They sit there, with him, sounds and exhaustion and a million things filtering in and out of him. Jisung hides inside his neck, breathing onto his jugular, the pulse weak but fighting to keep him alive, obstinate little thing, pumping him with life, like Jisung. Chan places his face onto his chest, heartbeats regular, repetitive thump thump regulating his breathing patterns. He's wracked with hiccups, throat too raw from endless rapping, fingers frozen from scribbling too much but writing so little. Before he's floundering in the open sea, but now he has two life buoys, not necessarily bringing him to land, but helping him stay afloat, just for a while longer.

"Binnie hyung, you feeling better now?" Jisung cards through his hair.

"Maybe."

"Ain't that funny if it was true?" Chan repeats his phrase and Changbin lets it ring in the air. He doesn't know what hope feels like. He only knows recovery taste like Chan's two day's hoodie and looks like Jisung's ink stained hands.

Chapter End Notes

I never say no if the prompt is within my writing ability and my emotional ability. I can write sad things although I'd prefer not to, but just as a reminder, I do not write explicit scenes for any of you who wants me to do so. These boys are mostly minors. I am uncomfortable with writing explicit scenes and that includes a/b/o dynamics (unless you're happy with cuddling then I guess that could work, but that AU is just a mess and two messes squared is not what you want to encounter). I will update a Please Don't Send Your Friendly Neighbourhood Fanfic Author These Things She Will Feel Bad About Not Fulfilling Your Prompts And Not Write Anything For A Few Weeks And Everyone Will Be Sad While Waiting For Their Prompts To Be Completed
It's way too early to feel deep emotions

Chapter Summary

Felix lets loose his hyena cackles once he heard the entirety of the disaster that is Hyunjin before 7 on any given day. Felix is silenced as Hyunjin shoves donuts into his mouth, muffling the offending laugh, when Felix swallows and slaps him on the arm.

"Does that mean I get free food whenever I take you somewhere?"

Hyunjin threatens to ditch him and the demon laughs even harder. He's not saying it's wrong but he's not endorsing it. At all.

(Although the guy had on really sweet smelling honeydew fabric softener. And looked kinda decent. Kinda really hot if he's being generous, but what does his brain know.)

Chapter Notes

Coffee shop AU? Whatever-this-is AU? Me just doing whatever I want at this point?

You betcha

For those who requested Jeongjin (coolskyblue07 and honeydukes (awkward_turtles), here we are

In this universe Minhyun and Hyunjin are cousins because it was done somewhere and I'm super unoriginal so I'm using that. I'm all about Hyunjin interacting with girls in a wholesome way.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Uh," he remembers the words very intelligently leaving him, like the slow motion side way slide Jisung did last week in failing to play dodgeball. He crashed very heavily on the laminated floor and tore not only a very substantial hole in his dignity, but also in his hoodie. Felix laughed so hard there was probably a puncture in his throat from all the wheezing he coughed out after cackling for 30 seconds straight. Changbin didn't say anything, but words need not be present where Seo Changbin who lived with Jisung for too long can stare at you the way he did at Jisung right there and then.

It was simultaneously scathing and utterly exhausted that Jisung stopped whining for two seconds of blessed silence and cursed out Changbin's entire lineage.

But he is digressing from the matter.

Hyunjin had officially screwed up, by two dollars and forty five cents.
Perhaps this makes no sense but allow him to backtrack.

He left the house at goddamn five in the morning with his shirt inside out, the back of his teeth feeling like he swallowed a cactus with just the spikes and his eyes permanently on sick leave from opening.

All because of fucking Lee Felix.

The kid has An Important Event, and classifies himself as a Must Accompanied Person Otherwise He'll Die or something of similar dramatics. Hyunjin is weak when people shorter than him (trust him there aren't that many) whip out puppy eyes and he descends in the screaming hellhole that is submitting to your friends' whims. Jisung abuses this on a regular basis. Sometimes Changbin does it too. But Felix? Felix has a conscience and the moral culpability of the United Nations when it was freshly formed and full of world peace and equality for the peoples. But unlike the United Nations who now are effectively useless and much of the world peace stuff is all in the past, Felix bravely maintained his principles and is the purest sunshine child Hyunjin had ever seen. Seriously. The guy's smiles cure mental illnesses and improve global economy by ten years.

Since he is a sweet sun baby and Hyunjin is a bit more biased towards him than others (how could anyone not? Changbin himself cried when the guy smiled at him one time), he agreed, stupidly, without paying attention to what was happening, to accompany Felix and catch five different buses and a train to somewhere to North Korea, fucking hell, the Arctic at how goddamn long it'll take them, for some function Felix is a VIP too.

Hyunjin needs coffee if he's woken up before five. He dragged Felix to the coffee shop his cousin always visits and recommends to him, promising Felix it wouldn't take half an hour for his cappuchino to brew at godforsaken five twenty five am. He was in the line, all the exhaustion and salt he's harbouring inside his caffeinated-less soul, vindictive enough to call Felix a VIP, Very Insignificant Potato. In hindsight that wasn't very insulting and it says more about Hyunjin's brain capacity at any given time in the day than Felix's snakey lies, so he's allowed all the slack.

It's 5.30. No human can function properly at that hour.

During the transition between untangling himself from Felix who was just awake as he feels all the time at the world, permanently in a brain coma, he must've left something besides his brain (and his heart) with Felix.

The thing left behind was his wallet.

Where his money resides.

The money needed to pay for the caffeine shot he was purchasing off the barista who looked just as tired as he felt.

"Uh," Hyunjin started to earnestly slap his pockets in a weird Macarena dance but with less coordination and more desperation. The girl's eyes rolled in one slow motion of it's too early for this and waved him to the desert stand, mumbling a curse and a grievance to her ancestors under her breath.

If there is one thing he's grateful that his cousin, a demon in disguise, a conman among mortals, had taught him, it'd be *Always keep some kind of money on you, at all time.*

Hyunjin had precisely five dollars on him, wedged in a pocket weirdly on the side of his leg. Did
he design these pants? No. But he's going to judge this design flaw, on the basis that it's 5.30 in the morning. His five dollars came in coins and some pieces of receipts, crumbled like his resolve to stay standing. He resumed his Macarena dance, less optimistic than desperation to find more money, but unless he sell himself and his organs right there and then, no money would drop from the sky to him.

It is now 5.45 and there are two other people in the cafe, one looking too alive for this rotten hour and one looking like he could murder someone and would walk off to Hell willingly. He's debating the ethics of using his face, rudely woken up but still better than your average male on the street to get away with buying two coffee priced at $7.25 down to $5. He slides back in front of the register, desperation his main emotion, where before he could even push the words out of his mouth the girl spares him no look, only the soft phrase of "Paying or leaving?"

It's way too early to feel deep emotions but Hyunjin is hit with an acute feeling of utter devastation, tinged with humiliation and defeat.

"What's wrong?" He can hear someone asks from behind him.

"He's 3 dollars short," the girl informs him, "well 2.25 if you want to be specific. The total is $7.25."

Things that occur in the next second falls one on top of another with way too much speed that he's not entirely sure what happened. Someone reaches from behind him with a $10 bill and gives it to the girl, arm slightly touching Hyunjin's shoulder. Hyunjin's brain tries to play catch up, doesn't seem to work and by the time it takes to processing and dishing out proper actions, the pair had already left and the barista is holding out a bag for him.

"He paid for everything. Take it and leave," she tips her chin to the bag in her hand.

"Thanks," he accepts it, not really understanding what is life and who he is.

"He tipped me well, so I threw in a donut," she nods, "bring money next time you want to purchase a service."

"I left my money outside," he realises, "why couldn't I just go outside and get money?" He asks the girl.

"How about this," she sits up straighter (God she's so tiny but bitter, like the female version of Changbin), "don't buy coffee at 5 in the morning and bring your wallet with you. Sew it into your back pocket. Tattoo your credit card details onto your wrist. Whatever. I don't care. I'm being paid minimal wages. I am sick of the smell of cafes. Your face might've worked some good looking people magic but one," she holds up her pointer, "I'm really tired at this point and I take no bullshit from anyone, and two," another finger goes up, "you might be pretty but money sounds more tempting."

She leans back leisurely, the look in her eyes subsiding to a bored one, "Now scram, pretty boy. You left your friend outside for 20 minutes. He's freezing to death."

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"Does that mean I get free food whenever I take you somewhere?"
Hyunjin threatens to ditch him and the demon laughs even harder. He's not saying it's wrong but he's not endorsing it. At all.

(Although the guy had on really sweet smelling honeydew fabric softener. And looked kinda decent. Kinda really hot if he's being generous, but what does his brain know.)

Felix is escorted to the thing. Hyunjin provides Jisung who is bedridden with the much appreciated live footage of Felix popping his way to a glorious first place trophy and ten million trucks of flowers. Changbin soon enters to congratulate the child who is covered in more glitter than sweat and had been recruited, pocketed and handed business cards of twenty different idol agencies, some dance schools and sport scouts. Hyunjin himself had also been asked if he would like to model and he escaped that conversation by pretending he's a foreigner and pulled Felix away, calling Minhyun to pick them up.

After another round of congratulation, Minhyun drops Felix then Hyunjin off, but not before Hyunjin stops him, looks him in the eye and asks very solemnly.

"Am I pretty enough for strangers to buy me food?"

Minhyun tells him yes and advises him not to abuse this newfound power. It's 4 in the afternoon. Minhyun drives off with a pat to the back of his head. Hyunjin feels like he aged too much in half a day.

When he enters the cafe again, the same girl on duty, properly dressed and with some makeup on his face because he needs to enhance his beauty, both of them share one mutual shudder at running into each other.

He steps up to order and glances her name. Yang Sorim. Pretty name for a perpetually tired kid.

"A cappuccino and a blueberry muffin please," he orders cheerily, because he had homemade coffee from Felix before, bless his soul, and feeling less like death and more like the fabulous being he is, "for Hwang Hyunjin."

Sorim pauses and gives him the smallest once over.

"Not related to Minhyun, are you?"

He beams. She looks like she's trying hard to understand the concept of them being related to each other.

"Anyways, you look dolled up. Hoping to rope in unsuspecting mortals to treating you to free food again?" She punches in some numbers and hands the order to someone behind her. "At least get the guy's name."

"It was five in the morning, okay?" He whines, pouting. "My brain wasn't functioning."

"And you think mine worked?"

"You look like you're handling it fine. I wasn't handling it fine. Waking up before 7 is a sin. My friends are demons."

She makes a face that screams 'mood' loud and clear and he pulls a commiserating face to join along with her.
"Sorim?" A soft voice interrupts them and the smell of really fruity perfume permeates around the vicinity. A soft boy, the fluffiest hair with narrowed eyes and upturned nose, meets his eyes evenly for about a second, realises that there is eye contact and turns red promptly in the next second.

Meanwhile Hyunjin's standing there like an idiot, trying to sort through his memories of where the hell he met this guy and why is he so familiar.

"Yeah?" Sorim answers, spinning her marker around her fingers, mouth on a line of boredom. "You good there?"

"Hyunjin-sunbae," the boy addresses him, although not directly.

"You know me?" Hyunjin's voice rises at the same time as Sorim's "Wait, the Hyunjin?"

"You know of me?" He turns to her. She casts him aside and puts a knee on the counter, leaning to the guy.

"Tell me things!" He cuts in through the intense staring match. Sorim flinches back like she cannot fathom the thought of him touching her and the guy dips down lower on the spectrum of red shades, going through an interesting shade of blood drying after a violent stabbing.

"He's got a-" Sorim begins to tell him something but the guy interrupts her, stepping closer to Hyunjin.

"Yang Jeongin. We went to the same high school."

Everything goes still for about two ticks of the clock and Hyunjin's shrill hiss of "You're Jeonginnie? The baby with the braces?"

Sorim lets out a loose laugh on the side. Jeongin puts a defensive hand over his mouth, protesting that he took those off early this year and that's why he looks different.

"Damn kid," he looks Jeongin up and down, "puberty hit you hard."

"Like Cupid's arrow~," Sorim chimes in.

"Will you shush, noona?"

"Not until you go away~"

Hyunjin meanwhile is having problem processing how the child that all the girls at school essentially adopted became this fine species of man. Damn. Damn Hyunjin is one lucky boy. And damn, Jeongin's legs are even longer now. Wait, are they the same height?

"Are you taller than me?" He moves back and tries to gauge the top of Jeongin's head.

"Yep," Sorim answers, "what a shame."

Jeongin takes the compliment in the form of deepening his blush, inching towards cherry red. Sorim looks disgusted from the side.

"Uh - do, yeah, um, you want~" Jeongin begins, timid, soft, accent roughing up some of his words. Hyunjin is fascinated and amazed. Before it was cute. Now? Now he sees the charms.
"Yes, yep, uh," he stutters too because he is a Mess. Both of them are flustered and congesting the queue, but Sorim had pushed them aside forcefully, shoving Jeongin into Hyunjin, putting on her professional smile as the next customer orders.

"Oi," she calls them, "take this," she gestures to the weird distance between the two of them, "away, somewhere, anywhere. Don't come back. You're hindering business."

"We are so not," Hyunjin protests.

"Get his number, buy some food, bond over your mutual attraction, I don't know," her face twitches, "be off, be merry, be happy."

Hyunjin and Jeongin reach for each other's hands at the same time. Sorim boos.

Jeongin descends into a blush so fierce his ears are tinted red and his neck glows pink. Hyunjin accepts the bribe in form of muffins and tugs Jeongin outside, squinting at the sun.

("So do you regularly share your obsession of me to the local barista for her to be able to recognise me?"

"No! She's my cousin. I tell her a lot of things."

"Oh poor you. She's a handful, that one. So bitter. So salty. So Changbinnie."

"But uh, yeah, sorry about Sorim. She gets sick of any romance that goes on forever one-sided."

"In my defence I haven't seen you much and when I wanted to be friends you ran away. Think of how less cute our reunion would be. Think of what I will tell to my family later on when we ran out of fresh tea to gossip about."

"Oh god I just wanted to take you out for food and woo you. Not this."

"One step at a time. I like it. I'm putting my number onto your phone. We're texting after this. I'm better at romance over texts than this.")

When they walk hand in hand to the coffee shop, Sorim rolls her eyes so heavily Hyunjin ends up laughing the whole time from the door to the register, and laughs some more as she throws raisins at him.

Jeongin pays for his food, tips his cousin generously and gives Hyunjin such a sweet smile he almost swoons.

Chapter End Notes

Please understand I am a human child on my last year of high school and I will have issues that hinder my progress in writing as well. I'm trying my best to fulfil the old
prompts from last year (I'M SO SO SORRY I LEFT YOU ON READ FOR LIKE A BILLION YEARS) but for every prompt I fulfilled I get four more so right now for efficiency sake I am combining the common request people ask for which is Jeongjin, this is a Jeongjin fic AU thing. I'm also perpetually tired and school is hard to catch up on so can we put a hold on the prompting until I clear most of them down (the list has 25 prompts and I take an average of 50 years for a long and decent quality fic and 3 days for a short trashy one). I know we're all really excited that there are fics for our boys and I'm happy that you are happy reading them too, but my creative writing brain is dead recently so it'd be nice to get it living and working again.

Things you can do in the mean time to speed up recovery:
- No sequels unless you are committed to reading and commenting your thoughts on them, I give out the names of the person (people) who wanted to see a sequel and it is soul-crushing to hear no response from spending too much time on your sequels where I can be writing other people's fics
- I'm writing this for you guys so it'll benefit both of us if you comment because my insecurity is three times my size and I need reassurances not silence
- Nice words
- Comments. I can't continue to do your thing if there are no comments to go on
snapshots of colours (and entwining trails of you and i)

Chapter Summary

and through laughing, maybe maybe felix found out that underneath his fingertips there is skin but underneath his heart, there is han jisung. and that's all he needs to know

Chapter Notes

ON A HAPPIER NOTE, HAPPY LUNAR NEW YEAR TO THOSE WHO CELEBRATE IT~~~ I AM SENDING YOU GOOD VIBES AND LUCK FOR THIS YEAR!! HOPEFULLY I WILL HIT 10K VIEWS SOON AND MY PROMPTS DECREASE BY HALF. ALSO WHO WAS IT THAT WANTED THE HEIST!AU THING I NEED TO CHECK OVER SOMETHING WITH YOU REAL QUICK.

From now on it will be me dumping prompt after prompt on y'all. They will be short and terrible but short things must make way for bigger things. Is this just an excuse for me to churn out hard and fast jilix and hyunlix (kudos to strawhatmikans who showed me the beauty that is hyunlix bless you darling)? Yes. I like the colour moodboard thing that people do, so here is mine, but in words, and less aesthetically pleasing.

Based on the prompt of the one and only AdorableYoungjae: can you write hyunlix or jilix? a hurt and comfort fic or even a fluffy one

Me being me chose the fluffy option because I suffered enough for the year and I need to backtrack to write three prompts that I need to rewatch the show for. I am writing a hyunlix fic straight after this one so don't panic, everything is coming.

Don't even bother searching for a plot or a structure, because I don't think I tried very much to make this a structured thing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

snapshots of colours (and entwining trails of you and i)

or alternatively: two idiots in love who always fight

i.

there are a million colours out there in the known world and the colour jisung associated with felix is gold.

the kind of muted gold shade you get behind your lids when the sunlight hits your barely awake face too hard and too early in the morning and make you want to tape your eyelids shut forever and
just sleep. the kind of curtained and blocked out sunset glow beyond the window of an apartment and the smell of last night's detergent still on the sink. the kind of faded orange blonde on felix's hair that he kept throughout uni because one professor prohibited him from it and out of spite he maintained the colour until graduation when he showed up in black hair. the kind of gold felix's smiles always assume whenever he looks into the lens of jisung's crappy phone camera, light behind him like a halo, his whole being golden.

("you know you're like, really gold," he tells felix over breakfast. felix tips his head to the side. "so like, asian?"

"no dumbass," jisung scoffs, "like i'd wear you and not get sick of it."

"sounds like skin to me. you sure you're not describing my skin, boo?"

"don't start with the pet names now, lee," he throws a dish towel, whaling, "stop laughing at me!"

felix still stupidly glows bright gold even though there's no light in that apartment. and jisung allows his mind to think of felix as luminescence, light projecting light)

ii.

there are a million colours jisung could've picked for his bouquets to felix, but every single time, pink and red are all he could see. droopy bubs and fleshed out petals and folds of delicacy into its centre. bleeding hearts. red carnations. alstroemerias. jisung wouldn't tell him what the flowers mean, insisted felix take the flowers every single time. he would joke that he's giving felix his blood as a token of his bleeding love and his heart because he doesn't have enough money to buy him everything that he wanted yet.

"you know money or not i'll still love you, right?"

"stop complaining and take the flowers, lee."

(felix scourged the internet for a solution and the next several times he received a bouquet, he always accepted it with his right hand. on the anniversary of their fifth year, felix came with a gift of his own. yarrow. edelweiss. myrtle. jonquil.

jisung was so surprised he almost dropped his bouquet. some girls cheered in the background as he swept felix, who permanently has 5 cm over him, into a hug so tight petals cascaded like rainfall over the top of their heads and their chests pressed so tight his heartbeats melted into felix's own and a fervent 'i love you' into his lips that tasted like nectar.)

iii.
there are a million colours that are available for eyeshadow but felix always insisted on purple and orange.

maybe because they contrasted well and felix’s eyelids bewitch him and liquefy his knees every time the eyes open and close. maybe when felix closes one eye and stares straight into the mirror, eye not looking at him, jisung is a little more in love with the colours appearing onto skin.

(felix always calls him a hopeless romantic but he, as a photographer and slightly dizzy from the orange and purple on felix’s eyes and the gold glow from his being, would like to agree. who would not be a romantic in front of art?)

iiii.

the colour felix remembered jisung had on when they first met was an atrocious flannel green.

the day was blue glassed buildings and yellowing autumn leaves, and felix was red-flushed with the cold. cement grey-washed, muddied by frantic footsteps of commuters rushing to the train. he was walking to campus when a flurry of green and black slammed him onto the wet grass.

they both got up at the sound of dropped books, mind and soul dead-tired but bodies remembering the costs of textbooks, which must not suffer damage at any non-refundable cost. all he saw was a blur of green and a black cap. the last book was salvaged and the guy stilled enough for them to make eye contact.

jisung was ugly green flannel and pink-nosed from the wind, black cap obscuring his eyes. felix was more than a little fond of the roundness of his cheeks and the promise of wide eyes beyond the rim of the cap. jisung held himself tightly and sucked on his teeth, loud enough for felix to hear and gave a two finger salute.

"sorry, you're cute, but i'm super late. i'll make it up to you next time!"

he left in the same blur of green and black and felix never got his name.

(a week later, chipmunk boy, as felix affectionately began to term him in his many rants to seungmin, showed up in front of his class, armed with a bag of cookies and green tea which eerily is felix's favourite. spooked that he earned himself a stalker, felix approached jisung with caution, but jisung didn't have a cap on and his eyes, bright bright promises of mischief and freedom, beamed and him and suddenly felix forgot all of the warnings his sisters gave about cute boys with glowing eyes.

"i'm not stalking you," jisung greeted. felix stalled, eyes suspicious. "seungminnie is a mutual friend. he complains about you a lot. said you got run over one time by a guy and all you do is bitch about him."

felix shrugged, deeming the descriptions appropriate. "that's nice, but i don't know who you are to follow you to wherever."
"han. jisung han, but you can call me triple zero because those are indicative of my grades and i am failing life," jisung flourished his arms. felix had coughed so hard in choking back a laugh and jisung seemed smug.

"felix lee," he choked out, "oh god i'm remembering that one until the day i die."

"that's cute, you're cute," jisung stared at him. when felix stopped laughing he went completely red. "i mean - well i'm not lying."

"i'm taking the cookies, but i'm not returning the compliment just yet. maybe some time later, flannel boy.")

v.

felix has a habit of absent-mindedly touching fingertips to skin, as if he's reminding himself that all of him is there, wrapped tightly under skin.

the day he dyed jisung's hair violet, gloves unused, he smeared a careless trail of purple on his chin, down from the bottom lip and on his earlobe. jisung had watched as their eyes met in the mirror and felix giggled at what a mess he was and smeared some colours onto jisung's forehead, both of them laughing at how stupid they looked.

("panda lee."

"meerkat han."

and through laughing, maybe maybe felix found out that underneath his fingertips there is skin but underneath his heart, there is han jisung. and that's all he needs to know.)

vi.

there are 57 shades of blue out there and rachel lee had picked kyanite to adorn her neck.

it's a beautiful ceremony, set in the backdrop of sydney's wealthier suburbs. felix's dad breaks down in tears as he walks rachel down the aisle and the entire process requires two different photographers who never seem to sit down. olivia, pretty in aquamarine, beams equally as wide and happy as felix's mum. felix and jisung sit on the front row, the groom's brother as the best man (although felix did fight the guy for the position), their hands entwined.

when rachel gazes into tom's eyes and murmurs the softest 'i do', all the guests stand up and applaud.

"you know what we show do, fel?"

"what?"
"plan a wedding, but just the two of us."

"so like a honeymoon?"

"so like a wedding, dumbass."

felix laughs at jisung. the photographer, his name hyunjin or something, snaps a shot of them. jisung is gazing at felix with familiar love and exasperation. felix is tilting his head back, eyes scrunched shut.

their hands never separate.

jisung dances with olivia, then miyoung, his mother, then the chef who was ushered out by felix's friends, then rachel.

she presses her necklace, kyanite winking from all the fairy lights over their heads.

"what is this for?" he asks.

"something new, something old, something blue, something borrowed," she winks back, closing his fist around the gem, "keep it and give it to him."

when it is felix's turn to be his partner, the man isn't surprised, smile mellow under a bulb of light, seven colours of the rainbow seeping in and out of him and jisung slips the necklace onto his neck.

"will you be my forever?"

"only if you'll be mine."

a beat after.

"gay."

"that's it i'm filing for a divorce. tom's a family lawyer, let's do it right now. i get the house and the kids."

"we don't even have kids you idiot han jisung."

Chapter End Notes

The Winter Olympics are on and I, as an avid fan of Yuri On Ice, needs to know if I write a figure skating one shot starring Stray Kids, would anyone read it and provide constructive feedback because my figure skating knowledge is negative two hundred.

The thing being super short and super non-plot? I wasn't kidding lol. And yes, if you
look carefully, those are the colours of the rainbow, because I am gay and so is jilix.

Felix's sisters are called Olivia (younger) and Rachel (older)

Me @ flowers and their meanings: I love. Therefore
Red carnations: my heart aches for you
Alstroemeria: friendship and devotion, a bouquet of these means your bond with another person is very strong
Bleeding heart: pouring your heart and innermost feelings for this person to see
Yarrow: everlasting love
Edelweiss: courage, devotion
Myrtle: good luck and love in a marriage
Jonquil: affection returned

Do you know that if you accept a bouquet with your right hand you're saying yes to what the flowers are saying? I'm not saying jilix is already married but that's what I'm saying.

PS: Search up the flowers on images, they're so pretty.

Please also send me red pockets through the mail i live in the rock others called Australia
If Hyunjin can chronicle his life in a series of tragic and totally preventable events, it would go something like this:

Chapter Summary

"No," he waves down a taxi and the driver watches in light judgement as he shoves his suitcase into the boot, "but I've done enough damage for a lifetime and I must flee before you learn my name and sabotage my education with all the happenings of today."

"Nonsense," the guy slams the boot shut for him, "I just want to get food with you."

"Aww," Hyunjin allows One (1) Adoring Smile to pass between them, "but no. Goodbye helpful boy. I won't see you again."

"That's so sad," a pout, "not even a name so I can dedicate sad and sulky poems after your bed hair?"

Hyunjin thinks 'what the hell, he's cute, I won't see him again' and lets out a tight-lipped "Hwang Hyunjin" before climbing inside and slamming the door shut.

Chapter Notes

Italics are words in English. Me at the library after dodging chem homework even though my test is 1 week away: IMMA WRITE SOME HYUNLIX

After much encouragement that me at my worst is probably manageable, I present to you foreigner Hyunjin in Australia and Sydney boy Felix helping him through airport security. Extra bad topped with a generous amount of What Was I Thinking And I Need To Get A Better Sense of Humour

AS PROMISED TO ADORABLE YOUNGJAE. And I am researching figure skating words to make things sound professional but they're most likely from Yuri On Ice

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If Hyunjin can chronicle his life in a series of tragic and totally preventable events, it would go something like this:

a. He fell asleep

b. He fell asleep without his seatbelt on

c. Someone had to clip the safety precautions onto him, while he was sleeping like he's out cold and dead. Apparently the flight attendant was close to performing CPR on him. People fainted
when they thought there was a corpse travelling with them

d. He's awake now but the stewardess is saying something and he doesn't remember words, English or Korean, to properly respond

e. He should've slept better last night for this not to happen because his ass cannot be woken up by external forces when his body goes into Sleep Recovery Mode

He's blinking himself awake when his head rolls forward and almost comes off his neck. The life inside of him must've been shaken awake by a potential threat of death and he's suddenly awake and staring dead at the flight attendant who's leaning close to him, two fingers on the side of his neck.

"Sir I need to check if you're okay. Can you just nod if you're okay?" She's telling him words but he doesn't understand. Hyunjin wants to cry. The Jeongin inside his head wants to cry with him too.

"Hey," a familiar sound. He snaps his head to the source. Freckles and warm brown eyes. "If you're alive, give her a nod."

He nods quickly and watches in fascination as the attendant is relieved of stress, looking like she's thanking the guy. He probably says something like 'it's okay, I see international students knocked out on planes on the way to Australia for too long for it to stress me out' and returns the clasp she gives his hands, both of them parting in solemnity and a bit of reverence from the attendant's face.

"Did you, um," he turns and feels a crack that reverberates through his entire skeletal structure, "put this on me?"

He jiggles his seatbelt because he forgot the word for it in both of the languages that he should know the word of it for, but he remembers that this is a contraption designed to keep him not dead and he appreciates the thoughtfulness of whoever invented it to save their arses from the mountain of paperwork from insurance companies once plane passengers are dead.

The guy leans closer, lids lifting higher, lifting Hyunjin to a higher plane of existence in witnessing the beauty that is those eyes, bright glare from somewhere beyond them, and hums a soft "Hm?"

At the seatbelt he nods. "Yeah I did. You weren't waking up. The pilot didn't want to fill out paperwork about safety procedures. The attendants couldn't wake you. I clipped it on, end of problem. Except you didn't wake up until then so we were understandably worried that you died in our landing. Someone brought out a first aid kit."

If Jisung is there, beside him, being the terrible friend that he is, he would've broken down laughing.

"Thanks," he forces out, "for all of that."

"No problem," the guy beams back, freckles dark and light, "have fun in Australia, don't be embarrassed to call for help - we're really friendly people."
At which Hyunjin sits up, neck pillow and blanket falling off him in a messy flourish, gasping above the seats.

"Seatbelt!"

The guy pulls him down after swallowing back what must've been a very ridiculous dose of the Giggles. Some mother throws him a dirty look for waking her child. Someone hurls a roll of newspaper at his elbow. The guy is still laughing, inside, face red.

"Can you tell me the reason why you decide to come to Australia?"

Hyunjin blanks out. What is English. How do words work. How to speak. How to make eye contact. What to do in confronting situations.

"Sir?"

Something pokes him, hard, at his funny bone. His arm goes back instinctively and the rest of his body follows. Freckles and wide eyes. Mouth moving the words 'you're fine you're fine'.

"To study. The quality of education in Australia is better than Korea and I would get better opportunities to."

The words are rehearsed and that's okay, because he prepared for this and one gate and an immigration officer should not be able to hold him back from walking on Australian soil.

"I want to end myself," he tells the airport floor, "and it's only been 30 seconds since I am a free man."

"Please don't," he hears someone tells him, "how will I ever see something so funny again?"

He makes a sound of distinct distress, Hwang Hyunjin style and swings carry on bags around in a mishap of a semicircle, obliterating innocent bystanders. He schools a totally neutral and suave expression, turns around with a dignified stance and chokes when the same guy from the plane and immigration just then lounges behind him, big smile permanently attached to his face. It's a nice face, but Hyunjin embarrassed himself beyond his daily quota now, and he can't keep doing that. There is a limit of how long and how much one can trespass the Embarrassment Zone. Hyunjin regularly sits on the border of Embarrassed and Too Much Go Back There's No Saving You. Today will just be a day he'd rather forget and he's devising escape routes just as fast as he's avoiding the guy's eyes.

"Did I make you mad?" He hears.

"No," he waves down a taxi and the driver watches in light judgement as he shoves his suitcase into the boot, "but I've done enough damage for a lifetime and I must flee before you learn my name and sabotage my education with all the happenings of today."

"Nonsense," the guy slams the boot shut for him, "I just want to get food with you."

"Aww," Hyunjin allows One (1) Adoring Smile to pass between them, "but no. Goodbye helpful
boy. I won't see you again."

"That's so sad," a pout, "not even a name so I can dedicate sad and sulky poems after your bed hair?"

Hyunjin thinks 'what the hell, he's cute, I won't see him again' and lets out a tight-lipped "Hwang Hyunjin" before climbing inside and slamming the door shut.

"Bye Hyunjin!" He hears and allows himself two seconds in which he screams out loud. In his head. God forbid the driver suffer with him. He's operating on minimum wages. He should be allowed this moment of escape.

"Where to, sir?"

"Epping station please."

"Jisung I met a guy."

"Good for you. Go be a good homestay. I have stuff to do."

"Is this how the kids respond to gossip nowadays? Go away?"

"Be a good homestay, Jinnie, and leave me alone. Australian friend number two is also spamming me and I don't like you as much as him to balance two conversations."

"Oi. Rude."

"Go away Hyunjin. Moon about the guy. Maybe you'll run into him."

"Sydney is huge. Don't jinx it. What if I run into him again?"

"Aish, then deal with it. I gotta go. Bye. Call me later."

koala owner:

bit of a stretch but
u kno a hyunjin
?

jisungieeeee:

no

nope

im not doing this

i dont know anyone
im a hermit
i live in a cave
i only have a phone that the locals give me once a week

koala owner:
Imaooo
when we meet again ill take a photo

jisungieeeee:
actually go die, lee

Chapter End Notes

Me crossing prompts off my list is like one down 25 to go.

My DMs are finally open on Twitter. If you want to chat or scream or anything hmu and we can scream together. For the mean time I am going to need a list of sequels I need to write so I can brace myself for death.
"You seem like a decent," he considers the word, "person. What's a nice boy like you doing with our son? He's in his studio all the time. I'm surprised he can even date with music in his head all the time."

There is a collective exhale where Felix and Soobin breathe out in relief and Changbin looks like all his sins are forgiven and flushed out of him.

"I needed the studio at uni so we had a big fight on who needed the space more and then we talked a lot and I had to talk him into dates and it was ridiculous, he would refuse to do anything," Felix lets his mouth run and Mrs Seo rolls her eyes like 'tell me about it' and Mr Seo puts his chin in his palm, "he's such a recluse it's a wonder how I got him out into sunlight at all."

"You don't deserve him," Soobin boos.

"Don't be mean to your brother, he just got here," Mrs Seo waves her away

Can I request a fic where Changbin's family meet Felix?? by a_little_bit_of_everything_22

Hi yeah, oops, sorry I didn't update for ages, I was preoccupied with studying for my chem and lit exams which count towards my end of year scores and it's all very stressful and it's next week.

This is this week's update and next week's update will go up soon enough, but in the meantime I can't promise a regular schedule with exams and year 12 camp, but hey if I go through thing very quickly people will be able to send in prompts again!!

"Door!" Chris calls from the kitchen.

"You get it!" Felix screams back, pants not even on.

"I have a knife and my fish are burning!"

"Are you threatening me with your cooking words now, Bang? I'll have you know-" Felix is struggling to put a leg through his trakkies when he spots Changbin, lounging casually on the kitchen bench and eating an apple, stupid undercut looking good on him, who raises a finger in acknowledgement. Maybe at Felix. Maybe at Felix without his pants. Maybe at the TV behind
him. Who knows.

He puts up a finger and pushes a leg in a pant leg. Changbin waits patiently, face never once judgemental, and opens his arms for a hug once Felix is properly dressed to fold him inside his chest, nose in his neck.

"Excuse me," Chris bangs a spatula onto something metallic, probably a pot, "I am here and I need to tell you two something important."

They separate and share a look of mutual 'Old people. They rot and wilt if you don't water them with enough affection and attention on an hourly basis.' The metallic taps are now approaching the intensity of an entire percussion ensemble with only a pot and one (1) brand new spatula. Chris is magic like that.

"You've finally gotten over your fear of snails?" Felix raises an eyebrow, leaning only a bit away from Changbin, his legs bracketed between the man's legs.

"You stole that cat from the blonde guy upstairs and he found out today, and you need political asylum," Changbin's tone makes it sound like he's not joking. Chris is really good at hiding live animals inside living spaces that ban animals. In uni he snuck in dogs. He smuggled two ducks on the train. He would've gotten away with that rabbit if it wasn't for you meddling kids and your stupid dog.

Chris flicks his wet spatula at them and Changbin valiantly shields Felix with his shoulder, turning him away. After a wise two seconds for everybody to calm down, Felix peeps over Changbin to see Chris no longer stewing, but still easily angered.

"I needed to remind you assholes that Changbin's mum called today for a family dinner tomorrow night. She asked to meet," there's a significant pause, probably because a. Chris is too dramatic and b. he narrates all the things that go on in his life like it's an action-packed blockbuster starring Liam Neeson, "the boyfriend."

Imagine there is a very rich person. And that person is very picky with whatever they wear. Imagine there is the tiniest tear on their favourite leather Armani jacket valued at 1.5 million KRW roughly. Imagine the displeasure. Imagine the disgust, the sheer incredulity that this terrible mistake had happened to them. They did not deserve this. They deserve only the best.

Now take those feelings and that expression and insert on Chris's face. That is the exact tone he is putting on.

"Okay?" Changbin squints in one eye. He can't squint both eyes. It's equally tragic and cute.

"Thanks?" Felix squints also in one eye. You know what they say about married couple. They're almost the same person. "His sister already texted me?"

"Yeah she texted me as well. Lots of exclamation marks. So much spamming. We already got presents and shit, don't worry about us. I'll come pick you up tomorrow, just wanted to swing by and say hi," Changbin slides off the bench and pats Felix's back pocket.

"Since when are we responsible?" Felix wonders aloud. His boyfriend shrugs.
Chris points the spatula in a discriminatory way at where Changbin's hand is on Felix's body, "Yo that's too much couply stuff in my kitchen. Tone it down."

Felix follows Changbin to the door, hand wrapped around his wrist. They share a quick goodbye kiss in front of the door, Felix nowadays preferring to hug the everloving life out of people he love and cherish instead of passionately making out with them at the door because ew, tongues and spit on a Saturday morning. That's gross. He also hasn't brushed his teeth. Changbin deserves mint-flavoured kisses from him or no kisses at all.

"Are you debating on something?" Changbin asks, amused and not too done with him. What a blessing.

"Whether I should grace you with my morning breath or spare you the monstrosity that is Seungmin and Jisung's garlic bread."

"I think I'm good," Changbin gives his lower back several boyfriendly taps, "you okay for tomorrow?"

Inside Felix wants to scream but outside he manages a casual "Yeah yeah I'm good. Your folks love me. We'll be okay." Changbin leans a bit forward and presses his lips to Felix's, sort of just standing there in front of a bunch of shoes that smell with Felix wearing a combination of other people's clothes and smelling like burnt garlic, a completely romanticless setting and circumstance. It's not moody or anything but Felix is giggly inside because it's such a them thing to pull and by the time they murmur 'Call you later' into each other's mouths Felix forgets to be panicked about the dinner, the great inevitable.

That lasts about a couple of hours and by dinner time Chris belts out Les Miserables and all of Mulan's musical numbers. Felix is high-strung, on the basis of Changbin's parents being very:

a. Korean conservative

and b. Religiously conservative

Their only son being gay and having a foreigner boyfriend sort of breaks all the beliefs that the Seos go by. Changbin's sister is a cool hip groovy woman who loves and adores anything that Changbin is smitten for and Felix is a high contender that is quickly surpassing Changbin's job as a music producer and performer. His parents know of him and choose not to acknowledge their relationship ever since they started going out and this arrangement, although it hurts Changbin as a very filial son, is the best compromise they can get. The Lees love Changbin. Olivia had already gave his hand away in marriage. Mama Lee forgets she has only one son. Papa Lee calls Changbin every weekend to just check up on him, before his son. He's been added onto the family group chat and everything is a bit chaotic and things are always happening, but Changbin is welcomed and loved by the enthusiastic Australians.

As for his family, his sister makes up for the cold shoulder his parents give him, essentially shutting all talks of Felix down at the dinner table whenever he comes over for a visit. It pains both sides, Felix knows, whenever he talks to Changbin and there's this sadness thing that he does with his face and eyes and Felix feels like the most horrible person on the planet for even mentioning it.

This sudden change of attitude can go either extremities, pessimistic or optimistic. One way everyone will be happy and Felix can propose to Changbin under the moonlight and on their
wedding their families will converge into one extended and happy family. The other way they call him over for one last dinner to cut all ties with them or with Changbin and things will be horrible and everyone will be sad and only Soobin will be sane enough to be civil to everyone.

No, he's not that stressed, but he is terrified.

"Slow, slow, slow," Woojin chants next to his ear. He takes in a breath. Woojin is here. Woojin's voice is next to his ear. He can do the inhalation of air thing. "You're okay."

"I'm okay," he repeats, believes it a little, "what should I wear?"


"That's obscure and fucking ominous but I'll take it. How about earrings?"

"Off, all of it. No earrings."

By the time Changbin swings by, all nicely dressed in a leather jacket, hair styled and smelling like the cologne they both share, Chris has to resort to the mother tongue, whispering comforting words into Felix's ears because he's nervous and everything will fall to pieces because of him and -

"Hey," citrus and Lynx envelope him, "stand up. Let me have a look at you."

Felix would fight the sun itself if Changbin asks for it. He stands up without qualms. Changbin's eyes trace his clothes first analytically, then appreciatively as a little smile sits on his mouth and suddenly Felix is nineteen and just out of high school and can't talk in front of cute boys who look tough and write emo music.

Changbin still looks tough and he makes money writing music, emo included, but Felix minimises the whole not being able to talk thing. It helps a lot with communicating when they're alone. Chris boos from the side and they break eye contact, Felix folding Changbin into a hug and letting their heartbeats reassure him of how okay they will be. They have each other. It'll be manageable.

Soobin finds them first and she hugs both of them tightly, especially Felix. Inside chandeliers hang from ceilings in all their scary and intimidating glory. There are cooking sounds. Mrs Seo walks out of the kitchen, bob hair cut and glasses on her nose. She's not really glaring at Felix but she's not acknowledging his presence either. That's fine by him. Changbin quickly takes off his shoes to come over and kiss her cheeks while Felix slowly advances behind Soobin, meekly bowing to her and receiving an appraising look, however brief, in return.

"Fighting," Soobin whispers to him. Felix believes he can brave through this.

Maybe.

No one really says anything during the actual dinner. He feels very high-strung, constantly on edge
as two people continuously scrutinise his worth in nicely ironed clothes. Changbin sits close to him, but makes no contact. The distance between them is slightly suffocating, close but not close enough. Soobin consistently mouths 'be brave' to him across the dinner table, feet kicking Changbin's underneath the table. When Mrs Seo clears her throat, pushes her chair back and starts to clear the plates, Felix instinctively gets up, stacking plates and carrying them over to the sink, even though there is no need for him to do so.

She stares at him weirdly but offers him a small nod, an acknowledgement, a 'you're raised on decent grounds I guess'. Meanwhile Mr Seo still refuses to meet anyone's eyes throughout the whole dinner, only stares distantly into the distance, humming when tea and cakes are served.

"These taste good," Mrs Seo comments, chewing on a slice of lamington.

Felix allows himself a soft, "I made them yesterday. They're favourites in Australia." People at the table stop chewing. Soobin whispers an awed 'You cook too?' over Mr Seo's now focused look on him.

"You seem like a decent," he considers the word, "person. What's a nice boy like you doing with our son? He's in his studio all the time. I'm surprised he can even date with music in his head all the time."

There is a collective exhale where Felix and Soobin breathe out in relief and Changbin looks like all his sins are forgiven and flushed out of him.

"I needed the studio at uni so we had a big fight on who needed the space more and then we talked a lot and I had to talk him into dates and it was ridiculous, he would refuse to do anything," Felix lets his mouth run and Mrs Seo rolls her eyes like 'tell me about it' and Mr Seo puts his chin in his palm, "he's such a recluse it's a wonder how I got him out into sunlight at all."

"You don't deserve him," Soobin boos.

"Don't be mean to your brother, he just got here," Mrs Seo waves her away, "Felix, may I have a word in the kitchen with you please?"

Changbin gives him an unreadable look but reaches over to squeeze his arm, right in front of the entire family. They make sappy eye contact and a silent 'I'm here for you' telepathy couple message transpires, with much of Felix's anxiety leaving after the reassurance. He's got Changbin. He'll be fine.

The kitchen is spotless and clean and he briefly wonders how long Seo Jieun spends in the kitchen for it to sparkle like this. She leans against the counter, takes off her glasses and folds them inside her palm. He waits for her to gather her thoughts, in and out, and when she speaks to him for the first time that night, it's not made in direct eye contact, but it's still better than what he had in mind.

"This whole thing with Changbin, I - it's, very very hard to accept. I can't say how long it will take me to get used to the idea of two men being in love because it was never something I know of. It goes against what I've been taught, for sure, but as a parent, my child's happiness comes first. If he's happier with you then there is no reason for us to stop him or disapprove of you. You're not a bad kid either, you're very good to our boy and it's real, from what I see. I only ask you for time, for two old people to understand, and we'll slowly welcome you properly as a part of this family."

It's the best welcome he's ever got on the first dinner with the family and he drops to a formal bow, keeping his head to the floor until Mrs Seo whispers 'stand up, stand up, no need to bow to me'. She doesn't touch him, but when they make eye contact he sees a mother's relief and gratitude.
They begin to pack up and go home, because Felix has a shift in the morning. Mr Seo grips his hand tightly, eyes fixed on the freckles that are showing after his foundation wears off that night. Changbin hugs both his mother and sister and there seems to be a conference down there, with the whispers and hushes. Mr Seo debates something but thinks better of it, only patting his upper arm and telling him to have a goodnight.

"I wish we could stay more, but being a doctor relies a lot on flexible hours so events don't really go according to plans," he bows to the Seos. When he resurfaces, there are three pairs of eyes blatantly regarding him as if he's a new animal species dropped in front of their porch.

"I'm sorry, what do you work in?" Soobin shakes her head awake.

"Optometry. I'm operating tomorrow morning on a couple of patients, hence the leaving early," he explains, confused, "something wrong?"

"We're the one with the loser son," Mrs Seo turns to her husband, "Felix is a surgeon. Ours writes music in his cave."

"Goodbye boys, we'll see you next time," Mr Seo closes the door and offers Felix a cheeky smile before they're all obscured from view. Felix and Changbin stare at each other, breathing out 'what was that' into each other's arms and Changbin laces their fingers together, couple rings knocking.

"I thought your family was Asian but not that Asian, but clearly I was wrong."

"That means they're more likely to integrate you into our dynamic. Normally there's more bullying. Wait until dad does his tablecloth trick."

"Yeah I'm looking forward to that."

Chapter End Notes

Yuri on ice AU or Vampire AU in the next update?

Also my s key is being difficult so that's why I'm taking ages to type all the things out. Felix as a surgeon. Thoughts?

(I wish Felix was my son too)
Chapter Summary

"So I was just thinking," Chris tells him from atop his hair. He hums, drawing the boy's arms closer to his neck. "We should get married, but at night."

"Electricity is in high demand, Christopher, but do tell me why."

"Because stars," Felix lets out a disbelieving giggle, "and it's more romantic that way, duh. I get to sing Ed Sheeran to you and embarrass you and myself. You can like write my drunken love declaration onto napkins and we'll frame them for the kids to see."

"Let's just," he twists, eyes meeting eyes with the man he's spending the rest of his life with, "take it slow, yeah? One step at a time. We'll get there."

"I'd like that," Chris's eyes scrunch into a smile, rivalling even the stars, "I'd like that very much."

Chapter Notes

I was studying, but then I was really stressed so I turned to my favourite coping mechanism: STRAY KIDS WRITING!!!

(no don't do that it's bad for your grades)

Super short and from somewhere long long ago. I love Aussie line babies by the way and this was so stupidly fluffy I think I got a cavity

My list of people:
--- Can I request an exclusively Chan/Felix fic where they're being super soft and in love plzzzz. I need some happy Aussie line especially after what jyp pulled on them… [alaina_deja]
--- Please write another Chan X Felix fluff plzzzz
The text Fic was super cute and so was this one!
I have Aussie Line Withdrawal tbh XD [Yeet Yeet]
--- One of ponyeet's pairings (there are 4)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey you," someone drapes all over his shoulder, languid, like a human scarf, "working hard?"

"Too hard," he buries his nose into jumper sleeves and tries to etch the smell of toothpaste into his lungs. A wet imprint on his cheek. He giggles. "Stop that." A nose nuzzling under his jaw, to the left his neck.

"Rude," the person breathes out, warm breath on his skin, "wanted to drop by to check on you. No dying, I guess. That's good."
Felix giggles. There is a grudging snort of clear amusement.

"Call me when you're done. I'm picking you up," a shuffle, "I'll text you when I get there."

"Take care," he turns around. Chris's eyes automatically scrunch up in a smile. "Don't get mugged."

"I am offended," the blonde gasps, putting a hand over his heart, "you think anyone would mug me, their lord and saviour-"

"Out, Christopher, get out."

Jisung visits him in the afternoon, bearing goods from Seungmin. He accepts the food with open arms, not questioning how his best friend, the rice boy to his gay wedding inevitably occurring back in homeland Australia. Chris is knocked out on the bed, sprawled over his knees and legs, tangling where limbs should not be able to bend. Felix alternates between indulging himself in staring creepily at the knocked out overgrown teddy bear and furiously typing on his laptop, glasses slipping on and off the bridge of his nose.

"Yo," Jisung kicks his way in, "I am the solution to your problems."

"You're the problem," Felix doesn't even lift his head, "shoe, door."

Jisung bends down to take off his shoes and closes the door, tiptoeing across the floor with a plastic bag with obviously food containers in it. Felix opens his mouth to protest, lines of 'Chris can cook for the entirety of our friend group' and 'why must you proposition me as indebted to you now I must pay you back per the land's customs', but Jisung puts the bag on the table and drops next to Chris on the bed.

"From Woojin-hyung. Don't even refuse. Feast and sleep."

He scrunches his nose in distaste at the proposition. Now he has to pay two people back instead of just one.

Felix watches his friend wriggle around, trying to get comfortable and almost kicking Felix across the face. They try to rearrange themselves around Chris who makes it really hard for people to cuddle him. He's a dead weight. There's no moving him.

Jisung looks him in the eye and drops his voice to a lower tone.

"Felix, I'm really sorry but," he lifts up one of Chris's arms and drops it on the mattress, "your husband is fat."

"Stop this abuse," he tuts, "you know he gets sad when people mention that."

He pauses and pokes at an elbow. Okay that's Chris's.

"Plus he needs to eat more. He lost a lot of weight. He doesn't need to be thin like me or anyone else. Chris looks good like Chris," he nods, satisfied with the declaration even though Chris can't hear it.

An eye peeks open and scrunches in a smile at him then closes as soon as it happens. The rat.

"Disgusting," Jisung marvels, "please get married in a desert and never return. Returns are accepted if you have small adorable children under the age of one. I'll babysit them for free."
"Sleep or leave, Sungie, don't talk. I have a paper to finish."

Chris breathes in and hacks out a breath. Minho fans the incense smoke away, also coughing. Except he looks good while doing it and Chris isn't really cut out for the 'good-looking' category. He prefers to think of himself as a charming guy. Funny, comedic. The options are limited when looks are unaccounted for.

"Stop depreciating yourself," Felix's voice breathes next to his ear. He doesn't even jump at this point. Good job Christopher Bang. "I can hear you dis peppin your face."

"How do you know that?" He asks. "No don't tell me, you can read minds."

A soft punch to the side of his stomach. A reprimand to 'shush, Minho's crying, let him have his moment'.

(Chris still slips a hand into Felix's anyway, because when looks are unaccounted for, Felix and him share the mutual Australian toughness and a desire to live and that's enough to draw them in together, somewhere halfway, somewhere on the side.
But always meeting.
Since things are more romantic that way.)

"So I was just thinking," Chris tells him from atop his hair. He hums, drawing the boy's arms closer to his neck. "We should get married, but at night."

"Electricity is in high demand, Christopher, but do tell me why," he's hiding a smile.

"Because stars," Felix lets out a disbelieving giggle, "and it's more romantic that way, duh. I get to sing Ed Sheeran to you and embarrass you and myself. You can like write my drunken love declaration onto napkins and we'll frame them for the kids to see."

"Let's just," he twists, eyes meeting eyes with the man he's spending the rest of his life with, "take it slow, yeah? One step at a time. We'll get there."

"I'd like that," Chris's eyes scrunch into a smile, rivalling even the stars, "I'd like that very much."

Chapter End Notes

If anyone died during the trailer join me in the club of Suffering Stans - there is a queue. All my friends are there.

Do not have high hopes for the Vampire!AU it is just Changlix bickering and being stupidly cute. That's it. No plot. Maybe some sass. Y'all better off anticipating for YOI!AU because my one shots are always better than my sequels.
(I probably stole the last line from somewhere so I APOLOGISED)

If I hit 40 bookmarks before the end of this week I'm releasing a group chat fic (but if I get 9600-ish hits by the end of the week I'm throwing in a poem or two, so prepare to die because I haven't written poetry in ages)

Support me. Just support me.

AND GIVE ME MORE ENCOURAGING COMMENTS BECAUSE I AM REDUCING MY PROMPTS AS A SERIAL KILLER PACE DO NOT QUOTE ME ON THAT
jinnie u brought this on urself dont play blame potato with my name

Chapter Summary

criss cross: yo why did jisung try to jump out of a window
mina mimi mo: emu dance...?
beanie binnie: jisung is digging his whole house for a passport, ready to catch the sky bus
in small doses: where to?
beanie binnie: iceland, last i heard
liechtenstein: jisung called and said hes moving to where the penguins r at
mina mimi mo: HAN JISUNG U RAT
i am the pantene: i wish him luck with his voyage

Chapter Notes

Got a bit of Chan and Minho going on in here because this is purely crack. As offered by the incentive of the 40 bookmarks I give you the crack group chat fic. (I am writing the poems try to breathe and also have no expectations)

And Xannie's request of Cyoot!!!! Could I request more Aggressive Mother Woojin because it's one of my favorite things ever and you write it so well hehe.

Names:
Jisung: RAWR IM A DREGEN
Jeongin: very important potato, cyoot
Chris: root, criss cross
Minho: toot, mina mimi mo
Woojin: curly wurly, froot
Felix: in small doses
Changbin: beanie binnie
Hyunjin: i am the pantene
Seungmin: liechtenstein

See the end of the chapter for more notes

{Group chat: noot noot children time to eat raw beans}

toot: was chris okay when he changed the chat's name
froot: Knowing him
probably not

im so confused

Do not be so, child

who is who and who am i

minho...

hyung?

Why us

u asked as if u think i have an answer

ring ding dong i dont

aye

oh no

hes here too

the room is spinning in gg

should i ask what happened or...

You should as I have no idea

chris drank sugared water, thought it was vodka, fell into the grips of the placebo effect and tried to summon changbin from his cultish cupboard

using the toothpaste seungmin's mum last week oh so kindly gave him

all 7 of them?

he stole some from the residential colleges nearby as well

you're looking at 9 ish in total

9-ish

bEA n I ES iS Aa bEEp bOoP

Chris go back to sleep

You were up till 4 singing all the songs on my Spotify that I paid membership fees for

so like a lot?

last i chekced he had over 150

there were many songs, i see
toot: s O n

toot: t E l L  hI m  i  fAiLeD  hiM

froot: I'll call Felix for you, just go sleep

cyoot: can i still visit?

cyoot: we were going to meet up and everything

cyoot: things

cyoot: sounds fun

froot: Don't force yourself to lie my sweet baby angel, no one will blame you in speaking truth

toot: nothing in lyfe rlly isnt any fun

cyoot: chris is a fun factor

toot: chris is just an alien drop kicked from a space ship

toot: there is nothing funny abt his abandonment, only tragedy

cyoot: am i allowed to react to that?

froot: No he's still awake

froot: He'll cry

cyoot: i love you chris

root: mY oNIYT LOyal  cHiLd

froot: I'm throwing him under blankets, be back soon x

toot: the x means he got one kill in for the daily quota

cyoot: pls dont say that i love chris to the bottm of my heart

toot: rest in hell chris u were a menace dead or living

{Group chat: bean bean what u got hiding down down}

beanie binnie: OM F

beanie binne: I HID ONE PLUSHIE ONCE

beanie binnie: AND UR ALL OUT HERE ATTACKING ME

beanie binnie: AND NO I WAS JSUT TRYING TO BYU A ONESIE LAST NITE OFF SOME OBSCURE KOREAN WEBSITE
beanie binnie: F U WHOEVER SCREAMED CHANGBIN IS SUMMONING A DEMON IN HIS WITCH CUPBOARD

beanie binnie: IT WAS A TOILET AND YOU'RE ALL LIARS

beanie binnie: *screeches in angry shadow*

curly wurly: Don't swear in front of the children

in small doses: why is my name this way

curly wurly: Explain your nickname first Mr Lee, then you can state your intentions

in small doses: 1. no idea who changed it

RAWR IM A DREGEN: who am i

RAWR IM A DREGEN: the ghost of my past is calling me

RAWR IM A DREGEN: my 12 year old mullet is floating in my brain soup

curly wurly: I'm calling for the next responsible person in that general vicinity until I can get there

RAWR IM A DREGEN: also what's up with my name

in small doses: 2. it looks like it was a reference to alcohol & drugs but could be a hp reference

liechtenstein: it is a harry potter thing

i am the pantene: u forgot the ™

liechtenstein: it was a harry potter™ thing

i am the pantene: tenk

curly wurly: We went to watch a movie together

curly wurly: We ended up wasting toothpaste, popcorn, hairspray mousse, stacks of loose leafs and weirdly empty cartons of milk

i am the pantene: i think i emptied all the milk in your bathtub

curly wurly: You think

liechtenstein: that was not a question i presume

curly wurly: No it isn't

liechtenstein: rip jeanie i wish u a quick fall

i am the pantene: i dont think im pre sure i emptied em

curly wurly: I'm not mad I just don't understand why
i am the pantene: i read somewhere that bathing in milk can make ur skin smoother

i am the pantene: so i did just that

RAWR IM A DREGEN: u just

RAWR IM A DREGEN: decided to

RAWR IM A DREGEN: empty milk into a bathtub and take a bath

RAWR IM A DREGEN: in it?

i am the pantene: in my defence i was peer pressured

i am the pantene: i also didnt go in i just put my legs in it and sat on the edge

liechtenstein: felix and i jokingly mentioned it

in small doses: like that meme when u were like haha i cant believe u guys r forcing me to do this haha even tho we were like imagine if u could have a milk bath like imagine if but u actually did it and i cant believe how stupid u r

i am the pantene: ...

i am the pantene: i apologise

i am the pantene: for giving u a mess to clean up and for being stupid

i am the pantene: i am also sorry for felix and seungmin bc im coming for them

RAWR IM A DREGEN: much killing

RAWR IM A DREGEN: such death

curly wurly: It's

curly wurly: fine

curly wurly: I'm okay with cleaning it I don't mind

liechtenstein: jinnie u brought this on urself dont play blame potato with my name

RAWR IM A DREGEN: blame potate

RAWR IM A DREGEN: a mood

in small doses: im hugging a blanket but its not mine

in small doses: nor is this my house

i am the pantene: wow ur kidnappers r nice

in small doses: ikr
liechtenstein: i feel like you should put more emphasis on the *kidnapping* thing not the *name* thing

curly wurly: He's with someone I trust

i am the pantene: yhea otherwise i doubt they'd live for very long

curly wurly: Don't make me look mean, I am nice

in small doses: we kno u are, but with ppl who touched jeongin ur not

curly wurly: Once again, I am harmless

very important potato: oi @fel

in small doses: ?

very important potato: ur in my sister's room

very important potato: my mum was in the area so we carted u to the back and she let u sleep over bc ur head was dis l close to coming off ur neck

curly wurly: Did everyone else get home alright I forgot to ask

beanie binnie: OH WOW IGNORE ME THEN

in small doses: pls do not do the screams so early

i am the pantene: mate

i am the pantene: its 8

in small doses: is it a school day?

liechtenstein: you finished school a couple of months ago felix

liechtenstein: but yes

in small doses: precisely

in small doses: functioning before 8 is a sin in my book, school day even more so

beanie binnie: wow ur suddenly religious

beanie binnie: whats next

in small doses: look munchlax boy, at least i wasnt summoned in five weirdly artistic crop circles last nite out of a cupboard

beanie binnie: MY HOUSE TOILET LOOKS LIKE A CUPBOARD

very important potato: felix ya gotta let go

i am the pantene: werent u in the pantry last nite snacking on them cheezles @changbin
beanie binnie: ye after the summoning
liechtenstein: so you accept the fact that there was a summoning
i am the pantene: no u can't kill him hes got immunity
beanie binnie: *enraged pterodactyl intensifies*
curly wurly: Jeongin's mum told me these two are fine and I just checked on Chris
in small doses: is he ded yet
i am the pantene: yet
curly wurly: Don't be mean to your father
curly wurly: He was worried about you
in small doses: ye its chill i called him
curly wurly: On another note Minho would like to say
curly wurly: I AM TRYING TO NOT COMMIT HOMICIDE OVER HERE, CALM DOWN DOWN THAT END YOU DON'T HAVE A HOMEGROWN KOALA ON YOUR BACK DO YA?
liechtenstein: i can hear his mens rea speaking
i am the pantene: i dont do the law thing but i trust u
liechtenstein: u should trust me always
in small doses: is my name the lucky potion
beanie binnie: yh felix felicis
in small doses: see?
in small doses: witchcraft
in small doses: heathenism
in small doses: i suggest we drown him before he gains all of his demonic strength
beanie binnie: i dare u to come in reaching distance to me
beanie binnie: i dare u
RAWR IM A DREGEN: wow guys
RAWR IM A DREGEN: woojin has rlly nice tablecloth
liechtenstein: you're at his place?
RAWR IM A DREGEN: it appears so

i am the pantene: meanwhile min just crashed at mine

i am the pantene: he kicked me out of own my bed

i am the pantene: i also, happily, have two bedrooms and my aunt literally cannot be woken up outside of her sleep schedule, and had given up one of my precious space for the space hogger seungmin kim

curly wurly: I'm en route to your place

liechtenstein: i kick a lot i told u

liechtenstein: also damn jean how many hair products does a human need

i am the pantene: u dont work part time as a model u dont understand half the things that i need to put on myself before a shoot

i am the pantene: they just treatment

very important potato: just treatment he says, there is more, he says

liechtenstein: oh there is more

i am the pantene: boom pitches

beanie binnie: update i just got like a hamper of food hand delivered and woowjin sat inside my room staring at me until i finish replenishing all my Required Nutrients

in small doses: same

in small doses: but he forced fed jeongin bc he had like 3 hrs of sleep last ntite and stuffed him to bed

beanie binnie: also update we cleaned the mess that yall wrecked on my place

beanie binnie: by we i meant he did the work i tried to not get in the way

i am the pantene: as ur mutual friend i am not surprised

in small doses: wow wat a waste of space

beanie binnie: oh wow didnt know we were describing ourselves here

in small doses: watch me fking end u u mongrel hoon crocker

beanie binnie: how dare thee

RAWR IM A DREGEN: wow shut up i saw minho and chris doing the emu mating dance

liechtenstein: u know what an emu mating dance is?
i am the pantene: once woojin had aggressively mothered all of us let us agree not to pull this again

in small doses: no i remember watching the doco with sungie as well, they court each other by kicking or smthing

beanie binnie: so

beanie binnie: there be the kicks?

RAWR IM A DREGEN: many kicks

RAWR IM A DREGEN: theyre sorta hugging but

RAWR IM A DREGEN: its up to interpretation

i am the pantene: how can a hug be up to interpretation

in small doses: afl tackles can be called hugs

beanie binnie: if ur that starved for affection

liechtenstein: so many burns i could hardly see thru the smoke

curly wurly: I have made all the rounds

beanie binnie: love u woojin bear

curly wurly: I know you do, mate, I know you do

in small doses: much nutritious foods

liechtenstein: many well kept sanities

i am the pantene: we praise u woojin william kim

RAWR IM A DREGEN: is it safe to leave me to the emu interpretative dancing

curly wurly: Are you good to go home?

RAWR IM A DREGEN: ye i texted me mam shes picking me up in 5

curly wurly: I suggest you flee

curly wurly: Chris and Minnie get handsy

curly wurly: Kinda fast

i am the pantene: i do not need that image in my mind

RAWR IM A DREGEN: I AM CLEANSING MYSELF OF MY SINS
RAWR IM A DREGEN: DETOX DETOX

in small doses: gonna go find the bleach

curly wurly: Apologies my young ones

criss cross: yo why did jisung try to jump out of a window

mina mimi mo: emu dance...?

beanie binnie: jisung is digging his whole house for a passport, ready to catch the sky bus

in small doses: where to?

beanie binnie: iceland, last i heard

liechtenstein: jisung called and said hes moving to where the penguins r at

mina mimi mo: HAN JISUNG U RAT

i am the pantene: i wish him luck with his voyage

Chapter End Notes

Some Aussie slangs

hoon: hooligan
ocker: unsophisticated person
mongrel: despicable person
doco: documentary

A note: If you request and you would like to see your prompt written, now is a good time because I'm pushing prompts out. If I sense that some prompts will never be read by the people who requested them then I won't write them. Bookmark it subscribe it enshrine it, but if you have commissioned a prompt I will write it and I'm sorry it took me a while but please notify me if you don't like it to be written so I can move on. There are a lot of other prompts waiting to be written and they're all stuck in the basement. I know I'm super slow and that is because I'm a human, I have my last year of high school and doing this makes me happy, but only if I know I'm writing for someone and they received it. Please, scream down in the comments that you sent in prompts previously that I had not fulfilled so I can gauge who I should be writing for. I'm sorry for continuously saying this, but the faster I clear out prompts the earlier people can send in more prompts again.

Love, Jenny
We have a table. I found our new child

Chapter Summary


The employee is very cute. The employee has freckles. The employee looks like Jisung on a good day, but with an hour in front of the mirror with a lot of makeup. Changbin is by no mean an disloyal hoe. His priorities are very straight (well not really. Someone needs to be gay for Jisung). Jisung is subjectively the best looking boy in his book on any day, makeup or not (and he is acquainted with the likes of Hyunjin for all the gods' sake). But this employee is threatening Jisung's post and Changbin feels attacked that such beauty exists in a furniture store of all places.

"My name is Felix," the employee who now has a name smiles, all cutesy and nice skin, "you mentioned a lost boyfriend?"

"Yes," Changbin forces out, wheezing loudly inside. "He's really dumb."

Chapter Notes

For those who think this is serious, don't. It's super cracky. I think I was on a lot of sugar and post-exam stress that I projected all my issues onto my fanfiction.

By lovely elea WHO I FORGOT TO RESPOND TO AFTER A MONTH I'M SORRY Finally would it be alright if I requested poly jichanglix? Thank youuuu ily <3

(I love you too please understand I take ages to write)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He put down his foot when Jisung's rapid writing rattled the three-legged table too loudly that he could hear it over his noise cancelling headphones, declaring they need a new table.

The very next night Woojin and Chan came over and dented the traumatised legs, leading to its downfall.

Jisung watched the table that withheld many many wars (Jeongin's graduation party at their flat in which there was a baseball bat and a watermelon, a game of pinata went wrong, baseball hit the table leg and shattered half a watermelon; there were also their monthly games of hide and seek, hide and clap, Marco Polo and zombie). He felt sentimental about letting it go, blocking the door for a solid minute as the table top was balanced dangerously on Changbin's shoulder. He played a dangerous Jenga game with the wall, his two feet and the debilitating sense of balance, impatience quickly draining the louder Jisung's whines got.
“Move,” he gritted.

Jisung shook his head, bemoaning the farewell of their beloved table.

"Binnie, you don't get it, this is an essential part of this family. How could you let the witness of our union go this easily? Don't you have a heart?"

"It's taking way too much space," he tried to be patient, "and we have to throw things all the time. We'll buy a new one."

"No," Jisung quivered his bottom lip, "I'm sad."

"I know you're sad, baby, but if you don't move right now I'm letting this table sit on your head and let it crush you to death."

(Jisung moved, but complained for the rest of the day. Only with Jeongin's phone call that he stopped temporarily. He then proceeded to lament the tragic loss of his son, Tableson Han, at the cruel hand of his father, the man who birthed him. Changbin ignored him and pulled the blanket to his side of the bed more, leaving Jisung barren to the cold.

He lied. He threw the cover over the whimpering baby when he burrowed into Changbin's back a few minutes later, tired from all the whinging.)

Jisung opens the door when Changbin shoves him back out with a jacket, pulling the door shut as Jisung skids backwards on the floor, hair a mess from running up the stairs. The elevator broke. Some kid from the second floor rigged all the buttons and maintenance shut all lifts down, threatening death on the perpetrator.

"Can you not," he deadpans to Changbin, his beloved, the man he chose to move in with, "I just got back."

"And IKEA takes ten thousand years by car to get there so we need to go now. The sale for furniture ends today. Can't you moonwalk or some shit, we're losing time."

Jisung stalls his progress, looking at Changbin like he asked the both of them to hatch a dragon from an egg in a time frame of ten seconds.

"IKEA?" He echoes.

"Hurry up," Changbin keeps pushing. Jisung moves back suddenly and seizes his shoulder.

"You're replacing our son, Tableson Han, already?"

"Han, seriously, just hours before you whinged about the Great Leaving. Now you want to commemorate the broken table. If you're not going then I am."

And Changbin does walk for quite a bit, but only for so many steps until Jisung vaults onto his back and tries to establish hermit crab status there, only for Changbin to nearly throw him down the infinite loop of stairs (there are five floors underneath theirs).

"Hyung, hyung oh my god we just went on a curb we just drove our car half on a curb I'm sorry I wasn't a good person please God Buddha the ghost of Gandhi please MUMMY-"
"Shut the fuck up Jisung I'm driving fine!"

"YOU NEARLY HIT SOMEONE ON A MOTORBIKE YOU ASSHOLE!"

"YOU DRIVE THEN!"

They arrive at IKEA with an hour to navigate, find a table and wheel it out without getting distracted in between. Changbin contemplates tying Jisung's belt to his own watch because -

He stops everything and listens. Not a sound.

He looks around.

No.

No way.

How.

How did he lose the idiot boyfriend ten seconds after they entered IKEA?

Phone. Phone. Changbin should have a phone. Wait, no, Jisung was holding both of their phones. Hold on, wait, hold on -

There's no sign of Jisung. And they've just entered IKEA. Like at the door. Like not even at any particular section. Just at the entrance. His phone isn't here. His boyfriend isn't present. He's going to go insane trying to locate that rat.

"Sir, excuse me," someone tentatively whispers, "do you need some help?"

Changbin, in his stage of agitation and panic, starts to whisper, very frantically, the recipe for creme brulee that Woojin told him on Sunday, but with all the steps in French. After he finished with the last step, the IKEA employee standing there, understandably astounded, he tries to think of appropriate responses as to why he, a Korean man, in the middle of a Swedish furniture store, would speak French, to an English-speaking employee. This is Sydney. They don't speak Korean here.

"Once again," the employee starts, "welcome to IKEA. How can I help you?"

"I lost my boyfriend," he blurs out, "and he's really stupid at life. Please help me find him."

Changbin regrets a lot of things. Getting that undercut. Buying that jacket that cost way too much. Getting his sister that dog. Getting destroyed by said dog.

Right now he regrets his words and his entire existence. First of all being his face. Second of all being his lack of a brain.


The employee is very cute. The employee has freckles. The employee looks like Jisung on a good
day, but with an hour in front of the mirror with a lot of makeup. Changbin is by no mean an
disloyal hoe. His priorities are very straight (well not really. Someone needs to be gay for Jisung).
Jisung is subjectively the best looking boy in his book on any day, makeup or not (and he is
acquainted with the likes of Hyunjin for all the gods' sake). But this employee is threatening
Jisung's post and Changbin feels attacked that such beauty exists in a furniture store of all places.

"My name is Felix," the employee who now has a name smiles, all cutesy and nice skin, "you
mentioned a lost boyfriend?"

"Yes," Changbin forces out, wheezing loudly inside. "He's really dumb."

Felix nods, understanding.

"Do you know where he'll be? What does he look like?"

"We came here to look for a table, so wherever the tables are he should be there," Changbin
follows Felix's swift pace as his words finally give way to some hints, helpful ones, not ones of
'you're cuter than my boyfriend and I'm having feelings that are not entirely loyal to the idiot
boyfriend of mine that is lost' and 'how do you get your skin to look that good teach me your
secrets'.

"Wash it everyday. Cleanser but wipe your face clean of dirt with apple cider vinegar. Drink lots of

Did he say those words out loud?

"You did. You also just did that, again." People can't see Changbin's face but he looks close to
dying. Or crying. There are emotions that he's feeling that doesn't exist yet. He's compromised that
way.

Felix turns his shoulder, just lightly and beams at him.

"Don't worry, it's adorable. Boys don't normally get flustered around me because of my glorious
skin. You're the first. Or maybe second. Someone just before you ran past me and screamed," he
pauses, "not sure if I want to scream that out loud, but to quote verbatim: Your skin is beautiful and
you is a god and you need to give me your number, but he ran away before I could even respond so
I couldn't say yes."

"That sounds like a Jisung-esque pickup attempt," he mutters under his breath.

"Is that the boyfriend's name? Sounds cute," Felix smiles, stepping in front of Changbin to protect
him from a barrelling trolley.

"It really isn't," Changbin replies, "he's a bundle of demonic energy. Take him off my hand."

"I'll take you both, actually, but we'll find him first. Then we'll talk."

Changbin stops, gawking. Felix doesn't turn his head and keeps walking.

Before Jisung and him can even see each other, they know the other is there. Felix didn't have time
to process it, walking briskly to where the tables are at and lifting a finger to point when a blur of
black crashed onto Changbin, the other boy skidding back a few steps.
They then commence speaking in rapid Korean, Jisung forgoing any reasons why he separated from Changbin, only focusing on the most vital piece of intel.

"We have a table. I found our new child."

Changbin doesn't have time to worry. The store closes in half an hour. Checkout takes ten. They've got twenty minutes for Jisung to cough up an explanation. That's plenty of time.

"Where?"

Jisung flourishes his arms to reveal a sizeable box, size a bit bigger than Tableson Han, but it will fit in the previous place where their old child stood. There is already a trolley that Jisung had struggled to put the box in and Changbin allows himself to be proud of the troublemaker, squishing his cheeks and muttering death threats onto his nose where he's kissing aggressively.

"Don't leave so suddenly again," he places one last strategic kiss. Jisung looks slightly smitten. "Wipe that look off your face. I want to throw up." Which translates to I worry about your stupid existence and you disappearing gives me a lot of heart attacks which is uncalled for how dare you.

"Will you be okay now?" A voice interrupts them. Changbin forgot about Felix. How could he forget Felix who made that controversial yet brave statement about taking both Changbin and Jisung out, a heroic and impossible feat in itself, after half an hour of knowing Changbin who isn't the most agreeable or coherent person out there in the seas of More Attractive People.

"Oh my dog," Jisung gasps, every bit exaggerated and loud. Jisung starts to whisper "he's so cute," in Korean to him. It's like the kid thinks he has no eyes.

"Ah," Felix taps his chin, "you asked for my phone number earlier."

"Lemme buy you everything you want," Jisung breaks out of Changbin's hold and cradles one of Felix's hands, which is honestly mood. "Everything," he repeats, creepily stroking the skin, "what hand cream do you use?"

"I bought them off Priceline," Felix smiles sweetly, "and I just want your numbers for now. We'll figure out what to buy each other later on."

"Hyung can we take him home?" Jisung hisses to Changbin in Korean. "I want to take him home. Wrap him in blankets. Hug him until he has no more issues in his life. Take his hand in marriage. Love him forever."

"You know him for ten minutes," Changbin reminds him. Jisung gives him a look. "But I agree with you," because they don't lie to each other.

"Here's my number," Felix interrupts them in Korean, slipping them both a piece of paper, "gimme a call soon. I have to leave now. Nice talking to you."

He salutes the two of them with two fingers to his temple and runs off, before Changbin can even react.

"Oh my god he's Korean," Changbin chokes out.

"Oh my god he's so cute and helpful. I want to buy him nice things. I want to buy him a dog. I want to raise a dog with him. How do I do that?" Jisung whispers in the same tone and starts to search up ways to cheat marriage laws in Australia and whether polyamory is legal on this stupid lump of sand that they reside on. Changbin still can't get over the whole ordeal.
"Sheep, hyung, we gotta dash, the store closes soon!" Jisung pockets his phone and pushes Changbin with the trolley, pushing him to run.

"Oh my god I can't believe any of this," Channningbin chants to himself all the way to checkout.

(Jisung calls Felix at the car park and arranges a date at the next available time. Changbin is still processing information inside his head.)

Chapter End Notes

A COUPLE MORE PROMPTS UNTIL WE CAN HAVE PROMPTING OPEN AGAIN!!!!!! Please forgive my stop on prompting I just needed to sort out all the prompts and it took forever because I take forever to write decent words.

Also the skin care routine is just my own (do I care about getting good skin? Yes. But do I act on it? No)

The poetry is forthcoming. I am writing many things at the same time. Time is not my friend. I am too much of a perfectionist for things.
kindred spirits

Chapter Summary

For Aleqsxia who supported me since forever. Thank you for everything >.<

let your feet rest from tiptoeing across hot sands that burn your skin all year round
like the earth after rain
pure golden interweaving layers of leaves under foliage of trees
we are kindred spirits and nothing can tear our bonds apart

Chapter Notes

The breakdown of the prompts:
3. Jeongin breaking down
2. Minho crying then telling Changbin it's just sweat
4. ChangHyun smiles and their recently finished busking (clearly they ain't sisters but I basically wrote it as Laotong in my mind so have the pic please)
1. A character-centric fic (yeah clearly this was done poorly but it's vaguely centric so please accept it)

Clearly you people have a desire to see my god-awful poetry so here we go (remember the promise of 40 bookmarks? Yeah. Here it is.)

I guess we can aim for 50 bookmarks next and a Seungjin might emerge? Or another set of poems?

Y'all SK's debut is soon maybe I'll open prompting again. Pray for my fingers as I rapid-type all of my fics.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1.

they are called deformities
imperfections under harsh overhead lights
words that no longer belong to him
'you're imperfect
a glitch in our system'
don't they know
he glows bright silver under the moonlight
craters of impact from meteors splashed across milky ways
tendrils of comets and remnants of light live in him
don't they know he is sunlight incarnate
running barefoot across forest floors
untamed and wilderness and freedom
in a splatter of run-kissed spots on his face
his eyes the colour of fresh soil after the rain
and you would have fallen in love with his hair
pure golden interweaving layers of leaves under foliage of trees
komorebi komorebi komorebi
and when his freckles are called deformities once more
he runs to the moon and stars and sun and the forest
here his soul and being ought to be

2.

_PETRICHOR_

(_n_) the pleasant, earthy smell after rain.

i was there
as the boy can build so many cities and empires and bridges connecting worlds
desperately try and hold his shoulders from concaving to the sobs hiccuping his chest

saw the boy with a crumbling stance of a tree root
barely holding onto soils that floods depleted of the hardheadedness of the ground
with only disintegrating tendrils of the roots grasping at things that aren't there

saw one cling to another

hiding his face from the light

shadows obscuring the face that would unite worlds

as the exhale left him

and the head tipped back, floodgates open
rivers that nurtured him burst the riverside banks

and water overflowed

saw eyes that didn't quite meet

a fist held over a mouth

trapping sounds inside throat

like the earth after rain

the shadows and i heard

all the words that were said

'are you crying?'

and the words that were not said

'no, it's just sweat'
soldier boy

your eyes still hold the light of the book lamp
head bent over a desk scribbling out the words tattooed on the roof of your mouth but your teeth
crushed the sound before it could take flight

soldier boy

your face bears the weight of a seasoned veteran
one who saw all the wars, fought all the battles
shadows permanently residing on too young skin

soldier boy

your shoulders hold together your still child frame
delicate and easily shattered from a few playful shoves

how are you still standing in front of the onslaught of bullets dispensing a rain of mud and wounds
to yourself?

soldier boy

you know your brothers cry and weep but you yourself never cry
shadow overtaken stretches of white-milk skin
keeping tears that want to overflow inside of you,
locked and guarded under ribs, forgotten, neglected

soldier boy

your tears are not weaknesses nor do they weigh the universe down
let your eyes rest from seeing it all,
let your shoulders sag and shake,
let your frame be a boy's,
let the heart cry so the wounds heal
let your feet rest from tiptoeing across hot sands that burn your skin all year round
for all you don't know
even deserts get visiting rain

4.

you told me that you will protect me
barricades and breastplate of iron fastening around my torso
with the promise of
'i'm always right here'
we have solidified our bonds
braved the feared dragon, looked him in the eye, bid goodbye to a fellow fallen brother
held hands, smiled and braved through a mask to the crowd of spectators
some who laugh, point, jeer
but you, my iron breastplate, held through
in turns, i am your interlocking links
chain mails so small but so there
the space between our eyes and souls cease
we shall jest and perform and act a fool before a crowd
but when we smile, into each other, chain mails clicking, locking, settling

you and i, we know,

we are kindred spirits and nothing can tear our bonds apart

Chapter End Notes

Your highly anticipated YOI!AU is very very under construction (so like not even half done because I kept deleting stuff) while the vampire!AU is just meh, so any form of encouragement would be great before I hop off to camp (on Tuesday and return on Sunday).

Yes I can write more poems with the other boys but only with prompts (strictly for poetry pls). I still have six prompts left which is phew, six, but also *screams* SIX. Once I am done we can all go crazy with prompting again.

Were the words okay? Should I do this more? I haven't written poetry in so long I had to delete a lot. Please comment thoughts and prayers.
See you whenever

Chapter Summary

"I'm so sad," he reiterates in case spectators aren't aware of how sad he is.

"Get his number. Summon a demon. Do voodoo. Start a blood ritual. Chant his name in the mirror 6 times. Go outside. Do whatever. Drop dead, I don't know, I don't care," Hyunjin grouses while diligently deleting multiples of the photos Felix bombarded his storage space with, "go home."

"But going home means I see Olivia's boyfriend and it makes me sadder," he sinks into the chair and hoping more sympathy will come via Jisung. "Sungie. Pity me."

Chapter Notes

I literally have no plot, these are just snippets that didn't make it into the main storyline in the Vampire!AU. In no chronological order because I do not function well with order

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1.

"It’s been five hundred and thirty thousand agos since I last saw my beloved," Felix bemoans to his curtains. A pen jumps out the window. It was probably meant for him. “I am so sad.”

“Why’s his whinging so soulless?” Jisung the desk asks Hyunjin the bedroom lamp.

“That’s because he has no soul,” Hyunjin tries to wrangle Felix’s neck, “and you saw him last week. You went on a date last week. I have photos that you sent me because you rigged my phone to save them in case you drop yours in a ditch. He’s in them. All of them.”

Clearly Felix should disregard all of this which he does and goes back to lamenting to the curtains.

"I'm so sad," he reiterates in case spectators aren't aware of how sad he is.

"Get his number. Summon a demon. Do voodoo. Start a blood ritual. Chant his name in the mirror 6 times. Go outside. Do whatever. Drop dead, I don't know, I don't care," Hyunjin grouses while diligently deleting multiples of the photos Felix bombarded his storage space with, "go home."

"But going home means I see Olivia's boyfriend and it makes me sadder," he sinks into the chair and hoping more sympathy will come via Jisung, "Sungie. Pity me."

"I can grant you the day's worth of pity or you can continue staying there without judgement," is the answer.

"How is that worse? What about me?" Hyunjin whines.
Jeongin opens the door to go home when a familiar blonde head reappears, lounging in front of the establishment. He briefly wonders why Changbin always gets the slightly crazy ones. There was that academic who wrote on vampire folklore. There was also an engineer who designed a rollercoaster ride somewhere. Now there's a stalker. He clears his throat and the boy turns around, smile too bright for early morning.

"Hello," Jeongin greets. It's a heavily implied What do you want.

"About that insurance policy," Jeongin tries to remember the name, Lee something, "is it true that if I die 'accidentally' during these transactions-"

"No."

"I haven't even-"

"No. Go home. Study. Be an engineer. Go write a paper on vampirism. Stop talking about death. Back in my days half of the babies born don't even get to live past fifteen. Don't discuss your death like this. It upsets me," he sniffs.

"Are you crying?" Lee asks, wonderment and a bit of I don't know how to deal with crying people in his voice.

"No," he huffs, "but to your question, yes, if you die, we'll fund your family significantly. I made that clause. Losing children will be so hard for a family and four generations is about the right estimate for getting back on their feet."

He hears a soft 'the right estimate' as if that is a new concept. Together this institutions and its branches have ample of funds. Funding one family isn't that much of a burden on their finances. In fact Woojin is off in Kenya for a development project, refurbishing a significant fund to equipment and waterways work.

"Did anyone die?"

"No, although one time we had a vampire sneak in and tried to drain this kid dry. Turns out the kid knows taekwondo and judo so he took the guy down, crushed his ribs on the floor and kicked the door open with blood still running down his neck. We tightened security measures since then. Our patrons are bound to follow contracts that we outlined. You were under a very safe and controlled environment."

"Oh," is the realisation, "what about the clicker?"

"Part of the security measure, but also to reassure you psychologically, but Minho was outside the whole time, so I wasn't exactly worried."

"Vampires follow contract laws?"

"Blood laws. Super sacred. Super old. I learnt how to bind people when I was up in the mountains. Don't go hiking in November the Buddhist vampire monks won't take you in because that's when they're hungriest and coldest. They locked out plenty of people that sought refuge one winter. Like a solid thirty of them."
"There are vampire monks?" Lee asks, getting brighter and brighter as the sun comes out. Jeongin should be good. He has protective clothing and ointment. It's fine.

"Yeah, Buddhist. They're nice and friendly, but only if you are respectful. Adopt a lot of kids, vampires or not. I was raised in one, up in Seoraksan."

"But you," a finger points at him, "sound like a southerner."

"Lived in Busan for an equally long time but also the north and south split so I wanted to move somewhere further away from conflict. I'm better in management and care, not in frontline combat."

"Ah, you're Jeongin, right? I'm Felix, sorry, forgot to introduce myself last night," Felix puts a hand forward, "what about this vampires being possessive thing?"

Jeongin winces. That. The power claim the older vampires still insist is relevant. People have rights. They are not objects, or worse, blood bags. It's ridiculous that they have to stake territories to declare their overwhelming power. Literally nobody cares, Jared. Nobody cares. Get a job.

"Don't listen to that, it's all stupidity and beliefs in slavery," to which Felix echoes a 'what', "their fragile ego is compromised on whether they can feed monogamously from one feeder and be like 'hey look at my shiny trophy, a human blood supply who is attached to me but I am abusive to them har har har I'm so cool'. It's ridiculous and I'm always fighting or correcting people about their actions and language. If anyone said that to you, don't listen, you are valid."

"I cannot believe I'm getting motivated in front of a blood centre by a vampire," Felix blinks in wonder, "thank you, though, I wasn't going to be anyone's trophy. Changbin said that though, so I'm calling him out on it."

"You should, since I don't get to see him a lot these days. Are you free of answers now? Can I go home? I get sunburnt really badly, so this is not somewhere I'd like to have a history chat about vampires. Maybe tomorrow, or like, Thursday afternoon," Jeongin nods to the person who takes over the front desk. "You can walk me to my car if you want."

"You have a car?" Felix gasps. "What model? What brand?"

"Come along. I'll even let you drive if you're quiet enough."

3.

"So," a boy leans against the school gate, "you're the rich vampire date."

Changbin returns, fully expecting to see Felix first, not this lanky boy. He's all squishy cheeks and high voice, like a slightly taller Jeongin without the fox eyes, which is cute in the context of comparison, but not cute when he's blocking the entrance and looks ready to end him.

"Yes," he ventures, "yes I am. Name's Changbin. Seo Changbin."

"Wait," the kid leans forward, "like the hospital chain Seo?"

"Yes," he drawls the answer out, uncertain, "my father started that a few decades ago. I'm one of the senior surgeons."
"Oh I bet," the kid snorts, "you're probably rolling in cash."

"I need ten credit cards," he whispers, "it's ridiculous."

The boy removes himself off the gate, visibly relaxing around Changbin. He supposes after Felix's confrontation with his less...than savoury side, his friends would not want him to be around the kid. He received an earful from Woojin about having manners and treating the people you're interested in with affection, not abuse, Binnie-ah. Since then he actively tried to approach Felix to explain himself. Redeem his worth as a sarcastic person, but not an asshole. So far one friend approved of him, seemingly. It's... better than he expected honestly. He expects worse.

"How come you're a v-"

Felix emerges from the abyss of the classrooms, waving to the both of them. His face lights up when he registered Changbin, vaulting himself first at the friend's back then at Changbin's front. A pretty one emerges after Felix, hair with lingering sweat and Changbin briefly contemplates whether Jeongin would like to meet him.

"You're here! Again!" Felix grins, all white teeth and freckles. Changbin almost gets backlash at how much the kid literally radiates light and he awkwardly pats his cheek, murmuring an 'I'm here to pick you up, ready to go?'

Felix nods and drags him away, latching onto his arm. Squirrel Face chases after them, insisting on his question being answered.

"Got a blood transfusion," he tucks Felix inside the passenger seat, "from a vampire donor. Woke up as one. I had a lung failure and my blood type was compatible with this vampire who primarily fed from people of my blood type, so he gave me some blood from himself."

"I thought you have a tragic backstory?" Squirrel Face asks him as if he can provide the answer to that. He shrugs, lips tilted in a confused line.

"No. My life had been the same, vampire or not."

"Jisung piss off, let them go!" The pretty one calls.

"Binnie, can we go?" Felix pokes his head out the winded down window. Changbin excessively shoos him back in, growling at Felix's refusal to safely put his head where a car window can't decapitate him.

"Later," Jisung the Squirrel Face promises, "later."

"I still don't approve," he hears the hiss.

4.

"Do you have a phone?" He asks at his door. Olivia slams her palm on the window, screaming at him to hurry up.

"It's somewhere, but I don't use it much," Changbin shrugs, "and if you do need my number you might have to wait. Even my brother doesn't know it."

"I was honestly expecting a different answer," Felix confesses. They're at his front porch. The
yellow light is terrible. Changbin is on the bottom step, knee bent. Felix is half-turned to the door, all the way on the third step. Their conversation is cut short. Felix pouts, nose scrunching up. The vampire is propositioned to feel guilty, he is guaranteed of it, as worry flickers in his eyes and his foot scuffs the step, repeatedly.

"I'm bad at technology," Changbin confesses after a while, cracking under Felix's watery gaze.

Felix tried, he really did, but he just burst out cackling in the middle of that moment, with a glaring Changbin lower than he's ever been on any of their dately strolls. It's completely absurd, everything that happened to him at that moment, but he's just trying to do something with it and Changbin is coming closer and closer and -

Drops a kiss on Felix's nose and turns the doorknob. Olivia is standing as the door swings open, with Felix as red as the entrance mat.

"In," she intones, "no arguments. In."

"I'll see you soon," Changbin promises, tapping the back of Felix's hands.

"Uh, yeah, yes," Felix stutters, "see you whenever."

Chapter End Notes

I warned you before. Please no more sequels they just kill me inside. I'm going to actively say no to sequels until I actually have a plan for one, which I will release simultaneously. Meanwhile, we are 1 down 5 to go please offer more thoughts and prayers.
He’d rather go down blindly than go down in terror.

Chapter Summary

“Clingy, ain’t you?” He observes drily.

Hyunjin doesn’t even bother with denial. He only knows he needs to make human contact otherwise he’ll keel over and die.

“Please,” he begs, desperate, “I’m really paranoid and scared. Let me hold your hand.”

There is a significant pause in which they stare at each other in the face, Hyunjin visibly shaking. Cloud Boy squints and debates on an answer, brows scrunched together. He’s desperate, he wasn’t joking, so he crawls closer, takes the guy’s hand and holds it in between his own. Closing his eyes he’s praying for comfort and protection from all zombies, clenching the hand like it’s physically warding away demonic presences from his general vicinity.

And then it happens. Another hand settles onto the back of his neck, gingerly staying there and something is imprinted onto his forehead, like skin.

Hyunjin dares not open his eyes, but he’s pretty sure the guy is leaning onto him. The demons all dissipate around them.

Chapter Notes

Clearly this is a very bad one because I wrote most of it during my lunch period today, but it was requested and I liked the prompt so here we are.

Hello straykidsseungjin with the prompt can i be a jerk and ask you to write something about seungjin with kinda tsundere seungmin and clingy hyunjin meeting each other and then falling in love and dating and seungmin being soft for only hyunjin and yeahh- even when i know you have tons on requests already??? Please??? Thank you??? I love you???

I wrote much on the meeting and the falling in love but not of dating but you can infer from it please take this peace offering. Also some stuff happened but I tried and that’s what matters

New rules:
- You can submit prompts but I will select the ones I will write and respond to your messages. You can either do that here on via Twitter at @jarofactonbell in my DMs
- Please don’t ask for prompts that you will not read and respond to because I will probably not write you another fic in the near future
- Sequels are now at my discretion. I will make something multichapter and indicate so, but my strength and creativity lie in one shots and I am keeping things that way for the sake of my self-esteem because reading sequels I write make me cry
- Comments are nice
Hwang Hyunjin had very surely, bombed his maths test. The test that would lift his his average for the year. It's not a meagre average, per se, but he'd like it to be higher than an A, inching somewhere near the A+ zone. He wept, he invoked the gods, he flattened himself onto his desk, bemoaning his tragic fate. He kept mentioning which question and where he had blundered, dooming his fate.

This went on from Wednesday afternoon to Saturday morning. In the realm of the Friend Rules and Regulations, Saturday mornings are sacred. Hyunjin would stop annoying Jisung for the entirety of that time for Jisung to take a break from being his person emotional dumping bin, often via the medium of anime binge-watching. Sometimes Jisung even let him sit in his room, mouth ranting while he put on earphones and block Hyunjin out.

But that Saturday, Jisung had three days' worth of complaints from Hyunjin. He doesn't need more. He's done. Jisung declared him a lost cause. Jisung told him to stay in his room, then returned with movie tickets he might or might have not a. spent a fortune on or b. stole them off someone and declared he spent ‘effort’ on them, effort that Hyunjin fears. Criminal activities are not tolerated even though they are justified in cheering your mates up.

“Go,” Jisung urges him, “begone. Leave this mortal plane. Watch some damn thing.”

“You got tickets,” Hyunjin informs him as he’s being jacketed and pushed out the door, “as in the plural. As in I can’t go in there by myself, I need accompaniment.”

“THEN GO GET SOMEONE! LEAVE ME ALONE WITH MY STUPID ANIMES! GO LIVE YOUR LIFE! GOODBYE!”

Then the door slams shut.

Jisung even confiscated his phone. What friend that kid is.

His best mate, the proclaimed peanut butter to his jelly, got tickets. But he didn’t specify those tickets are for a horror film. One of those really creepy ones. The blood and the gore and the –

“Middle seats for The Wailing,” the ticket girl smiles at him, purely for commercial purposes. *Come and suffer in this God-terrible movie we have specially tailored to screw you over for the next three months*, her white straight teeth tell him, *have fun sobbing your eyes purple, you worm.*

Understandably, he’s utterly terrified inside, but outwardly, he offers back a shaky smile, trying not to crush the tickets by the sheer force of his paranoia and walks to the entrance inside the theatre.

When he’s in his seats with the pilfered snacks Jisung threw after him, he feels a slight sense of dread. Just slight. But enough for him to enter Panic Mode. He’s experiencing through all the stages of shock and the trailers are trailing, happily mocking him across the big screen.

“Why horror? Sungie you know I hate horror you’re a terrible friend you don’t deserve me,” he rants, uneasy in his seat, all colours of panic, when the eerie tune whistles through his ears and he can feel all the sensations leaving his body.

That’s it. This is where he dies. Because Jisung is an inconsiderate rat and condemned his best friend of eight years Hwang Hyunjin to death by shock in a movie theatre because he thinks his
fear of horror films are flimsy excuses.

He’s coming back to haunt Jisung if he dies. It’s all unjust. Jisung should be here to suffer with him. Jisung should be here to console his broken heart and soon literal stopping heart. Why didn’t Hyunjin take Felix or the baby he’s regretting too many things he’s only seventeen -

“Oi,” he remembered something tapping him on the shoulder, “you good?” before he launches into the most high-pitched silent scream ever known to his own ears, clenching all the muscles in his body.

“I’ll take that as a no then,” the disembodied voice muses, almost curiously.

The camera decides to swoop in closer to the zombie deaths, because the director hates all moviegoers who are weakhearted. Hyunjin screams in unison with half of the theatre, the sound blocking out the gargle of the corpse on screen. His hands fly to his eyes, mouth reciting the stupidest things he heard from school to distract him from that raw image of the rotting flesh makeup, too realistic for his hyperactive brain to go L-O-L CGI, obviously not reals.

It’s exactly opposite. His brain is in Flight Mode. He’s not hardcore like Felix who would punch the zombies twenty times and hand them to forensic science. No. He would cry if he lets his mind wander. No. Not again. Please no.

Something like skin touched his wrist and he jumps, whimpering, but not moving. If the zombies crawl out of the set he’s dead set on not looking at them straight in the eye. He’d rather go down blindly than go down in terror.

His hand rest disappears. This is it. His deciding moment leading to his death.

The taps on his wrist maintain a steady rhythm. If this is a zombie then it is an awfully polite one, waiting for his eye contact to commence the flesh consumption routine. But the fingernails gradually evolve into a palm covering his wrist, so warmly it can’t be undead and Hyunjin starts a mental checklist of Should I Make Eye Contact With My Potential Killer In A Theatre, consisting of no, no, no and Don’t Do It Hoe.

“Oi, turn to your right,” a soft but firm voice instructs him. He turns but keeps his hands where they are, trembling slightly. The hand on him moves with him and another hand is added on the other wrist. His trembling ceases, but slightly.

“Can you put down your hands?” The disembodied voice asks, irritation in his soft voice. People with soft voices should be nicer. They shouldn’t be firm. Especially zombie ones.

He shakes his head and mumbles, “What if you’re a zombie and you’re out to kill me?”

There is a short laugh of disbelief. A sound of legs uncrossing and silence. Did he leave?

“Hey, dumbo,” a light breath on his nails, “do I sound like a zombie to you?”

Hyunjin lowers his hands slowly, curious, eyes puffy from trying not to cry. Doesn’t sound like a zombie. The person is half in the dark, but he could tell it’s a good-looking guy with a bored face, very very close to his own.

Hyunjin’s first response is to state the obvious.

“Our faces are very close.”
To which the stranger hums, not budging even the slightest bit.

His second response is to let loose all the trembling he held within, essentially collapsing onto the guy who catches him with no grace and tenderness, Hyunjin’s arms hitting ribs and his shoulders swipe at a knee and they’re two messes on cinema seats that are too small. He’s half sprawled awkwardly on a chest and he’s breathing way too much from that stressful experience.

“God you’re long,” the guy assesses, “try to breathe, worm.”

That’s so rude, Hyunjin pouts, and the theatre erupts in another round of screaming. He doesn’t think, only knows that he needs to be sheltered otherwise he will die from paranoia. He burrows his nose into the guy’s shirt, under his sternum, hands winding around his waist and pressing as humanly close to the guy as possible. He gets like this at home with Jisung at every possible occasion because he is weak with squeamish stuff and he needs human comfort. The guy struggles a bit under his pseudo-tackle but sensing that Hyunjin is shaking and visibly calms down when he’s not struggling, the guy ceases, with reluctance, going so far as moving to accommodate Hyunjin’s long, worm-ish self.

He keeps hugging and takes periodical peeks at the screen when he deems it safe, but returns mostly to hiding his face in the guy’s chest. When he tenses up at the build up of music, he can almost sense the guy getting ready to brave the impact of Hyunjin rocket-launching himself at him, which is almost nice. His marks completely disappeared from his mind, no longer a life or death matter, as he screams and cuddles a guy in a dark movie theatre.

He naps at the end bit, where all the things are revealed, and is shocked awake by the reappearance of lights, blinding him beyond his closed lids. The brusque yet helpful stranger nudges his shoulder and shoves him upright, Hyunjin still disoriented from that nice nap. There is a smell of lavender in his nose and worn fabric texture on his face. It feels almost like he’s floating on a cloud.

“Cloud boy,” he greets the stranger, who, now under the lights, is adorable and a lot more stone-faced than Hyunjin’s imagination allows.

“Worm,” Cloud Boy tips his head in mockery, “can you let go now?”

“I was scared. I am justified in being scared. I need emotional support through these trying times,” he pouts, hands still physically on the guy’s knees. They look at where his hands are and an eyebrow is raised. Hyunjin retracts his hand reluctantly, craving human comfort.

“Clingy, ain’t you?” He observes drily.

Hyunjin doesn’t even bother with denial. He only knows he needs to make human contact otherwise he’ll keel over and die.

“Please,” he begs, desperate, “I’m really paranoid and scared. Let me hold your hand.”

There is a significant pause in which they stare at each other in the face, Hyunjin visibly shaking. Cloud Boy squints and debates on an answer, brows scrunched together. He’s desperate, he wasn’t joking, so he crawls closer, takes the guy’s hand and holds it in between his own. Closing his eyes he’s praying for comfort and protection from all zombies, clenching the hand like it’s physically warding away demonic presences from his general vicinity.

And then it happens. Another hand settles onto the back of his neck, gingerly staying there and something is imprinted onto his forehead, like skin.

Hyunjin dares not open his eyes, but he’s pretty sure the guy is leaning onto him. The demons all
“Okay, yeah, we are not maintaining this,” the boy declares after indulging Hyunjin for too long, “we’re leaving. Now.”

Hyunjin reluctantly untangles himself, hands still very much attached to the boy’s. A soft sigh and the boy rises, tugging Hyunjin with him to outside the theatre, Hyunjin’s two hands clapping the boy’s one hand awkwardly, but still very much attached.

They stop at the snack bar and Hyunjin lets go fully, hands clenching into fists by his side. Cloud Boy is shorter than him, but just as pretty in the dark as he is under the light and Hyunjin beams as their eyes meet, the boy assessing him for signs of further distress.

“Don’t you have a phone?” He gets asked. Hyunjin shakes his head no.

“Friend took it. He told me I’ll stress even more with a phone so I must liberate myself from wi-fi.”

“If you die then potentially no one will know,” the guy observes, “interesting, but I don’t care enough for you or of you to go further into it. Got someone to pick you up?”

Hyunjin must’ve looked dumb at that moment, eyebrows raising, lips parting open, blinking excessively. The guy swears a little under his breath, tapping his foot on the ground. After one cycle of this he mutters ‘fuck it’ and takes off his jacket, throws it over Hyunjin. He blinks, wrapping it closer around his shoulder, snuggling into it. There is a sound akin of a broken cuckoo watch that emits from Cloud Guy and Hyunjin takes that step to be in his space, eyes asking him to allow them to link hands again.

Cloud Guy’s eyes drop into a note of complete and utter despair and Hyunjin whoops, looping his hand through an elbow.

“I’m walking you home,” Cloud Guy declares.

“Yay,” Hyunjin giggles, clinging on tighter. He doesn’t mention he’s not scared of zombies coming for him, but rather he’s just exploiting this rare burst of brusque niceness happening to him. He’s treasuring it for the entire walk.

“You know this makes it seem like you care, right?”

“Oh I hope it does, otherwise it kinda defeats the point. Stop coming closer, damn it, I was making an observation!”

“You’re so soft for me~”

Hyunjin finds a phone number in the jacket and a name. Kim Seungmin. He steals back his phone from Jisung and calls the number straight away.

“So,” he grins into the receiver, “how about a date?”

“Christ you’re fast,” Seungmin whispers back, “when?”
“Oh, what happened to mister I-don’t-give-a-dam-”
“I’m hanging up. Have fun hearing your own voice.”
“Hold on, sorry, um, next Saturday afternoon I’m good to-”
“Good. Text me the address. We’ll go from there.”
“I wasn’t even finished with-”
“Goodbye Hyunjin,” Seungmin hangs up.

“Wait, but, who – how?” He stares at the phone screen. Jisung stumbles out of his room, squinting at the bright sunlight. “Jisung, do we know a Seungmin?”

“Uh, plays soccer, really aggressive, a bit of an asshole but is really nice to his friends?” Jisung cocks his head, shielding his eyes from the light.

“Do I know of him?”

“We all met. You talked to him all the time we were there. Funny how the two of you never ran into each other again. He’s like,” Jisung wiggles his eyebrows, “besotted with you. It’s hook line and sinker at first hour.”

“I’m here to tell you that is not how the expression goes.”

“Oh don’t be a killjoy. Why’d you ask about Minnie? Have you perhaps returned his affections? Is this a beautiful love story I hear?” Jisung takes off his glasses, squinting even harder, "so?"

"I saw him at the theatre. Also I hate you."

"Yeah cool, great, next."

"He was next to me. You know how I get during horror."

Jisung's face lights up. He flings his earphones against the wall and clasps Hyunjin's hands.

"Tell me more."

Chapter End Notes

For the sake of my fingers I might have to postpone the YOI!AU that I might have lost to the void until mid April because I want to take requests in again, which means I have two prompts as of the time being. I will push out those two fics before Monday because I get back on Friday and it's all hectic and I am only human with so much writing words but it might be that I will take requests on the Monday where I am. I'm sorry I'm delaying like 3 prompts but I want to write new prompts again at the boys' debut so this is a ruthless but also good way for us to interact again. Hang on tight until Sunday and when I go 'yes hello drop prompts below' you can all go nuts.

When I get those 50 bookmarks I'm dropping a multichaptered fic so, y'know, grab
your friends and family, you're going to read a multichapter fic penned by me it's exceedingly exciting
Sometimes, that's how a fairy tale should be

Chapter Summary

"So here I am, human, baring all I am to you, because my end is near. My borrowed time must be repaid. Unto dust I must fade to," the fox presses his nose into Seungmin's sternum, "and unto shadows I must become."

Chapter Notes

Am I good with fantasy? No. Am I good with academic terms or biology terms? Of course not, I'm studying literature. Do I regret this very much? Of course, always, all the time.

Obviously everything is made up. I did minimal research. Do not take my words on anything I am lying to you with pretty words. All gestures are made up, obviously, by me, and everything I tell you is of entertainment value, but with some moral lessons maybe.

I pulled a Scooby Doo obviously. The moral of the story, kids and friends, is that the real monsters are the humans, not the creatures themselves. Boom. Bonus cookie points for the people who point out all the references.

From the lovely fukuurohdani JeongMin AU (listen this is my OTP and it's so under appreciated i cry) where jeongin is an ethereal mythical creature. Whatever you want. The weirder and fantastical, the better. Seungmin is a scientist. Gimme angst and fantasy and ofc the humor that I love your books for! Just go wild with it i just want a jeongmin AU sOBS aND I love your fantasy AU’s so much

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seungmin is a student graduating from mythical creature biology, at the mere age of nineteen, with the title of Doctor of Mythical Creature Biology. At the age of twelve he was enrolled in a special government scheme for extraordinary intellect. Growing up his eyes were constantly stuck in a microscope observing the fallen dragon eggs hanging over his window pane, fingers moving quick to help them back up with only a pair of rusted tweezers. He remembered how to safely disinfect a werewolf non-lethal bite on a government official passing by his area, giving out instructions with much more efficiency than an average human medical intern. After gathering information about Seungmin, his parents were alerted of the government's wish to enrol him in a special program, for further assistance to the rapidly declining population of kumihos, the nine-tailed foxes.

Seungmin insisted on his enrolment. He felt responsible for the animals all around his house, protecting the land they are all living on. He learned their languages, treated their sickly and dying. He wanted to save more lives.
Mrs Kim was hesitant. The stories of nine-tailed foxes rang in her mind, even though she grew up with a dragon, an imoogi in the next town. Some creatures preferred isolation from everything else and in this isolation, stories, myths, shadows of truth muddled who they really are. Vengeance, pettiness, blood shed over small matters - these are some terms elders advised their children about the foxes.

"They will eat you up and leave nothing behind," Kim Euna remembers her mother's songs, "and all you would ever want to do is follow and follow, until you fall to dust."

Nevertheless, Mr Kim approved and there were only so many words she could contest against her husband and her son. Seungmin was allowed to enter this program, intensive and efficient in training him, so that he would become an expert in biology. The team investigating mythical creatures is fast dwindling and potential recruitment is enrolled as quick as scouts find them. The more staff there are, the more specialists there are, the more can be done to help these creatures.

The official informed him of this. Seungmin placed his fore and middle fingers over his left eye, then trailed down to his heart. It's a gesture, in the language of the goblins, of I promise to serve, live and die for this cause.

Delegate Bang nodded, kneeling to one knee to be eye-level with Seungmin. He mirrored the gesture.

"Welcome to Stray Kids, Seungmin-ah. I hope you'll become the best of our time."

His first mission is one set out for failure. He's aware of this, seven years in training with only one goal in his mind: Graduate and go out into the lair, to gather as much information as possible, then return; repeat until death.

At least he's not one of the medical kids. They have to do the physical entering and not leaving. Foxes are unpredictable little chits. Demon foxes more so. There are no scientific facts about them, just legends. Legends are not kind on the supernaturals. Goblins, fierce and protective over their families and lands, are brutes, unintelligent and aggressive without cause. Bulgaes, fire dogs, bear the brunt of the sun's collision up in the sky every eclipse, to stop its barrelling path to the earth, singeing their furs and flesh as the heat curls around them. Kumihos, nine-tails, dangerous, vengeful, clever. Statistics, not known. Last seen: 1952, the ceasefire between the North and South was agreed on. Presumably more population in the North. Status: uncertain, but most probably critically endangered.

The hill to the mountains seems just a bit higher than he remembered.

The hill was definitely higher and Seungmin is definitely bitterer. Although the technology is much more compact, there is a significant weight he has to carry to the supposed lair of several kumihos, according to many eyewitnesses of the area. Hearts and bodies were pulled out of fresh graves. The village suffers a generational body snatch crisis when in the early days of its establishment. The newly dead returned in mass dreams, bemoaning their bodily end. When the villagers examined the graves there were only fox fur, shreds of them, instead of bodies.

Seungmin didn't throw up when he read the reports, unlike Jisung, the lab technician who would inevitably examine anything Seungmin brought back, dead bodies and the like, but he cried when he saw the photos. Empty spaces, holes where the dead were supposed to rest, trails of blood.
Nothing to find and nothing left. The ghosts linger, howling. He could see them, standing in rows, begging to be let go of.

His guide, a forest spirit who communicates in whistles, makes a trilling note. He crashes to the side where a boulder barrels down the dirt path, gorillas' chants emitting in amplified volume after it. He stares at the spirit, little Rin, and tells her it's okay, but she can leave if she is scared. He can find shelter within the forest. He has a tent, blessed by the shamans before he left. It should keep out nasty spirits and potential killers in the night. Hopefully. Best case scenario he gets a couple of ghosts and mischievous dogs. Worst case scenario his mother will be mailed his belongings at the academy and the stack of letters he wrote for her.

It is a tragic fate, but he foresaw this when he heard of the mission. Childish ambition left lying on the doorstep of the school when the lecturer had clasped his shoulders and murmured "Continue our legacy, Seungmin." His gentleness is gone, only when he is handling samples, pieces of the creatures long departed from their souls, flimsy and lifeless on his fingertips.

Rin shakes her head. I know where the fox is.

He blinks. Hears a rustle. Keeps walking. He whistles back to her.

Only one? I thought there is a family of kumihos up there, in this lair?

There was. But now there is only one. They killed the foxes. She swipes some trees.

They?

The villagers, she hisses through her teeth, the note sharp. The trees blow back a melody. She snaps her head around, alarmed. We must go. This way. They're coming. For you, she didn't need to say. He knows. They both know.

Seungmin runs after her, picking up speed. They weave through barks and mosses and branches, footsteps behind them loud and choppy. There is no attempt to conceal themselves, his pursuers and Seungmin fears for the girl. She is absent of flight abilities and her camouflage only works when she is calm. Him? It's expected he will die anyway. One less biologist will not make a difference.

Up! She pulls him and they hurl on a branch, away from sight. Their pursuers, several men and women covered in green, glance around. They carry weapons in their grip, snarling sounds, not words.

"Where? Where?"

"I smell meat. Where is the boy? Where? Where?"

"He is here, but I don't see him. Where? Where?"

They scuff the ground with their brandished sticks and feet, grunting and hissing. The sun has disappeared from the sky, visible mere minutes before. Clouds eclipse the treetops, winds cease. It's dead silent.

The leaves crunch, as if there is a weight pressing on them. They splinter and break, dust billowing in midair.
There is light. There is always light.

When he is younger, he followed the fireflies to an open field. Hand held tight with the serpentine Eunsoo, his aunt, the water dragon who developed hands over the years to hold newborns' hands as they were abandoned down her river, to save them and raise them as her own, Seungmin learnt that humans cannot glow in themselves, but dragons and fireflies and fairies, glow under the moonlight. Eunsoo's hands were not strong, but she grasped his child-fingers as if they were her own and never once let go.

The fox himself glows. Seungmin can just see it, dark hair sweeping by his temple as he walks, eyes the same as a fox's, narrow slits, a fathomless gold. Irises so dark the pursuers freeze, unable to advance.

"Leave," the fox instructs, meeting the four of them all in the eye. His back is to where Seungmin and the spirit are hiding. He has a feeling the fox is trying to protect them.

"He's ours, fox, not yours," one snarls, baring sharp teeth that belong to a predator. All canines and no incisors. Sound almost indistinguishable from a gargle. "Move."

"And you are on my land. Leave," a tail sprouts and flutters almost harmlessly. It dangles and curls around the fox, like it has a mind of its own. Points to the band of four with all the bristles facing them, silver tail glowing under the darkened sky.

Annihilate, it says, and the fox takes one step forward. There is a murmur and the four shift back. Another step forward.

Leaves crunch. They leave.

The clouds clear and the remnants of sunset peek from the dark lumps of obtruding clouds. Rin clicks her tongue. There he is.

"Come down," the fox faces them, eyes now brown, irises blending with the dark brown. His eyes are still fox-like, sharp edges pulled apart and two lids almost inseparable. "I see you brought a visitor."

The fox doesn't need much convincing. After Seungmin drops to his knees and touches his forehead to the ground thrice before his feet, with Rin twinkling and whistling with explanations on top of him, a hand, soft fingers and close-cut nails, reaches for his left wrist and pulls him up and along.

His mother writes him letters and she always ends them with Never run across a forest floor where the light is not from above, but below. Ever since she let him go she knows, deep in her heart, he with his whimsical heart, will follow light until he can no longer see and he is the child in every fairy tale that disintegrates unto dust. He is to be not with people, but with the eldritch.

He follows, Rin alongside him.

They descend to an opening in the mountain and he follows the bristles, gliding in and out of his grip. Rin trills, running her hands on the protruding rock wall. They sting. Bit sharp. How do you
know where the walls are?

"Foxes can see in the dark," is the answer. Seungmin feels himself being pulled closer, where two tails curl around him, poking, testing to see if he is worthy to be in this abode. He doesn't tense, limbs loose and fluid in the dark, fur brushing by him.

"Come, stupid human," the fox beckons, still holding onto his wrist.

Rin giggles musically.

He likes you.

Seungmin shushes her.

The fox cuts his palm against the rock wall and the wall shifts, revealing the interior. Rin skips in, throwing herself onto the velvet couch while Seungmin enters before the fox, sniffing. Aromatic. Slightly like raw salt and fresh soil. The smell of ripe fruits floats in the confines of the space. Star light twinkles in bulbs over their heads, hung on twines.

The fox enters, looking more fox than human, fingers now with claws, nose slightly darker and pointed. Yellow eyes and fathomless irises. Seungmin shakes himself away from staring unto the dark, unto dust.

"First human, in a millennium," he comments, plucking dirt from under his nail beds. Seungmin doesn't feel very concerned for his safety, the eldritch child in him knows that those outside the cave are realer risks than the legendary nine tails. "I deemed you worthy of entrance."

"And I appreciate your gestures," he drops to one knee. Doesn't make eye contact. Eunsoo's words clear in his head before he left. Foxes twist yer words. Always meant what you say. Never say thank you unless you mean it. They hold onto gratitude like debt.

"Sit," the fox inclines its head, black hair falling into yellow eyes. Seungmin backs himself onto the couch and lowers down, all the while keeping tight eye contact with the fox. His bag of equipment rustles and bumps into his back. He takes it off, setting it by his side. The fox wanders to an armchair and settles into it, crossing his legs. Tails flicker, silver and grey, reflecting the lamp light.

They stare, yellow into brown, until he remembers his goal. His purpose. The time invested up to this moment. Jisung is waiting for him back in the academy. So is Bang Chan. So are many others. He must do what he has to do.

"I thought," Seungmin chooses his words, rolling them inside his mouth, "there are more kumihos?"

"All dead," is the answer and it simply is. All dead. No more.

"Are you the only one left?"

"Perhaps. There may be more, up north, but they're mutated. Bred with others. No fox wants to become a kumiho after my clan's slaughter."

"Slaughter? You survived? Are you hurt?" He's out of his seat and within touching space with the fox, the childish overbearing care in him freely rampant as his eyes examine the lounging form.
Relaxed posture, but could be due to soft spinal structure or potentially damaged spine. Pale, almost blue skin. Deficiency of vitamins and also iron. A lackluster diet. Dizziness, nausea.

He is not a doctor and he's listing out signs as he looks, scrutinises the fox like a specimen under a microscope, miraculously human-like, except for his feline eyes. Fur is seemingly healthy, with a good shine on the coat.

Up close he can also detect something. He felt it before, when his wrist was encased in the fox's grip.

No heat. Absolute ice cold. Running on borrowed time, time cheated off from life.

"Done? Do you need to touch me too? Shackle me up and ship me to your laboratory to have a poke at? Go on, human, I invited you into my lair, betray my trust," the fox taunts, eyes mocking and distrustful, too sure of the chance of Seungmin betraying him. The words suggest that it had happened before. He pauses, unsure of what his touch could incite. More blood, perhaps. He is here to study, not to die. His mother would weep rivers of tears and blood.

He blinks, letting his face morph into one of a child's. It had been years ever since he let anyone see this face, all soft edges and wrinkly nose. The hardness of duty leaves his shoulder and his limbs are languard, under water.

"Hi little kumiho," his voice, his real voice, emerges and he giggles, all soft creases of his eyes and scrunching eyebrows. The fox squints, body tense. It wasn't an expected reaction. "Did someone hurt you?"

"You're about to get hurt if you don't -" he's cut off when Seungmin lowers his palm on top of his head and pets the hair there, fine hair, soft and dark. Instinctively the fox leans in, closing its eyes.

"Did the villagers hurt your family?" He whispers, stepping in. His warmth is encasing the fox's, the air cool around them. Rin trills angrily in the background.

All of them. Yes they did.

"They hurt their own. The graves? All them. They were lost souls, drifting up to the mountains in escape of a plague in the valleys. There were many at the start. They hunted wild life and birds to feed their own, started to plant crops. We left preys for them, at their doorsteps and all was peaceful. Until one struck his so-called beloved and beat her until she was red and no more. Instead of burying her, he knelt by her side and drank her blood. He was satiated from drinking, for a while, and prepared a stew. He cooked for a day and night and fed his neighbour with the meat of a woman. His children refused to eat, for they knew it was one of their own. The neighbour feasted and this hunger spread. First they killed their young, then they killed the elderly. When there was no more left, they dug up the dead and gnawed on their bones."

Seungmin can feel his blood chill, the details too succinct and everything are lies lies lies on the report. He does not stop petting the fox, putting another hand on the back of its head, stepping even closer. His sternum is directly in front of the fox's nose. His heartbeat can be heard.

"These cannibals, they're intelligent and what is the best way to do so by playing dumb? They didn't know what happened. They wanted the authority to investigate, send more meat to their village. The real lair, human, is theirs, not mine. My family back then were new kumihos and they slaughtered all of my blood, claiming we were the ones killing their blood, but I could smell blood on their hair and clothes and skin. Lies reek, no matter how much lavender you cover it up with."
Guilt reeks even more. I was only a young one. I escaped, barely, blood of my clan on my fur. It's tainted black, this genocide."

"I vowed to become stronger and better, to protect this forest. We had been on this land for more than a millennium and we will continue to be on it had my clan not been exterminated. I was all the little ones had left. I must be stronger."

"So here I am, human, baring all I am to you, because my end is near. My borrowed time must be repaid. Unto dust I must fade to," the fox presses his nose into Seungmin's sternum, "and unto shadows I must become."

"Have you," he tugs the fox closer to his chest, wanting to share all of his warmth to this beautifully selfless creature who held no unnecessary malice to him, of the kind of his killers, "protected any human before me?"

"Plenty. They're all from your 'project'. I don't think any of them ever return to the project. They all left, shed their names and became someone else. The initiative is to investigate, but the purpose is sacrificial. You were a sacrifice, nothing more."

He lets go. Then he must return to his mother, tell her. She would be heartbroken, not knowing his fate, her child. He stumbles over a rug and sprawls on the stone floor, breaths chasing each other out of him.

The fox's eyes blaze yellow. He juts his jaw to Seungmin's bag. "Open it. See what the man called Bang Chan had instructed you."

The slip of paper Officer Bang had given him in his notebook, deemed top secret 'until you are in an emergency'. He doesn't think too much of it, perhaps a few safety procedures to a quick death. But the page is mostly blank, with only a few scrawls

*the initiative is a lie. you are sent out as a sacrifice. you must run and never return. from now on you are dead to the academy and everybody else. goodbye student 2109.*

He must've been on the ground for a while. Rin had left and a warmth replaces the cold mountain air. Embers crackle from somewhere.

The fox had lit a fire and he's sitting before it, inspecting Seungmin's notebook. It's the one he kept since he entered the academy, outlining what he learnt and what he did every day until yesterday, or the day before. He only has this cave to go to and stay in, tragically confined to this existence until the end of his time.

No wonder the fox is slightly insane. It must've been lonely, living this way.

"Fox," he calls. Fox ears prick up and the yellow eyes train themselves on him. He sits up, pulls his knees to his chest. "Is there anyway for us to leave?"

"Several," a page flips, "but all involved dying."

"Oh," he lets go of his knees, "that's nice."

"Tell me you know what dying involves. You're a physician. Think."

"Heart would stop? Brain activities slow down then stop, all vital organs cease work-"
"Name, human, name. Your name, in this world, has a life of its own. Once you cast it aside and take on a new one, your old self is dead. You will be dead to all of those who know you once you do so, until you reveal yourself to them."

"How-" he remembers, the clothes he has on him. Once they're destroyed it is assumed he had perished. He strips to his undergarments and hurls the pieces of clothing into the fire. All the electrical wires extinguish into dust and ember as he stands shivering, skin prickling in the chill air.

Back at the academy, monitors register Kim Seungmin as 'deceased'. Preparations are made to send his personal belongings back to his family. Han Jisung weeps, crying for the loss of his friend. Bang Chan prepares, ready to take Jisung and another recruit, Lee Minho, away. They leave by sunrise.

"I'm dead," he declares, a bit mutely, "I'm dead."

"Then we can leave," the fox rises, unsteady, but readily on two feet, "away from here."

"What ... I renounce my name, but - who, what - what am I, who am I?" He picks at his skin, feeling apart from it. His head is under water, swimming with too many lies and he can't keep afloat. A hand reaches for his wrist, timing his pulse. That's right. Pulse. Beat. His heart is within him. He is breathing.

"What's my name now?"

"Yang Jeongin."

"Okay."

The grip slacks. "What was your name?"

"Kim Seungmin."

"Alright. Call me by your name, Jeongin, and I'll call you by mine. We leave, as soon as we can."

From then on, it is easy.

Seungmin takes the kumiho Jeongin to his aunt Eunsoo who readily accepts an addition to her infinitely growing family. Seungmin reports anonymously of the cannibalism of the mountain and all communications are cut a day later. No tours, no trades, no excavation. They are quarantined and expected to die.

Jeongin tells him that ghosts will take revenge for their unjust ends. And in the wind Seungmin can hear them ascending to the heaven, all debts collected.

His mother cried when his belongings returned, with his letters sitting untouched as he left them. He enters a week after, through the back door from the garden and she beats him black and blue on his back until he keels over the sink and she clasps him like he's just a babe, only a day old, in her failing grip.

Jeongin is young, although he seems old. Seungmin tests his blood and compares the rate of deterioration to his own, and they match. The fox is dying at a human rate. They will become unto shadows and dust at the same time.
He tells Jeongin this and there is an agreement, made under the sky and stars and frolicking butterflies. They will fall into one another and in this way they will be by each other's side.

Teaching Jeongin to be human is an interesting, but also harrowing experience. So far he had smashed three cups, four plates and dented three frying pans. He's on his way to kicking the TV next.

Seungmin's dad laughs until he can't breathe when he hears the shenanigans they get into. Jeongin refuses to enter tertiary education, his head already knowledgeable enough to last him for millennia ahead. Seungmin goes and they communicate by the wind spirits, a mode of communication that both agreed on, after many arguments over phones. One argument goes:

"What - is this block. Why are there bumps? Do you press the bumps? SEUNGMIN COME HERE IT JUST GLOWED. WHAT SORCERY IS -"

"That's a notification!"

"I don't understand your words!"

"Give me back my phone you invasive demon."

He runs into Chan and Jisung, both surprised and overwhelmed at his survival. They are visiting the town for a while, before returning south. They've recently befriended a couple, one samdugumi, an even more terrifying three-headed nine tails that resides in Jeju, and a sea spirit, hair so fine and golden it looks like it was spun from the sunlight and gold itself.

"But the fox gets grumpy when his husband travels," Jisung giggles, "they're attached at the hips whenever Felix stays at Jeju. It's sickeningly adorable."

"How do you live now?" Chan searches his eyes.

Seungmin breathes. Tastes the air free of everything.

"Very well. I'll take you two to meet my kumiho. His name's Seungmin."

Chan's eyes widen in recognition. He knows what they did. He sees it in the way Seungmin is covered in fox fur.

"I see, kid, I see."

They don't live happily ever after, but they live. And sometimes, that's how a fairy tale should be.

Chapter End Notes

Please no more sequels this is good enough as it is.

Also sike I kid, I have a multichapter Changlix in my Stray Kids? Stray Kids
collection, but it's currently anonymous, but I did write it, so y'all should check it out. It's called That softness behind it.

Second time I told a fairy tale. Tell me how you think of it I lowkey bullshit everything after the clothes in the fire bit so - ha ha ha - please comfort me.

UPDATE: FUCK IT JUST SEND IN YO REQUESTS DEBUT IS SOON I'M CRYING LET'S SUFFER TOGETHER MY DMS ARE OPEN FOR ANYONE WHO WANT TO SCREM @TACOBELL_COM ON TWT
Or as the boys affectionately and irritatingly dub them: Mother Hens Duo

Chapter Summary

When you live in a dorm with eight other guys, it’s reasonable to assume everyone is as slobby as one another and there will be no real semblance of order or structure anywhere outside of the manager’s reign whenever he steps foot inside their dorm.

Lies.

All lies. Everything you know is a lie.

Why?

Bang Chan and Kim Woojin.

Bang Chan and Kim Woojin.

Or as the boys affectionately and irritatingly dub them: Mother Hens Duo.

Chapter Notes

Yeah so I was in my group chat and trying to invoke the power of the Higher Powers and Anime to give Stray Kids more views five minutes before 24 hours hit and we were so close to 4.3M, I made a promise to update tonight, down my end of the void, so here I am. It's frankly horrible and technically we hit 4.3M four minutes after 24 hours but a promise is a promise and I shall resort to disappoint everyone even more so in my ability to not write decent words.

From Somethingbad123 You know how Jeongin is the baby and Chan and Woojin are like totally mom and dad? The prompt: over mothering from both Mother hens from Jeongins point of view

YO CHECK OUT MY MULTICHAPETERED CHANGLIX IN THE COLLECTION THIS ONE IS IN BECAUSE IT’S COOL AND BINNIE IS AN EMO POET I’M PAST THE POINT OF SHAME PLEASE HAVE A READ

Nearly there my folks. When we hit the 50 bookmarks milestone there's a meme changlix coming.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When you live in a dorm with eight other guys, it’s reasonable to assume everyone is as slobby as one another and there will be no real semblance of order or structure anywhere outside of the manager’s reign whenever he steps foot inside their dorm.

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Or as the boys affectionately and irritatingly dub them: Mother Hens Duo.

The month of January is cold and harrowing. The month of January marks a red and sniffing week of catching a cold and singing through the walls of your skull and hogging the heat packs.

Woojin isn’t having any of that under his good household. Chan is more than happy to oblige to his wishes – in the way that he’s withdrawing company funds very strategically to mass-purchase heat packs and scarves. Woojin then does the forcing.

Out of all the kids, Jeongin is deemed Most Vulnerable and on basis of being the youngest, Easiest To Influence.

It is as if people can just say no to Kim Woojin standing like one very gentle and stern sentinel-like Buddha at their door holding out two scarves, with no words or instructions, and blocking the doorway with his stupidly wide shoulders.

Jeongin refuses to budge. It is a pleasantly cool day outside. He cannot freeze his way to death en route from the dorm to the carpark. It is too short and too much of an insult to his immune system. He’ll delay everybody else. He’ll make Woojin stay with him in the dorm in this silent standoff and they will continue standing until Chan comes in to drag them out. Mark his words.

“Ginnie,” Woojin adopts a frightening simper to his eyes, lids quivering as if he just obliged Jisung’s overenthusiastic horror movie marathon and he’s holding the tears in, “please put it on.”

Not budging.

“Please, darling, you get sick so easily.”

There are knocks on the big door and Chan pokes his head in. He probably can see Woojin holding the jacket by the collar and Jeongin slotting his arms into the sleeves, pout and nose scrunch amplified to such an extent he’s sure down in the carpark the drivers can sense it.

“You good?” He offers a thumb up.

“All good,” Woojin pats Jeongin’s ribs, eyes searching for more vital points to cover up with more clothes, “go ahead, we’ll catch up.”

“Okay,” Chan closes the door.

“I don’t like this. I don’t like you,” he whines, hitting Woojin very lightly on the arm with his sweater paws, curling his top lip.

Woojin deems a response is redundant and passes a hand through his hair, the other hand steering him forward, warm on his lower back.

Chan reappears at the stairs.
“Just wanted to check if you two got out-”

“We’re good, hyung, oh my god, please just go.”

He had tragically fallen sick from a passing flu somewhere, somehow, from someone. Chan was partly disappointed and more alarmed when he went to kick Hyunjin awake but found Jeongin half on the floor, face planted very firmly onto the carpet.

He dashed to Jeongin in a feat of great silence and gentleness, picking his face off the floor and turning his head, cradling the back of his neck in one palm and pulling half of him to the floor, lying him so that he’s able to breathe. He’s vaguely aware of everything, but he was also hot and cold in the same places everywhere across his body from the top of his head to the bottom of his heels. Chan’s hands fluttered but settled: on his forehead, the side of his neck, under his shirt, on his stomach. He’s shoved back a little and there are arms lifting him up, his body essentially a rag doll and very much malleable under Chan’s hold.

He’s deposited somewhere and before he hears the kettle boiling the damning whispers escorted him to the realm of The Great Unconscious.

“This is because he didn’t dress well enough.”

“Oh hush get a thermometer. Do we want to put on the heater?”

“Yes, Chris, we should put on the heater. Out of my way.”

Chan looks displeased, tingeing on ‘I will throw you onto the street’ disapproval.

Woojin stares back at him, hands clasped tight on Jeongin’s shoulders, meeting Chan’s eyes stably and unfeearfully.

Jeonging? He’s stuck in the middle. If he moves he’s dead. Mashed potatoes. Cooked pastas. Dynamited rocks. Splintered noodle bits. He’ll be dead before his brain can even process his deadness.

But he can’t just stand there. But he can’t move either. He’s twitching weirdly and minutely on the spot, terrified of the silent standoff that the two eldest members are engaging in, truly fun and great to bear witness to. He can’t be the witness if he dies as collateral damage to this silent brawl. He hopes that if there is eye smashing at least he can salvage one eye.

At least. Hopefully. He’s invoking the Higher Beings and Cthulhu for protection.

“No,” Chan shakes his head, strands falling into his eyes. Woojin breaks their intense eye contact and leans around Jeongin to push the hair back in place.

Any of the Stray Kids boys could be a murderer for all they care but the minute they hurt themselves Kim Woojin will drag their asses back from wherever they are to nurse them back to life. Jeongin had it happened to him. His teachers were too frightened of the calm and authoritative voice over the phone informing the school of his absence due to ‘his lack of care to his health and also overexposure to the infectious environment of the school which led to the deterioration of his immune system’. He waited for a few moments before adding ‘if we could have someone take his notes for him that would be most appreciated, thank you for picking up my call, I hope you have a
great day’.

No teacher dare to look him in the eye ever since. It has its merits, but they won’t even answer his questions and he has to leech off solutions from others. Woojin’s general presence instils direct fear in the public’s hearts and he can see that fear resonating in Chan’s survival instincts. Honestly, had living in Australia not taught him survival skills? Run in the face of danger. Easiest option there is. Never stare it down. It will come back with a poisonous barb and sting you to death.

“My child is not leaving wearing,” Chan gesticulates with his might and his wish to appeal the decision imparted upon Jeongin’s outfit of the day, “that.”

If one substitutes the tone of that with the tone of the rags and tears you’ve pulled from the bottom of the sewer, it will still remain the same. Jeongin shuffles back, almost imperceptibly, to allow Woojin to step directly in front of him, eyebrows slightly scrunched.

“Let him wear what he wants,” his words are gentle, his face is gentle, everything surrounding Woojin, of Woojin, associated with Woojin is gentle. Except Chan’s stance wavers because he may be able to take down Woojin in a physical fight, an emotional one is not a good place to square up against Woojin. He’s on his way to knocking Chan into the next weeks’ worth of humiliation and bitterness.

Jeongin is ready to bail. Good luck to the two mother hens he’s leaving.

“He’s seventeen, Chris, not five. There’s nothing wrong with-”

“Oh there’s nothing wrong now! Great! Brilliant! How about we all just walk in our onesies out in the street of Hongdae!”

“Let him dress himself, you damned stubborn man.”

So close. Jeongin is so close.

Woojin steps closer to Chan, almost frowning. The now brunette steps back, surprised. Their eldest never frown in any fight. Is he in mortal danger?

Jeongin wouldn’t know. He’s off to infinity and beyond. That’s a Them problem, not a Him problem. Good luck with solving it, Chan, hope to see you in heaven soon.

When you live in a dorm with eight other boys, it is reasonable to assume that the others will be as reckless with their health as you are, sometimes even more so. Jisung regularly runs himself into table edges, Hyunjin bruises very easily from crashing onto floors and mirrors, Changbin always seems to cut his fingers on papers every morning, Chan is a permanent extension of the floor in the training studio, Seungmin keeps knocking his teeth onto the mic when he’s singing, Felix nearly broke a wrist one day trying to outdo a handstand that Woojin set a record for, Jeongin regularly hurt himself because of his braces. Despite all of this, Woojin and Chan take care of them, more so Jeongin, and he’s grateful, infinitely, very much grateful.

If only Woojin stop shovelling more food onto his plate and give some more to Felix.

Chapter End Notes
I haven’t thought of anything for milestones we should reach but Yuri On Ice!AU is under commission and there will be sneak peeks soon so I guess 55 bookmarks is good? Or like 12,000 views?

SEND ME PROMPTS PLEASE OR I’LL JUST NOT WRITE I NEED PROMPTS NOW. LEAVE COMMENTS. DM ME ON TWITTER IT’S DOWN BELOW.

Find me Twitter here, lads
The rain descends like angels without wings

Chapter Summary

Hyunjin had grazed the galaxies, touched shooting stars and comets, became one with the sunshine himself. Minho remained where he was and still is, grounded, pulled unto shadows, further and further away from Hyunjin and the rest of the world.

Chapter Notes

WHOOH 50 BOOKMARKS SO I GUESS WE'LL HAVE THE MEME CHANGLIX FORTHCOMING THEN (also I'll make a collection for rarepairs please support my unconventional ass)

From ponyeet Minjin pairing (Minho and Hyunjin) and from the stray typous squad who supported this even though I don't even know what happened

Have fun. Ask me questions.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After many days of mourning it is decided that one Lee Minho will plant the damn seeds.

They come in one of those ridiculously environmentally-friendly matchbox packaging that Hyunjin insisted was ‘necessary’ and overall ‘good for my conscience, Minnie.’ He, one sentimental and moreover suffering bastard, had not thrown away the box when he rid his place of Hyunjin’s things to be sent to wherever he is. Maybe because it holds in the dried anemone flower buds and all of the yellow shades of sunlight of Hyunjin’s hair that afternoon at the now significant flower fair. Maybe because it’s something they both agreed to buy and promised to raise together. He’s sentimental. Living or not, the seeds are the embryos of that thing they shared under sunny rain that afternoon, huddled under a patio with only Minho’s threadbare jacket not providing the basic shelter it wasn’t designed to be, Hyunjin’s arm drawing him closer and closer until there’s only hot air and rain-soaked fabric and the smell of overturned soil on their skin, lingering.

Sometimes he can smell that scent of overturned soil when sunny rain comes, standing on the threshold of his home. There was no rainbow that day to imprint a childish wish upon, but divinity must either dislike him or he secured a permanent spot on the unlucky lottery wheel, but rainbows spout in their plentiful, as if to mock him of his lack of luck. Raindrops undulate and cocoon up on leaves and galvanised gates of stripping iron. The shovel is equal parts stinging cold and hot on his palm, bruising the skin pink.

He stirs the soil and crouches with a yellow spade Jisung thought was funny and cute as a graduation gift. Granules and lumps of soil descend in a rainfall of fertilised nourishment, pitter patter onto the pot.

He embeds the seeds, pats soil over them and lets the rainclouds do the rest. Stocks are low. He should go shop for some more.
The shadow of Jisung waves at him enthusiastically from behind the counter. He doesn’t want to
shake his head, wants to keep seeing this familiar shadow in the place where he and Hyunjin
usually habituate, their own shadows etched on the flooring and across the opalescent glass on the
window frames.

But daydream can only last for so many unblinking moments. His eyes droop and lids close, taking
away Jisung and Hyunjin fighting over who should pay for his grocery.

He opens his eyes. The shadows merge into multiples and blend into the dark, spilling over his
shoes. Neither he or the retail girl speak. He takes a tentative step out of the shadow’s grip, the
dark still following.

“Good afternoon,” the retail girl greets him, “the usual?”

“Yeah,” Minho pulls out his wallet, “the usual.”

Evidence of his mourning is obvious. The whole town tiptoes around him when he walks the
streets. Folks fall silent when they hear and see him, shadows following the imprint of his feet. He
makes no noise, although any child from any field can see that there is a greying raincloud hanging
over his head along with the shadows.

Elders whisper that he’s haunted. The florist down the street ah’ed in understanding and perhaps
even empathy when he asked for the third time that week the meaning of anemone.

“Forsaken” is the meaning it carries. He tries not to think about how fitting it is, leaning on the
threshold and watching rainclouds pass and stay, lightning striking trees apart in the distance,
illuminating the dark with purplish sparks.

Hyunjin loves to chase things unattainable to the human grasp. Lightning, ocean waves, cyclones,
dreams. Minho followed him aimlessly, to the centre of fields and the forest of corals and where all
the colours of earth and sky blossom and fall to ruin, knowing full well that every step they take
it’s Hyunjin that is unattainable to the human grasp. But they’re alike that way, both chasing after
the unattainable. It gives them the thrill, the breathlessness that was missing from both their ends.

Hyunjin had grazed the galaxies, touched shooting stars and comets, became one with the sunshine
himself. Minho remained where he was and still is, grounded, pulled unto shadows, further and
further away from Hyunjin and the rest of the world.

Oftentimes he walks listlessly under the night sky. Time is distorted under the lamp light. He can
pretend time had come to a standstill and the shine of stars and their light from above his head drip
golden onto his hair, the tattered blonde that Hyunjin and he had matched together upon Hyunjin’s
graduation. It hasn’t been too long, since that time. The stars burnt bright red, gold, blue and
crystalline silver when the two of them ran across empty street corners bleeding mellow yellow
from the lamp light and Hyunjin glowed bright bright gold just like a star Minho is in orbit of,
drawn in closer and closer until they would collide, almagating into one celestial body. But Minho
is here, void of his star and his sunshine, drifting aimlessly down and up street corners where the
lamp posts flickering on and off in sequences of on on off on off on and he taps the patterns on his
thigh when he paces the street corner for the fifth time that week, unable to erase Hyunjin’s voice
from inside his head.
Sometimes he wanders to the ocean. Wide, blue and devastatingly infinite before his eyes. Maybe hopelessness in front of meaninglessness can cancel each other out. Maybe if he feels suffocated in front of a place that is supposed to be liberating it will feel less horrible.

He doesn’t feel any better, but doesn’t regress, which, is an improvement as any other. The sands retreat more and more each day, tides pushing him back up further on the shore, seashells digging onto bare feet and birds’ lairs stumbled into. The waves roar, deafening, silencing, paradoxes that coexist in the womb of human existence, defying puny man’s laws about existence. He’s being shepherded onto dry land, where his feet touch lumpy cement roads, and the trees draw in closer, bending to draw him inside their embrace. Winds toss, taking away the air inside his throat and he’s struggling to breathe faster and longer. Should the air not choke and kill its own, or had the ocean reversed roles with the air?

The earth beneath foot feels sturdy at the very least. It’s holding together the ruination of air, sky and Minho, shadows pooling comfortably around his ankles. Locking him to ground.

There is the sparsest glimmer of green. He religiously waters it, hoping it can grow in the incoming autumn months. It was a thoughtless impulse to plant the little seeds, but now that there is sign of life he’s ecstatic. He’ll need to buy more soil nutrients to give the soil, but that will only take a trip out of town. More trees crowd around him nowadays, constructions being put up near his usual wandering routes, lamp lights’ bulbs being smashed more and more often, leaving him in absolute darkness. Stars are coveted under the blanket of rainclouds, light disappearing and swallowed by darkness. Where can he seek refuge now that the source of light is obscured infinitely?

Hyunjin told him under candlelight that he ought to chase light when it doesn’t enrapture him. So he does.

The train takes him away from the coasts and into the forest, trees branching out to the side, grazing the top of the train carriages. Shadows and leaves speed by, too fast for the human eye to retain an impression. He is glued on his seat, still stuck under the lamp light on that same street. He’s still mourning, over something that wasn’t even a thing and no matter how much water he gives the little seeds they won’t grow.

“I’m leaving overseas. To study dance.”

“Oh. When?”

“Tomorrow, actually. I wanted to say goodbye. Didn’t want Jisung to tattle off. Wanted to tell you myself. You,” a pause, “okay with that? We won’t get to meet for a while.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll be right. Keep in contact, yeah? I’ll miss you.”

“I’ll miss you too. We can go chase lightning when I come back. Walk under the street. Maybe then you’ll have someone. Or me. Who knows.”

“Someone. Someone. Go pack, Hyunjin, hyung will walk you to the station.”
Two hours pass by very quickly but also very slowly. He steps outside, overwhelmed with the sheer lightning-fast pace of the crowd, great masses moving as one, colours blending and contrasting.

There is no air, but there is no wind. Minho can’t find more air to put into his lungs where there is none to be found in the atmosphere.

He doesn’t make himself suffer on purpose, he swears, but it’s getting harder and harder to get a grip on normalcy. Confinements within his own town, his own head, within his own vision, his memories. There was a hint of something in his and Hyunjin’s shared past, but it had been severed before it can blossom into a full-fledged existence, leaving Minho with this awkward and forsaken nostalgia that does not go away. He accepted it, trying to drag his feet away from the murky shadows, trying to walk a different path, but the nagging ‘what if’ continuously torments him in the shadows.

What if he told Hyunjin? What if he did something that day on the train platform? Is it safe for him to think these thoughts, caged in by rings of trees?

“You should go,” a girl tells him. He looks around. He’s the last one, standing in the middle of the crossing, cars honking at him. He blinks slowly, dragging his feet. There is light everywhere, yet the raincloud follows him.

Even speeches chase each other clear of their existence here in the big city. Minho wonders how Hyunjin will be able to fend the rapid firearm speech that dispenses words like bullets and a whole new wall of a different tongue. They are both country boys, born out of the forests and sea foam and stars’ shine when there are blackouts. He shakes himself clear of those thoughts, pays the cashier and heads back out. Hyunjin is not here anymore. There is no point wondering. He ought to return, to trace his feet on the lamplit streets once more, to revisit those times. The pace of the city takes away too much of him. Too quick, too rapid, like ocean currents before dawn quickly retreating to the depths, drawing him in. He can’t, it’s getting harder to breathe, back, back, back.

The train door closes behind his back and he melts onto the chair, winded.

“Take me back,” he whispers to the train, “take me back.” Like a prayer, a mantra.

It is known to Minho that life, as does the trees and the sky and the sea, operate on a different plane outside of human understanding. That is why when he exits the train, he pauses, eyes not believing what he sees across the platform.

Hwang Hyunjin, in all of his gold-washed starlight and purple-rained existence, mouth slack, failing grip on his suitcase, is grounded on the platform. The board tells them both the train is coming in one minute.

Minho can’t run that fast or far. He’s stuck there, fruitlessly staring. Their eyes ask a million things they both don’t understand and he sees the little breaths leaving in and out of the boy’s chest.

Hyunjin casts his suitcase aside and starts to dash to the stairs but Minho stamps his foot, whistling.

It’s their little secret. No go, Minho tells him, hands frantically moving in succession, stay there.

Hyunjin’s shoes make a horrible skidding sound, eyes blown wide. Why?
Go on, don’t worry, Minho spells out to him, leave this place.

At Hyunjin’s rising eyebrows, he adds a hasty I’m fine. I’m fine.

Maybe it was a lie, maybe it was the truth, but the train pulls up next to the platform as Hyunjin hollers words across the tracks, words that get lost and are blown away with the roar of the train.

Minho is grounded there, hands frozen. He repeats the signs for ‘I’m fine’ to himself, until the train trills its departure and pulls away, leaving steam and smoke and empty space behind.

Hyunjin is gone, for good.

Minho’s ‘I’m fine’ falls flat to his sides until he’s doing the signs for ‘forsaken’. The anemones will be glad. He’s carrying out their namesake.

The rain comes and overturns all the soil. He enters his home, rain-beaten and wind-punched, toes off his trodden shoes, peels off all the layers, lets the walls of his home takes him in its embrace.

Outside, the rain descends like angels without wings, crashing onto the ground. Leaves and stems bend and snap under the sheer force of their fall, cracking and heaping onto the ground. The pot of sprouting anemones’ leaves splinter and fracture under the cascade of rainfall and in the rain, Minho’s memories of the seeds falling into oblivion.

Chapter End Notes

COMMENT BELOW SOME RAREPAIRS SO I CAN WRITE ’EM THIS HOLIDAY (before y’know, I can't because of end of year exams). Prompts too so I can work on them. I’ve been lonely. Someone give me weird prompts.

Find me on Twitter here, lads
Jimmy whoop, Jimmy Jimmy Jimmy Jimmy, darling

Chapter Summary

“Hey FBI agent,” Felix whispers, candles flicking around him. In some circumstances he might’ve been pretty, but he annoyed too much out of Changbin for him to feel nothing but sheer annoyance at his face, good-looking and perfect as it is. “Thanks for keeping me company.”

“Gee thanks,” he mutters back, soft and spiteful.

Chapter Notes

If you think I put a lot of thoughts into this, don't. If you think I wrote it after ASC, crying and hysterical about SO MUCH ENGLISH and MUCH WORDS EVERYWHERE, then yes.


For trashfiction i beg u please write some sort of fbi agent thats watching me changlix fic bc id do it myself but im shit at writing and i love ur style and IM ALL ABOUT FUCKING MEMES

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Officer Seo,” his squad leader harrumphs. Changbin squares up his shoulders, ready. His fingers curl into his palms, nails digging at skin. He’s a trained professional. He can do this.

“Your first assignment is this guy. Felix. Monitor his activities and report back to Kim at the end of the day.”

“Yes sir,” he salutes, back ramrod straight. He is then left alone, in front of his apartment in a secluded corner of Seoul.

“What did this ‘Felix’ do to get the FBI’s attention?” He murmurs, scanning the code. Seems like a normal guy. Seems like the type that flies under the radar so much that the FBI would keep an eye on.

There must’ve been a mistake. There must be, because this is incomprehensible. Utterly baffling. Inexplicable.

Felix, Felix Lee, as his profiles across social media platforms, is relatively harmless. Sometime so harmless that he’s sure the agency made a mistake somewhere. The FBI is run by humans. People make mistakes here and there at some point in their career. It’s clearly a mistake, whatever –
Felix just added the fifteenth meme Bible into his cart and the total is nearing $200 that Changbin stands up, dusts his knees and walks out of his room, heading towards the balcony. He throws open the window and lets out one long wail of anguish and confusion and WHAT THE FUCK in all of his glorious 162 cm self. He’s distraught. He’s flabbergasted. He’s discombobulated beyond all means of the human understanding. Why. How. Who needs fifteen Bible of any edition of reality? Who?

Felix Lee does, apparently. This is unfathomable. That many Bibles will make even the most religious guy atheist and God-hating. Surely this means that Felix simply is a weirdo the FBI mistook for a drug cartel’s source of information who mass purchase Bibles off the bloody web for his own gratification at looking at the same memes 15 times in a row. This is a misdirection. Surely headquarters would forgive him. Surely headquarters would absolve him of his duties.

Except they didn’t. Except his higher ups insist he keep monitoring the internet activities and go forth into the bosom of the cryptology department and work with them, decipher some codes, Changbin, it’ll look good on your resume, Changbin.

He calls bullshit. There is only so much one can read into a situation and clearly this isn’t meant to be read deeply. Not at all. Felix is the furthest thing from on a spectrum of relativity of drug cartel and clueless civilians who are genuinely not involved with organised criminal gangs, far on the clueless side. He can’t continue this way. It’ll drive him insane with being right but he can’t do anything about it.

If Changbin listens to his paranoia and old-age suspicion, he would speculate that this is a ruse, of Felix to distract him beyond all human means to actually communicate with his fellow drug lords in cryptic memes and keyboard smashes throughout the purchases. He tries to not feel like a creep when he goes through all of the texts, mostly bursts of any combination of the letters on a phone keyboard, because he needs clues and what the fuck does NSDHSHDHSDD mean? The cryptology department officially lost their shit last night, Minho screaming over his earpiece about ‘drug lords and their lackeys these days, actual legit demons from Satan’s armpits’ and ‘can I just retire now when I was doing that murder case it was in binary’. The reason for the Bible purchase too could mean something, stand for a code, a sign, an omen, who bloody know. There are just too many random internet activities that ‘Felix’ gets himself into that there is no way, no conceivable way, that he has connections with the drug channel.

“He just,” he reports to Minho, live from his screen, “bought 23 left socks. From somewhere in Nigeria.”

Minho swears, vile and not suitable for interns’ ears and cuts the line off, refusing to listen any further.

“I quit,” he can hear, “I can’t, I can’t do this anymore.”

Changbin can relate. He can very much feel the compulsion to just walk out of the job where he’s grounded by the facts that a. he can’t, this assignment is ongoing and will impact greatly on any career he partakes for the rest of his life, b. he’s at home, where can he leave to? and c. Felix just bought more, to make 47 odd socks.

Changbin takes off his earpiece and turns to face the wall. Holds his temples with both hands. Tries to gather back his crumbling sanity. Baits with back with the promise of binge-reading trashy novels.
Can’t. Failed to. His sanity had deserted him. Hasty lavista-ed with all that is good and true about him. He’s all murderous rage and the want to scream. Fuck this job. Chan can do it. Chan works in interrogation. He’s basically cut out for this role. Why Changbin? He cries watching kids’ shows. He can’t tolerate total isolation. He can’t. He just can’t.

His higher ups receive a message. Can I communicate with the suspect?

No, Officer Seo, the answering text replies curtly, you shall and cannot. Do not engage with the suspect. Remain as you are until further instructions.

“I’m going to go mad,” he tells his screen, “mad.”

Changbin decides that if he doesn’t get to manifest his murderous intents, at least he’s going to screw his superiors over. He clicks and types rapidly on his laptop and a couple of ads surface onto Felix’s screen, defying all odds and functionalities of AdBlock. They all range from colours and formats and styles and organisations, but share one big and bright bolded message:

**Do you need Jesus?**

He sits back and cruelly observes all the instinctive emotions flash across Felix’s face, coupled with the scrambling back and throwing himself on the floor motion that Changbin allows a cackle of sheer malice over, pointing at Felix’s absolutely horrified face.

Felix, out of sheer determination and spite, persists and crawls back to his screen, eyes wide and fearful of everything, even his own four walls, darting around the corners and squinting for hidden cameras. Fool, Changbin clicks his tongue amusedly, I’m looking from the one place that you have no idea of. The boy takes in a deep breath and shakes his head loose of all paranoia and clicks ‘Confirm purchase’. 47 odd socks along with 15 meme Bibles are in transit to his house in two weeks’ time.

“Two can play that game,” Changbin decides, cracking all the joints in his neck and knuckles, “I’ll make your life hell, ‘Felix’.”

Thus it begins. The text messages are ever sporadic and erratic and have no pattern whatsoever, despite the smartest guy in the maths and engineering department being sent for and shut up in a room to solve them. They are simply just expressions of extreme emotions, deployed when interpretatively extraordinary circumstances occur to Felix and he feels the need to share to his very close friend, Han Jisung. If Changbin is sick of Felix’s online activities and on-camera antics, he fears and revers Jisung for accommodating everything outside of those hours he spent screaming and praying for Satan to take him when Felix bought twenty-three Venus flytraps from Guyana and secured in Hello Kitty pots with sparkly sequins.

Han Jisung must be made out of solid titanium and all the grit of the struggling individuals of this half of the world combined. He’s going to leave an anonymous hamper in front of that boy’s doorstep one day, when all of this is done.

With every weird purchase, Changbin breaks down the barriers of AdBlock and spams Felix with differing messages about seeking help, spending issues, consulting with a bank about your frivolous ways, a reminder ad to watch Confession of a Shopaholic on this weekend, all helpful and not at all snarky commentaries about the boy’s spending habits. Felix in return starts to use obscure websites in languages that aren’t English or Korean and while the translating is relatively less stressful than the decoding, he knows too many languages to be able to switch all the time to these
languages. The translator turns into the translators, a whole team of them squatting in the booth at headquarters, frantically squinting at his shared screen and speaking over one another. Felix can read fluently a dialect of Hungarian and it stresses the FBI out because ‘literally 156 people write this way in the damn world, you think all of them will work for the FBI, fuck no Seo, give it up, he’s probably looking up how to scam credit cards or where can I sell my left kidney for maximum profit’.

Felix also holds weird candlelit mourning ceremonies for the death of his favourite nail and the smallest inconveniences that happen in his life, the smallest things. Anything that goes wrong, he busts out a candle and prays for guidance from the higher powers. Changbin howls in misery, sits on his balcony for a solid ten minutes wondering if it’s worth it, the plunge ten storeys down. His life earnings can go to his mother and sister and father. They can take a long holiday. Never invest in living here again. Forget he existed. Take the money and go.

Changbin is losing this game and he hates it.

Weirdly enough, Felix’s Instagram live is right at 2.37 in the morning, where three souls are awake and Changbin accidentally stayed on his personal account, which Felix can definitely see and make the connection. There’s no one now, only him and Felix grinning into the camera. It’s looking like a Cheshire grin, like he should see this coming, this cornering. He should’ve been more careful, hide more. But there’s nothing to be said. Felix is a stupid kid who the FBI have way too much information on unreasonably and Changbin will be damned if he’s not walking to headquarters and resigning the heck out of the IT department because if this job is a repeat of this whole shitfest then he’s not continuing. Even the salary and superannuation won’t tempt him back.

“Hey FBI agent,” Felix whispers, candles flicking around him. In some circumstances he might’ve been pretty, but he annoyed too much out of Changbin for him to feel nothing but sheer annoyance at his face, good-looking and perfect as it is. “Thanks for keeping me company.”

“Gee thanks,” he mutters back, soft and spiteful.

“Can hear you, officer Seo,” Felix winks, “always had been.”

Changbin freezes, the words rearranging and making sense in his head, but what.

“I’ve come to say goodbye,” Felix shuffles some documents on the floor. There’s a flash of a transfer of a drug container from Guyana to America, in the sequins that Changbin had so distastefully described in his report, dismissing them as obscenely weird obsessions.

What. What had he been doing this whole time?

“It’s been good tricking you. Normally it doesn’t take this long for the FBI to track us down, but since I’m good at it, we succeeded. You won’t be able to find me in a couple of hours, Changbin,” a canine poking out from behind Felix’s upper lip, slightly wolfish, “it’s been cute, you’re funny, I wish we could meet in person but then I’m forced to gouge out your eyes, so maybe I’ll see you never, yeah?”

Before Changbin can formulate a response, Felix blows a kiss to the laptop screen and turns off the live, turning off Changbin’s laptop and monitor screen at the same click. He sits, stunned, numb and dumb in the dark, mouthing the last words Felix said to him.

“Jimmy whoop, Jimmy Jimmy Jimmy Jimmy, darling.”
Chapter End Notes

Important link:

TALK TO ME ON TWITTER
We're bandaging this bitch

Chapter Summary

It is in this moment that Felix knows: he’s going to go down in pain.

The entire team freezes in suspended horror as Felix collides bodily with Woojin and goes sprawling sideways along the ground, ankle bent weirdly. Minho and Hyunjin immediately fly to him, Minho zigzagging around Jeongin and Hyunjin heading straight between Changbin and Chan, all too shocked to move. They turn Felix over and try to get him to breathe, to ‘calm down, Lix, let me see what’s wrong.’

The good news? It’s not broken, the ankle.

The bad news? It’s looking like Felix can’t play in the semi-final next week.

Chapter Notes

Hi friends, I'm back and still recovering from Idol Producer BECAUSE BITCH THE FUCK WHOMST'VE THOUGHT

Anyways, this is for Alaina who requested the polyamorous dance line, my dear girl who I failed miserably with this request, but I still did the gist of it so at least give me that. SOCCER PLAYER! AU MAKES ME SOFT OKAY I PLAY SOCCER THIS IS COOL TO ME

I'm thinking of holding another Q&A after chapter 41, so send in questions through Twitter and here and I'll make a Youtube video or something if anyone wants to see my chubby cheeks and hear my weird Australian Asian accent

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Which isn’t really bad news, but still. Felix looks more stressed about him not being able to hurl himself as a trajectory across a grass field than the very imminent swollen ankle he’s sporting. Hyunjin and Minho make quick work of pulling him up to a sitting position and pull the shoe and
sock off his foot, inspecting the foot and elsewhere on his legs.

“You’re an idiot,” Minho looks down at him, fingers weaving in Felix’s hair, “an actual, legitimate idiot.” Hyunjin drops to one knee with an ice pack, Jeongin quickly fetching the first aid kit after Minho’s little supersonic shriek of ‘My baby banana bread’ as he dived at Felix. Felix hides his face in Minho’s shirt and whimpers as the ice meets his bruising ankle, Minho’s aggressive patting ceases to be, partly because he’s done checking if Felix break anything elsewhere.

“Hey, hey,” Hyunjin whispers, rubbing circles into Felix’s foot, de-socked, “it’s only ice, sweetheart.”

“I can’t play next week,” Felix whines into Minho’s shirt, gripping the waistband of his shorts. The guys stopped playing completely, inching closer to them in a weird semicircle of concern but also of fear, because Minho under stress puts snow storms to shame and Hyunjin under stress is a mess of tears and nerves and Minho and Hyunjin together make one immovable force in the form of an object.

“Go away,” he mouths at Chan, “get the kids practicing.”

Chan is exceptionally great at many things. He brought this team together. He’s keeping the team together through the sheer persistence of the gods themselves. Occasionally Minho and Woojin lend a hand, but Chan is great at leading, hence his role in the team. Chan can play and sub for any of them on any bad day, bless his heart, and the list of things he can do seems endless.

Lip reading is about to enter that list because Chan turns his back to the three of them and ushers the Strays back onto the field.

“Leave them. Felix will be fine,” he whispers to Woojin who undoubtedly feels the most responsible for the injury, “it’s not your fault, come on.”

“But-” Woojin closes his mouth at the sharp shake of both their heads, “I’ll find you later, yeah?”

“Go,” Minho stresses as he peels Felix off him, “we’re okay. Practice.”

Felix insists that it was because he stretched weird. Neither Hyunjin or Minho were there to assess how shitty his stretching techniques were. No one blamed Woojin. Accidents happen. They chose to be soccer players, they chose to collide dangerously into teammates in practice sessions, to attain injuries. It’s a way of life and the blaming game got boring and frankly too costly of precious energy that could be invested into game tactics, training techniques, a million other things than a loop of ‘who did me wrong’.

Hyunjin and Minho take it upon themselves to support Felix, first to a standing position, next, to the benches where one of them can administer emergency first aid bandaging. In attempt to lighten the mood or perhaps that last ball to the head was one too many for him, Changbin calls out a muddled combination of ‘whipped’ and ‘gay’, in all positive connotations, only for Minho to call back ‘and you’re single, shut it!’

“Try to breathe, hyung,” Hyunjin snickers. Minho squints at him, too occupied that the baby in their little trio is in pain. He can deal with Hyunjin being a rude child later.

“Now sit,” he sets Felix very gently down onto the bench, “and stick out your foot. We’re bandaging this bitch.”
“Why do you say that like it’s your problem to solve?” Felix complains but juts the leg out per request, face less green. Hyunjin crushes Felix in a big bear hug, leaving Minho to pull out the roll of bandages and gripping Felix’s ankle in his grip to handle things.

“Because it is,” Hyunjin mumbles into Felix’s hair, “take care of yourself better, yeah? You gave me a heart attack out there.”

“Sorry,” Felix mumbles back.

“Oh you two make me want to barf,” Minho complains from his wrapping, several layers securing the swollen ankle, “now don’t be stupid and sit the fuck down. I’m driving you back.”

“Why are you so aggressive,” Hyunjin bemoans as Minho pulls and tugs on the two ends, tucking them into the layers.

“Because if he moves, the things come off and he’ll need a legit cast. Stay,” he stands up and looks at the both of them, wide eyes blinking innocently at him like they’re perfect angels who won’t commit any sins or drop head first out of heaven.

Just to make sure, he makes a slitting throat gesture and holds each of their gaze for a second, eyes wide like ‘don’t do stupid things while I turn my back to get my keys’. At Felix’s dejected head drop, he lifts the kid’s head up to face his eyes and presses a kiss between his brows then moves on to Hyunjin to repeat the same action, Hyunjin clinging onto his wrists and whining for him to ‘do it for longer’. Rolling his eyes, he detaches himself with a soft ‘later’ and dives across the field, because he doesn’t trust the two idiots, no matter how cute they are or how much they make him soft. Chan tosses him his bag along with the keys and bids goodbye, telling to go away, don’t come back until he locked Felix in his own home because he’ll sneak out, for sure.

“I will, I will, don’t worry,” he waves behind his back.

Chapter End Notes

Literally hit me up on Twitter I love talking to you guys. Send me questions for my Q&A and I shall deliver. I love long essays by the way, so if you want your prompts to be filled quickly send me a couple of long essays waxing poetic about my works and I might, you know,

Some importance:

TALK TO ME ON TWITTER
This is their space. Let them have it.

Chapter Summary

Suffering together is cathartic. I cry, you cry, we all get better. I know you both don't believe in the talking cure which is fair, but -" he stops them in front of the river bank, palms all interconnected.

"I want you to believe in me," he tells the night sky and Felix and Jisung. Maybe they heard him.

Chapter Notes

So I might have been inspired by my good friend Rena and her fic Turn the lights off get a little braver which is in my bookmarks or if you type in strawhatmikans under the Stray Kids tag it's the lone fic there. Stay tuned guys it's a race between me getting 50 chapters before her publishing her next work.

Anywho, I was inspired by the whole dancing your stress away and dancing in the dark, so here we are, me with my obsessions with basements and alliterative insults that are PG-rated, to give you this soft September babies just hanging out, being good mates, caring for each other although it's more Seungmin-centric? Hi stray typous can you put this one through the 'Can it be a character study' test and tell me the results later? Cheers.

I'm also half-drunk as I'm writing this so it's very unedited and lack a horrendous amount of proper proofread, but I want to share because

I'M SORRY DEEDEE I DEVIATED SO MUCH FROM YOUR ORIGINAL PROMPT WHICH WAS september line getting caught doing something weird and the member that caught them is like "im so done with your bs" or "what kind of cult is this" and/or hyunjin is offended that he is being left out BUT PLEASE ACCEPT IT I'M ACTUALLY BETTER AT FULFILLING REQUESTS THAN THIS I LIKED THE CONCEPT A LOT I'M SORRY

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Brothers," Jisung solemnly clears his voice. Seungmin shakes his head straight away.
"Heathens?"

"Proceed," Seungmin gestures, "it better be good."

"Nothing I say is ever good," Jisung boops his nose and cackles as Seungmin leans back in disdain.

"There are no good ideas, only terrible ones," Felix helpfully provides, putting down another card, "gimme 1 million."
"Oh you b-," he stops himself as Felix and Jisung swing their heads to him, sure of the swear word on his tongue. He swallows the impulse down, too much money and dignity on the line to risk it. "B - baby banana bread," Seungmin decides as he slaps down two million dollars' worth of his only property on the pile.

Felix cheers a little as Jisung contemplates the odds of dishing out 5 million or giving away the chance of completing a set of property. *Goodbye 5 million dollars*, he thinks as he slides the card over to Felix who pockets his loot with a straight face, eyes scanning his deck.

"Continue with your ideas," he adds, sensing the standstill of conversation, "I promise to go easy on you."

"What a bloody blessing," Seungmin mutters and pokes Jisung who's trying to read Felix's cards, "talk, demon squirrel."

"We go to the basement," Jisung whispers, "and camp there."

"It's winter," Felix deadpans, absolutely unimpressed, as if the cold matters more than 'hey let's camp in the company basement, what could go wrong?'

Seungmin disagrees. Lots can go wrong. But that's not his priority right now.

"Can I punch him?" He asks Felix, the sane one, the judge of the legitimacy of his impulses.

"Morally, you shouldn't, but physically, you can take him down anytime," Felix puts his cards face down and gently holds Seungmin's hands with that small hand of his, "don't punch him, he'll cry."

"You're giving me more incentives to actually punch him, Lee."

"You hate it when he cries," Felix reasons and archs an eyebrow when he splutters for an explanation. He does not hate it when Han Jisung cries. In fact, it brings him immense joy. It cultivates and fosters the sadistic tendencies inside of his otherwise pure face and Jisung is quivering his lips, is he crying what no don't-

"We stand around and we go back after ten minutes," he morosely admits defeat, the compromise bitter on his tongue. "No camping. The hyungs will break our collective legs."

"Why are you so violent?" Jisung asks as Felix shakes his head "No they won't they love us".

"Well, are we remembering the same hyungs who locked Changbin's toy away to bait him back to the dorm?"

Jisung rolls his eyes. "Don't know what kinda parallel universe you exist in, Kim, but that's a kind of love too. Manipulative and kinda abusive, but beneficial to Changbin. The guy looked closer to death than I could feel, which is a lot."

Felix looks about to comment something about gallows humour, but decides not to. He puts down a series of card and looks both of them in the eyes. No sense of triumph, just nonchalance.

"I won."

Seungmin and Jisung simultaneously fling their cards at Felix who quickly covers his face,
complaining about how the cards will be bent. Jisung shrieks about unfairness and infidelity and Seungmin accuses Felix of being a rotten banana.

"It doesn't even rhyme," Felix laughs and ducks as Seungmin moves on to throwing jackets over his head.

"You rotten rancid rod?" Jisung stops and suggests, cards in between his fingers.

"Oh that works," Felix clicks his fingers. Seungmin reigns in the impulse to kick him and only lets loose a vaguely strangled gazelle being gnawed by a hungry lion in the safari.

"HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO KEEP PLAYING THE PG GAME I'M SICK OF IT! RHYMES CAN DROWN IN THE PORES OF SATAN'S ARMPIT!"

The basement, as all trainees and people who work for JYP call the underground carpark, is a big empty space after work hours, notorious for casual break-ins from desperate trainees at various intervals for last-minute practice, for lights that leak with suspicious substances that collect in puddles all around, have grey lights instead of the standard white LED and is a bloody direct hotline to Antarctica. The very abyss of it. Or deep space. Who in this existence knows.

It's very cold and Seungmin hates that he went along with Jisung and Felix who are in a similar state of misery, Felix squirming more than them. He's Australian, of course, he can't tolerate extreme cold, those Aussies are raised on tropical beaches and hot sand all year round. He shuffles next to Felix, unzipping his jacket and wraps it around the blonde's shaking body. They shiver together, both of them clutching at warmth while Jisung who runs on sheer demonic energy and the high of making others miserable, darts around ooh'ing and ah'ing.

"Can I," his teeth chatter from the piercing cold and murderous intents kept loosely in check under extreme circumstances, "kill him now?"

"How will you bury him?" Felix shoots back. "Let him freeze to death."

"But he'll scream until then," he whines, "throttling is faster and easier."

"Remember the Freud thing? Don't," Felix legitimately hisses like a snake and he leans back with a soft 'Lee, you sound like a cold blooded bugger'.

They pause, debating the logistics of 'bugger' as a swear word. Felix harrumphs, passes it as an okay insult that is PG rated. Seungmin cheers, momentarily.

And no, he would not like to be reminded of the Freud thing. Psychoanalysis left him with too many scars he did not sign up for and an even more curious Jisung who would not shut up about it.

It started out with Jekyll and Hyde. Jisung reads as much as Changbin does, he's smart under all the screaming pretence of idiocy, loud and very convincing. He went through a bookstore haul where he came back with a mix of English, Chinese, Malay and Korean books, so everyone could read one and 'be enlightened you homestuck pond weed'. He himself picked The curious incident of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, because it was short and he was in his detective, pseudo-science fiction phase.

Jisung then had revelations. Revelations that stemmed from him binge reading all through the
night. Revelations that could not have waited until the morning to be announced and welcomed by more sympathetic older brother figures who care more about his genius hack of life than Felix and Seungmin who were sick of it all. Nobody asked to be woken up at 3 in the morning, book thrown at their knees. Nobody asked to be friends with Jisung in this obscure September Bermuda Triangle Gang that Felix thought of when he's listening to Dean, chewing on gum to stay awake as Seungmin and Jisung dragged him away from bed, quite literally. His doona was wrapped insistently on his leg and his hair was everywhere and he was channelling all his rage and displeasure at being woken up in the loud, smacking snap of his chewing.

"I didn't ask for this," he stated, looking at the two of them. Jisung vibrated on his spot, a feat unknown to mortals, excited to lecture the dimwitted at ass o clock in the morning.

It's not like any of them should be sleeping anyway. Who needs sleep. Rest is a luxury and a privilege in this economy.

"Well I didn't ask to be born, you barbarians, but here I am," he yawned, "do it quick before I take a nap. And you're getting a concussion if you think you can throw books on me to wake me up again, Han."

Jisung shuffled closer to them and whispered conspiratorially.

"Freud."

Felix stopped chewing and raised a palm, then slapped himself with a resounding smack. He then staggered to his feet and fell back down, by Jisung's grip on the doona, but it's a sleep deprived battle of who could pull away faster, Felix determined to leave all of this garbage behind.

"Do I knock him out now?" Seungmin called out from outside of the tug of war of death.

People who were violently woken up by unprecedented methods and prevented by going back to sleep tend to be...quite lax with language. Felix grunted back and pulled his leg away, Jisung pulled the doona like a boat's rigging and Seungmin didn't dare to interfere.


"Listen, your id is very prominent right this moment and I understand, but have you ever tho-"

He didn't get to finish his sentence. Felix turned quickly and stopped pulling so he toppled over, face first into the mess of crumbled doona.

"Bundle him up and we'll leave him here," he made eye contact with Seungmin. They trapped a gesticulating Jisung with Exorcist level of demon possession energy pulsations and rolled him around with him screeching about betrayal and 'listen to your superego it's telling you to stop.'

"Oh shut it," Felix towered over the crumbled heap, "my ego is telling me I need sleep."

"What the honeysuckle bagle is an ego?" Seungmin whispered, knotting a weird notch in the doona under Jisung's wrist.

"Freud," Felix stood up, glaring down at Jisung who's gaping at him. "Yes I know Freud. I was reading up on him, for psych. Now stay and sleep."
"That's a floor, Lee," he prodded Jisung with his toe who wriggled in a caterpillar-esque fit if rage, "do we wanna lift?"

They carted Jisung on Felix's bed and gathered all their blankets and pillows. Seungmin slid, exhausted, onto the floor and rolled himself in his blanket, not even bothering to wish Felix a good slumber, 'oh ye fair knight of Sydney'.

Felix went back inside, presumably to check on Jisung, then lie down next to Seungmin, breath soft. A hand drifted through the hair near his ear and cupped the shell of his ear.

"Sleep, baby Min," came the whisper.

Seungmin woke up with a grinning Jisung hovering in front of his eyes. He barely had time to groan when Jisung beat him to it.

"Morning, my favourite troglodyte," he smiled, all pleasantly murderous.

Seungmin groaned and rolled to one side so that his face can make contact with the pillow and hopefully he could escape this life of suffering.

"Oh," Felix groused next to him, "what," he mumbled in English.

"Y'all thought some bedsheets will be a problem to me, but ya wrong. I'm Houdini reincarnate, little unbelievers" he hissed as Felix complained "We're the same size you mongrel".

"This is why I said we should've throttled him," Seungmin let out a grunt of pain and defeat.

"He can't die from murder, why bother?" Felix shuffled up, ready for the onslaught. There was a grimace in his face as Seungmin peeked a look.

"SO THIS NOVEL WAS BASICALLY PRE-FREUD BUT HEY, MAYBE THE GUY DREW INSPIRATION FROM THIS. WHO KNOWS? BASICALLY-"

A lot of people fell off bed. There were swearing and death threats. Chan poked his head out from the kitchen, squinting, lips puckered.

"You three again?" He croaked, utterly unimpressed.

"HI CHRIS WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ENLIGHTENED?!"

Chan retreated quickly and surely into the depths of the kitchen. "Goodbye, deal with it yourself."

"You'd think he'll help," Seungmin mouthed. Felix rolled his eyes.

"With this?" He gestured to Jisung. "Fat chance."

They let Jisung elaborate more on the split selves then took him down screaming, punches and kicks and Felix nearly getting a black eye and Seungmin almost spraining his wrist and Jisung legitimately could have hit his head on someone's back. Woojin came running out at their tussle and separated all three, declaring they're all hazards to each other.
"I hate the Freud thing," Seungmin hisses, emulating the reptilian sound, "why is Jisung unkillable?"

"Probably genetics," Felix muses, shivering and burrowing closer to Seungmin.

"His ma a solid bar of pure titanium or something?" Seungmin shoots back, chattering. Felix lets out a strangled laugh, choking at the implications of Jisung being half titanium. But it works. Jisung might as well have titanium in his blood, he's invincible to anything.

"Lix we should dance!" Jisung calls for them.

"Not in this economy, yeah nah!"

"Oh it's cold, you might as well," Seungmin lets go and pushes Felix away, "go, go."

Felix totters out to Jisung, cold and blonde and hissing still like a spitting cobra, with Jisung hopping, true kangaroo-style, all warmed up as opposed to them.

"I brought speakers!" And before Felix could defend his abilities to dance regardless of the presence of music, Jisung blasts their songs on the speaker and it's scary how all three of them start to dance in formation and in time to the beats.

"Am I possessed? Is this voodoo?" He utters a cry of confusion.

"Habits are scary things," Felix calmly reassures him, "classical conditioning."

But he's warmer now and Jisung deems it is just for Felix to dance whatever he wants, putting on some American songs that Seungmin doesn't know the names to, but obviously they are suitable for dancing in an empty carpark in the middle of winter at 12 am. Felix dances and Jisung raps and Seungmin skips around them in a wonky circle, in a futile effort to keep warm, hashing out breaths and cursing out the winter.

Jisung turns the music off at the nine minute mark, putting his insanely warm hands into Seungmin's freezing ones and Felix tags along behind them, all three of them moving as a weird bundle up the stairs to the staff exit.

"Was that legal?" He asks Jisung through a mouth full of toothpaste.

"What are the legalities of entering your work building?" The kid whispers back.

"Outside of work hours? Through the staff exits?"

"Felix has a copy of the keys from the manager. He knows."

"So like when the CEO finds out are we just going to argue 'we want to practice in the basement and technically we're staff' to get out of it?"

Jisung gives him a thumb up, grinning. Seungmin flicks his wet towel at his arm.

"Go pray for luck you holey jeans, we're screwed."
"Trust me," Jisung cackles and dodges away, "I've got you."

"It was really quiet last night," Woojin nudges Felix, "you guys all good?"

Hyunjin interrupts them with a loud "Let me join the Bermuda Triangle too!" but Seungmin takes him down spectacularly with a side tackle, wrestling him on the ground and hissing "Mortals cannot join".

"We gave Jisung a long book," he lies easily, "so I took that chance to nap then got up when he needed to rant."

"Good plan," the eldest hums, "but send him to me when it gets too much yeah? You need more sleep now. It's a growing time for you all."

"We're fine, we're fine, thank you," he allows a one-armed hug from the blonde, "you rest too."

It just happens. Somehow all three of them end up outside the dorm at the same time through different stairs and Jisung lights up, yipping.

"The gang is all here!"

"Take me away, oh good Buddha and great auntie Junghee," Seungmin invokes the heaven, "take me away from this miserable existence."

"Minho was doing a flowy thing today and it looks pretty so guess who's attempting it," Felix zips up his jacket, mouth set. "I'm going to steal the title of prettiest dancer out of his tiny hands."

"We're all the same size," Seungmin stresses, with feelings.

"Onward, my genetically modified minions! Onward!" Jisung chorales.

Felix insists on a slow ballad. Jisung complains about the slow beat and 'Lee, I'm freezing and this music is putting me to sleep, can you turn on trap beats or something?'

But Felix doesn't care. Felix is on a mission to outdance Minho in a contemporary dance track, which is commendable and beautifully done, but no one is truly pure and good, so Seungmin and Jisung hop around and complain over the mellow melody of Spring Day in lucid jarring notes of 'cold cold cold', too broken inside to truly appreciate the artistry and beauty of dance.

"Beautiful," Jisung sneezes as Felix does an air jump (jetez? split?) over a puddle of suspicious liquid.

"You'll take the title from Minho at this rate," he chimes in, words cut off by the chatter of his teeth, but nonetheless sincere. Felix supports his singing, so the least he can do is support the kid in his dancing, which he's great at. Look at the angle of that spin. He's got good trajectory and balance. Pure art in a different form.

It changes to a hopeful ballad or something and Felix surges forward to grab Jisung's wrists, pulling him to dance. Seungmin tries to escape but friends that suffer together, stay together, they
insist. Bull's horns. Seungmin is happier freezing in solitary than to dance across puddles under greying basement lights.

He's obliged to dance anyway, not because it looks fun, but because it's something that would make the other two happy.

Besides, there are some aesthetics in cold crisp catacombs and ghostly grey goblin-shaped lamps. Just something.

The members of the September Triangle, as they had rebranded themselves due to copyrights infringements and insults to lack of originality, have somehow agreed, without exchanging words, that the basement would be their hangout spot for destressing. No words, but they would stand in the lobby at roughly the same time, all bundled up and ready to run. Jisung called it telepathy. Felix attributed it to same minds think alike. Seungmin called voodoo and witchcraft. Point is, they come to the basement regularly and dance around, jump, scream away the responsibilities and crushing gaze of the public.

"We're living the dream, but why does it feel like we're still sleeping, bogged down by fatigue and the fear of opening our eyes? Is it because we will see real life outside the scope of our closed eyes? Is it because living a dream is so far removed from living life it's harder and harder to wake up? Dreams and sleep and ambitions are mementos of the time of childhood that passed. Have we grown up at all or have we gotten so good at lying that we no longer know the truth from lie? Am I dreaming or am I awake?"

Lines appear one by one in Jisung's notebooks, filling the pages with the evident stress and despair.

"I want to take a walk," Seungmin demands one day, out of nowhere, sitting cross legged on his bed.

"Okay?" Jisung fails to lift an eyebrow.

"Where to?" Felix walks in, face freshly washed, eyebrows freshly pruned, clothes freshly changed.

"Anywhere. Outside," he doesn't meet their eyes, "I can't breathe inside. Too...many people."

When they established September Triangle, the roles were pretty much written in the stars. Jisung is the doer, a man of action and internalising his problems inside and laughing outside. Felix is the mediator, the judge of their opposing opinions, one who cares and nurtures the youngest and the oldest, the reassuring one who have their backs. Seungmin is the youngest one, the one who settles his issues openly, the speaker of their collective worries, because he knows the other guys won't resolve their worries without excessive push and pull and he feels a responsibility to be there for them. Freud or Felix long ago said the talking cure is the cure for problems. Seungmin doesn't believe in one definitive method of resolve, but he believes in possibilities, so he takes chances as he proceeds through life.

He can't breathe, that's true, but what they can all hear is "You're not breathing well under this air as well". Felix takes his hand, squeezing.

Thank you, the touch tells him. Jisung stands up to put on shoes. Doesn't say anything.

"Han river sounds good?"
"Yeah let's go."

When they head out and not in the basement, many things happen:

1. The security guys have consistently seen the three of them running amok in the carpark. They've reported nothing and commented nothing, besides digs at the vaguely demonic screams the kids let out now and then. They work for the entertainment industry. Entertainers are humans too and they need some time to be people, be kids. Running around an empty carpark is comparatively less of a worry than drugs and speed driving. A bit weird and unprecedented, but they're kids. Kids do weird things. Who are they to judge? Thus, they've seen nothing and they'll say nothing

2. The cleaning staff, however, are concerned collectively about the footprints just leading in and out of the basement. Thieves? Hooligans? Nocturnal paedophiles who frequent the space to mark the behaviour of the baby trainees they have in the building? Ghosts? Demons?

3. The security guards value confidentiality over clearing up issues that could escalate into something that isn't what it is at all

4. The cleaners amass in front of the directors' office, demand that they take actions against these...night time visitors

5. Park Jinyoung himself coaxed some words, minimal as they are, and the gist of it went something like this: Some idols are running around in the carpark at night to destress

6. The director himself calls the leaders and passes along the message of 'Please find your ragtag crew and get them to reassure the cleaners that there are no paedos lurking around to kidnap children away'

7. Bang Chan and Lee Minho know straight off the bat that it's the September Triangle

Seungmin insists on holding hands with the two older boys, 'because it's cold, you heated heathens from the abyss, lend me your warmth'. They still need to work out how to communicate directly on genuine nice words, but right now, this is passable. Somewhat decent, if any of them would have to comment. A step stone to healing, even.

"Dreaming is cool," Seungmin looks at the polluted sky, "dreaming is a human thing to do. Sometimes we dabble with it in sleep. Sometimes we drown in it. Cool. You do you. Dreams becoming reality? Great. Have a hard time accepting them? Mood, me too, honestly what a relatable concept. Point is, everyone have dreams. Everyone struggles with them to achieve them or get rid of them. There are hard times in reality, that's why we turn to dreams. It's not a sign of weakness that you struggle, it is a sign of stupidity that you didn't come to anyone for help. Struggles are hard, but we're a team, lads, so come to me, to anyone. Suffering together is cathartic. I cry, you cry, we all get better. I know you both don't believe in the talking cure which is fair, but -" he stops them in front of the river bank, palms all interconnected.

"I want you to believe in me," he tells the night sky and Felix and Jisung. Maybe they heard him.

Felix bumps their heads together and Jisung steps in closer. They're sharing more warmth now, heavens forbid, watching the placid waves in the dark waters.

"Let's swing by the basement tomorrow," Felix murmurs, "dance to some music. We'll get a little bit better."
That's how Minho and Chan find them, Seungmin executing pat-down moves of Likey and Jisung cheering him on, with Felix flipping in the back to the cheery beats.

"Do we," stop them, Minho asks Chan.

The leader is staring at all three of them being kids, something they rightly deserve, and the constant weight of being someone else dissipate into the grey walls. He shakes his head.

"I'll prepare an apology to the cleaners. Leave them." Be kids. This is their space. Let them have it.

Chapter End Notes

Now that we are 40 fics being fulfilled and sequels badly written, I shall make a video Q&A where you should send in lots of questions here or on Twitter or like Instagram??? for me to then make a 2 minute video of my bad Australian accent answering your questions. So far I've got 4 but it'd be nice if we all get to know each other more and you can all see me in my glorious small self and get to put a face on the idiot who penned 40 one shots in a period of 6 months. In the comments please either write essays about how lovely you think I've done or how terribly it sucked and SOME QUESTIONS and we can delay the requesting until the next time I update

Here you go
TALK TO ME ON TWITTER
Confetti in their eyes

Chapter Summary

Under the umbrella of their hold, Seungmin would shine his brightest, Hyunjin would finally find his destination and Jeongin would have two of the dearest people he loves by his side.

Maybe that's love.

Chapter Notes

Look I was making the video, then I don't know how to edit, so we'll either have me rambling for 30 minutes or 15, will be unedited because I have a Windows laptop and technology hates me, stay tuned for chapter 43 where I butcher your expectations of me

ALSO I WAS STUDYING BUT I SAID TO MYSELF YOU MIGHT AS WELL FINISH THIS ONE SO HERE YOU GO, MORE POLY LOVE
For Marian
: An ot3, which can be a combination of any 00 liner and Jeongin, just pure fluff and kisses

I mean...there is fluff???

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If you plan on going to Park Jinyoung Academy, there are several things you would notice that:

1. Lee Felix will rugby tackle you if you insist on shitting on the school’s Catholic choir or if you call him Yongbok, Bok Choy or Yacht Boy
2. Han Jisung doesn’t look like he’s worth much but he had snuck in more cosmetics and high-end leather shoes than a high school boy can reasonably access, which either means he’s working as an underground thief lord or he’s just really rich, but either way he’s got connections and nobody dare to touch him
3. Bang Chan will learn trigonometry with you even if he's done multivariable discourse string theories with baguette side twists out of the goodness of his heart
4. Kim Woojin’s high notes had shattered wine glasses before and he’s not above raising his voice to tell some rowdy boys to shut it
5. Seo Changbin can knit and can do it well; if you compliment his handiwork he will bake you anonymous cookies
6. Yang Jeongin may look clumsy but he’s a beast at hurdling and he will tie your shoelaces together 20 out of 10 times if you make any of the girls, the younger year level, his friends, the teacher, the tree in the back of the school, literally anything, upset. Good luck with untying those knots. He’s a Boy Scout
7. Kim Seungmin has all the keys to all the locks and doors and trapdoors in the school and
never assume that he will not lock any of his friends in just for the sake of humour. 8 out of 8 times he had done it
8. Lee Minho will have your number by the second day you’re there and he will randomly text you memes once every three weeks for destressing or just send you an actual . when you ask him to cheer you up when it’s exam season
9. Hwang Hyunjin is so pretty there is a protection squad established to chase the model agencies and idol recruiters camping outside the school gate

And of course, the most important note:

HwangKimYang is the supreme couple’s goals. No one couple can usurp them. They are too powerful individually and even beyond god’s touch combined.

There may be days, where things fall apart, you would notice, or days that don’t quite collide to make perfect results. Maybe Felix had gone on for so long without breathing and he’s turning purple instead of pink and maybe Minho tried to see if he can perform a fan dance with the broom for cleaning duty and there are balls of scrunched up paper thrown everywhere and you can’t hear beyond the lucrative screaming of one Jisung, there would always be salvation. Yang Jeongin would enter the classroom and tentatively asked everyone to quiet down, ‘because Seungmin-hyang is trying to perform in the hallway and he can’t hear himself’ and like magic all noises would cease because who can say no to Yang Jeongin?

There may also be occasions where there are arguments and nobody is really resolved and all anyone can really see are flying fists and curse words in the air. You would then hear Hwang Hyunjin running down the corridor and screaming ‘Everybody look!’ and a lot of the cursing would stop and all anyone could see is a shower of confetti fluttering down on their hair and face and everybody would be busy laughing and there’s Hyunjin, Seungmin and Jeongin dancing under the white bits of paper and nobody is cursing anybody anymore. You wouldn’t see much of their faces because there would be confetti in your eyes but you would think that confetti in one’s eyes is a great way to see the ones you love before your eyes, holding hands and twirling under paper rain.

Everybody will have to clean up afterwards but no one will mind because stress brings out the worst in people and now that they’ve gotten rid of all of that, no one is truly mad anymore. There will be duelling of the brooms from Hyunjin and Jeongin and Seungmin would watch fondly, leaning on his own broom and muttering things like ‘I love you, you big idiots’.

You would be convinced to think that love is beautiful in any form and those three bring out the best of love and of each other.

There will also be fights that shake the whole school ground, that even peacemaker Woojin cannot tame the flurry of words that fly across classrooms and slammed doors and of a unit broken unevenly in three parts, all of them hurting. The students would be on edge, fearful to even speak at normal volume, dodging the three boys who do not make eye contact with each other, confetti now gone from their eyes. Scattered, they all walk different paths and you would breathe as the school does when they are gone, too tense and suspenseful from the tension that could be cut with a knife.

You could hope and everyone could hope, but it seems love cannot exist without perils and challenges.

If only others could see the stolen glances and looks at turned backs and a million more unspoken things behind eyes then they would’ve known how much it hurt. It hurts others to see them this way but it hurts them more to not reconcile.
Yang Jeongin would be the first. He had always been the glue anyway, pulling everyone back together. He would nudge and pull and tease and eventually Seungmin would fall back into him, both of them fitting but not quite, heads together outside of the theatre, Jeongin wishing good lucks into Seungmin’s hair before a performance and the other boy would illuminate the stage, because his pieces are coming back together and his shine will magnify even more.

Hyunjin winds back to them, like the compass pointing north, he is the lone magnet heading further and further, past treacherous ice to reach them, hands finding true north and knowing that true north lie in two hands reaching out for him.

Under the umbrella of their hold, Seungmin would shine his brightest, Hyunjin would finally find his destination and Jeongin would have two of the dearest people he loves by his side.

Maybe that’s love.

Perhaps you are biased, and the school more so, but Hyunjin, Seungmin and Jeongin redefine love in ways you don’t know existed and you only have them to thank.

The confetti reappear in their eyes. Some days paper can be as glorious as pure Arctic snow.

Chapter End Notes

It seems that I am only human and can't publish chapter 50 by this week which is fine, I have school, I can't commit literary suicide, so we'll see where we are

TALK TO ME ON TWITTER
LOOK IT'S CURIOUS CAT I GOT IT AT LAST FIND ME TALK TO ME
Tell Felix his sisters are here. They want to see him.

Chapter Summary

Felix finds a note wedged between the Tim Tams and the Milo cans.

Hey mate, Chinny Death Boy Changbin is a Cool Lad. We approve of whatever is going on. Go forth and prosper.

“Weirdos,” he grins and puts the note away. “Later, sis, later.”

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry I took a break, due to legitimate reasons:
- school
- and I was feeling overwhelmed by everything so I just not update this collection, but everywhere else I have!

Canon-compliant, really looking into Felix's familial ties because I love sibling love. More gen fics coming this way soon — because I, a whole supporter of any kind of love, wants to write on friendship and families now, so we are going to do that

For Somethingbad123
What if Felix's sisters come to Korea and when Changbin walks into the dorm and sees a girl lying on Felix he gets incredibly jealous

I hope it was a nice read ~~~~

As promised, the Q&A video

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Olivia and Rachel Lee are on a mission.

They're going to visit their stupid brother who dilly dallied off to South Korea to chase his pipe dreams of being a dancer to the phenomenon that is...being a Korean pop star, who had recently succeeded. Their entire street knows of Felix Lee. Their entire suburb congratulated the Lees. The church played Korean pop songs for a week straight when the news of Felix and his boy crew being allowed to make music and dance trap beats together, all nine of them, was released. The Lees obviously stayed up at an unreasonable hour during the morning to catch that, screaming rowdily and joyously into the dawning day.

“There are,” Rachel remembered Pastor Jung digesting the information, “how many people?”

“As long as he’s happy,” the pastor concluded, quickly getting out of the intricacies of Kpop and the entertainment industry, “and he prays every day.”

“Of course,” she cajoled, tone placating, “I’ll be sure to tell him that.”

Felix’s manager had given their family his phone number and the company’s reception staff, in the case of them feeling the sudden urge to fly to Korea or Felix needing to fly home ASAP in any family emergency. Things like that. They're his family, they're allowed to be on hot dial with the babysitter of nine barely adult boys. So Rachel phoned the manager as Olivia tossed clothes into bags, rapidly packing. They’re going to pass by the dorms like the pair of fresh air lovelies that they are and carry on to visit distant relatives, in a relatively short span of time.

“They’ll have kinda a lax day tomorrow,” the manger reported into the phone, “so I think you two dropping by wouldn’t be a problem.”

“Great,” Rachel replies, phone between her ear and shoulder as she rolls a hoodie inside her bag, “we’ll call you when we land.”

“Safe journey, girls.”

Rachel and Olivia stroll across the tarmac with sunglasses on their heads like the beautiful and assholish beauties they are, declaring variations of ‘Hello motherland, your baddest bitch is back.’

The flight attendants steer clear of them as they power-walk through. International Koreans, man. They’re terrifying.

The manager is seen holding up a bilingual sign. Olivia and Rachel Lee, it says, here. Rachel flags him down, hand entwined with her sister’s and they bound over to him, brilliantly tall and tanned from living under the Australian sun.

“Hi,” Rachel smiles, perfect Korean like she is back to her home after a holiday, “nice to meet you. I’m Rachel.”

“Olivia,” the older detaches her hand, smile equally blinding, “pleasure to meet you at last. Thank you for all you’ve done for Felix. I understand also that it is 6 in the morning and you coming to see us is a tremendous effort on your part.”

“The car is this way,” the manager side steps mutely, “if you would follow me.” The boys have a manager and an understudy of a manager. Nowadays the two of them aren’t really sure which one of them is the real Stray Kids manager. They just do things.

6 is too early.

By some miracles or supernatural forces, the sisters locate Felix’s room within a minute of entering the dorm. Maybe it’s sibling magic. Maybe it’s just pure and sheer intuition. Who knows.

“God,” the manager hears before he closes the door, texting Manager 2 about the situation, “it’s so tiny.”
“How does he live like this?” The other sister marvels.

“Take a picture so we have photographic proof to show to mum.”

“God. It’s just - it’s so different.”

“I know.”

He knows. He knows there are plenty of risks that the foreign kid gambled away when he left home and still standing strong, despite all the things thrown his way. That there’s steel in that boy’s bones and he’ll stay standing for a long time.

The message is short.

Tell Felix his sisters are here. They want to see him.

It’s not meant to be a free day for Felix, or any of the boys. Technically it’s not a day – they get inside the radio station only for another group to be there, things are reshuffled, they’re being herded back into the dorms, resting until they have to leave by 2 in the afternoon. It’s currently 7 am. They have a whole 7 hours to waste, to nap, to eat, to run back home to pet their puppies, to write more music.

Felix’s phone is heavily monitored by the company in that he has no contact with anyone back home and only allowed this circle of friends here, his group. He’s more than happy that he’s living his dream, but sometimes he misses just being able to text Olivia in the middle of the night and get angry gifs back or get obscure kaomojis from Rachel.

He’s napping though, last night’s? this morning’s? gruelling dance practice renders 5/9 Stray Kids members sleepless zombies and he’s trying to catch a 5-minute power nap until he’s back and on his bed and sleeping until 1.30. The car bumps and veers and his face is squished into Woojin’s arm, but he’s taking that risk. 5 minutes is better than no minute.

Changbin is at the front. He knows this. The main rapper needs to go to the dorm first otherwise there will be bloodshed, most likely others than his own. Changbin has minimal sleep over this past week and he looks closer to death than Felix feels death. There had been minor fights and glaring in the toilet and kitchen, but so far he’s kept away from it. Jisung teased Changbin about it, saying he has a soft spot for Felix. There’s been no denial, which is more nerve-wracking than an outright rejection. But neither one of them can dwell on it for too long, they have things to do and places to be and idols to become – who has a soft spot for who doesn’t matter, they’re busy to the point of not sleeping enough.

There’s a buzz of notification on his phone. He’ll check it later.

Changbin is the first to get out of the van, Felix the second. He’s great at multitasking now, fishing out his phone and squinting as the screen tries to adjust the brightness to an acceptable level. It is probably in English.

Your sisters are here.
Okay, cool.

Wait.

Wait. Wait. Wait. Hold on hold up hold all the horses –

He reads the sentence again. It’s in English. It’s in plain and simple English. His sisters? Here? In Korea?

Too late to ask question. Gotta blast.

Chan tells him not to run too loudly up the stairs first thing in the morning, but Felix can’t hear him. Liv and Rach are here. His sisters are here.

Changbin opens the room to the bathroom to see a girl in there, squinting out a window.

This is Felix, Hyunjin and Seungmin’s room. More emphasis on Felix. Seungmin and Hyunjin don’t matter. In Felix’s room there is a girl. Changbin is feeling like death and rage subsume his soul. He’s throwing shoes at this intruder. Who let a girl inside a boys’ dorm?

“Boo,” she turns and grins at him, like it’s a joke. It is not a joke. He is finding this not funny at all. “A friend of Felix’s, are you?”

He doesn’t need to confirm or deny anything. It’s pretty obvious. She hums, smiling like she resides here and he’s angrier by the second. Who is this girl? How does she know Felix? How does she even get in?

“Oh my god Liv,” he hears a passing voice. Noticeably deep. In English. In very breathless English. And Felix brushes passed him to hug the girl, both of them laughing and talking over each other, her hands patting his cheeks and arms and shoulders, checking up on him.

Changbin is not pleased by this arrangement. Why is she touching him now?

“Oh, she found the baby first,” a distinctly female voice speaks from behind him, “how ya doing, Lix? My honey bunny, precious sunshine, the peanut butter to my jelly, the moon to my stars, the-”

“Please stop,” Felix tells her, but he’s laughing. He’s genuinely happy and enjoying himself that Changbin feels that he’s intruding. The second girl stands next to him, smirking a bit, like she’s enjoying his misery. On a better he would too enjoy someone else’s misery, but he had like an hour of sleep last night. He’s drained. His emotions are not in check.

“Who are you people?” He grits out. It was more unsavoury in his head.

“The most important girls in Felix’s life besides his mother,” the Felix Hugger proclaims, tickling Felix now. Changbin’s eye twitches. “He loves us.”

“Of course I do. Why would I not?” Felix laughs.

“Who the fuck are you,” he grumbles under his breath. The door opens and the rest of the boys arrive, cheering as they see the girls.

“Rach! Liv! It’s been ages!” Jisung collides in a hug with the girl next to Changbin. “How long are you staying? Have you had food?”
“Couple of hours, then we’re off to visit an aunt in Mokpo soon,” the girl links arms with Felix, walking outside. Felix Hugger hangs back, eyes still smiling.

“I’m Olivia,” she introduces herself, “you look jealous.”

“I feel jealous,” he admits, “but there’s no point. As long as he’s happy.”

“Calm down there, lover boy, we’re not here to take Felix away. That would be against his dream. He’ll cry a lot.”

“Yeah but,” he doesn’t know how to phrase ‘but he’s straight’ to the girl, “girlfriends? I can’t compete with y’all.”

She stops. Stares.

Then laughs for so loud and so long he’s afraid the trainees probably are woken up downstairs because of her. Jesus Christ this girl laugh like her life depends on it. She’s happy. Felix will be happy.

“Oh no,” she slaps her thighs, “you’re pretty but you’re dumb.”

“Do you really want to start a fight here? I can and I will. I’m running low on sleep. There’s nothing holding me back.”

“I’m his sister, dumbass,” she points at his face and laughs some more, “oh no, I can hear myself breaking. This is too good. This is too dumb to be true. Someone slap me.”


“You’re siblings?!”

“Oh lover boy,” Olivia opens her eyes. He can see some Felix in her face. “Be good to him. You’re a good guy. I trust him to you. Nobody is this stupidly devoted to him before. It’s almost comical.”

“Don’t make fun of my feelings, I’m fragile,” he whines, running too low on sleep.

“I’m telling this to everyone else in Australia. I can’t, I can’t,” she’s still slapping her thighs, “oh, you’ll be stupidly good together. I give blessings. Get married. Elope. Who cares. It’s cute. I support it.”

“Don’t just tell me that in a dorm, you crazy woman, that’s for later, don’t just- why are you leaving? Answer my question!”

Felix finds a note wedged between the Tim Tams and the Milo cans.

Hey mate, Chinny Death Boy Changbin is a Cool Lad. We approve of whatever is going on. Go forth and prosper.

“Weirdos,” he grins and puts the note away. “Later, sis, later.”

Chapter End Notes
We should go on Curious Cat and send me nice messages since I've been moving back and forth between I WANT TO DELETE MY AO3 ACCOUNT AND THROW MYSELF INTO A RIVER to I HAVE DISHONOURED MY FAMILY (because I definitely failed my English exam, it's actually over, I'm dying)

or similarly, understand that I'll be less active and send in more comments. Nice comments. I like comments

**TALK TO ME ON TWITTER**
**LOOK IT'S CURIOUS CAT I GOT IT AT LAST FIND ME TALK TO ME**
The problem is that he is not taken seriously at all

Chapter Summary

“Be you. Maybe firmer, but be you,” Woojin shrugs like it’s an easy answer to give. “Look Jeongin, you have to understand and see for yourself that while we may coddle you for the most part, we also listen when we need to. Like in the studios and when we need to fix something in the dorm. You say we don’t listen, but if you suggest even like a syllable in the studio, half the guys will wax poetic about it in their lyrics if you give them a day. You got them so far up your ass you can just breathe and they’ll document it as evidence hashtag 1456 of Jeongin Being An Angel.”

“That is a disgusting analogy but it did its job.” Jeongin scrunches up his face, sucking on his braces, “I don’t feel exactly reassured, but I’m like, less agitated than before. I’m no longer our resident kleptomaniac. I’ve given up on stealing. Take back your things. Give Hyunjin his ugly bucket hats.”

“Honestly,” Woojin leans back, “be cute, be you, eat a lot, don’t grow up. You’re doing great, don’t start changing all of the sudden. Thanks for coming to Kim’s Therapy Hour, you can pay me in shutting up Jisung and Seungmin’s Disney parties.”

Chapter Notes

Y A A Y I am back, sorry for just disappearing, I was actually sort of studying and Twitter had been a new discovery, I got very excited exploring everywhere, so I just sort of...not write. I was lazy, okay, I update a lot, I figured if I just leave for a couple of weeks it's not going to be that detrimental.

Anyways, this is another gen fic! With Jeongin and Woojin, the two underrated vocal angels of SK. I love their dynamic.

For Star_Cat
who asked for how about one where jeongin is trying to prove he can be bad too (he's not, he's a fluffy chick) so he does things like steal the members' shoes and feels so proud of himself, but the hyungs are more endeared than anything

and ThirteenthMouse6572
who wanted: platonic woojin/jeongin? because soft platonic 'mother'/son pairings in any group are adorable and there are entirely Not Enough.

Tell me how you find it!!

Up ahead: two minchan/banginho fics and *gasps* could it be, a changlix, at long last?

Give me 15,000 views and 60 bookmarks and maybe we can negotiate on the changlix, yeah? (jk if there are 60 bookmarks I'll unleash the changlix uwu)
There’s a trend that is happening. A trend that is frankly too annoying for one person to not notice.

Yang Jeongin is 17 years old and there is a problem.

The problem is there. The problem is worrying him.

The problem is that he is not taken seriously at all.

Maybe he’s paranoid. Maybe he’s just overexaggerating. Maybe because he wasn’t coddled at home as much so he doesn’t understand how it’s like to be squished on the face 24/7, 12 months a year.

(He counted. Somebody would be touching his cheeks or poking him or manhandling him at some point everyday and he knows the guy for more than a year now, just for the sake of continuing proper statistics.)

That’s okay. Being coddled is okay. But the problem is that once 8 guys see you as some sort of cuddly pet who sings sometimes, it’s hard trying to get their attention when he needs something.

Observe exhibit A. He’s barely changed out of his school uniform, one shoe still needs to be taken off, when Hyunjin barrels into him and babbles endlessly about a new video game and he should play with the guys.

“I need to change,” he tries and fails to communicate the smell of school and being a productive human being outside of the company, “I’m still i-”

Clearly the guys didn’t care. Seungmin has on his school slacks and he’s racing four people at the same time. Jeongin tries again.

“I need to-”

Jisung throws him a controller. He sighs. Maybe later.

Observe exhibit B. He is trying his best to reach for the cereal in the pantry, but Jisung casts him aside, with Seungmin treading all over his school slacks to make moving anywhere possible. He’s compromised. He’s held back bodily by people and was that a jacket that just hit him on the face? Who knows. He wasn’t wearing that jacket.

“Can I just-”

Chan breezes by him and pats his head absently. He tries to swallow the murderous instincts rising up to his throat and nose. Breathe, Yang. You’re stronger than this.

“I need-”

Changbin passes him too, oblivious of everything except that he needs the leftover, otherwise there will be blood spilt over the counter.

“Does baby need food?” Woojin is somewhere, he can’t really locate the face to the voice, but Kim
Woojin exists in the physical form somewhere. He thrashes, throwing arms and elbows around and exhales loudly, ready to whine.

“Soon, baby, these babies need-” Felix runs at the sink and mows down Hyunjin in the one stride. “Assistance,” Woojin smothered a hand on his face. “Lots of it.”

“I literally just want some food,” he tells no one, “why am I being starved?”

But nobody heard him.

So it has come to his attention that nobody take him seriously at all. Which doesn’t normally concern him, because as a middle child, it feels nice to be treated like a baby. To an extent. Nobody like to be treated like a child and coddled 24/7. Nobody. Minho and Seungmin are exceptions. They’re not human people. Aliens don’t count.

His brother told him that revenge will reap nothing but guilt, but Jeongin strongly believes in the ‘an eye for an eye’ vengeance arch where he, the antihero, obliterates those who had oppressed him. Two wrongs don’t make a right, but his wrong will just trump over the other wrong and he is excused in that he is young and rash and impressionable when they find the members of Stray Kids dangled by their ankles in pretty unicorn onesies out at the front of the company with no way to get down.

He starts out small. Hiding things in obscure places, with a special note to leave items like Gyu and big plushies alone, because those had been hostages in many petty squabbles and things were not pretty in the discovery of who took them and for what reasons. Plus Changbin gets teary eyed and if Jeongin was a more delusional man he would’ve pegged this group as unanimously whipped for upset Changbin. Or Changbin in general. No ransoming notebooks too. Chan under stress is a monster nobody want to poke at on any kind of day, good or bad. No hiding musical instruments or music making instruments or the mixer Seungmin’s mum mailed to their dorm three months ago because Minho had Baking Urges and conveniently Seungmin had this mixer sitting around in his place untouched and would appreciate it if it’s gone soon.

Figurines and clothes and socks and ties and earphones? Fair game.

To be very honest, they’re all a bunch of helpless little chicks, thrust against the turbulence of this world. There are too many things that are more important than finding out where the grey socks are or a perfectly good pair of earphones went. He unintentionally forced Seungmin and Chan who had a bit of a dispute the night before to sit together before the recording studio and listen to a new track. Woojin had put his foot down on what noise level is acceptable after 10, so if anyone wants to make music after dark, they better have earphones one. Seungmin’s pair had been nicked by Jeongin and they are hoarded together with his sizeable loot of Jisung’s figurines and the wraps of Minho’s bundles and Hyunjin’s three bucket hats. Chan needed input. Woojin was passed out.

Jeongin had a thing for school then. He only can confide in Seungmin, who was in disagreement with him about changing the pitch for another song of theirs. Through the sheer force of necessity and Chan’s surviving pair of earphones, they struggled through the song and Seungmin rattled off a list of all the things that could be improved. Chan disagreed. There was scuffling and angry finger pointing in their room while Jisung napped and Changbin was wrestled into dance practice with the dance trio, but when Jeongin came back home with snacks, Seungmin and Chan were sitting together and bantering, no longer glaring from across the room or shading each other.

Woojin did comment once or twice about everyone keeping their things and not losing them, but rightful advice is heeded once in a full moon and they have dance steps to memorise. A few
earphones don’t matter. Socks? They disappear all the time. *Stop being paranoid, hyung.*

He thinks they know that there’s someone stealing stuff and misplacing things all over the place, but no one had pointed fingers at him yet and if anyone, he can feint stupidity and ignorance to get out of. He is determined to mess up things, for his irritation and annoyance to be felt by everyone else.

He then moves on to shoes, because he knows that these boys have a lot of those. Surprisingly Woojin owns a lot, then Chan and Hyunjin come at a close second. He hoards them for a night or two, then put Hyunjin’s shoes in the sink under the kitchen sink and Felix’s lone boot in the pantry and Woojin’s fancy smancy sneakers in Changbin’s recording closet.

Jisung catches him red handed one day, running away with Seungmin’s favourite black and white sneakers. They make eye contact, Jisung’s eyes then drawn to the shoes and Jeongin’s dodgy stance.

Jeongin is prepared to throw down his gauntlet and silence Jisung infinitely. He’s ready to fight. Jisung instead only grins goofily, rubbing his hands and looking generally proud.

He feels Generally Confused, but alright then.

“My little baby, my child,” Jisung gushes, “you’re all grown up and messing with people’s lives now.”

“Actually, it’s more serious than-”

“I’m so proud.” Jisung emphasises, taking a step closer. Jeongin swings the shoes, not below smacking the boy with it. “Come, let hyungie embrace you.”

“I’m leaving,” he ditches the shoes and runs off, doesn’t even bother with the rest of the project. The point was to make them irritated, frustrated, angry, wrathful. The worst he’s seen was Minho hurling a shoe at the mirrors in the practice room, because he drank too much coffee against the advice of much more experienced caffeine addicts (Changbin, Chan and Felix) and ended up very bad to wear. It had nothing to do with the missing things. In fact, when Jeongin brings it up, people dismiss misplaced things. Dismiss. Jisung had been almost fond by his schemes. Fond. Endeared. He called Jeongin the insulting ‘my baby’.

There were also some resorts to violence on his end. He had challenged people with a game of palm pushing and won several games in his name, but he has a sneaking suspicion half the guys let him win and the other half participated just to appease his failing pride in his abilities. What rubbish.

But then Changbin and Jeongin had that one match where he was shoved and accidentally grabbed at Changbin’s hoodie and pulled the entire string holding the hoodie together out of its designated place. Hyunjin and Woojin were there. There was no talking, only stunned and ‘what the fuck’ silence.

Changbin lost it first. He laughed for so long and so hard he almost knocked himself out laughing, crumbling on the floor. Woojin had to scrape Changbin off the floor, still in hysteries, with the aid of a similarly crumbling Hyunjin, barely able to hold himself together. The day after, Changbin clung to Jeongin as if he didn’t destroy Favourite Hoodie Number Two, Gift From the Mother and Jeongin’s just questioning what are the logics of this world.

He’s fuming. This project is a no go. He must replan.
Woojin must have some reminder for Check Up On Members’ Wellbeing, because first he took Jisung for that trip then it was Changbin with the music store wander. There were some jokes about serial dating or serial threats being made, both scenarios having equal chances of happening because it’s Woojin Kim and he’s both Buddha reincarnate and Satan’s spawn in one misleading kind face. People were on edge. Rapper duo had not disclosed any information except they sleep at a more human time and get less shouty with each other. Jeongin doesn’t pay attention to any of this. Jeongin doesn’t think he’s part of the targeted group of Members Of Legitimate Concerns, but apparently he is and Woojin flags him down from the school gates, hands in his pocket.

“We’re going for a bus ride back home instead of you being driven,” the brunette guy loops a hand through his elbow because he’s trained to give an elbow to the members ever since they were introduced. Chan is clingy. Chan needs arms to cling on. It’s damage control at best and classical conditioning at worst.

“Why?” He asks but he’s walking along. It’s too late now. He’s already ensnared. He also can’t outrun Woojin. Best if he just comes along.

“Because I noticed all the things. I see everything,” Woojin laughs in a mock-mean way as Jeongin’s entire face crumbles, “you’re not very good at pretending, kiddo. In fact, I think all the guys noticed, but since our stuff turned up at some point in some weird corner, nobody said anything.”

“That’s mean,” his lips tremble. All of his efforts, out into the gutter. “I tried my best.”

“I know you did, baby, but it was cute at worst and a sort of rite of passage into prankhood or some other nonsensical words Seungmin tossed me the other day,” they bow to the bus driver and cram into a seat on the left. “There has to be a reason, yes? You didn’t just have the urge to collectively annoy everyone for the duration of the week, I hope.”

“Nobody take me seriously!” He wails and throws himself at Woojin’s chest. “Life is unfair!”

There’s a soft ‘there it is’ on the top of his head but he’s also being detached from Woojin, both of them meeting eye to eye.

“We live in a very respectful and equal household. Where are you basing your assertions from?”

“Literally I try to speak but nobody listen-”

“So do I, but I don’t go around stealing shoes.”

“Yeah but,” he flops his wrists uselessly, “people respect you, not me. Why do they respect you?”

Woojin looks offended, as if Jeongin didn’t take into consideration the matter of his age and the culture of theirs that revers the seniority hierarchy.

“I’m kind, dumbo, and nobody want to be that person who upset a kind person.”

“I think the word you’re looking for is manipulation. The emotional kind. I’m sure if you dedicate like three seconds of your extremely packed schedule you would be able to find it online. First few articles will inform you readily of what it is and how to snap out of it.” He dodges as Woojin’s fingers shoot out to attack his sides. “Stop it!”

“You think you’re being cute,” Woojin squints, “but you’re not.”
Jeongin pouts and juts out his lips, wiggling on his seat cute bumblebee style. Woojin doesn’t crumble, as expected, but he deflates, as expected, so Jeongin counts that as a personal victory on his front.

“The point is,” Woojin shakes his hand in front of his face, “you don’t have to be a certain kind of person for people to listen to you. You can’t just become screamy Changbin or mysterious deep-voiced Felix for things to magically look up for you. It doesn’t work like that.”

“You forgot Chan-hyung.”

“Chan doesn’t exist as far as I’m aware,” the brunette tips his nose in the air, miffed. “I’m still salty about the fireworks thing.”

“Didn’t you sneak out anyway?” Jeongin whispers conspiratorially. Chan never found out that after he put a ban on Stray Kids on seeing the fireworks at the local carnival, Woojin took Jeongin, Felix and Jisung out to play and they all came back within the night. It’s been a week. Woojin still has a grudge. That makes him oddly child-like and of the same level of Jeongin’s pettiness. He sees the manipulation being laid in plain sight, but he can’t help falling for it. He likes being consoled that he’s not the only child in this group. He likes to know he’s not alone. Everybody has those thoughts now and then. It’s just that he feels the extreme pressure, being the youngest in the group, to grow up quicker and quicker, so that he doesn’t give the other boys too much grief about him being a baby.

He tells Woojin this, maybe with less eloquence and more hand gestures and a couple of black eyes that could’ve happened, but they managed.

“How do I just,” he stresses, feeling very stressed, “make people listen to me and understand that I’m older than, let me do my thing, please respect me as an adult person?”

“Be you. Maybe firmer, but be you,” Woojin shrugs like it’s an easy answer to give. “Look Jeongin, you have to understand and see for yourself that while we may coddle you for the most part, we also listen when we need to. Like in the studios and when we need to fix something in the dorm. You say we don’t listen, but if you suggest even like a syllable in the studio, half the guys will wax poetic about it in their lyrics if you give them a day. You got them so far up your ass you can just breathe and they’ll document it as evidence hashtag 1456 of Jeongin Being An Angel.”

“That is a disgusting analogy but it did its job,” Jeongin scrunches up his face, sucking on his braces, “I don’t feel exactly reassured, but I’m like, less agitated than before. I’m no longer our resident kleptomaniac. I’ve given up on stealing. Take back your things. Give Hyunjin his ugly bucket hats.”

“Honestly,” Woojin leans back, “be cute, be you, eat a lot, don’t grow up. You’re doing great, don’t start changing all of the sudden. Thanks for coming to Kim’s Therapy Hour, you can pay me in shutting up Jisung and Seungmin’s Disney parties.”

“Those are iconic and you are mistaken if you think I will shut them down.”

“This, friends and demons,” Woojin flourishes his arms and nearly smacks Jeongin in the shoulder, “is the payment I get. Betrayal.”

“Oh stop being dramatic. They’re cute, singing together.”

“You’re cute too, but I tolerate you to an extent. I like Jisung less than I like you. Make him stop. He likes to test his vocal range too often and while it makes me proud, he’s going to destroy his
Jeongin breaks down laughing and Woojin looks smug, lips sitting on that pleased wavy line, the line only visible when he knows he did good and he doesn’t need anybody else to validate him.

“Thanks, hyung. I’m glad you’re not taking the boys and me out for a yelling session.”

“This is a yelling session, don’t be mistaken.”

“Alright, alright.”

“Are you giving me sass, young man?”

“Absolutely not, hyung-nim.”

Chapter End Notes

I was thinking like...of ending this collection and redirecting y'all more towards my Twitter DMs and CC for request because the pairings for this drabble collection is getting more and more cluttered and people just can't find their fics and things get lost in the void, so it's just a thought, but I'd like to start writing just short oneshots and move away from this collection, just to declutter. Comment, message me, ambush me in the street, whichever method works for you guys, and tell me what you think. I am sort of leaning towards ending things at the 50th chapter so fingers crossed we have answers by then! This was just a filler in project for the void that was the SK tags back in the Beginning Months Where Nobody Stan Them and we had no fics, so it's been fun, but it's way too long and draggy now. Do tell me your thoughts because otherwise I'll just like...not take requests until someone nudges me on social media and scream HEY WRITE ME A THING then I will, but yeah, things happen, I have issues, I need lots of reassurance and there have been none, this is a lot of anticipation and hype where others deserve just as much hype, 50 chapters is a good legacy to leave behind, I won't disappear off the grid, but I'll be writing more oneshots in the series this one is in, so check those out, quality content ahead.

Yay, so please, tell me things, otherwise I am...yeah, ending it. Please don't start crying I don't do well when tears are involved.

I am available here (Twitter)
I am also available here (Curious Cat)
bye bye babies, cover your ears

Chapter Summary

Jeongin zeros in on that, perplexed, discombobulated. When...how is this a thing? What happened before they grace his classroom’s door?

“I – yeah okay, sure, let’s go with that. Why are you here? Are you picking me up and escorting me home?” He shuffles his bag on his shoulder, feeling anxious when the reality of the situation hit all at once. All the missiles, coming at him.

“Obviously!” Minho reaches for his bag, clasping his hand around Jeongin’s hand and his grip on the bag.

“Shall we go?” Hyunjin gestures grandly to the door.

“I don’t understand what is happening,” he declares, but allows the hand seizing to occur. Minho’s palm is warm, as does Hyunjin’s smile. “I’m just going along to whatever.”

Chapter Notes

Hi hi, I'm back, it is the last holiday before I go on official hiatus and I am 10 ficlets left until I finish this collection! I'm writing lots of things outside of this drabble collection and if we would like to migrate into my oneshots it would be so cool!

credits to that one anon on my cc who three times over asked for will you ever write a minho/hyunjin/jeongin?? with emotional train wreck hyunjin, tired™ jeongin and angry-but-still-soft minho

@anon you didn't mention how long it should be so i wrote 2k of it but if you want me to extend it at the cost of your firstborn or twenty ballads in my name or a box of muji stationery, hop onto my cc and shriek at me for an extension. also my characterisation is terrible i'm sorry please forgive

When the basketball hits, Jeongin still wins in this knock out. Why? That ball can’t take him down any more than he already is – he’s given up, this is just another rock in his metaphorical rock sack, full of rocks that are nicely labelled ‘My expectations of myself’, ‘Sleep deprivation’ and ‘High academic pressures from my school and peers’. So when he hit the ground, bumping his head a bit (or a lot, he’s not quite sure, today is a numb day) on the ground, he accepted the pain, fully over how life sucks and how he sucks even more.

Perhaps the thrower of the ball checks in with him, but he can’t hear things, his head is too fuzzy from hitting the ground. He’ll lie here until he decomposes into the pavement in a puddle of disappointment and seep between the cracks, becoming one with the dirt. That’s where he belongs,
utter and complete dirt.

Unfortunately, he wakes before the decomposition occurs, which is heartbreaking and disappointing. He went into Intense and Deep Sleep. He deserves to be a grain of dirt when he wakes up, not still unfortunately himself and on the ground, head propped on something soft.

Lee Minho winks at him, crinkled eyes, crinkled pretty eyes, head resting on his arm. They’re facing each other. Jeongin looks like he was knocked out with a heavy object, like a basketball or an anvil, bruised browbone and nose ridge, face stuck in a scowl too similar to that of Seo Changbin. His glasses aren’t here, he can’t see more than three steps in front of him and he’s scowling for kingdoms to fall around him. It’s not a particularly friendly or pretty face to greet Lee Minho with, resident pretty boy of the school.

That’s not important though. What important is that Jeongin had never once moved from the floor. He had not gotten up. Lee Minho is eye level with him.

The logical conclusion is that Minho is lying on the dirty ground to see eye to eye with him, which is gay and sweet, but this is not a bonding moment because he’s pretty sure he’s about to miss a class and that’s not ideal, plus the no glasses situation complicates this fortuitous meeting into one of him scowling and Minho grinning beatifically.

“How can I help you?” He grumbles, a bit angry, mostly tired.

“I saw you on the ground after the basketball idiots ran off and I didn’t want to make a whole spectacle about assault, so I lie down next to you and pretended like we’re chilling,” Minho winks, scooting closer. “You can help me by sitting up and checking if you’re still light-headed. You hit your head.”

“It’s not the first time I’ve been hit or hit my head,” he grumbles, Minho’s outline coming into better focus now. From 280p to 720p quality. “But thank you for exploiting that Tumblr meme reference. I feel like a glorified dummy.”

“You’re welcome. I wanted to thank you though. I would’ve been much angrier coming into class if I hadn’t seen your face before you got hit. I wished I captured it. It was pure reaction goals,” the older guy giggles, covering his mouth with his palm, long eyelashes fluttering. No Jeongin, now is not the time for the Gay Feels. No Jeongin, you must be cool and suave and a Heterosexual™.

“You talk like a mix between a Tumblr blogger and a Twitter troll and I’m not surprised if you are both,” he rolls his eyes, trying to push himself up with his forearms. He can’t. His head feels too heavy, like it’s loaded with the rocks of his emotional baggage. “Please help.”

“Gladly,” Minho springs up, light as a feather, fluid like water, whatever it is that dancers do, as Hyunjin waxed poetic about his dancing hours on end. “How is your head? Sit up first, then try and blink a lot. Focus at a point.”

“I can’t focus,” he groans, arms extended for Minho to haul him up to a sitting position, “no glasses.”

Minho’s grip tightens on his wrists, smile beaming bright enough that even without glasses, he can see the shine. Colgate worthy. Sensodyne approved.

“No worries. Hyung will catch you if you fall!”

“Please don’t. I’m taller than you,” he objects, feebly, but gladlly, because his Gay is thriving.
Hyunjin runs into Jeongin, engaged in a three-legged marathon with Minho, hobbling to a classroom. He breathes – he honest to his freshly-removed braces breathes, air’s not even in – and Hyunjin is already blubbering over him, screeching in true banshee fashion, wailing and lamenting the loss of her lost love.

“*Innie!*”

Minho unfortunately doesn’t understand how Hyunjin is an immovable object and Jeongin is an impenetrable force and being in the middle of their collision is a. plain stupid and b. asking to be bashed into next week. Hyunjin, all instincts and no thought, one would think Jeongin is exaggerating, but he isn’t. Hyunjin is a mess most of the time and a blubbering fool for the other times. He skids and veers off, perhaps possessing the historical moment of the sole foresight before in his life, to the side of Jeongin without Minho supporting 90% of his body mass, because wherever he was smacked on the head, it impaired motor skills. Gross motor skills. Walking, who’s that? He doesn’t know her.

Jeongin lets go of Minho, cutting all the ropes and diving through the open air, soaring and falling to catch Hyunjin. They’re really just a mess of limbs and drifting through the wind, preferably not to start again because that’s gross, let him go. Let Jeongin go – he’s running on four hours of sleep and he’s ready to end it all.

Except Second Fated Ground Touch Down doesn’t manifest into reality and he hit onto nothing except into Hyunjin. On better days and more well-rested days, he would’ve venture (or Hyunjin – really it doesn’t matter who does, it matters that someone does the thing) into the line of ‘Are you falling for me?’ or ‘You’re hitting on me. Geddit? *You’re hitting on me*, accompanied by obscene eyebrow lifts. Hyunjin would elicit a horrid camel-ish yodel and Jeongin would close his eyes and lose all of his will to live, the will-to-live meter dropping to subzero levels, because Hyunjin and pickup lines are a bad combination and should cease to exist. But they’re falling and they’re not flying and there’s no breaking free because Hyunjin would hit ground first and even though Jeongin acts like he doesn’t care about that awkward human giraffe, he would be inconsolable if Hyunjin dies or worse, expelled.

They don’t fall, suspend in mid-air and drawn back up, against gravity’s will, falling upward, not downward.

Falling upward into a human body too. A human body that smells like that clean soap smell that Minho exudes in their little pilgrimage up the stairs. That pilgrimage was full of double entendre and being hit on, but Jeongin was tired and generally oblivious to romantic approaches unless one spells out the letters ME WOULD LIKE TO COURT YE, DASHING LAD OF THE YANG NAME, AND DISEMBOWEL MESELF FOR THY HONOUR AND GOOD GRACES in A0 sheets and Braille, he wouldn’t be aware of the romantic pursuits. Hyunjin’s an excuse. He has an inclination towards Hyunjin. He possibly even returns those approaches in his own convoluted ways.

“Oh my god,” Hyunjin squeaks, half his face pressed into Lee Minho’s shoulder, “you just pulled us up from falling.”

“Lee,” Jeongin twitches, “you’re pulling two growing teenage boys with the sheer force of your arms.”

“Oh my god he’s ripped,” Hyunjin stage whispers, steadying himself and detaching from the one-armed, inhuman strength, grip. “You’re ripped.”
Minho blows him a kiss as a response, tightening his hold on Jeongin.

“You’re alright? Can you walk now?” They’re eye level standing up, a fact he never once noticed because stairs are assholes and they provided him with faulty measures of height. They’re eye level now, just, and his heart forces its way up his throat, drumming loudly.

“Yes,” he stutters, frigid. “Thank you.”

“You did good, hyung,” Hyunjin shoves Minho a thumb up. “And you got bitch-slapped by a basketball,” he turns to Jeongin, “you also fell and lie on the floor.”

“I tried to tackle the floor,” he argues.

“Yes,” Minho grumbles back, assessing him for injuries, “I’ll have him now, hyung, thank you for babying the child. I got this.”

Here we are,” Minho retracts his arm from behind Jeongin, stepping back to allow him breathing space and his heart retreats into his chest, slowly, eyes wary of Minho the whole time. “I have to go, but I’ll see you both later.”

“Wait why,” Jeongin clearly got whiplash for that head turn because wow, does his neck hurt and his bangs can whip hard. The sting still plagues him during the sole ten seconds after the whip.

“Just cuz,” Minho shrugs and winks, all fluidly done, “bye bye babies, cover your ears.”

“Wait but why-” he flings his arms about, only to be shut up by a kiss to his left cheek. He’s praised often for the rise of his cheeks, the cheekbone prominent when he smiles. He’s proud of his cheeks and his smiles – not everybody and their grandmothers know this – and he’s shocked, surprised and pleased when Minho presses a soft kiss to the skin there, soft and fluttering.

How does one breathe again?

“Whoa-” Hyunjin doesn’t even get to breathe and Minho kisses him on the nose, playful and soft, and all the confusion diffuses out of the tall child in a typical deflated balloon fashion - loud, annoying, embarrassingly obvious. “You just - “

Minho skips away, to a group of boys congregating near a pole. Between the five of them, they hold three basketballs, bouncing and twirling those round bastards.

“What’s he doing?” Jeongin wheezes. “I can’t believe I’ve just been kissed by-”

“OI SHIT FACE, YOU HURT MY BABY, GROVEL AND APOLOGISE, YOU FUCKWITS!” Minho roars, so loud that multiple things are dropped at the sound of his voice, loud and booming, the edges of it harsh and biting, all unforgiveness and cruel retribution. A complete 180, character reversal.

“Holy shitake mushrooms,” Hyunjin chokes, “oh my gay, be calm.”

“Oh your what?” He cannot put a lid on what he is feeling – the emotion too multitudinous and inexplicable that he’s just gazing at Hyunjin in a jumble of incomprehensible feelings, unable to be expressed vocally or visually. “Now is not the time to-”

“BABIES!” Minho shrieks from where he is. “GO TO CLASS! I’LL SEE YOU LATER!”

“I gotta gay,” Hyunjin crushes his cheeks between his own palms hastily, “love you, see you!”
“What? Was that a Glee reference you absolute low-life?”

Minho does indeed manifest before his classroom, Hyunjin on his arm, hair all stylishly mussed. For a fashion shoot. For a movie screening premier. For waiting at the door, looking unfairly good and unhealthy for his heart.

“Hello,” his tone is saccharine sweet, “I’ve come to sweep you off your feet. I didn’t have to with Jinnie, he came willingly.”

“I love him and everything he stands for,” Hyunjin chimes in, emphatically and genuinely. “Seduce me more with your knowledge about courante and its step sequences,” he sighs, voice half-joking and half-besotted. Jeongin isn’t quite sure what is going on and how he can reason with this charade. Knowing Hyunjin, he would follow someone into a van if they tempt him with Apple Air Pods and a direct entry into the Russian Ballet.

“Did I scare you when I raise my voice from before?” Minho’s tone dips, lower, his natural speaking voice. It’s still sweet, much sweeter than Jeongin’s squeak anyway. “I just hold an unending reserve of anger.”

“Mood,” he mutters, completely sympathetic, “but you didn’t have to do that for me. I would’ve been fine.”

“You were limping. I had all the justifications I needed for waging a war,” Minho shrugs, entwining his hands, almost too casually, with Hyunjin.

Jeongin zeros in on that, perplexed, discombobulated. When…how is this a thing? What happened before they grace his classroom’s door?

“I – yeah okay, sure, let’s go with that. Why are you here? Are you picking me up and escorting me home?” He shuffles his bag on his shoulder, feeling anxious when the reality of the situation hit all at once. All the missiles, coming at him.

“Obviously!” Minho reaches for his bag, clasping his hand around Jeongin’s hand and his grip on the bag.

“Shall we go?” Hyunjin gestures grandly to the door.

“I don’t understand what is happening,” he declares, but allows the hand seizing to occur. Minho’s palm is warm, as does Hyunjin’s smile. “I’m just going along to whatever.”

Chapter End Notes

I wrote this instead of studying for English and chem so please shower me in comments please friends. Also I will try to write your prompts for ages ago (I’m sorry I left them in the basement) but there are 10 fics left so fire away. I shall pull something from the realms of my dying brain uwu

Also the person who points out my references get brownie points
I am available here (Twitter)
I am also available here (Curious Cat)
At the edge

Chapter Summary

In which Woojin denies feelings for two boys and runs away, but love catches up to him in the wintery sky in front of a train station and flanks him with those he left behind

featuring Felix the tired surgeon intern, Changbin the frostbitten but still aggressive unpaid miracle worker, many cameos from Stray Kids and TWICE

Chapter Notes

I'd like to mention that Iris gave me this prompt since February and I wrote half of it and left it to rot in my laptop until I pulled up a list I drew up of all the things I want to write for this drabble collection and glaring at third place from the top is HEY YOU PROMISED IRIS A THING

so here we are

It had since spiralled into something much much longer than what I intended it to be - but hey, we so rarely get Woojin-centric fics that we gotta have a big and long one because I was in a suffering mood and thought 'why not drag everyone with me lmao let's geddit'

Prompt: Aro/ace relationships make me happy, so if you want to give them a go for Stray Kids I'd love that~~ Also poly :D only if you want to! :*

My only disclaimer will be: I still don't know what I'm doing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Woojin turns the doorknob and pulls open the door as loudly as he can, abusing the hinges. A hiss resounds from within the darkness of the room.

“Close the door,” Gollum 2.0 croaks, “I’ve been binge-watching anime all day.”

He enters, but lets the door sits ajar like the asshole he is. Natural light floods in. The groaning takes on a demonic tone, invoking the spirits of the warriors buried under this land. Their apartment block is next to a historical digging site and there’s a running joke in their residence on how long it will take the archaeologists to convince the landlords to let them demolish the entire block to dig up more dead heroes’ bones, which is noble and all, but the landlords run on the stinginess and scarcity of resources, so every time a new history intern gets assigned to this site the kids on the first floor get a kick out of watching the confrontation between the intern shyly suggesting compensation and ½ of the landlord couple screaming DO NOT EVEN TRY YOU MINION OF ACADEMIA.
Woojin would know, being a friend of a history intern, now happily an archivist somewhere else, but he was a barista at the time and depleted about twenty cookies to calm his friend down. Not to say it wasn’t mildly entertaining, just a bit terrifying for him. Jihyo subconsciously shivers whenever she pops over for a visit and Woojin has to continuously remind her that no, the machete was just there, she was making fish for dinner, she wasn’t really going to kill you.

Jisung told him off every single time that those exact words weren’t comforting level words and *a bit more and you’ll be painting our landlady as a machete-wielding psychopath.*

Then again, who knows? Mrs Im could be reaching a height of potential murderous urges somewhere. He won’t be in this block long enough to find out. He’s moving out next year.

He’s getting distracted again.

“You need to take a walk,” he crosses his arms and attempts to look broader than he is usually, “you’ve been indoors for too long.”

“Two days isn’t long.”

“You say that, Felix, but it is. Have you eaten proper food? Can you feel your legs? Can you even feel your arms?”

There is a shuffle and the tell-tale sign of chip packets being sat on and swiped at. Woojin doesn’t alter his facial expressions, serenity gracing the slope of his nose with the harsh sunlight. Winter is nice. There’s snow and the sounds of windchimes from outside the florist. People should be out and flourishing, not cooped up like industrial hens and forced to lay eggs in confined cages.

Felix would argue that this is a preferred lifestyle for a recluse and Woojin would 9 times out of 10 throw him out of their shared room and mandate him to perform a lap around their block. He is about to do that now when he stubs his toes against something soft. Vaguely humanoid.

Looking down at his still shoed foot, he nudges the mass still sitting in anonymous lumps in the dark. Another groan emits and Woojin looks triumphant, face lighting up at a potential to tease Felix all the way to the ancestral warriors’ excavated graves about bringing people over for nerdy dates. A walk around the pier? Romantic. Obsessive anime-binging throughout the day? Not so much.

“Hey Fel, who’s this?” He gives the lump a nudge.

Felix shuffles a bit more at the low coffee table, slaps the surface, taps his phone screen multiple times and picks it up instead of answering. The harsh blue light entertains Woojin to a bloodshot maniac from the Russian Sleep Experiment with eyebags deep enough to rival actual eyeliner. Woojin waits, finding everything entirely amusing and frankly new. Not the bloodshot eyes but the sneaking dates inside their apartment. He was out with family last night and got back late after walking his cousins to the train station. He didn’t know Felix have a date. Frankly he didn’t know Felix engages in romantic pursuits, given his crippling fear of human interaction. It’s cute but he has to run errands all by himself because his roommate would rather die than venture out the door unless the situation is life or death or an emergency summon to the hospital at 4 am.

“Hello? I’m here? You should entertain me as to who this is?” He flourishes his freshly polished nails from his nieces and Felix squints, trying to fit a palm into his eye socket.

“I don’t know,” he whispers hoarsely.

Woojin’s smile slips from his face and he quickly flicks on the light switch, hopping over
unidentified lumps covered by four blankets. A soundless explosion of light blinds both of them and he actively avoids making eye contact with the stacks of books and biscuit boxes littered everywhere from the couch to the top of the blanket utopia to a molehill of rice cracker wrappers.

“You’re a disgusting pig, Lee,” he informs the roommate who shrugs so minutely he has to squint twice to see it, “what do you mean you don’t know what this is? Is this a person?”

He now kicks the person very gently and tries to turn them like a rolled omelette, with his foot as a spatula. A hand shoots out and slaps his shin, the shape rolling itself in the blanket covering it and successfully crumble a decent-sized molehill of chocolate wraps. Felix lets out a small cry at the sudden movements, clasping his phone to his chest.

A wail of the anguished zombies emits from the human omelette. A kick and a cascade of fluorescent wrappers in the air and a mess of a human head emerges, scowling at Woojin.

“Oi,” the mouth snarls, accompanied with the longest string of curses Woojin’s grandmother would’ve prayed to the gods multiple months for, “turn off the lights.”

“Do I know you?”

They make eye contact. Woojin does not know the guy. He has a failing memory, a flaw in working as an accountant and working with too many numbers on a daily basis, but his memories of people he should know are still very intact. Nobody ever come to this area, they get no visitors ever, and ever since Felix and he moved in five years ago they are the second youngest residents. There is Jeongin downstairs but he’s moving out soon, so they’ll be the youngest. His friends at Seoul only visit once a month. There is no reason for a stranger to be in his apartment at six on a Thursday morning?

“Seo Changbin,” the stranger diminishes his growl, “Chan told me to crash here.”

Woojin had successfully transitioned from mildly surprised to completely terrified in the span of two seconds, because of many external stimuli, but the most shocking one being that he knows no one called Chan and some stranger called Chan is galloping out there in town telling boys to crash Woojin’s apartment.

“He told me Chan knows you,” Felix helpfully supplies from his slumping position at the couch, “I assume you know many Chans and didn’t ask for specificity.”

At Woojin’s barely held together sanity he muses, “Should’ve done that before letting him in. But it’s cold and snowing and I figured if I died then I’ll die inside a warm apartment.”

“That’s dangerous,” Changbin tells him over his shoulder, “but luckily I’m not a murderer. Your landlady though? Yes. That’s a murderer.”

“You’re not really helping the situation,” Felix remarks and successfully frees one leg, sprawling himself on top of the blanket. Changbin and Woojin watch as he struggles with basic motor skills. “I’m done now,” he breathlessly declares after standing up from a sitting position.

“I’m proud of you,” Woojin sincerely reminds him, “could not be any prouder.”

“What do we do with him?” Felix gestures to Changbin, still lounging on their floor like it’s his place. He reeks distinctly of the Seoul life, wearing one of those stupid cologne Woojin wanted to buy but didn’t have the opportunity to purchase any. As a kind and forgiving soul (most times), he doesn’t have the heart to throw out a stray in the cold crisp morning without feeding him first. And asking him if he has shelter and food and proper clothes.
“Who’s Chan?” Is what Woojin decides to prioritise first.

“Friend of mine. He said, and I quote ‘find the block that’s next to the excavation site, fifth floor, number 84, Kim and Lee’.”

Felix and Woojin share a look of abject horror over the guy’s head. Felix’s face takes on an animated you have a stalker? with Woojin’s answering I don’t know enough crazy people for this to be true although I have a lot of weird friends.

“I genuinely do not know how you know that-” he begins and Changbin cuts him off.

“Can you buy me some bandages? I think I got frostbite.”

He pulls out a rather immobilised ankle, glancing with much too little care at the purple skin.

Woojin lets out an appropriate scream at the landslide of information, overwhelming him. Felix steps over and examines the leg, turning and poking at it. He kicks the blankets for something and ducks down to slip on his glasses, squinting at the swollen ankle.

“I’ll give you a list,” he murmurs to Woojin, “while I try and save his foot.”

He stumbles outside as Felix prescribes emergency non-amputative remedies for the guy, closing all windows and doors and tripping his way to the tap to boil some water. Woojin stares a bit at all the carnage and promptly leaves the room, stumbling through the layer of melted frost on the ground and crashing onto the wall several times before he grips the wall and descends along the hallway, to the elevator. He doesn’t trust his legs too well to carry him down the stairs, shivering a bit in the confined space. The door closes. Elevator music chimes, forlornly of Christmas music and a bit of trot songs. Jeongin probably asked for those. He was hanging out gingerbread cookies at the lobby.

Sheets of ice descend over the church spires and chimney tops. Snowflakes in their millions, raining down in terror over the unsuspecting civilians’ heads.

In the distance, a spark flew.

He’s unsure as to why he’s recalling a college writing project. It was very ominous and full of death, which was something College Woojin was and still is. But he left those days behind, met Felix and bought an apartment with him in the middle of nowhere, to go again from the start line.

Maybe something happened. Maybe Felix is the true reason as to why Woojin has a weird back problem. Maybe Jisung had too many bowling tournaments in the hall with beakers and tequila glasses as pins and those big globes in the politics section of the college as the balls. There were shards littering in the hallway that mysteriously disappeared over the night. Woojin probably slipped on one of those shards and embedded a part of his brain on a doorknob somewhere. Most likely. Felix doesn’t talk about college much, mostly because he’s still recovering from med school and passing out in the hallways and existing without knowing the time. Some days the kids in their hall stopped questioning whether Woojin was dragging back a corpse or Felix from the corridor, deeming their lives more important than a potential murder next door.

“Here you go,” the cashier, Nayeon, slides him a molehill of medical supplies. Her face shows no judgement or question at the list of his purchases, only greeting him cheerfully and politely as he
“A kid got frostbite in the snow,” he tries to validate himself, but it’s Nayeon. This whole town saw him jump out of a window because he thought someone torched the building. He landed quite injuriously on some branches and nearly broke some major bones if his apartment was any higher up.

The entire town had something to laugh for a whole week. It brought everyone, even Felix and Woojin, together and closer. At the expense of Woojin’s dignity and the ensuing laughter that followed him whenever he stepped foot into town, but he’d willingly sacrifice himself for Felix to get out and just do things. Be a human. Socialise and interact. Establish healthy social bonds.

“Just go home safely, Woojin-ssi,” she nods and waves daintily. “Your friend is a doctor. I’m sure there are hurt children somewhere for him to patch up all the time.”

He picks his bag up and ducks out quickly before Nayeon has to force him out. There is a buzz from his pant pocket. He doesn’t even need to see who it is. He knows.

“So clingy,” he shakes his head, but there’s a smile, “I’ll call him later.”

Felix may be half dead from that big operation that handicapped him into his primitive form of Anime Otaku, but years of classical conditioning trained his body to react on command at dire medical situations. The apartment has a new face, Changbin held down on the floor with his foot levitated on a chair and Felix incessantly massaging the bruise.

“I am here, God is good, take all of this, I have a phone call to answer,” Woojin unceremoniously dumps the ingredients near Felix and fishes out his phone, the buzzing of the incoming call imminent, as if his death is near.

Well, given the caller, perhaps, but one may never be sure. Lovers don’t usually murder each other when there are missed calls. Woojin could’ve been falling from his balcony once again or lost his phone to Jisung’s nifty hands. Many possibilities.

“Hello darling,” he greets quickly, unable to stop the smile on his lips, “I was out shopping with both hands full. Don’t be upset.”

“I’m more upset over the fact that there are boys crashing at your apartment with no ties to you while it took me a solid one year to even know which school you go to,” the soft voice is frost-bitten, coughing and hacking in bitter air. Felix mumbles a ‘say hi to hyung for me’ as he unrolls bandages and seizes the ankle.

“Felix thought he knew me,” he slants his eyes across to the doctor, “Felix also snitched on me, the little prickly hedgehog. I’m not too sure who this Seo Changbin is, but he said a Chan told him to crash here and he has some serious frostbite from last night, so we are patching him up and sending him on his way.”

“Chan, huh? Do you know any Chan?”

“It’s flattering that you think I know half the people in this country,” Woojin pushes the wet hair off his forehead, “which I don’t, but I amazingly don’t know any Chan.”

There is a teasing edge in Minho’s voice as he giggles into the phone. God, Woojin loves that sound.
"I think you know all the people this side of Asia, but that is irrelevant. I’m on the train now. It should take about two hours or so to reach the station. I’ll see you soon."

"Two hours?" He squints outside. "I’ll pick you up."

"Was that not obvious? Did you expect me, Lee Minho, to walk in this kind of -"?

"Oh no I hear Felix calling me, he accidentally cauterised someone’s leg off, what a coincidence," he holds the phone at a distance from his face, "I guess I’ll just miss you from my house."

"Soon, barbarian, soon, I’ll pinch you soon," Minho would be sticking his tongue out, he just knows. "Now hang up, I’m too lazy."

"You’re so high maintenance," he grousers, but still hangs up anyway. Minho’s dolphin-ish laughter follows him until the call stops. He does not love that sound, no matter how much Felix and Minho mercilessly tease him about it. Minho has a bell-like laugh and if Woojin, his beloved, feels enamoured when he hears that laugh, he should be allowed to feel that way.

"I’m done," his roommate declares. Woojin looks at the mess, calculating how much time they would waste in cleaning up and how much time he can trust Felix to be professional beyond work hours, especially if anime is on the other side of the bargain.

Felix has packed away all the rolls of bandages and stares down at Changbin, foot still lifted on the chair. Woojin is doing the same. They simply cannot toss him to the snow. Minho would be terribly upset at their cruel treatment. What now, search this guy’s pocket for a phone and call for rescue?

"Chan said you should come to the station," Changbin hums, serene.

"And leave you here? Who is this Chan person?" Woojin stresses, with considerable stress. "I don’t know how he knows where I live."

"I’ll be fine," the injured party waves him away, with the nonchalance of someone perfectly healthy and not on the verge of homemade amputation. "Leave us."

"You have surgical knives in this house. I expect you to scalp him to next week if he starts something funny," he points at Felix, shrugging onto a jacket. "Don’t make him break the Hippocratic oath," he looks pointedly at Changbin.

"Chan will be waiting," Changbin insists, ominously.

"Check the mailbox. Chris’s things might be arriving," Felix waves him off, in every Felix-esque mannerism, desultory and nonchalant, no care for the world and least of all, himself. Woojin ranks quite far up in the scale of Felix’s Priorities and he knows that this is just Felix’s way of ridding him from danger. Woojin shrugs on another woollen coat, an artefact Chris sent from his visit to Peru, the fabric handmade from a flock of mountaineering goat, with his long ass letters and postcards squished under the coats. Minho owns the other.

Oh no.

Minho.

Minho doesn’t know about Chris.

Or maybe he does.
Woojin forces his feet into snow boots once more, toes squished and frozen once over, little brick bastards that won’t move where he wants. He’s struggling, but his mind is still racing with Minho and Chris, two people, two different spectra. Woojin.

Chris became a friend through the internet – it was a mutual stalking of each other via various social media platforms. He performed covers of various songs and one of them being Chris’s. Chris found out about it (because Jisung made him use the tags, literally assigning a laser dot on Woojin’s forehead screaming HEY TRACK ME DOWN) and tracked him down, at around the same interval as Woojin’s sucking up and messaging Chris.

Felix since then has a mantra. “It’s like you found the one you’ve been looking for.”

Woojin is paraphrasing. He also explicitly doesn’t bring up Felix’s afterthought. “It’s like you love him and Minho hyung.”

Chris and Woojin clicked with an ease of familiarity -like they met before, like they knew each other from before. It was ridiculous to ask questions like ‘Did you go to my high school?’ or ‘Have we met before?’ Christopher Bang is a Korean Australian whose family all moved away to the desert continent for a generation. Occasionally he visits Korea, but he had never been to a school there.

What Woojin found interesting was that a lot of Chris’s songs are Korean – significantly Korean, with two other boys. Together they are 3RACHA. Woojin had spent a good half of a month sending regular Siracha photos to Chris until he was blocked for a whole day and had to call the guy with his limited credits internationally to get forgiven. Chris travels regularly – he produces music to overseas entertainment companies and finishing his research project on transatlantic links in literature. When he could get in contact with the other two boys, 3RACHA produces tracks that recently became commercialised for the small following of fans who dedicate time and finances in supporting these guys.

Woojin himself has a disc that he burnt the tracks onto and listens to in the car.

Chris writes him a lot of letters on top of texts. Calls too if he can. Too many pieces of papers, photos and postcards, sometimes stickers, banners and badges, but not photos of his face. It kept the reality of them being internet pals palpably distinct and positively heartrending. Especially with Chris’s travels and Woojin’s workaholic attitudes, regular updates gradually become hard tasks to manage. Felix had written several letters to Chris now, under Jisung’s tutelage and Jeongin’s input, the three of them shouting at each other in three different languages and accents whenever they have a Letter Writing session.

What about Minho, his beloved?

Woojin mentioned Chris before and Minho had nodded, leaving things where they are. With every passing day, he came to realise that the stupid smiles he shared with Minho, he did the same to Chris’s letters, texts and little souvenirs arriving in the mail. It is cheating but is it – he told Minho before, but in a roundabout way, but Minho knows. Minho is fully aware of Chris’s existence and the impact he has on Woojin when Minho’s away, but as all things, neither is quite sure what the other is truly thinking. Minho may be the love of his life, gentle smiles and soft heart, boundless love and icicles in between sepia hair strands, but Chris is the exhilarating rollercoaster drop, the skydiving moment, the breath he takes before he dives in the deep end of a swimming pool and Woojin is a mess within his head, trying to understand what this means.

It’s not fair to Minho, nor is it fair to Chris. He peers inside the mailbox, sees a parcel. There is a dreamcatcher woven with beige-dyed feathers, real and fake, and a stack of photos, postcards,
polaroids and letters. He walks, feet already familiar with the route to the train station, while he navigates through the English and Korean memorabilia. Chris writes in both languages, sometimes separately, sometimes together as his brain shifts from one language to another and it’s a dorky thing to do because the jokes don’t translate well, and Woojin’s English is only so good so Chris would get reaction texts asking him to explain his convoluted jokes.

“This Chris, he’s important to you right?” Minho asked once.

“He comes a close second to you and Felix,” Woojin answered without hesitation. That was a couple of months ago. Now he’s not quite sure if Felix is bumped down to second place in his heart, a generous ranking, because Woojin isn’t even in the top 5 Important Priorities in Felix’s life, or has Chris just pivoted up in the same rank as ‘my annoying surgeon son I’ve known for 8 years’ and ‘the love of my life I would lay down my soul for’.

The snow sloshes underfoot. His toes are still numb.

He slams into a pole unintentionally – he knows there is a pole there, he knows there is something there, yet the lines of Chris’s most recent postcard rendered him directionless.

*Hey Woojin bear,*

*I’m coming to South Korea for the winter. I’ll pop over to where you live for a visit. Be there @ around Chuseok. See you soon bare bear.*

*Love,*

*Chrissie boy*

“Oh, all the fuckery in the spectrum of fornication,” he’s panicking, all the nerves and fear of meeting the boy in person slamming onto him. “Shiitake mushrooms, oh dear, oh dear, oh my dear gods.”

Is he coming in by the train? Is he coming by a bus, plane, boat? Flying on his hoverboards?

Minho. Minho doesn’t deserve this bombshell, coming back from the city. They planned to chill and smack each other with snowballs and build armies of snowmen in the backyard, dancing on dead men’s bones.

Minho may be understanding at the blossoming bromance between him and Chris, but it’s the kind of tolerance the First Lady reserves for the Second Wife, previously a concubine, of the King, but at some point, she will exile the poor dear.

Chris doesn’t deserve this as well. Chris knows of Minho, but due to selective understanding or sheer denseness, he does not quite grasp the concept of Minho is the boyfriend, love of his life. The man he would elope with. The man he would lie across a train track in reckless sacrifice for.

How could he betray two of the love of his life?

He comes to a skidding stop in front of the bus stop, post buried in a few layers of snow. Two figures huddle together,
“Hey,” something like nostalgia slams onto him, nose first and washing over his forehead, exposed to the wintry winds. Suddenly he’s in college, there’s a boy he remembered spotting in coming home from his late shift, slumped over outside the lab. He carried this kid back, heavy, drugged with exhaustion and stale caffeine on his clothes, listening to the surprisingly coherent and philosophical narrations of a village buried in snow. College was a depressing time, that space between Still At School and Now I Have To Adult, and many great minds had unravelled and gone mad through those years spent at tertiary education. He met Minho at uni, sure, but they were just classmates, friendly enough to talk in coffee and library queues, not the close-knit couple they are nowadays. Back then Minho went out with a guy - tall, blonde, a muscular edition of a teddy bear, used to pass out a lot near Woojin’s corridor. They made an agreement, the three of them, to carry each other back whenever one of them see another passed out like an idiot on a corridor, an open target for death by trampling or human canvas for students who are bored, drunk, high or all of the above. Minho thanked Woojin excessively whenever he carted the blonde boyfriend back, waving any apologies when they ran across each other in the morning.

The boyfriend was smart – fully intelligent and rambling in his sleep, the most exquisite mutterings that held no sense for him. Yet he listened and replied as if this sleep-addled exchange can be called a conversation. He wanted to hear more, know more of the brilliantly messy mind behind the coffee stains and the purple eye bags, haggard but full of unbidden intelligence.

“Do you like him?” Minho once asked, holding the door to his room open.

“Not as much as you do,” he set the boyfriend down, watching him, knowing that Minho was watching Woojin watch his boyfriend. No judgement, only observation.

“What of me?” Minho asked, multiple occasions after. “Do you like me?”

His answer had always been the same. Hazy replies, harvested from the unseen side of the moon, constantly rotating so that no one could see his truth, words tattooed onto his tongue, ink dried, permanence on tongue and mouth.

“Not as much as he does.” Words which were not lies and words which were not truth. Minho was different, Minho was the home that waited for the partner felled by slumber, faithfully exchanging his sleep by the door to embrace his beloved home. He was never jealous of what they had, only berating himself of interfering into this relationship, interrupting what is true and good and pure. He could only be an observer, a homewrecker, spectating an uninterrupted, untainted love and he chastised himself for wanting so ardently a fraction of what Minho had that he’s leeching off time that the two can spend together.

Moonlight had descended from up high and nestled in Minho’s eyes. He had been more than beautiful, and he seemed as if he would last for ever.

Woojin needed to leave. Never come back. Block all of this from his head. Bury it deep within the crevices that needed ice picks to unearth.

“Hey,” the boyfriend spoke to him one day, before he would transfer to a different city to complete his internship. “Wanna hear a story?”

They had never spoken and Woojin intended things to remain that way, but he was compelled to respond, let his caffeinated and scratched-dry voice uphold an exchange of verbal volley.

He found that he couldn’t, because all his words were stolen out from under his breath and under his eyes and onto this boy’s mouth.
Sheets of ice descend over the church spires and chimney tops. Snowflakes in their millions, raining down in terror over the unsuspecting civilians’ heads.

In the distance, a spark flew.

“Channie,” the then-named boy introduced himself. Woojin had set him down, feet touching ground, before Minho’s door. He had not said a word in reply.

He knocked on the door, skimmed past the lower half of Chan’s jaw and wondered if he would regret doing anything then.

(The lesson is that he regrets what is done and not done and in the end, all he has is regret).

He didn’t engage. Left. Never turned his head back.

That little “hey”, so innocuous, yet so powerful. He knew the face to the voice and he wondered on how he never connected the dots, never knew how Minho and Chris never once questioned about each other’s adoration to Woojin and their affiliations with him. Never once did he question why there was none of the jealousy he dreaded, no animosity present. It was as if they knew each other and Woojin. Through Woojin. By Woojin, because of Woojin. It was as if they planned to be with him, both of them as one, and Woojin was the one missing that link, the oh-so-obvious link that everyone else saw but couldn’t bring up the gut to mention and he himself had known.

It made no sense and all the sense.

“Chan,” the name of the blonde boyfriend, no longer blonde, is a muscle memory on his tongue. “You’re Chris.”

“Yeah,” Chan’s face splits wide in a grin, most of his teeth blinding white, “how ya doing Woojinnie?”

Minho doesn’t speak, reaches out a hand for him, for Woojin is shaking. The cold has nothing to do with it.

“Holding up,” he chokes out. “It’s nice,” he’s wheezing out the words, “to see you both.”

“We wanted to tell you,” Minho glances at Chan who jerks a head to Woojin. His boyfriend takes a hesitant step forward, snow slippery and the thunderstruck on his face even more so.

“But that was too weird and gross so we figure we’ll explain stuff for ya from the station and back. You’re taller than I remembered,” Chan/Chris grins, lifting duffel bags onto his shoulder, padded parka making up most of his body mass, making him colossal. Woojin feels like he’s in college again, gazing at Minho’s slumbering boyfriend and inexplicable things churning inside his bowels.

“I love him. I don’t. This is someone else’s boyfriend. Not mine. We don’t belong. He doesn’t belong.

“You’re taller too,” he breathes, vapours escaping his mouth. His brain is delirious, too cold and too warm. “You grew up well, Channie.”

Minho extends a hand, a fingertip away from Woojin’s jacket. He takes that step forward. Lets the fingertips graze the material of his jacket. There is a brand, metal glowing orange and black hot, searing onto his upper arm.

“I’m feeling a bit dizzy,” he confesses, truthfully. “I don’t know what to think.”
“We won’t tell you what to think,” Chan shifts the bags on his shoulder, “only what we had in mind.”

“You’ve cornered me from all the spaces available, crowd me in so much that all I know are you two. What am I to think?” He laughs, delirious from all the things spinning in his head and the cold piercing him through his ears. Minho’s gloved hands hover near his lobes, never touching. The skittishness that is pungent in the air bleeds onto the chattering of his teeth. He can’t stop the shaking, not physically.

“What you want,” Chan firmly repeats.

Woojin finds that he’s not meeting either one of them in the eye. He finds that he is at complete liberty to not engage in such traumatic-inducing activities.

“You keep deluding yourself into this bubble of self-hatred,” Minho snorts, unimpressed. “It’s putting a huge damper on all our moods. Play nice or shut it.”

He splutters, rears back. This sounds like his Minho. This sounds like someone who he fell down the stairs for and would willingly repeat the stunt just to have Minho look his way another time. This he can deal with. This snark that is painfully Minho he can deal with.

“It’s also quite rude, too, overriding our feelings for you because you can’t accept your feelings for us. That’s not your call to make and you only get like, a third of the executive decision,” Chris, no Chan, steps in closer, eye smiles from the past resurfacing like memories of dimmer lighting and sleep-induced wakefulness and the ringing in his head persists, louder, shaking his shoulders in a cautionary alarm.

Run.

“What then can I,” he wrings out his hands, “do?”

“We can talk on the way back,” Chan shrugs. “We can talk here or now.”

“You can’t get rid of him or me,” Minho reminds him, present, unspeaking, but present, warmth percolating to him. “We’re with you until you don’t want us to be around anymore.”

“I don’t even know what I want right now,” he complains, lets Minho take a gloved hand into his, squeezing his fingers. “How dare you two chase me until now, you stupid leeches.”

“Was that him being impressed? I can’t tell. He speaks in Sarcasm over the phone,” Chan flanks his other arm, squeezing, beaming. They march him out of the station, chattering over his head and to him.

It feels oddly like the old times, except he has both eyes open and the sun is out, albeit bleakly.

“You got us, yeah. Don’t run again.”

“You know who he is,” Changbin states. It’s not a question. He regards his ankle, turning his leg on the chair.

“You could say that,” Felix drops a packet of jasmine tea, bending over to retrieve it lazily, as if he
has all the time in the snow-seeped world around him. “It’s not that hard to figure out.”

“Others would disagree.”

“If Woojin is in that nebulous ‘others’ then you can kindly crop him out because no, he is not the least perceptive about his own feelings with his head twisting everything that he wants,” the surgeon-intern leans a hip against the counter. “He thinks he’s not deserving of love.”

“What a rubbish way to deal with feelings,” Changbin snorts.

“It’s stellar. He put a lid on crying after he moved in to live with Jisung and me but broke down a week in,” Felix hums, just louder than the kettle drumming in the background, very present in disrupting their conversation, casual, but barbed with caution. *I will unravel you and your motives and I will string your innards out on the balcony once I judge that you intend to hurt my friend* sort of caution.

“He’ll be glad to know Chan was miserable too when he left. Sulked for months, then upped and left Korea to go backpacking. Broke Minho’s heart.”

“Let’s just say that Woojin has terrible coping techniques and we’ll be very well off if we don’t engage in them. He’s a poor example of not listening to good advice, or any form of advice and it hurts all parties involved. Do you drink your tea with milk or sugar?”

Changbin squints, wonders if it’s code for hydrochloric acid or bleach. Felix holds up a jug of milk.

“Cream?”

“I don’t put anything in it, thank you. You and Kim, you related? Brothers, cousins?” The unspoken Boyfriends? floats that elephant to ceiling level in that small apartment.

“Goodness no,” Felix blows into his steaming tea. “We’re good friends from university and I’ve been positioned here for the local hospital. I’m his weeb younger brother at best. Nothing more.”

“Because it might be hard to explain to the entourage,” Changbin sips, stinging his tongue at the heat. His limbs halt the full body vibrations, take in the warmth. “That you and him…associate.”

Felix’s lip purse can be heard all the way to Seoul.

“I don’t even date, like, I don’t do dating,” his lips sit in a tight line of annoyance, “never been one much for romance. Just don’t see the point.”

“Is that a by-product of Woojin and His Debacles or?”

“Nah,” Felix sips, looking at Changbin square in the eye, “just never been one for romance. Ever since young. Don’t think I’ll settle down with anyone, don’t think I’ll weep at Titanic, don’t think marrying or dating is ever going to be a thing. Is that laying down grounds enough for you or do you need more?”

“You sound like you want to prove yourself to the world,” the other guy observes.

“Aren’t we all?”

There is a beat of silence. Changbin sighs.

“You don’t have to. Woojin didn’t have to, I don’t have to, but we do it because we don’t feel worthy, which is bull, man. Who you are is who you are. You don’t have to prove it to me or
“Anything. What do I matter to you?”

“Good point,” Felix points at him with his mug. “More tea?”

“Is there poison or have I passed all the security checks?” He extends his mug and for the first time that morning, Felix cracks a laugh, crow feet on the corners of his eyes crinkling, imprinting onto skin.

“You passed. Welcome to our humble abode.”

Chapter End Notes

hit me with your complaints here i don't know what happened too (or do i?)

*very fake villain cackle but really it's just me coughing and dying*

I am available here (Twitter)
I am also available here (Curious Cat)
They took Chris

Chapter Summary

There are various pitches of screaming on board too, but it could just be Jeongin and his inability to distinguish the sounds of laughing from tones of screaming.

Minho is doing an excellent job of calming others down, though he’s suspected to be the loudest screamer when Chris went under, too fast for anyone to ascertain how or why he fell or taken.

Someone is still screaming “They took Chris!” which isn’t really helping much for the panicking crew members.

“Stop screaming, we’ll find him,” Seungmin scowls at a young underling, swinging his rolled-up map around as a coping mechanism.

Chapter Notes

SO Stray Kids hit the mark for yesterday and as promised, here is the mermaid fic - I wrote it while I had a fever and jittery from studying too many organic analysis methods but I PROMISED AND I DELIVERED DON’T jUDgE

A very long long long ago request by deedee - a Mermaid AU where some members are human and others are merpeople and like one of the mermaid(man?) like this human a bit too much and like abduct them from the human ship. the humans are freaking out, thinking they are never going to see them again and the mermaids are like ‘wth, he wont live, return him immediately ’ and like the mermaid that took the human is like ‘nah man, he's fine, i made him drink the potion' whatever happen next is up to you. it can be any ship that you see fit since i ship everyone with everyone. (tbh this idea came from an add about a show about sirens on the science channel and all i remember hearing is "THEY TOOK CHRIS!!")

and ponyeet who requested chansung

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What,” he opens his eyes and feels the weight of a ship pinning him down and three candelabras dragging him down into the bowels of the ocean. What doesn’t encompass all his discombobulated experiences, tip topsy and churning brain matter, but it indicates enough. He’s all hazy eyes and floating in mid-air – he hit his head pretty hard on a solid object, right, and now his brain is spilling out and he’s going to bleed out to death while his crew scours the ocean for an arm or a leg.

“Hi,” he hears.

“How hard did I hit my head?” He wonders because hearing disembodied voices is a distinct sign of hallucination and a descent into madness, predating erratic brain activities before it shuts down. “I’m hearing things.”
“Open your eyes a bit more before you speak, sailor.”

Opening his eyes shouldn’t be this much of a chore – but it feels like it and he’s trying his best. Nothing’s been the same after Changbin lobbed a compass half way across the floor and smacked him on the temple. He’s rattled by that, functioning weirdly since.

His eyes are lacklustre without the seeing glass and there are just these moving blobs around him. Blob. More blobs. And another one. His eyesight is now compromised. Soon he’ll hear the voices of his ancestors as he torpedoes his way back into their embrace.

A shadow lingers before his eyes. He squints, but can’t get any clearer outline than like…seaweed? Seaweed flowing?

Is he just talking to lumps of rocks? Is that what the end of his life is heading towards?

Before he can attempt to reason with calcified fortresses, a bellow shakes his eardrums.

“Jisung, what are you doing with a human?!”

Up aboard, the crewmates of the Strays are understandably very disoriented. A few are running about. First mate Changbin had taken up sharpening his knives and stabbing them onto rigging poles. Seungmin, the quartermaster, directs others, himself on a raft, in paddling across all directions, scouring for Christopher, and if not possible, any parts of Christopher.

There are various pitches of screaming on board too, but it could just be Jeongin and his inability to distinguish the sounds of laughing from tones of screaming.

Minho is doing an excellent job of calming others down, though he’s suspected to be the loudest screamer when Chris went under, too fast for anyone to ascertain how or why he fell or taken.

Someone is still screaming “They took Chris!” which isn’t really helping much for the panicking crew members.

“Stop screaming, we’ll find him,” Seungmin scowls at a young underling, swinging his rolled-up map around as a coping mechanism.

Felix is up at the main foresail, telescope attached to his eyes, set line on his mouth. He’s quiet, despite all the cacophony all about him – but perhaps it is to do with the fact that he is removed from the rest of the crew, his status as a castaway stringent on the chain he adorns always around his neck and his anklet, slavery fetters or insignia of royalty, no one can be certain.

“What’s the situation, Lee?” Minho cranes up his head at the temporary sailing master, one who knows these seas better than a lot of them, rivalling even Chris. Some days, whispers of Felix as a being from the ocean permeate the haze of sleep, but they are quashed by Seungmin’s dismissal. No mermaids stay away from the sea for that long without drying up in death. Felix had been sailing with them over a moon’s rotation. He cannot be anything other than human.

“We’re not in hostile waters,” the blonde murmurs.

“But?”

“Call the men back. The mermaids are tricky here,” he leans over the rigging, calling for them. “Oi, come back!”
“Why?!” Seungmin thunders, paddle gripped tight in his fists.

“Mermaids,” Felix slips down the rope ladder, “and they will pull you under, just like the captain. Come back, and they will not be mischievous.”

The quartermaster pauses, raft drifting on gentle waves. There is no sound.

Shapes shift and coalesce under the waters. Splashes all around their rudimentary rafts. Flickers of tails.

“Sir?” Jeongin is on the water, of course he is. In the time that Seungmin sucks in a breath to order the crew back, Changbin leans out, hissing.

“Come back, you morons. Listen to the runt – you’ll be eaten alive. All of you, back, back!”

“And the first mate is finally doing his job,” Seungmin can be heard mutter.

Felix touches feet onto the deck, barefooted, anklet tapping onto wooden beams. He closes his eyes, muttering soundless words. His hair shifts colours under the brilliant sun.

“Lee?” Minho steps back.

“Don’t be afraid. It’s only a simple spell,” a corner of his mouth twists, “I pose no harm to this ship and her crew.”

“Your eyes are green,” the boatswain points out.

“As they are. I’ve been working hard to change that. Chris is fine. He’s alive. A mermaid slipped him a potion. He will,” Felix licks his lips, skin paler under the sunlight, “probably live.”

“Probably?” Changbin interrupts at the same time as Minho’s “Oh my god he’s dead, isn’t he, he’s going to die.”

“I’m coming down if he doesn’t come back up. Try to breathe,” Felix discards his shirt, loose and covering the scars on his shoulder and arms. Seungmin and Jeongin throw themselves at him, restraining his descent into the suspiciously greening waters.

“We’re one man down already, let’s not have another one,” the quartermaster shakes his head.

“Shut up, you’re a part of this crew, don’t shake your head at us,” Changbin scowls, throwing the shirt back at Felix’s face. “We wait – if he doesn’t crop up then too bad, Seungmin can be the captain, we fish his dead body out of the water and bring him back onto dry land to bury the bastard.”

Felix hesitates, moving his lips to say something. Jeongin leans in. They share a look, the younger boy grasping the blonde’s fingers.

“When the sun hits the third mast, I’m diving in. No arguments,” Felix turns, climbing up the foresail.

“What’d he said?” Minho leans over.

“Something about...” Jeongin squints, sweeping an eye across all of their faces, “marriage ritual?”
There is a ‘pop!’ and suddenly he can see.

Christopher is not having a nice time nor is he enjoying it. Nope. He’s seeing things now because his ears had broken due to underwater pressure and he’s bleeding out of his ears and hey mermaids, of course, why not, have a dragon too while you’re at it –

“You dragged a human,” the golden-tailed mermaid pinches their nose, “underwater.”

“I gave him a potion. He’s fine, look, just disoriented. We spoke, he’s conscious, it’s all cool,” there is a vibrating and purple-scaled thing, perhaps adorable in the sense that clown fish could be adorable in Chris’s post-I-hit-my-head-pretty-heavily-down state and he’s taking shallow breaths. Breathe, boy, you’re alive, for ever how long.

“You can’t just kidnap humans when you want to talk to them,” the golden mermaid stresses, sounding so distinctly Seungmin-esque that Chris finds himself nodding thoughtfully to it, lips pressed on an understanding line.

“You could’ve said hello normally,” he hums.

Oh no.

He’s talking to his hallucinations.

When is God taking the wheel again? Why is the dying process taking so long?

“Where do you think you are?” Golden Tail’s tone is gentle, like they are approaching a frightened animal, which, to be fair, Chris is one, but semantics and ouch.

“In my head? Can I name you? I need a name for my hallucinations,” he replies, floundering. “I feel like a cloud.”

“I still think it went pretty well,” Purple purses their lips, swiping at Chris. The touch is a too-close affirmation of a sneaking suspicion in the back of his mind that sinisterly hisses ‘hey so what if you’re actually not crazy and this is all real’ and he’s gasping now, great, things are spiralling before his eyes and it takes two shakes of his shoulders by fingers, not his own, to bring him into one spot.

“This is happening,” he looks at Purple, “I’m…breathing. Underwater. Eep.”

“You brought a perfectly sane human man down under and you gave him a mental crisis. ‘Good job’ my arse, you absolute moron, look at what you did. What’s your name, sailor?”

“Uh – Chris,” he tries to back off, but there’s no ground and wow, is it water everywhere, he’s floating, oh Lord, he is floating, water, so much water. How is he not suffocating?

“I’m Woojin,” Woojin proffers a hand. “We’ll take you up soon. Maybe hit you with a forgetfulness potion. Your mind is unravelling before my eyes and I can’t have that happen to a completely innocent bystander.”

“Jisung,” Jisung, fingers at his shoulder, shirt somehow not wet, purses his lips. Maybe Chris’s water addled brain is playing tricks again, but he feels a twang of guilt at disappointing a merfolk. Oh no. Next he’ll be staying here for two hundred years and married with a litter of half human children and forget all about his parents and his crew. No. No, Christopher, you cannot find mermaids pretty, you need to go back on your ship and sail the heck away.
Jisung pouts harder, leaning in. He has gold flecks in his eyes and full cheeks.

Regret. You’re gonna regret so hard if you leave him. His brain helpfully provides.

“I really like him though,” Jisung whines. Chris finds himself nodding, subtly, a small twitch of the head and Jisung presses closer, tail twirling around his ankles, boots no longer attached to his feet.

“And I love pretty things just as the next guy, but you don’t just take people from their ship and force-feed them potions and engage them into unknown marital rituals,” Woojin pinches the space between his eyes. “Hyunjin is coming with a cure. I’m escorting him back up to air. Follow, but don’t detain.”

He stares significantly at Jisung who pouts and proceeds to wrap his arms around Chris’s neck, mumbling into his collarbones.

Hyunjin is a green-tailed beauty whose sharp eyes glow bright orange and the talons on his fingers only serve to fascinate, not scare Chris. Oh no. The uncalled-for compulsion to stay is getting stronger now.

“Here we are,” Hyunjin hands him a vial, ignoring the Jisung wrapped like a vine around him. “I’m so sorry about him. He gets very excited when he sees a target of pursuit.”

“Wow,” Chris can only marvel, “your eyes are now blue.”

“They do that sometimes,” Hyunjin grins, a sharp fang flashing then disappearing. “Keeps the clients on their toes. Don’t know what I’ll do next. Shape shift? Grow an extra tail? Breathe fire? The possibilities are endless. Only take the vial when you’re approaching air, otherwise it will poison you.”

“Lovely,” he drawls, fearfully, extracting the glass vial from the talons, “I hope I wasn’t much wor-”

“None of that. I’m a brewer, it’s my job,” Hyunjin smiles, eyes scrunched shut. “Don’t come back for a visit.”

“Noted. Will not attempt,” Chris quickly follows up.

“Stay with me,” Jisung whines in his ears.

“Perhaps when I get to land, I will consider it,” he murmurs back. His brain is chanting at him to do questionable things, like put his arms around Jisung but if he’s never coming back, at least he did something.

He wraps his arms around Jisung, loosely. But it feels nice, slightly borderline like he committed himself into something inextricable, but nice nonetheless.

“He confirmed the proposal,” Hyunjin points.

Woojin facepalms, and groans very loudly.

“What,” Chris echoes, faintly aware of how his suspicions are turning up correct one after another. “What did I do?”

“Jisung, deny it. Jisung,” Woojin pulls them apart, Chris and Jisung both groaning, a tug to Jisung’s eyes and a cry to Chris’s lips. “You haven’t asked him. It is not prudent.”
“I break my proposal,” Jisung mutters, sullen. “But will you be mine, captain?”

“Uh,” he surmises, which is very encompassing of all his experiences, thank you very much. “Later.”

“Up, then we’ll talk,” Woojin pushes both of them towards the divide between water and air. Hyunjin gives a cheery wave before they depart, winking at Chris. A little ‘good luck’ is sent his way.

There are bubbles nearby their ship and it is guesswork on who moved faster – Changbin, Seungmin or Felix. They all crash into each other over the hull, skidding and nearly vaulting into the waters where Chris emerges, two others with him in tow.

Their captain gasps in lungful of air, choking a little. The blonde person begins reprimanding the purple-haired guy? gal? person? fingers stabbing and gestures wide, disapproval and malcontent rich in his elbows swinging.

“Chris!” Seungmin screeches. “Ya bastard!”

Chris groans but swims over to the purple-haired person. The crew watches in confused fascination as he slips his mother’s heirloom over the neck of a decidedly merfolk, whispering the blessings as metal touches skin.

“Is he – is that – a proposal?” Jeongin whispers.

“What’s happening?” Changbin grits. “Why is our captain proposing to mermaids?”

“Jisungie!” Felix leans over the water. “Stop seducing my crew!”

The trio in the water turn their heads, a different expression on each person. Chris quickly schools his starstruck look into one of Professional Sailor and swims to them, boots no longer on his ankles.

“Shall we come up?” A mermaid quizzes the other.

“I want to go home. Right now. Forget this all happened,” the blonde one mutters but follows anyway, fluid manoeuvring under the water.

The crew is understandably confused as Chris climbs up onto the deck, but he’s here and it should count, right?

“What’s going on?” Changbin turns, wild, incomprehension in his eyes. “Lee?”

“You dragged a captain underwater so you can profess how much you love him,” Felix isn’t listening as much as he is reprimanding the purple-haired mermaid. Jisung. “You broke so many treaties, fool.”

“He said yes,” Jisung chirps, too happily, grinning up at Chris.

To everyone’s abject horror, their captain goes a nice shade of salmon pink. Felix can be heard sighing heavily.

“Of course he did,” Felix taps his temple, agitated. “Captain’s been spoken for and it appears he accepted. We’re now bound to this tribe of merpeople. We can’t sail until we pitch Chris overboard
or we take in the mermaid.”

Cacophony breaks out. The most common one being ‘Why the hell did you say yes?’ and ‘Why?’

“Captain?” Jeongin questions.

“What are your thoughts, crew?” Chris turns to them.

Seungmin stomps a boot, jaw gritting. Changbin too is drawing out knives, hissing.

“I say we celebrate first. Deciding comes later. Give them time,” Minho shrugs. “What’s the rush?”

Chris flashes him a grateful look. The crew members graciously start up a ruckus, eclipsing Changbin and Seungmin’s joint protest, carrying Chris away on their shoulders.

“We will have word, castaway,” Seungmin glares at Felix who gives a desultory shrug. Changbin similarly sheathes his knives, eyes tracking the boy. Something shimmers in the sunlight and the vague outlines of wings spout from Felix’s back.

One blink and they’re gone.

“Of course. Save it for later. He’s back now, just as I said he would. Celebrate. Unison is not a burden,” the now brunette drawls. “I will negotiate. Perhaps we can reach a compromise.”

“Perhaps,” Changbin continues staring. “What are you, runt?”

“Funny you would call me that,” Felix smiles, too easily. “I am who I am, first mate. Now if you’ll excuse me.”

Chapter End Notes

If anyone can guess what Felix is, do tell me because I don't

Guess what happens in the end to help a guy out

Find me here (Twitter)
find a jenny on curious cat
This is not a musical so let it go

Chapter Summary

Chris is heard asking, “The children, they are bonding?”

“Yes,” Woojin’s eyes sparkle. “Bonding.”

Chapter Notes

Am I updating instead of studying? Yes. Am I definitively going to fail? Perhaps...I don't have my test scores back to cry over it yet but until then, wish me luck in finishing two other minchan fics. Then I go on actual hiatus because the essays must be churning and the practice exams must be rolling to my teachers.

For Marian
: Felix/Changbin watching Disney movies and arguing over the best princess and fanboying over David from Lilo & Stitch - they didn't exactly argue about the movies but they argue in general and I am: doing my best please understand

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Changbin welcomes Felix to a new day by gracelessly and in dramatic flair known only to his bloodline of Seo, raining plushies onto his sleeping body. Felix kicks himself awake and almost onto the floor, almost to the injury of himself and Changbin because he's never coordinated and reserves the will to achieve more class at later hours on the day.

He is more or less awake now, feet dangling just a smidge from scuffing his toes onto the floorboard, plushies pack onto a crumbling mountain, hurrying in faithful suicidal lemmings fashion from his shoulder and head onto the Felix-dent shape by his tossing on the bed.

“You're up, great!” The lawless heathen pontificates yonder the realm of the wakeful, where Felix is trudging over to integrate himself unto. “It's 8. You should be up.”

He did say he's on his way to waking, but not fully yet. Under normal working days, he is coerced to, but he doesn't have work until later on in the afternoon and he was up late last night finishing his reading and notes. Devastatingly made, may he add, and beatifically so. Changbin has no right to storm into his room and cascade confusingly soft toys onto his face and head, trickling absolutely called for anger to blow back up on Changbin’s face after.

“Go away,” he chews on his tongue. A beat after. “Did you bring bribes?”

A Pikachu nails him on the forehead.

“Of course I brought bribes, you commoner. What am I, an amateur?”
Felix mourns the loss of his sleep, but proceeds to dawdle behind Changbin anyways, lest he nails him with another plushie.

“I’m sorry, you want to what.” Those words suggest a question, but his tone is anything but. Seungmin leisurely chews on his celery sticks, the health maniac, and regards him calmly. Too calmly. Probably calculating which words to put forward that pins Felix into the hole of No Escape-o. He doesn’t like the hole and occasionally Seungmin pretends to give him a choice but they come into an agreement that there is no choice when Seungmin is involved, just go with what is given.

“Disney marathon,” Seungmin repeats. “I want to focus on team bonding today and it’s bad weather out. We have dutifully moved aside our priorities to commit to this task.”

“Don’t you have practice?” He grasps at the loophole.

“Team bonding,” Seungmin insists, “is important. We need a working and functional team.”

Minho passes by, eyes entirely sympathetic. He feels the sympathy just permeating the air. He can't get out of this one, can he?

Changbin wanders into the kitchen and speeds back out, but not fast enough. Felix catches his eyes and dives at the quickly retreating boy, corralling him into standing by his side. Sparta, Felix’s eyes burn, I'm burning you for Sparta.

“It'll just be four because I haven't seen everyone else but that won't be a problem when I see them at different times. Try to breathe, I don't plan on making you watch everything. We have to adjust ourselves to Jisung’s attention span, sadly short lived as it is, and limit ourselves to three at best,” Seungmin hustles them over to the bean bags in front of the TV.

“Three? Three what?” There is fear now in his eyes. Changbin slants a vindictive look over to him, enjoying the clear alarm and misery dripping off from his pores.

“Movies, genius,” Seungmin throws a pillow at him.

Felix holds hopes. Please say Ghibli please say Ghibli please say Ghi-

“Disney!” Jisung’s voice bounces off from the barely standing walls in Jeongin’s room. “We gonna watch Disney!”

“You lawless heathens,” he hisses and laments in the exhale he lets out. “No class, no self-respect.”

“Big words for a guy who ate food off the floor just a few minutes ago,” Changbin coughs into his fist. Felix turns, offended, a fist raised.

Seungmin cuts between them, hands pushing them apart. Jisung bounds in at the same time, waving a credit card.

“Is that Chris’s?” Felix squints.

“Yep,” Jisung pops the ‘p’. At his and Changbin’s matching horrified look, he waves the card, flopping in between his fingers. “This is for something else. Some bill-footing payment thingy for
his music subscription. He’s busy so he asked me to do it. Obviously we have pirated Disney movies on our laptops. Who do you take me for, baby bean, an amateur?"

“Did you just call me a ‘baby bean’?” Felix gasps, intents of murder clear on his tongue while Changbin nods at the ‘amateur’ bit. “Shut up,” he hisses at the oldest boy out of all of them there, lounging, too awake, too chipper and functioning. Felix almost wants to punch him in his perfect teeth.

“Atlantis and Mulan then,” Seungmin decides, lugging a laptop from out of nowhere. “Sit on the bean bags and be amenable. Play nice. Eat snacks. Just let the mindlessness of Disney take over your soul and your brain cells. Don’t fight,” he glares at Felix and Changbin. “Do not. I see you. You two are very loud and disruptive. This session is for everyone and it’s mandatory. Put aside your differences.”

Felix is very mature, but even he has his limits. The limits are now, on this bean bag, kicking at Changbin the Fiend. He is compelled to make contact with Changbin’s face with the back of his foot. Attraction. Makes one emotionally compromised. It’s just how it is.

Apparently Changbin and Jisung can’t keep still for an hour. An hour into Atlantis has Felix lobbing popcorn at Jisung’s head and screaming whenever Kida is onscreen, Seungmin humming whenever there are people screaming and Milo freaking out, Jisung screaming in general and Changbin criticising Disney. It’s nothing new, per se, but it’s getting old really quick. Felix is impartial to Kida - she’s great, powerful and her eyes glow, Thor style - amazing, but his overall reaction is a resounding meh to Team Kida.

Changbin though? Changbin is crazy over the girl. Cannot shut up, cannot sit still for Seungmin to be able to see the movie, seated behind him. Eventually the kid went and got an actual chair to perch on because he could not, honest to God, to see the rest of the animation. There was bonding, alright, if punching each other and wrestling for popcorn count as ‘bonding’. There were socked feet thrown into shoulders and faces. Jisung complained about how Changbin is annoying and disruptive, as if he himself isn’t annoying and disruptive. Seungmin looks close to giving up, just upping and leaving all of them so he can bother Woojin about a new set of notes he wrote that Felix glimpsed at from yesterday.

“I told you so,” he mouths at the friend who insisted. “Am I ever wrong?”

“Just a bit, darling,” Seungmin stands, evidently quitting. “I’ll see you in three hours.”

“Wait, no, Minnie, take me with you,” he makes a move to stand, only for Changbin to throw a leg over his knees, drawing him closer.

“Stay,” Changbin doesn’t look at him, eyes tracking Kida very insistently.

Felix squints at him.

“Please,” the older boy adds, terse.

“Please,” Jisung choruses.

He settles into his bean bag, patting Changbin’s ankle. Seungmin had left, whistling as he goes. Jisung is unusually quiet, watching the tidal waves of Atlantis carefully, as if assessing how water is doing those acrobatic tricks in 2D animation in 2001.
“We are going to watch Mulan next,” he decides, for the team, after the credit starts rolling. “No arguments. I speak for the team.”

“For the team has no tongue,” Jisung chimes in.

“You’re my favourite now,” he acknowledges the hyper child who whoops and sinks further into his bean bag. “Binnie, you’ve been demoted.”

“How heartbreaking,” is the droll response, “however will I go on after this incident, I don’t know.”

Felix feels bad for not paying close attention to Kida as Changbin and Jisung similarly remain respectful and silent throughout the movie, as much as they can. Mulan is a comedy on top of the action scenes, so the infamous DISHONOUR ON YOUR COW scene makes everyone laugh at least - Changbin looks like an emotionless statue, but he’s not that immune to good jokes. Everyone laughs at the DISHONOUR ON YOUR COW part, indisputably.

“Mulan is such a good Disney princess,” he mutters.

“Uh huh,” Changbin hums without much thought.

“Are you agreeing or like, not,” he prompts. The guy shrugs.

“She’s alright, I guess. I like Kida more.”

“…fair,” he concedes. “We can all have preferences.”

“As long as you don’t scream about mine, I won’t scream about yours. I respect that you have different preferences to mine,” Changbin shrugs a shoulder. “Surprisingly, baby bagel, I can be understanding.”

The twin mocking gasps send two balled up socks flinging at Jisung and Felix. They duck easily, prolonging their mockery at the fuming Changbin.

“You two are twin terrors. I don’t know why I bother to reason with you,” the older boy sinks further into his bean bag. “Besides, fighting over Disney makes me feel stupid. On the basis of who we prefer, we should fight over like...Disney princes and shit.”

“Hyung, language,” Jisung chides, too giddy. The returning look is withering, which sends him careening backwards, off the bean bag, in hysterical cackling. Felix regards him, finger under chin.

"Do you want a fight on Disney princesses? I can entertain you on that,” he offers, gleeful at the possibilities and all the ways to yell at Changbin who keeps beating him at Scrabble. Somehow he’s quite good at verbal fights after New Year passed. Chris chalked it up to his competitive and spiteful core. He’s not wrong.

“I don’t want to fight about Disney with anyone,” Changbin sighs, voice muffled by his sleeves, thrown over his face.

“Before you two start screaming, no, shut up pirate angel, I know you will,” Jisung shoots up, waving Felix’s protest away, “is David a hot Disney dude?”
“Yes,” Felix rolls his eyes, feeling every bit 2005 and screaming over the Hawaiian boy because he was a damn specimen.

“You have to be blind and deaf to not know how fine that man is,” Changbin sits up.

“Okay now you can start your mating ritual. Systematic screaming or whatever, I don’t know, don’t include me in it, I am done, Mulan saved China, I did my part,” Jisung scrambles on his feet, socks sliding on the floor. “Goodbye, have fun…” ‘bonding’.

He bails, leaving a much amused Felix and a tired Changbin, slumping over his bean bag, sighing.

“How much do you want to scream about our mutual Disney princesses and not scream at each other?” The older boy offers a compromise.

“Is this your way of courting?” One side of Felix’s mouth quirks up. Changbin is heard muffling his responses into his sleeves, peeking an eye out to stare right at Felix.

“Probably. I don’t know. I just want to scream about how much I love Kida.”

“And then me afterwards, right?” He probes.

“Probably.”

They spend two whole hours screaming about how much they love their princesses and inadvertently, how much they ‘tolerate’ each other. Not that Changbin said it himself, but Felix inferred.

Woojin enters, grace and class and benevolence in his stride and beams at them winningly.

“Are you two playing nice?”

Felix has Changbin’s hair in twelve different pigtails, all hot pink. His own toes are drying, the unmistakable Captain America shield finely painted onto them.

“Yes,” Changbin answers, not looking at him. “Lix, don’t move. I need a photo sent to my sister. She’ll lose it.”

“You don’t move,” he admonishes. “I need to see how many more hair ties I can force onto your hair.”

Chris is heard asking, “The children, they are bonding?”

“Yes,” Woojin’s eyes sparkle. “Bonding.”

Chapter End Notes
I can assure you I love Kida and Mulan equally but I just love Mulan that little bit more

If you can find Marvel references throughout this chapter then you win at life
Find me here (Twitter)
find a jenny on curious cat
You're lying if you say no

Chapter Summary

If anyone asks, Hyunjin spills milkshake on his own self by his own clumsy hands. It has nothing to do with the paper towels pelting from Jisung and hooting encouragement from Felix, filmed by Seungmin.

Yeah. They'll be right.

Chapter Notes

So honest to my terrible literature marks, I don't know how this works so I might have based it off this friend group with the weird romantic tension sorry guys I'm a writer I observe everyone HUHHHHHHH

Requested by the lovely cotharsis please write a poly fic of the ‘00 liners!! they’re all best friends, hyunjin and felix are dating, jisung likes felix and seungmin likes hyunjin, happy poly ending

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The world is round, water is wet, turtles are reptiles, he is very gay for his best friend.

At least...that's what supposedly True Facts are in Jisung's head.

Like. Come on. Come bloody on. Who hasn't had gay thoughts - which sane man who walks this earth hasn't had gay thoughts when he sees that hair done up nicely and so fluffy and can I hold him?

You're lying if you say no. Or you're very rigid in your Straight Ways.

Felix looks away from his phone, beams at Jisung and leans into Hyunjin's side. Jisung's answering grin dwindles into a frown as he stares back at his lap, blinking rapidly. Something like I want that to be me rises up in his throat. God he can't breathe, not when it'll make a fool out of him in front of the two lovesick fools here.

Seungmin crashes into the room, heading straight at Jisung, who opens his arms in solemn camaraderie. The boat they're sitting on rocks on the regular and at this point they're just lying to themselves about how they're okay and everything is fine.

Everything is decidedly not fine. There is nothing fine in Jisung's head. He's going insane with the urge to kiss his best friend crazy. Seungmin, well, Seungmin he knows has some plans about holding onto Hyunjin and never letting the heck go. He's pretty touch starved. Woojin told him this in confidence as if he hadn't seen Jisung and Seungmin wrapped in complete misery after the Couple's movie date, sulky.
In a perfect world, he would just fall in love with Seungmin and they would be disgusting together with like half the stuff he wants to do for Felix involved. But this is reality where everything sucks balls and he has a dead branch for a spine and Seungmin is too up the Selfless Love alley to do shit, so they suffer together while wishing that there's a third solution to alleviate the pains of love.

Okay but even if there is a third option - they wouldn’t dead take it. They’re too deep in that tunnel of ‘if your beloved is happy then you’re happily suffering’ - that is happening and -

“Wanna go on a date?” Felix snuggles in closer to Hyunjin, dyed hair and dry and bristly, boneless in Hyunjin’s half grip.

“With who?” Seungmin grouses, propping himself up with a sharp elbow to Jisung’s gut.

He lets out an audibly angry oof! and smacks Seungmin on the shoulder.

“Us and you guys! It’ll be a cute date!” Felix beams, yellow hair flopping into his eyes.

“Oh worm,” he mutters, feeling the clear deflating Seungmin is doing as Hyunjin turns to them with the puppy dog eyes. “No, Seungmin, be strong. No Jisung, be strong.”

He says that as he actively doesn’t make eye contact with Felix and by extension, Hyunjin.

“I’m not strong enough,” Seungmin hisses back. Jisung knows he’s walking into that trap willingly and he barely gets a ‘hell naw’ out before Seungmin continues to barrel into his death and Jisung’s, all rolled into one.

All this transpires in less than 5 seconds. Seungmin gulps in gaseous courage and foolhardiness, grinning with enough heartbreak in his eyes that it makes Jisung feel a little bad for the guy.

“Yeah, sure. Why not?”

Why not indeed.

In the grand scheme of things, it still sucks balls.

But hey. Felix is allowed to dress like a human being outside of the constraints of South Korean fashion ideals and god damn.

Hyunjin too. Do those legs end like ever? Are his legs okay why are they long? Why is he short? This is not fair.

Okay um now there are many gay thoughts - but it’s okay. He represses like a pro. He’s undefeated at saying nothing in the face of his crush and it’s not going to start changing any time soon. There could be an asteroid and earth can engage in clean slate behaviour and he will still shut his damned mouth like the world’s most impenetrable oyster.

Seungmin rolls up beside him and within the span of all the greetings happening and Felix giggling, knocking into his side slightly before clasping his hand into Seungmin’s, dragging him off. Even within the sparse eye contact that they exchanged, them, the Tormented Two, Jisung could tell that Seungmin planned A Thing. Which may or may not be forcing his title as world’s most impenetrable oyster to forfeit because he’s lighting up a metaphorical bonfire under Jisung’s feet and throwing him into it. Or ‘yeeting’ him. Whatever the vine thing is.
What is this magical bonfire that can open even stubborn souls like Han Jisung?

Well.

Felix turns and flashes him a sunshine smile. Slanting his face away from Hyunjin’s line of sight, he allows himself two seconds of lovesick grinning and swooning. *Oh my god he smiled at me he’s so cute I love his stupid face.*

He can’t see Hyunjin’s face but he knows it’s a similar expression on that pretty face of his.

That, dear readers, is part of the metaphorical bonfire.

- The metaphorical bonfire is the severing of the Lovesick Fools. The stupidly cute couple, Hyunjin and Felix.

He feels like a homewrecker, but at least he isn’t one yet. Seungmin is going to light that bonfire and yeet himself into the midst of it, potentially ruining the dynamics of the Lovesick Fools.

Jisung can’t have that, but he can’t interfere. It's a weird dilemma to be in and he's such a terrible participant in this clusterfuck of friendship and romances.

“You good there?” Hyunjin bumps into him, shoulder dipped a little to accommodate their little height difference.

“Holding up,” he tries for a convincing shrug. “Am I ruining today with my sulking? Shit, I don't mean to. Things are just...eh right now.”

He attempts to school his face into anything that isn't Miserable with a capital M because Hyunjin’s face is doing that thing where he's frowning and being sad for his sake.

Honestly, who hasn't had gay thoughts? How are people walking around not having gay thoughts how are they doing it are they champion suppressers can they teach him their ways?

“Quit that look,” he scolds Hyunjin softly. “I feel bad for me now because you feel bad for me.”

Hyunjin scrunches up his nose and eyes, skin *literally glowing* and Jisung making a squeezed rubber duck noise, ducking away from his friend (growing crush?) who is moving *way too close for it to be healthy for his heart.*

“But I worry. Tell me things!”

Hwang Hyunjin fucking *whined* and Jisung might as well sign his death certificate because he is *deceased.* Find him a casket under after this.

“Nothing's wrong, you tree. I'm alright,” he's grousing but it's a losing battle. Where is Seungmin? Where is rescue when he needs it?

Seungmin and Felix can be heard whooping at the basketball hoops. Seungmin is winning and Felix already has so many prizes tucked under his arms, pointing out more bears to add to his escalating collection on arm.

“Cute,” Hyunjin giggles at the little ones bickering. The baby duo, Seungmin and Felix, of their millennium gang. Seungmin does a little hop as he aims for the hoop. He will pay the kid that - it was *bloody glorious what a trajectory.*

Hyunjin honest to fuck *swooned.* What. What.
“Oi Hwang what-”

“I love dating,” Hyunjin sighs and grins at him, looking down a smidge.

“What.”

“Like you guys make me happy. Much gay. All the gay. I love being one with the gay-”

“Hyunjin shut it for two seconds and let me process all of that,” he holds up a hand but everything is spinning and Hyunjin has a hand under his elbow. “No don’t touch me it’s distracting and you’re warm.”

The arm drops, almost too suddenly. He vaguely curses - a little, then a lot inside his head. There is too much information, people are talking at him and shoving him information what does Hwang Hyunjin even meant -

“Jisung,” there’s a sort of horrified realisation from Hyunjin.

Jisung doesn’t want to hear the rest of the sentence, because he realises the same conclusion -

“Fuck were we going out the whole time Hwang?”

So it becomes this -

“What,” comes Seungmin and his dumb face.

“What?” Goes a shrill Felix.

“I - just - I don't,” Hyunjin splutters.

“I don't know anything and you all suck,” he points an accusing finger that sweeps across all of their faces. “All. Of. You.”

They break apart to move themselves so that the waiter can drop off their food on the table. When the waiter turns, Felix slumps forward, eyes big.

“You didn't know this,” he gestures widely, “was a date?”

“No, no I didn't,” he throws up his hands.

“I assumed it was a like a double date,” Seungmin admits, as flabbergasted as everyone feels.

“I said, from my own mouth, that we're,” Felix gestures to Jisung and Seungmin, “going on a date.”

“I need a written deed for these dating things otherwise I will interpret everything as entirely platonic,” Jisung deadpans.

Hyunjin coughs a little into his milkshake, eyes scrunched up a bit in pain and humour. Seungmin pats him cautiously with his selfie stick, cringing as the stick makes contact with skin.

“Yeah enough condolences,” he decides. Hyunjin stops dying in faux tuberculosis, just enough to squeeze out -
“So you guys don't wanna date us?” before he resumes dying.

Seungmin and Jisung descend in a huge fit of denying that no what no we what no no no Hwang Hyunjin none of that from you."

“I'm not saying no,” Seungmin pleads.

“That's him. I'm not saying yes.” Jisung elbows Seungmin out of the way. face devoid of any emotions except a profound what. “This was unprecedented and badly planned, granted, it's you fools, not surprised. Felix, put that look far away from my face. I'm not saying no either, stop looking like I broke your heart.”

Felix sits back, kicked puppy look still present on his face.

“So just,” the blonde prompts, quietly, “bad communication?”

“Try none,” Hyunjin wheezes. “We done fucked up, Felix. We told them nothing and just assumed.”

Jishng cuts in too, because he saw the opportunity and he's taking it. “Assume makes an ass out of you and me,” he shrugs, English words rolling like a bad habit off his tongue. “But we're both asses so,” he clicks his tongue, “guess we fit.”

“Yeah?” Hyunjin and Felix, the flexible unit that sometimes acts too much like they're one person, breathe out the relieved breath.

“I mean, you can't really choose who you like so-”

Seungmin dives in with an inappropriate “Oh my god I have such a long and rude crush on both of you but like I didn't know how to approach you but now it is...just the way it is now?”

“Excuse you,” Jisung pushes him, cheek and face away, “everything is reciprocated now.

“Yay!” Felix stretches and kicks him by accident. He jolts way too violently and slams his knees to the underside of the table, rattling and nearly spilling a milkshake or five. Seungmin and Felix dive to rescue three and Hyunjin lifts two up, too nonchalant.

“Before we start celebrating,” he has that Charming Dancer Boy With The Abs smile on, one that makes people question themselves and find other spectrum on the Kinsey scale, “is it true you make ship names for-”

If anyone asks, Hyunjin spills milkshake on his own self by his own clumsy hands. It has nothing to do with the paper towels pelting from Jisung and hooting encouragement from Felix, filmed by Seungmin.

Yeah. They'll be right.

Chapter End Notes

so uh
do yell at me
fun story i actually went on a date without realising it was a date and thus this entire
situations is too true to reality let's laugh at clueless me and my failures in romances

Find me here (Twitter)
find a jenny on curious cat
Love, changlix

Chapter Summary

*Hey pretty boy with the sunflower hair, you better text me*  
Love, Changbin

He kisses the edge of the napkin, keeping the smile within the folds.  
*I’ll call you and text you, alright, Changbin.*

Chapter Notes

No, I didn't die, I just actually got roped into other fandoms and now my timeline on Twitter is just anime - if you do follow me, I hope you don't mind  
Finally got to finishing this despite exams coming - I'm going to fail, but at least now we have changlix content

Requested by Iris like way back in March because I'm A Mess and I write things randomly: Changlix. Smth cliche as fuck like Felix and his deliciously, ridiculously deep voice being a tattoo artist and Changbin being a pastel grunge who likes painting his nails sometimes. And basically it would be the softest sweetest meet-cute and eventually Felix asks the other boy on a date and the whole thing's massively uwu. Bonus points if you squeeze so smidgen of hurt/comfort in there~~~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Felix Lee has quite a few monikers in addition to his birth name. The Good Student. Church Boy. Bibikseu with the deep voice. God’s second in command. These exist in proliferations, to his split amusement and horror.

What people don’t know about him is that he’s a tattoo artist. One time a lady walked into Lee’s Parlour, took a look at him, and walked right back out. It might have been because he’s a regular at church and there he was, manning the tattoo parlour for his supposedly queer cousin. It wasn’t exactly a good look, but then again, she walked in, so it looked bad on both their parts.

Seeing her at confessionals wasn’t exactly all rainbows and ponies (very awkward in fact) or at church. They avoided all eye contact and she made this dying animal sound in the back of her throat.

Yes.

So

The people around this part of Seoul don’t exactly take to Felix sticking sharp needles into skin and actively avoid talking about it in the unfortunate circumstances of running into him. But that
doesn’t deter him from doing what he enjoys – his cousin Minho certainly need an apprentice (and under his breath, protégé and successor gets thrown around) and Felix always has an eye for not fucking up permanent skin inking. In a sort of weirdly liberal decision, his parents relented their collective grip on their only son and let him travel a district over to lounge at Minho’s place and continuing his legacy. Perhaps in the future he’ll find out there’s an estranged cousin that he can pass the tattooing practice to or a younger kid at school whom he can influence. The possibilities are not that limited. Lee’s tattooing will continue.

Next to their tattoo parlour – because it’s as much Minho’s now as it is Felix’s – there’s a coffee shop. The rumours, oh Lord the rumours, were tittering about when the shop owner, occasional barista, head chef, went over to the parlour with a gift as he did to a lot of houses and shops within a 1km radius, for promotion and invitation to his shop. It worked, unsurprisingly – Minho turned up and became a regular as well as many other businesses around the area – but just, Minho and his overbearing friendliness – and people talk, alright? People hecking talk. The rumours weren’t nasty, but they weren’t the kind that you can brush off the shoulders like ‘ah yes, that didn’t bother me at all’ because while they didn’t bother Minho, they bothered Felix. Not the rumours themselves, but the manner in which they were spoken in.

Did you know that Lee boy, the tattoo artist, yeah, that really good-looking one?

Yeah, what of it?

I heard he’s gay, and he’s trying to come onto the nice coffee shop owner next door. Disgusting homos and their gallivanting as normal people.

Minho’s ruthless when it comes to family and friends but with customers, he’s weaker than spilt jelly out on a 40 degrees day. So the burden falls onto Felix to defend his cousin’s honour and consequently, piss off a few bigots from their parlour, but it’s part of the job descriptions – and he’s more than happy to do so.

(But it’s not like the allegations against Minho were completely false – he is gay, openly so, and he’s trying to come on to Bang Chan the coffee shop owner, who as Felix had gleefully discovered, is very interested in listening to whatever revisionist art theories Minho brings along to the shop and bakes him free confectioneries whenever Minho steps out to visit.

It’s very cute.

He’ll go down with this ship.)

And in this coffee shop, sits Seo Changbin.

To be fair, Changbin isn’t a problem.

Changbin’s the last thing from a problem, really.

In fact, Changbin is this emo grunge Tumblr aesthetic goth punk guy who sits in the window of the coffee shop and they would make very awkward eye contact whenever Felix comes over to chaperone Minho on his not-dates (they are so dates – Minho and Chan spend a solid twenty minutes just staring into each other’s eyes and bump elbows and knock shoulders together and giggle into shared cups of milk tea – they are so dates). Felix develops a very bold habit as of late, courtesy of Rachel and Olivia, to just go for what he wants, so he gives himself a timeline of roughly two weeks of waiting to see what Changbin would do about the obvious building tension
between them before he does anything.

So no, Seo Changbin isn’t a problem.

He’s very much a destination to where Felix would like to be, and he’s going to get there with any and all tricks possible.

As he lets go of Minho with his customary ‘Play nice, hyung’, he turns abruptly to Changbin and with a cheery wave, plops down on the seat on his left.

“Hi,” he greets with extra sun in his voice, although that doesn’t quite lift the depth of his vocal cords to be an acceptable human tone, “I’m Felix.”

To be fair, Changbin has all reasons to run and never come back to that café again. He has all the reasons to jump up and swear and flinch or knock his coffee cup over, but he only turns, slowly, very slowly, to face Felix, and crosses his fingers over each other on the table.

Felix’s eyes flick down to the fingers. Nails painted with immaculate black – no smears. Changbin has more than one stud in each earlobe.

“Hello,” the boy in front of him clears his throat. “I know?”

“That’s a strange thing to say after I introduced myself,” Felix laughs, eyes folding over in crescents.

“I mean, you already know who I am, so,” Changbin shrugs. Whatever he’s doing, whether he’s at ease or not, he’s quite good at faking it, so much that it seems as if Felix and Changbin had talked to each other before – that this is not a first meeting, but the forty-fifth one, and aside from Changbin’s dreams and aspirations, he also knows of the boy’s favourite memory from seven years old and that he prefers iced Americanos to hot ones.

“You’re not wrong,” Felix shrugs, “so how about knowing you better?”

Changbin’s face, while betraying no emotion, shutters off. He smiles, polite and closed, and his fingers flex around his coffee cup.

“I’m afraid your time is up today, Felix,” he jerks his chin to somewhere behind Felix.

Minho.

Who’s snapping a photo.

And possibly sending it to everyone they know.

Urgh.

He’ll deal with it later.

“Will I see you whenever I come over?” He pushes back his chair.

Changbin lifts his cup, closes his lips around the rim.

“Perhaps.”
“Oi Minho, delete that.”

“Not until you tell me what’s up~”

“Nothing is up. I just talked to him. I wanted to talk more. That’s it. Full stop.”

“The problem is that that’s it bothers me. Why are you not making more I’m Cool With A Deep Voice moves and letting it just be what it is?”

“We just talked? It doesn’t make sense for me to be that straightforward? Like, I’ll probably scare him? I scared him already?”

“Boring~ I’ll come over next week. Feel free to visit any other time, baby cuz ~”

“Do not broadcast this like a reality TV show, otherwise I’ll steal Chan away in my next visit back to Sydney.”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

Seo Changbin, sitting by the same table, writing on napkins. Seo Changbin, hair parted in the middle now, long crooked nose highlighted by the passing sunlight of the morning. Seo Changbin, unconventional beauty.

Felix went over again and again and again what had transpired – clearly he had come across too strong, too open, too much for a society such as here. He also is making too many assumptions. Getting to know someone – it’s a very clear implication to what will follow next, and he can’t continue on assuming that his intentions are the same as Changbin. He comes again to apologise and to potentially retreat, the regret of bidding goodbye just as bittersweet as foraging on even though there have been warning signs telling him not to.

Changbin stirs as Felix enters and they make direct eye contact, as always, as before.

“Hey,” he waves and saunters over, wide teeth showing, all open friendliness and no further implications. It must’ve shown, because Changbin’s face shutters open and shut, like the blinds had been drawn across a window and Felix can’t see the sights inside any longer.

Ah well. If it comes to this, it comes to this.

“Sorry it took me a week to actually pay a visit. Been pretty busy over at the parlour. I’ve been sleeping over there since Tuesday,” he draws out a chair and collapses into it, boneless at the respite he snatches since opening time.

“You’re a tattoo artist?” Changbin glances at his pristine skin.

“Yep,” he pops the ‘p’, “don’t have any on me, because I’m Catholic, but I love creating art on skin. I love the permanence and trust that go with tattooing.”

“Hmm,” Changbin seems relieved. “I thought it was because of me.”

“Oh no,” he sits back up, “that was fully not – no fault lies on anyone, I was super awkward, I came over to apologise today actually because last time was a Train Wreck and I don’t seem as cool as I look as now you can see. Okay shutting up now.” He slumps back down on his seat, pulling on the loose threads of his jumper sleeves.
A hand places itself, just shy of making skin contact with his hand peaking outside of the woollen material. He looks up, sees Changbin leaning over, close and touching his arm.

“Is this not okay?” Felix’s face must’ve looked startled and fearful because Changbin pulls away. “I just thought, well, I was giving up too many signs and you put out that proposition and – I’m so sorry, that was so uncalled for.”

He’s rambling and he’s the prettiest thing Felix has seen in sunlight ever.

“Stop, stop, Changbin, God, you’re working yourself up in a fuss,” he cuts in through the escalating self-beating. “I thought I was being too forward.”

“Did I scare you off with my expressions? I wanted to say yes, to the proposition, but it didn’t translate well,” Changbin flicks eyes the colours of sea rocks washed by the oceans and rain and Felix feels a little giddy inside at having to pick no hard options that day.

“It doesn’t matter,” it doesn’t really, when Changbin is shyly smiling at him from across the table, their hands shy from touching. “I want to redo my introduction now.”

“What would you say then, in replacement of what you said?” A corner of that mouth quirks up.

Felix leans forward, just close enough too that they should touch, but they are not, and whispers, low enough that Changbin can only hear him and his whale pitches.

“Hi, my name’s Felix, you’re a very dashing young lad and I’d like to know you better. How about a date in this fair weather?”

Changbin blurts out a ‘yes’ first before he blushes, frowns and slaps Felix in the shoulder.

“Did you make that rhyme on purpose?!”

“Can we go out then? There’s a festival, and I want to get cotton candy. And hold your hand discreetly when we sit on the grass. Whatever. Please consider and give me a concrete yes, your other one was a bit loose and-”

Changbin slides over a napkin and stands up, pushing back his chair.

“What’s this?”

“For you,” he flashes a bright side, pink tinting his cheeks. “I’ll see you at the festival then. 7.”

Felix doesn’t know what is up with the napkin, like, is it an elaborate courting ritual he’s not privy to, is it code for something, what –

He turns it over and there are a set of digits.

Hey pretty boy with the sunflower hair, you better text me

Love, Changbin

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph,” he wheezes and hears a distinct click of a phone camera.
Chan waves at him shamelessly over at the counter and begins speed-typing someone.

These traitors.

He kisses the edge of the napkin, keeping the smile within the folds.

*I'll call you and text you, alright, Changbin.*

Chapter End Notes

Look I tried my best now all I know is thermochemical values and Le Chatelier principles it is not a fun life I lead

(@Iris is it hurt/comfort-y enough I didn't want to make anything sad because I'm kinda on a happy roll lately so PLEASE ACCEPT THIS SUB-PAR WORK I WILL MAKE MORE HURT COMFORT HAPPEN IF IT'S NOT WHATEVER THAT IS ENOUGH)

Find me on Twitter, Curious Cat
Have you been flirting with me?

Chapter Summary

Changbin takes several long moments to shake himself out of it -

"Wait, have you been flirting with me?"

If Woojin was a less patient person he would've said something much much ruder than his droll - "Have been for a year now, but thanks for noticing."

Chapter Notes

for the lovely and absolutely sweet ain on ao3 who deserve more than this terrible piece of work i almost lost on my usb but i have it now and i feel bad so it's more than 500 words because you deserve an ENTIRE BOOK dedicated for you but i can't write so please have this small fic

prompt: asshole changbin falling in love with his neighbor, woojin? who frequently visits him to check on him?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's not that the neighbour's Kim Woojin's uncalled for repeated spiel of kindness is unappreciated -

(It kinda lost its effects on Changbin who deals badly with compliments and even worse with completely random acts of kindness. He'll go up in a fuse. There's no stopping him spinning into an orbit of total annihilation)

- but it is. All this time, it will be the same all the time, no matter what.

Changbin looks at the baked sponge cake with half disdain and half wariness. Is it poisoned? Why was it in front of his doorstep? He almost stepped on it, coming outside to water the plants.

The little note (hope your week isn't going too badly, neighbour - woojin :) ) makes it even more endearing-infuriating. He picks up the cake, puts it on his table and has half a mind to give it away to Chris and Jisung when they break into his home as they do every other day, just to test if it's laced with poison or not.

But then again, why though? Changbin is the harshest (and rudest) neighbour in this apartment block - he invites no love of any type to his front door and no love to be given by his cold dark heart. His friends are all delusional - and his family more so - for tolerating him and even, heavens forbid, freely giving away affections that are roughly or returned in a way that isn't affection anymore. Absolute lunatics who will only bear the burden of Seo Changbin on their conscience as they enter into a partnership that is more one-sided than many would prefer.

But seriously. What can be gained from offering food? It's not like Changbin will reciprocate the
Chan eyes the sponge cake the minute he toes off his shoes at Changbin's entrance, bouncing in with his bloodhound nose at the first instance of food. Jisung tumbles in after the taller man-child, shoes dangling from their laces around his neck - why, Changbin doesn't want to know and doesn't care to ask - hands already making grabby gestures to the cake.

"Food," he intones soullessly. "I'm so hungry."

"Test it for poison," Changbin tells them brusquely while putting on a kettle for tea. "I don't wanna eat it."

"Don't want to or like, you physically can't, because Minho is the same," Chan asks him through a mouthful of cake, bits spraying off across his tablecloth.

Changbin mentally counts to ten, closing his eyes. Maybe if he squeeze his eyelids shut for long enough, none of this will be real and he will be in blissful death. No more nosy neighbours, loud best friends, pollution, rude middle aged men at intersections swearing at him, racists at the university - none of that will happen to him anymore.

Regrettably Chan survives the suspected poisoning. It's either he built up immunity from Minho's consistent food poisoning, or there is, by some divine means, no poison in the cake and it is simply, just a cake.

"I don't want to eat food made by someone I don't know. At the very least, we have to talk first," he aggressively pours out the hot water into the teapot, tea leaves swirling and sizzling in agony at the sudden introduction of the hot stream of liquid. "That's why I'm suspicious."

"Binnie," Jisung stresses, with stress. "You talk to us after like, a whole week of us talking at you. People thought we were bullying you. Asking for you to engage in interactive conversation with your neighbour after only a month of moving in is like, the equivalent of me shutting up for a day. Ain't gonna happen soon. Chances are astronomical."

If Changbin was a ruder person than the rude asshole he already is, he would've said something much much more unsavoury than the gritted drink your damn leaf water and shut the fuck up Han he dished out for Jisung, who accepts the teacup with open glee and a playful air kiss to Changbin who dodged out of the way of the trajectory.

"What a shame," Chan sighs and scarfs down more cake slices, "I thought you'd be one of those people who can't tolerate sweets because you have low sugar tolerance or something."

"Is that what Minho has?" Changbin, because he grudgingly respects Minho for putting up with Chan's bullshit on a regular basis, endeavours a question, to show that he cares, at least somewhat.

"Nah," Chan swallows his tea in a gulp. How that didn't burn up his throat is beyond Changbin - this human disaster is a whole walking natural phenomenon that scientists can't explain, Seungmin included, and that is saying a lot, because Seungmin has actual brains and common sense and Chan baffles him on a regular basis. "He just can't eat certain sweets because they hurt his throat."

Changbin and Jisung both pause, cups to their lips.

He stands, skidding back his chair. Walks to his front door.

"Where are you going?" Chan screeches after him. Jisung presumably walked out too. "Don't leave me~!"
And people ask him why he can't tolerate humans. *This* is why.

(Chan and Jisung leave two slices left for him. He eyes them sceptically and eats them after dinner, fastening the bag of thimbles with a white ribbon, grinding his teeth in muted irritation. A gift sent becomes a gift repaid. He owes his neighbour too much up to that point to not repay him - the lingering looks his friends sent him tell him there's something he's missing - but what, besides that the neighbour has, probably, ulterior motives in tiling up Changbin on purpose because his rage fits are legendarily entertaining and what easier ways to that by pretending to be nice then pulling the rug from under his feet?

Minho once upon a time told him he's too paranoid to be walking around and being too suspicious of everything and everyone. Changbin just thinks of it as being aware, something not a lot of people have.

He aggressively ties the ribbon close in a tight loop anyways. This one, and no more. No more debts.

*So if Woojin wanted to play with you, why did he make that cake to the favouring you like and the packaging you prefer?* His traitorous lizard brain whispers.

*Shut the fuck up,* he tells it. And proceeds to pore over it for the next week.)

Woojin didn't expect anything when he passed by the apartment with the name plaque SEO CHANGBIN, rows of cacti and peonies decorating his windowsill, cake in his arm. He baked quite a few out of sheer stress from the adrenaline high from his promotion interview and went for a walk around the block to leave neighbourly and hopefully friendly desserts for the residents who have one of the highest rates of stress levels he had ever felt emanating from a group of people. What jobs they have, Woojin doesn't know, but the sheer stress levels they're peaking at concern him - and he has the valiant excuse of *it's for the greater good* whenever Mr Seo from across the floor throws up rude gestures when he opens his windows to let the Mozart compositions waft in the still air of the night, so that less people will be stressed through their all nighters and into the morning.

It worked. He gets an unnamed classical Korean orchestra CD in his mailbox a week prior to the drop of the stress level. It only has a rough note of *play this instead of that foreign bullshit* and every night, wanderers can hear the flute solo in weaving a tale about the star crossed lovers up in the Milky Way.

He started openly leaving gifts since then and expects nothing in return. The reciprocation is infrequent - sometimes not at all, sometimes a gift would find its way to him - the sender unknown but very obvious to Woojin. He doesn't check up and send little gifts to Changbin just because of sheer interest - yes, that was once the dominating factor, but not quite anymore -

Because of all the people in the block, Changbin worries him the most.

When Woojin wakes up early in the morning, Changbin would be awake. Woojin who wakes in between fitful sleep at night finds the apartment across from him with the muted yellow lamp still on, sketches and keyboard clacking away in the silent night.

Changbin with his glasses that are probably two degrees too low for his worsening eyes and a scowl that puts many to tears - the Changbin who doesn't sleep enough or laugh enough or talk to anyone besides the occasional friends that visit him - Woojin is worried about him.
Thus the sponge cake inevitably finds its way to Changbin's front door. As things made for neighbours tend to end up.

Woojin didn't expect anything, but in his mailbox the next day sits a bag of zither thimbles - he must've heard the songs Woojin plays - no visible thank you in sight.

It's utterly adorable and predictable of him to do such a thing.

Woojin plays with the thimbles on his thumbs and thinks of them as fingers guiding his own to completed melodies.

Then one day Changbin corners him at the courtyard. Wind is billowing forgotten laundry all around them, tossing hair and clothes in the air. Woojin gets his guitar bag higher on his shoulder, entirely relaxed from his practice outdoors.

"Hey Changbin," he smiles, expecting no reply.

Changbin stalks closer, looking visibly upset and homicidal.

"Why do you do all of this?" Changbin wrings out his wrists, not staring at Woojin.

"Because I want to?" He lifts an eyebrow. "I don't need a reason to be nice or to talk to you - I just want to. That's it, the end."

"That's disgusting," Changbin gripes, though the acid is showing signs of dwindling from his voice.

Woojin beams and grins goodbye to his neighbour.

"I'm sorry I seem that way. I only wanted to -"

"Check up on me," Changbin interrupts, "I know. But you don't need to, or have to feel the need to. I'll live. Don't bother."

"I want to, Changbinnie, so just let me, yeah?" He asks, making no skin contact despite desperately wanting to.

Changbin still stares at him with thinly veiled distrust and nods sharply, stalking back to the building.

Valentine comes and Changbin gets a fucking handmade Oreo basket.

"What the fuck," is his knee jerk reaction.

"Ooh, who made it?" Minho leans over and inspects the content. "Damn Binnie, you got yourself some sweets in here hey?"

"Oi, stop touching them," he swats the hands away, "I don't know who made them. For me. Why for me."

Minho's face does that half smiling thing.
"I don't know kiddo. Sometimes we just like the people we do and we want to do nice things for
them, especially on couple's day. Just appreciate the gesture, won't ya?"

It's not that the neighbour's Kim Woojin uncalled for repeated spiel of kindness is unappreciated -

It kinda lost its effects on Changbin who deals badly with compliments and even worse with completely random acts of kindness. He'll go up in a fuse. There's no stopping him spinning into an orbit of total annihilation -

- but it is. All this time, it will be the same all the time, no matter what.

Or will it?

There is a long ass letter, 3 pages with miniscule handwriting that slants on an angle, the curve of the boxes already too familiar to him. Woojin wrote some bullshit about him and Yang which Changbin gets, on like an intellectual level, but then he doesn't get the romanticising part, the note rambling on and on.

It ends with a cliché "Be my Valentine, Seo Changbin?" with a rather impressive bear cartoon bearing a bouquet of carnations and forget-me-nots.

Changbin leaves Minho in his apartment and treks to Woojin's, ready to kick down a door.

Woojin swings it open, hair a mess and smelling like cocoa dust. It takes him a whole ten seconds to process who's at the door, glowering up at him.

"Hey Bin -"

Changbin pokes a finger at his chest.

"Oi Socrates," he snarls with no bite, "it's a fucking cookie. I'm just going to eat them and not think about balance you overdramatic thickhead."

With that, he storms back, leaving Woojin visibly frazzled but smiling wide at the tiny note he barely managed to catch with his flailing arms.

It takes Changbin a concert and three dinners later to realise his intentions.

"Wait, have you been flirting with me?"

If Woojin was a less patient person he would've said something much much ruder than his droll - "Have been for a year now, but thanks for noticing."

Changbin kicks him off the curb and then swears at him so loudly someone almost calls the police on public harassment.

Chapter End Notes

i have like 3 empty chapters left please send in 3 prompts and see this collection finish up it's nearly close
Find me on Twitter, Curious Cat
Chapter Summary

Minho has an awed shine to his eyes as Jisung mutters in a frantic and vaguely demonic incantation of the passages, as if the other boy is, as the children say, the only boy ever.

He recognises that look. The staff room has too many of them. He would have to be wilfully blind to not recognise adoration and utter interest in the face of a lovesick teenager.

That explains why Minho shuts up around Jisung. He's too busy doodling their names in red inked love hearts on the margin of his maths tests to chatter away the time that can be now invested into staring at Jisung.

Chapter Notes

to that request by chan's tide hoodie that i have way too much fun with, i give you this -

(prompt; u know how there's always that one kid in class that just won't shut up?even if they change seats bc they're friends with everyone? well, that's minho. until he seats next to jisung and he won't even look at him and jisung's left wondering if he did something wrong but it's just that minho has the biggest crush on him and doesn't know how to react/what to do)

half of this is true i'm crying

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Minho.”

“Minho.”

“Mr Lee. Please.”

“Lee.”

“Lee Minho, stop looking behind you.”

“Lee-”

A book slams open on the teacher’s desk. Minho doesn’t cease talking - or, well, giving a direct monologue to the poor boy behind him. Mr Wang rotates his shoulders, swinging back an arm and off goes the sailing marker. It propels forward in a graceful and deadly arc and smacks the side of Minho’s head with a distinctive clack!
Predictably he clutches at his head and groans in twelve iterations of *why hath thee forsaken me*, going so far as to rock on his chair and nearly toppling to the floor. Only he doesn’t really fall because Chan on his left hooks an ankle under his chair and pulls him and the chair back up, not even looking up from his notebook.

“Lee,” Mr Wang hums, something like *we will have word after class*, “outside, right after this period.”

“Yes, sir,” Minho looks down, wide smile on red cheeks and hanging head.

Lee Minho talking in class is, unfortunately, a very very long and weary occurrence that has been ingrained into the traumatic minds of his classmates and teachers for as long as they share fifteen minutes with him. He’s nice, has some semblance of a brain, sweet, a demon in a teenager’s skin and just awfully awfully too friendly.

By being too friendly, he talks, to anyone, anywhere. A lot. All the time. Cannot shut up even if the world is collapsing. He could talk himself in and out of anything and it’s absolutely terrifying. The other person doesn’t even need to contribute to the increasingly spiralling monologue because Minho talks for the both of them.

It’s fine and all if people choose to associate with all of this because everyone is allowed one (1) ill-advised friend in high school and teenagers make stupid decisions anyway - it’s not anyone’s place to judge.

(Even if Wang Jia Er, alias Jackson, Mr Wang, Sir Wang Sir, Jack Jack, pities Kim Woojin and Bang Chan infinitely for being stuck with nonstop chatterbox Lee Minho. Those are good, studious and self-respecting citizens of the community. They can ditch Minho if they wish it so. The poor children. They’ve suffered so much.)

But really. Minho is a bump in a lot of friendships, but he is an absolute menace in the classroom because he can talk from anywhere and with or to anyone.

Put him next to quiet and friend-repulsed Lee Gye Hun and he will talk. Two days after, Gye Hun is having lunch with him and they’re exchanging cookie recipes and chemistry explosion tips.

Put him next to the international student, Sakamoto Mashiro, and suddenly Mashiro streamline through at least thirty different cerebral development stages where she emerges as someone very capable of standard Korean. She struggled with literature in one week and suddenly she’s collecting full mark essays.

It’s not a problem if the people Minho befriended through the force of his excessive chatter grow from his parasitic-like bombardment into their lives.

It is a problem if he keeps on talking and talking and talking ... - during class.

All his teachers have devised strategies in which they ignore him or physically stop him from talking. So far, none of them have the ability to instill the fear of God into that lanky boy body. He fears no authority. He has absolute negative respect for anyone. He had been the human target board for flinging chalk and books and pens - all to no avail, simply because the message is conveniently sidelined through the pain and agony teacher, I can’t feel my forehead I’m going through shock this is it I’m losing my memories.
Plus, he’s getting better at dodging flying projectiles while not looking at them. Someone in the staff room suggested duct tape, but the students told them that they would call in the police if that is ever implemented. It’s troublesome, and a lot of work trying to teach through a stream of endless and annoyingly charming monologue of a very great speaker - he’s on the debate team and he’s joined countless mock trials already, that’s the making of a great barrister right there. There is rapt attention in every word Minho spews out on a tandem and no space left for the hydrolysis of lipids in the human body, interesting as that is.

The teachers are running out of a job. They really really want to quit and move schools. The homeroom teacher, Mr Wang, have been tirelessly changing Minho’s desk around for months - as many before that had attempted - but it just would not come to fruition. They’re tired and their voices are giving out and some just want to head into retirement despite only teaching for less than five years.

It is the miraculous afternoon break, where Jackson Wang is proctoring the divisional athletic festival, where he heard in a whisper -

“Sir just needs to move Minho next to Jisung and it’ll turn out alright.”

The words come from the mouth of a godsend, Chaeyoung, who’s bullying Seo Changbin from the other class into buying her ice cream. Changbin, a certified pushover when people strong arm him enough, caves in and buys his friend a very high tiered ice cream cone and watches in misery as the money drains out of his pocket.

“I need to move who next to Minho?” He steps out from the side of the ice cream van, desperate and reaching for whatever is out there to save him from this escalating disaster.

“Han Jisung,” Chaeyoung bites a chunk off her top layer of ice cream.

He blinks wide eyes, first at her and then at Changbin who just sighs and shrugs. Get used to it, sir.

“And Minho will stop talking?” He asks, sceptical. Jisung talks quite a bit too. It’s the reason why teachers avoid pitching the two of them together in close radius of each other. It could potentially harm someone or decimate the school.

“Like, I’m pretty sure,” the girl chews slowly, brain freeze or nerve sensitivity all a myth to her.

“Right, Bin?” She looks at the boy.

“Even if it doesn’t work, you can always move Minho,” he shrugs.

Hell, Jackson decides, why not try this. It’s not like it’ll hurt the kid.

Chaeyoung and Changbin are actual godsend and he’s going to bake them brownies. And give them full marks for their literature essays. And all other tests in their foreseeable high school career.

His first plan of action, after the festival, is call up Minho and Felix, who have been claiming the seat to Jisung’s window seat for as long as Jackson can remember. Both boys saunter up to his desk, with Felix blinking owlishly and Minho with the same swagger and non-respecting stance he reserves for all older people and Jackson tells them the News™.

“You’re moving seats. Get it done, and fast.”
Immediately, he racks in all the spectrum of emotions from both boys. But not the kind he normally gets.

Felix doesn’t quite panic, but he glances back worriedly at his friend and then at Minho.

“Uh, sir,” the boy hedges. “I don’t think -”

“Nope,” Minho looks as if someone told him he needs tonsil surgery and he physically is incapable of speaking for a day. “No, no, sir, please, no -”

Jackson is so following through with this.

“I don’t care how much you hate this, Mr Lee. Move your books or I will move them. And then I will move you into the seat. Make it happen.”

Minho closes his mouth with a clack and sulks all the way from his seat to Felix's previous seat and sits down with twenty shades of resentment back at Jackson.

He hasn't said a word.

It's been a full day and all Minho had said was done outside of the classroom, very far away from Jisung.

At first he has an inkling that Minho saw Jisung at hapkido and earned a healthy dose of respect for the nift fingers that could throw someone much bigger than him over his shoulders. But then he also remembers that as far as school stretches, Minho had been actively avoiding everywhere Jisung goes and that's not really his place to tell Minho off for that, because the two brats aren't even friends, but Jisung is a good kid and he cried when he stepped on an M&M and thought it was a ladybird, kid has a heart of crumbling graphite he's very sensitive he wouldn't hurt anyone intentionally or unintentionally -

He's delegating the recitation of passages in English when he sees the look Minho slanted over at Jisung, across the joined table

They've been doing that so Minho can occasionally borrow Jisung's books since he's forgetful and has no textbook since the start of the year.

Minho has an awed shine to his eyes as Jisung mutters in a frantic and vaguely demonic incantation of the passages, as if the other boy is, as the children say, the only boy ever.

He recognises that look. The staff room has too many of them. He would have to be wilfully blind to not recognise adoration and utter interest in the face of a lovesick teenager.

That explains why Minho shuts up around Jisung. He's too busy doodling their names in red inked love hearts on the margin of his maths tests to chatter away the time that can be now invested into staring at Jisung.

It solves so many issues that he will take up on that promise to bake Chaeyoung and Changbin baked goods. Mildly sweet, because they care about sugar content and diabetes.

“Mr Han, can you read the first passage, please?” He calls out.
Jisung stands, mindful of Minho and they make accidental eye contact and Minho, renowned troublemaker that makes teachers cry and leave the school, goes up in a red flare and scrambles as far as he could to the edge of the desk, waving Jisung away to read.

Are you okay, Jisung mouths, thinking that Jackson can't see everything.

He can. This is his student drama for the week.

Yeah yeah I'm right go read I'm fine, Minho gesticulates wildly and hides behind his crossed arms, leaving only his red ears visible.

Jisung frowns, but there is no point in prying a hidden armadillo, so he leaves the kid be and reads the passage.

“Sir, is Minho alright? He acts really weird around me and when I try to talk about it, he just runs away! And he doesn't talk anymore. I'm worried for him,” Jisung would come up to him later on the week to complain.

Jackson would get a War Flashback™ to the lovestruck look Minho has with his head pillowed on his arms, closing his eyes and listening to Jisung prattle away in English with Felix and would reassure Jisung that nothing is wrong he’s just trying to process his thoughts these are confusing times for him.

“Why confusing?” Jisung frowns.

“Because feelings,” Jackson vaguely replies.

“I don’t understand.”

“Precious sunshine child, you don't need to.”

Chapter End Notes

all requests are closed!!! we going out with a full list of interesting prompts and the last chapter being a mary poppins AU!! you are all more than welcome to spam my social media to profess your undying love or bully me into writing your skz headcannons i'm more than happy to do all and everything yeet

find me on twitter and curious cat
"Only an inkling. And I would advise you against giving me your name. If you give someone your name, they can take your soul," another grin, a canine, sharp and promising of a lot of damage if Jeongin take another step towards him. "Highly not recommended."

"What about yours?" He challenges. Is Soo near?

"What would you give me for it?"

"Anything to call you by. And I'll pay for that item that Seungmin wanted so dearly."

"You are strangely fond of your cousin's beloved to hunt down an obscure item in an unknown alley. And my dear, you are able to have anything in this world, and yet you choose - my name?"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongin is rich. Very rich. Practically loaded.

He's rich enough to tell white American boys who even dare to joke about the poverty rate of southeast Asia near him that he can 'buy your whole family' and leave dramatically. He's that annoying rich heir from The Heirs. They wrote the drama, fully aware that those people do exist and they are not stereotypes. He is one. He is fully an example from the series.

Minho actually needs to shut up or else. Or Jeongin will get Soo to run his stupidly expensive Yamaha bike when he comes by for tea.

The point is - he's rich, and he definitely deserves better than this, being someone else's errand boy.

Minho literally ranks lower than him in terms of wealth. The only stupid thing he has that trumps over Jeongin is his age, and that's not enough. It's not enough of a bargaining chip to -

"Please," Minho's text begs, "I'm trapped in the thralls of love. His wishes, his whims, are all my
Jeongin doesn't have the time to do this, not when Minho can't get a hold on himself. Love, hate, whatever, it's all the same. How can the Lee Entertainment Company develop if their son is gallivanting about being an absolute fool this way. Unbelievable. Unacceptable. What the hell did Minho want him to get? Some crafts from an obscure pop up store around a basically unknown street corner. If Jeongin gets hurt, or worse, robbed, he will be trouncing both Minho and his pretty boyfriend at the hapkido mat.

He turns and runs into a door opening right at his nose, and he barely avoids forced on-the-spot surgery to metastasise directly into cousin Hongseok's prized pet pug. *Louie* is adorable, probably, but he bites and doesn't let go of people whom he had clamped a jaw around. Plus, he looks like he ran straight into a wall. It is ridiculous how much Hongseok worship that beast.

Anyways, he lowers his arms, scowls ahead at the offending door, because automatic doors or human-push ones hurt all and the same. Either way, he's going to assume that this wooden monstrosity has agency and it's out to snuff the moneymaking scheme that he prizes the most - his nose and lovely corrected rows of teeth.

Mother is so going to hear about this.

He glares at the rest of the building, eyes scouring for a possible source of identity, when he comes into contact with the sign - *Maze and Mirror* - just dangling several hairs away from the top of his head.

Oh are you for *real*.

Hands tapping his coat for his phone and head already drafting a most definitively furious response to Minho's askance of him to search for this obviously sentient door out to smash noses of financial group's good looking son's face.

"Minho I am going to kill y -"

A mess of green hair pokes out from behind the door. "Oh, sorry about that. We're having a little bit of an argument inside and I fell. You alright there?"

Jeongin, because he's rich, pissed, tired and he has grown up organically telling the truth unapologetically, squints and tells the guy -

"You almost hit me in the face."

"I'm sorry?" The guy queries back, eyebrows pinched. "You can't expect me to have x ray vision through a door, you realise. Can I help you with anything besides mending any inflicted injuries my falling had incurred onto your person?"

There really is no point in arguing with the guy - and his phone had achieved the vibration level of Exorcist Demon Possessing Girl's Body and he needs to see some executives to oversee the project development plans for that bridge construction set to happen sometime in the future. Let him carry out his errand boy duties and let him just go home.

"No," he sighs, "I'm sorry for saying that first thing when I saw you. Can I ask if you have," hands dig into his pocket and he's trying to read what the hell Kim Seungmin wanted this time around -

"Do you have this, I can't pronounce it, nor do I care to."

There is a tiny, imperceptible height gap between the two of them, when Jeongin has to lower his
phone so that it's at a comfortable height for the man to peer at the incoherent slab of keyboard
smashes Minho gave to Jeongin. It's a work worthy of the country's cryptography department up in
the special operation branch, and the guy spends a solid minute of Jeongin's much precious time,
mumbling to himself in a language that definitely isn't Korean, blinking rapidly, because he works
here and he doesn't know what the heck Minho meant, because Minho is a terrible speller, and he's
a terrible human.

"Ah!" Green haired boy looks up, fingers snapping.

His eyes are really light. A foreigner, maybe. He speaks really standard Korean, so Jeongin himself
can't tell.

"Have you got it?"

Soo is texting him now. She has a GPS tracker on his phone and she will find him and bind him to
the back of her car. He better be making it back stat, or else.

"For a good price, I could find it and mail it to you. Or," the man leans up, right at his face. "You
can pay me something equivalent to how much you think this is worth, and I'll bring it to you
immediately."

"That's a really weird rate of exchange," he frowns, but then his brain registers the closer proximity
and how much this person smells like the perfume that Seungmin always excessively spritz on
himself whenever he visits Minho and Jeongin can tell that it's him from an entire house and a pool
away. That's how potent it is.

"All things have a value and price. It just depends on how much you want it to pay the price," there
is a split second where the light eyes dip to a dark brown, dark and darker, to fathomless black, and
swing to a hanging moon's yellow. Jeongin follows, leaning in, closer and closer, until a shoulder
bumps into another, and he jumps back, blinking harshly.

"What did Kim Seungmin wanted to buy?"

"Kim Seungmin is irrelevant at our current exchange, Mister, oh," cat eyes slant over his coat
pocket, "fancy St Yves Laurent trench coat."

"I'm fairly sure you know my name," he tells the apparition, because what he sees before him isn't
a real or breathing human person. He's sure of it.

"Only an inkling. And I would advise you against giving me your name. If you give someone your
name, they can take your soul," another grin, a canine, sharp and promising of a lot of damage if
Jeongin take another step towards him. "Highly not recommended."

"What about yours?" He challenges. Is Soo near?

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"You are strangely fond of your cousin's beloved to hunt down an obscure item in an unknown
alley. And my dear, you are able to have anything in this world, and yet you choose - my name?"

He blinks, and he's in the back of Soo's fancy Mercedes.

"You seem lonely. Also you owe me a proper apology by running into me with a door. I think a
His corsage, to give to that businessman's daughter because he was supposedly going to court her to a relationship to please the media, because him being himself is not appreciated in mother's home and tolerance range. He had given away the symbol of an olive branch, to make peace with his family, to falsify narratives about a self that he himself had no input in projecting over the public. He had given away the chance of clinging to the family name and proportional wealth.

And what did he get in return?

A name. A string of numbers. A summoning.

*My shop only appears to those who are in need of a wish fulfilled. Clearly yours has not fulfilled, though I do not believe you would appreciate my help in fulfilling your ambition, so yes, you may have that date, only if you can find me again.*

"Hey Soo," he throws a hand over his eyes, trying not to sag.

"Young master?" Soo asks, but she's only jesting.

"What do you think mother would say if she sees me without a corsage?"

"Well, she would be out there yelling a lot. And screaming about your ingratitude. Did you give your corsage away? How much did you hate this? I didn't hear about this."

"I hated this a lot, but I didn't want to make mother anymore upset than she already is, and well, you know I don't do well with people telling me what to do - that is not the way to my home."

Soo takes a turn, and throws him her fake airline stewardess cap, cackling madly.

"You have a business meeting to oversee, young master, not a matriarch to appease. Minho and Hongseok can soothe her while you do your job. Don't worry. And call that number. You've been clutching it for minutes now."

He stares at the flickering digits, half a mind to believe it's potentially fake, and pockets inside his coat. He'll do that later.

"I thought you'll call earlier."

"That's a disservice to how desperate I am, Bang Chan."

"Oh? I recalled you being very desperate in your attempt to attain my name, and more importantly, me."

"I'm a rich man, Bang. I can get whatever I want. You're lucky I happen to fixate on you at this very moment. Cherish it. When should I start hunting you down next?"

"Ever a gentleman. How about after your finalise your bridge construction paperwork? I'm free then."

"How do you know that and not my name it doesn't make - make it make sense."

"In due time, my pretty. In due time."
"Oh my god you are a witch. I knew it."

Chapter End Notes

okay little change of plans for the final chapter maybe i'm doing something like a really healthy found family trope of umbrella academy or miss peregrine mixed with d gray man, so uhhhh, please throw input at me?

i'm also super sorry anon but my brain maxxed out and i can't think of something that wasn't an open ending to this so uhhhhhh please forgive i tried? you are obliged to scream 'make it make sense' to me i don't know what happened

also if you see remnants of xxxholic then you can't sue me i love my clamp gay sons

head over to twitter and curious cat to complain i am still active yonder there
Above their heads, the stars glow on

Chapter Summary

"That's a date, fellas," Felix winks, peeking outside for any incoming intruders, and quickly strides in, squeezing Hyunjin and Minho in both a powerfully tight embrace, his head lodging between their necks, breathing in their skin.

"There there," Minho pats his hair. "That's a good boy."

"He's not a cat, hyung," Hyunjin laughs.

"I'm going to let go," Felix threatens. "And then you won't see me alone for like, a month."

"Go," Minho disengages from their three way hug. "I'll see you tonight, Yongbokkie."

Felix cringes at his name, even as he receives two simultaneous kisses on both cheeks. He quickly beats a retreat, waving goodbye at them, and returning back to his own dorm, footsteps light on their tiled floor.

Chapter Notes

i’m SO SORRY anon from january of this year,,,,,i don't go to the stay fandom much nowadays so i've been actively not looking at my curiouscat but!!! i have delivered!!! thank you for requesting it, and if you ever get to read it, i appreciate you!!!

prompt: Can i request poly dance line? in which Minho takes pride as the oldest and being a stubborn prick he is doesn't want to burden his babies with his deafening thoughts inside his head. But Hyunjin and Felix can sense something is off with him, though they dont try and pry to his head because that would lead to chaos, insist that they go on stargazing date, and, cuddles!

i hope i did minhyunlix justice because i literally am so afraid every time i write poly relationships. i tried for his and i had fun, so uh, ONLY constructive feedback, friends and gays

See the end of the chapter for more notes

These days, things...seem off.

Something not entirely wrong, but, there is a sense that it isn't going right either. A finger can't be put onto it.

Felix is snacking, crouching near the fridge, shushing Hyunjin and Seungmin as they share a pretzel jar. This is very much forbidden by both Woojin and the dietitian team, but they're tired, overworked and depressed nineteen and eighteen year olds. Let them have some chocolate and
pretzels. They deserve some sort of a break.

"Hey," Seungmin nudges Felix later, when they're flossing out all the bits of chocolate-infused pretzels in the toilet with only the torch light of their phones on. "Minho-hyung isn't back yet. He stepped outside and he's been MIA since."

"Really?" Felix whispers back. "He keeps sneaking out a lot."

"I hope it's not to like, dating related," Seungmin chews on his lip stressfully. "I wouldn't peg him to be the dating type, but -"

"Nah," Hyunjin's voice suddenly hisses from nowhere. "Not possible."

"But how do you know," Seungmin claps derisively at their faces. "We don't know everything about hyung to ascertain that. Man keeps on sneaking out late at night too. Dating, or -"

Felix and Hyunjin exchange a look - it's dark, the torch light is bouncing off against the toilet tiles, and they can't really see each other, but they know that they're making very intense eye contact with each other, not talking, but planning an entire backstory to bail Minho off the Suspicion Hook that Seungmin is so sure he is dangling on. Minho can't be out here dating other people, when he is already dating them. They ain't got the time to be dating other people outside of their slavish schedule, and when Minho has some time for himself, he keeps on spamming Hyunjin and Felix's phones with the infinite hoard of KKT stickers he amassed from a million years ago when the app was generated and developed. They're too involved in each other's business to break what they have.

Plus, knowing Minho, the idiot would be sneaking around to practise, of all the things that he would do.

Hyunjin is waving his hands around in the dark, careful not to knock and alert Seungmin of their awareness of the problem at hand. Felix reaches out and their hands meet halfway, smacking into each other and then grasping, hooking fingers and knuckles together in an earphone tangle, squeezing, communicating without words.

 DISTRACT SEUNGMINNIE. GRILL MINHO LATER.

"I'm sure that whatever he's doing, hyung probably thinks it's the best for us," Felix tells Seungmin, all mollifying and broad. It's probably enough to throw Seungmin off - it would throw him off too. They're rookies, they're going up, they can't ruin what they all worked so hard for.

Their faith has to sustain, otherwise it will go all to hell in a handbasket. It has to stay.

"Yeah, you're probably right," Seungmin hums. "Are you guys pinching each other or something? I keep hearing you two whisper scream at each other."

Ah yes. The perfect excuse. Seungmin did all the work for them.

"He's so annoying," Hyunjin jokes, letting Felix's hands go. "Thanks for that, Minnie. He was going to keep on pinching me."

"Was not!" Is Felix's outburst. "Don't spread false lies, Hwang Hyunjin!"

They can't see Seungmin, but they know that he is rolling his eyes.

"Okay, go back, retreat, before Woojin-hyung wake up. Save it for tomorrow, come on, leave,
"You really think Minho-hyung isn't doing anything dodgy?" Felix asks Seungmin, just to make sure that there is no lingering suspicion left. The Hook must be cleared, otherwise Minho will be grilled in the morning, and a stubborn Seungmin is very hard to shake off.

"Well, like I said, I dunno, man, but," Seungmin frowns, opening the door to his room. "He's probably just sneaking off to dance, to be honest. Man can't think outside of getting better, so, I trust him, mostly."

"Kay, Minnie," Felix whispers back. "See ya in the morning."

The door closes, and Felix turns to grip Hyunjin by the forearm. They don't talk, because they will start screaming, but in the kiss goodnight before they part to their separate rooms, there is a promise made.

_Lee Minho is dead meat when they run into him, first thing in the morning._

That was, in all sense of the word, the first strike.

It's as if Minho is waving a very very large flag about at practice, large bold fonts going _HEYA FELLAS SOMETHING IS GOING WRONG IN THIS DIRECTION - BY THIS I MEANT 'ME'. ASK ME WHAT'S WRONG._

They have to monitor each other at practice, after the choreography had been dished out and they have to go through the motions, unfamiliar in their limbs. They have to continue monitoring until they get everything right, every dance an extension of their limbs, no matter how long and how much it costs.

There is a price for everything - and the one they have to pay are the long hours and spells of dizziness in that damp, stifling and closed practice room. The same mirrors boxing them in, their reflections mocking their fumbles and trip-ups. Sighs of the ones who understood and ingrained the dance onto their person, the barely there irritation of their disarray formation, yet to become one.

Felix watches himself dance in the mirrors for too hard and too long to not be familiar to these old ghosts. He openly challenges them on some days, but today is another day of the same progress in the choreography, himself missing the beats of the song, always too early, and then too slow.

But Minho, by many narrow escapes and close saves over the past couple of days, hasn't been accosted by either Felix or Hyunjin, separately or together. That's the first eyebrow raise.

The second is just - he's doing a little _too well_.

When Minho is doing too well - he's extremely stressed. The tension of _thou must striveth for perfection 25/8_ is the only thing keeping him together and honestly it is a rubber band. It will stretch to a point where it will come bouncing back and snapping Minho right across his perfectly sculpted eyes.

Felix takes a moment to go _Not now Gay Thoughts_, and focuses himself.

Okay. Minho, who is helping Jeongin, ever the patient hyung. Minho, ever the sweet and helpful older brother figure.
Minho, who has to practise twofold to understand and familiarise himself with the motions of the dance, to double back and teach those in the team who don't have the grasp on it. Minho, who thinks it's his sole responsibility to carry and execute the burden of teaching and perfection, as if everyone else isn't carrying the same burden. Minho, the one who deals with rejection harder than a lot of them, who thinks a wrong is somehow always his fault, and -

Minho, the serial dorm escape artist, who breaks into practice rooms, to dance, until he almost collapse in the early hours of the morning, which is when he drags himself back to pass out on his bed.

He's gotten so good at concealing what's wrong, that it took Felix a solid week of multiple other members whispering about someone who keeps on absconding their dorm room to frequent the night time, to piece together a vague sense of the picture.

There are a lot of pieces missing, obviously, because brilliant as Felix is, he doesn't have a direct hotline to Minho's perfect stupid head. He's sure he's missing the reason of the act, but he's seeing too much of the act to not know what some of the reasons are.

There is a price for everything - he paid for the relationship with two of the greatest boys to walk this earth with secrecy, denial and silence. Is he going to pay the price for confronting Minho about his night meandering habits, and slaving-to-the-bone work ethics?

Minho may seem mild, but when he does blow up, he blows the tops of everything. Felix isn't looking forward to that much, or at all.

Hyunjin is too busy in monitoring Woojin's leg work, along with screaming at Changbin to pay attention. He's not too sure how much Hyunjin knows of the situation. He can't just flag either one to consult his intuition on. Plus, people aren't supposed to know that they're a unit. Interchangeable items. Tight-knit boyfriends who love each other. None of the above can be disclosed.

Argh.

"You alright, mate?" Chan touches him on the shoulder, always the worrywart, the responsible, kind and supreme leader.

Felix slumps, pretending that the dance is giving him a headache - it does - but he has an extra headache on top of memorising choreography, and being in such a tiny room does not help it. They're so close, but the emotional distance cannot be any further. It's frustrating, a paradigm he would not like to be a part of, but there he is, smack bang in the middle of it all.

"Yeah, yeah, um," he sucks in a breath. "I'll be right, mate. Just the same old problems."

Minho is a same old problem, he rolls his eyes, away from Chris so that there aren't any confusions on why his mouth is saying one thing but his eyes are doing another.

"Wanna take a break and go outside? It's getting a bit hard to breathe in 'ere," Chan fans himself across the face, pulling at his own shirt collar. "Go first, I'll send someone after you when you don't come back."

"Ooh," Felix rolls his eyes in earnest this time. "So scary."

"Go," Chan pushes him away, "before I change my mind."

"I'm goin', I'm goin'!"
He turns around just as Minho catches his eyes. These days, they keep on making eye contact - no time to really sit down to talk or text much over the hectic schedules they’ve been thrown into.

People don't really think much nowadays when Minho winks at them. Felix used to react, back in the early days of their relationship, but they're comfortable with each other now, flirting no longer as fluster-inducing as it used to be, and he rolls his eyes as Minho aims a well-executed wink his way, fluttering his eyelashes prettily.

Stop that, you're embarrassing, he mouths at the tower of cringe, who fakes a shocked gasp, and pouts at him, lower lip trembling.

"Can Mister Felix Lee please depart through the door before I close it and ban him from leaving?" Chan's voice interrupts their little back and forth, and Felix waves goodbye, slipping in a little hand gesture, similar to the Rock On gesture.

Minho is all sunshine and happiness, even more than before, to Jeongin's minute surprise. Felix must've told him a really funny joke, and now his entire mood is uplifted. That's good that they have a thing between them.

Felix cradles his own hand, wrist pulsing, as his stupid loser head plays the delighted expression Minho slipped over to him, like a reward, after such a long time of not interacting with each other, just privately, between the two of them. The I love you feels both burdensome and routine on his fingers, the sign he made sure Minho and Hyunjin are well aware of, their little signal that they can throw around when others are with them, so that they can communicate, without fear of being caught.

Minho, his Minho, his and Hyunjin's Minho. They should really talk to him. Corner him. Tickle it out of him. Hold his bundles hostage - wait, no that's too extreme.

"Ah, Lee Minho," he groans, closing his eyes. "What am I going to do with you, you stupid, beautiful thing?"

The second strike enters his and Hyunjin's intervention list.

Will there - be a third and final strike?

Hyunjin is all caught up with the program when he successfully weaselled his way onto Minho's bed, after Seungmin and Chan have dragged themselves off to tune their voices and their guitars or something singers do, he doesn't know, nor is that a priority when he has Minho boxed in, the whole dorm room for themselves.

"Hey, hey, hey, hyungie ~" he rolls around on his bunk bed. "Are you eating well? You keep eating less and less at meal times."

"Hmm?" Minho looks up from his spot on the floor, reorganising his bundles for the millionth time that week.

Hyunjin got him. He only excessively cleans out his stuff when he's nervous. Why would he be? They've been dating for literally more than a year. 'Comfort' is how he would label what they have between each other.

"Are you sure you're not getting hungrier?" Minho teases, easy airs and all smiles, gentle and soft and Febreeze. Hyunjin forced the perfume Felix forced onto him onto Minho before, but this is a
man that can evade a lot of things if he's set on it. Hyunjin had stolen his clothes and literally rained perfume onto it. Still no effects.

"That's mean ~!" He pouts. "We're growing boys."

"Then eat more. I'm not mocking you for needing sustenance," Minho glances back to his bundle, untying it.  

Ah ha! Hyunjin zeroes in on the act. He's been tying and untying that same bundle for five minutes now. He's ultra nervous.

"But hyung," he lies down on the bed, chin on crossed arms. "Don't you need sustenance too? People don't just stop growing after like, twenty years of age. You'll get hungry and then you'll snack unnecessarily and then weight gain and pimples. Don't think of us too much before yourself. Eat."

Before Minho gets a word in, Hyunjin interrupts him.

"I don't need to hear your convoluted 'But I love you'. I need you to eat and survive first before you get to the loving part."

Minho closes his mouth, sullenly turning back to his bundle. Hyunjin listens, checks for the impending footsteps of the returning singer duo, but he can't hear them, so he quickly slides to the floor and clammers his way onto Minho's back, hanging, all koala-like, nose buried in the hair on the back of his head. Coarse, short, uneven. It smells a little like drying Pantene shampoo.

"What a brat," Minho taps his hand. "And now you're not making eye contact with me."

"How dare me," Hyunjin mumbles to the back of Minho's neck, cold skin, faint traces of soap. "How dare I care about my boyfriend's health. I'm literally the worst."

"When did you get so smart and cheeky," Minho twists out of his hold, knocking his forehead lightly with Hyunjin's. "Don't spend too much time staring at when and what and how much I eat. Eat your food and take care of yourself. Don't let your hyung worry about you."

"Aigoo," Hyunjin pouts. "You should take care of yourself too. That way I wouldn't have to stare at you so much."

"What, you don't just stare at me because I'm handsome?" A smirk that slices up only one side of the fair face.

Hyunjin pushes Minho's puckering lips away, groaning about how he's too greasy, ew, get away from me, I can't do this, eww.

The door opens, and he slips away from Minho, ready to engage in a tackling position, but it's only Felix, who seems out of breath, and freshly out of the showers, towel still around his neck.

"Hey loves," his eyes scrunch up in an imitation of Hyunjin's eye smiles. Hyunjin positively swoons. "There's a little bus that goes to a stargazing valley. Wanna sneak out?"

Before Minho can give his input, Hyunjin seizes him by the arm and agrees for him.

"Boys, I'm not too sure -" Minho begins, and wilts as two pairs of puppy eyes turn to him, wide and brimming with obvious crocodile tears, but they did their jobs. He sighs, hangs his head, and acquiesces. "Yeah, fine, I'll go."
"That's a date, fellas," Felix winks, peeking outside for any incoming intruders, and quickly strides in, squeezing Hyunjin and Minho in both a powerfully tight embrace, his head lodging between their necks, breathing in their skin.

"There there," Minho pats his hair. "That's a good boy."

"He's not a cat, hyung," Hyunjin laughs.

"I'm going to let go," Felix threatens. "And then you won't see me alone for like, a month."

"Go," Minho disengages from their three way hug. "I'll see you tonight, Yongbokkie."

Felix cringes at his name, even as he receives two simultaneous kisses on both cheeks. He quickly beats a retreat, waving goodbye at them, and returning back to his own dorm, footsteps light on their tiled floor.

"I'm gonna pack for the date," Hyunjin declares. "What should we bring?"

Minho throws a balled up pair of socks at him. "Warm clothes. A blanket."

"I thought we'll be sharing body heat and cuddle like penguins?" He jokes, and shrieks as a bundle comes sailing at him. "Hyung, that's so mean! That hurt!"

When Minho can't see him, he mentally adds the final tick to the Intervention List. He knows what tonight means. Felix may look like he's marshmallow and dandelions, but he is gently pushing them towards an intervention plan.

Hyunjin hopes it's not too late for Minho to listen to them, those who care about him the most out of the members.

First of all, the stars look incredible two hours away from metropolitan Seoul.

"That's so bright!" Felix marvels, laughing into open sky. "Hyung, hyung, look!"

Minho is looking, and everything looks very great from where he is standing. Hyunjin takes off after Felix, jacket flapping, and they shriek as they chase after each other, trampling tall grass in their wake, disturbing only the trees and stars in their raucous play fighting.

"Hyung! Hyungie!" Felix shrieks, as Hyunjin crashes into him. "Join us! Join us!"

Minho really has nothing to lose. He drags the picnic blanket with him as he joins the puppy pile, smooshing his face onto Felix's shoulder and feeling Hyunjin's arm curls around the both of them. This is good. This is okay.

He carries too much, being the third oldest overall and the oldest dancer. Everything he does must be better, better, the best. He can't draw negative attention to himself. He must be kind, be perfect, be gentle, the right amount of playful, so that there is no fault with him. He must be invaluable. Nobody can take him away, not again, not when he has what he has.

He knows these two troublemakers who got him wrapped around their little grubby fingers, know what's up, got an inkling for it, because they're psychic, and they watch him like pair of forever alert hawks, ready to strike whenever they deem is appropriate.

It's a bit terrifying when they sync up and move as one entity, but this is an old love that stays no
matter how far they are apart - like a rubber band, they will snap back together, in each other's orbits.

"We still need to look at the stars," Felix mumbles. "Also I can't feel my lungs."

"You're not supposed to feel your lungs, kid," Minho tells him, rolling over.

"Ha ha," Felix shoves him, sitting up. "Funny."

"No need for stargazing," Minho braces himself on one hand, gazing at his two suns. "When I've got two suns here with me."

Awkward, nonreactive, silence.

"Eww," Hyunjin cringes, shoulders drawing the rest of him in, face scrunching up in abject disgust. "Hyung!"

Felix just sighs, face meeting his palm. Minho can hear Why him, god.

"You just can't handle me. I'm a handful," he jeers, and laughs as Felix and Hyunjin launch themselves at him again, wrestling him into a messy wreck by trying to hug as much of him as their little arms can.

"We've got two hands each!" Felix crows, vindictively victorious.

"Yeah! You can't get rid of us that easily, Minho-hyungie!" Hyunjin chirps winningly. "We've got you. We're here to stay!"

"I know you do, kiddos," he wheezes. "But I can't breathe."

"Ha ha!" Felix sounds distinctively smug. "Take that!"

"Lix, that's mean."

"Shut up, he started it."

(Above their heads, the stars glow on, like a blessing from heaven. They've found love, right where they are. Nowhere else is better than this, than now.)

Chapter End Notes

last request i'll be doing ever ;_____; it's been such a fun ride with everyone, and i would like to thank all of those who requested, who waited and read my works, who supported my words and who i became friends with! you are all wonderful, shining gems, and it was an absolutely memorable experience that you had all taken me onto! there is obviously another chapter, a fun, indulgent, wholesome skz chapter, *coughs* them playing mafia, and while i won't be around much or at all, depends on how my skz writer wall is feeling, i will still be replying to comments and available to talk if any of you are going through a hard time! reach out for me on my social media (twitter, curious cat and tumblr) and let's build a friendship that stays!
always full of love for you all,
jenny | jarofactionbell
Jisung insisted, long ago, that to maintain their close bonds, they all have to have a game night.

Chan, because some form of Friendship God possessed him, thought that this old and weary idea should be put into practice, rounded them all up, and told them 'Now we are playing games with each other.' No complaints, his eyes told them.

"But we have game nights. Literally us, on game consoles, playing," Changbin complains, stretching across Hyunjin and Jeongin, who pat him absently, while on their phones.

"That's not socialisation, Changbin-hyung," Jisung scolds him mildly, and dodges the resulting slap that comes at his back. "I just said the obvious!"

Woojin separates them. "I don't like agreeing with Changbin -"

"Why are you all ganging up on me?!"

"- but he's right. We need to socialise, human to human, between all nine of us. Any human game suggestions before I pull out my Monopoly board?" Woojin casts the boy aside, because his opinions matter when it comes to music production, but not human interactions. They are busy and possibly growing apart, and Changbin's whatever opinions will just further that tear. Woojin can not have that happen, not in his house.

"Let's play werewolf!" Felix perks up. "I love werewolf!"

There is general silence, until there isn't.

A lot of yelling broke out. Too much yelling, in fact. Most of the volume originates from Jisung protesting against the clearly divisive prowess of this Friendship Ending Game, to which chaotic dumpling Seungmin bolsters for the commencement of The Blood Game.

Chan, Honourable and Righteous Leader Man, puts up a hand. Calls their attention to him.

"Okay, okay," he says, palms outstretched. "Hands up in favour of Werewolf."
"Your solution was to host a democratic election? At a time like this?" Jisung screeches at him, launching a balled up hoodie at his stupid blonde bleached head.

"You wanted socialisation and Games!" Hyunjin tells him, swerving around the punch that was thrown at him via His Highness. "Don't punch me when you're confronted with The Truth!"

Everyone, because they collectively exist as a single unit that have the common objective, goal and outlook of Clown Jisung At Any and All Available Opportunity, have meanwhile put up their hands, because being able to scream at each other unreasonably is a proven and tested method of group therapy, and truthfully Minho and Chan have been itching to observe if that truly will alleviate some of the manic stress symptoms in the kids and their local Senior Citizen.

Jisung, wounded and insulted, only goes on to sulk in a ball of betrayed teenager ball, as Seungmin rolls out of the room to fetch his copy of One Night Werewolf from his room that he managed to get for a bargain price when they were in the States.

"If friendships are broken," Jisung begins, and is promptly cut off by Jeongin -

"We'll blame you, hyung," the child morosely claps a hand to his shoulder, fleeing instantly as he is the target of direct pursuit by an easily enraged hyung.

At first Chan wanted to moderate, but through some chains of ribbing and general excitement of the people, he elected to install the app on his phone and connecting to whoever's Bluetooth speaker that was present in the room - it was possibly Changbin's - so that it can moderate and he can join in the Mosh Pit of Fun too.

It's less Fun and more Mosh Pit, but it's the essence of the thing.

Irregardless of complaints and straight up threats to burn down a few plushies and cushions, to which the returning Yeah, try it buddy, I dare you to try it, people settle into a wonky circle, still bickering. They all know too well how games of Werewolf play out. They've all been in one or have heard of how these do devolve into. Stories do get exaggerated over time, but at its essence, one thing remains true:

Forget friendships, this is the game where you fend for yourself.

And people did just that.

The cards are piled randomly in a pile near the iPad drumming out the tune of Ultimate Werewolf, telling them to pick quickly, glance at it, and put it face down. Night falls. The cardholders perform their tasks. Night is over. There had been werewolf sightings within the village and the people are in peril.

Who are the werewolves?

The finger pointing and accusations fly.

Jisung, the poor unfortunate scapegoat, is promised to be blamed for if there is any permanent damage incurred within this game night idea of his. He calls for injustice and promises to cry about it for the ensuing fortnightly practice sessions at the studio. Unfortunately there is only five minutes to accuse people and not enough for the rest of the boys to heed his cries, therefore his pleas go unheard and unattended for.
Jisung, unsurprisingly, had been pinpointed down as a suspect. Not the, but a suspect.

Seungmin had been the one to hurl the accusation. Unsurprisingly.

On both ends of the aggressive spectrum, with one being the epitome of aggressive-aggressive and the other fully a passive person, and well, Seungmin gets perpetual entertainment out of riling up people around him. That's his entire personality trait.

Jisung was just an easy victim, who also is prone to inciting violence towards people who incurred the smallest possible slight against him, was just an easy victim to the perpetually bored Seungmin. The other boys don't take Seungmin's immediate accusation as anything legitimate - this entire game operates on the function of illegitimacy, anyone could be saying anything and friendship is tossed out the window the minute the timer goes live. There are shuffling glances. There are plastered on mild smiles of clear distrust among those who had previously been friends. Everything is free real estate now - anything goes now. Anyone can say anything.

Chan very gentle and leaderly, approaches Seungmin with the bravery of a twenty-something representing other twenty-something boys. "How so, Seungminnie?"

"Acting shifty," is the succinct and stilted reply.

Jisung's answering distressed whale call is barely heard over Felix's frown of - "Well, Seungminnie, you're shifty as well, throwing his name out like that."

Eyes zero in on Felix, who puts up a palm. "I'm making an observation. No defending anyone from me. It's just that - well, when you pin the blame onto someone, don't you have something to hide yourself as well?"

Woojin doesn't answer him, only smiles serenely, and covers the back of his hand with a rough and big palm.

Hyunjin yips out from behind their eldest. "Tag, you're it!"

Felix's top lip curls, the shadow of unshaved hair fanning across his pale skin. "Bit of a kettle calling pot black moment, but just a general observation. Now that I've cast the suspicion onto me, I can only attest that I was an Insomniac. I went to sleep as one and woke up as one. Believe me or don't - that's your choice. But that's my card, and I don't need you to believe in it, but I know it's true and you know me, so make your judgement as you proceed."

He speaks too well, and Felix is an honest egg - it makes for a confusing situation for the people around him. He's the type to stand up for injustices and frown down at subjugation, so it's not too uncommon of him to stand up for others in a game where the objective is to throw insults at each other and accuse one another arbitrarily. Not Felix. He won't stand for that, Werewolf Game Being That Way Or Not. He'll always be a good egg who stands up for others.

Hyunjin mouths back to him - You are making this very hard, but I trust you, you hear me, Lee? To which Felix's turning of his head obscures the message completely.

"Ooh," Woojin looks at the timer. "Do we know how many Werewolves were there? I know we picked two from the deck, but there could just be one roaming around. Anyone peeked into the middle? Can you tell us which cards were there?"

He looks around. There are, once again, rounds of shuffling glances and the rehashing of words
before they are spoken. Too much animosity, even as Woojin, the soul of Reason, invites any volunteers with cordiality and a loose veneer of protection against accusation. The timer reads 4:15.

Minho raises a hand. "I was the seer." Changbin frowns - well, _up_ - at him.

"Where'd you look?" It is the sizing up between two brothers, barely a year between them. An air of ease surrounds Minho still, the grace of someone insistent on his innocence and that the law can't prosecute him unless they have the onus of proof.

"These two," he tips his head, both sides swinging, to Chan and Jeongin.

There is baited silence in which he considers his next words, which he ends on abrupt and shrugged silence. Nothing more than his admission of his role and whose cards he looked at. Jisung screams at him beyond a clenched mouth. _Say something more_, the boy could be saying. _Don't you know how the game works?_

He could either be very bad at this game or he's exceptional at it but by god nobody can attest to either assumption.

"And what do their cards say...?" Hyunjin prompts, fearful, because the pause that Minho made them go through gave him - and others - the creeps, which he's not keen to revisit anytime soon. The man acts too much like his cats the longer he's away from them - intently staring without saying much, pushing cups over the edge of flat surfaces, shedding and burrowing hair balls into obscure places - the work.

"Can't they tell you and then I can testify?" Minho blinks at him, cattily. Hyunjin only splutters.

"Well...normally it's the other way around!"

Jisung butts in, rabbit teeth flashing violently. "Sounds like a pact to me."

Chan waves the both of them down, amicably putting a stop to internal strife in his general vicinity. "There's no pact. He just acts suspicious for -"

Jeongin then speaks up - "Seer can only look at another player's card. How would he know both of mine and hyung's?"

At the youngest's innocently factual words, the collective eight boys pause. Then seven pairs of eyes zoom onto Minho, unblinkingly.

"Huh," Seungmin opens, then closes his mouth. "I see now."

"See...?" Changbin looks from Jeongin to Seungmin. "Whatever you're seeing, I don't see it. Please explain."

Felix nods sagely. "I see it too."

Chan sighs, dropping his shoulders. "Minho-ah, you're not making this any easier on yourself."

Minho only stares at him quietly and blankly, picturesque of a feline in wait, before it pounces. Except in this case its prey already knew of its master plan and are gathered all around it to express blatant disappointment at its sloppy execution.

"Yeah," Jisung sneers, glad now that the attention is off him. "Mister Tanner slash Minion -
whoever you may be."


Minho considers the kind invitation, and shrugs. This shrug they recognise - it's the What Can I Say, Except that You're Right? It throws people off. He's not even denying the accusations. He's not even bothered with speaking. What breed is he? Stupid? Is it stupidity land that he thrives in?

Changbin whistles, lowly, and in light pity. "You dug that hole and then shoved yourself in it."

"You had one job," Hyunjin laments, shaking his head. "Gosh, hyung, why couldn't you have said, like, any other card, I don't know? Ever heard of that strategy before?"

Jisung coughs into a fist. "That's the entire premise of the game. Bullshit and then survive - oh, three and a half minutes left. Okay, I'll cough up. I'm the drunk, I switched my card with the centre one, dead smack in the middle, and I don't know which one I have anymore."

To be fair, that card description sounds precisely like a Jisung Personality Trait, down to a T. It suits him too well and quite frankly, just a bit too sad to be a laughing matter. So all the boys nod their heads to it and look away, adamant on not making eye contact and engaging in a silent pity party for their fellow brother and bandmate.

"Half way," Woojin notes, frown etching onto his face now. "Have we gotten anywhere?"

"We still don't know how many werewolves there are," Hyunjin moans, slumping sideways onto Seungmin who shrugs him off.

Chan clasps his hands together, smile never once easing on his face. "How about we start telling others what roles we are, and go from there?"

Felix's muffled voice of Wait, no, Chris, bad is cut off when the general hubbub of Changbin and Seungmin slamming their hands down in unison and declaring emphatically "Villager!" jolts Jeongin from his cross-legged post.

"Oh well," Woojin blinks. "That's good. There were two villagers in the initial draw. We don't need to -"

"Accounting for the stuff in the middle," Chan frowns, counting on his fingers. "Huh," he blinks. "Someone could be lying."

"Okay, cough it up, who else is who," Jisung's eyes scour around, settling on Hyunjin. "What are you then?"

Hyunjin jolts from his sprawl. "Uh, we're not addressing Changbin-hyung?"

Changbin's protesting of Why me and not anyone else? is shushed by Felix and Seungmin, mutually ganging up on their resident gremlin rapper, temporarily leaving Hyunjin be.

"Hyung, swear that you're a villager," Felix solemnly tells him.

The two seconds delay in which Changbin splutter out a reply is enough of a confirmation of his supposed guilt.

"Whu - of course I am. Why else would I say otherwise?"

But it's too late. The eyes are turning to him. The whispers have started. Head shakes and
dramatically shutting eyes. Someone had begin humming one verse from the Imperial March and it
mocks Changbin's demise in off-tune keening noises from the backs of his bandmates. Hyunjin
barely escaped persecution, and he heaved out a sigh of relief, but then Seungmin put a hand onto
his shoulder, smiling winningly.

"What was that, hyungnim?"

Hyunjin barely has time to scream, and Chan's plaintive call for order in the game is thrown to the
wind. Even Woojin's words go unheeded as the kids spin onto Hyunjin and Changbin, the noise
level rising. Seungmin and Jisung begin speaking as one unit, aggressive factor doubling and
pushed to the exponential of infinity. Hyunjin is screeching his defence, adamantly insisting that he
is a villager, and that they are accusing the wrong person of being the werewolf.

"Who's the werewolf then, if not you, the guy in hysterics because we suspect correctly of being
werewolf?" Jeongin points out, and Jisung's incoherent supportive screaming row intensifies.

"Boys -" Woojin's hands rise, and the noise erupts even higher as Jisung and Hyunjin scream at one
another, one accusing the other of being the werewolf.

"Why do you trust him but not me?" Hyunjin wails and beseeches to the Elders, who enter into the
fray to intervene, even as Jisung's shrill voice is beginning to cap at Noise Pollution Levels and
Fire Alarm Wailing.

"We have..." Woojin frowns, and considers his words carefully. "Reasonable doubt that you're both
not villagers, so if you give us the truth, then we will take more kindly to your defence."

Hyunjin's resounding gasp almost drowns out the warning from the app. A minute left.

"I say we kill Hyunjin and hyung," Seungmin suggest, finger tracing a decisive trail from under his
chin to between Changbin's brows and at Hyunjin's mole.

"Just like that?" Felix frowns. "I mean, they're not villagers, sure, but they're really not werewolves,
I don't think."

"What then?" Jeongin blinks at him. "Who would be the werewolf?"

Felix doesn't answer him, scrunching his nose and eyes shut, drawing a shoulder up. Seungmin
crows loudly, screaming for the jailing card to fulfill his own personal agenda at this point - and
Jisung screams back, angered that he is not being listened to, that he figured it out -

"Figured what out, hyung?" Jeongin raises a brow at him.

Jisung's screams increase in volumes and Chan calls for order, gesturing to the last twenty seconds
of the game.

"Vote now," he solemnly holds up the iPad.

"What are you then?" Changbin whirls onto him, quiet, but now enraged. "You've been testifying
to nothing and just - leading the game -"

"So I was doing my usual job -" Chan amusedly returns, as his co-producer mate's rant continues.

" - for all we know, he could be a werewolf -"

Seungmin's sharp eyes zero in on Chan, narrowing.
"Very. True," he accedes. "Leadernim. What role did you get -"

"Ten seconds," Jeongin announces. "I'm ready to vote."

"Same," Jisung stretches. "Got my suspect."

Changbin sits up straighter, an agenda in his eyes. "Let's go."

The game ends. Chan, surprisingly, amassed two votes. Minho, under severe duress, voted against Jisung. Seungmin and Hyunjin got the most amount of votes. Felix and Seungmin, surprisingly, voted for Jeongin.

The game is over, and the werewolf won this round.

"Oh," Jeongin flips his card over. "It's so easy to win this game."

Literally everyone but Seungmin and Felix were surprised. Choruses of surprise and mumbles of stupid, stupid, of course are heard across the corners of the room. Jisung and Hyunjin had begun a shouting match as Hyunjin's Doppelganger card, in conjunction to Changbin's Villager card, is shown and Jisung's attested Drunk card is thrown in the taller boy's face in retaliation of an insult thrown astray. Chan and Minho, as Chan gleefully revealed, had both been Tanners. Minho's original Tanner card sits where Chan's Robber card had been and Minho shrugs like What can you do about it?

Woojin, beloved Woojin, was the Hunter. He holds no apologies for Jisung who he voted for. Felix's Insomniac card sits before him as he shakes his head at Seungmin's Minion card, who cackles wildly.

From then on, Jisung doesn't push for Game Nights anymore. He lost real faith for humanity.

The boys still like to bring it up now and then to clown him. That's not very nice of them.

Chapter End Notes

couple things i need to address:
- this is an amalgamation of actual werewolf games and the shadowhunters' cast ones
- the boys are stupid here because if i'm forced to keep up a veneer of perfection in front of the public, i'd want to be stupid with my mates no matter how eloquent i appear to be,,,so i'm not dumbing them down, i'm saying that them being dumbasses here is because they deserve to be stupid once in a while and just let loose,,,don't snipe me for having this interpretation and wish on the boys it's pretty harmless

never cry for i am still around,,,although i don't go to the stay side of ao3 as much anymore,,,know that i still love my fics and you readers so comment or spam me on cc occasionally i will always answer!!

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