**Summary**

yukhei gets a little bit too excited at the halloween masquerade party

**Notes**

See the end of the work for notes

"Yiyang," Jeno managed to choke out, swatting the girl's hand away from his face. "Can we stop now? I think I'm going to choke to death on all this powder." The teenage girl who was leaning in front of him huffed, retracting her hand that held a large compact of setting powder. "Thank you." Jeno gasped, feigning a sudden draft. "I'm pretty sure I don't need this much foundation if all I'm doing is attending a masked party. You know it's called masked for a reason."

Yiyang shrugged, placing the compact back into its case and closing it up. "Sorry, I just assumed that people could tell how ugly you were even with the mask so I thought this would help a bit. Though, I still think you look like a troll. Whatever." She threw her long black hair back, making sure to turn around so that some of it hit Jeno in the face. Laughing at the grotesque groan Jeno made, Yiyang turned around to exit the room. "Call me again when you need any more makeup help. You'll know where to find me."

"Yeah," Jeno muttered under his breath, "Probably doing something weird with Yizhuo~" And that was all it took before Yiyang slammed her makeup bag down onto Jeno's head, a loud curse escaping the boy's lips.
"You deserve it." Yiyang annoyingly commented, turning her back for the last time and exiting the room.

“Whatever. Fuck you, Yiyang.” Jeno murmured, rubbing the back of his head where he swore the sharp corners of an eyeshadow palette had hit him. Checking his watch, it seemed like it was about time to go. The annual Halloween Masquerade Party that was being held by the school’s student council was that night, and for once, Jeno had actually given in to Renjun’s begging and had agreed to go. Of course, he figured that the party would be useless, as Jeno practically knew everyone in the school and could tell who it was just by their tone of voice. Taking all of this into account, it was pretty obvious as to why he chose to opt out of it for each year since he had arrived at the school.

Making sure that there were no stray traces of makeup anywhere on his jacket, Jeno took a moment to admire the handiwork that had gone into his costume this year. He had put together a few items from the thrift store and costume shop to make the perfect police outfit. When he had shown it off to Jisung, all he had done was scoff and comment that his pants made him look like a stripper. That was the end of the conversation.

Arriving at the school’s main gym, Jeno wasn’t surprised to hear music blaring from the speakers inside. Opening the door, the music only seemed to get worst. Stepping inside, there were already plenty of students in the middle of the gym, dancing without much care about how others saw them. The gym seemed to be divided into sections, with students hanging out at each place. Just as Jeno was about to leave as he didn’t see much things to do, someone came up and grabbed him by the shoulders, throwing him around to face the mysterious person.

“Lee Jeno! You’re actually here.” Of course, it was Renjun. “Jisung texted me a picture of your outfit. You look good!” The Chinese boy exclaimed, always being that one supportive friend.

“Though, I did think you were going to bail on me. Were you planning on doing that?” Renjun questioned, the drink in his hand almost spilling as he gestured towards the main doors. “Whatever. You’re here now, so it doesn’t matter. I’m not sure where Mark and Donghyuck are but I’m sure they’re here somewhere. I was texting them a while ago and they told me to go find them. I’ll leave you to it though, after all, the main purpose of this party is to meet new people anyways.”

With those words, Renjun walked away, shoving a can of coke into Jeno’s hands and waving. After a few seconds, Renjun was lost with the crowd. Jeno took a deep breath and sighed. Of course, Jisung had sent him a picture when he wasn’t paying attention. He made a mental reminder to take a few ugly pictures of the boy later when he fell asleep. Jisung would have to learn the hard way to respect his elders.

Lost in his own thoughts, it didn’t take long before Jeno had bumped into someone, some of the coke from his hands spilling onto the person’s outfit. From this impact, Jeno yelped, silently cursing himself for being such a fool. The other turned around, their tall figure seeming to tower of Jeno who usually considered himself tall.

“I’m sorry-“ The boy slurred, almost tripping over his own feet after having spun around so violently. “Are you alright?” He grabbed a hold of Jeno’s hands as if he were trying to balance him, but in reality, he was only balancing himself. “God,” The boy murmured with a deep groan, “I had one too many drinks today…”

Jeno didn’t know what had come over him, but the boy in front of him was gorgeous. Despite not knowing who the person was nor what they looked like (except for their eyes), Jeno could immediately tell that this person was beautiful. Not only that, but his voice? Perhaps it was better if Jeno didn’t continue.

“I-I, oh my God, I’m so sorry. I spilled my drink all over your costume. I’m so clumsy, sorry.” Jeno
began to fret, noticing somehow through the dark lighting of the gym the huge stain that was on the boy’s cape. Looking him up and down, Jeno came to the conclusion that the boy was dressed up as a vampire. The costume was nothing extravagant, but still, Jeno unconsciously began to lick his lips. Was this nervousness?

The boy let out a laugh. “It’s fine. I didn’t need this cape anyways.” Roughly tugging at the strings around his neck, the accessory came undone, as he folded the fabric up and tossed it into the trashcan beside them. “May I offer you a drink? Unless you’re not of legal drinking age.” The boy winked at Jeno. “Though, I could turn a blind eye…” With this, another hearty laugh escaped his lips. “Just kidding. You don’t really look like a senior anyways. Are you a junior? Would’ve recognised your voice if you were in the senior class.”

Jeno nodded, glancing back and forth from the boy’s tousled back hair to his meticulous hands. “Yeah. I’m a junior.” After these words, there was a period of silence, though, Jeno wasn’t sure if you could call it silence with the steady EDM music blaring in the back. Out of the blue, the boy began to smile.

“I wish I was still a junior. Everyone in my year are total losers, especially that kid, Mark Lee. I wish he’d stop putting me in detention for calling out too much in class. Everyone knows me as that one loud kid now.”

At this, Jeno began to laugh. Mark was one of his close friends and to hear someone talk about him like this was quite funny. Small chuckles soon broke out into a laughing fit, however, as he imagined an enraged Mark sending the tall boy to the Student Council office. Mark was rarely ever mad.

But it seemed that Jeno was the only one laughing. Now Jeno realised that the boy in front of him was staring quite intently at his face, perhaps pondering. Taking this in, Jeno shut up, cheeks turning red and head bowed down.

“Your smile… Is so cute. Wow.” The elder breathed out, a quiet giggle muffled by a hand that now covered his mouth. Shaking his head, the boy couldn’t help but let his smile be shown. “Would you like to escape this hellhole and get another drink from the vending machine outside with me? I still feel bad that I wasted a perfectly good drink like that. Here, let’s go.” He motioned to the back door entrance that seemed to be partially opened, light from the gym slowly dripping out into the corridor that was connected to the large space.

Not thinking about it much, Jeno followed, glad to leave the ever-growing crowd of sweaty, half-drunk students. Then again, it wasn’t like the mysterious senior wasn’t either. Coming to a stop, they finally arrived at the vending machine. It was a few hallways away from the gym, the section of school almost dark as only the gym was (supposed to be) used by the students. Shoving his hands into his jean pockets, the boy came up empty. Did he really leave all his cash at home?

“Shit. I didn’t bring any money.” The boy cursed, kicking the bottom of the machine as if that would miraculously bring him a coke. “I’m really sorry.” He commented, looking a bit dejected that he couldn’t buy Jeno a drink.

“No, you’re fine. You really didn’t have to buy me anything anyways. Here, just use this.” Jeno pulled out a bill from his pocket, holding it towards the other as he leaned against the brick wall. The boy moved forward to grasp the bill, the sensation of the hands touching sending a chill up Jeno’s spine. But for some reason after the boy had taken the money, he didn’t move. Standing in front of Jeno, he got closer, a small scent of soju wavering in the air.

“God,” Jeno could feel the boy’s breath on his neck, “You look so beautiful even in this lighting.” With that, Jeno’s mask was torn off, the boy also taking his off. Taking it all in, Jeno decided that he
liked the boy without his mask off. Everything about his face was perfect. There was absolutely nothing that could change that.

“Wait,” Jeno gasped, putting a hand to the boy’s chest as his mouth was only inches away from his collarbone. “I don’t even know your name.”

“Ah,” The senior breathed out, pressing soft kisses up Jeno’s collarbone and stopping only when Jeno began to shift around uncomfortably. “It’s Yukhei.” Seeing how Jeno had relaxed a bit, Yukhei placed his lips back on Jeno’s neck, sinking his teeth into the younger’s neck. Cursing, Jeno threaded his fingers through Yukhei’s pulled back hair, yanking hard from the surprise.

“Fuck, baby. Relax.” Yukhei muttered roughly, leaning his arm on the wall and repeating the process again. As a naturally sensitive person, Jeno couldn’t help but tighten his grip on Yukhei’s hair. “I don’t even know your name.” Yukhei chuckled, admiring the small bruises that had already started to bloom on Jeno’s skin.

Stammering, Jeno cleared his throat. “L-Lee Jeno. I thought Mark would’ve commented about me, but I guess not.”

Hearing this, Yukhei perked up. “Oh, so you’re that kid. Mark wasn’t wrong when he said you were cute.” Taking his index finger, Yukhei traced a line down the side of Jeno’s face. “I’m quite sorry about my actions right now… I’m such a-a horrible drinker…” Grabbing Jeno’s hand and pinning it against the wall, Yukhei pressed his lips against the younger’s, taking in the sweet taste of stale coke and the faint trace of mint.

Jeno had no idea how he had ended up in such a situation but welcomed it anyways. “Shit-” Jeno muttered against Yukhei’s lips when the senior had bit down on his lower lip. The grasp on his hand was getting tighter by the second. Jeno could swear that his circulation was being cut off.

Groaning yet again, Yukhei couldn’t help but comment. “Why do you taste so sweet?” At this, Jeno felt his cheeks fill with colour, his already scorching face burning with more embarrassment.

But before Jeno could answer, the quickening sounds of footsteps approached the hallway. Panicking that someone might find the two in such a position but welcomed it anyways. “Shit-” Jeno muttered against Yukhei’s lips when the senior had bit down on his lower lip. The grasp on his hand was getting tighter by the second. Jeno could swear that his circulation was being cut off.

Groaning yet again, Yukhei couldn’t help but comment. “Why do you taste so sweet?” At this, Jeno felt his cheeks fill with colour, his already scorching face burning with more embarrassment.

Shutting his eyes, Jeno could hear the footsteps coming to a stop. Yukhei’s grip on his hand was finally released, a small chuckle coming from the boy’s mouth. “Mark! How… Nice to see you here. Would you care to join? There’s always room for one more.” Yukhei joked, smirking as he shot a glance towards Jeno. Even though Jeno’s eyes were still closed, he could feel the Canadian boy’s face starting to redden not only at Yukhei’s words but the sight of him, Jeno, and the multiple purple marks that littered his neck.

“No thanks, Yukhei. I’m not in the mood for voyeurism right now.” Mark deadpanned, trying his best to stay calm. “Now, I would love it if you would come back to the gym because Jungwoo has… Well, best not talk about it here. I’d also love it if you would stop doing whatever you were doing with my friend. Thanks.”

“Oh, so you admit then- you do enjoy acts of voyeurism from time to time? Scandalous. Mark Lee, the perfect school boy likes to watch others get it? Damn.” Yukhei teased, taking his phone from his pocket and scrolling through his texts in a sort of act of defiance. “Whatever. I’ll go see to Jungwoo’s needs, I guess. See you later, Jeno.” He whispered the last line so only Jeno could hear, pressing a
slip of paper into Jeno’s hands. With those words, Yukhei walked away, followed by Mark who looked confused and flustered.

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“So, would you mind repeating how you got these bruises again?” Yiyang scoffed, pressing down harshly on the marks, a small wince coming from Jeno. “I wonder if I still have any foundations that will match your skin tone. It looks like these bruises are going to be here for a long time, so you better call me up here every day.” Jeno grumbled something under his breath, Yiyang sharply glaring at him. Softening her expression once it seemed that Jeno had shut up, Yiyang began to laugh.

“It’s funny too. I heard a drunk senior last night in the hallway talking about this cute kid he made out with. Perhaps it was you. But then again, I doubt you could get any action. You’re too ugly.” She cackled, carelessly taking out a tube of foundation from her bag.

“Fuck you, Yiyang.” Jeno griped, feeling a small blush begin to climb up his neck and spread to his ears.

End Notes

lmao i hated writing this i felt like SUCH A SHIT WRITER

anyways hmu on twitter so we can complain about how kun doesn't have a proper debut
justice for my man

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