Snips and Snails And Puppy Dogs' Tails

by Wheres_my_badger

Summary

Related to my other story, Biting Habit

Ever since Chan gave Jisung that pacifier, Jisung had been looking for an explanation as to why he liked the damned thing so much. And then he comes across the term 'ageplay'.

OR

Jisung has been trying to hide from the others the fact that he's a Little.
So, as some of you may know, this is a spinoff of my series 'Found Family'. You don't need to have read that to understand this one, but something that are mentioned here are from that universe, so feel free to read that first!

https://archiveofourown.org/series/1087563

But if you want to read this one only that's also perfectly ok ^.^
Jeongin Knows

Chapter Notes

Here it is, guys, the Little Space story I promised!

I hope you guys like it ^.^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jeongin looked at the scene in front of him at a loss of what to do. He couldn’t even really process what he was seeing.

They had had a busy day. It started early with a pre-recording, then a meeting to finalize some details for their comeback. Then their manager had dropped them off at the company and Chan had instructed each of them to work on their parts for the song, before a group practice that would be followed by dance practice.

Jisung had gone with them to the two first schedules. Then he had claimed to be feeling unwell – and he did look a bit sick – and had gone back to the dorms to rest. It wasn’t ideal, not so close to their comeback, but Jisung was doing well in both, vocal and dance practices, so Chan had decided to allow him a bit of rest, lest the boy get sicker.

Jeongin had gone home earlier, too. Chan had sent him ahead, because Jeongin had managed to learn the full choreography already, and Chan wanted the others to have it down as well before they all practiced together. And so Jeongin had headed back to the dorms, and he was already dreaming of a little nap before the others arrived when he opened the door and was greeted by… well, that.

Now, they all knew Jisung was childish. Not all of the time, obviously. The boy could get pretty serious when practicing, writing or performing. But he was also the one to lighten up the mood of the group and hype everyone up, always ready to play around and be silly to make sure everyone was smiling.

And that was when he was purposefully childish. There were also times when he did it without noticing, something Jeongin had started taking note of since he first arrived. The way Jisung nosed the others to asked for cuddles or the way he often poked others to get attention when he was bored were only a few of the things he did that weren’t really expected from a boy his age.

Now, despite all that, and despite Jisung often walking around with his pacifier in his mouth… Jeongin was not prepared to come home to the boy sitting on the living room floor, pacifier in his mouth, colouring a colouring book as Doraemon played on the background.

He watched the scene for a while. Jisung didn’t look sick. He looked peaceful and even happy. He was sucking on his pacifier and colouring a picture of Pororo, and sitting on his lap there was a stuffed fox Jeongin had ever seen before. Then Jisung moved to get another crayon and the toy fell from his lap. Jisung gasped and picked the toy up.

“Sowy, Fwower!”

He said, putting the toy back in his lap, carefully. Jeongin was intrigued.
His eyes moved to scan the boy. Jisung was wearing clothes that were too big for him, and that, from all Jeongin remembered, belonged to Chan. He was wearing sweatpants and a large baby blue sweater, and his feet were covered by little rabbit socks. Jeongin bit on his lip, smiling. He looked adorable, he had to admit that.

Carefully, the maknae took off his shoes, trying to be silent as he entered the room. Then he promptly kicked a stray cap that had been lying on the floor and cringed as Jisung jolted up, startled. Their eyes met. For a second, neither of them moved. Then Jisung gulped.

“Hyung…”

Jeongin started, but it was too late. Jisung quickly picked up his things and then rushed out of the room. But not before Jeongin could see the panic and tears in his eyes.

Jisung cursed as he put his things away and shoved his box of ‘little stuff’ inside his closet where no one would try to touch it. There were tears running down his cheek, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. Not when he knew Jeongin had seen him. Not when he was sure the maknae would tell the others all about this and get Jisung kicked out of the group.

He couldn’t believe he had been so careless. He had been doing this for over a month and he had never been caught. If he hadn’t decided to go out of his room he wouldn’t have been caught. But he had been greedy and careless, wanting more space, and now this was the result.

Jisung had come across the term ‘ageplay’ a few months earlier. It had happened a while after Chan got him his pacifier and he noticed how much he enjoyed sucking on the thing. This knowledge had led him to remembering a few things he had buried deep in his mind over the years, like the times he had lingered in front of toy stores and the baby aisle at the supermarket, a weird feeling in his stomach that now, years later, he identified as a mix of want and embarrassment.

It also led him to noticing a few things he did that he thought were normal, but actually weren’t that common on a seventeen year old. Like biting people to show affection. Or poking people and pulling on the clothes to get attention. Or whining when he wanted something and pointing at it with his nose, instead of asking for it. Among others. And all of that together had led him to searching things up in the Internet, which, in turn, had led him to a forum where he had discovered a whole world.

At first he had been scared and embarrassed. There was no way he was like that. He couldn’t be. That wasn’t normal and he couldn’t be like that. It was weird enough that he needed a pacifier, but actually acting like a little kid? He couldn’t do that. He couldn’t want that. So he had rejected the idea completely.

Unfortunately, he had underestimated how much he related to those people. He caught himself thinking about the things he had read time and time again over the week, until he gave up and started looking more into the it. And the more he read, the more he found himself in those words. Until the day one post, specifically, spoke so directly to him that he could no longer deny it.

‘Being little is not really a choice.’ The post said. ‘It is who you are. It’s not something you can turn on and off, it’s something that’s part of you. You can choose to never act on it, but no matter what you do, you will always have this more childish side. We know how to control it, obviously. In work environments or other places that require a certain degree of formality we act just like any other adult. But if we’re with close friends in a comfortable environment this part of us just comes out, even if
Jisung related to that so deeply it almost hurt him. He saw himself in that person. He knew how to act around other people. He was nice and kind and knew how to make small talk if required. But when they were at the dorms, just the nine of them, and he felt safe, his little childlike characteristics did come out almost involuntarily. And that was the moment when Jisung finally accepted that maybe he was, indeed, a little.

From there to actually acknowledging that and what it meant, however, there was a lot of time and a few tears and frustrated breakdowns. No one witnessed those. Jisung made sure to hide them, even if lying to Chan was one of the most painfully difficult things Jisung had ever done. He’d rather lie than have the boy look at him as if he was a freak. And then one day an opportunity for him to actually be little had presented itself, and Jisung had been so stressed and strung over that he had taken it.

He had taken a few more comfortable clothes and dressed himself in them, then he had picked up one of the stuffed toys he had gotten as a present from fans, and then he had headed over to his bed, putting on Doraemon on his computer and settling down to watch it with his stuffed animal, pacifier in his mouth. It had been easy, from then on, to relax. He had watched two episodes before growing bored and deciding to go on an adventure around the room with Flower, the stuffed fox.

It had been fun. It had been incredible fun, and when Jisung was forced to leave his headspace as he heard someone arriving at the dorm, he was sad and disappointed. He wasn’t ready to come out, yet, but he had to. So he forced himself to come out of headspace and put things back in place before going out to meet whoever had just walked into the dorm.

After that, he had taken a while to try being little again. He didn’t want to. After the relaxation passed, on that first time, he had been mortified, and he had promised himself he would never let himself do that again. Except that was easier said than done. It didn’t take long for him to start feeling overly childish, and the urge to be little became stronger and stronger, until he couldn’t take it anymore and let himself slip on a day they were supposed to be practicing with their vocal coaches, individually.

After that, he had repeated the process of push and pull four more times. It wasn’t the best mechanism, and he knew that. He let stress pile up too much before finally breaking down and accepting that he needed his headspace and allowing himself to get into it. And then he had to create excuse after excuse to justify being home alone, and usually he got only an hour or so alone, which meant he often had to force himself out of headspace before he was ready to do so. And this wasn’t healthy. He knew that. But what else could he do?

And now all of that work had gone down the drain.

Jisung sighed, drying the tears on his cheeks and sitting down on his bed, face buried in his hands. He heard a knock, and if it depended on him he would send Jeongin away, but he knew the boy would just ignore him. So he didn’t answer. Jeongin entered nonetheless. Jisung heard the boy sigh, then Jeongin sat next to him and placed a hand on his thigh.

“Hyung. Can you look up?” Jisung shook his head. Jeongin’s hand squeezed his thigh. “Hey, I’m not going to say anything about this. I just want to understand.”

He said. For some reason, that made Jisung want to cry even more. Probably an effect of getting out of little space so suddenly.
“I-I didn’t m-mean to.”

Jeongin rubbed his thigh.

“You didn’t mean to what, hyung?”

He asked. Jisung shook his head.

“You we-weren’t supposed to f-find out.”

Jeongin sighed.

“Hyung. Please look at me.” And this time Jisung couldn’t deny it. He put his hands down and looked at Jeongin through watery eyes. The boy gave him a little smile. “Good. Now can you explain to me what, exactly, was it that we weren’t supposed to find out about?”

Jisung shook his head.

“A-ageplay.”

Was all he said. knowing Jeongin wouldn’t know the term. And indeed, the boy frowned.

“Ageplay? What it that, hyung?” Jisung shrugged, but didn’t reply. Jeongin sighed. “Ok, how about this. I’ll look it up, so you don’t have to talk. And then I ask you the questions I have.”

Jisung sighed. He wanted to say no, to forbid Jeongin from looking it up. But he knew it was useless. Besides, Jeongin had already seen. He already knew. He would find out the rest sooner or later. So he nodded. The maknae beamed at him.

“T-the others…”

Jisung mumbled. Jeongin shook his head.

“I won’t tell. Don’t worry.”

And saying that he smiled at Jisung and left the room. And Jisung was left alone to mull over his stupidity.

Jeongin didn’t stay away for long. Less than half an hour later he was back, barely containing a bright smile.

Jisung sat up as the youngest entered the room. He bit on his lip, knowing what he was about to hear, and made space for the younger on the bed. Jeongin sat down.

“Hyung… are you really a little?” Jisung felt his cheeks reddening at the question. He shrugged. “Because that’s, like, the cutest thing ever.”

Jisung blinked, surprised. Jeongin was smiling widely at him.

“C-cute?”

Jisung asked. Jeongin nodded eagerly.

“Yup. Adorable. Were you in headspea when I arrived?”
Jisung’s blush was still there, but Jeongin’s words had taken a ton of weight from his shoulders. “Uhn, yes, I-I was.”

He said. Jeongin squealed. Jisung’s eyes widened startled.

“That’s so cute, hyung! Do you always do this?” Jisung shook his head. Jeongin pouted. “Why not?”

Jisung bit on his lip, and Jeongin looked around, before spotting the boy’s pacifier and handing it to him. Jisung blushed, despite always using it around the dorm, but accepted.

“No time. Thewe is always someone else in the dowm. It’s hawd to be awone.”

He saw Jeongin deflate a bit.

“Why didn’t you ever tell us?”

The maknae asked. Jisung shrugged.

“It’s… it’s weiwd.”

He said. Jeongin tilted his head.

“Even after we’ve accepted every little quirk that has come up in the group, you still think we wouldn’t accept this?”

Jisung felt his eyes watering.

“It’s diffewent. The othew things… awe things we don’t contwow. Binnie ‘yung is scawed of the dawk. Lix is scawed of thundew. Jinnie wets the bed. This is diffewent.”

Jeongin sighed, then awkwardly dried a few tears that had spilled from Jisung’s eyes.

“Hyung, it may be different, but we accept it just the same. I read in the website that it’s a coping mechanism. You need your coping mechanisms.” Jisung looked down. “All of us have our own mechanisms. Yours… yours just happens to be much cuter than everyone else’s.”

Upon hearing that, Jisung looked up.

“You… you weally don’t cawe?”

He asked. Jeongin nodded.

“I don’t care. I think it’s adorable.”

He assured.

“Even if I sometimes want to be cawied awound and fed? Even if I want to dwink fwom sippy cups and watch cartoons?”


“Even then.”

Jisung fiddled with his fingers for a bit, then gave Jeongin a quick embarrassed hug.
“Thank you, Innie.”

Jeongin smiled.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever, hyung. Now tell me some more about little you. I’m curious.”

Chapter End Notes

What did you guys think? This is just the introduction.

ALSO, IMPORTANT: I want your suggestions as to what age you think Little Jisung would be, and what are the things he would like. Pacifiers? Bottles? Sippy cups? Pull ups? What kind of toys?

And if you guys have suggestions for things to happen in the story feel free to comment!
Hey, guys! I want to thank everyone who commented on the last chapter with suggestions! I wrote what you guys said down, and I'll see how I work with the suggestions you gave ^_^.

Anyways, here's chapter two!

After that first time, Jeongin and Jisung talked about ageplay a few more times. Jeongin was always the one who brought it up, and Jisung answered his questions with a blush on his cheeks. He knew, however, there was a question that underlay all of Jeongin’s minor questions: would he ever get to see Jisung in little space? And if it depended on Jisung, the answer to that would be no.

He hadn’t been little ever since Jeongin found out. Not even on his own. He did feel a bit better about himself, knowing Jeongin accepted him and was actually interested in the whole thing, but that wasn’t enough for him to fully accept that part of himself. He didn’t think anything would ever be enough for him to accept that. And if he didn’t like being little when he was alone, there was no way he would let Jeongin see him running around playing with toys.

The thing was, though: he was stressed. They had had their comeback – finally – and Jisung thought that would make things easier. But then JYP had decided to put out tons of other videos besides the music video for their title track. Which meant the group was always either at a music show, or practicing, or filming something, and there was very little time for them to relax. Or breathe. And Jisung was tired.

Now, Jisung had a few coping mechanisms. He had always known there was something a bit… different in him. He had always felt too much. Too much pain, too much sadness, too much everything. His mother used to tell him he was too empathic. Jisung believed her. To him, the world was a sea of feelings, and he was a bad swimmer, so he often got overwhelmed by them. So he had learned to cope.

Writing lyrics helped a lot. He took all of the beauty and the crudeness he saw in the world and transformed that in songs. It was a beautiful process, to him, taking all of that and putting it in a song that people could listen to and relate to. It made him feel less suffocated, less lonely. When he started doing it, he hoped one day it would help other people too. Writing lyrics was his favourite mechanism to de-stress.

Except at the moment the last thing Jisung wanted was to write lyrics. He was exhausted. He could barely think from tiredness, he wouldn’t be able to write anything at all. And that left him with his second coping mechanism: his pacifier. Which he couldn’t use, because he could see, clear as day, that as soon as he put his pacifier in his mouth he would start feeling little, and he couldn’t be little. He just couldn’t.

As it was, when they were given a free afternoon after finishing their filming schedule earlier than predicted, Jisung had decided he would sleep as soon as he was home. Which would have been a great decision, if his tiredness had anything to do with lack of sleep. The problem was: it had nothing
to do with that. He was physically tired, yes, but mostly, he was mentally and emotionally drained. There were too many cameras, too many people all the time. He needed to relax. Not to sleep.

He could have managed to force himself to sleep, though, if he could use his pacifier. But he couldn’t. If he did, he would slip. And he couldn’t slip. Now, if he already missed his pacifier when he wasn’t stressed, he would never be able to sleep without it when he was so stressed. He knew that. He remembered the time he had to suck on his – Chan’s, but he preferred not to think about that – thumb to sleep, because he had forgotten his pacifier at the dorms. From the moment his head hit the pillow he knew it was a lost battle.

He still tried. He rolled around for a long time, trying to get his brain to shut up so he could sleep. He was on the verge of crying from sheer frustration when something nudged his lips. He opened his eyes, startled, and found Hyunjin looking at him, Jisung’s pacifier in his hands. Seungmin and Jeongin were behind the older.

“Here. It’ll help.”

The older said. Jisung cursed mentally. He couldn’t deny it. If he did, Hyunjin would be suspicious. He sighed and put the pacifier in his mouth. As he began to suck, he felt himself slipping.

“Thanks, Jinnie.”

He mumbled. Hyunjin smiled.

“Go to sleep, Sungie, I can see you’re exhausted. Min, Innie and I are going out.”

Jisung nodded, not looking at the older. Hyunjin ruffled his hair and then the three of them left.

As soon as the door closed, Jisung spit his pacifier. Unfortunately, his body didn’t seem too happy with the action. He sighed angrily, tears forming in his eyes, and buried his face in his pillow, and then he was crying.

Jeongin bit on his lip as Hyunjin closed the door.

“Hyungs, hey. I-I think I’ll stay here.”

He said, deciding he couldn’t leave Jisung alone at the moment. He could see the boy was distressed, and he had a pretty good idea as to what was the cause of that. Hyunjin frowned.

“What? Why?”

Jeongin shrugged, trying to find an excuse.

“I’m kinda tired. It’ll ruin our walk in the park if I fall asleep halfway there.”

He said. Seungmin pouted.

“We can do something else?”

He suggested. Jeongin shook his head.

“No, you two can go. Seriously, don’t worry about me. I’ll just stay.” The other two didn’t seem too happy. Jeongin bit on his lip. “And when you come back we can cuddle.”
He said. Hyunjin and Seungmin’s faces lit up. Jeongin loved his boyfriends, but he wasn’t that big on skinship and they knew it. So if Jeongin was offering it willingly, who were they to deny?

“You’ll be in the middle.”


“Sure, hyung.”

The two beamed at him, then pressed kisses to his face and left, waving at him excitedly.

Jeongin laughed. He loved his boyfriends. Then he turned back to their room and sighed.

Jisung sat up startled when someone touched his shoulder. When he noticed it was Jeongin, his lower lip began to tremble and he made grabby hands at the younger. Jeongin rushed to sit down, pulling Jisung to his lap.

“Sungie, hey. It’s ok, don’t cry.”

He said, rubbing the boy’s back. Jisung buried his face on Jeongin’s neck and continued to cry.

The maknae looked around, spotting Jisung’s pacifier lying on the bed and picking it up. He nudged the boy on his lap, and as Jisung looked up he put the pacifier in his mouth. Jisung closed his eyes, eagerly sucking on the pacifier. His sobs slowly died down.

After a few minutes of rubbing the boy’s back, Jeongin pulled away to look at Jisung’s face. The boy’s eyes were barely open, and he was still sniffing a bit, but there were no more tears. The maknae smiled. He bounced the boy a bit, before shaking him softly to get his attention.

“C’mon, Jisungie, let’s go wash that face.”

He said. The boy opened his eyes and shook his head.

“No out.”

He said. Jeongin frowned.

“No out?”

He asked. Jisung nodded.

“Out othews.”

It took Jeongin a few moments to understand what the boy was trying to say. Then he tilted his head.

“There are other people outside?” He asked. Jisung nodded. “They’re in their rooms, you don’t have to worry.”

He said, trying to convince the boy. He could tell Jisung was in headspace at the moment, and he wanted to take care of the boy, but he had never been the best with kids. Jisung shook his head.

“No.”

The boy said. Jeongin sighed.
“Jisungie, you need to wash your face. I promise no one will see you.”

At that, Jisung looked at him.

“Pin’y?”

He asked, lifting his little finger. Jeongin smiled at the victory.

“Yes, pinky promise.”

He said, linking his little finger with Jisung’s.

Jeongin made sure no one was around as he pulled Jisung to the bathroom. They entered and Jeongin closed the door, and then the two of them stayed still for a while, until Jeongin noticed Jisung wasn’t going to wash on his own. Shaking his head at his own inability to help the boy, he pulled Jisung close to the sink and helped him.

He tried to take away Jisung’s pacifier so he could wash the boy’s face more easily. Except as soon as he took it out of Jisung’s mouth the boy’s eyes widened and filled with tears. Thankfully, Jeongin was fast enough to give it back, apologizing, and Jisung calmed down quickly. Jeongin smiled to himself. Jisung was cute like this.

As they finished, Jeongin decided they could have a little trip to the kitchen. It wouldn’t be too much of a problem if the others saw them, as long as Jisung didn’t speak. And with his state at the moment, Jeongin didn’t think he would. He picked up a cup of water and the leftover strawberries they had on the fridge, all with Jisung clinging to him, and then the two of them headed back to their room.

Once inside, Jeongin put the things down.

“Ok, Sungie, there’s a few things we need to do. First we need to change your clothes. Then you have to drink some water and eat a little bit. And then we can do something else. Ok?” Jisung was looking at him with wide eyes. Jeongin sighed. This was harder than he had expected. He sat Jisung down on the bed. “Sungie, Innie will get you more comfortable clothes. Can you wait here?”

Jisung’s face lit up in understanding and he nodded, although he didn’t seem to fond of the idea of letting Jeongin go. The maknae was quick to choose a sweater from Hyunjin’s wardrobe, and since Jisung was already in sweatpants that was all he needed. He then helped the older out of his shirt and pulled the sweater over his head, and then he couldn’t help but to giggle.

Hyunjin’s sweater was way too big on Jisung. It was slipping off on his left shoulder, and his hands were almost fully covered. It was adorable.

Jisung frowned and crossed his arms at the giggle, and Jeongin noticed the boy was blushing. He rushed to pinch Jisung’s cheeks.

“You look so cute, Sungie.”

He said. The boy visibly relaxed, smiling behind his pacifier.

“Sun’ie ‘ute?”

He asked. Jeongin smiled and nodded.

“Adorable. Now can you give Innie your pacifier? You need to drink water.”

Jisung pouted, but obeyed, and Jeongin was surprised. He had expected Jisung to be a much more
bratty little. But then again, maybe it was just the situation. Jisung was tired, and Jeongin had noticed him slipping a few times over the week, acting more childish than normal and trying to cover it up. He was clearly struggling with this side of himself. Maybe once he started accepting it he would show a different side of his little self.

“Good boy. Now take this and drink, then you can eat.”

He said, handing Jisung the cup. He should have known, really, that it was a bad idea. Jisung held the cup with both hands, looking at it weirdly, before taking it to his lips. At first it was fine, and then Jisung tried to look at Jeongin while he drank and promptly spilled half of the content of the cup on himself. Jeongin was quick to react and took the cup away before all of it spilled, but the mess was already made.

Jisung looked at him, eyes wide and brimming with tears.

“S-sowy!”

He said, hiccupping. Jeongin immediately put the cup down and dried the few tears that had fallen from Jisung’s eyes.

“Oh, Sungie, it’s ok. It was an accident, accidents happen. Innie was dumb to give you the cup like that, it was my fault. Ok?”

Jeongin said. Jisung sniffed.

“O-otay.”

He said. Jeongin smiled.

“C’mon, let’s change those clothes.”

He helped Jisung stand up and undress, then looked inside their closet again and picked out the best outfit he could find.

It should be weird, really. Here he was, seeing Jisung naked, helping his band mate and hyung get dressed. But for some reason it wasn’t. The way Jisung held on to him as Jeongin helped him put on his pants and how he obeyed Jeongin and lifted his arms to put on a new sweater… it was all so innocent that Jeongin didn’t even think for a second to be embarrassed.

Once he was done, he sat Jisung back down and picked up the cup again, this time helping Jisung drink from it. Then they moved on to the strawberries. Jeongin fed Jisung one, then expected the boy to eat the rest alone. When Jisung just stared at the fruits without taking them from the bowl, Jeongin chuckled and fed him until the bowl was empty.

And then there was nothing else to do. Jeongin put the cup and bowl away and looked around, trying to figure out what to do next.

Jeongin felt a tug on his shirt and looked back at Jisung. The boy was chewing on his lip.

“Yes, Sungie?”

The younger said. Jisung was blushing.

“Paci?”

He asked. Jeongin smiled and looked for the boy’s pacifier, giving it to him once he found it. Jisung
sighed happily once he had it in his mouth.

“Sungie, what do you want to do now?” Jeongin asked. Jisung stared at him for a few seconds, then pointed at a pile of stuffed animals on the corner of the room. Jeongin tilted his head. “You want a plushie?”

He asked. Jisung shook his head.

“Fwower.”

He said. Jeongin frowned, then remembered the night he had walked in on Jisung playing in the living room. He looked at the pile of plushies and groaned.

“Oh, man.”

Jisung pulled on his shirt again, and Jeongin couldn’t help but to chuckle as he remembered how many times Jisung did that even in his adult headspace.

“Fwower?”

He asked. Jeongin nodded.

“Yeah, I’ll get Flower for you, Sungie. But can you help me look?”

Jisung nodded eagerly and held his hand out. Jeongin didn’t see a reason to hold the boy’s hand, since they’d be walking five steps, but he held it anyways.

In the end it wasn’t so hard to find the plushie. It was near the surface, and Jisung seemed to have a pretty good idea of where he had put it. After a few minutes searching he pulled the stuffed toy from the pile with a big smile and showed it to Jeongin, before hugging the toy close to his chest.

“Fwower.”

He repeated once again, and Jeongin chuckled. Jisung was good with words. He composed all of his rap parts for the songs Chan made, and helped with the singing parts to. As a little, however, he seemed to have a quite restricted vocabulary.

“How what do you and Flower want to do?”

Jisung and Jeongin ended up playing with Flower and a stuffed toy Jisung had taken from the pile and given to Jeongin. Playing was a bit of a challenge for the maknae, since Jisung’s speech was quite hard to understand at times. But as time passed and he heard the little more and more he started to get better at understanding.

They didn’t play much, though. After less than an hour Jisung had started yawning, and then he had crawled over to Jeongin and snuggled against the younger, falling asleep in a few seconds on Jeongin’s lap. The maknae couldn’t help but to laugh at how adorable the boy was.

It was quite a task to get Jisung to bed, but at least the boy was small and light, so Jeongin managed. Once he had put the boy to bed, he covered him and decided no one would really say anything if they saw Jisung sleeping with a plushie. He pressed a kiss to Jisung’s forehead and left the room.
When Jeongin, Hyunjin and Seungmin went to bed, after a movie and the cuddle session Jeongin had promised, the maknae glanced at Jisung. He raised an eyebrow as he noticed the boy’s plushie wasn’t with him and that he was wearing different clothes. He figured Jisung must have woken up in his adult headspace and changed and put Flower away, embarrassed about it. He sighed. He would have to talk to the older.

“innie? Are you ok?”

Jeongin looked at Hyunjin, startled, only then noticing he had been staring.

“Yeah, yeah. Just glad to see Sungie asleep. He looked pretty tired today.”

Seungmin, from his bed, made a noise of agreement.

“He did look pretty tired. Has he been sleeping this whole time?”

Jeongin didn’t like lying, but he couldn’t tell them, so he nodded.

“I think so, yes.”

Hyunjin chuckled.

“At least he’ll be really well-rested tomorrow.”

He said. Seungmin laughed and Jeongin joined them, heading to his bed. He sent Jisung one last glance and closed his eyes. He hoped the other two were right.

Chapter End Notes

These few chapters have too much of Jisung's inner struggle and angst, but soon we'll get to see fluffy little Jisung ^.^

What did you guys think?
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took Jeongin about one hour to notice Jisung was avoiding him, and a full day to fully process that fact.

On his defence, they had a full schedule. He had been happy when he woke up and saw Jisung eating breakfast, seeming more relaxed and well rested than he had been in a few days. Then he had noticed that Jisung wasn’t meeting his eyes and was trying to put as much distance as possible between them whenever possible. And then, by the end of the day, when Jisung exchanged places with Felix to ride in the other van, Jeongin understood what the boy was really doing.

Jeongin sighed as he rested against the van’s window. He should have expected this. He could see, whenever he brought up ageplay, that Jisung was embarrassed about that side of him. The boy always blushed and tried to end the conversation as soon as possible. Jeongin had been trying to get him used to talking about it in an attempt to get him to understand that no, Jeongin didn’t mind, and no, it wasn’t that weird of a coping mechanism.

Except it didn’t seem to be working, proof of that being the fact that Jisung had had to have a full breakdown before allowing himself to be little and was now pushing Jeongin away because the maknae had witnessed the whole thing. So Jeongin decided it was time for a firmer approach. He just had to find the time to do that.

It wasn’t easy. Three days went by before Jeongin decided that fuck subtlety and dragged Jisung away from the others after dinner, claiming that Jisung owned him for a bet they had made. He then had dragged the older to the building’s last floor, where no one lived, and made Jisung sit down next to him.

For a while he waited for Jisung to talk. To ask him what he was doing, to scream at Jeongin from dragging him away like that, anything. Jisung didn’t. He just hugged his knees and stayed silent. Jeongin sighed.

“You’ve been avoiding me, hyung.” Jisung didn’t answer. “Why are you avoiding me?”

The younger asked, although he already knew the answer. Jisung looked away.

“You saw.”

Was all he said. Jeongin sighed.

“Is that so bad?”

He asked, trying to speak softly despite his frustration. Jisung shrugged. Then nodded.

“I… it’s not normal.”

He said. Jeongin closed his eyes. He needed to be patient.

“Hyung, we’ve been over this. It’s your way to de-stress. You need it.”
Jisung sighed and turned to Jeongin, eyes tired.

“Innie, you had to take care of me. You had to wash my face, change my clothes, feed me, help me drink water. It’s, that’s not…”

He stopped, frustrated for not finding the words.

“Yeah, and it was nice.” Jeongin said. Jisung opened his mouth to reply, but Jeongin wasn’t done. “You were adorable, and so sweet. I wanted to keep you in my lap forever, and I don’t even like hugs, hyung.”

Jisung looked up, searching Jeongin’s eyes for something. He seemed to find it, but he still sighed, half defeated half tired.

“I just, I don’t see how you’re ok with it.”

He said. Jeongin shrugged.

“It’s adorable. You’re really cute, and there are far worse ways that a person can use to get rid of stress. As far as coping mechanisms go, this is pretty harmless. And, as I said, absolutely adorable.” Jisung bit on his lip, chewing on it. Jeongin reached over and pulled his lip from between his teeth. Jisung looked at him and Jeongin smiled. “I’m not good with the whole feeling talk, hyung. You know that. But I can promise you that this whole thing is adorable to me, and I’m willing to help you with it. I’m new to this, I’ve just learned about ageplay and all that, so I’m going to make mistakes along the way. But I’m here for you. I’m here to help in whatever way I can.”

Jisung managed to smile, drying his eyes to keep the tears from falling.

“So cheesy.”

He mumbled. Jeongin laughed and Jisung did too.

“Don’t worry, it won’t happen again.”

Jisung laughed. Then he took a shaky breath and spoke up.

“I… I have a hard time feeling little. Well, no, I actually feel little often, but it’s hard to… you know.”

Jeongin almost squealed in joy. Jisung was actually talking to him. He was actually admitting that he felt little and wanted to be little. Jeongin hadn’t expected his little speech to have such a quick effect.

“You have a hard time letting yourself be little.”

He said, helping the boy out. Jisung nodded.

“I want to relax and be little, but I just get scared and embarrassed, and, yeah.”

He wasn’t looking at Jeongin, and his ears were red, but it was a huge step. Jeongin hummed.

“I can help you. I think I’m actually pretty good at telling when you feel little. And when I don’t notice you can tell me. Pull on my shirt or something and I’ll know what you need.”

Jisung’s blush had spread to his cheeks and neck.

“You can tell?”
He asked. Jeongin chuckled.

“Not that that’s a bad thing, but you’re usually really loud, hyung. When you get quiet and cuddlier I know there’s something there. Plus, it’s not very teenage-like to nose people like a kitten to get attention.” Jisung hid his face in his hands and Jeongin laughed. “But it’s pretty cute.”

He completed. Jisung groaned.

“I hate you.”

He said. Jeongin laughed.

“We have a deal, then?”

Jisung sighed, but nodded.

“Thank you, Innie.”

Jeongin smiled.

Jisung sighed and turned around, snuggling closer to Chan. He had tried to sleep in his own bed for almost an hour, before noticing he wouldn’t be able to. His conversation with Jeongin kept going through his head, and the idea of their deal was both, scary and exciting. Jisung liked being little, that much he could admit, although not without an edge of embarrassment. So he was a bit excited to try being little without having to worry about how much time he had and all that. But the idea of Jeongin seeing him like that was scary, even though the boy had already seen it once.

“Sungie?” Jisung almost jumped at Chan’s voice. “Are you ok?”

The boy asked. He didn’t question why Jisung was on his bed. He was used to that already.

“’ouldn’ sleep, ’yung.”

Jisung mumbled around his pacifier. Chan moved a bit, then put his arm around Jisung, pulling the boy closer. Jisung sighed happily and let Chan hold him. A few moments later he was asleep.

It took a while for Jisung to start feeling the effects of their prolonged schedules again. A week, more or less. It had taken three days for him to want to be little again, but he wasn’t about to tell Jeongin about that. There was a difference between wanting to be little and needing it to de-stress. Jisung still wasn’t at the point where he could admit that he sometimes just wanted to be little because he liked it.

As it was, a week after their conversation, Jisung was whining that Felix wasn’t giving him attention when Jeongin called him over. He got up, happy to have someone who was willing to give him attention, and walked over to the boy. Jeongin smiled at him.

“Hyung, Lix hyung is about to murder you.”

Jeongin said as Jisung approached him. Jisung pouted.

“But I wasn’t doing anything.”
He said. Jeongin snorted.

“Yeah, sure. I bet he loves getting poked and bitten.” Jisung blushed. Jeongin raised an eyebrow. “Jinnie is out helping Wooj hyung with the choreography. Min is at vocal practice. The others are busy.”

Jisung understood what he meant and his blush deepened.

“Uhn, ok.”

He said, not sure what he should do. If he was being honest, he just wanted Jeongin to take him by the hand and treat him like he had when he found Jisung crying in his bed. If Jeongin started talking to him like that, Jisung would quickly let himself be little.

Fortunately, Jeongin seemed to catch on. He took Jisung’s hand and pulled the older into their room. “Ok, Sungie, first of all let’s get you out of these clothes.”

Jisung smiled shyly.

Jeongin gave himself a pat on the back as he noticed – five minutes after getting Jisung into the room – that the boy had already completely let go of his adult headspace. He had been doing some research ever since he offered to take care of Jisung. He had looked up how to talk to a little, what activities were good for each age group and all that, and it was definitely worth it to take better care of Jisung. He had also looked online for things to buy, but he hadn’t gone as far as to actually buy it. He wanted to get to know little Jisung better before that.

He had dressed the boy in one of his shirts, an old space themed shirt that Jeongin didn’t really use anymore. Then he had put the boy in one of Hyunjin’s pull-ups, and Jisung had been embarrassed about that, because he still wasn’t that deep in headspace.

“I-I don’t need it.”

He had said. Jeongin had sighed.

“Sungie, I found the sweatpants I put on you last time in the washing machine. With your sheets.”

Jisung’s blush had deepened, but he had let Jeongin put the pull-up on him, and then a pair of shorts, since it was a bit of a hotter day.

Currently, Jisung was drawing with the four crayons he had in a box that Jeongin had discovered existed a few days earlier. It was Jisung’s box of ‘little stuff’ as he called it, and Jeongin had been sad as he noticed the only things in there were Jisung’s plush fox, Flower, the four crayons, a colouring book, and a few toy cars. He had taken the box anyways, and gotten the toys out.

Jisung had beamed at him as Jeongin presented him with a sheet of paper, and then had pulled Jeongin to sit on the floor, getting comfortable on the boy’s lap and getting his paper to draw. Jeongin had laughed, and scooted back so he could lean against the bed and play on his phone as Jisung drew.

Jisung had already drawn on the two sides of the first paper Jeongin had given him, and was busy colouring his Pororo colouring book when he began to squirm. At first Jeongin ignored it. But as Jisung started moving more and more, the maknae decided to check what the problem was. He came
face to face with an uncomfortable looking Jisung.

“Sungie? Are you ok?”

Jisung had blushed.

“Y-yes.”

He had said. Jeongin didn’t quite believe him.

“Do you need to go to the bathroom?”

He asked. Jisung whined and turned around to hide his face on Jeongin’s chest. Jeongin chuckled. Jisung pouted looking up at him.

“Why Innie laughing?”

He asked, and Jeongin learned, in that moment, that Jisung was even more sensitive in little space than in his adult headspace, and that he wasn’t always the same age when he regressed.

“Sorry, Sungie. I’m not laughing at you, I just think you’re really cute, and it makes me happy.”

He said. Jisung was still pouting. Jeongin bit on his lip, then shrugged and pouted back. Jisung’s pout deepened and Jeongin exaggerated his own pout so much it became comic. It had the desired effect, and a second later Jisung was giggling. He put his hands on Jeongin’s cheeks and pressed them lightly, squishing the younger’s face.

“Innie ’yung funny.”

He said. Jeongin smiled proudly.

“C’mon, little boy, let’s take you to the bathroom.”

After their little trip to the bathroom, Jisung didn’t feel like painting anymore. Which was a problem. The thing about Jisung’s lack of toys and other little stuff was that there weren’t that many options of activities for him to do. He could colour or play with his plushies. And that was it. They couldn’t go outside to explore or play running games. They couldn’t bake. There weren’t many options of things to do.


Jisung whined and shook his head again, tears filling his eyes. Jeongin was panicking. He had already done everything he could think of. He had fed Jisung, had taken him to the bathroom, had given him his pacifier, had offered to do every possible activity with him, had… he raised an eyebrow.

Without saying anything, he walked up to the little and picked him up. Jisung immediately clung do him, resting his head on Jeongin’s shoulder, and Jeongin hit himself mentally for not thinking of this sooner. In his defence, he was new to this. He wasn’t expecting the boy to get grumpy because he was tired.

“Sungie, are you sleepy?”
He asked. Jisung whined.

"Not sweepy."

He replied, yawning. Jeongin chuckled to himself and walked around the room, rubbing Jisung’s back and thanking heavens for how small and light Jisung was. Had it been any of the others – save for Changbin – Jeongin wouldn’t have been able to carry them.

In a few minutes Jisung was asleep. Jeongin smiled and put the boy down, covering him and making sure his plushie was still in his hands. He took a look at the time, then set an alarm to half an hour later. He knew better than to let Jisung sleep all he wanted. He didn’t want the boy to stay awake the whole night after that.

Jeongin thanked heavens for the fact that Jisung wasn’t grumpy when he woke up. He still had a lot to learn, had no idea what he would have done if Jisung had thrown a tantrum because of being woken up. As it was, the boy had simply blinked his eyes open, and then had made grabby hands at Jeongin and clung to the younger like a baby koala.

Now, Jeongin wasn’t too fond of hugging and skinship. He preferred showing his affection through words and small actions. But Jisung was too cute like this for the boy to deny him, and Jeongin found out he didn’t hate holding the boy all that much.

"Had a dweam."

Said the little, voice showing his sleepiness. Jeongin sat down on the bed with the boy still in his arms, and started caressing Jisung’s hair.

"Yeah? What was it about?"

He asked. Jisung rubbed his eyes and smiled softly.

"Had Fwower and Innie and Channie ‘yung, and we pwayed together."

He said. Jeongin raised an eyebrow as Jisung mentioned Chan.

"That seems very nice. Did we have fun?"

He asked. Jisung nodded eagerly, seeming more awake now.

"Pwayed aaaaall day together! A-and Fwower gived Sungie a fwower."

He said, then giggled at himself, making Jeongin laugh too, because each moment that passed made Jeongin wanted to squish Jisung more and more.

"That’s so nice, Sungie. And what else?"

Jisung was now smiling widely, gesturing and bouncing on Jeongin’s lap as he spoke.

"We-we runned together, and we e-even met a bunny! A-and Channie ‘yung cawied Sungie, and Innie tickled Sungie and we had lots and lots of fun."

Said the boy. Jeongin took note of the boy’s excitement and smiled.

"Oh yeah? Was it a bit like… this?"
He asked, and proceeded to tickle the boy’s belly. Jisung squealed, squirming away from Jeongin, laughing.

“Innie, no!”

He said, but Jeongin could tell the boy clearly didn’t want him to stop. He laughed and got up.

“Better run, Sungie, or the tickle monster will get you.”

He said. Jisung squealed and ran away, and their room was way too small for this, but Jisung didn’t seem to care at all as he hid behind Hyunjin’s bed.

It was easy to Jeongin to catch him, and they played like this for quite some time. Jeongin caught Jisung and tickled him, and then he let Jisung run away only to tickle him again. It was fun, and Jisung seemed to be having the time of his life. Jeongin smiled to himself, thinking that finding out about Jisung’s little side was one of the best things that had ever happened to him.

Chapter End Notes

Jisung is getting used to being little with Innie! What do you guys think?

Also, does any one here like Astro?
Chan sighed as he looked at Jisung, Hyunjin and Felix, who were on the couch, watching a movie and talking. Or, well. Felix and Hyunjin were watching a movie and talking. Jisung was curled up between them, pacifier in his mouth, occasionally poking Felix and laughing when the boy glared at him. And that was what Chan was looking at, trying to understand what he was missing.

“Channie, I can hear you thinking from my room.”

Woojin’s voice behind him startled him. Chan shifted his attention from the trio on the couch to his boyfriend, blinking slowly. Woojin chuckled.

“Sorry. I was distracted.”

Chan explained. Woojin raised an eyebrow and glanced at the trio on the sofa.

“With…?”

He asked. Chan sighed.

“Do you think Sung has been acting kind of… childish, lately?”

He asked. Woojin snorted.

“Lately? More like since I met him.”

Chan frowned.

“No, that’s not what I mean. He has always played around and been goofy with the others, but… I don’t know. It’s a different type of childish.”

Woojin nodded and Chan raised an eyebrow, confused.

“I know what you mean. And he has always been like this, Chan.”

Chan frowned.

“Are you sure?”

Woojin nodded.

“He sometimes just plays around like everyone else, but sometimes he just… I don’t know, pokes people to get a reaction, giggles at everything and whines to get things he wants. He has always done that.”

Chan sighed.

“Why, though?”

He asked. Woojin shrugged.

“I don’t know.” He said, but Chan had a feeling he did know something. “I thought you noticed it.”
Chan shook his head.

“Not really.”

He said.

“Well, it’s gotten a bit worse, lately. Maybe that’s why you are suddenly noticing it.”

Chan nodded at Woojin’s theory.

“Maybe. Should we… ask him about it?”

Woojin shrugged.

“I mean, if you want to…”

Chan grimaced.

“I don’t know how I could bring that up, though.”

Woojin chuckled.

“Channie, you worry too much. Look, it’s not hurting anyone. You can talk to him if the topic comes up, but there’s no hurry to do it. Ok?”

Chan sighed.

“Ok.”

Woojin smiled.

“Good. Now what do you say we cuddle for a bit before you have the next great idea for a song and ditch me for a week?”

Chan smiled apologetically.

“I’m a terrible boyfriend, hum?”

Woojin chuckled and rolled his eyes.

“You’re the best boyfriend ever. Now let’s go.”

Chan continued to notice Jisung’s different behaviour. He also started noticing how Jeongin seemed to intervene whenever it got too bad, and how Jisung seemed calmer and more relaxed after that. There was definitely something going on there.

Chan didn’t mean to feel jealous. He could tell this thing between Jeongin and Jisung, whatever it was, was helping Jisung, and he was glad that someone was helping the boy. But when he asked Jisung about it the boy simply changed the topic as fast as he could, never answering Chan, and the older was… well, he was jealous. He was supposed to be the one Jisung came to for help. Why was he suddenly being exchanged like that?

His comfort was the fact that Jisung still went to his bed to sleep with him when he was anxious and couldn’t sleep. At least for that time Chan could still take care of the boy.
Woojin had noticed Chan’s jealousy, of course. And he had told Chan, once again, that he should just talk to Jisung and tell the boy how he felt about their relationship. They were practicing alone together when Woojin brought it up once more.

“Maybe he’s embarrassed about letting you take care of him so much. So if you tell him you like doing it he’ll let you do it.”

He said, when they entered the ‘Jisung topic’. Chan sighed.

“He probably hates me babying him. It’s probably why he’s been so distant.”

Woojin snorted.

“Oh, trust me, Jisung doesn’t hate being babied.”

Chan raised an eyebrow.

“And how do you know that?”

He asked. Woojin laughed.

“Because I have eyes, Channie. Look, I’m tired of you whining about this. I can promise you, Chan, that if you tell Jisung about this he won’t think it’s weird. I can promise you that.”

Chan looked at the slightly older boy, then sighed.

“Promise?”

Woojin beamed.

“Yes. Now please go talk to him.”

Chan’s eyes widened, but Woojin was already pulling him up and shoving him out of the door.


“Bye, Channie! Later you can tell me how it went.”

And that was Woojin pecking him on the lips just to close the door on his face right after. Chan sighed. No time like the present, they say.

Chan spent the whole walk from the company to their dorm talking to himself and trying to figure out the least weird way to tell one of his best friends he liked taking care of and babying him. It helped him focus on something else other than his anxiousness about Jisung’s reaction, but it did very little to ease his pounding heartbeat. Chan had to keep himself from turning around and running back to Woojin at least three times during the walk.

And then, as he entered the dorm, everything he had been practicing vanished from his mind.

Jisung with a pacifier in his mouth wasn’t a weird or uncommon image. But Jisung with a pacifier in his mouth, wearing a onesie as he built something with Lego Duplo wasn’t something Chan was expecting to see as he entered the dorm. He watched, curious, as the boy fought to put a Lego on top
of whatever he was making. Once he managed, a smile lit his face, and Chan couldn’t help but to smile too.

“Innie!”

Jisung called. Chan raised an eyebrow as Jeongin walked in, a plastic cup in his hands.

“Hey, Sungie.”

Said the maknae, ruffling Jisung’s hair. The older boy proudly lifted up his… sculpture.

“Made heawt.”

Chan tilted his head. Well. If you closed your eyes a little bit it did look like a heart. Kinda. Jeongin smiled.

“That’s so sweet, Sungie.” Jisung beamed. Chan bit on his lip, deciding he shouldn’t be watching this. He was curious, yes, but if Jisung hadn’t told him about this, Chan had no right to pry. He was about to leave, when Jeongin spoke again. “And who did you make this pretty heart for, Sungie?”

Chan couldn’t help but to stay and listen. And then his own heart skipped a beat.

“Channie ‘yung.”

Jisung said, excitedly. Chan turned around, eyes wide. Jeongin was biting on his lip, clearly trying not to laugh.

“You’re so mean, Sungie, what about me?”

Chan, too, had to keep himself from laughing as Jisung pouted and jumped up to hug Jeongin.

“But Sungie love Innie thiiiisan much too.”

The boy said, spreading his arms. Jeongin laughed and tickled the boy’s exposed tummy, making Jisung laugh.

“Ok, I believe you. Now drink this, and wait here while I make your food.”

Said the maknae, once Jisung stopped laughing. He then helped Jisung drink from the cup, and once the boy was done he left the room.

Chan bit on his lip. His mind was swirling with thoughts, trying to make sense of what he had just witnessed. With a low groan, he forced himself to focus. He had two options. He could either enter the room at that moment, or go away and come back later. He had a feeling entering the room without warning might make Jisung distressed, though, so he chose to leave the dorms.

Once outside, he called Jeongin, telling him he was heading to the dorms and taking food with him. Then he headed to the closest convenience store.

When Chan arrived at the dorms again, Jisung and his things were nowhere to be seen.

“He’s sleeping.”

Jeongin said, as he noticed Chan looking around. Chan smiled.
“Oh, ok.”

He said. Jeongin frowned.

“You’re acting weird, hyung.”

Chan looked down sheepishly.

“Actually… I saw you two earlier.” He said. Jeongin raised an eyebrow. It seemed to defy Chan to say something bad. “Hey, relax. I’m not judging. Actually, I think it’s adorable.”

At that Jeongin smiled.

“Ah, I should have expected that.”

He said. Chan snorted.

“And why is that?”

He asked. Jeongin smirked.

“Because you take care of him like he’s your kid, already. Don’t think we don’t see it, hyung.”

Chan felt his cheeks heating up.

“Yah, shut up, brat.”

He said. Jeongin chuckled.

“As you wish, hyung. What did you see, though?

Chan shrugged.

“Not much. Just Sungie playing with those blocks, then you helping him.”

Jeongin smiled.

“So you heard what he said about what he made.”

Chan’s blush deepened.

“I said shut up.”

He whined. Jeongin laughed.

“Hyung, you two have the cutest relationship, did you know that? I hadn’t noticed, but Sungie always talks about you when he’s in headspace, so I started paying attention. It’s adorable.”

That made Chan smile a bit, despite his blushing cheeks. Jeongin didn’t think it was weird. That was something.

“Yeah, whatever. He’s been distancing himself, though.”

He said, and Jeongin nodded.

“Yeah, that… there is a reason for that, hyung. But you’ll have to ask him about it.”
Chan pouted. Jeongin rolled his eyes.

“Ok. And when can I talk to him?”

Asked the leader.

Jeongin left to get Jisung after about half an hour of Chan arriving. When they re-entered the room, Jisung was looking down, cheeks pinkish. Chan got up, walking up to him.

“Howie…”

He started. Jisung’s blush deepened.

“Innie said you saw.”

He said, voice small. Chan put a hand on his cheek and made the boy look up. Then he pressed a little kiss to Jisung’s nose.

“C’mon, let’s talk.”

He said, and pulled a profusely blushing Jisung away.

They settled on Chan’s room. Chan sat down on his bed and pulled Jisung to sit next to him.

“So, as Innie said I saw you earlier today.”

Jisung nodded.

“Sorry you had to witness that, hyung.”

He said. Chan frowned.

“Don’t apologize, you have nothing to apologize for.” He said. Jisung looked at him, seeming a bit surprised. “I’m not here to judge you or make fun of you, Sung. I just want to know what this is about.”

He said. Jisung sighed. The silence stretched for quite some time, but Chan knew better than to press Jisung at the moment. When the boy finally spoke up, his voice was shaking.

“Sometimes the world is just…”

He began, but didn’t finish. Chan squeezed his hand.

“Too much?”

He completed for the younger. Jisung nodded his head, letting out a heavy breath. He started talking again, this time seeming a bit more confident.

“I write. To get things out of my system. But sometimes it’s too much, and I don’t want to write, I just want to… I just want to forget that the world exists and everything that exists in it.”

Chan hummed. He was beginning to understand what Jisung meant.
“Like a kid. Who doesn’t really know how much cruelty there is out there. Who sees the world through colourful lens.”

Jisung nodded, then bit on his lip. Chan reached forward and pulled the boy’s lip from between his teeth carefully. Jisung’s cheeks reddened.

“Something like that.”

He said. Chan hummed.

“Well, tell me more about it.”

He prompted. Jisung sighed.

“It’s called ageplay. Basically, sometimes I just… feel like a kid and want to act like a kid. It helps me de-stress.”

He then proceeded to tell Chan about ageplay, and headspace, and many other things. His cheeks had a constant blush to them, but his voice was fond as he described what was a little and what was a caregiver. When he finished, he didn’t look at Chan.

“That…”

Chan started, not knowing how to express how much the whole idea interested him. Jisung frowned.

“I know it’s weird.”

Jisung mumbled. Chan raised an eyebrow and chuckled.

“If you knew what I wanted to talk to you about when I came home earlier you wouldn’t say that, Sungie.”

At that Jisung looked up, curious. His cheeks were still dusted pink.

“What do you mean, hyung?”

He asked. Chan felt his own cheeks heating up.

“Woojin has been trying to convince me to talk to you about this for a while, but I never had the courage.” Jisung was looking at him, curious. “You know how I help you wake up and eat and get dressed in the morning, and all of that, right?”

Jisung snorted.

“Yes.”

He answered. Chan rubbed the back of his neck, embarrassed.

“Well. I know it’s probably weird, but I just… I really like taking care of you. I’m always scared you will get angry with me for babying you, but I love it when you let me do those things. I know I shouldn’t. You’re my friend, one of my best friends, and I shouldn’t like taking care of you as much as I do. But I can’t help it.”

The older risked a look up, only to find Jisung staring at him, cheeks red.

“You… is this… are you joking?”
Chan immediately shook his head.

“I’m not, I swear.”

He said. Jisung frowned.

“You’re not just saying this because… because you saw that?”

Chan shook his head again.

“For how long have I been taking care of you, Sungie?”

Jisung’s frown slowly turned into a shy smile. He looked down.

“Oh.”

He said. Chan chuckled.

“Yeah.”

They were silent for a while. Chan’s heart was hammering against his ribs, but he felt happy. And then Jisung spoke up.

“I love it when you take care of me.” It came out rushed, as if he was trying to get everything out before he lost the courage to say it. “I love Innie, and he’s really nice when he takes care of me, but I’ve always wanted… sorry, this is weird.”

Jisung’s cheeks were beet red. Chan chuckled.

“We’re both pretty weird, Sungie. C’mon, tell me.”

Jisung whined and hid his face.

“I’ve always wanted you to be my caregiver. My main caregiver, I mean.”

At that moment, Chan’s heart could have burst. He groaned and pulled Jisung into his lap, ignoring the boy’s little surprised squeal and squeezing him in the tightest hug he could muster.

“You are so adorable, Sungie.” Jisung couldn’t help the little giggle that escaped his mouth. As Chan eased his grip, Jisung wiggled around so that his legs were around Chan and let his head fall against the older’s chest. “I have a question, though. You’ve been distancing yourself from me. You don’t let me help you in the morning anymore and all of that. Why?”

Jisung groaned and hid his face against Chan’s chest.

“Sorry about that. It’s just…” Jisung’s cheeks reddened. “You… this is really embarrassing. If I’m stressed or just want to be little, your presence alone is enough to make me fall into headspace. When you take care of me it’s even worse, because it makes me feel really small, and I can’t… I don’t want the others to know, but it’s hard to hide it when you take care of me. So… yeah.”

Chan bit on his lip, trying not to smile.

“God, you have no idea how adorable you are, Sungie.” Jisung whined, blushing. “I’m sorry about that, though. What can I do to help?”

Jisung shrugged.
“I’ll let you know when it’s ok to take care of me. If I’m not stressed it’s easier to deal with you, hyung.”

Chan nodded and pressed a kiss to Jisung’s forehead.

“Ok.” They stayed like that for a while, just enjoying each other’s warmth. “And when can I see you in little space?”

Chan asked after a while. Jisung hit his chest lightly.

“Hyung!”

Chan chuckled.

“What? I mean it!”

Jisung glared, but he clearly wanted to smile.

“Well, you interrupted it earlier today, so…”

Chan smiled.

“Soon?”

Jisung chuckled.

“Soon, hyung.”

Chan couldn’t stop smiling.

Chapter End Notes

And now Chan knows! What did you think?

And for the people who like Astro, I’ve been writing an Astro ageplay story. Would you read that?
“Hyung, can you stay home today?”

Chan frowned, looking at Jeongin.

“I was planning to write a bit at the studio. There’s this song that’s almost ready that I need to work on.”

Jeongin hummed, then gestured towards the living room. Chan raised an eyebrow.

Jisung was sitting on the floor, playing with his fingers, still in his pyjamas, and he looked a bit dazed. Chan turned to Jeongin, eyes inquiring.

“It’s been a while. Since that day you came home earlier, hyung.”

Said the maknae. Chan’s eyes widened and he looked back at Jisung. He couldn’t help the smile that took his face.

“Oh. Maybe we can work something out.”

They couldn’t stay at the dorms. Chan had already explained the schedule to everyone, and if he suddenly changed his, Jisung and Jeongin’s schedules, someone would ask. But he did have his own studio at JYP, where the walls were soundproof and no one bothered him.

“But how will we take his things, hyung?”

Chan thought for a second, before replying.

“We can put it in out bags. Half in yours, half in mine.”

Jeongin shrugged.

“We’ll have to leave some things behind, but it’ll work.”

Chan smiled and Jeongin chuckled at the leader’s clear excitement.

“Ok. Go get ready. I’ll get Sungie ready and then we can go, alright?”

Jeongin smiled and nodded.
Chan headed to the living room, crouching down and caressing Jisung’s hair. The boy looked at him sleepily.

“Hey, Sungie.”

The older greeted. Jisung whined and leaned away, although he clearly didn’t want to.

“Hyung, no. I-I can’t…”

Chan gently shushed him.

“Actually, yes you can. Innie said you were feeling little. We decided to take you to the studio, since we can’t all stay home. You can be little there.”

Chan couldn’t help but to chuckle as Jisung’s eyes widened.

“F-for real, hyung?”

Chan nodded. Jisung’s face lit up in a smile and the older chuckled.

“C’mon, Sungie. Let’s get you ready.”

He said, pulling Jisung up and taking the boy to get changed before feeding him breakfast.

“He’s already in little space.”

Jeongin said as he entered the kitchen and found Chan feeding Jisung. Chan laughed.

“Yeah, I figured.”

He said. Jisung had been refusing to eat until Chan decided to try and pretend the spoon he was using to feed the boy was an airplane. That had done the trick, and Jisung was smiling sweetly at him as he ate his food.

“I guess you are a good caregiver, hyung.”

Said the maknae. Chan chuckled.

“I don’t think that’s quite it. Sungie said the other day that even just my presence is enough to make him feel small and little.”

Jeongin raised an eyebrow.

“Cute.”

Was all he said. Jisung whined, and Chan turned back, noticing the boy with his mouth open, waiting for more food.

“Oh, sorry, baby.”

He said, giving Jisung his food and watching with a smile on his lips the happy expression on the boy’s face.
Chan raised an eyebrow as Jeongin reached into his closet and pulled out a bunch of clothes. Then raised it even higher as the youngest shoved the clothes off and revealed, underneath the mess, a pink box decorated with childlike drawings.

“It’s Sungie’s box of little stuff.”

Explained the maknae, noticing the leader’s confusion. Chan nodded, kneeling down and opening the box. He frowned.

“Is this all?”

He asked. Jeongin nodded, sighing sadly.

“It’s hard to buy things.”

He said. Chan nodded.

The box’s contents were simple. The biggest thing in there was a box of Lego Duplo. Then there were a few cans of Play-Doh, three toy cars, and a stuffed fox. Chan took those out, analysing the things underneath. Three pacifiers and a few crayons lay on top of some clothes. Chan took those out and Jisung, who had been leaning against him and playing with his hoodie’s strings, whined. Chan turned to the boy.

“You ok, baby boy?” Jisung whined again and pointed with his nose towards the pacifiers. Chan smiled. “You want one? Which one?”

He asked. Jisung pouted and nuzzled Chan’s neck. Chan laughed and chose the one with a squirrel drawing on it, giving it to Jisung. The boy sucked happily, closing his eyes and hugging Chan, lying his head on the older’s shoulder.

“I think we might need to put pull ups on him before leaving, hyung.”

Said Jeongin. Chan raised an eyebrow, looking at the box and noticing that there were indeed a few pull ups in there. They were different from Hyunjin’s, a bit bigger and white with alphabet blocks drawn on it.

“I didn’t know he needed these.”

He said, picking one up and leaving it aside for later. Jeongin shrugged.

“Sometimes he doesn’t. Sometimes he does. He had different ages when he regresses. Sometimes he’s older and can communicate better, sometimes he has a bit more difficulty with speaking, and sometimes, like right now, apparently, he goes fully non-verbal. That’s when he needs the pull-ups.”

Chan nodded, glancing at the boy lying on him and smiling.

“He’s adorable.”

Jeongin laughed.

“He is.”

Chan looked at the maknae.

“How old is the oldest he’s ever been?”
He asked, Jeongin frowned.

“It’s a bit hard to tell, cause there’s no specific age, but I’d say five. Usually he’s around three.”

Chan’s smile grew. He had a feeling he would love being Jisung’s long-term caregiver.

They packed everything they thought they would need, then got Jisung ready. They couldn’t dress him too childishly, because they were going to walk to the company, so they chose sweatpants, which were big enough to hide his pull-ups, and a big baby pink hoodie that actually belonged to Hyunjin. Then Chan had put on Jisung’s shoes for him and a mask to cover the boy’s pacifier, and they had head out.

Jisung wasn’t too happy with the arrangement. He had made grabby hands at Chan, indicating that he wanted to be carried. And Chan had carried Jisung on the streets before, but not in plain daylight like this. It was too risky. So he had resigned himself to holding Jisung’s hands, no matter how much he liked carrying the boy.

“Jisungie.” He called, noticing the little’s sour mood. Jisung frowned harder, making Chan want to laugh. “Do you want to see a magic trick?”

That made Jisung look up, interested. Chan smiled and reached into his pocket to retrieve a coin. The three of them stopped walking.

It was an easy trick. He had learned it as a kid, and he could still remember how to perform it. He showed Jisung the coin, making the boy hold Jeongin’s hand so he could actually do the trick. Jisung was so focused on the coin he didn’t even notice the change.

“Now, Sungie, Channie hyung will make this coin… disappear.”

Jisung gasped, eyes going wide, and Chan was pretty sure the only thing keeping the boy’s pacifier from falling from his mouth was his mask.

He showed Jisung the coin, waving it slowly to grab the boy’s attention. Then he placed it on his fingers and passed it to his other hand. Or pretended to. Jisung watched attentively his closed hand, where he believed the coin was. Chan put his hand near Jeongin’s face.

“Innie, blow for me, please.”

Jeongin snorted, but did as he was told. Chan pulled his hand back and looked at Jisung. The boy was still focused on his hand. And then Chan wiggled his fingers and slowly opened his hand, showing… nothing.

Jisung’s squeal startled both, Jeongin and Chan, making both boys laugh. The little’s eyes were open wide and he let go of Jeongin and grabbed Chan’s hand, opening it to see inside. When he found nothing, he looked at Chan with wide shining eyes, and Chan couldn’t resist the urge to pinch the boy’s cheeks.

“Did you like it?” He asked. Jisung nodded eagerly. Chan laughed and ruffled the boy’s hair. Then he pulled Jisung’s hood over his head and held his hand. “Good. Now let’s keep walking. The faster we get there the faster we can play!”

Jisung no longer looked that sleepy. Jeongin glared at Chan as they had to almost run to the company.
They settled on Chan’s studio and as Jeongin took Jisung’s things out of their bags, Chan let Jisung pull him around.

The studio wasn’t big or that interesting. It had a computer and some mixing equipment, then a small sofa and a little freezer where Chan left his water bottles and a few snacks. To Jisung, however, everything seemed to be interesting. He dragged Chan around, pointing at things and looking at the older, waiting for an explanation. They took about fifteen minutes, until the little was finally satisfied.

“Are you two done? Jisungie needs to drink his juice. We walked a lot, and you need to stay hydrated, Sungie.”

Jisung pouted and looked at Chan. The older shook his head.

“Innie is right, baby boy. You need to drink your juice.”

Jisung pouted, but pulled Chan over to where Jeongin was sitting on the couch, only letting go when he was safely on the maknae’s lap.

Jeongin laughed and pulled down Jisung’s mask.

“Sungie, can you give me your paci?”

Jisung raised his head, allowing the younger to take the pacifier, then opened his mouth. Chan chuckled.

“You’re adorable, baby boy.”

Jisung blushed, letting Jeongin lead the sippy cup to his mouth.

“I think we’ll need to buy a bottle for when he’s younger.”

Said the maknae. Chan nodded.

Jisung drank half of the juice before whining. Jeongin shrugged, satisfied, and let the boy go. Jisung immediately clung to Chan, pulling the boy to sit next to him on the floor. Then he wiggled around, pointing with his nose. Chan followed the gesture and laughed as he spotted Jisung’s plush fox on the floor. He reached forward and grabbed it, giving it to Jisung. The little took the fox and hugged it, before shoving it on Chan face. Chan leaned back a bit, looking at the toy. Jeongin laughed.

“Hyung, that’s Flower, Sungie’s bestest friend.”

Said the maknae, probably quoting something Jisung had said before. Chan laughed and grabbed the fox’s paw, shaking it.

“Nice to meet you, Flower. Hope you treat Sungie well, because he’s the most precious baby boy ever.”

He said. Jisung squealed and pulled the fox back, hiding his face in it. Chan laughed, finding Jisung’s red ears and shyness adorable. Jeongin was, too, smiling fondly at the image.

“You made the baby shy, hyung.”

He said, laughing as Jisung whined.
Chan laughed and put his arms around Jisung and pulled the little to his lap, peppering kisses on his head and cheeks once the boy let his face be seen, making Jisung giggle.

“Precious.” He said. Jisung settled on his lap, back against Chan’s chest. “What do you and Flower want to play, baby boy?”

Jisung looked around, then pouted and grabbed Chan’s hand, playing with his fingers. Chan looked at Jeongin. The maknae sighed.

“We need to buy other toys, too. He has nothing for when he’s this little.”

Chan nodded.

“Do me a favour, grab my phone, please.”

Jeongin obeyed and picked the older’s phone, handing it over. Chan took a while to type out his message with only one hand, but soon he managed and not even a minute later he got a reply. He smiled.

“What did you do, hyung?”

Asked Jeongin.

“Asked Bambam for a favour. He’ll be here soon, can you take Sungie for a second?”

Jeongin raised an eyebrow, but nodded. Jisung let himself be moved, although he pouted as Chan got up. When the leader walked to the door, the little whined. Chan looked back, and it was a mistake. Jisung was looking at him with eyes wide, hands extended towards Chan and a pout visible behind his pacifier. Chan walked back to the little.

“Sungie, hyung will be right back, ok? I’ll bring you a present.”

And saying that he pressed a kiss to Jisung’s head and left the room before the little’s huge eyes convinced him to stay.

“Should I ask?”

Bambam said, as he handed Chan the three plush toys. Chan laughed.

“Probably not.”

Bambam chuckled.

“You can keep them if you want. Yugyeom has hundreds of stuffed toys, he said he won’t miss these three.”

Chan smiled. Bambam was a good friend.

“You’re the best, Bam. Tell Gyeom I said hi.”

He said. Bambam nodded and hugged the other boy before heading to his own practice room. Chan watched him go for a second, then headed back to the studio.

Jisung wasn’t crying, which was a plus. Jeongin was singing Itsy Bitsy Spider to him, and the little
seemed very focused on the task of making the right hand moves to copy the maknae. When Chan entered, he looked up and smiled. He made grabby hands at the older, and as Chan sat down the little threw himself at him. Chan laughed and made sure the little was comfortable before showing him what he had gotten.

“Sungie, I brought some friends over.”

He said. Jisung tilted his head to look at him. Chan grabbed one of the toys from behind his back and showed Jisung. It was a stuffed elephant, and it was as big as Jisung’s head. The little gasped, pacifier falling from his mouth. Jeongin picked it up.

Jisung looked at Chan expectantly, and the boy noticed, surprised, that the younger wouldn’t take the toy until Chan gave it to him. He smiled and handed over the elephant. Jisung smiled and hugged it.

Chan repeated the process with the other two plushies, a plush kitten and a plush lion. Soon, Jisung was holding the four toys in his arms, giggling at them happily. Chan smiled.

“Where did you get these, hyung?”

Asked the maknae. Chan shrugged.

“Asked Bambam. I didn’t tell him what I needed them for.”

Jeongin laughed.

“Bambam hyung is nice.”

Chan nodded.

“He really is.”

Jisung played with his plushies happily on his own for a while. He refused to get out of Chan’s lap, but the older didn’t really mind. He had taken out his phone and was working on it, writing lyrics, checking their schedule, working things out. Jeongin, on the couch, was writing on his notebook, seeming relaxed, and Chan couldn’t help the warm feeling that spread on his chest.

He had just sent an email when Jisung whined on his lap. Him and Jeongin immediately looked at the boy. Jisung was looking at Jeongin.

“What is it, Sungie? Want me to sit with you?”

Jisung nodded and pat the floor in front of him. Jeongin raised an eyebrow and obeyed. Once he was settled, Jisung looked at Chan to make sure he was looking and grabbed the plush kitten, making it jump around. Then he put the kitten down and grabbed the elephant, repeating the process and setting it opposite of the kitten. Chan watched, amused.

Once all of the toys had been moved around, Chan noticed they were in a kind of circle, although it was a bit of a crooked circle. Then Jisung started humming a song – it sounded suspiciously like Itsy Bitsy spider – and moving the plushies around, and…

“Is… is he making them dance?”

Jisung glared and Jeongin zipped his mouth shut. Jisung proceeded with the toys’ dance, and Chan was in awe. Once Jisung was finished he looked up, big eyes searching for approval and praise.
Jeongin and Chan started clapping, and Jisung’s proud smile was the most precious thing ever.

“Wa, that was so nice, Sungie!”


“Did you make this dance on your own?”


Jisung smiled and closed his eyes, and Chan pushed his bangs back, caressing his hair.

“He’s sleepy.”

Said Jeongin. Chan nodded, smiling. Soon Jisung was sleeping soundly against Chan. The leader called Jeongin and the maknae helped him move the little to the couch. The older then covered Jisung with his own coat, then put the boy’s plush toys with him, putting the plush fox under the boy’s chin. Jisung immediately grabbed it, holding it tightly.

“You can go practice a bit, Innie. I’ll work on what I was supposed to work and when he wakes up I call you.”

Jeongin smiled.

“You’re a good caregiver, hyung.”

Said the maknae, gathering his things. Chan chuckled.

“I still have a lot to learn.”

He said. Jeongin nodded.

“You do, both of us do. But trust me, you’re much better than I was when I first found out.”

Chan smiled.

“You’re good with him too.”

Jeongin nodded.

“I’ll be back later.”

Chan was finishing the track when he heard a whine. He immediately looked back to see Jisung rubbing his eyes, plush fox still gripped in his hand. He got up, kneeling next to the boy.

“Hey there, baby boy.”

He said. Jisung blinked a few times, then gave Chan a sleepy smile.

“Mo’nin’, appa.”

Chan could tell his eyes were wide, and his mouth was hanging slightly open. He quickly shut it once Jisung tilted his head. His heart was racing, and he felt like squishing Jisung into the tightest hug ever, but the boy was still waking up, so he didn’t.
“Did you sleep well?”
He asked, instead.
Jisung nodded and sat up, then frowned. His lower lip jutted out.
“Sowy…”
He said. Chan frowned.
“What are you sorry for, baby boy?”
Jisung blushed and squirmed, pushing Chan’s coat, which had been covering him, to his lap.
“Sowy, ‘yung.”
He said again. Chan raised an eyebrow, noting the action and the way Jisung had called him.
“Baby, do you need a change?”
Jisung’s pout deepened.
“Sun’ie din’ mean to.”
He said, eyes watering. Chan cooed at him, sitting next to him and pulling the boy into a hug.
“Hey, baby, it’s ok. It’s what you’re wearing pull-ups for.”
Jisung sniffed and looked up.
“Sun’ie bi’ boy.”
He said. Chan nodded.
“You are a big boy, baby. Having an accident doesn’t mean anything. Even big boys have accidents. Ok?”
Jisung sniffed, but dried his tears.
“Otay.”
He said. Chan smiled and kissed his cheek, then got up.
“Stay here, let me get your things.”
He headed to his bag, grabbing the wet wipes and extra pull-up they had brought, but also Jisung’s normal underwear, because the boy seemed older now. He headed back to the couch.
“Ok, Sungie, can you get up for hyung?” Jisung stood up. Chan pulled down the boy’s pants, then his wet pull-ups, and then he quickly cleaned Jisung. “Do you need a pull-up, baby?”
He asked. Jisung shook his head.
“Bi’ boy cwothes.”
He said. Chan chuckled and redressed the boy. Once he was done, he got his phone, sending Jeongin a message.
“Ok, baby, now what do you want to play?”

When Jeongin entered the studio he was greeted with Chan and Jisung drawing together on the floor. He closed the door, laughing to himself.

“Hey, there.”

He said. Chan looked at him and smiled. Jisung’s face lit up and he made grabby hands at Jeongin.

“Innie ‘yung!”

He said. Jeongin smiled and walked over, kissing Jisung’s temple. The boy hugged him and quickly moved to sit between Jeongin’s legs, bringing his drawing to rest on his knee so he could draw on the maknae’s lap.

“I see someone’s feeling older.”

Said the maknae. Chan nodded.

“He woke up feeling older. Had to change him. He was embarrassed about having an accident.”

Jeongin nodded.

“Ah, yeah. That happens sometimes. Did he cry?”

Chan nodded.

“A little bit. But he’s fine now.”

Jeongin nodded.

“Is he wearing pull-ups?”

Chan shook his head.

“Said he didn’t need them. Does he?”

Jeongin shrugged.

“Not really. He had accidents sometimes, but it’s very rare.”


“Oh, who could have poked me? Did you see, Chan hyung?”

Jisung was giggling like crazy. Chan laughed and shook his head.

“No idea, Innie.”

He said, winking exaggeratedly at Jisung.

“Well, I’ll pay attention now.”

Said the maknae. He then looked around, frowning in concentration. Jisung waited until he the boy
was looking away and poked Jeongin again. Jeongin looked back, eyes wide, and Jisung was apparently having the time of his life.

“Who did that? Who was it?”

Chan couldn’t help but to laugh. He raised his shoulders.

“Don’t know.”

He said. Jeongin huffed.

“Sungie, did you see who it was?” Jisung giggled and shook his head innocently. “Hum, this time I’ll pay even more attention.”


“Aha!” Said Jeongin. “Got you.”

He tickled Jisung, and the boy squealed, then wiggled around and got up, running to Chan, laughing.

“Come here, baby, I’ll keep you safe from the tickle monster.”

He said. Jisung was bouncing with energy.

“Pwote’t ‘yung, pwote’t.”

Chan was exhausted. Jisung had a lot of energy, and he was extremely clingy, which meant that even when they were playing he refused to ever be farther than his arm’s reach from either Chan on Jeongin. Chan didn’t mind. He loved Jisung and he loved the boy’s clinginess and cuteness, and he would do anything for that boy. But god, he was tired.

At the moment he and Jeongin were walking back to the dorms, Chan carrying an asleep Jisung and Jeongin carrying their bags.

“I’m exhausted.”

Mumbled the maknae, halfway through. Chan laughed.

“Tell me about it.”

Jeongin smiled.

“But it’s worth it, hyung.”

Chan turned his head to look at Jisung, who was sleeping peacefully.

“It is. It really is.”

They had left two of Jisung’s plushies and one of his pacifiers at the leader’s studio. In his head, Chan was calculating how to get Jisung more things.

“Think he’ll ever let the others know?”

Asked the maknae. Chan sighed.
“I don’t know. Maybe. Once he gets more comfortable.”

Jeongin nodded.

“I hope he does. Imagine little Sungie running around the dorm with everyone around, hyung.”

Chan laughed.

“It would be adorable.” He said. Jeongin was smiling. “I’m glad you helped him through this, Innie.”

He said. Jeongin blushed. He had told Chan about the way he had found out about Jisung, and Chan was now talking about it.

“It was nothing. I liked taking care of my little brother and my little cousins. It wasn’t that much different.”

Chan smiled.

“Yeah, but you promptly accepted something you knew nothing about and helped him. That is more than many people would have done.”

Jeongin was looking down and smiling a bit embarrassed and a bit proud.

“Thank you, hyung.”

Chan bumped into him softly.

“You’re welcome, maknae.”

Chapter End Notes

Soft Chan/Jisung/Jeongin time ^.^ what did you guys think?
Chan closed the door softly behind him, trying not to wake Jisung up or any of the others in the dorm. He looked at his phone. One thirty five in the morning. He sighed.

He hadn’t intended to come back so late. When Jisung showed up in his studio at eleven in the night, awfully fidgety and shy, a pout on his lips, Chan had planned on going home immediately. But then the boy had walked over to him and hugged him, letting himself slump against Chan, and then had whined asking for his pacifier before promptly falling asleep as soon as Chan gave him the pacifier and one of the stuffed toys he kept in his studio. And Chan couldn’t exactly carry the boy home like that, it was still early enough for people to be walking on the streets, and waking Jisung up wasn’t an option. So he opted to wait for a bit.

He also knew he would have to ask Jisung what had happened. Jisung never asked them to take care of him. All of the times he got into little space was because either Chan or Jeongin noticed him feeling little and suggested it, and even then Jisung was a bit embarrassed. So having the boy show up like that, seeming upset and tired, must have a cause. Chan focused on his computer. He would talk to Jisung about it. Later. Now he had to work for a bit.

A bit turned out to be longer than Chan had planned, and what had forced him to notice the time was Jisung squirming and whining in his sleep. Luckily, Chan had understood the situation fast enough, and they had gotten to the bathroom before the younger had an accident. He had then looked through his bag, glad Jeongin had convinced him of keeping at least one pull up there in case of an emergency. He helped Jisung put the pull up on, then his clothes. Once that was done with Chan had glanced at his phone, groaning as he saw the time. He eyed Jisung. The boy’s eyes were already closing again.

“Sungie, we need to go back. Can you give hyung your stuffie so we can put it to bed?”

He asked, voice soft. Jisung blinked sleepily at him.

“Appa, cawy?”

He asked, lifting his hands. Chan’s heart skipped a beat, like it always did when Jisung called him like that. It didn’t happen often. Only when Jisung was extra sleepy or sad in little space – and that one time when he wasn’t in little space – but Chan loved hearing it. He smiled and picked the boy up.

“Sure, baby. C’mom, lets get your things.”

And so they had headed back, Chan careful not to walk through places where they could be seen and Jisung sleeping peacefully on his arms.

With a bit of difficulty, Chan managed to take off his and Jisung’s shoes. Then he entered the dorm and put Jisung down on the couch, letting himself sit next to the boy and smiling when Jisung blinked his eyes open for a second, just to crawl closer and bury his face on Chan’s tummy before
going back to sleep. The leader laughed. Jisung stayed still for a moment, then squirmed around and sat up, moving so that he was sitting on Chan’s lap, his legs on each side of the older and his arms around Chan’s neck. Chan knew he should get the boy to bed, but he decided he deserved a bit of a rest after carrying Jisung from the company to the dorms.

When Jisung began squirming again, Chan looked inside his bag and pulled out Jisung’s stuffed toy, which the younger had insisted couldn’t stay at the company. He nudged Jisung with it, smiling when the boy let out a soft whine, picking the toy up and holding it tightly. With a sigh, he stood up.

He headed towards the corridor that would lead him to his bedroom, knowing he had the challenge of navigating the dark hallway with Jisung in his arms without making noise. And then, before he could do anything, a light turned on and Chan groaned, closing his eyes on instinct. He opened them again a few seconds later. And came face to face with a wide-eyed Woojin.

For a moment, they only stared at each other. Then Chan’s eyes drifted to what Woojin was holding.

“Is that a Hot Wheels pack?” He asked, brain too tired to care about tact. Woojin raised an eyebrow.

“Is Sungie wearing pull-ups?”

Chan noticed, then, that he was still holding Jisung, and that Woojin was dangerously close of finding out Jisung’s secret.

“Oh…”

He said, pulling Jisung’s shirt down over the pull-ups peaking out from his pants. Woojin shook his head and gestured towards the corridor.

“Put him to bed. Then we can talk about this, ok?”

Chan sighed, but nodded. Woojin smiled at him and pressed a kiss to his lips, careful not to jostle Jisung, then continued his way to the living room.

Chan made sure Jisung was comfortable in his bed, thanking the heavens that Changbin had chosen to sleep elsewhere – probably Felix’s bed. He covered the boy, shushing Jisung as the boy whined at the loss of Chan’s warmth. He kissed Jisung’s forehead.

“Hyung will be right back, baby boy.”

He said, and left the room.

Woojin was sitting in the living room couch, the pack he had been holding earlier now wrapped in colourful wrapping paper. Chan sat down next to him.

“Hey.”

He said. Woojin smiled at him and pecked him in the lips again.

“Hey.” Chan smiled. “So, want to go first or should I?”

He asked. Chan shrugged.
“You can go first.”

Woojin nodded.

“Well. I got this for a friend of mine. He’s boyfriend is a little, and children’s day is coming up. My friend wanted to surprise his boyfriend.” Chan knew he was staring dumbly at his boyfriend, but he couldn’t help it. Woojin chuckled. “I would explain to you what a little is, but I have a feeling you know perfectly well what it means.”

Chan continued to stare. Then he shook his head.

“You know?”

Woojin smiled softly.

“About Sungie? Yeah. I mean, I wasn’t sure, because I never saw anything and he never told me, but Jisung has a very little-like behaviour.”

Chan was having a hard time processing that Woojin knew. He knew his boyfriend was perceptive, but not this perceptive.

“Is this why you said Jisung didn’t hate being taken care of?”

He asked. Woojin nodded.

“That’s also what I meant when you pointed out Jisung being extra childish and I told you he’s always been like this.”

Chan shook his head incredulously and chuckled.

“Nothing gets past you, hum?”

Woojin smiled smugly.

“Not much, no.”

Chan laughed and kissed Woojin. Once they parted he held the older’s hand. They were already awake, might as well enjoy their time alone together.

“Why didn’t you ever talk to Sung, then?”

He asked. Woojin shrugged.

“I didn’t want to force him into telling me anything he wasn’t ready to tell.”

He said. Chan nodded.

“Well. He’ll have to know that you know, now.”

Woojin shrugged.

“I guess.”

Chan bit on his lip.

“He won’t like it.”
He said. Woojin smiled.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be careful.”

Chan nodded.

“And what about this friend of yours?”

He asked, gesturing towards the present on the couch. Woojin chuckled.

“You know Jungwoo, from NCT?”

Chan’s eyes widened.

“Wait, him?”

Woojin laughed and shook his head.

“Not him. His boyfriend.”

Chan stared. He wanted to ask who the boy’s boyfriend was, but he had a feeling Woojin wouldn’t tell.

“So this means you actually know another little. Can you tell Sungie that?”

Woojin nodded.

“Sure. Now…”

They were interrupted by the sound of steps, and both boys turned towards the noise. Chan’s heart broke as he looked up. Jisung was standing by the living room entrance, hand gripping his stuffed toy tightly and tears on his cheeks.

“A-appa…”

He mumbled. Chan rushed to him, pulling the boy into a hug.

“Hey, baby. Are you ok? What happened?”

Jisung sniffed, clinging to Chan.

“W-waked up an’ appa n-not thewe.”

He said around his pacifier. Chan cooed and hugged the boy tighter.

“Well, appa is here now. You don’t need to cry anymore.”

Jisung sniffed and rubbed his face against Chan’s chest. Chan carefully pulled back, holding the boy’s hand and leading him to the couch. Jisung didn’t hesitate before sitting on Chan’s lap, like he had earlier.

Chan glanced at Woojin. The older was smiling.

‘Adorable.’

The older mouthed. Chan couldn’t help but to smile. Jisung really was adorable.
‘I know.’

He mouthed back.

Once Jisung calmed down, Chan bid Woojin goodnight and headed back to bed, pulling Jisung along with him. He lay down besides the younger and wrapped his arms around him, and Jisung nuzzled against his neck like a kitten, before stilling and sighing contentedly. Chan smiled and kissed the boy’s forehead. Then he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Chan woke up to Jisung trying to climb out of bed. He blinked, opening his eyes, and raised an eyebrow as Jisung tried to climb over him without making noise or hitting Chan.

“Baby, what are you doing?”

He asked. It wasn’t the smartest choice. Jisung squealed, startled, and lost balance, falling on top of Chan and forcing all of the air out of the older’s lungs.

“Shit, sorry, hyung.”

Said the younger, quickly getting up now that he wasn’t worried about being subtle. Chan waited a few seconds, regaining his breath, before wheezing out a ‘don’t worry about it’. After a few more seconds, he groaned.

“I see you’re not feeling little anymore.”

He said, sitting up and ignoring his still short breath. Jisung’s cheeks reddened immediately.

“I, uhn, this… I’m sorry, hyung. About yesterday. I shouldn’t…”

Chan sighed and took the boy’s hands.

“Jisungie. C’mon, you know I like taking care of you. Why are you apologizing?”

Jisung bit on his lip.

“It’s… when you guys offer it, it’s because you have time. I don’t have the right to… I don’t want to waste your time.”

Chan frowned. He thought back to the fact that Jisung never asked to be little, and his frown deepened.

“Sungie. Innie and I are your caregivers. We agreed to this, we want to take care of you. It’s not a waste of our time.” He held Jisung’s face carefully. The boy had blushed at the word ‘caregiver’, and was still a bit red. “I told you I love taking care of you. You can come to me whenever you feel little. You should come to me whenever you feel little.”

He said. Jisung pouted, the type of pout that meant he was trying to avoid crying. Chan moved to hold his hands again.

“I-I just feel like I take too much of your time. You already work so much, and then you have to take care of me, and…”

Chan shook his head.
“Jisungie, it’s not like that. Look, being little helps you relax, right? Well, taking care of you helps me relax. So don’t think you’re forcing me into anything or wasting my time. You’re not. Never.” Jisung sighed, rubbing his eyes to get rid of the tears before they fell, and the act was so childish it made Chan want to squish Jisung. He didn’t. He knew Jisung would be embarrassed, and that was the last thing they needed at the moment. “Sungie, can you promise me you’ll tell me when you’re feeling little? Even if it’s just a bit?”

Jisung didn’t answer for a while, then he sighed and nodded.

“Ok, hyung.”

He said. Chan smiled and squeezed his hand.

“Good. Now, can you tell me what made you slip yesterday?”

Jisung’s ears reddened.

“It was stupid.”

He mumbled. Chan huffed.

“Nope, none of that. C’mon, tell hyung.”

Jisung pouted.

“Hyunjinnie laughed at me.”

He said. Chan raised an eyebrow.

“Jinnie? When?”

Jisung shrugged.

“Sungie, you know he didn’t mean to upset you, right?” Jisung nodded, although he was still pouting. “And what did you do when he laughed?”

Jisung’s blush deepened.

“Stuck my tongue out at him and left.”

Chan supressed his laughter.

“Sungie, have I ever told you you’re really cute?”

He asked. Jisung squirmed.

“Hyung!”

He said, and Chan knew he was right about Jisung still feeling little.

“Ok, here’s what we’ll do. I’ll take you to the studio with me today, and you can be as little as you
want. Does that sound good?” He asked. Jisung grimaced, but nodded. “Good. Now there’s something we need to talk about, before that.”

When Woojin entered the room, Jisung hid himself behind the bed sheets. Woojin laughed silently and looked at Chan, who was smiling.

“Jisung, can you come out of there so we can talk?” He asked. Jisung shook his head shaking the sheets along with it. Woojin chuckled. “Please, Sungie? Can you come out for hyung?”

This did the trick and Jisung slowly let the sheets fall. Woojin smiled. Jisung grimaced.

“I’m not a baby, hyung.”

He said. Woojin raised an eyebrow.

“Didn’t say you were.” Jisung blushed and he crossed his arms. Woojin laughed. “So, Chan told you I know.”

Jisung sighed and nodded.

“He said you saw yesterday.”

He mumbled. Woojin nodded.

“I did, but I already knew about it.”

Jisung frowned, tilting his head.

“You did?”

He asked, cheeks reddening. Woojin nodded.

“You see, I have this friend from another group. And his boyfriend is a little. I wasn’t supposed to find out about it, but one day I walked in on them when his boyfriend was in little space, and they explained a few things to me. Your behaviour, even when you’re not in headspace, is a lot like what my friend describes from his boyfriend. Plus, you let Channie take care of you way too much. So I had my suspicions.”

Jisung’s face was crimson. Chan moved closer to the boy, offering comfort, if Jisung was willing to take it. The younger was gripping the hem of his shirt, playing with it.

“A-am I really that obvious?”

He asked. Woojin smiled.

“Hey, don’t be embarrassed. It’s not that obvious to people who don’t know. I mean, they notice, but they get used to it and just assume you’re a bit childish at times.”

Jisung pouted.

“I’m sorry.”

He said. Chan hated seeing the sad face on Jisung’s face. He made eye contact with Woojin. The older nodded.
“Sungie, you don’t need to apologize. It’s not a bad thing.”

Jisung sighed.

“But it is, hyung. It must be annoying to have a little kid trailing after you all the time.”

He said. Woojin shook his head and sat next to Jisung on the bed.

“It’s not like that, Sung. You’re obviously not always childish. You know how to act your age, and you’re as mature as Lix, Jinnie and anyone else your age. What I mean is that at times you do little things that wouldn’t be expected of an eighteen year old. Like pulling on clothes to get attention. Or really enjoying children’s TV shows. And it’s not something bad. It’s part of you.”

Jisung looked at the older, searching his eyes. Chan could tell he was trying to see how much Woojin meant what he was saying. After a few moments he sighed.

“I guess…”

He said. Woojin took his hand.

“I mean it, Sungie. C’mon, would you poke JYP or pull on his clothes to get his attention?”

Jisung blushed.

“What? No! Of course not, hyung!”

Woojin laughed and so did Chan.

“See? You know exactly when and with whom you can be childish.”

Jisung opened his mouth to reply, than closed it again. Woojin smiled as if saying ‘I told you so.’

Jisung pouted.

“I guess you’re right, hyung.”

Woojin chuckled.

“I always am. Now I’ll live so you can be comfortable. You seem like you need it. And when you feel ready, I’d love to meet little Sungie.”

He said, and ruffled Jisung’s hair before kissing Chan and leaving.

Jisung, face still a bit red, looked at Chan.

“Hyungie… I’m feeling little.”

He said. Chan smiled.

“C’mon, let’s go to the company, then you can be as little as you want.”

Chapter End Notes

And now Woojin knows too ^.^
Opinions and suggestions???

(Also, last year I did a Christmas challenge, and I've been thinking of doing it again this year. Would you guys be interested in that? Here's last year's: https://archiveofourown.org/work... /chapters/27492156 )
Jisung bit on his lip nervously. He was sitting on Chan’s bed, kicking his feet as he waited for the older to pick up his things. Ever since the conversation with Woojin, three weeks earlier, he had been little five times. Two with Jeongin and Chan, two with only Chan, and one only with Jeongin. He hadn’t asked them for those. For all that he told Chan he would go to someone if he was feeling little, he still couldn’t. He was embarrassed about it, and every time he came out of headspace he had to fight his embarrassment to even look at Chan and Jeongin. He didn’t tell them that. They were doing him a favour, he couldn’t be an ungrateful brat.

So he hadn’t told them he was feeling little even once. But he had been thinking over the idea of letting Woojin see him in little space, and had even talked to Chan about it, but the opportunity for that hadn’t presented itself, and Jisung was a bit glad about that.

But now the perfect moment had come. Chuseok had arrived, and most of the boys had gone back home. Except for Woojin, Chan and Jisung. It would have been fine, obviously, if Jisung hadn’t been feeling little. But Chuseok reminded him of his parents, and not being able to go home made him a bit upset, and the result was… well, him feeling little. And Chan had, obviously, noticed, because when he went entered the kitchen to have breakfast Jisung was staring at his food, his pacifier by his side as he sucked and bit on his lower lip.

Chan got up from where he had been crouched, smiling as he held up the clothes he had chosen for Jisung. In his hands he had Jisung’s jeans overalls, which Jeongin had gotten for him after he noticed Jisung looking at someone’s stage outfit – overalls and a t-shirt – during a music show.

Now, usually, just the sight of the piece of clothing would have Jisung squealing and slipping into little space. But he was too nervous at the moment. Chan, obviously, noticed and put the overalls down, frowning.

“Sungie?” He called. Jisung pulled his legs up and hugged them, hiding his face. He heard Chan sit next to him. “Hey, what happened?”

Asked the older. Jisung shook his head.

“Nothing, hyung. Just… you know.”

Chan put a hand on his back, rubbing it softly.

“You’re nervous.” The older stated. Jisung nodded. Chan’s hand left his back and touched his head, gently asking Jisung to look up. The boy obeyed. Chan smiled at him. “Hey, I know I suggested this, but we don’t need to do it if you don’t want to.”

Jisung quickly shook his head.

“I’m just nervous.”

He quickly said. Chan nodded.

“What can I do to help?”
He asked. Jisung blushed.

“Just… treat me like you always do, hyung.” He said. “And…”

He started, stopping as his cheeks reddened even more.

“And…?”

Prompted Chan.

“C-can I wear one of your shirts?”

Asked the younger, not looking at Chan. He saw, from the corner of his eye, Chan tilt his head like a puppy.

“My shirt?”

Jisung’s lip was already hurting from him chewing on it. Chan absentmindedly took it from between his teeth waiting for Jisung to explain. Jisung pouted.

“It smells like you.”

Was all he said, too embarrassed to explain that Chan’s clothes and his smell made him feel extra safe. Chan looked at him for a second, then chuckled.

“You. Are. Adorable.”

He said, pecking Jisung’s face three times. Jisung couldn’t help but to giggle, already feeling his little side bubbling up.

“Hyung, stop!”

He whined. Chan laughed and got up.

“C’mon, let’s get you dressed.”

Once Jisung was dressed and had his space pacifier between his lips and Flower in his hands, Chan opened the door and held his hand out for the little. Jisung whined and lifted his arms. Chan chuckled and picked the boy up, kissing his cheek before heading out of the room.

Woojin was on the living room, watching TV as he waited for the other two. When he heard the sound of steps he turned back, smiling as he saw Chan carrying Jisung towards the couch. Jisung, with his overalls and rabbit socks, looked adorable. When the pair arrived, Chan tried to put Jisung down, only to get a whine in reply and Jisung clinging to him. This made Chan and Woojin laugh.

“Sungie, can hyung put you down?” Chan asked. Jisung shook his head. Chan hummed. “Well, then I guess you don’t want your presents.”

Woojin shook his head at the way Jisung’s head shot up at that. The little immediately scanned the room, looking for the presents. He spotted them on Woojin’s legs. His eyes rose up to Woojin’s face. And he squealed and hid back against Chan’s neck. Woojin raised an eyebrow. Chan rolled his eyes fondly. Woojin decided to step in.

“Sungie, what if Channie hyung holds you on his lap while I give you your presents? Would that be
Jisung hesitantly looked up from his hiding spot, this time making eye contact with Woojin for a few seconds before blushing and looking away. Then he nodded. Woojin smiled victoriously.

Chan put Jisung down and the boy whined, before Chan sat on the couch and Jisung climbed up to sit on his lap. Chan chuckled, hugging the boy from behind and tickling his tummy, making Jisung squeal and laugh.

“Ok, baby boy, want your presents now?”

Jisung nodded, smiling. He looked at Woojin shyly.

“Pwesent?”

He asked, eyes shining. It took all Woojin had not to squish his cheeks.

“Yup. Hyung got you presents, to thank you for letting hyung take care of you.”

Jisung’s mouth formed a perfect little ‘o’ shape and Woojin chuckled. The little looked at Chan. The leader nodded.

“See? Woojin hyung is nice, isn’t he?”

Jisung nodded eagerly, looking back at Woojin. The older smiled and picked up the smaller box and handed it to Jisung. The little put his stuffed toy next to him and took the box.

To Chan and Woojin’s surprise, Jisung didn’t rip the package open. Instead, he tried to open it without ripping the paper. Of course, it didn’t work. He couldn’t find the tape, and ended up pouting and giving it to Chan. The older chuckled and put his arms around Jisung, putting the package in front of the boy. Then he opened it, almost laughing when he saw what Woojin had gotten. Jisung gasped.

“‘Quiwel!”

He said, looking at Chan with wide eyes, then at Woojin. Chan laughed and let Jisung hold the squirrel sippy cup.

“Yes, baby, they’re squirrels. Do you like it?”

He asked. Jisung nodded profusely. Chan smiled and looked at Woojin, one eyebrow raised. The older chuckled.

“What? C’mon, it fits him.”

Chan just laughed.

“Sungie, did you thank Woojin hyung?”

He asked. Jisung gasped, almost letting his pacifier fall.

“Than’ you, ‘yungie.”

He said. Woojin smiled and ruffled the boy’s hair.

“You’re welcome, pumpkin.”
He said. Jisung squealed at the nickname and hid his face in Chan’s chest, giggling. Chan and Woojin laughed, and Chan ruffled the boy’s hair.

“C’mon, baby, Woojin got you another present.”

Jisung looked up shyly, then at Woojin expectantly. Woojin chuckled and gave the boy the bigger box. Jisung tried to open that one, too, before giving it to Chan again. The older opened the box and gave it to Jisung. Chan couldn’t see, but from the way Woojin was laughing and looking at Jisung fondly he would guess the boy’s expression was priceless at the moment.

Jisung turned to him, eyes wide.

“’yungie, fawm!”

He said, eyes shining. Chan chuckled.

Woojin had bought a play farm for Jisung. It had plastic pigs, cows, rabbits and other farm animals, and little barns and fences, and a house as well as a farmer. The toy pieces were big and easy to handle, which was good, and they were all movable, so Jisung would be able to build his little farm as he wanted and play with the animals as he wanted.

“That’s a very nice, present, baby.”

He was about to instruct Jisung to thank Woojin, but the little was faster. He turned to Woojin and smiled widely behind his pacifier.

“Than’ you, ‘yungie!” He said, enthusiastically. Then he turned to Chan. “Pway?”

He asked, and really, who was Chan to deny?

As usual, Jisung made Chan sit by him as he played, making sure he had Flower with him. Chan had noticed, from the first time Jisung was little around him, that the boy was very clingy and needy. Jisung liked having someone with him at all times, and Chan and Jeongin had never left him completely alone since they had started doing this, but Chan had a feeling it wouldn’t go well.

Woojin, too, had been told to sit down with them, and Chan had warned him to keep his phone close, because watching Jisung play was nice, but after a while it got boring if they weren’t actively participating in it. This time, however, things were different. Each animal Jisung pulled out of the little bucket where they came in resulted in a different expression and information from the boy. He had even given Chan his pacifier, too excited to keep it in his mouth as he spoke.

“’yungie! Cow! ‘yungie, cows ‘ive milk, wight? Mild tasty!”

He said, putting the cow on the floor carefully. Chan chuckled.

“Yes, baby, they give us milk. You like drinking milk?”

He asked Jisung nodded eagerly, pulling the next toy out of the bucket.

“Milk tasty! ‘twabewy milk, a-and chocowate milk!” He said. Then he gasped. “’yungie! Pig!”

Chan laughed and looked at Woojin. The older made eye contact with him, smiling widely. Chan could see the same want to hug Jisung and never let go he felt reflected on Woojin’s eyes.
The animal saga continued until the bucket was empty. By then, however, a long time had passed, and Chan decided it was time he started preparing lunch, before they had a very grumpy Jisung complaining he was hungry. He nudged the boy, who was beginning to assemble his farm.

“Sungie, baby. Hyungie needs to go make lunch. Can you stay with Woojin hyung?” He asked. Jisung looked at him, and Chan noticed his eyes watering. “Oh, baby, no, there’s no need to cry. Look, you will have Flower, and Woojin hyung is really nice. He’ll play with you.”

Jisung shook his head and put his arms around Chan, clinging to the older. Chan sighed. He rubbed Jisung’s back and gestured towards the couch. Woojin looked over and nodded as he spotted Jisung’s pacifier, getting up to retrieve it. Then he kneeled next to Jisung and Chan.

“Sungie, hyung got your paci for you. Do you want it?”

He asked. Jisung looked up. He wasn’t crying, but he was far from being happy. Still, he opened his mouth and let Woojin give him his pacifier. Woojin sat down next to him and picked up a toy cow.

“Look, Sungie. The cows need to be put in their barn.”

He said, nudging Jisung’s cheek with the cow’s nose. This made Jisung look over at the toy. Then he looked back at Chan, then at Woojin. Then he sighed and moved out of Chan’s lap, holding Flower tightly against his chest. Woojin smiled and sat down. He patted his lap, offering to let Jisung sit. The boy shook his head and sat opposite of Woojin. Then he whined and reached for Chan, tugging on the older’s hoodie. Chan kneeled down.

“What’s it, baby?”

He asked. Jisung pulled on his hoodie again.

“Keep?”

He said. Chan took a few seconds to understand the request, then he chuckled and took off his hoodie giving it to Jisung.

“Now you have my shirt and my hoodie, baby. Are you planning to steal all of my clothes?”

Jisung blushed but giggled slightly. He took the hoodie as Chan handed it to him and hugged it to his chest like he was doing with Flower. Then he turned back to his toy and restarted playing. Chan smiled and left the room.

Woojin couldn’t help but to be amazed. It had taken him half a second to fall in love with little Jisung. As soon as Chan walked out carrying the kid and Woojin saw the youngest boy in his overalls he was gone, completely whipped. And now, as Jisung clung to Chan’s hoodie, Woojin could feel himself melting. The look on Jisung’s face as he opened his presents had been precious, too, and the way he excitedly talked about the animals was too cute to handle. Woojin had a hard time understanding the boy at times, but he managed well enough.

Now Jisung was very focused on building his farm. He had placed the barns strategically on the floor, putting the little plastic house between the two barns, and he was now putting up the fences, so focused that he had even stopped sucking on his pacifier. Woojin mostly just watched, amused, but when Jisung dropped the same bar for the third time and sighed, looking at it dejectedly, he picked
the bar up and set it where Jisung was trying to put it.

Jisung looked up at him, eyes wide and shining, then looked back at the bar. Then he squealed, giving Woojin the cutest smile behind his pacifier.

“’yungie builded fow Sungie! Than’ you!”

He said, happily moving on to the next fence. From then on, Woojin decided to stop being a pole and start helping Jisung, and soon the boy was laughing non-stop as Woojin made silly animal noises at him.

They were interrupted by Chan’s entrance, just as Jisung finished the last fence.

“Boys, should we eat?”

He asked. Woojin had never seen Jisung stand up so fast. He rushed over to Chan, then pulled the older by the hand.

“’yungie, look! We builded!”

He said. Chan laughed, looking the farm over. It looked weird, Jisung’s aesthetic and sense of space were clearly not that well developed when he was little. He smiled at the little anyways.

“It looks amazing, baby boy. What do you say we eat really quickly so you can have strength to put all your animals in that pretty farm?”

Jisung nodded eagerly, holding his stuffed fox and Chan’s hoodie with one arm to hold Chan’s hand with the other. Then he looked at Woojin.

“’yungie eat?”

He asked. Woojin burst out laughing at the cuteness.

“Yes, pumpkin, hyungie will eat with you.”

Jisung beamed.

They entered the kitchen and Chan helped Jisung sit on a chair that had a little pillow in it. It wasn’t necessary, obviously. But Woojin figured it was part of what created the atmosphere to make Jisung comfortable in his headspace.

Jisung patiently waited for Chan to put the food on the table, and Woojin was amazed at how much of a good boy he was. Jisung in adult headspace was always hyper and making a mess with the rest of the maknae line, so it was surprising to see him so well behaved.

Soon they were sitting together, and Woojin thanked Chan for cooking, because Chan had actually prepared a whole meal for them, plus a different one for Jisung. Chan just chuckled and kissed Woojin, ignoring Jisung’s little whine. The leader then sat down next to Jisung, placing the boy’s brand new sippy cup in front of him.

“Baby, do you want hyung to feed you?”

Chan asked. Jisung seemed to think for a bit, then nodded.

“Pwease, ‘yungie.”
He said. Chan smiled and pulled his chair closer to the boy, starting to feed him. Woojin watched for a few moments, before chuckling and focusing on his own food.

They ate and talked comfortably for a while, and Jisung seemed to enjoy his sippy cup, giggling every time he picked it up and drank from it, and even running his finger over the little squirrel drawings a few times, as if to pet them.

“‘yungie.” He said, on one of the times. Chan and Woojin looked at him and Jisung giggled.

“Quiwel.”

He said, proudly, and Chan and Woojin couldn’t help but to laugh.

After lunch Jisung clearly didn’t feel like playing anymore. He let Chan clean his face and hands, then let himself be pulled to the living room, but he only moved his animals for about a minute inside the toy farm, before whining and pulling on Chan’s shirt.

“’yungie, Pororo?”

He said. Chan noted the boy’s whiny voice and heavy eyes. He chuckled.

“Sure, baby boy. Let’s just brush those teeth, then we can watch Pororo, ok?”

Jisung whined, another sign of his sleepiness. He wasn’t one to complain about things like bath time and brushing his teeth, unless when he felt sleepy. The more sleepy he was the more difficult it became to handle him.

Chan was quick to pull him up, taking him to the bathroom and quickly helping the boy with his teeth, before making sure Jisung peed, because he really didn’t want to deal with putting a pull-up on the boy when he was getting fussier by the second. Then, once that was done, they headed back to the couch.

Chan smiled when he noticed Woojin had done him a huge favour and actually put on Pororo already. Jisung quickly stopped fussing as his eyes caught the little animated penguin on the screen. He made himself comfortable, cuddling Flower and Chan’s hoodie as he lay on the older’s lap, his feet on Woojin’s legs. He then looked around, smiling as Chan gave him his pacifier. Ten minutes later he was asleep.

“He’s so cute.”

Was the first thing Woojin said once Jisung was asleep. Chan looked at the boy on his lap before looking up and chuckling, changing channels to something a bit more interesting than Pororo. He settled for some random variety program, muting the TV so it wouldn’t disturb Jisung.

“I told you he was.”

He said. Woojin chuckled.

“I can see why you like taking care of him so much.” Said the older. Chan just nodded. “Think he’ll ever get used to me?”

He asked. Chan hummed.
“He will. Next time I’ll leave him alone with you and Jeongin. Me being here makes it harder for him to open up to others.”

Woojin chuckled.

“I can see that. It’s literally like a kid that interacts with others just fine, but when they’re with their parents they just hide behind them.” Chan chuckled, because it actually was an accurate comparison. “He was so cute clinging to your hoodie.”

Chan motioned towards the sleeping boy.

“My hoodie and my shirt.”

Woojin raised an eyebrow.

“Why is that?”

He asked, curious. Chan shrugged.

“He said it smells like me.”

Woojin could feel himself smiling.

“Awn, Channie. It's like he feels safe when he wears your things because he feels like you're there with him. That’s so sweet.”

Chan blushed, but he couldn’t help the proud smile from taking his face.

“Shut up.”

He said. Woojin chuckled.

Chan woke Jisung up after half an hour. If he let the boy sleep more than that then they would have a problem at night. As usual, Jisung spent the first half hour after being woken up cuddled up to Chan without doing much. This time he requested his sippy cup, and quietly drank from it from time to time, apparently enjoying being quiet as Woojin and Chan talked. Then, once he was done with his drink, he put his sippy cup down and got down from the couch, walking on his knees to his farm and stopping halfway to look at Chan and Woojin with a pout on his lips. Chan chuckled.

“I’ll watch from here, Sungie. Woojin hyung will play with you.”

Jisung’s pout deepened, but he sighed, waiting for Woojin to join him, before sitting right next to the boy to play. Woojin smiled up at Chan, and the leader chuckled.

The two of them played for quite sometime, and things were fine. Perfectly fine, really. Until a loud noise was heard outside, a car horn, and Jisung jumped, startled. Woojin expected that to be it, expected Jisung to continue playing. Instead, the boy burst out crying. Woojin didn’t even have time to register what had happened before Chan was next to Jisung, letting the boy cling to him.

“Baby, shh, it’s ok. It was just a car outside, come on.”

Woojin watched, an eyebrow raised.

“Is he ok?”
He asked as Chan sat down with Jisung clinging to him and crying. Chan nodded.

“Yes, he’s fine. Just… loud noises.”

Woojin almost laughed. Not because it was funny, but something about Jisung being that scared of a simple car horn made him want to protect the boy from everyone and everything. He could only imagine how much more protective Chan felt.

“Sungie s-scawed.”

Said the boy, sniffing. He was no longer crying, but he seemed scared, still.

“I know, baby. But hyungs are right here to take care of you. There’s no need to be scared, ok?”

Jisung sniffed again, but nodded, resting his head against Chan’s chest. Woojin approached him and caressed his hair. Surprisingly, Jisung leaned into the touch.

“Sungie, can Woojin hyung hold you for a bit?”

Chan asked, noticing the change. Jisung looked at the leader, then at Woojin. Then he nodded.

Woojin knew he was smiling like a fool, but he didn’t care.

Holding Jisung was... different. Woojin had held his share of kids in his life: his little cousins and his friends’ siblings. Holding Jisung wasn’t the same, of course, but at the same time it was pretty similar.

Jisung weighted like a normal teenager, obviously, even though he was smaller – and consequently lighter – than average. But the way he settled on Woojin’s lap, putting his legs around Woojin and resting his head on Woojin’s shoulder, was exactly the same way a kid would do. Just like his arms, which he wrapped loosely around Woojin’s neck.

Jisung was also warm against Woojin, and he was quick to relax in Woojin’s arms, letting himself fall against the older, his cheek squished against his own arm on Woojin’s shoulder. From this close, Woojin could hear the little suckling sounds Jisung made when sucking on his pacifier and it shouldn’t be so adorable, but it was.

Slowly, Woojin put his arms around Jisung, hugging the boy. Jisung wiggled for a bit, getting comfortable and pulling himself closer to Woojin. Chan chuckled and Woojin knew he probably looked ridiculous smiling widely like he was, but he didn’t care.

“It’s nice, isn’t it?”

Asked the leader. Woojin nodded, careful not to dislodge the boy in his arms.

“It is.”

Chan laughed.

“He gets heavy after some time, but trust me, you’ll put up with a lot to stay with him for as long as possible.”

Woojin believe him, he really did.

“’yungie smell good.”

Came Jisung’s little voice. Woojin looked at him from the corner of his eye.
“I do?”

He asked. Jisung nodded. Woojin chuckled.

“Thank you, pumpkin.”

He said, and kissed the top of Jisung’s head like he had seen Chan do. It earned him a smile from Jisung. Woojin kind of regretted not talking to Jisung about this as soon as he started getting suspicious about the boy being a little, but he had a feeling he would have many chances to make up for lost time.

Chapter End Notes

As usual, this is not proof-read, cause I write things and as soon as I finish I post them, so I'm sorry for any mistakes... Also, I know Woojin didn't stay back for Chuseok, but lets all pretend he did hehe

Anyways, what did you guys think?? Constructive criticism and comments are always welcome ^_^

Sungie's sippy cup: https://www.amazon.com/Learner-Pacifiers-Silicone-Pacifier-Squirrel/dp/B00W4F0VQC
Repressing

Woojin ended up not actually having the chance of making up for lost time.

The rest of Chuseok, after Jisung was no longer feeling little, went by a bit awkwardly, with Jisung blushing every time he interacted with Woojin. He didn’t push Woojin away, not really. He just seemed extra shy and blushed way more than what Woojin was used to seeing. It didn’t seem like much of a problem. It wouldn’t have been much of a problem, if Changbin had kept quiet.

Unfortunately, they only noticed something was wrong two weeks after Chuseok.

Woojin noticed something wasn’t right as soon as he saw Jisung for the first time in the morning. He wasn’t as attuned to the nuances of Jisung’s moods and needs as Chan, but he was a very perceptive person; and although it was fairly common for Jisung to be found on Chan’s bed in the morning, Woojin was pretty sure the way Jisung was curled up hugging Chan’s arm as he would a stuffed animal and sucking on his thumb, pacifier nowhere to be seen, wasn’t a good sign.

He woke the two boys up, wanting to understand the situation, but it didn’t help much. Jisung woke up and quickly took his thumb from his mouth, red spreading across his cheeks immediately, and he was quick to sit up, avoiding looking at Woojin. Chan was still too groggy from sleep to even process the situation. Woojin raised an eyebrow.

“Jisung, are you…?”

Jisung didn’t let him finish, quickly standing up.

“Morning, hyung! Is anyone showering? Ah, I really need a shower. I’ll go shower.”

He said, and left the room without looking at Woojin. The older looked at Chan.

“Uhn, is everything ok?”

Asked the leader. Woojin frowned.

“I was about to ask you that.”

He said. Chan looked at the door behind which Jisung had just disappeared.

“Guess we’ll have to find out.”

Chan planned to keep an eye on Jisung for the rest of the day. He had noticed something was off a few days earlier, when he noticed Jisung spending more time than normal locked away or in the company, practicing alone. Him and Jeongin had talked about it, but hadn’t found anything that could tell them what was wrong, so they had decided to wait and see what happened.

They had noticed Jisung hadn’t been little or shown signs of slipping into little space since Chuseok, and they were worried about that. The longest Jisung went without falling into little space, usually,
was five days, and even that was much. So two weeks was definitely weird. The events of that morning had just served to prove to Chan something was definitely going on.

When they first talked, Chan and Jeongin had chosen to wait because despite the long time, Jisung wasn’t showing any signs of feeling little. He had been using his pacifier less, but he hadn’t been overly childish and hadn’t shown any behaviour that pointed towards him needing to go into headspace. Chan knew that didn’t necessarily mean that Jisung didn’t want to go into little space, but he didn’t have the right to force Jisung. He had told the boy to go to him whenever. Now Jisung had to actually do it, and that depended on him and not on Chan.

But with Woojin also noticing something was wrong, Chan decided that maybe they should interfere. So Chan had planned to keep an eye on Jisung. He hadn’t planned to be called for a meeting, or having to leave Hyunjin, Changbin, Felix and Jisung alone, working on their raps.

Jisung sighed as he looked at the two lines written on his notebook. He had been working for two hours, and Hyunjin and Changbin had already finished their lyrics a long time ago. Changbin was still around, helping Felix out, and Hyunjin had long ago gone to practice the choreography. And yet, Jisung couldn’t come up with anything. He knew the reason for that, obviously. He could feel the stress he had been repressing for two weeks bubbling in his stomach, searching for a way out, and the image of his pacifier – the one he kept at Chan’s studio – had never seemed so appealing.

But he couldn’t. As strong as the want for his pacifier and toys was, it wasn’t stronger than the image that popped up in his mind whenever he considered letting himself slip. Jisung knew he didn’t mean it, he knew it. But his brain could only repeat it over and over again, making it impossible for him to just ignore what had been said. Woojin and Chan looked like they needed a nap when the others arrived after the holiday, probably from staying up late watching movies together. Jisung hadn’t even considered that someone might say something. Someone had, though. Changbin had. ‘Jisungie didn’t let you rest?’ Those were the exact words he said, making everyone laugh. Chan and Woojin included.

And Jisung knew, he knew it, that Changbin didn’t know about him being little, and he knew that Chan and Woojin weren’t tired because of taking care of him, because they had three days of break and he was only little for one and a half of those days. But Changbin’s words coupled with the embarrassment he already felt whenever he remembered Woojin taking care of him wasn’t helping.

On that night, Jisung had decided that he would do his best to suppress his little side. Chan had told him not to, more than once, even, and Jisung always agreed not to, because he truly wanted to be comfortable with this whole thing. He knew being little was good for him and that repressing it was unhealthy, and when Chan told him to seek someone when he felt little he agreed to do it because he wanted so much to be able to do it. The problem was that he wasn’t.

Jisung had tried a hundred times to tell either Chan or Jeongin when he felt little. He wanted to be able to go over to them and just tell them he felt little, wanted to admit he wanted them to take care of him, but whenever he tried he ended up chickening out, and then soon after one of them noticed him acting childishly and approached him before he could actually ask for it. And he knew he should probably tell Chan about it, tell him he still couldn’t go to them to ask for it, but even that was difficult for him.

But now that wouldn’t be a problem anymore. Because he wouldn’t try anymore. He was determined to hide his childish side as much as possible and avoid anything that could make him feel little. He had enjoyed it while it lasted, but he had taken half of his friends’ holiday away. They had spent time the could relax and spend together catering to Jisung and taking care of him like the big
baby he was, and he couldn’t do that anymore.

It was tiring to avoid his headspace. He had to be alert all the time, since being childish came naturally to him when he was relaxed. Plus, he was back to having only lyrics writing as a coping mechanism. But it was necessary and he managed to hide it quite well, all things considered. Two weeks were a feat, considering he had started feeling little around the fourth day of the first week.

And now here he was. Tired, stressed and sad, trying to come up with lyrics when his brain insisted on thinking about his Pororo colouring book, which was lying at the bottom of his little stuff box – which he planned to throw away but still hadn’t gotten the courage to. Maybe his choice of hiding hadn’t been the best. But Chan already had too much on his plate, and so did Woojin and Jeongin, and Jisung wouldn’t bother them anymore.

“Jisung!”

Jisung jumped up, startled, blinking to focus on Changbin, who as the one calling him.

“Yes, hyung?”

He asked, still a bit out of it. Changbin huffed.

“Jesus, I’ve been calling you for ages. C’mon, what do you have done? Show it to me.”

Jisung looked down at his notebook and grimaced.

“I, uhn…”

He started, rubbing the back of his neck and avoiding Changbin’s eyes.

“You…?”

Changbin prompted.

“I’m kinda having a hard time?”

Said Jisung, although it came out like an answer. Changbin frowned and approached him, looking at his notebook. His expression turned incredulous.

“Wait, you’re kidding, right?”

Jisung felt his stomach drop and his heart lurch. He blushed.

“Uhn, I was a bit… I can’t come up with anything.”

Changbin was clearly at a loss of what to do, but behind that Jisung could feel anger rising to the older’s eyes.

“I can’t believe this. I actually can’t believe this.” Changbin’s voice was harsh, and Jisung knew it was because the boy was tired and overworked, like all of them, but at the moment he could only think about how harsh the older sounded, and that he had disappointed Changbin. “We’ve been here for hours, Jisung, and all you’ve manage to come up with is two lines?”

He took the notebook from Jisung, who couldn’t help but to whimper, the urge to cry getting stronger. He gripped the hem of his shirt and bit on his bottom lip.

“I-I tried.”
He said, his voice coming out wobbly and weak. Changbin snorted.

“They aren’t even good! They make no sense! Jisung, what...?”

Felix’s who had been quiet, spoke up.

“Hyung, I think you should...”

Changbin ignored him.

“What are we gonna do, then, Jisung? Take this to Chan hyung? Will you tell him this is all you have?” Asked the older, and Jisung could feel the tears threatening to fall from his eye at the mention of Chan’s name. “You’ve got to...”

Felix spoke again, this time louder.

“Hyung!” This got Changbin’s attention. “Hyung, stop.”

Said Felix. Jisung’s vision was blurry and he could feel all the stress he had been bottling up coming with full force.

“Lix, I...” Started Changbin. Jisung crouched down, hiding his face in his knees and finally letting the tears fall, because there was no way in hell he’d be able to hold that in. “What...? Shit.”

Said Changbin. Jisung heard them rushing towards him.

Felix put a hand on Jisung’s shoulder, and he had expected the boy to pull away. Instead, Jisung wrapped his arms around Felix and the younger had to sit down so he could pull the boy onto his lap. Jisung was sobbing, now, hands fisted on Felix’s shirt as he soaked Felix’s shoulder with tears. Felix glared at Changbin, but the guilty and worried look on the older’s face made him regret it instantly. He chose to focus on Jisung.

For a while they waited. They waited for almost half an hour before Jisung stopped crying. When he did, Felix gestured for Changbin to hand him a water bottle and gave it to Jisung. The boy didn’t take it.

“Sung, you have to drink.” He said. Jisung looked at him, eyes wide. Felix frowned. “C’mon, just a little bit.”

He pushed. Jisung looked at the bottle in Felix’s hand and opened his mouth. Felix raised an eyebrow, then looked from Jisung to the bottle, before shrugging and putting it to the boy’s lips. Jisung closed his mouth around it, drinking eagerly.

Once he was done, Felix put the bottle away. Changbin approached them.

“Ok, now...”

Felix was startled when Jisung whimpered and hid his face against his neck. Changbin raised an eyebrow.

“Jisung?”

Felix called. Jisung shook his head.
“Sorry.” He said. “Sung- I-I tried.”

He said, sounding close to crying again. On instinct, Felix lifted a hand and started rubbing his back in an attempt to calm the boy down.

“It’s ok, Ji. Changbin hyung was just tired and he took it out on you. He wants to apologize.”

Jisung shook his head again.

“Wan’ Channie h-hyung.”

He said. Felix looked at Changbin. The older was looking at Jisung as if the boy had just grown another head.

"I think Chan hyung is in a meeting, Sung."

Said Felix, carefully. Jisung closed his eyes tightly, and Felix had the feeling the boy was trying not to cry again

"P-pwease."

Jisung said. Felix raised an eyebrow. They were all used to Jisung’s pacifier lisp, but the boy didn’t have his pacifier at the moment. Plus, his voice was more high pitched than normal. Felix bit on his lip.

"I can try to call him..."

He decided, picking up his phone. On his lap, Jisung nodded.

Surprisingly, Chan picked up on the second ring.

"Hey, Lix, I’m on my way there already."

He greeted. Felix smiled, relieved.

"Oh, thank god."

He could almost hear Chan becoming worried on the other side of the phone.

"Thank god? Why? Did something happen?"

Felix looked at Jisung, who was chewing on his lip, still sitting on his lap.

"Uhn, Jisung..."

On the other side, Chan cursed.

"Fuck. I’ll be there in a second."

He turned off the phone.

Chan entered the room five minutes later, searching around with his eyes. He soon spotted what he was looking for. Which, Felix noticed, was Jisung. Felix was completely confused.

Chan approached them carefully, kneeling down next to Felix. Jisung’s eyes were closed, so he didn’t notice the action until Chan spoke up, softly.
"Jisung?"

He called. Jisung's eyes shot open, and Felix saw a hundred emotions swimming in them for a second, before Jisung's lower lip wobbled and he reached forward to Chan. The leader carefully sat down, pulling Jisung to his lap and rocking the boy, rubbing his back.

"Hyungie is here, Sungie. It's ok, love."

He said. Felix watched, amazed, as Jisung immediately relaxed, curling up on Chan's lap like a little kid.

Felix had noticed Chan and Jisung's relationship as soon as he arrived. The two of them seemed to have a kind of link that didn't exist between any of the others - except maybe Woojin and Hyunjin. At first Felix thought they were dating, or maybe into each other. Then he noticed Chan looking at Woojin and Jisung looking at Minho, and he knew it was something else. He had asked Changbin about it. The older hadn't been too helpful. 'They've always been weird like this. Chan takes care of Sung, Sung lets him.' Was what the older said. Felix noticed the dynamic. He didn't think it was weird, more like endearing. He had given up on understanding it long ago, simply accepting that was how things were.

But this... this was different. It was the same thing he had been seeing since he joined, Chan taking care of Jisung, Jisung trusting Chan to take care of him. But Felix had never seen it so explicitly, so... close to how a parental figure would treat a child.

Next to him, Chan was trying to look for something inside his bag while holding Jisung.

"What do you need, hyung?"

He asked. Chan smiled gratefully.

"His paci."

He said. Felix nodded, opening the bag and looking for it. He found it on an inside pack, and decided he could ask Chan about the pull-ups in there later. He handed the pacifier to Chan, noticing that it wasn't Jisung's usual space pacifier, but one Felix had never seen before. Oh, something was definitely going on.

Chan gave Jisung the pacifier and the boy took it, sucking lazily, almost fully relaxed on Chan's arms. By Felix's side, Changbin spoke up.

"Ok, what the hell is going on?"

He asked. Felix cringed. He wanted to know what was going on, too, but he didn't think Changbin's tone was the best if he wanted to get something out of Chan at the moment. The leader looked up, one eyebrow raised.

"I'll tell you guys later. For now I'll take Sungie."

Changbin opened his mouth to complain, but one look from Chan shut him up. The leader nudged Jisung and stood up. Jisung followed the action, stumbling a bit and clinging to Chan's arm, hiding behind the leader. Felix noticed he was hiding from Changbin.

"Do you need help, hyung?"

Felix offered. Chan shook his head, smiling thankfully.
"It's fine, don't worry. The two of you can go home for today. I can tell you're tired. We can talk about this later, ok?"

And saying that he held Jisung's hand and pulled him away, leaving Felix and Changbin alone.

Jisung woke up with a headache. He opened his eyes, noticing he didn't know where he was and how he had gotten there, and for a second he panicked, before he spotted Chan working on his computer and noticed he was in the older's studio. For a second he felt relief.

His relief was very short lived, as he soon noticed the stuffed toy in his hand and the crinkling between his legs. He immediately sat up, face reddening when he noticed his pull-up was actually wet. A second later his pacifier and stuffed toy were on the floor and he gripped his head, angry to the point of pulling his hair out. He didn't notice the commotion he was making until a hand gently grabbed his and pulled them down, hold tight but gentle.

"Jisung."

It was Chan's voice. Jisung's eyes were stinging, and the afternoon memories were returning, and he knew he had already cried more than enough for the day, but he couldn't stop himself from crying again, this time in anger.

"Let me go, hyung."

He said, trying to pull away from Chan. The leader ignored his attempts.

"You'll hurt yourself. Jisung, you need to calm down."

Jisung didn't want to. Once again he had set a goal to himself and utterly failed to achieve it. Not only that. He had slipped in front of Felix and Changbin, and had inconvenienced Chan once again. He didn't want to calm down, he wanted... he let himself go limp against Chan, tears sliding silently down his face, because he didn't have the strength to actually cry.

"It's so hard, hyung."

He mumbled. Chan's voice was strained as he kissed Jisung's head and replied.

"I'm here with you, baby."

Jisung changed in the bathroom before joining Chan again in his studio. He washed his face and pulled his mask over it, and once he felt he looked acceptable he headed back. Chan was waiting for him by the door.

"Lets go?"

He asked. Jisung nodded.

They hadn't talked. After Jisung's break down Chan had told him to go clean up so they could go home, and told him they would talk later.

Jisung didn't complain. He didn't want to talk at all. If he was being given the chance to delay this conversation he would take it.
They walked in silence, and Jisung knew Chan was blaming himself for Jisung's break down and wondering what he could have done to avoid it. After a few minutes, Jisung sighed, giving up on stalling.

"It's not your fault, hyung."
Chan looked at him, startled.

"What?"
Jisung shrugged.

"Me. It's not your fault."
Chan sighed.

"I should have been there. I should have noticed you were feeling little."
Jisung shook his head.

"You shouldn't. You couldn't. Not when I hid it. And I shouldn't have... shouldn't be like that."
Chan stopped walking and Jisung stumbled, surprised at the sudden stop. He looked at the older. Chan looked hurt.

"So you have been hiding."
Jisung cringed, feeling guilty.

"Hyung..."
Chan shook his head.

"You said you would tell me."
Jisung's heart was breaking at Chan’s hurt tone and expression.

"I-I sorry. I really am, hyung, I tried to, I swear I did. But I get so embarrassed, and I still feel like this is wrong, and you get tired, and..."
Chan interrupted him.

"Who said I get tired? I never..."
"Changbin hyung said." Jisung mumbled, interrupting Chan. "And I know it's true. I-I know I take a lot of your time, and..." Chan pulled Jisung into a hug, interrupting him. Jisung noticed, with a shock, that Chan was crying. "Hyung? Hyung why are you crying?"
He asked. Chan pulled him closer. After a while, the older pulled back and dried his eyes.

"Sorry."
He said, still wiping his cheeks. Jisung shook his head.

"I cry on you all the time, hyung."
He said. Chan smiled slightly.
"Sung. Can you please listen to me and try to accept what I tell you?"

Jisung bit on his lip, then nodded.

"Ok, hyung."

Chan nodded. They were still in the middle of the street, so Chan pulled him to a corner where they wouldn't be in anyone's way.

"I got you a present." The older said. Jisung tilted his head. "It's in the dorms."

"Why are you telling me this right now, hyung?"

Chan chuckled.

"Do you know how much time I spend trying to find out more about ageplay and trustworthy websites to buy stuff for you?"

He asked. Jisung blushed.

"Hyung..."

Chan interrupted him, and his cheeks were also red.

"A lot. I spend a lot of time. Do you know why?" Jisung shook his head. "Because I love taking care of you. I really love it, Sung. I get so excited when I see you acting childish, and I always try to wait for you to come to me, but you never do, and…"

He sighed. Jisung felt his heart clenching.

"Hyung, I try. I swear I try."

Chan nodded.

“I know you do. I’m not telling you this to make you feel guilty. I just want to understand what is it that’s holding you back, when you know everyone involved wants it.”

Jisung looked down, fiddling with the hem of his shirt.

“I’m scared I’m taking too much of your time and that you guys won’t take me seriously.”

He said, after a few seconds. Chan tilted his head.

“What?”

Jisung blushed.

“I take too much of your free time, and…”

Chan shook his head.

“No, not that.”

Jisung’s blush deepened.

“You see me walking around in baby clothes, sucking on a pacifier and playing with toys, hyung. Why would you treat me like an adult?”
He said, and it was only then, once he voiced it, that he found out what had been bothering him the most.

“Is that…? That makes no sense, Sung. We will treat you like an adult because we can separate your little self from your adult self perfectly well.”

Jisung sighed.

“I just… I feel embarrassed about being such a big baby in front of you guys all the time. I feel like you won’t be able to take me seriously after.”

Chan pulled Jisung closer and held his hand.

“Sung. Have we ever treated you like a kid when you weren’t feeling little?” Jisung shook his head.

“That’s right, we haven’t. Do you know why? Because we know you’re fully capable of taking care of yourself and doing things on your own. We don’t see you like some helpless little kid we have to take care of all the time. You are our friend and our band mate. And sometimes we help you destress by treating you like a child, because you need it at that time specifically.”

Jisung looked at the older.

“It’s still really hard to me, hyung. I feel like telling you guys I’m feeling little is like forcing you to take care of me.”

He said. Chan nodded.

“I know. I understand. But please try to understand this: you aren’t forcing us, because we enjoy it. We like it. You didn’t ask us to be your caregivers, we offered.”

Jisung bit on his lip. Chan stopped him.

“I still feel embarrassed.”

He said. Chan nodded.

“Ok. We can work around that. But please don’t repress that side of you, Sung. It’s not healthy.”

Jisung sighed. He had promised Chan not to repress it twice already.

“I can promise to try, hyung.”

Chan nodded.

“That’s good enough. I’ll help you.” Jisung fiddled with his shirt, glancing shyly at Chan. The older noticed and laughed, pulling Jisung into a hug. Jisung melted against him. “Can I still call you cute, though?”

Changbin and Felix were, unsurprisingly, waiting for Chan and Jisung to arrive. As soon as they noted the pair entering the dorms they got up from the couch, eyes expectant. Chan looked at Jisung. Jisung shrugged, his cheeks reddening.

“Ok, you two can sit down, we said we’d talk. Just let me leave my thing in the room, ok?”

Said the leader, clearly trying to ease the mood. Felix sat back down, instantly obeying. Changbin
sighed, but did as he was told. Chan led Jisung to his room, leaving the pair in the living room.

“Want to talk or want me to do the talking?” He asked. Jisung’s look was enough for Chan to laugh and nod. “I’ll talk, then.”

They left the room and headed to where Felix and Changbin were waiting.

“Ok, now are you finally going to explain?”

Asked Changbin as soon as Chan sat down in front of them. Chan rolled his eyes.

“Yes, Bin. Be a bit patient here.” Changbin stuck his tongue out at Chan. “Ok, so. Can you guys tell me what happened? Cause I can’t really tell you what the problem was without knowing the cause.”

It wasn’t true. He could explain it perfectly well, but he wanted to hear what had cause Jisung to drop. Changbin looked down, scratching his neck awkwardly.

“Ah, uhn… well, we were writing and Jisung wasn’t making much progress with his lyrics. And I, uhn, might have snapped at him.”

Felix snorted. Chan raised an eyebrow.

“Might.”

Said the younger. Changbin glared at his boyfriend. Chan looked at Jisung. The boy was looking down, playing with the hem of his shirt.

“Sung? Was that what made you drop?”

He asked. Jisung nodded.

“Was stressed. It was just too much.”

He said. Chan nodded.

“Ok. So, what you witnessed was Jisung going into little space.”

As expected, that only made Felix and Changbin look even more confused.

“Little space?”

Asked Felix. Chan nodded.

“There is this thing. It’s called ageplay. It’s when someone acts younger or older than they physically are for one reason or another. There are many reasons a person might do this. Could be because of an illness, because of Dissociative Identity Disorder, to relieve stress. There are lots of reasons.”

Changbin looked a bit weirded out. Felix’s eyes were sparkling with interest. “People who regress to a younger age are known as littles. Sometimes they have caregivers, a person who takes care of them when they feel little.”

He said, stopping his explanations because he knew Changbin and Felix needed time to take it in and ask questions.

“Ji is a little?”

Felix asked. He seemed excited about the possibility. Chan looked at Jisung. The boy was all red.
Chan nudged him.

“Yeah.”

Replied Jisung, after a second. He missed Felix’s smile, but Chan didn’t.

“Why do you regress, Ji?”

Asked Felix, stumbling over the word ‘regress’ a bit, since it was a word he used very little. Jisung shrugged.

“Stress relief.”

Felix nodded.

“Is it voluntary?”

Jisung looked at Chan. Chan nodded.

“It can be voluntary or involuntary. In the case of the dissociative disorder it’s involuntary. Sungie’s is mostly voluntary, I think.”

He looked at Jisung. Felix copied him, eyes begging Jisung to say more. Jisung squirmed, a bit uncomfortable, but glad to notice that Felix was interested and not creeped out.

“It’s… difficult to explain. It’s mostly voluntary, but I… I’m not fully conscious of what I’m doing? I don’t know how to explain.” Chan perked up to listen. Jisung had never told him about this in detail. “It’s like… when I feel little I know what I’m doing, but I make choices I normally wouldn’t. Like… say I want something. Usually I would ask for it. When I feel little I point at it with my nose and whine until someone gets it for me. It’s not fully involuntary, I know I can get up to get it or ask someone for it. If I’m with someone I don’t trust that’s what I do. But I… my brain tells me to just whine until I get it, and if I’m around someone I’m not comfortable with it takes a lot of effort to not just do that. If I’m comfortable I act like that without thinking.”

Jisung was completely red. Chan was fascinated. Felix looked like he was watching the most interesting movie of all times. Changbin… still looked weirded out.

“And when do you feel little? Why do you feel little? Is there something that triggers you? Do you have a caregiver?”

Jisung chuckled a bit at Felix enthusiasm and Chan mentally thanked the younger boy.

“I… it depends. Being stressed makes me feel little, it’s like my brain tells me to relax, and that’s my way to relax. Sometimes I feel little just because. And, uhn…” Jisung glanced at Chan for a second, looking away immediately and blushing. “People taking care of me triggers my little side. And cartoons. And cute stuff or toys, and if I’m feeling really stressed my pacifier. And a few people.”

He added the last part as if he didn’t want to say it. Chan shouldn’t be so proud. Felix tilted his head.

“Chan hyung triggers it, doesn’t he?” Jisung blushed and crossed his arms. Felix chuckled. “That’s cute.”

Jisung whined.

“Shut up.”
Felix laughed.

“You didn’t answer me if you have a caregiver, though.”

Jisung shrugged.

“Chan hyung. A-and Innin.”

Felix’s eyes widened.

“Jeongin?”

Jisung nodded.

“Woojin hyung knows, too. But we haven’t… talked about it.”

He said. Felix seemed to be in awe. Changbin cleared his throat awkwardly. The other three looked at him.

“Ok, so let me see if I got this right. You sometimes act like a child to relax and it helps you de-stress. You feel good when you do it, and you have people who take care of you?”

Jisung nodded. Changbin frowned.

“And today…?”

He asked. Jisung shrugged.

“I’ve been… repressing my little side. For two weeks. Usually I regress twice a week or something, but I haven’t in two weeks, and I was stressed. So when you got angry at me I couldn’t hold on to my adult headspace anymore, and Chan hyung’s presence made me drop.”

Changbin nodded.

“So if you repress it you end up dropping?”

Jisung hummed.

“Yes, something like that. If Chan hadn’t come in I would have managed to control it and you wouldn’t know, but… yeah.”

Changbin grimaced.

“Then why do you repress it?”

Jisung shrugged.

“It’s… embarrassing.”

Felix made an irritated noise.

“What are you talking about? It’s cute, not embarrassing!”

Jisung looked down.

“You haven’t even seen it.”
He said. Felix snorted.

“No, but I can imagine and it sounds adorable.”

Jisung opened his mouth to reply, but chose not to. Changbin spoke up.

“Look… I’m not going to say I understand or like this. I’m not sure I want to see you acting like a toddler, Sung. But… but if it’s good for you, then you shouldn’t repress it. There are people willing to help you, here, so let them, ok?”

Chan smiled proudly and thankful at Changbin.

“I… ok, hyung. I’ll try.”

Changbin smiled.

“I’m sorry about yelling at you today, too.” Jisung nodded. “I’ll go take a nap. You guys can talk about this together, have fun answering Lix’s five hundred questions.”

Jisung’s eyes widened and he looked at Chan. The leader shrugged. At least Felix was excited.

Jisung watched Changbin leave. The older was clearly a bit uncomfortable with the idea of Jisung being little, but for some reason his words had made Jisung relax a bit about the whole thing. Changbin didn’t want to see Jisung in little space, but he accepted Jisung and wanted Jisung to do it because it was bad for Jisung not to. Jisung had never even considered that as a possible reaction.

He turned around and spotted Felix smiling at him. He groaned.

“Oh god.”

Felix and Chan laughed.

“I’ll only ask if you let me, Ji.”

He said, being serious for a moment. Jisung nodded.

“You can ask. But I won’t answer if I not comfortable, ok?”

Felix smiled.

“Ok. So, how old are you?”

He asked. Jisung blushed.

“Did you have to start there?”

He asked. Felix chuckled.

“Ok, sorry. Uhn… do you have other pacifiers besides the two I know about?”

Jisung nodded.

“The space one, the squirrel one, and fox one.”

He said. Felix smile widened.
“Do you have a favourite?”

He asked.

“T-the space one. It g-glow in the dark.”

Jisung answered shyly. Felix looked like he wanted to squish him.

“Do you suck on your thumb when you don’t have them?” Jisung nodded. “Do you have anything specific that really triggers you?”

Jisung stopped to think for a bit, then blushed.

“Uhn, one of my stuffed toys and wearing clothes that are too big for me.”

He said. Felix hummed.

“How many stuffed toys do you have?”

Jisung squirmed.

“Four.”

He answered.

“Cute. What are their names?”

Jisung blushed.

“Flower, Jeongie, Woo, and Chanchan.”

He said, looking down. He could feel Chan looking at him and he knew the older was smiling. He crossed his arms. Felix laughed.

“Do you sleep with them?”

“Just Flower.”

“What kind of animal is Flower?”

“A fox.”

“Do you like hearing bedtime stories?”

Jisung blushed at that, fiddling with his shirt.

“Uhn, I’ve never…”

He glanced at Chan, looking back down a second later.

“Oh. Do you want someone to tell you bedtime stories?”

Jisung shrugged.

“I don’t know. Maybe. Yes. Can we drop the subject?”

Felix laughed.
“Sure. Is there anything you’re scared of when you’re little?”

“Dark. A-and loud noises.”

Felix nodded, and Jisung knew he could relate, considering he was scared of thunder.

“And do you have anything that helps you calm down?”

Jisung once again blushed, this time refusing to look at Chan.

“Flower. And my paci. And hyung’s clothes.”

He mumbled the last part, and Felix didn’t press it, but Jisung could tell the boy wanted to say something. Probably say that it was cute.

“Do you call Chan hyung hyung in little space? What about Innie?”

Jisung bit on his lip.

“I call Innie hyungie. And Woojin hyung too. I call Channie hyungie too, most of the time.”

Felix raised an eyebrow.

“Not always?” Jisung didn’t answer. Felix dropped it. “Ok, and what do they call you?”

Jisung was tempted to deny answering that, too, but he decided he could make an effort.

“Uhn, mostly Sungie. Woojin hyung calls me…”

He stopped, not able to say it.

“It’s ok, Ji.”

Felix reassured. Jisung shook his head and looked at Chan. The older, who had been quiet, nodded.

“Woojin calls him pumpkin. Innie calls him little boy sometimes. I call him baby boy a lot. Sometimes we call him Jiji.”

Felix’s smile was illuminating his whole face.

“Those are so cute! Do you have a favourite one?”

He asked. Jisung shook his head.

“I-I really like all of them.”

Felix tilted his head.

“Is there a nickname you like that they don’t use?”

Jisung shrugged. Then nodded.

“Angel.”

He mumbled. Felix’s smile was so fond it made Jisung almost melt.

“Too adorable. What kinds of things do you have?”
Jisung’s eyes illuminated at that question.


Felix nodded.

“That sounds cool, Ji. And… well, I saw some pull-ups on hyung’s bag today.”

Jisung immediately blushed and looked at Chan. The leader smiled apologetically.

“I keep them for emergencies.”

He said. Jisung pouted.

“Can we not talk about that?”

He asked. Felix nodded.

“Tell me about what you like to play when you’re little, then.”

Jisung smiled thankfully.

“Tickling. I really like tickling.”

Felix laughed.

“And is there anything you want to get that you still don’t have?”

Chan watched as Felix asked and Jisung replied. He smiled to himself. They had a long way to go, and he would have to keep an eye on Jisung to make sure the boy wasn’t keeping important things to himself. But he had a feeling Changbin and Felix finding out had been a good thing. A really good thing. Now he had to talk to Jeongin and Woojin.

Chapter End Notes

Didn’t reread it after writing, so maybe there are some - many mistakes. Sorry about that >.<

What did you guys think, though?

Jesus Christs this is so long, I didn't notice it was so long

And thank you littlebutterflyexplores42 for helping me out with Felix's questions ^.^ if anyone wants to request something or just talk about kpop to me: https://twitter.com/Jasmine07618357

ALSOOO feel free to draw fanart and send it to me, guys, wink wink nudge nudge
Jisung bit on his sweater’s sleeve as he sat on Chan’s bed, trying to gather up the courage to go to the older and tell him he was feeling little. He had woken up during the night after a weird dream and had gone to the boy’s bed, seeking comfort. He had then fallen asleep in Chan’s arms, and when he woke up again, in the morning, Chan was no longer next to him. As soon as he got the urge to cry about that he noticed he was feeling little.

It had been a while since he last let himself be little. Four days, specifically, a few days after Felix and Changbin found out. Only Woojin had been around, then, and he had been the one to notice Jisung feeling little and to tell him to relax and be little. Jisung had allowed himself that, his promise to Chan still fresh in his mind.

Now he was trying to take another step in this whole process. Which was actually telling someone about feeling little. He was still far from telling anyone when he wanted to be little just because, but it wasn’t the case now. He really needed to be little at the moment, to avoid a future breakdown. Sighing, he took his sweater from his mouth, replacing it with his pacifier, and got up.

Chan was on the kitchen, thankfully alone. Jisung took a few deep breaths before approaching him. The boy was doing the dishes. Jisung didn’t think he would be able to say anything, so instead of trying to speak he stopped by Chan’s side and lay his head on the older’s shoulder. The leader jumped a bit, startled, before noticing it was Jisung and chuckling.

“Well, hey there.” He said. Jisung hummed. “Sleepy?”

The older asked. Jisung swallowed around the lump on his throat and turned his head to nuzzle against Chan’s neck. He whined a bit, trying to get his point across. Chan seemed to get it, because he instantly turned off the water.

“Sungie? Are you feeling little, angel?”

The nicknames certainly didn’t help. He felt his cheeks reddening and moved so he was standing in front of Chan, hugging the boy’s waist and hiding his face in his chest. Chan chuckled.

“’yungie…”

Jisung whined. Chan ran a hand through his hair.

“Well, good thing I have a free morning today, hum?” He said. Jisung hummed. “C’mon, let’s get you ready and then I’ll send the others away.”

Jisung smiled softly and let Chan take his hand and guide him towards his room.

Changbin was getting up when Chan entered pulling Jisung by the hand. The leader saw Changbin looking at them, and he could tell the boy was a bit uncomfortable. He smiled at Changbin.
“I’ll wait for you to go, don’t worry.”

He said. Changbin blinked, seeming surprised, then shook his head.

“It’s ok. I mean, I’m used to seeing you doing basic things for him. I just don’t want to be part of… the rest.”

Chan raised an eyebrow. He had the feeling that Changbin didn’t quite know what ‘the rest’ was, and that if he did he would think differently of the situation. But that was a topic for another moment.

“Well, I’ll go ahead, then.”

He said. Changbin nodded.

Chan sat Jisung down on the bed, and he could tell the boy still wasn’t completely little. As Chan chose his outfit and helped him take off his shirt that became clear as Jisung blushed and tried to hide.

“’yungie.”

He whined. Chan followed his eyes, stopping on Changbin. He hummed.

“Want hyung to wait for Binnie to go away, angel?”

Jisung nodded, cheeks reddening even more at the nickname he apparently loved. Chan noticed the interest on Changbin’s eyes, but said nothing. Sometimes it was better to let people take their time and come to their own conclusions.

“I’m almost done, don’t worry.”

He said, and finished pulling on his pants before leaving the room, sending Jisung a soft smile. Chan watched the interaction, and as Changbin closed the door behind his back he turned back to Jisung.

“Ok, baby boy, arms up.”

He said. Jisung lifted his arms and let Chan pull the lion t-shirt over his head. Once that was done, Chan helped the younger boy out of his pants and dressed him in his jeans overalls. Jisung squealed as he recognized the clothes, clapping happily. Chan laughed. He had noticed Jisung really loved overalls, and planned on buying more for him.

Once he was done dressing the boy he looked inside the box, searching for Jisung’s stuffed fox. He found it and pulled it out, an excited ‘aha!’ leaving his lips as he presented it as if it was a prize.

Jisung squealed.

“Fwower! ’yungie, Fwower! Give!”

He said. Chan laughed and gave the boy the fox. Jisung hummed happily, hugging the toy.

“Baby boy, can you stay here with Flower as hyung sends the others to practice?”

He asked. It wouldn’t be difficult to get people out, considering only Seungmin, Hyunjin and Minho had to be sent away. Jisung tried to pout around his pacifier.

“’yungie stay.”

He said. Chan would never get over how clingy Jisung was in headspace.
“Hyungie will be right back, baby. But we need the others to leave so Sungie can play, don’t we?”

Jisung’s pout deepened, but he nodded.

“’yungie back quickwy?”

He asked. Chan smiled and nodded.

“Yes, baby boy, hyung will be back before you notice.”

And saying that he left the room.

It was easy to send the ones who didn’t know away. Changbin knew what was going on and helped by dragging Hyunjin out under the cover of training the younger’s vocalization while rapping. Minho was easy to lure out, too. Woojin asked for help with the choreography for their side track, easily convincing Seungmin to join them. Chan knew the older would prefer to stay and play with little Jisung, but he had spent a whole day alone with Jisung the last time, and decided this time he could help them in other ways, by taking the others away.

And then it was Chan, Jeongin, Felix and Jisung at the dorm.

Felix was excited. He had the biggest smile Chan had ever seen in his face and he was almost bouncing in place once Chan told him about the situation.

“I got him presents, hyung!”

He said, and Chan wasn’t even slightly surprised. Jeongin, by his side, chuckled.

“Well, he’s going to love that, hyung.”

He said. Felix beamed at him. Chan laughed.

“Ok, I’ll go get him. You two can wait here.”

He said, then entered his room.

Jisung was no longer on the bed where Chan had left him. Instead, he was lying on the floor belly down, playing with Flower and talking quietly, clearly immersed in whatever scenario he was creating on his mind. Chan bit on his lip to avoid making noise and watched the boy for a few seconds. Then he laughed at the adorableness, and Jisung looked up, startled.

As soon as his eyes found Chan, Jisung smiled widely, his squirrel teeth showing and his cheeks looking even chubbier and adorable. He quickly got up, Flower still in his hand, and ran to Chan, hugging him.

“’yungie! ‘yungie back!”

He said. Chan kissed his temple.

“Of course hyung is back, baby. Hyung promised, didn’t he?”

Jisung nodded.
“Sungie missed ‘yungie.”

He said, pouting. Chan couldn’t help but to kiss his chubby cheek.

“Hyungie is sorry he was gone for so long, baby boy. Now what do you say we go out so you can meet Lix and play in the living room?”

He asked. Jisung pulled back from the hug and whined.

“Meet?”

He asked. Chan nodded.

“Yes, baby. Lix hyungie is really excited to meet you!”

Jisung shifted in his place, seeming uncomfortable.

“C-can Sun’ie ta’e Fwower and Chanchan?”

He asked. Chan smiled. He had asked Jisung about his plushies’ names after the younger told Felix about them. The conversation had included Jisung blushing like crazy and admitting that he had given the toys their names after the boys who knew about his age regression.

“Of course, baby. Let’s get Chanchan so we can ok, yeah?”

He said. Jisung nodded. Chan looked inside the box again, pulling out Jisung’s stuffed lion and giving it to him. Jisung nuzzled the lion’s little nose and held it in his free hand. Then he pouted, looking at Chan. The older laughed.

“Can you hold Flower and Chanchan in the same hand, angel?”

Jisung’s face lit up and he tried that, squealing as he managed to hold both toys in one hand. Chan laughed and extended a hand to the boy. Jisung took it.

As soon as they entered the living room Felix stood up. He was smiling widely, clearly curious to see Jisung. The little, on the other hand, wasn’t so excited. He whined as he saw Felix, then hid behind Chan. The leader chuckled at Felix’s pout and continued to walk, pulling Jisung with him. Jeongin, on the couch, changed the TV channel to find something that would help Jisung feel comfortable. He settled for an animation about shapes.

“Baby boy, can you come out to say hi to Lix?” Chan asked, once they were by the couch. Jisung whined. Chan rolled his eyes. “Please, baby? Lix is going to be really sad if you don’t say hi.”

Jisung’s whine was louder this time and he shyly looked around Chan. Felix smiled. Jisung hid again. Chan snorted as Felix’s smile fell.

“What did I scare him, hyung?”

He asked. Chan shook his head.

“No, Lix. Sungie is just shy, right, Sungie?”

Jisung whined again. Felix hummed. Then he picked up a box and unwrapped it. Chan noticed it was one of the presents he had gotten for Jisung. It was a colourful board game. Chan snorted loudly
as he read the name. Sneaky Snacky Squirrel Game. At this pace everything little Jisung owned was going to be squirrel themed.

“Well, since he’s shy I guess I’ll have to play alone…”

Said Felix, and Chan tried not to laugh as he felt Jisung peeking around him, clearly curious. Jeongin, on the couch, was watching, amused.

Felix put the game on the floor and started assembling it, making excited and surprised noises at everything, and soon Jisung was completely entranced, not even noticing he was no longer behind Chan. The leader looked at Jeongin before gesturing towards the floor. Jeongin seemed to get the idea and sat down next to Felix.

“Wah, Lix hyung, this looks so fun! What are we supposed to do?”

Felix smiled.

“So, we are squirrels, right? And winter is coming, so we need to pick up acorns and store them on our logs! See, there are lots of colourful acorns!”

He continued to explain it excitedly, and once he was done he gave Jeongin a log so they could play. Next to Chan, Jisung whined. Felix turned to him, tilting his head.

“Sungie, you want to play?”

He offered. Jisung looked at Chan, eyes big and conflicted. Chan smiled at him and moved to sit down next to Felix.

“C’mon, angel. Hyungie will stay with you, ok?”

He said, patting his lap. He would probably regret it after a while, once his legs began to fall asleep under Jisung’s weight, but Chan would do anything to see Jisung happy and comfortable. Jisung hesitated for a second more, then he let himself sit down on Chan’s lap. Felix was clearly trying hard to contain his excitement. Chan didn’t blame him. Shy Jisung in his overalls and lion shirt was absolutely adorable.

“Here, Sungie, this is your log. Did you understand the game?”

Asked Felix. Jisung took the log shyly and nodded, putting the log on the floor carefully. Felix smiled at him and handed him the squirrel squeezer and Jisung’s eyes widened before he squealed at the toy.

Jeongin and Felix laughed and Jisung looked up, expression hurt. Chan, who had already made that mistake, hugged Jisung.

“They’re laughing because you’re cute, baby boy. Isn’t that right, boys?”

The two others were quick to nod.

“Yeah, Sungie, we think you’re adorable and when we see you happy it makes us happy too.”

Said Jeongin. Jisung’s pout transformed into a surprised expression. Felix nodded eagerly at the maknae’s words.

“That’s right, Sungie, we just want to see you smiling.”
He said. Jisung’s cheeks became red and he smiled, looking down.

“Sungie ‘appy.”

He said, and it was the first time he spoke around Felix. The boy looked ready to combust.

“That’s good, Sungie. Now how about we start this game, hum?”

Suggested Chan. Jisung bounced on his lap happily. Chan grimaced at the slight pain on his legs, but couldn’t help but to smile a second later at Jisung’s enthusiasm.

They played for a while, because Jisung absolutely adored the game. He lost more than won, but he didn’t seem to care at all. The game involved lots of celebrating when they rolled a good dice and complaining when they didn’t. The smile never left Jisung’s face. By the fifth time they started the game, Jisung decided to make his own rules, and insisted Chan play with them, and it was actually quite fun to play with Jisung.

But after the seventh time he started getting bored and pushed the toy aside, looking around for something else to do. Noticing that, Felix got up.

“Well, Sungie, do you want to see the presents hyung got for you, now?”

He asked. Jisung’s eyes widened and he looked at Chan, surprised. Chan laughed.

“It’s Lix hyung who’s talking to you, baby, not me.”

He said. Jisung looked back at Felix. The boy got up and sat on the couch, patting the couch next to him. Jisung hesitated, then grabbed the stuffed toys he had left by his side on the floor and made his way to sit next to Felix. He sat down and put his toys in his lap, then glanced at Chan and Jeongin. He pouted. Jeongin smiled and got up, sitting behind him. Jisung relaxed considerably.

“Ok, Sungie, which one do you want first?” Asked Felix, excited. Jisung looked at boxes and pointed with his nose at the pink one. Felix picked it up. “Oh, very good choice!”

He said. Jisung perked up, interested. Felix handed him the box and the little gave it to Jeongin to open for him. Jeongin tilted his head.

“He doesn’t like ripping packages.”

Explained Chan. Jeongin raised an eyebrow and opened the present, clearly trying not to laugh at the cuteness. He handed the present to Jisung.

Jisung’s mouth fell open, his pacifier falling from it, and Chan made a mental note to buy him a pacifier clip as he got up to wash the one that had fallen. When he got back Jisung was still looking through the first present and Chan could see what it was. Felix had gotten Jisung Finding Nemo bath toys, the type that squirted water if you pressed them, and Jisung was trying to hold all of them at the same time, excitedly talking about ‘fishies’.

Once he was done and Jeongin convinced him to put them back on the little bucket that came with it, Jisung thanked Felix and the boy presented the other options. Jisung pointed at the round package and Felix gave it to him. Once Jeongin opened it and gave it back to Jisung, the boy squealed. He looked around and spotted Chan, excitedly showing him his newly acquired sectioned plastic plate.
“’yungie! Wook! Th-thewe’s rabbit a-and wacoon! A-and mowe an’imals!”

He said, excited, and Chan cooed, walking closer to look at the plate. There was also plastic cutlery and a cup.

“Awn, baby, it does have a rabbit and a raccoon! It’s adorable!”

Jisung squealed and nodded, smiling at Felix.

“Than’ you, ‘ixie ‘yungie!”

He said. Felix beamed at him.

“You’re welcome, angel.” Jisung’s smile widened even more, if that was possible. “And now there’s only one present left.”

Said Felix, pouting. Jisung pouted too. Felix laughed and handed him the present. The pout immediately disappeared from Jisung’s face.

This present was in a bag, so Jisung wouldn’t need to rip it open to get what was inside. He picked up the bag and looked inside, before frowning and pulling a piece of fabric from there. Chan noticed what it was before Jisung did, and he almost chuckled at how spot on Felix’s choice had been without him even knowing.

The second Jisung understood what the present was he gasped. The white overall was adorable, and just like Jisung liked them. He immediately jumped up from the couch, running to Chan and pouting.

“’yungie, Sungie pwease put on? Pwease, pwease, pwease!”

He said, bouncing in place. Chan chuckled and took the overalls from him, offering a hand.

“Come on, baby, let’s put it on so you can show Lix hyung, yeah?”

Jisung excitedly pulled Chan to his room, obviously eager to try it on. Chan let himself be pulled, hearing as Jeongin explained to Felix how much Jisung liked overalls in little space. ‘They make me feel really childish and cute’ Jisung had said to Chan, once, when the older asked about it. Chan thought it was adorable.

Once inside the room, Chan chuckled as Jisung tried and failed to take off his jeans overalls on his own. He stopped the boy and kept him still.

“Baby, you’re too little to do this on your own. Let hyungie help you.”

He said. Jisung pouted, but held Chan’s shoulders as Chan helped him out of his clothes and into the new overalls.

Jisung re-entered the living room with a huge smile on his face, half proud and half shy, and Felix and Jeongin welcomed him with a ton of compliments.

“You look so pretty, Jiji!”

Said Jeongin, making Jisung blush and hide his face in his hands. Felix nodded.

“You’re really adorable, angel.”

He said, and Jisung whined embarrassedly, reaching for Chan and clinging to the older, hiding
against the boy’s chest. The smile on his lips, however, showed the other three that the boy was happy with the situation.

Once he managed to pry Jisung away from him, Chan ruffled the boy’s hair.

“Sungie, baby, hyungie is going to make lunch. Can I take your plate?”

Asked Chan. Jisung looked at the plate on the couch, then pouted for a second before picking it up and handing it over.

“’yungie, caweful wif the an’mals, otay?”

Chan smiled.

“Ok, baby boy. Hyungie will be careful.”

Jisung smiled.

Felix watched as Jisung once again became entertained with the board game he had gotten the boy. It was adorable. Jisung excitedly played with the acorns and squirrel squeezers, not really playing the game, just playing with the little pieces. It showed just how active the boy’s imagination and creativity were, and it was endearing to watch.

He didn’t play for long, though, soon looking around and pouting at Jeongin. The maknae laughed and picked up Jisung’s pacifier, giving it to the boy and sitting next to him. Jisung immediately accepted the pacifier and sat down on Jeongin’s lap, soon resuming his play. Felix smiled. He figured he would get better at reading little Jisung as he spent more time with him. For now he was content watching.

After a few more minutes Jisung looked up at Felix and tilted his head. Then he pulled on Jeongin’s shirt and whispered something to him. Jeongin smiled and turned to Felix.

“Lix hyung, Sungie is asking if you want to play with him.”

Felix raised an eyebrow, then smiled.

“Of course. Can I?”

He asked. Jisung nodded eagerly and picked up a squirrel squeezer, handing it to Felix. The boy got up, sitting by the pair on the floor and accepting the item.

“’quiwels ma’ing five paths!” He said excitedly, pointing at the floor. “Wed path bwue path, yewow path, puwple path and gween path.”

He explained. It was a bit hard to understand him, but Felix managed. He looked at the floor and saw Jisung had mixed all of the acorns and sprawled them on the floor, and was now organizing them by colour.

“Ok, what do you say I work on the blue and green paths and you work on the others?”

He asked. Jisung nodded eagerly.

“To the twee!”
He said, and Felix smiled at how endearing the boy was.

They managed to put almost everything in place, despite the fact that Jisung messed the paths up at least three times trying to make them as straight as possible. And then Chan was calling them to eat, and Jisung quickly got up from Jeongin’s lap, holding out his hand. Jeongin got up laughing and took Jisung’s hand. The little glanced at Felix, and then shyly reached for his hand. Felix couldn’t be happier.

They headed to the table and Felix laughed as he spotted a squirrel sippy cup next to Jisung’s plastic plate.

“Who got him that?”

He asked as Jeongin helped Jisung sit down on his chair. Chan chuckled.

“Woojinie.”

He answered. Felix laughed. Jisung whined, grabbing their attention. He patted the chair next to him.

“’ixie ‘yungie sit hewe!” He said. He patted the chair on the other side. “Innie ‘yungie hewe!”

Chan gasped in what Felix recognized as fake hurt.

“Baby, are you exchanging me?”

Jisung’s eyes widened.

“No! No, Sungie wove appa!”

He said, eyes filling with tears, and Felix shouldn’t be so surprised at how sensitive Jisung was in headspace, considering how sensitive he was normally. He took a few more moments to notice Jisung had just called Chan ‘appa’. Chan rushed to the boy.

“Oh, baby, appa knows. Appa was just joking, there’s no need to cry.”

He said, hugging the boy and shushing him. Jisung sniffed, pulling back after calming down a bit.

“S-sungie wan’ed ‘yungie sit w-wif ‘im.”

He said. Felix noticed the boy was back to ‘hyungie’. He would ask Chan about that later. Chan tilted his head.

“With you, angel?” He asked. Jisung nodded, still sniffing. “You want to sit on hyungie’s lap?”

He asked. Jisung nodded again. Felix couldn’t help the smile that took his face. Chan and Jisung’s relationship was already the sweetest thing normally. With Jisung in headspace it was ten times cuter and more precious.

“It’s cute, isn’t it, hyung?” Asked Jeongin, by his side. Felix nodded. “Sungie really loves it when Chan hyung takes care of him.”

He said. Felix watched, smiling, as Chan made Jisung stand up and sat down, pulling the boy to sit on his lap.

Demanded Jisung, once he was settled. Felix and Jeongin obeyed, laughing.

After lunch Chan brought out the rest of Jisung’s toys. He poured them on the floor and Jisung immediately went for the crayons, his stuffed fox and stuffed elephant still in his hand. Instead of picking up his colouring book, however, he looked at Chan.

“’yungie, paper?”

He asked. Chan nodded and left, coming back a few seconds later with some blank pages in his hands. He handed them to Jisung, who eagerly accepted, before making sure none of the other boys would go away and settling down belly down on the floor to draw. He placed his four stuffed toys around him, and Felix couldn’t help but to smile. He turned to the leader.

“Can I take a look at his things, hyung?”

Asked Felix. Chan nodded.

“Sure.”

He said, pushing Jisung’s box towards Felix. The boy peeked inside and started taking things out.

The first thing he took out was a pacifier, with squirrels drawn on it. The space one was with Chan, and Felix knew Jisung had another one, one with a fox, but that was probably at Chan’s studio or his bag. Next was a bag of pull-ups, which reminded Felix he had to ask Chan about that.

“So, pull-ups?”

He asked. Chan nodded.

“He has accidents sometimes. Usually when he’s in a younger headspace.”

Felix tilted his head.

“Younger headspace?”

He asked. It was Jeongin who replied.

“Sungie doesn’t always have the same headspace. Normally he’s around three, but he has gone younger and a bit older, once. Sometimes he’s even non-verbal.”

Said the boy. Felix could feel himself smiling. Jisung was adorable as an adult. He was even more adorable as a little. Jisung little enough to be non-verbal? That would mean a Jisung around one year old. Felix wished he could witness that at least once.

“Cute.”

He said, with a chuckle. Jeongin and Chan laughed, and Felix knew they had gone through all of that, too. He looked back into the box.

There were only clothes inside, now. There wasn’t much. A green onesie and the jeans overalls the boy had been wearing earlier, plus rabbit socks. Felix pouted, looking at the other two. Chan chuckled.

“We’re trying to get more things, but it’s hard. We have a few things on our list.”
He explained. Felix nodded and moved to examine the toys on the floor.

Besides the board game he had given Jisung, there were other toys on the floor. A few toy cars and some cans of play-doh. A big box of Lego Duplo, which, Felix could only imagine, would keep Jisung entertained for hours when he played with it. There were also some alphabet blocks and two teething rings, probably for when Jisung was younger. And now the bath toys Felix had gotten him.

“It’s not much…”

He said. Chan sighed.

“It’s hard to buy things for him. He has a lot nowadays.”


“When I found out he had only his space pacifier, a colouring book, old crayons and toy cars, and the stuffed fox.”

Felix looked at the things on the floor. There definitely was more stuff now. And that without counting his sippy cup and plushies, plus his other pacifiers and the things Felix had just given him. He nodded.

“Then later I’ll…”

He was interrupted by Jisung passing him by and going up to Chan, handing the boy a drawing and running away, giggling. Chan looked at the paper and Felix saw the fondest smile spread on his face. Jeongin peeked at the paper and chuckled.

“Cute.”

He said. Felix raised his eyebrow.

“Can I see, hyung?”

He asked. Chan gave him the paper.

Jisung was good at drawing in adult headspace. That talent carried into little space apparently, but the drawing was far more colourful and had a bit of a childish edge to it. Felix smiled. Jisung had drawn him and Chan sitting together, surrounded by Jisung’s stuffed toys. The two figures representing him and Chan were smiling widely. It was adorable.

“That’s cute.”

He said, handing the drawing back. Chan took it as if it was precious and put it away.

“Jisung is precious.”

He mumbled, and Jeongin and Felix laughed.

They settled on the couch to watch TV. The volume was low, because according to Chan, little Jisung was extra sensitive to noise. Felix remembered the boy saying something like that, indeed. They were starting a new episode in a show when someone pulled on Felix’s pants. The boy looked down, only to have a paper shoved in his face.

Once he managed to actually hold the paper he looked over to Jisung to see the boy covering his face, ears red. He raised an eyebrow and looked at the drawing. He immediately smiled.
In the drawing, Jisung was hugging a figure Felix recognized as himself. It was simple, but Jisung had written something in a speech balloon, and Felix took a while to read it, considering Jisung had written it like a proper child. But he still managed to make out the ‘thank you’ in there. He got up, sitting next to Jisung and pulling the boy into a hug. Jisung melted against him, hugging Felix back.

“You're welcome, angel.”

He said. Jisung made a noise on the back of his throat and nuzzled Felix neck before pulling away.

“Dwaw wif Sungie?”

He asked. Felix smiled and nodded, taking a piece of paper. A few minutes later Jeongin received a paper with hearts drawn all over it, in all possible colours. Jisung had written ‘I love you’ in there, each word in a different place of the paper, because there wasn’t enough space between the hearts to write it all together. He thanked Jisung with a kiss to the cheek.

Jisung sat back down next to Felix after giving Jeongin his masterpiece and picked another page up. Less than a minute later he was leaning against Felix, sucking on his thumb while he drew messily with the other hand. Felix looked back at Chan, eyes telling the older what he needed to know. Chan nodded, getting up.

“Sungie, baby, come with hyungie so you can brush your teeth.”

He said, nudging Jisung. The boy didn’t complain, wrapping his arms around Chan’s neck and letting himself be picked up. The two disappeared into the bathroom and Jeongin sat down next to Felix, helping him pick up Jisung’s toys and put them away.

Jisung was wearing only his underwear when Chan carried him back into the living room, and he was practically asleep, space pacifier in his mouth. Felix raised an eyebrow. Chan chuckled.

“Pass me his onesie, please.” He asked. Jeongin was the one to do it, handing Chan the little’s green onesie. Chan put Jisung down on the couch. The boy whined, frowning. “Baby, hyungie is right here.”

Chan said, voice soft. Jisung sighed and let the older dress him.

Once he was dressed Chan picked him up again, sitting down on the couch with Jisung hugging him. Jisung whined.

“Fwower.”

He said. Felix immediately got up and picked the boy’s stuffed fox up. He handed it to Jisung, who put the toy next to his face, between him and Chan. He then wrapped his hands around Chan’s neck again, legs resting on each side of Chan’s. Felix could practically see him relaxing, and a few seconds later Jisung was asleep.

Chan caressed the boy’s hair for a while, half watching the TV show they had on and half paying attention to the boy in his arms. Then, once the little was surely asleep, he gestured for Felix to sit by him. Felix obeyed. Carefully, Chan pried Jisung away from him. Felix smiled as he understood.

He put his arm on Jisung’s back and helped Chan move the boy. A few seconds later Jisung was sitting on Felix’s legs, curled up against Felix’s chest with his hand fisted on the boy’s shirt. Chan put the stuffed toy in the boy’s other hand and Jisung sighed contentedly in his sleep. Felix beamed
“Cute.”

He whispered. Chan laughed silently and nodded. Felix turned to Jeongin. The maknae was smiling.

“He’s adorable, isn’t he?”

He asked. Felix nodded, hand rubbing Jisung’s back. Jisung was adorable.

Changbin kissed Felix as he arrived.

“So, how was it?”

He asked. Felix smiled. He hadn’t expected the boy to actually ask.

“It was really nice, hyung. Sung is so cute. He drew me a picture, look.”

He said, proudly showing Changbin the drawing Jisung had made for him. Changbin examined it, chuckling.

“What’s that here?”

He asked. Felix looked and laughed.

“That’s ‘thank you’. He has a hard time writing.”

He said. He could see many emotions in Changbin’s eyes at the same time. He had a feeling the boy would soon find out just how cute little Jisung was, but he wasn’t going to push the older.

“That’s cute. What did you guys… I don’t know, do?”

He asked, sitting down on Felix’s bed and pulling his boyfriend to lie with him. Felix lay down and pulled Changbin to lie on his chest.

“Hum, we played a board game, then we ate, then we drew. Then Sungie got sleepy, so he took a nap, and after that we built a castle with Legos.”

He said. Changbin looked up, brow furrowed.

“Lego? Isn’t that… doesn’t Sung put everything in his mouth?”

He asked. Felix chuckled.

“He usually has his paci to avoid that, but he wouldn’t be able to build normal Legos anyway. He has a set of Lego Duplo.”

He explained. Changbin hummed. Felix could see the engines turning in his head. He let the boy be. Changbin needed time to assimilate new things.

“It sounds like fun.”

He ended up saying. Felix hummed, nodding.

“It was fun.”
They stayed silent for a second, enjoying each other. The door to the room opened and Jisung entered. He raised an eyebrow at the couple, then his eyes travelled to the drawing Felix had left in his bedside table and his cheeks reddened.

“Lix…”

He whined, pouting. Felix followed his gaze and chuckled, reaching over Changbin and folding the drawing, putting it on a drawer.

“Sorry, Sungie.”

He said. Jisung’s pout deepened.

“You showed Binnie hyung.”

He complained. Felix pouted back.

“He already knew.”

He said. Jisung crossed his arms. Changbin, who was watching silently, chuckled.

“Don’t worry, Sung. I think it’s cute.”

Jisung glared.

“I hate you.”

He said, but there was no bite to it. He walked to Felix’s closet, retrieving a hoodie Felix recognized as belonging to the boy.

“Love you, too, Sung.” He said as the boy left. He got a fond eye-roll and snuggled back against Changbin. “Should we sleep?”

He asked. Changbin hummed and looked up, kissing Felix.

“Maybe in a while.”

He said.

Chapter End Notes

Hum, not sure how this turned out…. it's long af though

Did you guys like it? I live for your comments ^.^

If anyone wants to request something or just talk about kpop to me: https://twitter.com/Jasmine07618357

And if you want to, feel free to draw fanart and send it to me ^.^
Changbin

Changbin watched as Jisung fidgeted in his chair, playing with and chewing on his pencil more than writing anything down, and he knew something was going on.

He had been watching the boy lately, curious to learn more about how that whole regression thing worked, but too shy to ask the others to tell him about it. He got bits and pieces from Felix. A drawing Jisung had made, a sculpture they had built together, a play-doh animal they had made. Changbin just didn’t want to admit he found all of that quite adorable.

When Jisung first told him and Felix about this thing, Changbin had been a bit freaked out. He didn’t mind Jisung doing it, especially if it was good for his health, but he was in no way ready to see one of his best friends acting like a toddler and being looked after like one. Now, after hearing from Felix the things they did and searching a few things up, Changbin was beginning to think maybe, just maybe, this whole thing wasn’t really that weird. Maybe he even… he shook his head, pushing that thought away. He looked back at Jisung.

Something that came from watching so much, was learning a few things about Jisung’s behaviour. More than once he had seen one of the boys who knew about the boy’s regression take note of a few things and pull Jisung away, only coming back much later. Jisung always looked extra rested and calm after that. So Changbin had learned a few of the signs that pointed towards Jisung slipping. And he was showcasing quite some of those at the moment.

The chewing was a strong sign. Ever since Chan got Jisung his pacifier the younger had stopped chewing on things, only doing so when he was extremely nervous in a situation he couldn’t use his pacifier. It wasn’t the case at the moment, and Changbin knew the boy’s pacifier was in his backpack, so he was not using it because he didn’t want to. So that was a definite sign. Then there was the fact that Jisung looked a bit dazed. His eyes were unfocused, and he hadn’t written anything in quite some time. Not to mention the way he seemed to have trouble writing things down when he did try to. And then there was the fact that Jisung was constantly glancing at Chan’s empty chair.

Chan had left early in the morning to solve a family problem. It wasn’t anything big, but it was big enough for JYP to allow him to fly back to Australia for two days. This meant Changbin and Jisung were left to work on new songs, so that they actually had a good enough amount of songs to show JYP in a few days to ask for a comeback. Ever since the leader stepped into the car that would take him to the airport Changbin noticed Jisung’s uneasiness, and the fact that he kept searching for Chan despite knowing the older wasn’t there just confirmed his suspicions.

He watched the younger boy for a few more moments. Then he sighed and put his headphones down.

“Sung.”

He called. Jisung looked at him, eyes wide and a bit scared. Definitely slipping.

“Yes, hyung?”

He asked, voice small. Changbin took a deep breath.

“Do you… do you want to regress?”
Jisung’s eyes widened even more, and he seemed to finally take notice of the way he was chewing on his pencil, putting it down. His cheeks reddened.

“W-what...?”

He started. Changbin wished he was better at handling people, he really did.

“I just... I noticed you were... I can take care of you.”

He said. He knew he wasn’t making much sense, but he was pretty sure Jisung would understand it. The younger boy looked down, cheeks and ears still red.

“You don’t have to, hyung. I-I can... it’s not... I can control it. U-until Lix or Wooj hyung or Innies can b-be with me.”

He stuttered, and Changbin could see, clear as day, that Jisung’s words didn’t match his feelings. “But I want to... I... I want to try.”

He said. This made Jisung look at him.

“I thought you didn’t...”

He trailed off, and this time it was Changbin who blushed, shrugging. “I changed my mind.”

Jisung seemed a bit wary.

“Hyung, y-you really don’t...”

Changbin interrupted him by opening one of the drawers on the table, knowing it was where Chan kept Jisung’s stuff. He picked up the pacifier in there and handed it to Jisung.

“You can trust me. Promise.”

He said. Jisung looked at the pacifier, seeming immensely tempted.

“Just... if you get uncomfortable at any moment you can tell me. Tell me to be big and I will.”

He said. Changbin nodded. Jisung took the pacifier.

As the boy put it in his mouth, Changbin tried to remember the things he had read and the things Felix told him. He stood up, taking Jisung’s hand and pulling the boy to the couch, where he would be more comfortable. Jisung didn’t seem too relaxed. Changbin made him sit down, then kneeled in front of him.

“Sungie, hyung is going to take your shoes off, ok?”

He asked, and it was awkward, and he was blushing, and Jisung was blushing, but Changbin knew they could make this work.

“Ok, hyung.”

Said the younger, and Changbin took off his shoes. He then reopened Chan’s drawer and after thinking for a second he picked up and hid the stuffed kitten he found there behind his back. He
smiled at Jisung.

“Hey, guess who told me they were looking for you.”

He said. Jisung squirmed, and Changbin could practically see him slipping.

“Looking for Sung-me?”

He asked. Changbin nodded, way too enthusiastic, but he was slowly getting less shy about this. Jisung’s eyes were slightly wide, and it was obvious he was still fighting his headspace a bit, but slowly letting go.

“Uhuh. It’s someone really special, and they can’t wait to give you lots and lots of kisses on those cute cheeks.”

Jisung’s eyes widened more, a smile threatening to break on his face.

“Who, hyungie?” He asked, always bouncing in place. Changbin walked closer and pulled the kitten out as if he was a magician. Jisung squealed. Changbin was startled, but he couldn’t help but to think it was actually adorable. “Woo!”

He said, reaching for the kitten. Changbin smiled, shaking his head.

“Nu-uh, before you can hug him he wants to do this.”

He said, and started making kissing sounds and he moved the toy all over Jisung. He hadn’t expected the high-pitched squeal and giggle that left the boy’s mouth, but it was admittedly adorable to hear. Jisung’s nose was scrunched up and he laughed, eyes disappearing and teeth showing adorably as he covered himself from the ‘attack’. His pacifier fell from his mouth at some point, and Changbin picked it up, continuing to attack the boy.

“Hyungie, stop!”

He pleaded, still laughing, and Changbin made the kitten pretend kiss him three more times before stopping. Once he did, Jisung sat up and made grabby hands, and once Changbin handed the toy to him Jisung pulled it close to his chest, rubbing his face against it like a proper kitten. Changbin chuckled, finding it adorable. He regretted, now, not trying to accept this earlier. The little part of his brain that had been bothering him since he started looking more into it shouted at him. Changbin forced it to shut up.

“What do you want to do now, Sungie? Maybe you, Woo and I can play for a bit.”

He said. Jisung hummed, frowning and scrunching up his nose, and Changbin snorted as he recognized that as an adorable copy of Chan’s face when the older was deep in thought.

“C-can ‘yung tell Sungie a stowie?”

The boy asked, almost shyly. Changbin was surprised at the request.

“A storie? Sure, buddy, what kind of story?”

Jisung’s eyes lit up.

“One with pwincesses! A-and dwagons! And pwincesses that talk to dwagons!”

Changbin almost laughed at the request. Of course Jisung wouldn’t want to listen to The Three Little
“Ok, so let’s get comfortable so hyung can tell you the story.”

He said, sitting down on the couch. He looked at Jisung. The boy was biting on his lip, and Changbin immediately reached for his pacifier, giving it to him. Jisung accepted, then shyly sat down next to Changbin, before shuffling closer, until Changbin chuckled and pulled him so Jisung would be lying on his lap, his stuffed kitten pressed against his chest.

“Well, our story starts with a very very pretty princess.”

Started Changbin, and then proceeded to tell Jisung Little Red Riding Hood, making the girl a princess and the wolf a dragon who was actually really nice and friendly.

Changbin was enraptured by little Jisung. The boy’s reactions as Changbin told his story were adorable, and the way Jisung slowly got more and more comfortable on Changbin’s lap made the boy melt. Then, once the story was over, Jisung had decided they needed to act it out, and Changbin had been pulled around the tiny studio as Jisung made the place an enchanted forest, and it was the most fun Changbin had had in a while.

They ran and climbed the couch, then crawled on the floor as if they were in a battlefield, and Changbin knew Jisung had a vivid imagination, but he hadn’t expected it to be this vivid.

And then, after a lot of running and laughing and playing, Jisung sat down by the couch, sucking on his pacifier, and made grabby hands at Changbin. The older sat down next to the boy, and Jisung crawled to his lap, settling between Changbin’s legs and resting his head against Changbin’s chest. Changbin could definitely understand, now, why the others seemed so happy after spending time with little Jisung.

He smiled and pulled Jisung closer, kissing his forehead.

“Sleepy?”

He asked. Jisung shook his head.


He said. Changbin took a while to understand, but soon reached back to pick up Jisung’s kitten. The boy smiled and kissed the kitten, then put his hands on Changbin’s face and kissed the older’s cheek. Changbin chuckled and squeezed the boy, making Jisung giggle.


Asked the older, picking up Jisung’s forgotten phone. Jisung perked up.

“Powowo!”

Changbin chuckled. They had definitely gotten Jisung the right cake on his birthday.

“Oh, let me put it on for you.”

He said, putting the show on Jisung’s phone and handing it to the boy. Jisung took a while to figure out how to hold his toy and the phone at the same time, but he managed. Changbin smiled and
picked up his own phone, trying to work for a bit while Jisung watched the TV show.

They stayed like that for quite sometime, until Jisung started squirming. At first Changbin ignored it. Then it got more intense, and when Changbin looked at Jisung the boy’s face was red. He raised an eyebrow, taking off his ear buds and Jisung’s too. He paused the boy’s show and Jisung looked up, pouting.

“You ok, Sungie? Do you need anything?”

Jisung looked down at the question, fidgeting with his shirt.

“Uhn… bathroom.”

He mumbled. Changbin grimaced. He nudged the boy and got up.

“Ok, gimme your paci and you can go.”

He said. Jisung tilted his head. Changbin repeated the gesture. They stared at each other for a while, then Jisung frowned.

“Sungie go awone?”

He asked. Changbin raised an eyebrow. Was he supposed to take Jisung… to the bathroom?

“Uhn… you want hyung to… go? With you?”

He asked. Jisung’s cheeks reddened, but he nodded. Changbin sighed.

“Ok, uhn… alright, give me the paci and Woo.”

Jisung didn’t complain, handing the things to the older. Changbin put the toy and pacifier away and then took Jisung’s hand.

They were lucky enough not to find anyone in the hallways. It wouldn’t be that weird if they were seen holding hands, the trainees and other artists were used to seeing that. But Jisung was practically doing a potty dance next to him, and Changbin was pretty sure that would be at least a bit suspicious.

They got to the bathroom, and Jisung didn’t move away from Changbin, whining instead. Changbin grimaced.

“Uhn, you can go, Sungie.”

He said. Jisung frowned, and then struggled with his pants’ button, then pouted. Changbin sighed. He reached forward and undid Jisung’s button and zipper. To Changbin’s utter relief, as soon as he did that Jisung rushed into one of the cubicles on his own, completely ignoring the urinal. He did leave the door open, but it wasn’t like Changbin had never seen that before. He was used to brushing his teeth while someone peed behind him and someone else showered. He did hold the door closed, because if someone walked in it would be better they catch Changbin holding a door than Jisung peeing with the door open. Probably.

Once he was done, Jisung pulled the door, smiling at Changbin. The older couldn’t help but to laugh, pulling Jisung’s zipper up and buttoning his pants, ruffling the boy’s hair.

“C’mon, let’s wash those hands.”
He said. Jisung skipped to the sink, then looked at Changbin, head tilted. Of course he needed help washing his hands. Changbin moved closer, pulling Jisung’s sleeves up and turning on the water. He helped the boy wet his hands then soap then, and then helped him rinse. Jisung giggled at the bubbles, and then, after Changbin dried his hand, he clung back to Changbin, smiling happily.

“Than’ you, ‘yung.”

He said. Changbin smiled too.

“You’re welcome, Sungie.”

Once back in the studio, Changbin decided he could probably check with one of the others if they were finished. Felix probably wasn’t, since he would be working with Hyunjin and Minho for the day. Woojin had a meeting to go to, since he was the assigned leader in Chan’s absence. And that left Jeongin. Changbin picked up his phone.

Jeongin showed up at the door fifteen minutes later, and Changbin couldn’t help but to laugh at the way Jisung’s eyes shone and he ran to the maknae, hugging Jeongin tightly.

“Hey, little boy.”

Said Jeongin, a huge smile on his face and so much fondness in his voice Changbin could have melted.

“Innie ‘yungie, today sooooo much fun! Binnie ‘yung telled Sungie a stowy! A-and we pwayed dwagon and pwincess! Sungie was pwincess!” Changbin felt warmth fill his heart as he saw how much Jisung had enjoyed their little time together. “And then, and then Binnie ‘yung letted Sungie wa’ch Powowo! And showed Sungie fun music!”

Jeongin laughed as Jisung excitedly described what they had done, pulling Jisung along with him to sit on the couch. Once they reached it, Jisung was still talking about the songs Changbin had shown him. Jeongin sat down and Jisung quickly sat down on his lap, snuggling against Jeongin finishing his little speech with a content sigh.

“Well, it does seem like you had a lot of fun, little boy.”

Jisung nodded, closing his eyes. Changbin had noticed the boy getting sleepy a while after calling Jeongin, but the little had insisted on waiting for the younger, so Changbin had allowed it. Jeongin gave Jisung his pacifier, then his kitten, which was by his side on the couch.

“Binnie ‘yung vewy fun.” The little said said. Then he opened his eyes, expression seeming sad. “Appa?”

He asked. Changbin raised an eyebrow, but Jeongin sighed.

“Appa isn’t here right now, Sungie.”

He said. Changbin took a few moments to put two and two together and notice they were talking about Chan. Jisung pouted.

“Call?”
He asked, and there were unshed tears in his eyes. Jeongin bit on his lip.

“Ok, baby, give hyungie a second.” Jisung smiled sleepily. Jeongin took out his phone, quickly typing and sending a message, presumably to Chan. “Can you tell me about when you were a princess today, Sungie?”

He asked. Changbin noticed he was trying to keep the boy awake. He smiled, happy to just watch the interaction. He knew he would have to talk to Jeongin later – and probably to the others too – about his sudden change of heart. But like this he at least had a bit of time to come up with something plausible.

Jeongin’s phone rang, startling Jisung a bit. Jeongin smiled and picked it up, gesturing for Changbin to come closer. He accepted the video call once Changbin was next to him.

“Hey there, you guys.”

Said Chan, smiling softly. Changbin waved and Jeongin smiled. If Chan was surprised to see Changbin there he didn’t comment.

“Hi, hyung!” He greeted. Jisung whined and Jeongin chuckled. “Someone really wants to see you.” He said, moving the phone so Jisung could see it. Channie chuckled.

“Oh, is my little boy sleepy?”

Jisung eyes shone.

“Channie ‘yungie!”

He said, smiling with his eyes almost closed. Chan laughed.

“Yes, baby, it’s hyungie.”

Jisung pouted.

“’yungie, Sungie missed you.”

He said. Changbin could see Chan’s heart breaking.

“Hyungie misses you too, baby boy. Hyungie is going to hug you and give you many kisses and cuddles when he sees you again, yeah? Does that sound good?”

Jisung nodded happily.

“Sound good, ‘yungie.” Chan smiled fondly. “’yungie, today Sungie pwayed lots and lots with Binnie ‘yung.”

Jisung said, and he sleepily told Chan half of his day with Changbin, eyes closing more each second, until he fell asleep halfway through the story. Chan laughed softly.

“Don’t let him sleep too much or he’ll be a nightmare at night.”

He said. Jeongin nodded.

“Don’t worry, hyung. How are things there?”
Chan shrugged.

“It’s not too bad. It’ll be solved in a few hours, and tomorrow I’ll fly back.”

Jeongin pouted.

“Awn, we were having so much fun, though.”

Chan snorted, and Jeongin and Changbin laughed.

“Shut up, maknae. I have to go now. Take care of Sungie and yourselves, guys.” Jeongin and Changbin nodded. “And we’ll talk later, Bin.”

Yeah, Changbin had expected that. He nodded. Jeongin turned off the phone.

Opinions? Suggestions? I love your comments ^.^

(I have the story planned until all of the boys find out, but after that feel free to suggest and request things!)
Jeongin decided not to confront Changbin until Chan got back, for which Changbin was glad. He had already decided what he would tell them, but he didn’t feel too excited about having this conversation with them. So he was glad.

They arrived at the dorms late at night, with Jisung already out of headspace, but still sleepy. And so Changbin ruffled Jisung’s hair and wished him goodnight, smiling at the faint blush on the boy’s cheeks before going to his own room for the night. Chan would be back on the next day and then they would talk. For now he could rest.

To Changbin’s surprise, Jisung was there two days later, when Chan decided it was time they discuss what had happened and gathered everyone who knew about Jisung in his room. Changbin had expected Jisung to be embarrassed and refuse to participate in the conversation, but there the boy was, sitting next to Chan. Then Changbin noticed the boy’s pout, and came to the conclusion that maybe Jisung wasn’t there because he wanted to. Changbin sat down on his bed.

“Ok, so now that we’re here. Bin, would you like to tell us what happened the other day when I wasn’t here?”

Changbin didn’t know why he was so nervous. He cleared his throat.

“Well… Sung was clearly feeling little and no one was around to help, so I… I offered to take care of him.”

He said. It was the truth. Chan nodded. Woojin and Felix seemed surprised, and Changbin noticed no one had told them about him taking care of Jisung.

“Ok.”

Said Chan. He looked like he was about to say more, but Felix interrupted him.

“Wait, I thought you didn’t want to see Sung in headspace, hyung.”

Said the boy. Changbin shrugged, cheeks reddening slightly.

“I, I didn’t. But the way you talked about it, and the things I found online just…”

Someone interrupted him.

“Wait, you looked things up online, hyung?”

Changbin turned to Jeongin, who was the one who asked that. He nodded, feeling self-conscious, as if the others could read him through those simple words and just know.

“I, uhn, yeah.”

He said. Jeongin tilted his head.

“But why…”
Started Felix. Chan cleared his throat. Everyone shut up.

“I wasn’t done talking, you guys.” He said, but it was soft. The others mumbled out apologies. “Ok, Bin. So you looked it up and…?”

Changbin sighed.

“And that’s it. I noticed it wasn’t exactly what I thought it was at first. And I thought it might be kind of cute.”

He said, once again feeling the familiar heat on his cheeks. Chan hummed.

“So you thought it would be cute and asked Jisung to regress?”

Asked Woojin. Changbin shook his head.

“No. I mean, yes, kinda, but…”

Changbin looked at Jisung, who had been silent so far. The boy blushed and looked down.

“I was feeling little and acting kinda little, hyung. Binnie hyung said I could regress if I wanted to and he would take care of me.”

He said. Changbin smiled thankfully. Woojin tilted his head, then smiled slightly.

“Awn, Binnie. That was so sweet of you.”

He said, looking at Changbin, and when their eyes met Changbin knew Woojin knew. He looked down blushing.

“I just… knew it would be better for him if he could regress.”

Woojin nodded. By Changbin’s side, Felix squealed startling everyone.

“Hyung, this means you can spend time with us when Jisung regresses! It’s so much fun when there’s more than one person, you’ll see!”

The others couldn’t help but to chuckle at Felix enthusiasm.

“Yah, Lix, I’m not a toy.”

Said Jisung, jokingly. Felix pouted.

“I’m just excited you’ll have more people to play with now. I know you like having more people with you when you regress.”

He said, and Jisung blushed, rolling his eyes.

“Shut up.”

He said, and everyone laughed. Once they all calmed down, Chan spoke up.

“You really can get into this with us, Bin. If Jisung accepts and you want to.”

Changbin looked at Jisung. The boy shrugged, then gave a tiny nod, cheeks red and a small smile fighting to take his lips.
Changbin bit on the inside of his cheek, heart racing. He shouldn’t accept. It would make things a hell of a lot harder for him. But Felix was looking at him with an excited smile, and despite the boy trying to hide, Changbin could see the hopeful look on Jisung’s eyes. He sighed.

“Of course I want to.”

He said. Everyone cheered.

Changbin was watching TV on his own, a while after their conversation, when someone sat by his side. He looked over and saw Jisung. He gave the boy a little smile. Jisung smiled back, before looking down. Changbin knew the boy well enough to know Jisung wanted to say something, so he stayed quiet and waited for the boy to be ready. A few minutes later, Jisung spoke up.

“I never thanked you, hyung.”

He said. Changbin looked over again. Jisung was blushing slightly and looking down.

“Thank me?”

Asked Changbin. The younger nodded.

“For taking care of me the other day. You didn’t have to.”

He said. Changbin raised an eyebrow. He knew Jisung was a sensitive person, and he knew the boy was way more mature than he let show on camera and variety shows. But he sometimes forgot that, fooled by the image of himself Jisung showed the world. He then shook his head.

“There’s no need to thank me, Sung. You needed it and I wanted to help.”

Jisung smiled.

“I thought you would always think I was weird for being like this.”

Admitted the boy, and Changbin immediately shook his head.

“I never thought you were weird! I just… you know I’m slow, Sung. I need time to process things.”

He said, and Jisung laughed, just like Changbin had hoped he would.

“Well, I’m glad you came around. It’s kinda embarrassing, but Lix is right. I like it when there are more people with me when I’m little.”

He said. Changbin chuckled, once again burying his own feelings down.


Jisung groaned at that, cheeks reddening.

“Why does everyone think that?”

He whined. Changbin chuckled.

“Because you’re basically his kid, Sung. It’s cute.”
Jisung leaned back, shaking his head.

“Whatever.” They were silent for a second, then Jisung pouted. “Maybe I like being with Chan hyung when I’m little. But that doesn’t mean I don’t like having other people with me too.”

He mumbled, and Changbin couldn’t help but to pinch the boy’s cheeks.

“When did you become this cute, Sung?”

Jisung chuckled and shook the boy off.

“Shut up, I’m always cute.”

Changbin laughed with him, and once their laughter died down they simply continued to watch TV, enjoying each other’s company.

The next time Jisung started feeling little it was Changbin who spotted the signs, and he was proud of that. The two of them were walking with Minho and Felix, making use of the need to get groceries to go on a ‘date’, when Changbin noticed Jisung was paying no attention whatsoever to what Minho was saying. Instead, he was playing with his lower lip, one step away from putting his finger in his mouth. Changbin nudged Felix.

“I knew he was acting weird this morning.”

Mumbled Felix, once he spotted the scene. Changbin bit on his lip.

“Should we do something?”

He asked. Felix shook his head.

“Sung is supposed to tell one of us when he feels little. Unless it’s absolutely necessary, we don’t intervene.”

Changbin raised an eyebrow, but accepted it. They continued their way to the little market near their dorm.

Changbin was also the first notice when Jisung stopped walking. He frowned as he noticed the boy had stopped at a stationary store, but as soon as he followed Jisung’s gaze he understood it. A few steps away, Felix and Minho noticed the other two had stopped and stopped as well, frowning. Changbin nudged Jisung. The boy shook his head, as if coming out of a trance, and looked at Changbin.

“Hyung…”

He whined. Changbin cursed.

“Hang in there just a bit, Sung. Can you do that?” Jisung bit on his lip, but nodded. “Good. Then let’s go.”

Thankfully, Jisung followed after him.

Lucky for them, the market wasn’t too full and the shopping list wasn’t too long. Which meant they were quickly done and managed to avoid anything that had animated characters in the package quite well. And soon they were at the line to pay. No one said anything as Changbin excused himself.
They arrived back at the dorm and Felix immediately screamed something about the last ones to touch their head being the ones to put the groceries away. He must have arranged that with Jisung when Changbin was away, because the two were touching their heads before the boy could even finish what he was saying, and then they were running away, and if Changbin didn’t know what was going on he would have complained. As it was, he simply resigned himself to putting away the groceries, laughing as Minho complained about this disrespectful youth.

After he was finished, he was greeted by Chan asking him if he wanted to head to the studio for some writing. Changbin couldn’t help but to smile as he noticed the way Jisung was holding Chan’s hand and had his mask and hoodie covering his face, clearly to hide Jisung’s pacifier.

“Sure, hyung. Let me just get my things.”

He said, internally laughing at the way Minho pouted and complained about Chan stealing his boyfriend, before heading to his own room. Changbin quickly went inside his room as well, and put the little notepad he had bought in a prettier packaging, shoving it inside his backpack and heading back outside. Felix was waiting by the door, where Chan was helping Jisung put on his shoes, and Changbin laughed. Of course the younger was going to tag along. Jeongin and Woojin’s glares showed they had clearly been informed of Jisung’s state and vetoed from the trip. Changbin happily waved them bye as he headed outside with the other three.

To his utter surprise, as soon as they were out of the dorms Jisung took his hand, smiling happily at Changbin, something that was only noticeable from the way his eyes crinkled. Changbin chuckled a bit. Chan snorted.

“Sungie, if you want to hold Binnie’s hand you have to let go of hyungie’s hand.”

He said. Changbin could see the sadness take Jisung’s eyes, and he almost squealed. Felix, by his side, laughed.

“Get used, hyung, he has the most expressive eyes you’ll ever see when he’s little.”

Jisung whined, then sadly let go of Changbin’s hand. Changbin pouted. Felix and Chan laughed.

“Don’t take it personally, Bin. It’s a surprise he willingly went near you, considering he’s only been little around you once.”

Changbin huffed.

“You say that cause you’re his favourite.”

He whined, and he knew the others would think he was joking. They wouldn’t know deep down he really wanted to pout and whine about the situation.

They took longer than normal to arrive at the company, because Jisung made them stop at least three times to look at flowers along the way. It was cute, though, to see Jisung so excited about something as simple as a flower, so Changbin didn’t really mind.

Once they did arrive, they headed to the studio Jisung, Changbin and Chan usually wrote together at, and as soon as they entered Jisung started pulling on his mask and whining. Felix chuckled, taking the boy’s hand and taking him slightly away from Chan to help the boy. He took off Jisung’s mask,
revealing a squirrel pacifier Changbin hadn’t seen before. Then he took off Jisung’s shoes, making Jisung hold onto his shoulders while he did it, and then he helped Jisung out of his coat, leaving the boy in a hoodie and sweatpants, as well as socks.

Jisung smiled behind his pacifier.

“Thank you, ‘yungie.”

He said, hugging Felix, and Changbin shouldn’t be surprised, considering how affectionate Jisung was in general.

“You’re welcome, angel. Now let’s see what Channie hyung brought for you to play, yeah?”

Suggested Felix, and Jisung squealed, running up to Chan who had also made himself comfortable and was taking Jisung’s toys from his bag. Changbin shuffled for a few seconds, then reached into his bag and shoved the notepad he had bought for Jisung towards Felix.

“Here.”

He said, a bit embarrassed. Felix raised an eyebrow.

“For… me?”

He asked. Changbin snorted.

“No, dumbass. It’s the thing Jisung was looking at today when we went shopping.”

Felix looked at Changbin, an entertained smile playing on his lips.


He said, moving to sit next to Jisung. Jisung looked up, curious, and Felix handed him the package. The little carefully opened it, then gasped. Then he got up and ran to Changbin, hugging him.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

He said, and Felix was right, Changbin was whipped for little Jisung.

“You’re welcome, Ji.”

He said, ruffling the boy’s hair. Jisung smiled and rushed back, settling down on Chan’s lap. Then he carefully ripped out one page from the notepad, doing a pretty good job, all things considered, and placed it in front of himself. Then, with a bit of a blush in his cheeks, he asked for a crayon, which Chan handed to him. Changbin laughed as Jisung focused so hard on the task of writing something on the paper that his tongue poked out of his mouth.

And then Jisung shyly showed Chan the page. Chan raised an eyebrow.

“Rules? What rules, baby boy?”

He asked. Changbin decided to sit down with them, glancing at the paper and smiling at the messy handwriting. Jisung played with the hem of his hoodie.

“Hum, wules fo’ Sungie.”
He mumbled. Felix and Chan looked at each other, seeming confused. Changbin couldn’t help but to speak up.

“Like a bedtime and things you can and can’t do, Sungie?” He asked. Jisung nodded eagerly. Chan and Felix raised an eyebrow at Changbin, who shrugged, blushing. “I read it online.”

He said. The other two seemed to accept it. Chan put the paper down.

“Ok, Sungie, let’s write down some rules, hum?” Jisung nodded happily. “The first one should be ‘always tell one of your caregivers when you feel little.’. What do you think?”

Suggested Chan. Jisung scrunched up his nose and stuck his tongue out at Chan, but after a stern look he nodded.

“Otay, appa.”

He said. Chan pinched his cheek.

“What about ‘always eat all of your food’?”

Asked Felix. Chan nodded in approval, writing it down.

By the end of it Jisung had ten rules: always telling someone when he felt little, eating all of his food, respecting bedtime and nap time, no keeping secrets, no swearing, no hiding accidents, always asking before eating something outside of meal time, always holding hands when crossing the streets, always keeping his mask on if going outside with his pacifier. The punishment for breaking one of the rules would be corner time. Maximum fifteen minutes. Jisung seemed pretty satisfied with the outcome. He hugged Chan and kissed his cheek.

“Than’ you, appa.”

He said. Chan chuckled.

“You’re welcome, baby. Have you thanked the other hyungs?”

He asked. Jisung smiled at Felix and Changbin.

“Than’ you, Lixie ‘yung, than’ you, Binnie ‘yung.” He said. “Now play?”

And so they played for a long time, and Changbin tried his best not to show how much fun he was having. He glanced at Felix, from time to time, trying to compare his behaviour to the younger’s to make sure him and Chan wouldn’t notice anything.

It helped a bit that Jisung was, according to Chan, in one of his clingier moods. Because this meant Jisung spent the whole time on someone’s lap, no running around and playing pretend involved. They played a squirrel board game and then Chan and Felix stayed on their phones while Changbin drew with Jisung, keeping the boy entertained. Then they played with Jisung’s plushie, and other activities that could be done without moving, until Jisung snuggled against Chan’s chest and closed his eyes, quickly falling asleep. Changbin had a feeling Jisung would never break the ‘respect nap time’ rule.

As they waited for Jisung to wake up, Felix and Chan talked about future tracks and what Felix had to work on for their next album. Changbin, between them, looked at Jisung and asked himself what had he gotten himself into.
Chapter End Notes

Bit of a filler... what did you think??
It took about two more weeks for something to actually happen, regarding Changbin’s little secret. Changbin knew sooner or later Woojin would confront him. He knew the boy knew, and he knew Woojin wouldn’t just let it pass like that. Especially after taking care of little Jisung with Changbin that one time. So it was no surprise when during one of their dance practice breaks Woojin pulled him aside, telling the others they would be buying snacks for everyone and leaving the room with Changbin’s wrist on his grip.

At first he said nothing. And Changbin didn’t, either, because if it depended on him they would never have that conversation. Unfortunately, as soon as they were out of the company building, Woojin sighed.

“Bin, come on. I know you know I know.” Despite the situation, Changbin couldn’t help but to chuckle a bit at the sentence. Woojin shook his head, smiling. “Want to talk about it?”

He asked. Changbin sighed, looking down.

“Not really.”

He mumbled. Woojin hummed.

“Why not?”

He asked. Changbin looked up, surprised, because that wasn’t the type of question he was expecting. Then he shrugged.

“It’s embarrassing?”

He offered. Woojin raised an eyebrow.

“You’ve taken care of Sungie three times now. Why is it embarrassing?”

Changbin felt an uncomfortable weight settle on his stomach.

“It just… is, hyung. I’m not… supposed to want that.”

He managed to say. Woojin nodded.

“And Jisung is?” Changbin nodded. Then shook his head. Then he glared at Woojin, who chuckled.

“Why is it different for him?”

He asked. Changbin hadn’t thought about that before, mainly because he tried not to think of this at all.

“Because it is, hyung.”

He chose to say. Woojin snorted.

“Wrong answer. Try again.”
Changbin pouted.

“Cause Sungie… I don’t know. He’s cute and younger.”

Woojin laughed.

“He’ll be your age next year, and he’ll still be a little. And you’re cute too.”

He said. Changbin groaned.

“Hyung, just drop it.”

He said. Woojin stopped walking, making Changbin stop to. He made Changbin look at him.

“Bin, it isn’t healthy to supress this kind of thing. Now that you know this about yourself you won’t be able to hold back from thinking about it. It’ll make you overanalyse everything you do, and you’ll end up stopping yourself from doing things that are completely normal, because you think they’ll give you away. And that isn’t healthy.”

Changbin searched the older’s eyes, but he knew Woojin was right. He had already started noticing a few of his behaviours and thinking they were weird for someone his age, had already started repressing them. And though it wasn’t much, it did make him feel a bit stressed. He sighed.

“I’ll be a burden. You have to deal with Sungie, already, and I would just…”

Woojin shook his head.

“Nope, stop right there. You would never be a burden, Bin. We can take care of you and Jisungie perfectly well at the same time, and Jisung will have a playmate. C’mon, I saw the way you had fun with him last time, Binnie. You even slipped for a bit. This will be good for you. Can you trust hyung?”

Changbin looked down. The pure want he felt at the moment was overwhelming, but he still didn’t… he couldn’t imagine how he would face the others after going around acting like a little kid around them.

“I’m not sure I can, hyung.”

He said. Woojin sighed.

“And what if you try it only with me? Or with me and little Sungie. Would that help?”

Changbin opened his mouth to say no, but stopped himself. For some reason the idea of being little when Jisung was also in headspace wasn’t so bad. And if only Woojin was there…

“I… would you do that?”

He asked, glancing up. Woojin beamed at him.

“Sure. With Sungie?”

Changbin nodded, somewhat shy. Then he sighed.

“I, let me think about it some more, hyung. Can I?”

Woojin nodded.
“Sure, Binnie. Come to me whenever you have an answer, ok?”

Changbin nodded.

It took him a few days, before he finally decided to give it a shot. The idea still made him feel weird and embarrassed, but if Jisung was also regressed then Changbin wouldn’t be acting like a baby on his own, and that thought comforted him. He noticed, in the back of his mind, that he had it easy. He couldn’t imagine how bad Jisung had felt when he first found out about this.

The younger boy had told him about how he found this out on his own, and how he refused to acknowledge it until he couldn’t handle the amount of stress anymore and let himself be little. He told Changbin about how the others had found out, all of them by accident, and how he had had to explain everything to them – Woojin not included. Changbin had always thought of Jisung as someone strong. Now he admired the boy even more.

When Changbin told Woojin about his decision, the boy beamed at him, and on the next day he made sure everyone who didn’t know about Jisung was out of the dorms before gathering the ones who knew at Chan’s room. Once they were settled, all looking curious, Woojin cleared his throat.

“Guys, Bin has something to tell you.” He said. Changbin blushed, eyes widening as he looked at Woojin. The older snorted. “Want me to talk?”

He asked. Changbin nodded eagerly.

“Is everything ok?”

Asked Jisung, seeming worried.

“Don’t worry, everything is fine.” Reassured Woojin. “But Binnie has been thinking about trying to regress.”

Everyone went silent, and Changbin had never felt so self-conscious and embarrassed.

Felix’s squeal was what broke the silence.

“Hyung, you’re a little?”

He asked, excited. Changbin blushed.

“Uhn, m-maybe? I don’t, I’m not sure.”

Felix was smiling so brightly the sun would be ashamed.

“Are you for real, hyung? You think you’re a little?”

Asked Jeongin, sounding excited. Changbin nodded.

“Maybe.”

He repeated. Jeongin’s smile was as wide as Felix’s, and the two of them were almost bouncing in place.

“Hyung, what…?”
Woojin interrupted Felix.

“Guys, wait a second.” Felix and Jeongin calmed down a bit. Woojin turned to Jisung. “Sung, Binnie wanted to try regressing next time you’re in headspace. Would you be ok with that?”

Changbin felt dread fill his stomach. Jisung was looking at him with eyes wide and mouth slightly open, and Changbin felt as if the boy was about to break down crying. Fuck, maybe this had been a bad idea. Maybe…

“B-binnie little like Sungie?”

Came his tiny voice, and Changbin saw the boy’s eyes watering. His eyes widened, and everyone looked as surprised as him to see Jisung in headspace, when he hadn’t been showing any signs of dropping.

“U-uhn…”

Changbin stuttered, looking around in a semi-panic. Jeongin was the first to recover.

“Yes, Jiji, Binnie will be little just like you. Then you can play together! What do you think?”

Changbin noticed the tears falling from Jisung’s eyes weren’t from sadness when the boy started talking and trying to dry his eyes while still crying.

“’appy. S-sungie we-weally ‘appy.”

He said, then gave up on drying his face and threw himself at Chan, hiding against the older’s chest and crying. After one more second of shock everyone melted and cooed at the boy’s adorableness.

“Aigo, little boy. Are you so happy that you’re crying?”


Woojin nudged Changbin while the others were cooing over Jisung.

“Hey, I know we planned to have you try this next time Sung regressed, but you don’t need to do it now if you’re not ready.”

He said. Changbin looked at him, then bit on his lip.

“C-can I try now? T-the others can stay too…”

He said, Woojin beamed.

Chan and Jeongin kept Jisung entertained while Felix and Woojin left to take care of Changbin.

Felix couldn’t keep himself from smiling, thinking about how cute Changbin would be as a little. He guided the boy to Jisung’s room almost skipping, laughing as Changbin groaned and complained about Felix being way too excited. Felix hoped Changbin really did enjoy being little.

The first thing they did was change Changbin’s clothes, putting him in one of Jisung’s onesies after asking the little for permission. The last thing they wanted was for Jisung to reject Changbin out of jealousy. Changbin blushed through the whole process, but Felix had learned enough about the boy to know Changbin was actually enjoying it.
“Open up, Binnie.”

Felix said, trying to give Changbin Jisung’s fox pacifier, since Jisung had absolutely vetoed the space one. For a second Felix wondered if it was hygienic for the two boys to use the same pacifier, but he soon shrugged it off. It wasn’t like they had any other option at the moment, and Changbin wouldn’t die from putting the same pacifier Jisung used in his mouth.

In the end, however, he didn’t need to worry, because Changbin scrunched up his nose and shook his head. Felix frowned.

“You don’t want it?”

Changbin crossed his arm and shook his head. Felix looked at Woojin, one eyebrow raised.

“He probably has an older little age. I think he’s in headspace already, though.”

He said, and Felix couldn’t contain an excited smile, turning back to Changbin and deciding Woojin was right from the way Changbin was playing with his fingers. He beamed at Changbin.

“Binnie, want to go out to play with Sungie?”

He asked. That seemed to do the trick, giving Changbin the last push he needed to fall into headspace. Changbin smiled widely.

“Yes! C’mon, hyungie, let’s go, let’s go!”

He said, grabbing Felix’s hand and dragging the boy out of the room. Felix and Woojin laughed and followed the boy outside. They couldn’t wait to see the two littles interacting.

It soon became clear that Changbin was older than Jisung. And immensely different.

The first thing Changbin did upon spotting Jisung was to let go of Felix’s hand and rush towards the boy on Jeongin’s lap. Except as soon as Jisung saw Changbin running towards him he squealed and hid against Jeongin’s chest, clearly scared. Changbin stopped in his tracks, mouth becoming a pout. Chan was the first to react, laughing.

“You have to take things slow, Binnie baby, Sungie is really young and gets scared easily.”

He explained, and Felix cooed internally at the nickname Chan had given the boy. Changbin’s eyes filled with understanding and he nodded solemnly. Then he kneeled down next to Jeongin and poked Jisung’s cheek.

“Sungie? Binnie is sorry he scared you.”

He said. Jisung just whined. Changbin looked at Jeongin and pouted.

“Binnie apologized, Innie hyung.”

He whined. Jeongin laughed.

“Why don’t you play with Felix hyung for a little bit while I talk to him, Binnie?”

Changbin’s pout deepened, but he moved to sit on the floor next to Felix with a sigh. Felix, not wanting to see the boy pouting, immediately picked up Jisung’s farm set, which was on the floor
next to them. He pulled it closer.

“Hey, Binnie, look at this! Let me tell you a secret: inside this box there are lots and lots of animals.”

Changbin’s pout disappeared in a second, and Felix smiled proudly.

“Let me see, let me see!”

Pleaded the little, pulling the set closer to himself and opening it, squealing as he saw the bucket of animals. He quickly turned it over, sending the animals all over the floor, and no one managed to hold in their laughter. Different. Jisung and Changbin were so, so different.

“Do you see this, Binnie? You have to build the fences so you have a place to keep your horses and cows.”

Said Woojin, also sitting down next to Changbin. The little solemnly nodded, picking up one of the fences and starting his work of building it up.

They didn’t play for long before Chan and Jeongin finally managed to get Jisung out of his shell. Felix noticed the little eyeing them with interest and smiled.

“Binnie, look who decided to show up.”

He stage-whispered to Changbin. The boy looked back and beamed at Jisung. Jisung smiled back shyly.

“Ask him if he wants to play, love.”

Said Woojin. Changbin made space between himself and Woojin.

“Sungie, you want to play?”

He asked. Jisung looked up at Jeongin, then at Chan. Both boys gestured towards Changbin. Jisung nodded, crawling out of Jeongin’s lap before changing his mind and pulling on Jeongin’s hand, meaning he wanted the younger to go with him. Jeongin laughed and obeyed, and soon they were all sitting around Changbin’s farm, looking at the boy work.

It was endearing. Changbin made sure to show Jisung all the pieces he picked up and how he put them on the farm, and Jisung helped the boy move the animals around, giggling and making animal sounds, which had Changbin giggling as well.

Lunch-time was a challenge. Jisung couldn’t eat on his own when in headspace, needed someone to feed him. And Changbin, the others found out, was a very helpful person when little. And that’s how he ended up sitting next to Jisung, feeding the boy his lunch. Which did not go well.

The first problem was that Changbin shoved as much food in his mouth as physically possible, just so he could be ready when Jisung finished chewing what he had on his mouth and asked for more. This meant Changbin ended up looking like a squirrel saving up food while he looked at Jisung expectantly, a spoon already ready to feed the boy. And this made Jisung giggle, because Changbin did actually look hilarious. And the overall result of this was food everywhere.

“They’re going to need a bath.”
Said Woojin, chuckling. The others around the table groaned, but no one had the heart to tell the two boys to stop, because the scene was just too adorable.

“We’ll need to add rules to Sungie’s list. Mealtime rules.”

Said Chan. Everyone agreed.

As it was, as soon as they were finished Jeongin and Woojin volunteered to wash the dishes, leaving to Chan and Felix the task of washing the two littles. Felix looked at Chan. This would be a mess.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, look who’s back! It's me! Anyways, what did you think?? I hope you guys like it, and as always, I love reading your comments ^.^
Chapter 13

Felix and Chan took the two littles into the bathroom, and Felix couldn’t help but to internally coo at the way Changbin held Jisung’s hand, taking care of the boy. Jisung seemed happy enough to let the older do that, smiling softly and giggling when he looked at his and Changbin’s hands.

“They’re adorable, hum?”

Said Chan, and Felix noticed the older was smiling too. He chuckled.

“I wanna squish them to death. Sungie is going to tease Binnie about this when they’re out of headspace, though.”

He said. Chan chuckled.

“I don’t think he would, Bin has too much material to tease Sungie back with.”

He said, and Felix figured it made sense. And then they arrived at the bathroom and turned on the water to fill the bathtub, and the mess began.

Felix envied Chan a bit as he watched the older undress Jisung. The younger cooperated and giggled when Chan pretended he couldn’t pull the boy’s hoodie over his head, and squealed when Chan did pull it off, kissing Chan’s cheek as if to say thanks. Felix, on the other hand, was stuck helping Changbin, who had insisted he could undress on his own and had proceeded to actually get stuck in his clothes, fighting against them for a while before pouting and asking for Felix’s help. The smile the boy gave him once he was free, however, made up for it.

And then into the halfway-filled bathtub they went, facing each other, and when Chan put in the toys, Changbin and Jisung squealed together, reaching for them and drenching Chan and Felix in a few seconds. Felix looked at the older. Chan snorted.

“Next time,” he said, “we’ll do this in swimming trunks.”

Felix could only laugh.

They let the boys play for a while, and then Felix managed to convince Changbin to wash his hair, with the simple sentence ‘hum, I wish there was a big boy around here, who could wash his hair on his own.’ He was starting to notice the key to everything with little Changbin was to fool him into thinking whatever you wanted him to do was his own idea.

And then washing Jisung had been easy enough, because, as Felix had already noticed many times, Jisung was an angel when in headspace, and all you needed to do to get him to do things was ask.

Once they were done, after a little discussion that involved Changbin being threatened with the naughty corner if he didn’t get out of the bathtub and Jisung crying because that was mean, Felix and Chan noticed the state of the bathroom.

“Oh god.”
Mumbled Felix. Chan snorted.

“What do you say we get those two to clean up since they didn’t help with bath time?”

He said. Felix smiled widely. He knew he loved Chan for a reason.

Felix could only laugh as he watched Changbin once again struggling with his clothes. He had managed to put on his underwear just fine, ok, but he was currently trying to put his head through the arm hole of his sweater, and it was actually a hilarious sight. Felix glanced at Chan, who was putting a diaper on Jisung while the boy sleepily played with his stuffed fox. He tilted his head.

“Does he need it?”

He asked. Chan looked up, frowning, then smiled when he understood the question.

“Sungie? Only sometimes. When he slips into a younger headspace. I think it’s the case today, since he has barely spoken, and it’s better to be safe than sorry.”

The older explained. Felix nodded. He looked at Jisung, who was practically asleep, and smiled, because the boy was too precious.

“He’s adorable.”

He said, laughing. Chan smiled, finishing getting the boy ready and getting his onesie.

“He is, isn’t he? I wish he would tell the others.”

He said. Felix sighed. Hiding from the others was really a problem, both because they had to work around everyone’s schedules and because it felt wrong hiding something so big from their best friends.

“Maybe one day he will, hyung.”

He said. Chan nodded.

“Maybe.” Then he looked past Felix and snorted. “I think you might want to help the little pest, Lix.”

He said. Felix followed his gaze and snorted, seeing Changbin with his head and arm both through the same hole.

“Why, Gods?”

He said, then walked over to help the boy.

Changbin incredibly active in headspace, is what they all found out.

After their bath, Chan had stayed back in the room to read Jisung to sleep, and Felix had headed to the living room with Changbin. The boy had immediately run to the farm they had been building earlier. Instead of sitting down to play, however, Changbin seemed to decide that the animals could better used as race cars.

Currently, Woojin and Jeongin were laughing at Felix, who was running from one side to the other
of the room along with Changbin, racing in their pigs, because ‘no, horses are not supposed to race!’

“Binnie, you’re too good at racing for me to keep up, can we have a rest?”

Felix asked, out of breath. Changbin was panting, too, but he pouted.

“But I’m winning.”

He whined with pout. Jeongin snorted. Felix glared at the maknae, who just sent him a cute smile.

“Well, I think you’ve already won completely. Why don’t we play something else?”

He suggested. Changbin crossed his arms.

“Like what?”

He asked, with a petulant lilt to his voice. Felix looked at him sternly.

“Hey, don’t use that tone with me.”

He warned. Changbin looked down, pouting.

“Sorry.”

He mumbled. Felix pulled him into a hug.

“Apology accepted. Just don’t do it again, alright?”

Changbin nodded. Then he fidgeted with the toy pig which was still in his hands.

“We could… draw?”

He suggested. Felix smiled.

“That’s a great idea, Binnie! Come on, we’ll make the best drawings ever.”

When Chan entered the living room, carrying a sleepy Jisung, Changbin had drawn at least ten different drawings. Each time he finished he beamed at his own drawing and got up, running to Woojin, then Jeongin and then back to Felix to show his masterpiece. Obviously they showered him with praise each time, just to see the proud smile on his face. Not that his drawings were the best. Adult Changbin was bad at drawing, and little Changbin was even worse. But he was proud of his work, and that was what mattered.

He was also very proud of being able to write his own name at the bottom of his drawings, the little scrawled ‘BINNIE’ always accompanied by a smiley face. He always made sure to point that out when he showed off his drawings.

“I wrote it myself!”

He said, with the biggest smile on his face.

He was finishing a drawing when Chan sat down on the couch, Jisung clinging to him and holding his toy fox in the other hand. Changbin glanced up to look at them and quickly went back to his drawing, painting something before getting up and running to Chan.
“Hyungie! Sungie! Look what I made!”

Everyone cringed at the boy’s loud voice. Jisung, who had been slowly closing his eyes, jumped up, startled, eyes widening. His lower lip began to quiver. Felix panicked. Had it been him holding Jisung this would have been a complete disaster. Chan, however, simply hugged Jisung tighter, petting his hair.

“Shh, it’s ok, Jiji. You were startled, right? It’s ok, baby. Binnie is just excited he won’t do it again.” Jisung was still gripping Chan like his life depended on it, but he didn’t seem about to cry anymore. Chan looked at Changbin and patted the sofa. “Sit here, Binnie. Come show us your drawing. But remember that you have to be very careful with Sungie, ok? He’s really really little right now. So we have to speak very quietly. Can you do that?”

He asked. Changbin quickly nodded, sitting on the sofa so carefully it was actually funny to watch. Felix saw Chan trying to hold back a chuckle, still rocking Jisung slightly.

“Sungie, do you want to see Binnie’s drawing?”

Changbin asked, quietly. Jisung looked at the boy, but said nothing.

“Show him, Binnie. He won’t reply.”

Said Chan. Changbin nodded and slowly picked up his drawing, showing it to Jisung.

“Look, Sungie, this it Binnie hyung. And, and this is Spiderman. But Spiderman is Lixie hyung, and Lixie hyung is spider man.”

Explained Changbin, smiling. Felix could see Chan raising an eyebrow. He snorted.

“Don’t even try, hyung, it’s useless.”

He said, knowing that Changbin’s drawing probably looked nothing like him and Spiderman Felix. Chan chuckled.

“That’s very pretty, Binnie. Did you draw it on your own?”

He asked. Changbin nodded excitedly.

“Look, hyung! I wrote my name!”

He said. Chan chuckled and ruffled the boy’s hair. Jisung looked at Chan and giggled, then reached out to pat Changbin’s hair too. Felix had to keep himself from squealing at the adorableness. Changbin beamed.

"That's amazing, Binnie baby."

He said, Changbin smiled even wider, then turned to Jisung.

“Sungie, do you want to draw with Binnie?”

He asked. Chan laughed.

“Binnie, Sungie is too little to draw now. Why don’t you draw something for him, instead?”

Changbin lit up like a Christmas tree.
Felix was lying in bed, later that night, when someone nudged him. He looked up and smiled, making space for Changbin. The boy slid in next to him and put his arms around Felix, hiding against the younger’s chest. Felix chuckled.

“Well, someone is cuddly.” He said. Changbin whined. “Come on, what’s bothering you?”

He asked, because he knew his boyfriend. Changbin looked up.

“Did… how was today?”

The boy asked, voice barely a whisper. Felix couldn’t help but to laugh at the contrast between this and Changbin in headspace.

“Shouldn’t I be the one asking you this, hyung?” He asked. Changbin shrugged. “It was amazing. I had a lot of fun.”

Changbin hummed, then smiled slightly.

“I had fun too.”

He said. Felix smiled and ruffled his hair.

“I’m glad, hyung. You were adorable.”

Changbin chuckled.

“I was loud.”

He said. Felix snorted.

“I’m not going to deny that. But you were amazing at taking care of Jisungie.”

He said. Changbin blushed.

“Shut up.”

Felix laughed.

“What? It was cute! You even insisted on feeding him, hyung.”

Changbin whined and hit Felix playfully.

“Please don’t remind me.”

He said, but he was laughing. Felix pulled him closer with a smile.

“Ok, hyung, ok.”

He said. Changbin snuggled closer.

“I love you, Lix.”

Felix felt his heart warming up.

“I love you too, hyung.”
Chapter End Notes

Short-ish, but we got little Binnie and extra little Sungie ^.^

What did you think? Tell me in the comments!!!
Overall, Changbin being a little too did wonders to Jisung’s self esteem.

They had had a talk after the boys were both out of headspace on that first time, and Changbin had hesitantly admitted that yes, he enjoyed being little. Jisung had felt a million emotions at the same time as the statement left the older boy, but happiness had been the biggest one.

He was a bit embarrassed, because little Changbin was much older than him, and because apparently the boy pushed him deeper into headspace. But the fact that he now had someone else like him made him feel a lot safer and calmer about being a little. Jisung didn’t even notice when he stopped hesitating so much before going to someone to tell them he felt little. He barely noticed how much more relaxed he felt about allowing the others to notice him slipping. It felt good, felt freeing, and Jisung could tell the others were happy too, because Jisung was finally communicating.

So everyone was glad about this development. And no one noticed Jisung still wasn’t fully accepting of himself.

Jisung should tell Chan and he knew that. The moment he woke up and felt his eyes watering because he didn’t have his stuffed fox with him he should have told the leader. But he couldn’t bring himself to do it. He knew they had an agreement, and he had been getting better at telling someone when he felt little, and had been keeping his promise of doing so. But he had been little only two days earlier, and Changbin hadn’t felt little in two weeks. Jisung hadn’t noticed how embarrassed he felt about needing to slip more often than the older until that very moment.

But he did. He felt extremely embarrassed. So instead of telling Chan, Jisung got up by himself and started getting ready for the day, knowing that if he let Chan help him change like he usually did he would slip, and if he didn’t the older would know.

He got dressed and headed to the kitchen to eat, and if he was being honest he would admit that even picking up the cereal box and pouring himself some felt like an impossibly hard task for him at the moment. But he wasn’t being honest. He poured the cereal and the milk, ignoring the bit of milk that spilled out of the bowl, and then got a spoon and stared at the food. He sighed angrily as thoughts of one of the others entering the room and feeding him flooded his mind, then grabbed the spoon and started eating.

By the time he was done, the others were already up and going around, and Jisung was even more on edge than he had been upon waking up. The dorm was filled with noise, now, and every slightly louder noise startled him and made him want to cry, and he knew, he really knew, that he should just stop being stubborn and tell Chan, goddamnit. But he didn’t. He put his plate on the sink, knowing there was no chance he was washing that at the moment, and went back to his room, taking out his phone and trying to distract himself with boring news’ articles.

It didn’t work much, but at least it kept him from slipping further, and soon everyone was ready to go to the company and started leaving. Jisung waited for Minho, then approached his boyfriend, smiling and letting Minho kiss him.
“Hey, there. Feeling cute today, are we?”

Asked the older, probably meaning the way Jisung had whined when they parted. Jisung’s mind immediately clung to the word cute, and he had to fight to keep the smile on his face.

“Shut up, hyung. Let’s go?”

He said. All he wanted was to leave soon, so he could avoid Chan for as long as possible.

“Sure, c’mon.”

Said the older, holding Jisung’s hand. Jisung mentally shushed his little side and let himself be pulled away.

Practicing made things easier for Jisung. He could focus on dancing and the song, and it helped him avoid thinking about things that would make him slip. So for the first half of the day he was fine, perfectly fine. Until Chan called a break so they could eat, and the group divided itself into smaller groups to find something to eat. Once they were done, they started slowly filtering back into the practice room, and that’s when the problem started.

As they waited for everyone to come back in, they played around and talked and laughed like always. Jisung knew he looked a bit suspicious just sitting on the couch, curled up, watching the others, but it was what he felt would give him less trouble at the moment. But of course, a quiet Jisung wouldn’t go unnoticed by the others. Soon, Seungmin was pulling him up, dragging him to join them.

“C’mon, you look like you’re about to fall asleep, Sungie, cheer up a little.”

The nickname had Jisung almost slipping right then and there, but he caught himself and let Seungmin drag him to where the others were laughing at something Minho had done. Almost all of them were there, save for Jeongin and Felix, and Jisung saw Chan looking at him with worried eyes. He looked away.

“We need to practice it, c’mon.”

Said Hyunjin, and frowned as if he was focusing, before doing three different sets of aegyo. Everyone burst out laughing, including Hyunjin, and Jisung followed the lead.

“What are you preparing for, Jinnie?”

He asked, trying to get his mind to focus on the present moment. He ignored the way his words were slightly slurred. Hyunjin smiled.

“We’ll be on that News Ade program, remember? They’ll ask us to do something like this, probably.”

He said. Jisung nodded, smiling as he remembered the other time they had gone there and the games they had played. It had been fun. They had… he shook his head, stopping his mind from wandering.

“Well, I don’t need to prepare.”

Said Changbin, making one of his cute faces afterwards as if to show how well prepared he was. Everyone laughed again, and Seungmin shoved Changbin, who shoved him back, and soon they
were rolling on the ground, laughing as they played.

“Jisungie, what will you show?”

Jisung looked up at Hyunjin, who had asked. He bit on his lip, before making a half-hearted attempt at doing aegyo. And no one reacted. They all went silent. Jisung was used to it, really, they had taken to doing that whenever Jisung did something, before saying he was no fun and skipping his turn. Of course, it was all play and they meant no harm. Jisung still hadn’t found the way to tell them that he didn’t mind them doing it a little bit, but that it hurt him when they did that all the time.

In his current sensitive state, he felt his eyes watering.

“Yah, stop doing that!”

He said, and it was obviously different from the other times he said that, and Jisung knew Chan and Woojin noticed, from the alert looks on their faces, but the others just laughed it off as usual.

“Jisungie, you’re no fun, you have to work on that!”

Said Hyunjin, giggling. Jisung glared at him.

“Guys…”

Started Woojin, but he was interrupted by Changbin.

“Sungie, leave being cute to the people who know how to do it.”

He said, putting one finger to his cheek and getting claps from Seungmin, Minho, and Hyunjin.

“I’m cute!”

Jisung said, before he could stop himself.

“No, Sungie, you’re not.”

Said Seungmin, still laughing, and they continued to tease him, despite Chan telling them to stop, and then Jisung couldn’t take it anymore.

“I said stop!”

He screamed, tears finally falling down his cheeks. Everyone stopped, looking at him with wide eyes, and Jisung crouched down, hiding his face in his arms and crying.

“What…?”

He heard Hyunjin start, but Woojin shushed him. Then there was someone by Jisung’s side, a hand on his shoulder, and Jisung flinched away. The person didn’t let go, pulling his arm.

“Jisungie…”

Came Chan’s voice, and as soon as Jisung noticed it was Chan pulling him he put his arms down, throwing himself at the older and crying on Chan’s chest. Chan said nothing. He sat down on the floor and pulled Jisung into his lap, letting Jisung cry as he rubbed the younger’s back.

Jisung felt, a few seconds later, something nudge his lips, and he was too tired to fight, so he just let Chan slip the pacifier into his mouth, relaxing a bit at the familiar weight on his tongue. After a
while, Chan pulled back, pushing Jisung’s hair out of his face softly.

“Are you feeling better?”

The leader asked. Jisung shook his head.

“Appa.”

He said, pulling himself back against Chan. The older let him.

Chan ignored the way Minho, Seungmin and Hyunjin were staring at him and Jisung. He cursed himself mentally. He had noticed Jisung acting little, but after their many conversations about Jisung going to him when feeling little, Chan figured he would give the boy time and let him come to Chan on his own. Jisung had done it before. He was actually getting pretty good at asking for that, Changbin’s new status as little helping him overcome most of his shyness. Apparently, though, not enough.

Chan should have expected Jisung to avoid going to him today. He should have known, despite the fact that Jisung had gotten much better at accepting his little side, despite how much progress they had made, that the boy would be embarrassed about going to Chan again so soon after being little. It had only been two days. Changbin hadn’t dropped in way longer. Jisung wouldn’t ask so soon.

He sighed, glancing at the others again. He knew they would now have to come clean about Jisung’s little side, but they could deal with that later. For now he was focused on calming Jisung down. The boy had stopped crying, but he was still clinging to Chan for dear life and sniffling.

“Hey, we…”

Felix and Jeongin stopped on their tracks once they noticed the scene, and Jisung pulled himself even closer to Chan. His pacifier was pressing against Chan’s collarbone, and it hurt, but there was no way Chan was going to force the boy to let go when Jisung was this sensitive.

“Chan hyung…”

Called Jeongin, and Chan met the boy’s questioning gaze. He sighed.

“Can you go get his plushie?”

He asked. Jeongin left the room without questioning it.

He was back less than five minutes later, Jisung’s elephant plushie in his hands. He sat down next to Chan.

“Sungie, hey. Look who’s here to see you.”

Jisung looked up slightly at that, whining and looking at Jeongin, who gave him the toy. As soon as he had the elephant in his hands he once again buried his face against Chan’s neck. Chan sighed.

“Sungie, baby, can you come out?”

He asked. Jisung shook his head. Chan looked around. Felix and Changbin were watching with worried eyes. Woojin had a sad expression on his face. Minho and Seungmin were absolutely lost. Hyunjin looked conflicted, but Chan didn’t have the time to figure out why, at the moment.
“Guys, can you leave?”

He asked. Minho opened his mouth to complain, but the look Chan sent him made it clear that he might have phrased it as a question, but they didn’t actually have a choice. Slowly, Woojin got everyone out, telling Chan they would be at the dorms. Jeongin was about to follow, but Chan stopped him, asking him to stay.

As soon as it was only the three of them in the room, Chan managed to pull Jisung away from him slightly.

“Baby, it’s just us now. Can you come out?”

Slowly, Jisung let himself be pulled away, settling down more comfortably on Chan’s lap. He sat in the centre of Chan’s crossed legs, his side resting against Chan’s torso and the side of his head on the older’s chest. He was clutching his elephant tightly, holding it against his chest, and his eyes were red, though they were dry.

“Hey, little boy.”

Said Jeongin, smiling softly. Jisung sniffed and pointed at Jeongin with his nose. The maknae moved closer, pressing a kiss to Jisung’s forehead. This made the little stop frowning, at least. Jisung closed his eyes with a sigh. Chan looked at Jeongin. “What do we do?” the leader’s eyes asked. Jeongin shrugged. Chan looked down at Jisung, who would probably be asleep really soon.

“We can let him nap on your studio, hyung. He seems pretty tired.”

Suggested the maknae. Chan nodded.

“Ok, help me move him.”

He said. Jeongin held Jisung as Chan got up, and Jisung’s little disgruntled whines as he felt Chan getting away from him broke their hearts, but soon Chan picked the boy up once more and Jisung calmed down again.

“Do you want to come with?”

Chan asked the maknae. Jeongin nodded.

“I can stay with him while you work. I know you’ve been trying to get a few things done, hyung.”

Chan smiled, a bit surprised. Jeongin might be the youngest, but he was as perceptive and mature as Chan or Woojin – sometimes even more.

“Let’s go, then.”

The first twenty minutes after arriving at the studio consisted of Chan getting Jisung to actually fall asleep, because if he tried to leave Jisung on the couch while the boy was still awake, Jisung would surely cry. He used that time to put a pull-up on the boy, with Jeongin’s help, because they couldn’t tell how young Jisung was at the moment, and it was better to be safe than sorry.

Once that was done, Chan sat down with the boy on his lap and rocked him slightly, humming a song that was probably not the best lullaby, but that worked well enough. Soon Jisung was asleep, and Chan managed to disentangle himself from the boy. Jeongin took his place, sitting down with
Jisung’s head on his legs, and Chan got up to work on the few tracks he had half done.

They stayed like that, in silence, for about an hour, until Jisung woke up.

Jisung rubbed his eyes as he woke up, feeling dizzy and confused. His eyes were stinging and he didn’t remember falling asleep and had no idea where he was. Until he heard the tell-tale noise of Chan humming while clicking away in his computer and felt a hand on his hair, and the afternoon events flooded his mind. He immediately sat up, startling Jeongin, who had been the one with his hand on Jisung’s hair.

“Sungie?”

The maknae asked, making Chan turn around. Jisung stared at them for a second before groaning and hiding his face in his hands, mumbling ‘no’ over and over again, as if repeating it enough times would erase what had happened. He pulled out his pacifier, refraining from throwing it away at the last second.

“Jisung.”

He heard Chan say, sitting on his other side and putting a hand on Jisung’s thigh.

“No.”

Jisung replied. Chan ignored him and gently pried his hands away from his face.

“Calm down, Ji.”

It wasn’t harsh, but it was firm enough for Jisung to instinctively obey. He took a deep breath, although it was shaky, then looked at Chan.

“I’m sorry.”

He mumbled. He couldn’t face Jeongin. Chan squeezed his thigh.

“What, exactly, are you apologizing for?”

He asked. Jisung shook his head.

“For yelling at the others. A-and forcing you to cut practice short to take care of me. And for being a big baby who can’t even joke around without getting upset.”

He said. He was angry with himself. He couldn’t believe he had yelled at the others and then broken down in front of them. Chan’s hand moved to his cheek.

“Wrong answer. The only thing you should be apologizing for is not telling us you were feeling little. The rest is not your fault, and the boys do take their teasing too far sometimes. We’ll discuss that with them later.”

Jisung sighed, closing his eyes.

“They are just playing around, hyung. There’s nothing to talk about.”

Jeongin, by his side, cleared his throat.
“Hyung, I didn’t see what happened, but Chan hyung told me. And you were really upset earlier; if you broke down like that, then them joking around is clearly upsetting you. A lot.”

Jisung shook his head.

“I’m just being stupid.”


“Excuse me. That’s my best friend you’re talking about. You have no right to call him stupid.” Said Chan, and Jisung couldn’t help but to chuckle a bit. “We’ll talk about this later. But now we have to decide what to tell the others.”

Jisung’s smile died immediately. The others had seen. He had to tell them. He could feel himself panicking. Jeongin held his hand.

“Hyung, it’s going to be ok.”

He said. Jisung wanted to believe him. He really did.

“You don’t know that.”

He said, voice coming out shaky.

“We don’t, but if anyone tries to be funny about it you know we will solve it.”

He said. Jisung didn’t feel all that comforted, but there was no choice, really. He had to tell them something, and no lie would be enough to explain what really had happened. He sighed.

“Can we just get this over with?”

He said. Chan pressed a kiss to his temple and got up. Jeongin followed suit, pulling Jisung up with him. They put Jisung’s stuffed elephant away and left the studio. No turning back now.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think???????? I already have something planned, but would you guys prefer someone reacting badly or everyone accepting Sungie immediately?? Gimme your opinions ^_^
As Jisung had expected, everyone was gathered in the living room when he arrived with Jeongin and Chan. He didn’t want to face them. He had spent the whole trip back to the dorms telling himself that it would be ok, that everyone so far had accepted him fairly well, but it was to no use. Not only was he scared the other three would react badly, his mind was also trying to convince him that the ones who already knew were only waiting for a chance to tell him how much of a disgusting person he was.

Of course he knew that wouldn’t happen. Chan had told him already that he loved taking care of Jisung even before he knew Jisung liked being taken care of. Changbin was also a little. Woojin had friends who were little. Jeongin had been so accepting and kind to Jisung. Felix was always extremely excited when Jisung or Changbin showed signs of slipping. And Jisung knew all that, he did, but… well, his mind liked making him suffer.

Unfortunately, no matter how stressed Jisung was about the whole ordeal, they had to go through this. Minho, Hyunjin and Seungmin had seen Jisung regress, they would definitely ask questions. And of course Jisung and the others could come up with some elaborate lie to explain it, but that was an awful idea, that definitely wouldn’t end well. So sitting down and explaining everything was the only option now.

“Sungie. It’s going to be ok.”

He heard Chan say, and he noticed he was still standing by the door. He gulped, looking at the older.

“I’m scared.”

He said. Chan sighed and squeezed his hand, giving Jisung a little kiss on the cheek.

“Hyung is right here with you. You don’t have to worry, ok?”

Jisung took a deep breath and nodded. And then they made their way into the living room.

Jisung chewed on his lip as Chan finished explaining to the others what had happened. He looked around, trying to get a feel of the general reaction. It was hard. Hyunjin was tense, but his eyes showed too much empathy and sympathy for his tension to mean he found it weird. Minho looked absolutely puzzled, and maybe a little hurt, so Jisung didn’t know what he thought of the idea. Seungmin… Seungmin was frowning. Jisung curled up tighter in his chair.

“So you’re telling me Sungie mentally regresses to a toddler?”

Asked Minho, and he sounded just overall confused.

Chan nodded.

“Kinda, yeah. It’s a bit more complicated than that, but that’s the overall idea.”

Minho looked at Jisung, and Jisung immediately looked down.
“So… he just plays with toys and takes naps and drinks from a sippy cup?”

He asked. Chan chuckled slightly.

“Pretty much, yeah.”

Jisung glanced up. Minho didn’t seem angry or disgusted, at least. The boy opened his mouth to say something, but Seungmin interrupted him. And then he said what Jisung had been dreading hearing for years.

“That’s actually kinda fucked up.”

The room immediately went silent. Jisung felt his breath catch on his throat. A second later the living room was a mess of people talking over each other and saying way too many things, and Jisung’s mind immediately went into overdrive, the noise and the implication of Seungmin’s words making him shut down immediately.

He stood up from his chair, barely aware of what he was doing, and before he knew it he had run out of the living room and locked himself in his room.

Chan cursed under his breath as he saw Jisung run away, getting up as well and ignoring the fight going on in the living room. All that mattered at the moment was Jisung, he could solve the rest later. He ran towards his own room, because it was closer to the living room and because he knew Jisung. Unfortunately he was too slow, and when he got there the door was already closed and locked. He cursed, knocking on the door.

“Sungie, please open the door. Please.”

He asked, feeling his eyes watering. He had to keep calm, he knew that. But he also knew was probably on the verge of a panic attack, if not already going through it, and the last thing he wanted was for the boy to be alone at the moment.

Jisung, obviously, didn’t answer. Chan fought to keep himself from crying.

“Ji, please. Please, open the door, baby.”

No answer. Chan felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned around to see Woojin.

“Chan, you have to calm down. You can’t help Sungie if you’re panicking too.”

He said. Chan took a deep breath, trying to calm down.

“I promised him it would be ok.”

He choked out. Woojin rubbed his back soothingly.

“It will be ok, Channie. We’ll work this out, I’m sure. But Sungie isn’t going to open the door now. Send him a message, he has his phone with him. He’ll come out when he’s ready, and then we can work this mess out.”

Chan nodded, understanding Woojin’s train of thought. He sighed, closing his eyes and drying his cheeks.

“The others…”
He started. Woojin squeezed his shoulder.

“I’ve got them to shut up and wait quietly until we go back. Want to discuss this now?”

Chan sighed.

“No time like the present…”

He said. The two of them headed to the living room.

Chan took in the scene. Felix, Changbin and Jeongin were fuming. Seungmin had his arms crossed over his chest, and it looked more protective and scared than angry, but he was glaring at the others. Minho was bouncing his leg up and down, seeming upset and anxious. Hyunjin was curled up in his chair, looking down. Chan sighed.

“Ok. We will talk about what just happened here quietly and calmly. Understood?” Everyone nodded. Chan sat down and Woojin settled next to him. “Ok. First of all, Seungmin. I understand if you don’t get age regression and think it’s weird. But you had no right to talk like that. I clearly stated when I started explaining that this was something Jisung was insecure about.”

Seungmin huffed, and Chan noticed he seemed to be about to cry.

“I didn’t, I didn’t mean to speak like that. I’m sorry, ok?”

Chan didn’t have the chance to reply, because Jeongin was faster.

“Oh, so now you didn’t mean it. And what difference does that make now that Sungie hyung is…”

Chan interrupted the maknae with a glare.

“I said calmly and quietly.” He said. Jeongin huffed, but quietened down. “Ok. Min, I understand you didn’t think before speaking. But you’ll need to fix this. You’ll have to talk to Sung.”

Seungmin sighed.

“What am I supposed to say, hyung? I think this whole thing is really weird, ok? I mean, why would Sung want to go around in diapers, and…”

Chan noticed the damage before Seungmin was even done talking when Hyunjin sat up, eyes swimming with tears.

“What’s wrong with wearing diapers?”

He asked, and Chan saw Seungmin cringe.

“Nothing! That’s not what I meant, Jinnie, and you know that, I meant, Sungie doesn’t, I…”

Chan was beginning to notice this would be harder than what he had predicted.

“Guys, please calm down.” Said Woojin. “Look, Min, it’s ok if you don’t get it. Changbin didn’t get it at first either. All you need to do is tell Jisung that you don’t mind, but don’t want to be part of this. It’s simple.”

Seungmin sighed.
“Ok, I can do that.”

He said. Chan looked at Hyunjin, who had once again curled up in the chair. He frowned.

“Jinnie, come here.” He called. He wasn’t surprised when Hyunjin immediately got up, sitting on his lap and hiding against Chan’s chest. He rubbed the boy’s back. “Jinnie, Min didn’t mean what he said.”

He said. Hyunjin shook his head.

“Leave it, hyung.”

He mumbled. Chan sighed.

“Ok. Now, Innie, Lix and Bin, you own an apology to Min. Just like he owns one to Sung.”

Jeongin huffed.

“Oh no, I’m not ready for that.”

He said. Chan saw the hurt on Seungmin’s eyes. He considered pressing the maknae, but Woojin’s warning glance told him not to. He sighed.

“Oh, I think you, Min and Jinnie need to have a talk. Bin, Felix?”

Changbin looked at Felix, who sighed.

“I’m sorry for yelling at you, Min. But you better prepare a really fucking good apology to Sung.”

He said. Seungmin nodded. Changbin sighed.

“I don’t think that’s the better time to tell you I also regress.”

He said. Seungmin frowned.

“I don’t…”

Changbin didn’t let him finish.

“I’m sorry I said stupid things to you out of anger. And let me give you my advice, as someone who also didn’t like this at first. Search it up, try to understand. And if even then you don’t like it, just ignore it. There are things about you guys that I don’t like, that’s how people work. But that doesn’t make me love you guys any less, or think of you as lesser people. Keep that in mind.”

He said. Seungmin nodded, looking down. Chan cleared his throat.

“You guys can go. Minho… can you stay a bit longer?”

He asked. Everyone nodded and started to get up and leave. Hyunjin didn’t move, and Chan didn’t try to make him go. Instead, he nudged him and gestured towards Woojin. The boy quickly moved from Chan’s lap to Woojin’s. Once they were all settled, Woojin started talking.

“Min, with all of this mess we didn’t actually get to hear what you think.”

He said. Minho sighed.

“I’m not actually sure what to think, hyung. I mean, I don’t think it’s that weird, probably because
I’ve seen weirder. But I, uhn… Sung is my boyfriend. I’m not sure… I don’t know how to feel.”

Chan nodded. It did make sense.

“You should talk to Lix before talking to Sungie. He can tell you a bit about how it is for him and Binnie.”

Minho nodded. Then he bit on his lip.

“Is Sungie ok?”

He asked. Chan sighed.

“Right now? No, probably not. But he’ll be.”

Minho nodded.

“Can you tell me when he’s ready to talk to us?”

He pleaded. Chan nodded.

“Sure, Min. Now go rest.”

He said. Minho got up, wishing them goodnight before leaving the room.

Chan looked at Woojin.

“You’ve got this?”

He asked, gesturing towards Hyunjin. Woojin nodded.

“Yes, go try to talk to Sungie now.”

He said. Chan gave him a quick peck and left.

Chapter End Notes

Uhh, this may have ended up more angsty than what I planned at first. Sorry??

Anyways, what did you think?

ALSO: I did not proof-read this, I wrote it half an hour in the middle of the airport, so I'm really sorry if there are any mistakes >.<
Jisung woke up feeling like even sitting up was as hard of a task as holding up the sky with his hands. He whined, feeling cold and uncomfortable, and put his thumb in his mouth, trying to soothe himself. It worked a bit, and he calmed down enough to look around. He knew he was in his appa’s room, and his appa’s smell was strong there, making Jisung feel safe. But his appa was nowhere to be seen. He whined again, hoping his appa would show up. It didn’t work. He whined again, louder, his eyes filling with tears.

“Sungie?”

Jisung’s eyes widened. That was his appa’s voice. But it sounded so far away… He whined again. He was rewarded with his appa’s voice.

“Sungie, baby, can you open the door?”

Jisung frowned. Open the door, he had to open the door. It was hard. Sitting up was hard, getting down from the bed was hard. Crawling to the door was hard. But Jisung managed, and soon the door was open, and all of his effort was rewarded as he saw his appa’s face. He immediately raised his hands, whining. But his appa was looking at him with a frown on his face.

“Jisungie, baby, you’re all wet…”

Said the boy. Jisung felt his eyes fill with tears. Didn’t his appa love him? He probably didn’t want Jisung because Jisung was disgusting and weird. The tears started to flow and Jisung sobbed, looking down. A second later he was scooped up, and then his appa was hugging him like he always did, so maybe he did still love Jisung. He decided not to take risks, though, wrapping his hand around his appa’s neck.

“Oh, baby. Let’s get you all cleaned up and ready for bed, ok? Then we can have something to eat and cuddle for a bit before sleeping. Does that sound good?”

Jisung didn’t quite understand what his appa was saying, but he understood bed, and eat, and cuddle, and that was enough to him. He hugged his appa tighter.

He saw Woojin and Binnie pass them by, and he heard his appa say something about his bed, but he didn’t care much about what it was. He just wanted to get out of his cold wet clothes and eat something.

Soon he was being put inside the tub, and he tried hard to stay sitting up, but it just felt so hard… he barely felt himself leaning back until his appa gasped, and then there was something holding Jisung up.

“Wow, baby, careful there.”

Jisung blinked at him. His appa just gave him a soft smile, and Jisung reached forward to poke his dimple. His appa’s smile grew and Jisung smiled too.
“God, how can you be so cute, baby?”

Jisung giggled. His appa chuckled, and then he carefully poured water on Jisung’s head. Jisung closed his eyes, letting his appa take care of him, and before he knew it he was in his fluffy pyjamas. His appa took him to the kitchen, and Jisung spotted Felix. He didn’t mind the boy being there, until his appa started pulling away and Jisung saw Felix reaching for him. As soon as he noticed what was happening the tears started to flow and he began to cry. He didn’t want his appa to leave him, he didn’t want to stay with Felix, because he loved Felix, but he just wanted his appa to hold him.

“Jiji, baby, it’s ok, hey. It’s ok, it’s just Lix hyung, why are you crying?”

Jisung continued to cry, hoping his appa would understand. It seemed to work, because his appa stopped pulling away and instead hugged Jisung tighter, before sitting down.

“It’s ok, baby. It’s ok.”

He said. Jisung leaned against him and closed his eyes, feeling too tired after crying to keep them open.

He was sucking on his thumb when his appa shook his slightly. Jisung opened his eyes, frowning. His appa kissed his cheek.

“Angel, Lix made you yummy food. Want to eat?”

The word food got Jisung’s attention. He looked around, and his appa laughed and turned him around so he was facing the table. Jisung’s eyes found a plate full of food in front of him and frowned. His appa grabbed the spoon, then took it to Jisung’s mouth.

“Open up, baby, aaaaah.” He said. Jisung didn’t want to. He closed his mouth tightly. “Angel, you must be hungry. Come on, eat for hyungie.”

Jisung whined. He heard his appa sigh.

“Jisungie, angel, you really have to eat.”

He said, nudging Jisung’s lips. Jisung whined, eyes once again filling with tears. His appa immediately took the spoon away, and Jisung sighed happily.

He heard his appa saying something to Lix, and then Lix nodded. Jisung whined. He was hungry. He wanted to eat. His appa bounced him.

“Just a second, baby, hyungie will give you food soon.”

Jisung whined again. And then his appa reached for something and Jisung squealed happily, pointing with his nose towards the bottle. His appa laughed and helped Jisung lie with his head tilted back slightly. Jisung opened his mouth and his appa chuckled again.

“Well, someone is eager. You’re lucky we bought this bottle, Sungie.”

He said. Jisung whined, and then his appa finally put the bottle against his lip. Jisung closed his eyes and sighed happily.

“He must be really little.”
Said Felix, looking at Jisung as the boy sucked lazily on the bottle’s nipple. Chan nodded, watching Jisung, fascinated. They had bought the bottle on the first time Jisung and Changbin regressed together, because it reminded them that Jisung could actually go pretty deep into headspace at times. Chan was thankful for that, now.

“I’ve never seen him this little. He’s even refusing to eat.”

He said. He had to admit the experience was pretty amazing. Chan loved little Jisung, and he loved it when Jisung was old enough to interact and play. But this Jisung… it was absolutely adorable. He looked so soft and innocent, so trusting. Chan felt even a bit overwhelmed when he noticed how much Jisung trusted him.

In his arms, Jisung whined. Chan immediately looked down, adjusting the bottle so that it was more comfortable for Jisung to drink. He couldn’t help but to smile. He would take a picture of this if it wasn’t so risky, because the way Jisung was softly holding Chan’s hand to keep the older from pulling the bottle away was adorable. The boy’s half-closed eyes and his rosy chubby cheeks, even the way his lips closed around the bottle’s nipple, everything about Jisung at the moment screamed ‘adorable’.

In the back of his mind, however, Chan couldn’t help but to be worried. Right now Jisung was cute and easy to handle because he was in headspace. But Chan knew that as soon as the boy was out of headspace he would be mortified and angry, and every negative emotion in between. Seungmin’s words having more of an effect than each and every reassurance that Chan or any of the others had ever given him.

Chan couldn’t lie, he was pissed at Seungmin. He had toned it down when he demanded the boy to apologize, because he knew better than to make this into an even bigger mess than it already was. But he knew Jisung, and he knew the boy was susceptible to harsh comments and others’ opinions. And he knew how much Jisung already struggled with his little side, how much he fought against it. He wasn’t very eager to see the damage Seungmin’s comment had made. So he was mad at Seungmin.

Jisung whined again, bringing Chan out of his thoughts. The older looked down, pulling the bottle away when he noticed it was empty. This, however, made Jisung whine more. Chan had to admit that Jisung being this little had a downside: they never knew what he wanted.

“Do you want more, angel?”

He asked. Jisung whined, then put his fingers in his mouth. Chan quickly understood the gesture and searched his pocket for Jisung’s pacifier. It was easy to coax the boy to let go of his fingers in exchange for the rubber nipple.

Once that was done, Jisung closed his eyes. Chan caressed his hair softly. Jisung sighed and snuggled closer to Chan.

Chan smiled, then carefully got up. He gestured for Felix to help him adjust Jisung in his arms, and then headed to his room. Once in there he checked to see if Jisung needed a new diaper and then carefully covered the boy, slipping into the bed next to him. Jisung immediately clung to him, hiding his face against Chan, and his breath evened out. Chan kissed his forehead.

“I love you, angel.”

He whispered, hoping the words would somehow stick with Jisung. The boy didn’t reply, but he fisted his hand on Chan’s shirt. That was enough for Chan.
What did you guys think??? A tiny lil bit of fluff before the angst begins again hehe
Chan woke up alone. He opened his eyes and tried to pull Jisung closer, only to notice the spot next to him was empty and cold. He immediately sat up, cursing. He should have known. He should really have known that Jisung would run away as soon as he wasn’t in headspace anymore. With a deep breath to calm himself down, Chan got up.

To his surprise, Jisung was in the kitchen. The boy was calmly eating while looking at his phone, and he seemed fine. Chan frowned. Something was wrong.

“Sung?”

He called. Jisung looked up, startled, and for a moment Chan saw him panic, before the boy smiled, all traces of fear erased from his eyes and face.

“Morning, hyung.”

He said, smiling. Anyone else would believe Jisung’s smile was genuine. But Chan knew the boy well enough to see that it didn’t quite reach his eyes. He noticed Jisung was in his normal practice clothes.

“Morning. Are you ok? You were pretty little yes…”

Jisung interrupted him, still smiling. His smile was minimally tighter now.

“I’m sorry for hogging you bed, hyung. I won’t do it anymore.”

He said. An alarm immediately rang in Chan’s head. He walked closer, his heart breaking as he saw Jisung flinch.

“Sung. You know I don’t mind you sleeping in my bed.”

He said. Jisung shrugged, looking back down at his food. Chan sat next to him.

“Yeah, yeah, I know. But I don’t need to.”

He said. Chan restrained himself from cursing Seungmin. Getting angry at the boy would help nothing.

“It’s not about what you need, it’s about what you want.”

At that Jisung looked up at him, right into Chan’s eyes.

“Yeah, well. I don’t want to.”

Chan’s heart broke. He knew Jisung didn’t mean it, the sadness in those huge innocent eyes was enough to tell him that. But he couldn’t help feeling a little bit hurt.

“Sung, what happened yesterday…”

Jisung once again didn’t let him finish.
“Hyung. I don’t want to.”

He said, before getting up and throwing his practically full bowl of food on the trash.

Chan considered repeatedly hitting his face on the table. Instead, he got up to make coffee.

Practice was hell. Jisung was acting as if everything was fine, but he refused to go near Seungmin, and the closest anyone – Felix – had gotten to him the whole day was an arm’s distance. Hyunjin was also avoiding everyone, except he wasn’t even trying to hard how bad he felt, like Jisung. Instead, whenever they weren’t actively practicing he curled up against the wall, refusing to talk.

The others weren’t looking too good, either. Minho had quickly given up on getting closer to Jisung, and was trying to pretend it wasn’t hurting him seeing his boyfriend shy away from his touch and presence. Jeongin was glaring at Seungmin more often than not, and the second youngest looked like he was about to cry whenever he looked at either of his boyfriends.

Woojin, Changbin and Felix were the ones holding everything together. Chan knew he himself was in bad shape, and he was conscious enough of his problem to let Woojin take the lead for the day. The older was the one keeping everyone afloat with instructions and orders. Felix had noticed the was the only one Jisung was willing to get a bit close to, and had taken the role of being the boy’s support, so his focus was entirely on Jisung. And Changbin was silently accompanying Hyunjin, as well as trying to distract Jeongin from his anger with Seungmin.

Chan decided it would be better for them to just give up on practicing when Seungmin unknowingly went too close to Jisung and the boy stumbled backwards, falling down in his attempt to get away from the other boy as quickly as possible. He had then practically bitten Felix’s arm off when the boy tried to help him get up.

“Don’t touch me. I can stand up on my on.”

Had been his words. One glance around the room told Chan this would only get worse.

Chan wanted to drag Jisung to the dorms with them when he announced they were going home and the boy said he would stay back to practice more. Jisung’s answer to Chan trying to convince him to just leave, however, had been short and dry, and Chan decided to back away before he made things worse. If he wanted to solve this, he couldn’t have Jisung hating him. So they left, Chan with his heart in his hands, and Jisung stayed.

As they arrived at the dorms, Hyunjin immediately locked himself in his room. Seungmin headed inside as well, and Chan worried about them, but he couldn’t tell the two what to do. So, after making sure everything was in order and sending a message to their managed, he headed to his own room and lay down with his computer, knowing he was too stressed to focus on anything, but wanting to try at least for a bit.

Chan managed to work quite a bit, surprisingly. He wrote down a few things he knew would be great material for songs later on, and worked on fixing a few songs he already had but that were still too raw and unpolished. And then Changbin had walked into the room and told him Jisung was back, and all of Chan’s focus immediately vanished. He looked at the time. It was later than he expected.
“Has everyone eaten?”

He asked. Changbin nodded.

“Jinnie didn’t want to, but I think Woojin hyung took got food for him.”

Chan nodded.

“And Sung?”

Changbin grimaced.

“He just arrived. I don’t think he has eaten at all today.”

Chan bit on his lip.

“Can you try to make him eat? Just a little bit.”

Changbin opened his mouth, probably to say it would be better if Chan did that. But then he seemed to think again and just nodded.

“Will do, hyung. As soon as he’s out of the shower. And please eat too.”

He said, before leaving.

Not wanting to set a bad example, Chan soon left the room, heading to the kitchen and making some ramen to himself. Changbin smiled at him, and Chan gave him a half-smile back before heading back to his room to eat in peace.

Chan had just settled down on his computer gain after brushing his teeth and setting his alarm for the next day when someone knocked on the door.

“Hyung?”

Came Jeongin’s voice. Chan closed his laptop and sat up.

“Come in.”

He said. The door opened and Jeongin peeked inside. His eyes were sad and tired, and it broke Chan’s heart. He sat up and patted his bed, letting Jeongin sit next to him.

“Are you ok, Innie?”

He asked. Jeongin looked down.

“Hyung, what are we going to do?”

He asked. Chan sighed, trying to control his own emotions.

“I don’t know, Innie. I’ll try to talk to Sungie again, tomorrow. I got us a free day so that we can try to solve this mess. Then I’ll talk to Seungmin. And then we’ll see.”

Jeongin sighed. He seemed extremely upset and just so… tired. That was the only word Chan could think of.
“I don’t think I can forgive him, hyung.”

He admitted. Chan could see how much it pained the boy to say that. And he also knew that wasn’t true, because Jeongin loved Seungmin a lot, and Seungmin was a bad person, he hadn’t had the intention to hurt anyone. Chan was sure they were going to solve it. He squeezed Jeongin’s shoulder.

“innie, you should talk to him about this. Minnie fucked up. Badly. But he’s not a bad person, and we need to at least try and understand why he did it.”

He said. Jeongin sighed.

“I, I’ll try, hyung.”

He said. Chan pulled him into a hug he hoped was reassuring.

“We’ll work this out.”

He said. Jeongin nodded, and before either of them noticed they had fallen asleep against each other.

Chan woke up earlier than normal for a break day, turning off his alarm as soon as possible to avoid disturbing Jeongin and Changbin. The maknae was lying next to him, and Chan took a second to pull the boy’s fringe away from his face. Sometimes he forgot how young Jeongin was. The boy was so mature and acted so much like an adult that Chan forgot that he actually was still a teenager. He felt bad for the boy. Jeongin had been the first one to find out about Jisung, had helped the rapper through the hardest part of this process. To see all of his work be crushed in front of him was clearly taking a toll on him.

Not wanting to waste time, Chan got up, covering Jeongin again once he was out of bed. Then he headed to Jisung’s room.

He didn’t actually need to go to the boy’s room, however. When he walked into the living room he spotted the boy asleep on the couch, curled up with his thumb in his mouth. Chan closed his eyes for a second, telling himself once again that he couldn’t be angry at Seungmin. Then he walked up to Jisung and shook him.

“Sungie. Please wake up.”

Jisung was a difficult person to wake up, usually. He was a heavy sleeper and sometimes just preferred not to wake up. Except this time he woke up before Chan was even done calling him. For a second he just stared at the older, then he pushed Chan away and sat up, pulling his thumb out of his mouth. Chan noticed the boy’s eyes were red, and cursed himself for not forcing Jisung to talk the day before, for not checking on him before going to bed.

“Go away.”

Said Jisung, voice raspy, pained. Chan frowned.

“Sung, you can’t sleep on the couch.” He said. Jisung didn’t look up and didn’t reply, arms crossed over his chest protectively. Chan bit on his lip. “Sungie…”

“Don’t call me that!”

Jisung’s scream startled Chan, who froze on the spot. For a second neither boy did anything. Then
Chan frowned.

“Jisung. We need to talk. I know you don’t want to, but we have to.”

For a moment, all Chan could see in Jisung’s eyes was despair.

“Hyung, please. I just don’t want to. Please.”

He pleaded, and Chan knew he was trying hard not to cry. He sat next to Jisung.

“I know, but we have to. Sung, it’s going to be ok. You have to trust me.”

He said. Jisung flinched away from the arm Chan tried to put around him and shook his head.

“I mean I don’t want any of it. I need to grow up already, hyung. I can’t keep doing this, can’t keep acting like a baby and making you take care of me.”

Chan wanted to cry as he saw all of his and the others’ hard work going down the drain.

“Sungie, we’ve talked about this. You need your headspace. It helps you so much, and you know that. And you know none of us care that…”

Jisung interrupted him, and his eyes were swimming with tears.

“Seungmin cares! And Changbin hyung cared, and Minho hyung probably cares, too, and, and Jinnie, I…”

Under normal circumstances, Jisung would have sought out Chan’s warmth to calm down, would have reached for the older for shelter. Instead, he curled up on himself, hugging his knees as he shook. Chan knew better than to try and pull him closer, no matter how much he wanted to.

“Jisung, I know you’re upset about what Seungmin said, but you have to listen. He didn’t mean it like that, he really didn’t. He just doesn’t understand, like Changbin didn’t understand, and…”

Jisung once again cut him off, looking up. His eyes burning with anger and something else much sadder that Chan couldn’t quite name.

“Chan hyung, stop. I don’t want you to tell me what he did or didn’t mean. He was right. This is fucked up. I’m an adult, I can’t keep letting you guys treat me like a baby. It’s wrong, and it’s weird, and I don’t care what you say, because it just isn’t normal.” Chan tried to interrupt, but Jisung talked over him. “You say you like taking care of me, too. Well, then you’re a freak too, just like me. And I don’t care what you do, hyung, but I’ll do my best to not be a freak anymore. If you want to keep being one, you can find someone else to do it with.”

Jisung’s words hurt. They hurt so much Chan could physically feel the pain in his chest. And yes, the fact that Jisung was calling him a freak upset him a lot, but nothing hurt as much as knowing that Jisung thought that of himself.

Before Chan could formulate an answer, Jisung got up.

“Sung…”

Tried the older. Jisung shook his head.

“I’m done with this, hyung.”
Chapter End Notes

Sooooo what did you think? Once again, not proofread, sorry >.<
Jeongin took his head from under the pillow when he heard a door being slammed. Probably the street door. He sat up, and noticed Changbin was also awake. Everyone was awake, probably. Chan and Jisung hadn’t been exactly quiet. When Jeongin’s eyes met Changbin’s he saw the same fear he felt reflected in the older’s gaze.

“I’ll go check on hyung.”

He said. Changbin nodded, getting up to change. Jeongin walked out and headed to the living room.

Chan was crying. Jeongin should have expected it, given the conversation that had just transpired in that room, but still… he had seen Chan cry countless times, because Chan wasn’t one to hide his feelings, but they had never been these silent pained tears he was crying right now. They had never been so sad.

Not knowing what to do, Jeongin slowly approached the boy. The older seemed to sense his presence or hear him, because he looked up. For a moment they stared at each other, then Jeongin felt his own eyes watering and threw himself at the older.

“Innie, hey, it’s ok.”

Whispered Chan, holding Jeongin. The youngest shook his head.

“It’s not, hyung. You’re crying, I hate, I hate to see you so sad.”

He said. Chan pulled him closer, caressing his hair.

“Sungie’s words just hurt me a bit, Innie, I’ll be fine, you don’t have to worry.”

Jeongin shook his head again.

“I can’t…”

He was interrupted by someone entering the room.

“Chan hyung…”

Seungmin’s voice had never sounded so horrible to Jeongin. In a second he was standing up between Chan and Seungmin.

“You! This is all your fault!”

He screamed, pointing at Seungmin, not caring about honorifics and being polite. Seungmin’s eyes widened, and Jeongin knew he was hurting the older, but he didn’t care.

“I, I didn’t mean to…”

Tried to speak the older, but Jeongin ignored him.

“I don’t give a damn if you meant it or not! You said it, and now Sungie hyung is upset, and Chan
hyung is crying, and Jinnie won’t speak, and it’s all your fault!”

He noticed Seungmin was shaking, and he felt a pang of guilt in his chest as he saw the boy’s eyes watering. Unfortunately, it was nowhere near enough to push through his anger, at the moment.

“Innie, I swear…”

Jeongin saw red.

“I told you not to call me that!”

He yelled, and then he noticed the others had gotten up and were gathering in the living room to see what the hell was happening. Seungmin whimpered.

“Jeongin, I really am sorry, I… please forgive me, I can’t…”

Jeongin shook his head.

“Why don’t you ask Hyunjin to forgive you, hum? Oh, right, he hasn’t been talking. Or maybe you should apologize to Jisung but guess what? He left after sleeping on the couch, because he couldn’t…”

Jeongin couldn’t finish his sentence, however, because Woojin interrupted him.

“Jisung left?”

He asked, voice levelled but clearly worried. And then Jeongin noticed the seriousness of the situation. Jisung was alone. He was alone, outside, in a completely delicate and vulnerable state. Fuck. The youngest turned to Chan.

“Hyung…”

The older shook his head.

“I can’t go looking for him, he won’t let me get close. Lix could go…”

He said, drying fresh tears from his cheeks, and Jeongin immediately felt guilty for yelling at Seungmin. This whole divide in the team was clearly affecting Chan a lot. Jeongin should have known better.

“I’ll go look for him with Lix.” Said Woojin. “You guys wait here and try to keep calm, alright?”

Everyone nodded and Woojin and Felix headed to their rooms to get dressed to go outside. Jeongin glanced at Seungmin again. Now that he had stopped to breathe for a second he felt guilty for yelling so much. Seungmin was standing in the middle of the living room, eyes watery and body shaking. Jeongin rubbed his face.

“I’m sorry, Seungmin hyung. That was out of line.” Seungmin looked at him, eyes hopeful. Jeongin shook his head. “But I still can’t forgive you.”

And saying that he headed to his room to try and put his thoughts in order.

Seungmin didn’t think he had ever fucked up so badly in his entire life. He had done some shitty choices before, obviously. Who hadn’t? But this was on another level. And the worst thing was: he
hadn’t meant what he said, not at all. He could admit that he didn’t understand Jisung and Changbin wanting to be treated like kids. To him, that phase was over, and there was no turning back. So why pretend? That didn’t mean, though, that he was opposed to it.

Still, he had called it ‘fucked up’. Stupid. How could he have been so stupid? Chan had said this was something Jisung didn’t like about himself, and Seungmin had gone and reinforced it, like an asshole. He would give anything to go back and keep those words from leaving his mouth.

He didn’t really think it was fucked up, was what he wanted to tell the others. He had expressed himself badly, had been caught by surprise. Suddenly learning that your closest friends do something that you never even knew existed was a weird experience. And Seungmin knew he could have said he didn’t understand it in a much nicer way, but he had let his mouth move before his brain, and now their whole group was crumbling apart. It was all his fault.

He watched as Jeongin left the room, and then he finally sat down on the floor, his knees giving up on holding his weight up. He let the tears fall, ignoring the eyes he could feel on him.

“Guys, please leave.”

He heard Chan say, and then, after a few moments of the sound of feet shuffling, there was a hand on Seungmin’s shoulder. He looked up.

“Hyung…”

He said. Chan sighed.

“I won’t say I’m not upset with you, Min. You really fucked up this time. But I know you’re not bad, so… can you at least explain to me why you said that?”

He asked. Seungmin sighed, accepting Chan’s help to stand up and heading to the couch.

“I didn’t mean to say it, hyung, I swear. I don’t, I don’t think it’s fucked up. I don’t get it, not really. My mom took my pacifier away when I was two, and my baby blanket and nightlight when I was three. She told me I wasn’t a baby anymore, so I shouldn’t act like one. For my whole life I’ve been told that I should act my age. I guess the idea of someone who is already almost an adult acting like a baby just… doesn’t make sense to me.”

He said, trying his best to put his struggle into words. Chan nodded.

“Well, I can see where you’re coming from. It doesn’t justify what you said, but I can see how it could have slipped. Still… you need to fix this, Min. Can you tell Jisung all of what you just told me?”

Seungmin sighed.

“I would, hyung. But he’s avoiding me, what can I do?”

By his side, Chan rubbed his temple.

“I don’t know, Min. I wish I did, and I should know. But I don’t.”

Seungmin looked at the boy. Chan seemed tired and defeated. Seungmin wondered if they would ever go back to normal after this mess.
Jisung didn’t pay attention to where he was running. He didn’t want to go to the company, they would surely find him there. He also didn’t want to go to the convenience store or the café they usually frequented, because they would also look for him there. So he ran away to the only direction left, hoping he would come across a good enough place to hide.

He found the park after running for quite some time. A calm place he didn’t even remember was near their dorm, because they didn’t go to often, too busy to go out like that. He was careful to settle down away from the playground, because sitting next to toys was the last thing he needed at the moment. He was already scared from being alone in a place he didn’t know well; he didn’t need anything else threatening to trigger him.

With a sigh, Jisung leaned against a tree trunk. He closed his eyes, trying to catch his breath. Seungmin’s words kept ringing in his head again and again, drowning the sound of the others’ voices. Jisung hated it. He hated being so affected by a simple comment, and he hated the fact that Seungmin was right. Jisung was a freak. What he wanted was fucked up. He had to stop.

He knew he had hurt Chan earlier with his words. It pained him to see the boy suffering because of him, but it was for a good cause. Jisung couldn’t let Chan keep coddling him, otherwise he would give into the temptation of slipping, and he couldn’t do that. No more headspace for him, no matter how much he wanted or felt like he needed it.

Sighing again, he opened his eyes. He could do this. He had spent years suppressing his little side. He could definitely do it again, and then maybe one day it would be gone and he wouldn’t have to suppress it anymore. Deep in his mind he knew that wouldn’t happen. But, as the saying goes, hope dies last. Jisung had to at least try. Even if it meant avoiding all kinds of contact with the others for a while.

Chapter End Notes

More angst :( what did you guys think?

I’m just gonna come out and say proofreading is not my forte, so. I hope there aren’t many mistakes. sorry if there are >.<

Anyways, comments are appreciated as always ^.^
Felix breathed a sigh of relief as he spotted Jisung walking towards them.

“Woojin hyung.”

He called, pointing at the rapper. Woojin, too, seemed relieved. They had looked for Jisung everywhere they could think of, with no luck, and after more than one hour trying to find him with no success they were starting to get worried. To say they were happy to finally find the boy was an understatement.

“Jisung.”

Woojin called. The rapper looked up, seeming startled. Then he gave them a half-smile before nodding at them. Once the boy reached them, Felix pulled him into a hug. He felt Jisung tense, and then the boy awkwardly patted his back before pulling away. Felix tried not to feel too hurt.

“Sung, we looked for you everywhere.”

He said. Jisung smiled apologetically.

“Sorry, had to think for a bit. I should have told you guys I was fine.”

Felix frowned. Jisung sounded so… normal. It was weird considering the whole situation, and Felix was pretty sure the boy was only pretending to be ok, but he didn’t push.

“It’s ok, Sungie.” Said Woojin. “What matters is that you’re fine.”

Jisung nodded at Woojin, and the three of them headed home. Jisung walked behind them, completely silent. Felix felt a tinge of uneasiness settle in his stomach. Something was definitely off.

For a few days, nothing happened. Jisung apologized for yelling at Chan and for worrying everyone and that was it. He continued avoiding Seungmin, but he seemed to be back to his normal self. Mostly. Chan and Woojin had told the others to leave him be for a while.

“We can’t force him to talk or go into headspace.” Had been Woojin’s words, and everyone had agreed.

Still, Felix wasn’t convinced that was the best plan.

It didn’t take long for Felix to notice that maybe things were worse than they thought. The first thing that tipped him off was the fact that Jisung had stopped using his pacifier. Felix had caught the boy with his sleeve in his mouth, his sheets, he hoodie strings and even paper, but not his pacifier. That worried him, because he knew Jisung used the pacifier to sleep and to calm himself down; it was the way they had found to stop Jisung from destroying his things and hurting himself while still taking care of his oral fixation. But he decided to wait and see how that developed.

Then he noticed Jisung had stopped cuddling the others. He no longer bothered them asking for kisses and hugs, and he hadn’t cuddled with anyone since the fight in the living room. He had also
been trying to avoid touching the others, flinching away from casual touches and everything that came close to that. That worried Felix even more, because Jisung was a naturally clingy person, and Felix had caught him, more than once, glancing at the others with want in his eyes when he saw them cuddling.

And then one day, four days after the fight, Felix found Jisung’s three pacifiers in the trashcan. For a moment his breath stopped. He took the items from the trashcan, washing them and walking out of the dorms as silently as he could. As he had expected, inside the trashcan by their building he found Jisung’s box of little stuff. Felix’s heart dropped to his feet. This wasn’t a good sign. He headed to Chan’s room.

“Hyung?”

He called. Chan and Changbin looked up from their laptops.

“Come in, Lix.”

Said Changbin. Felix entered the room, closing the door and sighing. Both boys were looking at him, frowning. Felix put the box down on the floor.

“What are you doing with that, Lix?”

Asked Chan. Felix bit on his lip, just then thinking that maybe he shouldn’t have told Chan about this. But now there was no turning back.

“I found it on the trash.”

He replied. Chan cursed. Changbin frowned.

“Do you think he threw it away?”

Asked Changbin. Felix sighed.

“I mean, seems like the only explanation.”

Chan groaned.

“This is bad.”

He mumbled. Felix’s heart was beating way too fast for it to be normal.

“Hyung?”

He called. Chan shook his head.

“I thought it was a matter of time. Thought we could wait for him to calm down so that we could talk, but…” He paused for a second. “Is… is his fox in there?”

He asked. Felix’s heart hurt for Chan. The leader sounded so sad… he checked the box. He sighed.

“It’s not here. None of his stuffed toys are.”

A collective sigh of relief went around the room.
“Are you sure they weren’t in the trash?”

Felix nodded. Chan seemed to calm down a bit. The fact that Jisung – probably – hadn’t had the courage to throw his plush toys away was a sign that there was still hope there. From the corner of his eyes, Felix saw Changbin biting on his lip. He sighed.

“What can we do?”

He asked, looking at Chan. The leader massaged his temples.

“Don’t look at me, there’s nothing I can do. You saw what happened last time I talked to him about this.”

He said. The older’s disgruntled look made Felix’s heart ache once again. Jisung and Chan hadn’t talked at all since their fight, save for Jisung’s brief apology after coming back. Felix knew this was hurting both of them, but Jisung didn’t seem willing to go close to Chan, and Chan seemed to have given up on trying to win the boy back. The whole situation was as shitty as it got, in Felix’s mind.

“What if I talk to him?”

Suggested Changbin, but his voice was unsure and weak. Chan shrugged. Felix looked at his boyfriend and sighed.

“I don’t know, hyung…” He said. He didn’t know how much good it would make to bother Jisung with this topic while the boy was still so upset. “Maybe if we got him to talk to Seungmin…”

He suggested. Chan frowned.

“He refuses to go near Seungmin, though.”

Felix ran a hand through his hair. This was too stressful, and the fact that they were heading towards a comeback wasn’t helping.

“I just… I hate… fuck.”

Said Felix. Then he heard a whimper and his eyes widened. Felix almost hit himself for being so stupid. Amidst this whole mess, none of them had ever paused to consider that Seungmin’s words might also affect Changbin, just like this whole situation.

“Lixie…”

Felix rushed towards the older, with Chan right next to him.

“Hey, Binnie baby. It’s alright, there’s no need to cry.”

He said. Chan, by their side, was caressing Changbin’s hair.

“E-eveyone sad.”

Mumbled Changbin, and Felix noticed the boy was younger at the moment than he had ever been in headspace. He pulled Changbin into a hug.

“We’re just going through a rough moment, baby. Everyone will be fine soon, ok?”

Changbin sniffed, but nodded. Felix pulled back.
“Good, now no more tears, ok?” He said, drying the boy’s cheeks. “What do you want to do so we can cheer up?”

He asked. Changbin seemed to think for a bit, before speaking up.

“H-hungwy.”

He said. Felix smiled.

“Well, then we should grab some food, hum? Come on, let’s see what we have for our little prince.”

Changbin giggled at that, and Felix felt lighter than he had in a few days. He glanced at Chan. The older noticed his gaze, and shook his head.

“Go with him. I’ll stay.”

He said. Felix sighed sadly.

“Everything will work out, hyung. You’ll see.”

And saying that he left.

Chan’s eyes widened as Changbin entered the room crying, Felix rushing after him.

“What happened?” He asked, standing up ready to act where he was needed. Felix ignored him, pulling Changbin into a hug. “Lix, what…?”

Felix shook his head.

“Not now, hyung. Binnie, hey. It’s alright, he didn’t mean it.”

Chan felt his stomach drop. He looked towards the door. He really didn’t want to go out there and find out what had happened, because he knew exactly what had happened. But he didn’t have a choice. No matter how much he was hurting and how much more whatever was to come would hurt him, he couldn’t just stay away. He headed towards the others’ voices.

Jisung, Woojin, Seungmin and Jeongin were standing in the living room. Woojin was holding Jisung’s arm, and the younger was looking down, hands closed into fists.

“You had no right, Jisung. Absolutely no right to just…”

Chan cleared his throat. Everyone but Jisung turned to look at him.

“What happened?”

He asked. Jisung flinched. Woojin sighed.

“Jisung just said something he shouldn’t have said.”

Was the older’s explanation. Chan looked at Jeongin, then at Seungmin. Both boys had tears in his eyes. Chan walked closer and put a hand on Jisung’s shoulder.

“Sung…”
Jisung jerked away, freeing himself from Chan and Woojin.

“Don’t touch me.”

He said, and it was probably supposed to be menacing, but it just sounded scared. Chan took a deep breath. It wasn’t the time to cry.

“Jisung I know you’re upset, but you can’t take it out on people.”

He said, voice firm. Jisung looked up, glaring at Chan, though his gaze was wavering.

“Not like I lied, Changbin hyung was being a freak.”

He said. Chan saw, from the corner of his eyes, Seungmin flinching. The boy spoke up.

“Sung, that’s not true, Bin hyung…”

Jisung’s laugh was bitter as he looked at Seungmin.

“Oh, so now it’s not true. Nice to see you changed your mind. I didn’t, though. This is fucked up.”

Seungmin whimpered, stepping back.

“Sungie, I never… I didn’t mean what I said, I just…”

Jisung shook his head.

“ Doesn’t matter. It’s the truth anyways. But it’s ok, you can be a freak with them, now that you think this is fine. Just don’t involve me in this weird shit.”

And that was the moment Chan understood what Jisung was doing. He was building up walls. He was being an ass to keep the others away from him, so that they would leave him alone. So there would be no risk of him slipping.

“Sungie, angel…”

Chan saw the effect of his words immediately. Jisung’s eyes filled with tears and he clenched his teeth.

“Don’t you dare.”

He said, before turning away and running to his room.

“Channie…”

Called Woojin. Chan shook his head.

“Go to bed, everyone. We have to be up early tomorrow.”

“Jeongin.”

Seungmin’s voice pierced through Jeongin’s dream, waking him up.

“Hyung?”
He called, confused. He opened his eyes, making out Seungmin’s silhouette against the door.

“Can we talk?”

Jeongin entertained the thought of refusing, but decided he could at least hear the boy. No matter how angry he was. He got up, sighing.

“Make it quick.”

He said as he passed Seungmin, going to the living room so they wouldn’t wake anyone up. Seungmin followed him and they settled on the couch, and Jeongin noticed how much he missed the older.

“I wanted to say I’m sorry. I know I fucked up, I know this whole situation is my fault. But please believe me when I say I didn’t mean to.”

He said. Jeongin sighed.

“I understand that, hyung, and I believe you, but… look what happened. Sungie hasn’t been smiling or talking to anyone properly, he has been avoiding Chan hyung and Minho hyung completely. Jinnie has barely spoken, and we can’t even ask him what the problem is, because he doesn’t answer. We will be having a comeback soon, how will we cover this up? No one is talking to anyone.”

He saw Seungmin’s eyes watering.

“I’m sorry. If I could I would go back and fix it, but I can’t, I, I never meant to… I’m so sorry, Innie, I’m sorry, but I don’t know how to fix this.”

Jeongin felt a pang in his heart. For a second his anger vanished and he caught a glimpse of what Seungmin must be going through. He made a mistake, and now this whole mess was being blamed on him entirely. He bit on his lip. And then he tentatively hugged the older.

“Hyung, take a breath. Calm down a bit.”

Seungmin obeyed, clinging to Jeongin.

“I’m sorry.”

He repeated. Jeongin squeezed his arm.

“I know. We will work this out. I won’t say I forgive you completely, not for now. But I’m sure we will get through this, and then we can talk again. Alright?”

Seungmin nodded. Jeongin let the boy fall sleep against him.

“And then they drank tea together.”

Said Felix. Changbin was still sniffling a bit, but he was now more focused on the story.

“The end?”

He asked, softly. Felix smiled.
“The end.”

Changbin was silent for a second, his thumb in his mouth. Then he pouted.

“Sungie hate Binnie?”

He asked. Felix quickly shook his head.

“Oh, baby, no. No, he doesn’t.”

He said. Changbin looked at him.

“He sayed Binnie f-weak.”

Felix sighed.

“Sungie is going through a really hard time, Binnie baby. And sometimes when we are sad we say things that we don’t mean. Sungie didn’t mean what he said.”

Explained Felix, noticing they had been saying that quite a lot recently. ‘He didn’t mean what he said.’ it was a funny way of putting things. He didn’t mean it, but he said it.

“Sungie sad?”

Asked Changbin. Felix blinked, coming back to reality.

“Yes, he’s a bit sad.”

He said. Changbin pouted.

“Binnie cheer him up.”

He stated. Felix chuckled.

“Ok, but not now, baby. For now, close your eyes and sleep. Hyungie will be here with you.”

Changbin closed his eyes as instructed, then opened them again, grabbing Felix’s hands before closing his eyes once more.

“Night, hyungie.”

He mumbled. Felix kissed his forehead.

“Night, Binnie baby.”

Chapter End Notes

So, how was it???? Comments are always appreciated ^.^
When You Hit Rock Bottom...

The next day didn’t start well. Felix woke up hurting all over from sleeping on a chair next to Changbin’s bed. The older boy woke up in headspace, and Felix had to be the one to coax him out of it, because Chan didn’t seem willing to speak. Or to be lenient and let Changbin have the morning off. Felix didn’t know what had happened on the previous day after he ran after Changbin, but he could tell it had had a negative effect on Chan.

“Binnie really have to be big?”

Asked Changbin, pouting at Felix. It made the younger’s heart break. He wanted to pull Changbin into a hug and tell him that no, he didn’t have to be big. He could be little for as long as he wanted, and that he was safe and would be taken care.

Instead, he sighed.

“Yes, Bin, you really have to be big. Come on, I got you your clothes. Can you put them on?”

He asked. He wanted to help Changbin get dressed, wanted to do for him everything he knew Changbin needed at the moment. But he couldn’t. He knew he couldn’t. Changbin sighed, looking at the clothes.

“Ok.”

He mumbled. Felix hated this day already. He watched as Changbin changed, struggling all the way through. Once he was done, he looked at Felix and nodded. Felix bit on his lip.

“Do you think you can practice, hyung?”

He asked as Changbin finished getting dressed. The older sighed once again. He clearly didn’t want to, his fingers playing with his lower lip and overall behaviour showed Felix that.

“I have to. Chan hyung is already so stressed, I don’t want to be a burden.”

Felix sighed sadly.

“You’re not a burden, hyung, but you’re right. I don’t think we should test Chan’s patience right now.”

Changbin nodded. Felix put a hand on his cheek and pressed a kiss to his lips. Changbin smiled for the first time since leaving his headspace.

“Love you, Lix.”

He mumbled. Felix hugged him tightly.

“Love you too.”

Chan was about ready to murder half of his team.
He knew it wasn’t their fault. The last few days had been stressful for everyone, and it was no one’s fault that Chan’s subconscious had decided to dream about Jisung leaving them. Still, Chan had woken up feeling on edge, and everyone else being moody wasn’t helping him keep calm.

Changbin was the main problem. Chan knew why, he knew Felix had had to pull the boy out of headspace in the morning, and he knew he should have told the two of them to stay a while longer in the dorms, so that Changbin could spend a little more time in headspace. But he was angry, and he had let his emotion take over him, and now they were stuck in the same part of the choreography, because Changbin’s coordination still hadn’t left his headspace, it seemed.

“Ok, again.”

He said. Changbin pouted. Chan could feel a headache coming.

“But hyung…”

He whined, and Chan could practically see everyone tensing up. He took a deep breath. He couldn’t yell at Changbin when he was in such a sensitive state.

“From the start, Changbin, we have to get this right.”

He said, re-starting the song. Everyone moved to their position. They started again, but Chan couldn’t focus on the actual moves when Changbin was dancing with a pout and a frown on his face. He paused the song.

“Changbin. Expression.”

He said. Changbin’s frown only deepened.

“This is hard.”

He complained. It took all Chan had not to go over and shake the boy to get him out of whatever mind-set he was in at the moment.

“I know it’s hard. It’s supposed to be hard. Expression.”

He re-started the song. And then again. And again. And then Jisung decided to take matters into his own hands.

“Oh my gods, stop acting like a baby and sulking, hyung. You’re an adult.”

Changbin’s eyes widened. Felix glared at Jisung. Everyone else looked at the boy seeming shocked. And Chan felt anger bubbling in his stomach. He had been patient with Jisung, had waited, given him time, space, everything. But there was a limit to everything.

“That is enough, Jisung.” Everyone froze. Jisung looked at Chan, eyes wide. “We’ve been putting up with you being moody for days, because we know you’re going through some shit, but there is a limit, and you have crossed it. So apologize to Changbin and stop being a brat. Do you understand?”

For a moment no one moved. Jisung and Chan stared each other, neither wanting to look away first. In the end, Jisung couldn’t take it and looked at the ground.

“I’m sorry, hyung.”

He mumbled. Changbin just nodded, despite the fact that Jisung wouldn’t see it. Chan turned on the music.
“Let’s go again. From the top.”

Woojin looked around, worried. Since his clash with Jisung, Chan hadn’t allowed them to take a proper break. That had been over one hour earlier, and they only stopped when the song was paused for a few seconds, allowing them to drink a bit of water before continuing practice. Everyone was obviously quickly approaching their limit, but Chan didn’t seem willing to stop.

Hyunjin was the worst of them all; after Jisung’s words, Changbin seemed to have snapped out of whatever headspace he had been in. Hyunjin, on the other hand, usually so flexible and passionate about dancing, looked like he was in some sort of pain. And panicking a bit. Woojin noticed him eyeing the clock several times before biting on his lip and looking around, and he knew something was wrong, but Chan wasn’t giving him the time to figure out what.

So Woojin knew he should talk to Chan, try to bring him down from his anger, apologize in Jisung’s name. But he also knew Chan was in a very delicate moment, and… well, he would definitely stop soon, right? With a sigh, Woojin decided to wait. Just a little longer.

Hyunjin looked at the clock again. Only a few minutes had passed since he last checked, but it felt like hours to his tired limbs and to his overwhelmed mind. And to his bladder. It shouldn’t be a problem. His bladder, that is. Hyunjin hadn’t gone to the bathroom in a while when Chan yelled at Jisung and decided they were now under intensive training, and he did feel like he had to pee, but the urge wasn’t that strong. Definitely not strong enough to justify asking for a break. He was barely even conscious of its presence there.

Now, Hyunjin knew his bladder wasn’t exactly the best. The fact that he still wet the bed proved that, of course he knew. And he knew that holding for too long would be bad for anyone, most of all for him, and that maybe he should just tell Chan he had to go and leave to use the damn restroom. But it wasn’t as if he was desperate, he really wasn’t, so…

“Come on, guys, again.”

So there was really no need for him to bother Chan and possibly make him even angrier than he already was. With everything that was happening with Seungmin and Jisung, Hyunjin felt more vulnerable than he had ever felt in his life, and telling his group that he needed to leave because he was scared he couldn’t control his bladder would just make things worse. He wasn’t a toddler, he should be able to control it. Especially when he could barely feel the urge to pee at all.

Hyunjin got up. He moved to his place. He wasn’t a toddler. He could do this.

At first, as they restarted the practice, Hyunjin felt nothing at all. Then, as had been happening lately, his eyes drifted to Seungmin, then to Jeongin and Jisung, and his mind was taken by Seungmin’s words and then Jisung’s words, and he felt his heartbeat increasing even more, and not because he was dancing. And then he felt a little pull on his bladder.

Hyunjin’s daytime accidents had stopped happening early enough, thank gods, but they still happened for way longer than what was considered normal, and Hyunjin still remembered them. So when he jumped and his bladder clenched painfully, he knew exactly what was about to happen. Now, if he was someone else, someone with a bladder that matched their physical age, he could
probably have held it for long enough to rush to the bathroom and get there just in time. But he wasn’t. His bladder was weak, and he knew he had no chance.

He wanted to run away, maybe find a hole and hide there for the rest of his life. Maybe throw himself out of the window. Instead, due to the pain, he crouched down. The music stopped. Hyunjin knew his eyes were watering. He could feel his underwear and pants growing wet, and he knew the others could see it. He was about ready to die from mortification.

And then someone put a hand on his shoulder, just as he finished soaking his pants. He didn’t dare to look up, the tears clouding his eyes threatening to fall if he moved. As if he hadn’t already humiliated himself enough.

“Jinnie.”

Came Woojin’s voice. Hyunjin heard the door opening and being slammed, but he didn’t care. When Woojin called him again, he broke down crying.

Chapter End Notes

So, did you guys like it? I love reading your comments ^.^

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!