We've come so far
by gl3mour

Summary

Donghyuck shrieks, eyes blasting open. He gapes at his english teacher as if she had grown two heads before hastily asking,

"You're asking me to work.. with HIM?"

He mindlessly points his finger across the room to a pissed-off looking Mark Lee, eyes flicking from his teachers amused gaze to Marks intense one. It wasn't news for anyone to hear that Donghyuck and Mark hated each other. Heck, even the teachers would gossip about the couple's endless quarrels within the secure walls of their staff room. They wouldn't even let them stay alone in a room together in fear that one would rip the others head off. The so-called 'markhyuck fight' was the most popular thing for the students to talk about while roaming the large halls of SM High. So that's why, more than anything, Donghyuck was confused.

If everyone knew his dislike for the Canadian boy sitting across the room, then why in the royal fuck would Mrs Jung pair them up for a month long english assignment.

Alternatively; the markhyuck highschool fic that no one asked for.
"You're going to make us late, asshole. Hurry up."

Donghyuck sighed as he closed his rusty locker door before turning to face Jaemin with a disappointed face, disregarding the fact that he had just called him an asshole.

"We don't even have first period together, and I never asked for you to wait for me anyways."

He watches as the pink-haired boy in front of him pulls a smile onto his face before replying, "I'm aware of that. Mondays just suck, I don't have my eye candy in any of my classes!" Jaemin grabs the front of his white sweater and twists it dramatically before pretending to fall onto the floor. "How will I ever get through the day!"

Donghyuck snorts. "So what is Renjun? A goldfish?" It didn't take a genius to figure out that Jaemin and Renjun liked each other, but they were both so painfully dense at times that everyone seemed to know apart from them. To make matters worse, they both loved to ogle at a particular Lee Jeno during lunch, and so they were both convinced that they didn't have a chance with the other, despite multiple protests made by their friends.

Jaemin pushed Donghyuck back into his locker and glared at his best friend. "Hey!" he strained, quickly darting his eyes across the halls to make sure no one was listening before turning back to the sun-kissed boy pressed against the cold lockers, "I told you that I'm trying to get over him!"

"Well you wouldn't have to get over him if you'd just listen to what I've told you for the past couple weeks-" Donghyuck stopped talking as Renjun, accompanied by Chenle, emerged from behind Jaemin. He watched as Jaemins ears started to coat themselves with red and how a light pink that could rival his own hair is gradually dusted over his cheeks. He wanted to laugh so badly at him for how flustered the boy looked, but held back, deciding to save Jaemin's embarrassment for later. 'Get over him my ass.' Donghyuck had thought.

"Listen to what?" the older chinese had asked. Jaemin not so subtly coughed while responding with a weak "Nothing," before dashing to his first class, which earned Donghyuck a confused look from both boys left in front of him.

"He's just under the weather." he manages to choke out while desperately trying to hold in a laugh, which he had finally released when the bell rang. Renjun darted off to his first class, probably to find Jaemin, while Chenle suddenly let out a loud, screechy giggle.

"I swear they're both hopeless." he exclaimed, wiping fake tears from his eyes.

Donghyuck smiled, wrapping his arm around the younger's shoulders. "Tell me about it."

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Donghyucks first period on a Monday was English. It's not that he disliked the class, it was just that it was the only class he was failing. Donghyuck was very smart, one of the smartest in his year, but English was his only weak point and he had never been able to wrap his head around the answer of why. He dragged himself into the small room and sat at the desk right at the back of the class, plopping himself onto his seat with a light 'oof' and slowly gathered his books from his bag. As soon as he was sitting down and ready for class, he heard a loud laugh coming from the door.
His eyes slowly flickered up to be met with the image of Mark laughing with Jeno as they entered the classroom.

Mark Lee.

Donghyuck despised Mark, as Mark did Donghyuck. The first time they had met was a catastrophic incident, where Mark had accidentally bumped into Donghyuck on their first day of high school. Donghyuck had straight away thrown insults at the older as it was a natural reaction for him, but they were strangers and Mark didn't know that, so he ended up adding fuel to the fire by chucking insults right back at the younger. From then on, they had grown a distaste towards each other. He rolled his eyes as he replayed the event in his head, dropping his gaze back to the phone perched between his hands. Usually, Donghyuck would make a snarky remark, just loud enough that the whole room could hear, and aggravate Mark into giving him the reaction he wanted, but today he didn't have the energy to do so, and instead opted with occupying himself with a game of Subway Surfers that was displayed on his small phone screen.

It didn't pass Mark's attention though. His gaze moved between Donghyuck, who was engrossed with his phone to Jeno, who lightly shrugged and mouthed a quiet 'I don't know'. His curiosity sparked, but was soon killed by Mrs Jung swiftly walking into the classroom with a glorious smile plastered onto her face.

"Good Morning class! I have some great news! It's time for a new assignment!"

The class groaned and protested in union. Mrs Jung's assignments were unforgiving and tiring, and although she only gave out 1 each term, it was enough to drain everyone's energy and power for other lessons.

She tutted and frantically waved her hands about in the air. "Shhh. This time, you're doing it in pairs. You lot always complain about the assignments being too hard and too much work so this is what I'm going to do for you. This is me basically giving you half the work," The downcast mood within the classroom seemed to rise slightly as people started to turn towards their friends, making grabby-hand motions and mouthing messages across the room. Mrs Jung tutted again. "Who said you could choose your own partners?" she smiled to herself as a piece of paper with names written down made it's way out of her planner, "I have your pairs right here!"

Another round of groaning and protesting made it's way through the class before the woman standing in front of the board started to cheerfully call names out. Some people looked pleased with who they were paired with, others not so much. Donghyuck smiled to himself as some people who he wanted to work with were still left partnerless.

"Next! Mark Lee and.."

Donghyuck was sure that Mrs Jung wouldn't put him with Mark. She, out of everyone, knew the tension between the two boys, and was definitely one of the kinder teachers, despite her assignments.

"Ah yes! Here it is. Mark, you'll be working with Donghyuck."

And for Donghyuck, that's where time stops.

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"You're asking me to work.. with HIM?"
He mindlessly points his finger across the room to a pissed-off looking Mark Lee, eyes flicking from his teachers amused gaze to Mark's intense one. It wasn't news for anyone to hear that Donghyuck and Mark hated each other. Heck, even the teachers would gossip about the couple's endless quarrels within the secure walls of their staff room. They wouldn't even let them stay alone in a room together in fear that one would rip the others head off. The so-called 'markhyuck fight' was the most popular thing for the students to talk about while roaming the large halls of SM High. So that's why, more than anything, Donghyuck was confused.

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She smiled while lightly nodding her head, "Yes, you two will be working together, and I'm not changing the pairs." She claps her hands before her booming voice echoes through the room again. "I expect twice the effort for this assignment as the work is split between two people. Good luck!" And with that, she retreats out the door before anyone else can say anything.

Donghyuck scoffs, leaning back into his chair and crossing his arms. This assignment required the two boys to be civil with each other, and when he brought his gaze to meet Mark's, he could see the older staring daggers into him. He rolled his eyes for the second time that morning, planning on how to explain to his parents how he's probably going to get a grade U in his english class, which was worse than a fail. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the bell ringing through the school speakers, and Donghyuck doesn't think he's ever been faster at running out of a classroom. He had no energy to confront Mark about the assignment and didn't want to have to put up with him moaning about how annoying he was. It was too early for that, Donghyuck had thought. He dashed down the hall in a desperate attempt to find the rest of his friends (and a very obvious attempt to get as far away from Mark as he could possibly get).

But perhaps if he had waited a minute longer, he would have caught a glimpse of the smirk slowly drawing itself onto Mark's face.
Chapter 2: Dilemma.

Chapter Notes

i am SO SORRY it has taken me months to update this story but exams got hectic and i didn't have the time:( however i am back!! Thank you for the support on the first chapter :] please leave comments on how you like the story so far!! and i am also sorry it gets a lil nomin based at the end but there will be so much markhyuck next chapter !!

"He is so cute! God, Renjun, look at his eye-smile!"

Donghyuck had entered the cafeteria to find 2 of his 3 best friends drooling over the one and only, Lee Jeno. Chenle, on the other hand, sat quietly at the edge of the table, smiling softly at his phone, that was until Hyuck dramatically plopped himself in the seat beside him, which caused a panicked Chenle to turn off his phone and showcase a flustered smile at the older. He was about to ask who the younger was texting when Renjun spoke up,

"Nana, he looks so pretty, it just isn't fair. Look at what they're doing!"

Donghyuck, now distracted, turned his head towards the table where Jeno and, coincidentally, Mark were sitting, along with the rest of their Lax-bro friends. The 4 of them had came up with that name for the lacrosse players when they had first joined SM high in year 7, after the whole markhyuck accident had happened, and had continued to clown the players on a daily basis. That was, of course, until the summer of year 8 where they all came back into year 9 having significantly went through puberty quite a bit, and thats when Jaemin and Renjun started noticing that the lacrosse players were (God forbid he ever say it out loud) kind of attractive, in particular player number 14. From then on, their attraction had only grown into what Donghyuck could only describe as a helpless crush. He watched as Jeno sat down as Mark pulled him into some sort of bro-hug type of thing, which made Jeno stumble and spill his drink all over the pair of them. A loud eruption of laughter echoed through the hall as more heads turned to see what all the noise was about. Hyuck rolled his eyes for the third time that day, before mumbling to himself,

"I cannot believe I have to work with that absolute buffoon."

"What did you just say, Hyuck?"

Shit.

He turned his head to focus on the 3 pairs of gawking eyes staring at him, Jaemins question still lingering in the air between them. He sighed before explaining the whole of his first period to them. Chenle had just laughed, clapping his hands together like a baby seal while Renjun and Jaemin turned to look at each other, and Hyuck could see the gears within their mind working in their eyes, before they both turned round to face him again.

Renjun started, "Hyuckie-

"Oh piss off!" Hyuck exclaimed, fake anger lacing his voice, "You only ever use that nickname when you want something from me! If it's Jeno's number JUST because I have to work with his
idiot of a best friend, the the answer is no! You're both charming and pretty boys, I'm sure if you just TALKED to him he'd gladly give you guys his number! Don't use me!" His back found it's way to the back of the chair again and his arms snaked across his torso and folded together while he gave out a little 'huff'. His head turned to the table of lax-bros only to find that they were all staring at them, minus Mark and Jeno. Hyucks eyes widened to look back at the two boys from across him, only to realise they both looked extremely flustered, and they were staring at something over his head.

"Idiot of a best friend, nice."

Donghyucks blood ran cold at the voice.

He turned around nervously to face an unimpressed Mark Lee accompanied by a confused looking Lee Jeno. Donghyuck couldn't help the urge to bite back,

"Idiot of a best friend, yes, that's you," he turned back to look at the 3 boys sitting on his table, "he even knows his nickname! Maybe his one single braincell isn't useless after all!"

Mark just rolled his eyes at the comment. He had initially come to try and civilly talk with Hyuck about their English assignment but it seems like he had forgotten about his bratty attitude. Mark was just as frustrated as Donghyuck was, but he was trying his best to not let it show.

"Well, Hyuckie..."

*Not that nickname*, Donghyuck had thought. He turned around again and was about to hurl another insult at Mark, however he was met with said boys face inches away from his own, "how about we go and talk about our assignment, while our friends," he took a pause to look at Jeno, then at Renjun and Jaemin, "...sort themselves out."

Hyuck hated when Mark got like that. He would try to act all smug and cool to try and embarrass or fluster him but it never worked. Usually, he would just pile another offensive comment onto Mark which would normally leave the older in a state of defeat, however, he had decided that today he wanted to be more playful. Donghyuck inched even closer to Marks face, noses barely touching, and said in the sweetest, most honey dripping tone he could possibly muster,

"Okay, babe, let's go and do that."

A smirk spread on the youngers face as he stood up out of his chair and left the other 5 in confusion, not before sending a small wink to Jaemin and Renjun before looking at Jeno, and then tutting out of the cafeteria. Mark blinked once, twice, and then a third time before reality hit in and he jogged out of the cafeteria to find the little brat.

Chenle could sense the tension between the three that were left at the table, and quickly murmured a quiet 'Sorry, I'm leaving' before jogging out the opposite door of the cafeteria onto the school field. Jeno looked at the two boys left on the table, looking up at him like lost puppies. He silently giggled before taking a seat opposite them. Jeno had waited for this opportunity for months on end, always having held back back because he thought he didn't have a chance.

"So, about those numbers..."
Partners.

Chapter Notes

aha well shes only just gone and done it again and disappeared for a solid month again..... i am so sorry hhh finding motivation to write is so hard rn

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Donghyuck rolled his eyes, impatiently tapping his sleek black trainers on the floor when Mark emerged from behind the scruffy cafeteria doors.

"So, Canada. Talk." he said bluntly.

Mark sighed loudly, closing his eyes while dropping his head. He had hoped, keyword: hoped, that Donghyuck would have at least understood that for this project to work they would at least have to be civil with each other, however the memo had seemed to fly over the younger's head and ended itself up in the clouds. Thoughts ran through Marks head at miles per second while he racked his mind as for what to say to Hyuck.

"Listen, cut the bullshit. We get it, you don't like me, and trust me, the feelings mutual, however would you pull your head out of your ass for just one moment and realise that we need to work together to ensure that we both get a good grade," Mark paused to let out another big sigh, "Please?"

Donghyucks brows perked up at what the older had said last, "Please? What is this? Mark Lee... begging me, Lee Donghyuck?" He finished by showcasing his perfect pearly whites that were hidden behind his plump lips on his face, that added to the mischievous sparkle in his melted chocolate eyes, that hid slightly behind his fluffy nest of caramel hair.

Wow, I wonder if he's always been that pretty...

Wait what?

Mark blinked at the younger's face, seemingly at a loss for words. What was that? No way did he find Donghyuck attractive. He had a loud mouth, was incredibly rude, extremely annoying and didn't know the definition of when to stop. He repeated it through his head several times, which had brought him back to reality, which was that he didn't like Hyuck. He was the one person that he hated in school and there was no way that view was going to change based on one small
interaction, however the rosy tint steadily painting itself onto Marks cheeks seemed to tell a whole different story. Nonetheless, he backtracked to their conversation and shot back at the boy in front of him.

"Aren't you failing English?" Mark deadpanned.

The smile that was drawn out on Donghyucks face was wiped away as soon as it had appeared. Was he failing English? Indeed. However would he ever admit it to his sworn enemy Mark Lee who was annoying and made fun of him who had the cutest smile and dreamiest eyes and the most adorable little habits and one of the best figures Hyuck had seen in his whole entire life? Definitely not. He scoffed, turning his head to scan the trees outside instead. How dare he come and ask him if he's failing English.

"Not everyone can be born in Canada, asshole." Hyuck said in the tiniest voice that surprised both boys. He internally cursed himself for coming off as weak, moreover in front of Mark out of all people. His insecurities about his one grade seemed to seep through every pore on Donghyucks skin, that writing in 'I'm insecure about my English grade!' in red pen on his forehead would have probably made it less obvious. Donghyuck couldn't be sure, but he could have sworn that he saw something that looked a lot like remorse and, perhaps even guilt, flash through Marks dark eyes before diving back into depths of nothingness.

"Well that's why I'll... tolerate you.... so that we can both get a good grade. All I need from you is a bit of cooperation."

Hyuck turned round to face the older boy again. Mark was being.. nice.. for once. Could it even be classed as nice? He settled on the fact that Mark was being a decent human being towards him. It was different. A nice type of different, that made Donghyucks stomach do small flips with the way that Marks intense eyes stared into his own and-

Stop being a dumb bitch again just because ONE guy is nice to you Donghyuck!!!!! he said to himself, he'll play you and dump your sad ass once he's had his fun.

He sighed, cleared his throat and internally cursed himself again for having the ability to catch feelings with the snap of a finger. Donghyuck didn't want anything with Mark, or for that matter, anyone. He had decided that he was just fine as a single confident gay, after having his fair share of, dare he say, very awful dating experiences that led him to multiple dramatic heartbreaks (although all Renjun did was tell him not to be a little bitch.)

So with that, he decided that the best thing for both of them would be to just finish the project as
soon as possible so that they could go back to throwing the odd insult at each other every now and then.

"Tomorrow after school, meet me at my locker. We can go to mine and finish this stupid project. *I'm* the one tolerating you. You hear me, Canada?" and with that, he pushed his way back into the cafeteria without bothering to listen to anything else Mark had to say. He didn't have the time to listen to the older moaning about how annoying he was and he certainly didn't want to look at his annoyingly handsome face.

*What is WRONG with me today?* he screamed through his head. It was impossible that he was finding Mr Mark "I'm from Canada" Lee attractive.

*This is gonna be a long ass fucking term.*

Chapter End Notes

ok here's y'all's markhyuck that you've been waiting for<3 hope you enjoyed this chapter :>> i'll try make the next chapters longer !! to give y'all some more content hehe

End Notes

this was probably so bad omg I'm sorry but pls give me kudos if you would like me to continue with this story ^.^ and comment anything you'd like me to add in!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!