Domestic Compilation

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Domestic Compilation

by poutyxkth

Summary

Jonghyun and Taemin have been dating for a while now. Taemin's a student at a great university, really mature for his age he takes on the responsibility of taking care of his boyfriend also. Jonghyun is a photographer in Seoul. A man full of charm, he's unique in every sort of way from the way he wears his socks to the way he styles his hair. The two tell their love story through small snippets of their domestic life.

Notes
This story involves elements of light dom/sub and praise kink and age regression. If you feel uncomfortable reading this I advise not reading at all. Also, this is not 100% accurate. It cannot be 100% accurate because every relationship is different. I am in no way, shape or form implying that this is real life, however, this is just fiction. Also, I began writing this story in June 2016 so the beginning is kinda rough but I promise it gets better! I currently have 30 chapters written for this story and it's ongoing - it began as a one-shot collection about JongTae's domestic life but it turned into a linear story.

Moreover, this story is crossposted on Asianfanfics under the username hollowpearl.

Enjoy!
I can't stand being hot. It's so suffocating and my skin gets all warm, sometimes during summer, I wish I could just let my spirit float out so I stop feeling like this. One of the things I hate the most is heat which is why our bedroom is always really cold. Two years ago when we moved in together, we bought this really big and cozy blanket that we use all year round, even during summer. It's usually big enough for both Jonghyun the blanket whore and I. But even then, sometimes it gets too hot. It's like my feet have a mind of their own when they crawl to freedom from under the blanket in the middle of the night. It's perfect really, an amazing balance of warmth and freezing cold. Jonghyun never complained much since he came up with the idea to get a really thick blanket.

I mean, of course, he wouldn't complain since he always hogs the blanket and leaves me freezing in the middle of the night! Tonight is no different though. I was sleeping well, dreaming of meeting Santa at the North Pole. The elves with their high pitched voices and the magical machinery that made all the toys! The walls of the factory were a nice, milk chocolate brown with whipped cream white accents and the colourful sprinkles that was the mountain of toys in the corner. My eyes filled with tears of joy as I ran around, taking everything in and squealing with excitement as Santa trailed happily behind me. He sat me down on a chair made of M&Ms which I thought would be sticky from the sugar but no, it was the most comfortable chair ever! Santa spoke to me calmly, we laughed at his jokes and when he asked me what I wish to receive for Christmas, everything turned cold. Very fucking cold.

I awoke immediately, shivering slightly. Looking to the side, there he was, the blanket whore. The biggest thief to ever exist, he was sleeping peacefully with his pretty blonde hair, perfect jawline and handsome face!

"Fucker," I mutter as I crawl closer to him and start tugging at a corner, hoping to regain some back.

He whined softly, his lips turning into a small pout as his eyes opened sleepily. Jonghyun is the lightest sleeper ever. I could turn around in my sleep and he would be wide awake the next moment. Which is why after a while of sleeping together, we decided to sleep in different rooms. I just couldn't have him be tired in the morning and throughout the day, it was painful to see him like that. For a moment I considered just leaving him be. How can a 25-year-old man be so darn cute?

"Tae," he muttered as he threw his arm around me and pulled me closer.

"You blanket whore," I muttered back into his chest, his chin resting on my head.

"Mhm..." his lips found the top of my head and he fell back asleep at once, leaving me with the radiating heat from his body.

Maybe we should just get another blanket.
Grocery Shopping

Chapter Summary

Putting the book back on the shelf, Jonghyun moves along. His feet dragging on the carpet as he sighs louder now. When he asked Taemin why they can't go grocery shopping together, the younger smiled at first and kissed his nose. It made Jonghyun all gooey inside whenever his lover would kiss his nose or his forehead and sometimes when their lips meet he swears his toes curl in with pleasure. Jonghyun smiles to himself as he lowers his body to pick up Fangirl by Rainbow Rowell. Reading the back, he nods quietly.

Jonghyun sighed as he let his finger touch the spines of the books on the neatly arranged shelf. Taemin never lets him go grocery shopping with him so most of the time Jonghyun spends his time in the pretty library across the street. It's no biggie, really, Jonghyun adores books. Sometimes he would cuddle up into Taemin's side with a good book and not get up for hours at a time. It's all well as he picks up a hardback copy of Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix. Smiling, he leans against the bookcase and reads random pages of the book, chuckling at some parts and frowning at others. Hermione kind of reminds him of Taemin now that he thinks of it, or maybe even Key.

Jonghyun had always been the adult in any of the friendships he has made. He was always the designated driver when going to the pub late at night. He always texts Minho, reminding him to do his taxes and he always minded his money diligently. Except when he goes grocery shopping. I mean, think about it. There are so many different types of yoghurt out there, we need to try them all, he would cry out.

"Because your salary as a photographer and my student allowance would never be enough for your grabby hands, dear," he said and Jonghyun pulled his knees up to his chest indignantly.

"I do not have grabby hands, peasant," he said muttering the last part.

Jonghyun is very mature indeed. When he was little he started saving up for a camera. Most kids would give in and spend the money on a new bike or some over-the-top shoes that are trendy at the moment. Jonghyun saved up to buy a good enough camera for his photography class which he used for five years until it finally broke down in the middle of class. He's always been like this, except with Taemin.

When they started dating, Jonghyun instantly took the role of the alpha male. The younger was so petite and at the time just a little shorter than Jonghyun. How could he not want to protect him? After months of dating, they became a couple and Jonghyun was slowly losing his hard shell around
Taemin. In exchange, Taemin started taking the lead more and more often. He would plan their date nights out of the little pocket money he had and took him home to meet his father for Christmas.

Soon they became more and more comfortable with each other and they moved in together. With the honeymoon stage wearing off, Jonghyun and Taemin established their relationship for what it was. At first, it was awkward and sometimes the rules they set didn't even seem to apply for Taemin needed to be held close and comforted too sometimes.

Jonghyun smiled at the memory of their first talk. The cashier growled in frustration, waiting for him to pay for his book and leave. Hurriedly, he paid and left the store, his cheeks rosy with embarrassment. From across the street, he saw Taemin through the glass windows. The younger was staggering towards the entrance of the supermarket with a bunch of plastic bags in each hand. Jonghyun ran across the street between the still cars and bored drivers to help his boyfriend.

As they were walking down the street, each with a few bags each, their shoulders brushed against each other. Jonghyun smiled up at the younger who seemed to have it all. He's gracious, mannered, cute when needed and mature. He's handsome and beautiful at the same time. He's protective, caring and loving even when he scolds Jonghyun.

"You're looking at me again," he smirked as they entered their building.

"Eh?"

"Like I'm some sort of God or something," Taemin murmured as they walked up the stairs, his palms red and raw from the plastic bags.

"Don't be ridiculous, you're not a God," he wiggled his eyebrows at Taemin as he fumbled for his keys in his back pocket. "You're my God,"

"You're so cheesy hyung," the other giggled, hiding his blush as he looked down.

Yeah, certainly out of this world. Thought Jonghyun happily.
The door slammed behind me with a loud 'bang' but I paid no attention to it. My arms and shoulders were killing me, the heavy backpack hanging loosely on my back, the binders inside weighing it down. Two more years, I cry internally as I drop the weight off my back next to the couch. The apartment is small with the kitchen and living room connected. Even our bedroom is tiny with a double bed, two wardrobes and two nightstands. Jonghyun did his best decorating the tiny space but there's just so much you can do in a room that tiny.

The weather has been gloomy all week, today is Friday. The Sky a deep, royal blue with purple scattered here and there in stripes. The moon was up already, illuminating the streets along with the stars. I always loved walking around at night. It's mostly because not a lot of people venture out at night so it gives me space to think and blow off some steam. Jonghyun, on the other hand, hates it. I tried times and times before to take him out on a walk and failed every single time. Except for date nights, he's always up to date nights.

Chuckling I walk to the fridge and open it in a hurry. Jonghyun loves cooking for me. Yeah, you got that right, for me. When we started going out he was a complete disaster in the kitchen. He hated it with a passion which is why he was so content ordering in when I was at his house. Then we moved in together and he picked up cooking in no time. He was almost excited when he made his first dish. Slammed it down in front of me with a huge adorable smile and a bon appetit. When asked, he said that he wants to cook for me. I, of course, told him he doesn't have to if he hates it but Jonghyun being Jonghyun just smiled shyly and shook his head.

Empty. There is nothing to eat. My stomach grumbled in despair. I got so used to the warm, lovely meals every night after college that my stomach is probably sulking right now. Worried, I slam the door to the fridge shut and move across the house to our tiny room. The white door stood tall in front of me and I suddenly felt queasy.

"Jonghyun?" I ask not too loudly in case he's sleeping.

Nothing. Sighing, I open the door gently to see a huge pile of pillows and blankets on the bed with my lovely boyfriend right in the middle of it all. His mop of blonde hair stood out in the middle of our black and white coordinated bedding. Smiling at the cuteness of it, I walked in and closed the door. The mattress sunk in as I climbed into the igloo of blankets and pillows. The heat was suffocating.

"Baby," I started as I moulded my body around his. "What's wrong?"
He pouted in the darkness of his little cave and snuggled further into me without saying anything. His eyes fluttered close and his breathing slowed down from anxious to calm in a matter of moments.

"You can talk to me," I murmured in his ear, already suffocating in the heat.

He shook his head stubbornly.

"Come on sweetie," murmuring, I rub his back in circles. "You know I can't help you if you don't tell me what's on your mind."

After minutes of coaxing him to open up, he finally turned towards me and opened his eyes. His eyes were red and puffy from crying, his cheeks salty and sticky with his tears. I frowned. Why on earth was he crying?

"I can't do anything right," he muttered with his voice breaking in the middle.

"Why do you say that?" I asked softly, hugging his small body closer to mine.

"I haven't had any clients in ages," he whispers, voice breaking as he starts crying again.

Frowning, I try to shush him and rock us back and forth. Sometimes he gets into this depressed mood for days and I can never really bring him out of it. He just sits in bed all day and cries or stares at the ceiling. He hasn't had an episode in ages so really, I should have expected him to break down at some point but I didn't. It hurts to see him like this, knowing that all I can do is feed, bathe and cuddle him. Sniffling, he wipes his nose on his sleeve and looks up at me.

"I'm sure it's just one of those creative people slumps baby," I mutter against his forehead.

"I feel worthless, though like I can't provide," he says, now whining, his chest rising and falling steadily.

"Hey, you are not worthless, you're the most precious thing I've ever laid eyes on, ok?" turning his body towards me, I help him straddle my thighs. His small smile filling my heart with warmth.

"I just wish I could be more helpful," he mutters, his cheeks turned rosy and looking shy all of a sudden.

"You are helpful, though, I'd still be living like a college student if it weren't for you," saying this, I realise just how true it is. "You made this house home, Jonghyun, and you continue to do so every single day,"

Smiling, he burrows his face in the crook of my neck, his back arching beautifully and I can't help but let my hand wander from his hip over his spine. He looks so beautiful like this in a simple, skimpy black tee and his boxers. So, so pretty and all mine. Relaxing, I let myself take in his scent and soon, he completely relaxes in my arms. His fingers ghosted over my shoulder blades, drawing shapes and spelling sweet words. Jonghyun's breathing evened out too, I could feel the small puffs of breath against my throat make the hairs on my body stand up. Just his mere existence in my proximity is driving me crazy and I can't help but wonder why have I been blessed with this small, adorable angel?

"You're such a good boy, Jonghyunnie," whispering hotly in his ear, I feel his hands gripping my tee shirt. "You always make me so happy, don't you know that?"

He nods softly and pulls back to look at me. Jonghyun is a bit tanned but his blush is so evident on his cheeks. Leaning in, I brush my lips softly against his. I pulled him in closer and locked our lips
together. His lips always taste of cherry or some sort of cheap energy drink and they always mould so perfectly against mine. Our lips moved softly against each other, his lower lip trembled under my tongue and his body softened even further in my arms. I swallowed his small little keen noises as if they’re what dreams are made of. In times like this, I forget about everything but his reactions, how his body shifts restlessly against mine and how his tongue is so sweet against mine it makes me quiver with anticipation. His arms wrap around my neck and one of his hands fists at my hair, making me gasp and grip his hips tighter, pulling them against mine and eliciting the sweetest mewl from him. Retreating back for air is always the worst, my lips tingle, missing his lips already.

"My beautiful boy," I coo at him and revel in the way he breaks into a big smile.
Jonghyun smiled softly at the sight in front of him. Taemin and his father have always been very close ever since Taemin lost his mother to cancer seven years ago. The two spoke on the phone daily and sometimes the man would show up at their door with a huge cherry pie in hand and his crinkly smile. At first, Jonghyun was weary around the man, having had a rough relationship with his own parents he never expected to be accepted by someone else's family so easily. Which is exactly what happened when Taemin brought him home as his boyfriend for the first time. His father shook Jonghyun's hand like it's the first time they met even though it wasn't. He slapped his big hand on Jonghyun's back a few times and warmly welcomed him in their family.

Taemin blushed furiously during the entire time and whined even more furiously. Which only made Jonghyun relax. It felt odd. The cosy family atmosphere, the great food and the nice warm house. Taemin hugged him close to his chest after his father turned in for the night. They held hands under the small throw blanket by the Christmas tree and spoke in soft whispers until the early hours of the morning and it was beautiful.

"Jonghyun?" Taemin waved his skinny hand in front of his boyfriend, then frowned. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Jonghyun smiled at Taemin and his father, who was setting the table for dinner.

"The storm won't stop until tomorrow morning, we might have to stay the night,"

"That's fine," Jonghyun smiled and moved to help set the table.

The food was still steamy hot when they sat down and started praying. The house was quiet and their hands linked. Jonghyun couldn't help but shift in his seat uncomfortably. He was not raised in a religious household so even though he has been to many of these dinners with Taemin's father, he's still not used to the whole praying before eating thing. It's just not something he's ever done before. Rather than that, he actually rarely ate dinner with his family. Except for the holidays, of course, which were hell on earth for Jonghyun. This, however, was different. Taemin's father used to be a chef before his wife's tragic death which means that there's always amazingly tasty food whenever the boys would come over. The first time Jonghyun sat down to eat at his table his eyes widened and his taste buds felt like they were in heaven. Taemin smirked from the side as his father waited anxiously. I mean, it's his son's boyfriend, his opinion is important!
They ate in a comfortable atmosphere, talking about Taemin's university and future plans and about Jonghyun's little business, as he likes to call it.

"I wouldn't put myself down too much if I were you, son," Mr Lee said as he finished his meal. "Winter weddings aren't too popular but I'm sure once spring comes you'll have a lot of clients,"

"I know, it's just," Jonghyun stopped for a second and took a sip from his beer can. "Maybe I should look for another job,"

"Why?" asked Taemin with his mouth full, then he quickly apologized after his father glared at him.

"I feel bad for not really bringing in any money," he said and Mr Lee shook his head.

"You kids have money issues?" he asked, his voice laced with concern and beer.

"No, it's fine, it's just been a bit tight," Taemin waved his hand as to dismiss the subject.

"You can always come to me for anything, you know?"

"Yeah dad, thanks," Taemin smiles towards his father and Jonghyun nods shyly.

The night came and soon Mr Lee went to bed, leaving Jonghyun and Taemin by themselves. The house was warm and the heavy raindrops hit the window creating the perfect white noise to cuddle on the couch to. Taemin wrapped his arms tightly around his boyfriend, rubbing his tummy through the flimsy tee shirt he's wearing. Jonghyun sighed and leaned into the embrace. His mind was everywhere at once. Maybe he should really get a new job. Something at a library would be nice or even as a bartender. He worked so hard to get where he is now, gave up his summers to take photography courses, which he also took in university, spent long days and nights at part-time jobs and it still wasn't enough. His social awkwardness didn't make things easier either. It was always so hard to interact with his clients who usually only wanted to make small talk. Maybe that's also one of the reasons why he has no clients these days.

"You look sad, angel" muttered Taemin against Jonghyun's nape.

Waiting for an answer that wasn't coming, Taemin proceeded to leave little kisses along his neck and shoulder, his tongue coming out to lick at the sweet spot behind Jonghyun's ear. Jonghyun shivered and bit his lips. Taemin's hands sneaked under the white tee shirt and started exploring the older boy's tan skin, leaving goosebumps in his trace.

"Not fair," Jonghyun pouts and turns to look at his boyfriend who's smiling. "Why are you so happy?"

"Because I love you," he says, giggling like a teenager when Jonghyun playfully pushes him away.

"I'm not sad, just thoughtful,"

"Ah, that's bad," mutters Taemin solemnly, his hands travelling towards Jonghyun's belt. "Let's change that."
The house was an icy, silent igloo whenever Jonghyun is not around. It's weird. It's almost like his sole existence gives this house life and warmth. Weird indeed, since I just cannot seem to shake the feeling off. I am currently lounging on the couch with my legs draped over the armrest, dangling in the air. The living room is small, just like the rest of the house. The four walls encompassed a comfortable, second-hand couch, a fake fireplace where Jonghyun stacked books, a big TV that's constantly on, a glass coffee table that lets people know that this is not a dorm and finally, a bunch of camera equipment that we have absolutely nowhere to keep. While it's cozy and totally feels like home, I can't help but wonder if choosing the cheapest place on our list was a great idea.

When we moved in here we both had ten boxes each which is, of course, ridiculous. Who owns so little items in today's shopping crazy society? Well, apparently neither of us could be bothered to pack anything other than what we thought was necessary. Apparently, any sort of decoration was not on the 'necessary items' list. The white walls remained empty for ages before Jonghyun started spending more and more time at home and even the pretty, glass coffee table is a fairly new addition to the house. I personally cannot care less about an aesthetically pleasing apartment. Jonghyun does, though. Which means a lot of furniture shopping and always buying little things here and there when we go out. A few weeks ago we went out to dinner to my favourite pasta place. On our walk back home, he spotted a tiny shop that was still open at ten o'clock at night.

"Come on babe, they're probably selling stolen kidneys and drugs in there," I mutter as he drags me towards it by the hand.

Jonghyun is a small man with an incredible build. He's often shy and reserved too but when it comes to shopping he goes all out. The tiny shop was, in fact, tinier than tiny. It was basically a shoebox cluttered with white, old racks of ornaments, dream catchers and a bunch of fake Persian rugs in the far corner, propped up against a stool. At least I knew they weren't part of the black market. There was no space for one.

That night my dearest boyfriend found a pretty angel statue the size of my palm which is just a tiny bit bigger than his. Mind you, Jonghyun is not very religious and neither am I, despite growing up in a very religious family so when he picked up the small, pale angel I was a tad surprised. His smile looked like a crescent moon that reached the planets in his eyes as he fiddled with the white, pristine looking ceramic clothes adorning the angel. It is the most beautiful angel I have ever seen, I can't deny that but Jonghyun's sudden attachment to it threw me off. When we got home he placed it
gingerly on the top of the fireplace in between framed family pictures. I got to say, even now that I'm staring intensely at it, it seems to stare right back. It's a weird feeling, to be honest, the kind of feeling you get when you move from a really hot room to a cold one and you get a cold sweat. I just don't know what to make of it.

Suddenly, the door to our apartment opened and Jonghyun walked into the small living room with a huge smile on his face. I couldn't help but smile back at how happy he is. Wearing a pair of black, ripped skinny jeans, a Black Sabbath t-shirt, and a black leather jacket, his attire certainly didn't match his bubbly, innocent happiness. Standing up, I extend my arms silently and he jumps into them, his arms coiling around my neck.

"You don't understand how happy I am," he breathes out, excitement pouring out with every word and bouncing on the walls.

"I think I do," I giggle happily as we hug tightly, swaying from side to side and leaving open-mouthed kisses on each other's lips. He couldn't stop smiling and his lips were cold.

Jonghyun got an email two nights ago from these teens who needed a photographer for their winter prom. Needless to say, Jonghyun was so excited and happy, he cried. He shoved his laptop in my face then proceeded to burrow himself in my arms and cry happy tears because he's finally got a job. I was, of course, happy too. Not because I wanted him to work or because of the money issues, but because he's been feeling so bad lately. He even told me he feels worthless one morning as we were brushing our teeth. It's just good to see him do something he loves, even though I was conditioned to believe that anything remotely artsy as a career is a one-way ticket to living on the streets. When I met Jonghyun for the very first time I scoffed internally at his utter determination to make a living out of being a photographer. Now I can only root for him to be happy pursuing his dream and be by his side no matter what happens.

"I think this calls for a Metallica party, don't you think so?" I ask and he smirks. Of course, he'd agree.

Next thing I knew we were both plastered drunk in the middle of our tiny ass living room, jumping together and air guitar-ing to various Metallica songs. His eyes were puffy red and his big dinosaur smile illuminated the entire room and possibly the city if we opened the curtains. The air in the room was stifling and the music probably too loud for a weekday in an apartment complex. My feet glided on the wooden floor as I headbanged to the music. Everything was just peachy whenever we had Metallica parties.

"Sleep with one eye open, gripping your pillow tight!" my voice resonates in the small room and cracks in the middle but right now it doesn't seem to matter.

"Exit light! Enter night! Take my hand, we're off to never-never land!" he sang at the top of his lungs, his fingers running swiftly over the imaginary guitar.

The room shook along with us and the floor quivered under our feet as we danced around each other and with each other until late at night when the neighbours were probably getting ready to call the police. By eleven thirty we were both wearing t-shirts and boxers, cuddled up on the couch with Metallica playing quietly in the background. My eyes wandered over the room as I held my boyfriend tightly against my chest. It's still the same room, small with a poor excuse of a fancy coffee table as the centrepiece and an angel who seems to be judging me from the fireplace. It's still the same room but now Jonghyun is here and it seems like this room is now the living room of a mansion and not a cheap apartment we rented out of sheer desperation. I'm not even being cheesy.

It's not something I can explain without feeling like my brain turns to mush which is why I don't
usually try. I don't tend to be overly dramatic or even romantic but if someone ever asked me to describe my boyfriend in one word it would probably be ethereal. A word which I learnt in an English Lit class, of course. But honestly, it's so fitting to Jonghyun's mere presence that it's scary. Even before I started crushing on him I thought he just illuminated any room he walked into. There were times when I would be hanging out with a mutual friend and he would walk in with his skinny ass legs and pretty smile and I could have sworn I could breathe more easily. He's heavenly at best, to be honest, and this is not me speaking as a boyfriend but rather as a person with two working eyes. It's just something about him, the way he carries himself. You never know what to expect but in a way you do and he's always exceeding expectations. Going out to a fancy family dinner? Handsome tux and perfectly styled hair. Going to a beach party? Tank top, slippers and a smile that could blind people if his smile was wide enough. It's just surreal how perfect this tiny human is.

"What are you thinking about?" he asks quietly from the comfort of my arms.

"You,"

"Are you being mushy again?" he snickers and looks up at me with those puppy like eyes.

"Fuck no, I was just admiring your air guitar skills!" I say with exaggerated fake confidence which made both of us laugh out loud.

"For real, though, thank you," his voice is now coated with honey and milk, he sounded sleepy.

"What for?" genuinely curious, I couldn't think of one thing he could be thanking me for.

"For believing in me,"

"You don't have to thank me for that sweetie, it's my job to support you and make you feel good about yourself," I say quietly, thinking how true that actually is.

"Not a lot of people think the way you do," the pout in his voice made me pout too.

"Yeah, but we don't care about them, now do we?"

"Nah, we don't"
It’s really curious. Really unnerving how the skies decided to split into two halves while I’m out with friends. I swear it’s just my luck and the torrential rain in the streets is solely my fault. For some reason, bad weather follows me everywhere I go. To the park. On nice dates. Mountain climbing trips. Beach holidays. Mostly when I’m outside too. It’s ridiculous and incredible how I’m not down with the flu ninety per cent of the time. Taemin knows about this too and despite him shaking his head at me and calling me silly for being so superstitious, I still think in my childish self-hatred that one day I’ll bring the apocalypse about. Alright, I went a bit too far there but I am bad luck!

“Jonghyun!” snaps Amber from across the small coffee table.

Right now I’m at a cheap but nice looking coffee place near Taemin’s college. It’s four o’clock in the evening and raining outside. To further prove my bad luck, when I left the house the sun was shining and the earth was emitting heat thus I decided to wear a pair of white ripped skinny jeans, a tank top and a pair of high-top sneakers. No jacket, of course. I am royally fucked.

“Yeah, yeah,” I smile prettily at my two close friends.

Amber and Jungkook have been my two closest friends since we were in diapers. Well, not really but that’s how it feels like. Amber works in an office as an assistant and is a part-time YouTuber while Jungkook is the proud owner of a small dance studio in the rugged part of Seoul. Of course, they both worked hard for what they have achieved, which is why I feel like a tit whenever we talk about our jobs.

“Do you have to pick your boyfriend up?” mutters Jungkook, his voice filled with amusement at the knowledge that Taemin is younger.

“He’s not even that much younger!” giggled Amber and I couldn’t help but roll my eyes.

“I am picking him up in roughly forty minutes,” I say and pick up my pink, heavy coffee mug but before drinking I ask them if they want to tag along.

“Why not, I don’t think I’ve seen him in at least four months,” Amber pipes in without waiting for Jungkook.

“I think that’s because they’re cooped up inside all of the time,”
They’re not wrong. These past few months have been so mentally draining for me, I just don’t have the energy to go out which means Taemin also stays in. I told him countless times that he doesn’t have to and that he should go out partying but every time I’m met with the same response: “It’s my decision to spend time with you” which is sweet but I can’t help but feel bad. I feel like he’s missing out on his college life, you know, partying and staying out late because of his older boyfriend.

“Yeah, I’ve been feeling a bit under the weather since summer ended,” I mutter without looking up, but rather playing with the last drop of coffee on the bottom of my mug.

The silence that followed was not unexpected. I am aware that not everyone is as socially inept as I am and not everyone has these crappy phases in their lives. Most of my friends are a lot more sociable than I am. During our college years, they would go out partying and drinking and I would stay inside the dorm, watching horror films and eating digestive biscuits and yoghurt. It’s honestly not surprising that my friends cannot relate to me and that is fine. I don’t want them to relate, I just need them to cut me some slack when I tell them I’m not in the mood to go out or catch up.

Soon, we paid for our coffee and left the comfort of the dry and clean coffee shop in exchange for a gloomy, no longer raining but still very wet outside. The pavement was still warm and smelt like earth and the streets were far emptier than they have been earlier. But it’s all good, just the thought of seeing Taemin managed to set off a bunch of butterflies in my tummy. Sometimes thinking about him makes my chest tighten up which is weird but welcomed anyway.

Amber and Jungkook love talking. When we were little they would literally fight over how long they could talk for. Sometimes it was a race to speak therefore who can get a word in faster or sometimes it was a mere argument of “Hey you got to speak for two minutes and twenty-seven seconds, that’s not fair!” which is totally insane. This is still the case today. So as we’re walking down the street among cars and small independent shops towards the big college they manage to distract me enough from the butterflies-turned-wasps in my tummy. Sometimes thinking about him makes my chest tighten up which is weird but welcomed anyway.

The big gates and fence always reminded us of a prison with barbed wire despite being regularly painted and the students are allowed to go out. Amber would always joke that one day we would have to dig holes to the other side or jump the fence and pray to God we won’t fall to our death. Today is no exception. As we stood in front of the open gates, we re-lived our time here.

“Remember the time we skipped class to smoke under the bleachers?”

“What about the time we pranked Mr Choi into thinking we all jumped from the fourth-floor window?”

“Oh, what about that one girl who came in bleeding after being stabbed just because she didn’t want the absence to go on her record?”

“That was a nasty one but you must remember the lower ground bathroom that always smelled like sex!”

And like that, we leant against what used to be our ‘cage’ and laughed about the good times and the weird times inside those brick walls. I never thought it would be like this. Finishing uni and catching up with friends only to remember the old times when we were forced to attend classes and do homework. If anyone would have told me back then that I would end up missing school I would have probably fake gagged and called them crazy.

The bell rang loudly enough for us to hear from outside and soon the oceans of students poured out from the double glass doors of the institution with Taemin being a single drop of the said ocean.
“Did we look this bad when we were studying here?” muttered Amber loud enough for us to hear.

“F*ck no, we were fashionable as all hell,” I giggle and they smile, knowing that it’s a big lie. We were far worse than these kids will probably ever be.

In no time I locked eyes with my tall, handsome boyfriend who strode towards me with an air of confidence and happiness in his eyes. I could feel my face moulding to accommodate a little shy smile as he hugged me close to his chest. So damn soft for such a skinny guy and his scent made me dizzy enough to make me sway on my feet when he let go.

”Taemin-ah!” cheered Jungkook as they did the forever awkward man hug where only their shoulders would touch.

”We haven’t seen you in so long,” teased Amber as Taemin pulled me closer against his side.  

”It’s not like you missed me much,” joked Taemin as Amber and Jungkook shared a knowing smile.

”So what are we doing now?” Amber was yelling over the loud chatter of the other students.

We decided to go to see a movie. Well, really, Jungkook decided, we just agreed because anything is better than standing outside in the cold autumn air. The trip to the nearest cinema was bound to be eventful with my two friends laughing and teasing Taemin and I. Many times I have asked myself how did I manage to get friends so different to myself and Taemin agreed. The first time he met my friends we weren’t together but were flirting our way around each other. They, of course, knew about my ever-growing crush on the younger boy and managed to make me look like a twat in front of him every single time we hung out together. This time is no different.

When we got to the small cinema we noticed that the place wasn’t swarming with people as it usually does. There were mostly married couples with children and a bunch of teenagers coming from school. The dark walls and the red carpet kept me entertained while they decided that they wanted to watch a horror movie, go figure. Looking around me I saw all the horror movies they had on display up on the black walls. A lot of crappy titles like ‘The Exorcist’ and ‘Saw’ adorned the walls and I felt myself lean further into my boyfriend's side. I hate horror movies.

”What do you want to watch?” muttered Taemin into my ear, making me shudder awkwardly.

”Uh, I don't mind,"

”Come on, you got to help us choose,” said Amber as we were slowly moving with the queue.  

My eyes scanned the walls frantically once again. 

"How about Ouija?” I ask as they turn to look at the poster and nod.

The cashier is this older lady who gave Taemin and I the look. You know, the look that tells us that we're going to hell. I tried to forget about her as we walked into the room with the huge screen being the only light. We found our seats and got comfortable in the poorly cushioned seats that always took the shape of our butts. The room was cold and mostly silent except for the very few people chatting quietly amongst themselves. Amber and Taemin were talking about the other Ouija movie they have watched in the past and how cliché the trope has become. Jungkook was already halfway through his large bucket of popcorn and if I cared enough to pay attention he was probably pushing the bottom of the bucket upwards so he can reach in with his mouth.

"You're filthy," I mutter to him whilst crossing my legs under my body.
"Gotta catch them all, man," he said with a toothy, buttery smile as the lights dimmed and Taemin reached for my hand.

Biting my lip, I lean back and hope this time I don't get nightmares.
From The Outside

Chapter Summary

“I’m going to get a makeover,” Taemin announced from their small kitchen.

Jonghyun’s head whipped around from where he was editing his latest batch of photos. His lips stretched into a soft smile as he watched his boyfriend run around the kitchen in a purple apron and fuzzy slippers. Taemin is not a cook. He’s simply disastrous in the kitchen, which might be a result of having a chef as a father. Jonghyun didn’t really mind cooking either, so the younger never had to try too hard. This meant that his sweet boyfriend was struggling big time in the kitchen. When Jonghyun asked whether he needs help, he was shot a deadly look which made the older boy swallow loudly. Taemin has the looks of a lion cub but can turn into a grown lion in seconds. Last time it happened, Jonghyun couldn’t sit down for a week. He grinned at the memory, it was something worth repeating.

“If that’s what you want,” he said sincerely as he went back to the photos at hand.

His latest shoot was, of course, a wedding. Winter weddings are often sparse which meant there was rarely any work for him to do but he always loved the winter weddings anyway. It’s just something about the snow and the dresses and the pretty décor. The American couple who hired him was probably the sweetest people he has ever met. The man was tall and well built, probably around 195 cm tall whereas the girl was short, around 160 cm tall. The couple was odd in terms of height but Jonghyun couldn’t deny the fact that they were gorgeous. They were all dark hair, green eyes, olive skin and big, white smiles. The wedding was a success and Jonghyun outdone himself with the photos. He didn’t even have to do much editing, really, but he wanted to impress them. After all, that’s how you build a business, right?

Jonghyun saved his progress and got up slowly from their small, shabby recliner. He stretched and yawned loudly as he made his way to the kitchen, where his boyfriend was hurling abuse at the oven. Taemin stood angrily across from the machinery with his hands on his hips and legs apart. He looked mad and even a bit embarrassed. Jonghyun can’t remember the last time he has seen his boyfriend cook.

“Are you alright?” he asked and Taemin softened immediately.

“Does it look like I’m alright?” the younger struggled to keep his harsh composure around his boyfriend.
“Don’t be a hardass,” muttered Jonghyun as he wrapped his arms around Taemin from behind.

Taemin relaxed into the embrace and leant back against the sturdy chest of his boyfriend. He sighed and motioned towards the oven. Jonghyun smiled at Taemin’s pouty lips.

“I don’t know how to turn the stove on,” he muttered and looked away from Jonghyun, who was struggling to keep his laughter in.

The older man bit his lip and moved around Taemin to turn the stove on. The fire flickered viciously at the touch of a button and Taemin’s eyes widened, he was left speechless.

“It was that easy,” he muttered as Jonghyun laughed.

“Yes,” Jonghyun buried his face against his boyfriend’s back.

The food was now cooking and they were sat down at the tiny, square dinner table across the oven. Their small apartment was well, small to say the least. Never have they ever had more than five people in this apartment and even then it was so full people had to sit on the floor. The area is not great either, many times Jonghyun had to meet Taemin half way from college to make sure he doesn’t get mugged or even worse, hurt.

They sat quietly with their legs touching, just waiting for their food. The soup wasn’t a promise of a good meal but Jonghyun was grateful for whatever the younger cooked for him. Jonghyun had to learn to fend for himself when he told his parents about his sexual orientation. From that day onwards, nobody even spared him a look, let alone cook for him or even do his laundry. More often than not he would find the washing machine running with his clothes in a pile next to it. He had to learn to do everything himself which is why it doesn’t really bother him having to take care of his younger boyfriend. At first, it really bothered Taemin, his boyfriend’s need to constantly take care of him. After Taemin’s mother died, his father and he had to split all the household chores. That meant inside the house and outside, only Taemin never had to cook. That was the one thing that calmed his father down so he was spared from that pain. So when he moved in with his hyung, he was a bit irritated. He got used to sharing the work. Soon, after getting to know each other more, Taemin understood Jonghyun’s need to care for him and accepted it fully.

Jonghyun hummed softly to himself as he toyed with the ceramic bear that holds their honey. The younger loves the sweet stuff so one day when Jonghyun made some extra cash from a big photo shoot, he went online and looked for something, anything that might make his boyfriend smile. When he stumbled onto an ad that displayed the bear he was hooked. He knew that Taemin doesn’t use regular sugar and that his father regularly uses honey therefore when he presented the gift to Taemin, well, let’s just say he thoroughly enjoyed it. Smiling, Jonghyun fumbled with the head of the bear as Taemin watched him quietly.

Taemin has always experimented with his looks, even before his mother passed away. It was just something he enjoyed doing; looking good and paying attention to his image. He supposes he got that from his mother. She was a bit of a fashionista too. Many of their family photos strewn across the house portrayed Taemin’s mother in various colourful outfits, loud makeup and fun hairstyles. It’s no surprise he wants to get a makeover after only four months of dyeing his hair black. He gets bored easily yet he was never sure what he wanted to do with his appearance. For a while, he even adopted a 90’s style and it took him years to get through his emo phase.

Soon they were sat down around their small coffee table in the living room. The chicken soup was steamy and Jonghyun dug in as soon as it cooled down enough. Taemin watched him silently as he picked up his own spoon. The older was aware that his lover was waiting for a reaction, anything to tell him whether he messed up their dinner or not. Jonghyun looked up at his expectant boyfriend
whose eyes were trained on his every move. Suddenly, Jonghyun whined loudly, making the younger flinch. He leant back slightly and rubbed his tummy with his eyes shut tightly.

"Oh my God, Taemin, this is amazing!" he erupted and the younger laughed loudly.

"You're such an ass," the younger giggled as Jonghyun returned to eating.

"But I'm your - "

"Let's just focus on the food," Jonghyun nodded and smiled.

The next day passed by in a blur for Jonghyun who cleaned the house and prepared lunch for the two of them whilst Taemin went out to dye his hair. The younger decided to keep the change a secret and only reveal it later that night which is so Taemin, thought Jonghyun. That day the older boy decided to throw out all of the mean letters his parents sent him, yet he was wary of actually throwing out the family photos. With a heavy heart, he started working on taking out all of the boxes hidden around the house. They never sent him big boxes, just small enough to fit in a letter and whatever else they could throw in his face which meant hiding them in random places was a lot easier. His favourite place to hide stuff was under a loose floorboard under their bed that Taemin doesn't know about. He would have told the boy about it if it didn't mean that his Christmas present spot wouldn't be discovered. Living in such a small space with another person is always tricky when it comes to hiding presents.

Jonghyun worried his lip as he looked down at the seven boxes stacked around the small living room. The room was tiny enough to make the boxes look bigger and more daunting. He sat down at the foot of the sofa and started opening up each box slowly. Some of the letters looked old, a bit yellow on the corners and one of them was even written on a typewriter. Jonghyun guessed it was his mother's new acquisition as a literature teacher. Another letter had coffee stains on it. He still remembers how he dropped his coffee mug on it when he was reading. Taemin ended up laughing with tears as he watched his hyung struggle to dry the paper before the ink muddled up. It didn't work, of course, Jonghyun never got to finish the letter. However, he did understand that the rest of his stuff, including childhood toys and clothes, were now donated to a local charity because his room was turned into a mini office for his mother.

Reading through every letter again, Jonghyun curled in on himself. After a while he started tuning out his entire family but re-reading all the bad stuff they said about him made all those emotions resurface. He was tired and sad and really furious with himself for choosing to re-live all those awful memories when really, he could have just recycled everything. Taemin says it's because he wishes he'd get his family back and that he really misses them but he doesn't. Jonghyun cried harder as he threw all the boxes in a big bin bag and left them all by the door. He couldn't even be bothered to look for the damned pictures. He wasn't even sure he wanted them, anyway.

When Taemin got home, he wasn't expecting to find his boyfriend in the middle of the kitchen with a bottle of whatever alcohol they had stored away in his hand and heavy tears streaking down his pretty face. He also wasn't expecting a bunch of pictures to be shredded all over the living room and part of the hallway too. Slowly, he approached his crying boyfriend and swiftly took the bottle out of his small hands.

Jonghyun was crying quietly to himself, feeling pathetic and stupid when Taemin walked in. His mind was hazy at best and the room was spinning slightly, enough for him not to notice when his
boyfriend picked him up and carried him into their bedroom. The house was cold so Taemin undressed his lover and dressed him up in their shared tiger onesie and then tucked him into bed. The older boy fell asleep as soon as his head hit the soft pillow. Taemin made sure to be extra quiet as he placed a glass of water and some painkillers on the bedside table. Jonghyun is a sad drunk and usually gets even sadder during a bad hangover. Going by the state of the bottle Taemin pulled out of the elder's hand, he was sure that even the slightest move will wake his lover up which will then result in loud sobbing for at least twenty minutes.

Sighing, he picked up the mixed bouquet of roses from the hallway and proceeded to place in a pretty vase Amber bought for them. He even asked for the meaning of each rose when he composed the bouquet and only chose the roses that fit their relationships, such as red, white, burgundy and pink. Taemin is not a flower person and he suspects that Jonghyun isn't either, yet the older boy always reacts well to receiving them so Taemin usually goes out of his way every now and then to buy his lover fresh flowers.

Tiredly, he moved to the living room to pick up all the bits of paper thrown around. Every single piece was a part of Jonghyun's past that Taemin has never seen and now he was sure he never will. He tried to put them back together to make a whole picture but his boyfriend was quite thorough in ripping them apart. Thinking about it, he never really got the chance to see any of the things that made Jonghyun who he is today whereas Jonghyun saw all the different parts of his life, even the embarrassing ones. He wasn't bitter, that wouldn't be the correct term, he was rather dissatisfied with the fact that Jonghyun's parents didn't seem to want to let go. The younger was aware that the reason why they didn't let go was that they never intended to in the first place, but he was also angry that their childish feud has such a powerful effect on his boyfriend. In fact, Taemin was quite surprised that the photos didn't end up burning in a trash can instead.

He couldn't help but be a bit disappointed with the situation. He was planning on coming home and showing off his new hairstyle then having a nice meal and a good movie. Instead, Jonghyun's parents had to go and ruin everything, again. He was not mad at Jonghyun, the older boy has been planning on getting rid of all the little 'presents' his parents keep sending him, yet he never really had the heart to do it. Yesterday, the boy announced that he will be throwing out everything and blocking any sort of communication with any of his family members. By the looks of it, Taemin wasn't sure that actually happened. His boyfriend was probably sorting through every box and got so caught up in it, he started crying which then led to drinking.

"I'm really sorry,"

Taemin spun around to see his boyfriend half hiding behind the door frame, looking very ashamed and tired. The older boy's cheeks glistened under the harsh light coming from their cheap bulb as he shifted on his feet restlessly.

"Come here, baby," muttered Taemin as he opened his arms wide.

Jonghyun sobbed loudly as he ran into his lover's arms. The two held each other tightly as Jonghyun cried into Taemin's shirt. His small body was shaking as Taemin rubbed his back slowly, trying to calm him down.

"Please don't be upset with me," Jonghyun muttered and then hiccupped at the end, making the younger boy smile.

"Aish, you silly boy," he cooed softly as he ran his fingers through soft, blonde hair. "How can I ever be upset with you?"

"I messed up," Jonghyun's eyes lowered slightly as he began fidgeting with his thumbs.
"We're all allowed to mess up sometimes,"

They stood like that for a while, just watching the sun go down and the stars come out. Taemin leant over the armrest of the couch and Jonghyun laid on him as they stood in comfortable silence for what felt like hours.

"I love the hair, though," the older mumbled as he looked up at Taemin's newly dyed hair.

Taemin smiled softly at him. The bright mixture of blonde and grey and lilac tips made his skin look translucent almost and his eyes suddenly turned into giant onyx beads. Jonghyun was totally enamoured with his boyfriend who seemed to get more and more handsome each passing day.

"You do?" Taemin asked seriously.

"Of course, anything looks good on you after all," he smiled. "I think we both needed to make some changes."

Taemin couldn't agree more.
Cosy Up

Chapter Summary

Getting ready for Christmas has always been a complete nightmare for Taemin. Too many crowded places, overly fake people and the waft of cakes and Christmas dinners made him puke a little in his mouth. Now call him the Grinch or whatever you like, but if your mother died three days before Christmas, it would ruin your spirits too. That didn’t stop his father from celebrating, though. He threw a family dinner with all their mourning relatives just so they could be together for support in such hard times. Taemin had to deal with annoying cousins taking up his room, eating his cereals and not understanding that his beloved mother, his only mother has just died of cancer. How could they, not only were they younger, they also had their mothers right there with them, whilst his mother was cruelly taken away from him.

His father also deduced that was the reason why Taemin strayed from their faith and to an extent, Taemin agreed. Not only does he find a loving, caring, omnipotent God cruel for taking away his dear mother, he also kind of grew out of it. Developed his own opinions and beliefs. His father never really pressed the issue but expected Taemin to conform to his faith on special occasions such as Christmas or Easter, just for the sake of it. Frankly speaking, it doesn't really bother Taemin because he understands his father's need for normality. The man has not moved on from his deceased wife and truthfully, Taemin is not sure if he could accept someone new in their lives. Not because he's selfish and doesn't want his father to be happy, but simply because he doesn't feel like they need another woman there with them.

It was also in times like those that the adults that came over for those sombre Christmas dinners that smothered him in unwanted, annoying affection. The young boy could not stand their pity, he simply couldn't. As he grew a bit older he started spending the holidays with his friends, leaving his father alone with the family that never really cares about him throughout the year. At the time Taemin didn't see how much that affected his father but now, as he stares at the calendar and the way the dreaded holiday was approaching, he knew that what he did was wrong. He should have sucked it up and supported his father. After all, it wasn't only his mother that died, it was also his father's wife.

Jonghyun, on the other hand, has always been so starved for affection. Always so eager to form his own family, his own support group with traditions and love and warmth and encouragement, that he finds Christmas to be the best time of his life. To Jonghyun, Christmas means family time and family time reminds him that he found family in Taemin and their small group of friends where he never knew he could. His real family stopped wanting him at about the age of thirteen and ever since, these
holidays became cold dinners that turned into dinners in front of the TV, alone. Now that he's got Taemin though, he tends to overreact. He loves showering everyone with love and presents and attention. It's just how he copes during the holidays.

But there has to be a compromise between the two, otherwise, the relationship wouldn't work. Which is exactly why they split their winter holidays in half. Spending a very Christmassy Christmas with Taemin's father who not only loves their company but also loves cooking big feasts for their close family and then spending the second part of their holiday, New Year's Eve with each other at home and just hanging out.

Right now, though, they are in the first phase when they're outside in a stupid shopping centre that is swarming with people, looking for tree decorations. Mind you, they don't have a tree yet and at this point, they're not sure they'll be able to even find one. It's the twenty-second of December and Jonghyun is excitedly dragging his lover from one store to the other in the search for glittery gold, silver and blue baubles. They have already picked out the tree topper, the holiday food is in the boot of the car they borrowed from Amber and now they are battling people trying to get to the best ornaments.

"Tae?" Jonghyun muttered as he squeezed by two women who were comparing colourful tinsel.

"Hm?" The younger boy asked as he toyed with a cheap looking Mickey Mouse tree decoration.

"Do you think we can buy some tinsel too?" Jonghyun asked as he leant against the man of his dreams. Even in places like these where people constantly judge their relationship, Jonghyun feels comfortable enough to show his affections for his lover. He reckons it would have been different with another man, it's just that Taemin is extra, extra special.

"Babe, we're only getting a small tree," the younger began and Jonghyun's bottom lip was starting to show.

"Don't you think there will be too many decorations on the tree?"

"Yeah, you're right," the older boy said and placed the green tinsel back on its hook.

"We can buy one for the mantelpiece if you want to," Taemin said, his voice a bit more cheerful as he gave in to his pouting boyfriend who perked up as soon as he heard the approval.

The winter this year has been heavy and dark. The days were shorter during this time and the frozen everything made the world stop whenever they went outside. People were nowhere to be seen usually and even in front of the mall parking lot, everyone just scurried around to their cars, trying to avoid the biting cold. Amber's car is small and old, completely perfect for someone who is just making it every month. Jonghyun and Taemin usually borrow it when they go on big shopping sprees and that's pretty rare for them, given their money circumstance. They hurried to the car with bags full of decorations they didn't have to buy in the previous years. Their first years together were always spent at Taemin's house or even at one of their friend's house so they never really felt the need to decorate their own place but this year around they will finally get the chance to put their own tree up and cook their own Christmas dinner.

Taemin's father called them a week prior to the big shopping spree to tell them that he sadly won't be home for Christmas and that instead, he will be spending time with this new lady he has been dating for a few months now. It did come as a shock at first, but Taemin just shrugged it off in the end. It didn't take much convincing from Jonghyun that his father is also a person who deserves to move on and find his happy place again. In his heart, Taemin knew that was the case. He just felt like they were both doing his mother an injustice and that really didn't sit well with him.
The trip back home was quiet with small chatter here and there. Jonghyun drove fast and precise, bringing them home in a safe record time of only twenty minutes. They then proceeded to compete trying to bring up as many bags as possible, as fast as possible. A task they both thoroughly enjoyed and perfected over the years. Taemin's technique is simple yet effective. He just perks as many bags as he can in both hands in order to stabilise himself and usually leaves the parking lot first. That's when Jonghyun takes out his little ring from the key chain he always carries around. He then proceeds to loop it around all the remaining shopping bags which he drags to the back elevator which supposedly never works. This means that he always wins their little competition. At first, he thought that he was being sly about it but then he realised that Taemin let him do that because he found it endearing. They have never spoken about it though because that would mean Jonghyun would lose the game.

“Oh come on,” he whined at the key that didn’t want to go into the lock. The building was old and the apartments were outdated which meant that they were still using keys, in comparison to some of their friends living in amazing buildings that required them to simply swipe a card to go in. Jonghyun was leaning against the wall of the small hallway, watching his boyfriend quietly. Jonghyun is not one for patience despite the fact that he can spend hours in one spot reading a book or pull all-nighters editing photos. Finally, the older boy managed to open the door to their small apartment. With a sigh of relief, they both went inside carrying a few bags each. The whole place was a mess. From the clothes strewn around the bathroom floor, to the blankets littering the living room and the unwashed pots in the kitchen. Taemin smiled. Last night they decided to build a little fort in the living room where they ate chicken soup and cheesy fries, watched the whole Paranormal Activity series and had lazy sex in a mess of their fallen fort. He didn’t really see the point of cleaning everything up and putting up a stupid tree that was going to make a mess anyway.

Pouting, he started unloading their bags and putting things away. The food they bought was specifically for Christmas dinner. They bought carrots, sweet potato noodles, onions, beef, two jars of kimchi and a whole lot of other stuff Taemin wasn’t really interested in. Jonghyun made sure to write everything down the night before as to make sure they won’t forget anything but to Taemin, he honestly saw the whole fiasco as pointless, tiring and quite frankly sad. They could always eat bulgogi and watch Christmas films, heck they could wear festive jumpers all year long.

“Are you alright?” Jonghyun muttered from behind, his arms sneaking around the younger as he burrowed his face between Taemin’s shoulder blades. The older boy breathed in his lover and instantly calmed down. This year was the year he was actually putting together his own Christmas. Up until now, there was no pressure for him to do everything perfectly because he could work on it at Taemin’s house along with everyone else. He was excused for not doing things well there because it wasn’t his place but now he has to make it perfect and the pressure is a bit overwhelming. Taemin nodded quietly as he leant back into his boyfriend. They finished putting everything away in record time and then set to do the cleaning.

“How about I take the living room and our bedroom and you do the kitchen and the bathroom?” Taemin spoke softly, hoping Jonghyun would agree.

“You just don’t want to do the dishes,” the older boy chuckled from the comfort of their fallen blanket fort.

“You know me so well,” Taemin grinned and laid down next to Jonghyun. He sneaked his arms around the smaller boy and pulled him flush against himself. Jonghyun blushed and hugged his lover back, feeling the warmth radiating from Taemin. They usually have a set schedule on when they leave the gas on, even though the winter is almost cruel, they couldn’t afford a huge gas bill. That meant wearing socks around the house and a whole lot of cuddling. Taemin nuzzled his cheek into the older boy’s blonde hair which always smelled like cherries and chocolate although he wasn’t
really sure why his boyfriend smells of yoghurt, they only ever use a peach scented shampoo. He
toyed with the boy’s hands, massaging the back of the hands then moving to dig his fingers into his
palms then spreading them gently to hold onto Jonghyun’s hand. The older boy sighed contently,
listening to Taemin’s breathing calmed his nerves down to a slight degree. He normally knows he
shouldn’t be so obsessed with having the perfect Christmas. He just felt like he needs to fix up
something his parents fucked up on. He wanted a happy, white holiday despite their financial
struggles and his ongoing depressive bursts.

“My butt is numb,” Jonghyun muttered after having sat down in the same spot for an hour straight,
just chatting quietly to his boyfriend.

“I can help with that,” Taemin’s tone was suggestive with a hint of fun and Jonghyun giggled.

“You pervert,” they both giggled.

“We should get started on cleaning,” Taemin whispered against Jonghyun’s throat where he began
leaving small, feathery kisses. The older boy closed his eyes and hummed, pointing out that foreplay
is not part of cleaning. Taemin smirked and toyed with Jonghyun’s shirt as he pulled back to look at
his boyfriend.

“It’s not messy enough, though,” he said and bit Jonghyun’s lower lip, pulling it softly then placing a
soft kiss on the plush, pink lips. Jonghyun moved to lay on his back on the blankets, pulling Taemin
on top of him.

“Agreed,” he muttered softly against Taemin’s lips.
Sighing softly, he looked up at the morphine supply. He stared at it longingly, not quite sure whether he wanted to yank it out or ask for more. The pain in his ribs kept him up all night and his right arm was going numb again.

**Chapter Notes**

This chapter deals with sensitive topics such as a suicide attempt which was written way before Jonghyun's unfortunate tragedy. I thought about just deleting this chapter but this is the first little space chapter and the story wouldn't be the same without it. If this makes you feel uncomfortable I completely understand if you want to skip it and if you feel triggered in any way, please DO NOT read this chapter.

Also, this was my first time actually writing Jonghyun as a little. He also happens to have a little stutter in this headspace. Now, I'm not really sure how it came out or whether it's accurate enough. I did my research but if any of you would like to comment on that aspect, please let me know what you think and how I can improve. Overall, I hope you enjoy this chapter. It kind of came out of nowhere even though I knew I wanted to take the story this way. Please let me know what you thought of it!

Blinking once, twice, three times, Jonghyun looked up at the whiteness that surrounded him. In photography lessons, he learnt that white is usually associated with purity and innocence but being here he couldn't see how that is possible. Three days in a row, waking up in a completely white, completely cold, completely empty hospital room did not remind him of purity and innocence. He could almost see all the disease lingering through the corridors, the blood smeared on the walls, the dirt clogging up the bathrooms. It did not remind him of purity or whatever he was supposed to be reminded of. Jonghyun knew that reality was a social construct based on our upbringing, he knew that the whiteness of the walls was meant to calm him down, to give him some sort of hope, a neutral place to keep him from going crazy.

He was not crazy.

Sighing softly, he looked up at the morphine supply. He stared at it longingly, not quite sure whether he wanted to yank it out or ask for more. The pain in his ribs kept him up all night and his right arm was going numb again. He wasn't sure why, although he didn't mind the lack of feeling. Jonghyun was confused whether he wanted the pain or not. When he was in the glass room, watched by random nurses, he didn't really pay attention to anything. Not the numbing sensation in the right side of his body, nor the thoughts swimming in his mind, as though his head was the home of a bipolar ocean. The waves of dizziness came and went, depending on the medicine they gave him, but all those pills could not take away the chill that was resting in his bones.

It has been a week since the cops pulled him out of the river he threw himself into. They pulled him
out soaking wet, with five broken ribs, a broken arm, a bunch of deep scratches and a concussion. Apparently, he also developed a chest infection from all the water pooling in his lungs. His eighteen-year-old body was not responding well to the medication either, the morphine made him burn and itch so badly, he pulled out the IV hooked to his wrist. The nurses that checked up on him afterwards were instructed to keep a very close eye on him and the few policemen who found him came to visit him every other day.

Jonghyun refused to talk to any of these strangers and his parents haven't visited him yet. He was sure they won't visit him so he wasn't really sure why he was clinging to that little spark of hope. As he chuckled at the thought he began coughing, his ribcage expanding painfully. Jonghyun willed himself to calm down, he closed his eyes again. Maybe he was meant to die and all these people were just playing God, maybe, just maybe, dying would hurt less. Dying would mean he wouldn't feel the hot tears running down his cold cheeks. Dying would mean he wouldn't have to hope for people to give a fuck. Dying would mean finding out what peace really feels like.

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Jonghyun gasped loudly as he was roughly pulled from his dream. Choking back a sob, his vision focused on Taemin who was drying his tears. The younger was muttering something softly to him, Jonghyun could almost feel his sweet, warm breath on his cheeks and his long fingers crawling against his scalp.

"Come on baby, speak to me," Taemin whispered, getting more and more anxious by the minute. His lover was looking dazed and his entire body was shaking. "Come on sweetie, talk to Daddy." "Mi-Minnie?" Jonghyun barely spoke, he couldn't feel his body, the words that escaped past his lips were a mere cold breath that he couldn't feel. "I'm scared, Daddy."

"It's alright dear, it's alright. Just a bad dream, that's all," Taemin moved to pick his boyfriend up. The older boy let himself be moved about, his heart racing in his chest, against ribs that were once broken.

"Jo-Jo-Jonghyunnie can't feel," he swallowed thickly as Taemin placed him on their couch. "Anything."

"It's alright baby," Taemin pulled a blanket from the back of the couch and draped it over the boy's back. He then set on thoroughly massaging every inch of Jonghyun body. Taemin's hands worked slowly, taking his time and checking up on his baby as he moved from his toes to his feet and all the way up to his thighs. Jonghyun hummed a soft tune to himself, trying to relax as his Daddy was making his body feel normal again. The boy began playing with his thumbs as Taemin moved up to his abdomen.

"What did you dream about, Jjjongie?" Taemin made sure to speak slowly and quietly, afraid that he might pull Jonghyun out of his little space too roughly.

"The ri-river," Jonghyun sniffled and wiped his nose messily with his sleeve. "Thank you, Daddy!"

"Feel better?" Jonghyun nodded and Taemin kissed his forehead softly. "How about I bring you some warm milk and we can watch a movie?"

"Ca-Can we watch Disney?" Jonghyun's words began slurring and Taemin nodded.

"Whatever you want," he kissed his boy's head again. "My perfect little boy."
"-took my baby away!" Jonghyun tapped the heels of his hands on the cold desk as he sang out loud. The house was empty except for him and all the work he had to do. After months and months of applying for jobs, all kinds of jobs, he was finally accepted at a small photography company in Seoul. It was perfect for him, mostly because he could work from home most of the time. Three weeks into the new year and he finally had a job.

When he was contacted by the manager, a middle-aged, lovely lady, he was beyond happy. He actually struggled not to cry on the phone as the woman was sweetly explaining the details to him. As soon as he put down the phone he just burst into tears in the middle of their living room. Taemin was at school so nobody was there to really feel the joy with him, so instead, he took whatever little money he had saved up for occasions like these and bought a small chocolate cake and cheap champagne.

Jonghyun couldn’t believe that finally, he got a job he loves and will actually pay him a decent amount. They won’t have to budget everything down to the last penny! Maybe they’ll even be able to move into a bigger apartment, one that fits more than five people at a time.

He waited until lesson hours were over to prepare a nice dinner for Taemin and him to celebrate. Once dinner was all ready to go, he set up the plates and the cutlery on the living room coffee table and waited patiently for his boyfriend to come home. Only as he was waiting, he decided to turn on the TV. As he did so, re-runs of Scooby Doo came on and slowly but surely, his inner little came out. He didn't mean to slip into his headspace. In fact, that was the complete opposite of what he had in mind for that night.

Instead, he found himself gurgling happily as the beginning of the show carried out. Jonghyun grew more and more anxious as the show got scarier and scarier, slowly reaching its climax. He knew he should just call his Daddy, who was well on his way home, but he was too scared to get up and find his phone. The whole house was dark and the noises from the TV seemed impossibly loud. Jonghyun covered his ears and whimpered, trying not to stare at the zombie that was chasing poor Scooby and Shaggy.
Just as the monster was about to get caught, a clicking noise could be heard from the entrance. Jonghyun squealed and scurried across the floor towards the throw blanket they always kept by. He carefully hid under the blanket, whimpering quietly to himself as his heart beat faster and faster. The person who walked inside was humming softly as he turned on the lights to the hallway and to the living room.

Taemin stared at the shaking mound on the floor.

"Jonghyunnie, baby, are you alright?" He called out softly, noticing the nicely arranged plates and the cartoon playing in the background.

"Daddy!" Jonghyun cried and ran out of his hiding spot and straight into Taemin's arms.

"It's alright sweetie, Daddy's here," murmured Taemin as he kissed Jonghyun's head over and over again.

"I was so scared, Daddy," the boy sniffled and hugged Taemin closer. "I thought you were a zombie!"

"Well, even if I were a zombie, I couldn't possibly hurt such a pretty boy as you are!" Jonghyun giggled into his Daddy's chest.

Taemin pulled back and looked at Jonghyun who stopped crying and was now playing with his thumbs. The older boy had this habit of fiddling with whatever he was holding when he was feeling nervous. Taemin couldn’t really blame him. Jonghyun hasn't been little in so long, it felt new all over again. Softly he guided Jonghyun to the couch and sat him down. He then picked up the throw blanket and draped it around Jonghyun who instantly pulled it over his head.

"Does Jonghyunnie miss Bunny?" Taemin asked his boyfriend softly. Bunny was Jonghyun's rabbit plushie, which was given to him by one of the only people who know about his little side, Jongin.

"Yes, Daddy," Jonghyun's voice was small but excited to see his friend again. They decided to keep all the toys hidden away in a small cupboard in their living room, just in case their friends or family might come over unannounced.

Taemin opened the cupboard by the window which was full of various stuffed animals and a box full of different coloured pacifiers. He picked out the yellow rabbit and one of Jonghyun's favourite pacis and brought them over to the curious boy huddled up on the couch. The older boy reached out his arms and squealed happily. Smiling, Taemin slipped the pacifier in between Jonghyun's lips and turned the TV off.

"Alright baby, Daddy's going to get the food," he said and Jonghyun nodded, too preoccupied with Bunny to pay too much attention to his Daddy. "Why don't you pick out a movie we can watch tonight?"

"Can we watch Beauty and the Beast?" Jonghyun spoke slowly around the pacifier.

"Anything you want sweetie,"

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Jonghyun smiled at the memory, which was not too long ago. He ended up telling Taemin about the job the next day over coffee. The younger was really happy and excited, as though it was him who got a new job. They prepared everything for Jonghyun to take to his workplace the very next day.
The first few days at work were tough, Jonghyun couldn't deny that he missed staying home and taking care of Taemin, even though he was really happy to be working again. All he had to do was to was take pictures and edit them accordingly to what the customers requested. Only most of the customers were pretentious dicks that made Jonghyun want to curl up and die.

Now he was editing their latest batch of photos. A couple came in and requested a pregnancy photo shoot, which went fairly well by Jonghyun's standards. The woman was small and so obviously excited to be pregnant and the man was so, so obviously in love with her. Even now as he was scrolling through all of their pictures, he could see all the love in his eyes and the way he was holding her and her baby bump. Jonghyun wondered if Taemin and he looked like that. Not the pregnant bit, of course, but so damn in love. He wondered whether people could see their love for each other in their eyes and whether it looked as sweet as it did on this couple.

Smiling happily, he saved his progress and turned his laptop off. Taemin was meant to come from school soon and he wanted to bring some of their friends over. Minho, Kibum and Jinki all decided to visit them that night and Jonghyun was so happy to see them all that he prepared a huge meal to greet them with.

As he ran around the house putting everything together, he muttered the song that was stuck in his head for the past two days or so. The song was by a popular band called Blue Oyster Cult and he was completely in love with their music. He even went as far as to buy one of the band T-shirt and cut off the arms to make it into a tank top. When Taemin saw that he couldn’t help but groan. Jonghyun was obsessed with tank tops and skinny jeans, which looked great on him but were not appropriate for the weather.

Soon the main door was unlocked and a bunch of loud voices carried through the apartment, making Jonghyun grin widely. He hasn't seen his friends in what feels like ages.

"Oh, you son of a bitch!" Cried Kibum as he ran in and hugged the smaller man, making him blush.

"I missed you too," Jonghyun giggled and hugged the younger boy back. Kibum, Jinki and he went to college together. The two were now happily pursuing their dream jobs. "How was Milan?"

"Oh, don't ask him that," groaned Minho who came to hug Jonghyun. As the younger hugged him, Jonghyun burrowed his head in the young man's sweater, taking in the all too familiar smell of peaches and cream. Minho was currently working at an accounting firm in the centre of Seoul which meant the younger visited Jonghyun and Taemin a lot more often than the other two.

"Why not?" Taemin asked as he gave Jonghyun a big smooch on the cheek.

"Because he won't stop talking about it," Jinki laughed as he stumbled into the room, his shoes only half way off his feet.

"Do you need some help, hyung?" Minho and Taemin snickered.

"My shoelaces are all knotted up," the older boy muttered as he tried to kick off the offending shoes.

"I'll help you, Jinki hyung," Kibum announced and went to untie the older boy's shoelaces while the rest of the boys made themselves comfortable in various places in the living room.

The evening passed by in a blur of colours and laughter. They ate Jonghyun’s dinner, played Clue, watched The Maze Runner and gossiped in between. Jonghyun has always been more of an introvert by nature, it has nothing to do with his family purposely pushing him away, he has always been a quiet person. He needed time to recharge, to take a deep breath after these sort of outings with friends.
who have a lot more social energy than he does. Taemin always said that Jonghyun is special in his own way, even though they both knew the younger was just trying to make his lover feel better. Truth was, he learnt to live with it. The fact that he is not like everybody else stopped worrying him a while after his first suicide attempt. After that, it simply became normal.

Jonghyun and Taemin waved goodbye to their friends somewhere after midnight, when the building was quiet and the lights that paved their ways were ominously flickering. Jonghyun cowered behind Taemin as they closed the door. The younger felt a pair of small hands gripping at his t-shirt and he smiled. Jonghyun doesn’t tend to stay up late like this. The older boy is usually set to a routine. Going to sleep after midnight was bound to tire him out. He turned around to see his boyfriend yawn cutely with his eyes half closed and his cheeks alight with fire.

“Hey baby,” Taemin cooed at the boy who nested in his arms, against his chest.

“Hey, Daddy,” the older boy muttered and closed his eyes. He was overly tired from all the social interaction he had to do.

“Let’s get you to sleep,” Taemin proceeded to pick Jonghyun up and perch him on his hip. The older boy rested his head on Taemin’s shoulder and whined quietly in his ear, complaining that he’s not sleepy.

“Then why are your eyes closed?” chucking, Taemin helped the little strip off his everyday clothes and into his comfy, dark blue pyjamas.

“They’re not, see?” Jonghyun said and pointed at his half-lidded eyes. If big Jonghyun was meticulous about his bedtime, little Jonghyun couldn’t care less.

“As you say, little man,” Taemin tucked Jonghyun into their bed and kissed his forehead. “I’ll go get Bunny and then we can go to sleep, okay?”

“Is Daddy sleeping with Jonghyunnie?” Jonghyun asked softly, he was clearly on the verge of falling asleep.

“Of course, baby,” Taemin said just as Jonghyun slipped away into a peaceful slumber.
Imagine big waves of intense heat. Imagine white, cold nights that can only be warmed up by the presence of a loved one. Just close your eyes and imagine feeling numb and then bang, all of a sudden your chest tightens and your hands shake with pure, wild desperation. It's like being held under the water for days on end until finally, someone brave enough to love you, to really love you, pulls you out. Just imagine that and realise that this was not how it started. Not at first anyway.

Chapter Notes

Trigger Warning: This chapter deals with graphic mentions of a suicide attempt. It was written way back in March 2017 and while I thought about scrapping it I really do believe it adds to the characters and their development. Of course, if you feel uncomfortable reading it I advise you to skip it since the next couple of chapters are all fluff and romance. Thanks for reading and enjoy! xx
meant to them.

It was at night that Jonghyun opened up about his suicide attempt. Taemin's bare back was against the cold, shiny wall as Jonghyun was carefully nestled in between the younger's legs. At this point, they were still figuring out their feelings for each other but it always took physical contact to truly feel comfortable. So they took advantage of each other's body heat to warm up the cold winter night. Taemin was shyly toying with Jonghyun's jet black hair and the older boy was softly drawing patterns on the younger's thigh.

"What even is the meaning of all of this?" Taemin began slowly, drawing out his words in such a way that it made Jonghyun's entire body melt. "I mean, think about it."

Jonghyun did think about it way too often for the question to even make sense anymore. He wasn't even sure whether the meaning of life was the same for everybody. Maybe that's why nobody knows the meaning of life because there is no set meaning. That's something Jonghyun noticed. For people to agree on something, there must be a universal truth. There must be a single truth, in fact, human nature is just like that. Simply complicated. People are awfully afraid and stupidly naive.

"You're thinking too hard," Taemin laughed and his chest rumbled, shaking Jonghyun out of his trance.

"You asked me to think," Jonghyun giggled. "I believe that there is no one universal truth. There are many meanings to our existence, many equations and answers for questions people haven't asked."

"I think it's quite straightforward, though," Taemin mumbled as his fingers traced Jonghyun's outline, dragging on the hot skin and making him shiver. "We all want one thing, one thing that drives us all."

"What's that?" Jonghyun asked with his head resting on the younger's shoulder, making it easy for Taemin to blow warm air into his ear.

"To fit in,"

Jonghyun let a beat skip as he took in Taemin's answer. Despite the ache he constantly felt inside his chest, he turned the idea on all of its sides. He took his time taking it apart as Taemin played with the moonlight that shone through the small window of his dorm room and onto Jonghyun's bare skin. To fit in was also relative in Jonghyun's perspective. To fit in has different meanings for everyone, different levels. What does fitting in really mean? After all, we all come into this world alone and die alone so why does fitting in really matter.

"What even is the point of that?" he related his worries to the younger who hummed quietly. "We're born alone, we die alone. Why do we even bother?"

"It's human nature, we're just stupid that way," Taemin's words made Jonghyun's head spin.

"I suppose," he paused. "Do you think this is stupid?"

"What?"

"What we're doing now," Jonghyun murmured and turned his head to stare at the younger boy.

"What are we even doing?" Taemin smiled and Jonghyun furrowed his brows.

"I don't know," he said and turned back around.

Silence fell upon them once again. The whole house was quiet except for one of the tenants' cats whose purring was loud enough to wake the dead. The room was chilly with the window cracked open. On the window ledge, a book was perched lightly, as though it was simply left there in a hurry. The window had different stickers stuck on it in random places and below the window, Mr Whiskers was resting in a pile of clothes. By the window, there was Jonghyun's small desk which housed a lamp, a small, too old to function laptop and a bunch of pens strewn around, papers and books littered the place. Taemin's eyes ran around the room. They travelled in circles trying to take in the smallest details, the most important ones such as the way Jonghyun's chair was leaning
backwards, as though Jonghyun always leans on the back legs of the chair. A bad habit, Taemin notes.

Jonghyun thought hard about the meaning of fitting in. He couldn't really place his finger on the reason why that resonated with him so much. He's always been indifferent about others, at least he told himself so. Taemin's words made him realise that his desire to fit in, the meaning of his insignificant life, has always driven his every decision. Moving out for example. He thought that by moving out and putting some living distance in between himself and his family will allow everyone to think clearly. He thought that by giving his parents space, they will learn to love him. Jonghyun adopted the idea that they'll only love him after he's gone. He was wrong, of course.

"I think you're right," he said finally.
"You sound sad," Taemin noticed and hugged the older boy closer to his own body.
"More like disappointed," Jonghyun huffed and snuggled closer to Taemin. "I just wished something else would be the thing that drives me to fulfil my aspirations."
"Like what?"
"Love," Jonghyun's cheeks heated up. "I don't know. The idea of needing to fit in is kind of sad."
"Have you ever felt that way?"
"Yeah," he breathed in and out tiredly. His very existence was a 'fitting in' game, from the day he was born, so was he really born alone? Maybe he was just born with an insatiable need for reassurance and love. "When I was eighteen."

Taemin paused.

"What happened when you were eighteen?" the younger couldn't shake the bitter taste in his mouth off, the idea that he just turned nineteen was annoying him. Everything about falling desperately in love with an older person was a direct challenge from the people around them.
"Long story," Jonghyun chuckled darkly and closed his eyes. Telling Taemin meant telling someone and telling someone meant admitting that what he did was wrong. Also, telling someone meant they might judge him. Jonghyun wasn't really sure if he could take any judgement based on his actions, especially from Taemin.
"We've got time," the younger muttered in his ear and daringly moved to kiss Jonghyun's bare shoulder.

Jonghyun shivered in response to the light kiss. He felt his cheeks heating up like two red globes and he shifted in the younger's lap, making him chuckle.

"When I was eighteen, I spent a week just roaming around Seoul. I saved up enough money to go to every theme park, a lot of musicals and movies and I ate at a different restaurant every single day. I stayed in a three-star hotel and by the end of it I was so broke I had to walk home," he sighed. "I thought that a bit of alone time will help, you know. Um, well, it didn't. I hated every theme park, every hotel and restaurant because I was so alone. I always thought I was pathetic but to actually run away from home to do such things on my own, well, that hit a new low."
"A lot of people do that, though," Taemin said as he was trying to guess where the story was going. "Yeah, but not clinically depressed people. Especially people who haven't taken their depression pills in months. Anyways, I ended up by a bridge near my school. It was late at night and nobody was around. I was feeling so shitty about myself, about going home to people who haven't even searched for me the whole week..."

Jonghyun breathed in slowly.

"It was hard to deal with. Knowing I don't matter to any of them, that I was just taking space. I was so starved for love and affection that I just needed someone to be there for me, you know?" as he
Jonghyun felt the lump in his throat threatening to explode. "I just dropped everything, my backpack, my phone, everything. I climbed the bridge, swung one leg over the railing, then the other and then I was just, kind of hanging there."

Taemin listened attentively to Jonghyun's breathy, low voice. His heart was slightly palpitating in his chest. Worry and bile crept up his throat as he took in every single word. To say that he was scared was the least he could muster. This idea that the person he felt so connected to could have been dead was mind numbing. He couldn't even begin to understand what that must have felt like for Jonghyun. His heart ached with every word that escaped the older boy's mouth.

"Beneath me was a river. The currents weren't really powerful but it was a cold, windy night so it was worse than usual. I remember looking down at the rocks, the weeds and the foam the water created and thinking that even if I fall and hit everything in sight, it won't hurt as much as not being loved by my family. So that's what I did. I let go of the railing one finger at a time. I didn't even bother to leave a note or call someone, I just let go."

Jonghyun's throat closed up and he stifled a whimper, a sob. The image was so clear in his head despite all the damage he came out of that experience with. It was like a picture tattooed on the inside of his eyelids and sometimes, when Jonghyun went to sleep in his dorm bed, on the thin, floppy mattress, he would take that image apart. He would notice the foamy water beneath him, the way the small waves rippled angrily and broke against stones and rocks. He would stare at the moss growing on said rocks, at the weeds that littered the river and the way the slope curved into the water on either side. Sometimes he would wonder whether coming out relatively unharmed was a good thing. Sometimes he knew for a fact it wasn't. But having that picture in his mind, no matter how fucked up it is, will always hold special meaning in his heart.

"All I remember was the fall. The wind dried up my eyes and then nothing. The next thing I knew I woke up in a hospital room that wasn't like any I have ever been in. Apparently, suicide patients are put in a weird room with a bed that was in front of a glass wall. From there everyone could make sure I was alright. It was so awkward, you know, people always watching my every move. I felt dirty too. I was cold and guilty. I was hoping that maybe my parents would come and visit. Of course, none of that happened. When I went home I realised that they left to go on a holiday with my sister and my dog four days after I left for my little trip. Three weeks in total and they haven't looked for me once."

Silence fell upon them and only Mr Whiskers could be heard. His long, drawn out purrs helped Taemin think. He struggled to take in all of the information given to him, despite the lack of gory detail. He imagined not having the raven haired boy in his arms and felt his heart protest. Not being able to hold him, kiss his neck softly the way he knew Jonghyun loved it and to talk about the too complex meaning of life. The mere thought was unfathomable to Taemin who strengthened his hold on Jonghyun.

"What did they say when they got home?" Taemin asked softly, his voice was barely above a whisper and Jonghyun sighed.

"I never told them. Legally, I was an adult by that time so I didn't need to tell them anything. I decided to stay with one of my aunts who took care of me," he smiled as he remembered aunt Junghyun who was ready to tear his parents apart when he ended up at her door. "She's the only person who knows about this, well, besides you."

"Thank you for telling me," Taemin said sincerely. He truly felt it when he said it. "Maybe that's the meaning of life."

"Hm?" Jonghyun asked tiredly.

"Helping people overcome difficult times. Your aunt helped you and in the end, you helped yourself."
"What's the point in helping yourself?" asked Jonghyun feeling perplexed.
"It's all that matters, really, it's like doing a job for the collective to further help us move along in life," Taemin's words were swimming behind Jonghyun's eyes.
"I think you're really tired," Jonghyun laughed and Taemin chuckled. He was really tired.

By the time they woke up later that day in a heap of bedsheets and limbs, they both felt like they learnt something valuable from each other. No matter their angst-ridden conversations, they both realised in their own way that there is no set meaning to our lives, that we create meaning.
Sunshine

Chapter Summary

As the morning came, Taemin yawned loudly against Jonghyun’s bareback and wrapped his arms tighter around the blonde boy’s torso. Gently, he drew his fingers across the heated skin, his nails dug in softly, making the older boy giggle. Today was one of their rare days off and they decided to stay in and enjoy each other’s company. Slowly, Jonghyun lifted his head and looked up at the younger boy whose eyes were closed.

As the morning came, Taemin yawned loudly against Jonghyun’s bareback and wrapped his arms tighter around the blonde boy’s torso. Gently, he drew his fingers across the heated skin, his nails dug in softly, making the older boy giggle. Today was one of their rare days off and they decided to stay in and enjoy each other’s company. Slowly, Jonghyun lifted his head and looked up at the younger boy whose eyes were closed. Taemin always had a baby face in the morning. His full cheeks and the flawless skin radiated youthful innocence which completely shocked him the first time they had sex. Seeing this man who was so dominant and sexy the night before look like a child from a Christmas card the next morning was unbelievable. Sighing, Jonghyun stretched and turned around to face his younger lover. Softly, he leant in and pecked his pouty lips slightly. He nibbled on Taemin’s bottom lip and shifted closer to the boy, feeling like there is not enough skin on skin contact. The younger giggled when Jonghyun swiped his tongue meekly across his bottom lip, asking for a kiss. He parted his lips slightly and their tongues met in the middle in a slow, lazy morning kiss.

"Good morning, Sunshine," Taemin mumbled sleepily as he stretched out his limbs.

"That's a new one," Jonghyun chuckled and burrowed his face in the pit of Taemin's shoulder, earning a laugh from his boyfriend.

"I'm picking up the tradition again," Taemin announced and looked clearly at his boyfriend, watching for his reaction.

"We were so young when that started," remembering the beginning of their relationship, Jonghyun smiled up at Taemin.

"I was young, you were old!" Taemin snickered when the older boy pushed him half-heartedly.

"Yeah, well, at least I could actually drink the wine on our second date," Jonghyun smirked when he saw the other's mock-angry expression.

"Oh no, are you really bringing that up?" Taemin laughed. "My fizzy water was just great, thank you very much."

"It made you all burpy, though," by this point they were struggling to keep the laughter in.

"I always thought that's what drew you in," the youth said and they both exploded into loud, bubbling laughter.
Settling down, Jonghyun rested his head on top of Taemin's chest as Taemin reached up and switched on their fairy lights. Fairy lights have always been Jonghyun's favourite things to stare at when he was in little space so when Taemin switched them on, the older boy looked perplexed. Taemin shrugged and snuggled closer to his lover. It was the middle of February but the air was still biting cold and the streets still looked grey and dull. Even the light coming through their small bedroom window was gloomy and dismal. Such atmosphere usually set the tone of the day but the two decided from the night before that they were going to make the most of their day off.

Taemin stretched out his long limbs as Jonghyun watched the muscles in his back move under his skin. The purple haired boy leant back down to plant a small kiss on his boyfriend's forehead, then he got up and made his way lazily towards their tiny kitchen. Taemin was never big on coffee, well, not as much as Jonghyun, anyway. He set to making their daily brew. Despite Jonghyun's quite obsessive love for coffee, he never drinks it without sugar. In fact, that was one of the reasons why Taemin approached him the first time they met. The party was in full bloom and Jonghyun was the only person drinking coffee.

"Whisky’s too boring for you?" Taemin chuckled at his conversation skills. Even five years later he still sounds like he's trying too hard. But then again, he didn’t really need to work too much on things like pick-up lines or daring retorts. Flirting with Jonghyun was easy. In fact, it was completely natural. The boy might not be the most confident person out there, but he has this charm, something that Taemin still can’t put his finger on, but it’s there and it is crazy effective.

"I like to be sober when everyone else is drunk, it makes for funny conversations in the morning," shaking his head, Taemin picked up the two mugs and walked straight back into their bedroom, where the air wasn’t as chilly as it was in the rest of the house.

"Why are you grinning like that?" Jonghyun asked as he propped himself up on a stack of pillows. Taemin's pillows. After placing the mugs on their only nightstand, he jumped in bed with Jonghyun and burrowed under the covers where the warmth completely took over his body. He sighed happily as Jonghyun chuckled and rubbed his back.

"Just because," Taemin muttered against his tummy, making him cackle again.

"Are you being mushy again?" the older boy smiled as Taemin looked up at him.

"No, you’re mushy for the both of us," Taemin stuck his tongue out and retracted it as soon as Jonghyun tried to grab it. “Fine, yes, I’m being mushy!"

"It’s good to know you still love me," Jonghyun ran his fingers through Taemin’s hair and Taemin contemplated his retort. Being jokingly mean towards Jonghyun could go two ways. He would either come back with something meaner or he would get quiet and take the joke seriously. Most of the time Taemin couldn’t decipher which reaction he would get.

"Of course I do," Taemin muttered and settled next to Jonghyun on the pillow. He reached over for the steaming mugs and they sipped away in the silence of their little apartment. Taemin couldn’t believe how long it has been since they had gotten together. On a day to day basis, five years and a bit wouldn’t seem like much but in reality, half a decade was a lot of time. He wanted more, he was sure of that, he just didn’t know what more he wanted or when he wanted it. Jonghyun and he have talked about marriage quite early on into their relationship. At one point they even discussed having children, but they knew that step was really far into the future. All Taemin really knew is that he didn’t want this to end because it’s has been the best thing that has ever happened to him.

Jonghyun fiddled with the warm mug in his hands as he stared at the way their feet poke up through the thick blanket. He wiggled his toes and soon a toe war began. Taemin ran his toes over
Jonghyun's in an attempt to become the toe king but Jonghyun shook his legs and his toes made it on top. Giggling, Jonghyun turned to look at his boyfriend but all he could see was a happy man who was still half asleep and still trying to win the toe fight.

Later on, the day found the two boys on the living room floor bundled up in sweaters and warm socks. They had pushed away the fancy coffee table and moved Jonghyun's stack of books on top of it by the window in order to build their traditional blanket fort. Like always, Jonghyun had to actually put together the fort because Taemin seemed to have two left hands when it came to do-it-yourself. The two huddled close together as a heavy storm raged against their flimsy windows. Jonghyun whimpered softly against Taemin’s overly clothed chest. The older boy has always hated storms and the thunder has always scared him senseless so it was no surprise when the first one hit that he would quickly revert to being little. Taemin found the sudden change quite adorable as the older boy climbed onto his lap and hid his head in the crook of Taemin’s neck.

They were now surrounded by an army of plush animals which acted as guards to the royal prince and his king. Jonghyun named them all accordingly, too. Bunny was his chief guard, the pink rhino was captain Bluebell, the white teddy bear was colonel Bap and the black dog that was as big as Taemin’s forearm was the secret weapon, Mr Snuffles. Taemin had to give it to the little, even in his state of mind, he still found a way to protect the king. He even came up with a trick up the sleeve!

“Daddy, can we make a cake later?” Jonghyun pulled on Taemin’s shirt and the younger looked up at the little.

“I’ll check to see if we have everything,” Jonghyun nodded and went back to fiddling with the yellow shirt. “What kind of cake would my prince want?”

“Oh, oh, um,” Jonghyun twirled in Taemin’s lap to look up at him with beautiful doe eyes. “Can we have chocolate cake, Daddy?”

“Anything you want, baby,” and really, who was Taemin to deny the prince of his chocolate cake?

Taemin knew that the army of plushies and his obnoxiously yellow shirt wouldn’t keep Jonghyun preoccupied for long. Soon enough, a white strike zapped outside their window and the booming thunder that followed shook Jonghyun out of his daze. The older boy squealed and whimpered as he clawed at Taemin’s shirt. The younger boy wrapped his arms around the little and pulled him closer, nuzzling his nose in his onesie. Jonghyun had his eyes closed as he trembled and pouted and Taemin couldn’t shake off the smile that took over his face. Slowly, he moved his hands to grasp Jonghyun’s rosy cheeks and pulled him close enough to land a kiss on his forehead.

“You can open your eyes now,” he whispered and moved his legs up and down, shaking the boy in his arms and making him giggle anxiously. “We’re safe inside our little fortress, remember?”

“What if the mean thunder gets to our army?” he whispered back as if plotting and planning their escape from the mean thunder.

“Then Daddy will fight it until it leaves the prince alone!” Taemin’s voice rose above his natural tone and his intonation made Jonghyun lean backwards and laugh.

“But Daddy can’t fight off the thunder!” he chuckled and jumped again as another lightning bolt illuminated the room and the roaring thunder exploded in their ears.

“Of course I can, with the help of my little sunshine, Daddy can do anything!” Jonghyun’s eyes sparkled with excitement.
“Oh, oh, can we make swords to fight the thunder?” his words bubbled over excitedly but died down when another loud noise startled him. Frightened, he hugged Bunny closer to his body and laid on Taemin’s chest. The younger smiled and pulled the blanket over the two of them, hoping Jonghyun would fall asleep and wake up in time to make the cake. He was anticipating their day off to be sunny and, well, less dreary but he couldn’t be luckier than with the predicament he was currently in. Little Jonghyun has been such a rare sight that whenever he comes out, Taemin is always overjoyed.

“We’ll do that for the next thunderstorm, alright darling?” he asked and the boy nodded, he was completely exhausted. “Why don’t we just take a nap and let our royal army protect us?”

“Okay,” Jonghyun’s voice was meek and quiet. “I love you, Daddy!”

“I love you too, baby.”
Jonghyun knew he was in big trouble. Everything he did that day managed to somehow earn bad-boy-points and he was slowly but surely on the verge of a tantrum. He moved quickly around Taemin and plopped down on the couch in between the mess he made of his toys. Picking up the nearest plushie, he hugged it gingerly to his chest and sulked. Taemin, on the other hand, was struggling to understand why his perfect little boy turned into a brat all of a sudden. It seemed like just this morning he was cutey sucking his thumb whilst watching Winx on TV and now he had this five-year-old stuck into a man's body, sulking on their couch. The whole day was like that in fact. Jonghyun managed to break all the rules they set up in the beginning of their relationship. He intentionally made a mess of his food, he talked back to Taemin, managed to pee himself without telling Taemin he needed the potty and cussed just to annoy the younger boy. He simply couldn't understand why the little was behaving the way he was.

"Come on, Jjongie, we need to take a shower," he said in a stern tone but the little shook his head and gripped the couch tightly. "Alright, that's it. We'll go take a shower and then time out."

"But-"

"No buts, baby, you know the consequences for being a bad boy," Taemin said and swiftly picked him up from the couch. Jonghyun might be all muscle but Taemin could easily carry him around for short periods of time. The little squirmed in Taemin's arms and started sobbing softly into his shirt. His chest heaved heavily and his fingers gripped Taemin's shirt tightly. The younger boy hated seeing his boy cry. It was probably up there with the worst things in the world, it simply broke his heart. But he couldn't give in now, not when he was finally getting through to Jonghyun. He opened the bathroom door with his foot and placed Jonghyun on the edge of their bathtub. The older boy whined and held on.

"Please, Daddy," he whimpered and looked straight into Taemin's eyes. Taemin's demeanor broke for a second as he watched the turmoil behind his prince's eyes.

"You have to take a shower, dear," he said finally and Jonghyun let go of his clothes with a broken sob. The little curled in on himself as Taemin set to fill the bathtub with bubbles and warm water. As the tub was filling up, he helped Jonghyun out of his soiled clothes and into the water. The older boy hissed at the warmth and settled down in the middle of the tub. He watched the bubbles carefully and Taemin noticed how quiet he was.

Stretching his entire body briefly, he kneeled down next to the bathtub and grabbed a bunch of figurines from underneath their sink. He handed them to Jonghyun who looked unsure about whether he should take them or pout some more. Slowly, he reached out for the rubber duck and the
Batman figurine and began playing in the water. Taemin watched him silently, rubbing soapy circles into his back and making sure the water was warm enough.

"Would you like to tell me what's been bothering you today?" Taemin asked quietly and Jonghyun looked up at him. The little shook his head shyly and turned back to his toys. Taemin felt completely broken down by the boy's response. It was so unlike him to shoot Taemin down like that, even during arguments or little tantrums, he has never refused to talk about his problems. Taemin didn't want to pry, he knew the older boy would come around eventually, but he also knew that was one of the most important jobs he had as a caregiver; to help Jonghyun sort through his emotions in a safe and healthy way.

"Daddy's been really worried about you, baby," he began talking again and Jonghyun's movements faltered. He was paying attention without directly looking at him. "I love you so much, sweetie, I just want to help."

"Daddy won't be upset?" Jonghyun murmured and curled in on himself even further as if shielding himself from any negative response he might get from Taemin.

"Of course not," he carded his fingers through Jonghyun's hair and massaged his scalp slightly, he was hoping the little would relax into his touch the way he usually does but that didn't happen. Taemin would lie if he said that didn't bother him. "I want to help you, sweetie."

"I, um… Uh…" Jonghyun bit his lip and looked at Taemin briefly before turning his head towards his stagnant toys. "D-d-daddy will h-hate J-j-jonghyunnie."

"Never! Baby, I could never hate you!" Taemin spoke softly as he moved his hand towards Jonghyun's idle one. He grasped it tightly with his own. "I love you so much, how could I ever hate you?"

"J-j-jonghyunnie has been we-wetting himself a-a-a lot the d-days," he said and his cheeks heated up instantly. The blush spread towards his chest and ears and Taemin smiled at how cute Jonghyun always looks when he blushes. "I'm so sorry, D-d-daddy!"

Taemin watched in shock as the little completely turned away from and started crying again, only this time louder. His cries were filled with some sort of anger that Taemin couldn't put his finger on as well as shame. He sighed and quickly slithered out of his clothes. Getting into the bathtub was hard given the position that Jonghyun was in but he managed to settle against Jonghyun's back. He wrapped his arms around the boy and watched the water swish around. The bubbles were slowly disappearing and the little was calming down. Jonghyun leant backwards into Taemin's chest. He closed his eyes tiredly as Taemin rubbed his tummy, his thighs and his feet.

"Baby, you shouldn't be ashamed of wetting yourself," he spoke quietly against Jonghyun's nape, making the older boy shiver. "There's nothing wrong with that, you've been little a lot these days and it's harder for you to control your bladder and that's alright."

"Daddy doesn't think it's yucky?" Jonghyun asked meekly and Taemin kissed the top of his spine, making his giggle involuntarily.

"Of course not, nothing about you is ever yucky. We can find solutions to your little problem, alright baby?" he asked and Jonghyun nodded.

Taemin washed Jonghyun thoroughly before helping the boy out of the tub. He wrapped him up in a big, white towel and dried him up as best as he could. The boy was easy to entertain whilst in little space so he watched intently as the water drained out of the bathtub, leaving batman and his rubber
duck sink with the water. Taemin then dressed him up in his warmest pyjamas which just happened to be his only pink hello kitty pyjamas. He gave the little his pink pacifier on which Jonghyun sucked as he was being dressed.

"Alright now, what did Daddy say was your punishment?" Taemin asked as he pulled the boy onto his feet. Jonghyun was swaying slightly from how tired and sleepy he was, but Taemin knew he had to give him a punishment, if not Jonghyun would think he could get away with being bad and Taemin would completely lose his perfect little boy.

"Time out..." The boy murmured and looked down. He moved the pacifier around with his lips as he waited patiently for his Daddy's next words.

"Alright, you have ten minutes facing the corner," he said and watched his boy walk towards the only available corner they had in their room. Jonghyun plopped down facing the corner and Taemin watched him closely. He didn't want the boy to fall asleep before the punishment was over. He wanted to care for his little and he hated giving out punishments but the reality was that everyone has bad days, even his perfect baby boy.

Taemin went to the kitchen to prepare a bottle of milk. He worked fast, already accustomed to the routine and then proceeded to wait until the ten minutes were up. At one point he wasn't entirely sure whom the punishment was meant for. He felt so bad for leaving the boy in a corner like that.

Sighing, he opened the door to their room and tapped Jonghyun on the shoulder. The older boy looked up with tears in his eyes and sticky cheeks.

"Time's up, sweetie," he cooed and Jonghyun leapt into his arms, nearly knocking the My Melody bottle out of his hand.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy, I didn't mean to be bad!" he cried into Taemin's chest and Taemin hushed him quietly.

"It's alright now, little man," he said and put him on the bed. Jonghyun quickly scurried under the covers and Taemin smiled. He got in bed and the next few moments were like a perfected dance. Taemin laid his arm under Jonghyun's head and they intertwined their legs together before Taemin tapped the rubber bit of the bottle to Jonghyun's lips. The boy opened up his lips and started sucking on it happily. Looking up at Taemin, Jonghyun felt his heart leap in his chest. He was so lucky to have such an amazing Daddy!
Today had to be the worst day in Taemin's life by far. It all started out as it usually does, with a steamy cup of coffee, a book and some grocery shopping done on his day off uni. The day was cold and foggy despite the spring equinox drawing closer and closer, the streets were bare of life and grey as steel. Jonghyun had to go to work that day, something about a bunch of ten-year-olds needing their spring pictures taken or something like that. Taemin never understood the concept of taking spring photos on rainy days such as today, but he supposes it's the memory that counts not the logistics of it.

Sighing, he snuggled up on their couch and flipped through his textbooks. Even though it was his day off, school never really takes a break. Same thing goes with the concept of war if he really thinks about it. Taking out his highlighters and post-it notes, he began scribbling on his textbooks and making notes for his upcoming exam. Taemin felt lucky to be the first person in his family to go to university and he was genuinely grateful that his father paid for it but he just couldn't wait for it to be over. He was twenty-one finally and he felt like school was the only thing he had going on for himself. As though because of the severity of his studies he didn't even know who he really was. It felt almost as if he was stuck in place and slowly sawing away at his bindings which were slowly but surely coming undone.

Then a loud knock threatened to make his heart jump out through his throat. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he sprung up from the couch and started putting away all the plushies strewn around the living room and their bedroom. He picked up the half-empty bottle of milk from the dresser and pushed the box of diapers under their bed as the knocking came faster and louder on their fragile door. Breathing in, he tried to unwrinkle his clothes with his sweaty palms and then opened the door with a smile on his face. The smile quickly became a scowl and his entire body tightened up as he watched the woman in front of him smirk maliciously.

"Lee Taemin, right?" she said loudly and pushed through the door as though she owned the place. Her perfume was strong with a flowery undertone that made Taemin's nostrils burn. The skinny, short woman dressed in all black as if she dressed for a funeral was actually Jonghyun's mother and if Taemin said so himself, a complete utter bitch. He sighed and closed the door behind him as Kim Hana, mother extraordinaire and overly stereotypical girly girl checked out every corner of the room with a frown on her face.

"We've met a couple of times before," he said tiredly and walked through to the kitchen.
"Remember? That one Easter holiday when you booted my boyfriend out of his childhood home?"
"Now, don't forget your place, child, I'm your elder!" she snapped as soon as she planted herself by Taemin's books on the couch. The way she was sitting irked him. She wound her arms around her body tightly and held her legs together and her bottom was nearly off the couch. She looked so uncomfortable yet so ambitious; a woman set in her ways. Taemin rolled his eyes. If her goal was to completely destroy her son then yeah, she was well on her way. Now if only she could be on her way out of their house.

"Respect is earned," he grinned to himself when she scowled. "What brings you to our humble abode?"

"Humble indeed," the snarl in her voice was humiliating and her eyes darted from Taemin to the living room. "Are you going to offer me something to drink?"

"Is that going to speed up your visit?" he asked and leant against the door frame. She huffed and puffed and arched her back dramatically. Taemin knew that this high-class lady act was well… just an act. They both knew that she was putting on a front for Taemin, just to intimidate him.

"Of course not, I'm here to see my son," she said loudly with a happy intonation. "He hasn't been replying to our letters."

"He never does, you're just here to remind him you're kicking," he said and turned around to put the kettle on. "Tea or coffee?"

"I'll have some tea, thank you," Taemin took out the peppermint tea and set up the tray as the water was boiling. Jonghyun was due home in an hour so even if he managed to make her leave before then that would take longer than an hour. She was a stubborn, stubborn lady, that's for sure. Sighing, he poured the tea in a teapot and took the tray to the living room, where she was looking through a photo album. Her manicured fingernails tapped against pictures and her hands fingered the spine tentatively. She was lost in thought so Taemin swooped in and pulled the photo album out of her hands.

"I was looking at that!" Hana sounded offended, as though it was her right to come into their home and just look through their stuff. As though she was a good enough mother to her son. As though her presence doesn't set Taemin's palms on fire and his heart running out of control.

"And now you're not, you have no right to and you'll go as soon as you finish your damn tea," he said and placed the album in its rightful spot on the mantelpiece, next to the creepy angel. She scowled and mumbled but remained silent after that. Taemin began picking up after himself. The whole day he spent it studying and trying to prepare food for the rest of the week so whilst he wouldn't clean-up for Jonghyun's super mum, he had to clean up anyway. He picked up clothes, magazines, books, textbooks and stationary as Hana watched him. She was quietly sipping on her tea as he moved around the house.

Suddenly, the door opened and Jonghyun walked in. He was holding the keys in one hand and his camera bag was slotted awkwardly over his shoulder. Taemin swore under his breath. Jonghyun wasn't supposed to get home so early and he certainly wasn't supposed to meet up with his mother without a warning.

"Hey, babe -" Jonghyun stopped as he saw his mother on the couch. Taemin noticed the atmosphere turned sour and still and Jonghyun shook slightly. He also wanted to slap the shit-eating grin off Hana's face.

"She showed up twenty minutes ago," Taemin sighed and took the bag and the keys from his boyfriend's still frame. "I was hoping I could get her to leave before you came home."
"Oh, dear me Jonghyun! Did you put on weight?" she sauntered over to the two lovers and leant in to kiss the blonde boy's cheek. He cringed and pulled back slightly, not saying anything. She checked him out from head to toe and tutted to herself. Hana looked like a predator ready to ensnare her prey and Taemin didn't like that one bit.

"Alright, alright! You saw your son, now book it!" He said sternly, using his Daddy voice -his only stern voice- in hopes it will intimidate her as much as it intimidates her son. They both cowered and Taemin cursed himself.

"That's no way to talk to -" she began screaming and Jonghyun cringed again, hoping the neighbours wouldn't call the police on them.

"A bitch?" Taemin laughed and Jonghyun swayed slightly into his arms. He wasn't ready to handle his mother and his boyfriend seemed to be getting the wrong responses out of her. Taemin wrapped his arms around Jonghyun protectively and she sneered.

"Don't you dare call me a bitch, boy," she said, her voice was steady and her back was straight. "I only did what a mother was supposed to do when her son turned out an anomaly."

"That only means you're not a mother," Taemin said and she laughed right back.

"How would you know?" She smirked and Jonghyun closed his eyes. "You don't have one."

The air stilled and Taemin felt like he was suffocating.

"That's enough," Jonghyun said tiredly. "He's right, you are a bitch and I should have told you that sooner. Now get the fuck out of my house before I get a restraining order."

"You wouldn't," she said and crossed her arms. Jonghyun felt the anger boiling in his tummy, his palms grew itchy and his back straightened under her scrutiny. Full of rage, he grabbed her purse and shoved it into her chest.

"Get the fuck out or I'm calling the police!" He growled and she puffed out her cheeks. Without another word, she took her coat, her purse and her shoes and she left.

The house was quiet for the next five minutes and the two walked through the motions. Taemin hugged his boyfriend close and sat him down on the couch where he began crying heavily into his chest. Jonghyun never wanted to confront his mother like that, he didn't want to have to use such force with her but he felt like it was one thing to talk shit about him and another to talk shit about Taemin. He couldn't let his boyfriend be hurt by his psychotic mother. The rest of the night turned out fine. They locked the door and ate dinner in silence whilst re-watching Dexter for the twelfth time. They then snuggled together on the couch and listened to Foreigner on repeat as the moon shone through the window. Taemin knew that talking about this will take some encouraging but he was proud of his Jonghyun. He finally stood up to his mother.
Life was stupidly easy sometimes. Having someone to share it with, owning half the responsibilities you normally would is easy. Taemin knew he was lucky to have such a loving, caring and understanding boyfriend. Yet sometimes, that quiet, hurt teenager just seems through the cracks of the walls he has built around his memories. That's how Taemin deals with problems and feelings, by ignoring them.

"Alright, man, what the hell's wrong with you?" Jongin asked loudly from across the room. Jongin was a year younger than him and majoring in media. The two had been friends since they were twelve and going to uni together only solidified that friendship. They were now in the practice room at uni trying to come up with choreography for Jongin's upcoming contest yet Taemin couldn't get himself to focus.

"Nothing," Taemin said and Jongin went to turn the music off. The bass travelling through the shaky floor came to an abrupt stop and suddenly the silence was eerie. The kind of silence you could go crazy in. Taemin shook his head and stretched his long limbs.

"Why'd you turn it off?" Jongin smirked.

"There's no point in dancing if you only trip over your own legs," the two laughed. "Or is that a new dance move?"

"Fuck off, I just," Jongin looked at Taemin expectantly, waiting for an explanation as to why his friend has been acting so strange this past couple of days. "I have something on my mind, that's all."

"Well, I'm all ears," Jongin said as they both sat down against the mirrored wall with a bottle of water each.

"It's not that easy, it's stupid actually," Taemin closed his eyes and stretched out his legs. It was stupid, feeling the way he was feeling was unwarranted, he knew that but those pesky feelings just wouldn't let him focus on other things.

"That's a given with you, though, isn't it?" Jongin joked and Taemin pushed his shoulder half-heartedly. "No, but seriously, man, whatever it is you can tell me."

"I know," he paused and looked at Jongin. The boy was fresh-faced and bright, his smile was huge.
in comparison to Taemin's and his eyes always calmed down the storms raging in Taemin's head. The friendship they shared, it was beyond anything he ever felt before. It was different from what he shared with Jonghyun, of course, it was, but it was very powerful also. "My dad has gotten a girlfriend around Christmas time and they've been getting to know each other and now he wants me to get to know her."

"And you don't like that?"

"I don't, it's stupid, but I just feel like it's doing mum an injustice, you know?" Taemin sighed and Jongin interlaced their fingers.

"It's not stupid, it's fair for you to feel your own feelings," the room was bare and quiet and Taemin felt himself caged-in in more than one way.

"It's his right to move on, though, I shouldn't hold him back from that. I just don't understand it, uh, he used to talk to me late at night about mum and how in love they were. He told me all the mushy stuff. All of it from the first time they held hands to their last kiss."

"He kept her alive for you," Taemin nodded.

"And now it feels like she's dying all over again," Jongin pursed his lips, thinking it over in his head. The sweat on his back has cooled down and when he pulled himself upright he winced.

"Maybe it never really sunk in because of that?"

"I don't know, maybe," Taemin pulled his knees up to his chest. The t-shirt he was wearing was soaked in sweat and the practice room was beginning to feel bleak. "Let's go home."

Jongin nodded and they both got up. Their steps echoed as they walked away. Taemin could swear that the moment they walked out of the room he felt himself breathe freely again. Jongin seemed relieved too. They wrapped their jackets around their bodies and held their bags tightly as they walked out through the university doors and into the cold spring air. The weather has been unrelenting these past couple of weeks, it even snowed a few times.

Taking the back alleys they walked quietly towards a secluded coffee shop on campus. The place was full of recluses, it was hidden well between dark alleys where the sun merely seeped through the cracks and the bricks glowed yellow under the sun's glare. Even so, Taemin loved the place. You'd think it would be a dangerous place but instead it was full of quiet people. More often than not the two friends would study there or even just watch movies on Jongin's small laptop because it was so quiet. As they walked in they breathed in the scent of coffee beans and the dusty interior. The walls were off-white, the booths leathery brown with ruptures in the fabric and the art on the walls was abstract at best. The kind of abstract that one wouldn't really consider art but pretty and cheap enough to hang on dirty walls.

Taemin took his usual seat in the booth by the window while Jongin ordered coffee for them. He poured over the small battered menu and smiled to himself. This was where Jonghyun and he had their first official date. Two broke students drinking coffee after school and stealing soft, shy glances over old menus in a half ran down coffee shop. Taemin would call it cliché but the memory was so alive in his mind's eye, he didn't have the heart to. Jongin came back with two mugs of steaming coffee. The mugs were white and slightly chipped and Jongin's was overflowing with bitter coffee due to the crazy crush the barista had on him.

They sat down in silence for a while, just sipping their drinks and looking everywhere but at each other.
"Look, I know that I can't change your mind about this whole meeting your father's girlfriend thing, I'm not trying to. I think you have every reason in the book to feel the way you do but give it a chance, man, you don't have to like it, you just have to do it."

"Like most things in life, huh?" Taemin snickered and Jongin smiled.

"Yeah, just like that. How odd is that, though? We just broke into our twenties and life is already so fucking dull," they both nodded and shook their heads quietly. The silence returned and Taemin wasn't sure whether to be thankful for it or not. Silence was easy, it always made things easy because it meant not talking about the things that bothered him. Not talking about said things allowed him to push them to the back of his mind, to pretend as if though his mother never died and he didn't grow up and apart from his father. It allowed him to lie to himself and everyone else around him. But silence kept his heart heavy with grief and soon enough, he might just explode.

They finished their drinks fast and made small talk. Jongin started dating a girl from his media class, they were both struggling studying for their end of year exams and making plans for hanging out was proving more difficult each day. As they got up to leave Taemin ran to the register where the barista was quietly browsing her phone. She looked up and smiled softly. Taeyeon worked here since she was sixteen and was there when he had his first date with Jonghyun.

"A hot chocolate, please," he said and pulled out his wallet.

"For Jonghyun?" she asked and started preparing the drink.

"Yeah, he's so busy these days with work and all,"

"It's on the house, then," she smiled and handed him the cup. He moved to give her the money but she turned away before he could. "Just tell him to come and visit."

"Will do, thanks, Tae," smiling, he left and headed home.
"You don't have to be alone," Jonghyun murmured softly against Taemin's nape. They were sat down on the edge of the pond in their local park. The small blanket they were sitting on was rough to the touch and the night was breezy. Nobody was in sight and Jonghyun's nimble fingers traced shy patterns on his abdomen. The day was hot whereas the night was clear and cold and the clothes they were wearing were inappropriate for the weather but Taemin didn't mind.

"It's just a meeting with my father's girlfriend, Jonghyun," Taemin said and snuck his hands over Jonghyun's. He interlaced their fingers and held them tightly against his cold skin. Slowly, he leant back against his boyfriend. Taemin's head fell in the crook of Jonghyun's neck and the scent of his cologne, the waft of Turkish rose made Taemin dizzy.

"It's not just that," Jonghyun muttered and Taemin closed his eyes. "I know you like I know the back of my hand and I know you're scared, I can feel it."

"How does it feel like?" Taemin asked and Jonghyun smiled.

"At least you don't deny being scared," he said and Taemin laughed. Jonghyun has always been very attentive to his words, reading between his lines and figuring out how he feels just from a few sentences thrown together. "It feels like you're shutting me out because I know you so well."

"How does that even make sense?"

"Because you know I don't let you get away with pushing your problems to the side, so you'd rather just push me away instead?" Jonghyun's voice was not full of accusation, Taemin noticed, it was questioning.

They sat in silence for a few minutes just picking at their picnic food and thinking things over. Taemin fumbled with his sandwich wrapper as Jonghyun trailed soft kisses on his shoulder. He knew his older lover was right, he knew he was pushing Jonghyun away and that talking about his problems would solve them a lot faster than letting them brew in the back of his mind. Jonghyun picked up his own drink and watched Taemin think. It was probably one of his favourite past times,
as weird as that sounds. Watching Taemin think is like watching a well-oiled machine in motion. He
could see the wheels churning, the thoughts being turned upside down, being analysed and over
analysed. Sometimes Jonghyun could see him reach his conclusions by the way his forehead un-
scrunched itself, his lips would go from tight-lined to full and pretty and his eyes would refocus
again.

"Alright, yeah, you're right," Taemin mumbled and started munching on his half eaten sandwich.

"I don't need to be right," Jonghyun smiled when Taemin glared at him.

"This conversation is going nowhere!" They both laughed and then shivered when the cold breeze
hit their bare arms and legs.

"Look, what I'm trying to say is that you don't have to deal with it alone, you have me here, you
have your friends and we're all supporting you in whether you decide to meet this lady or not,"
Jonghyun spoke clearly and Taemin put his food down to listen. His heart began hammering in its
cage as Jonghyun hugged him from behind and spoke slowly into his shoulder. "I know you hate the
fact that your father isn't keeping your mother alive for you, I know you think he's doing her a dis-
service which is exactly why I want you to know that I'm willing to help you deal with those
feelings."

"Don't you think it's stupid, though?" Taemin asked and turned to look at his boyfriend.

"Of course not, why would I?" Jonghyun asked and Taemin scoffed.

"Because it's been so long and I'm still not over it," he said and Jonghyun shook his head.

"You never get over it, you just learn to live with it," Jonghyun said and Taemin frowned, clearly
thinking about it.

"Maybe you're right," he said and leant in to plant a soft kiss on his boyfriend's lips. "Damn, why are
you always right?" Taemin asked and Jonghyun giggled, hugging him tightly.

"Well, one of us has to be right," he said and Taemin fake-gasped.

"You're unbelievable!"

"You love me," Jonghyun said and Taemin kissed his cheek.

"I do,"
"Do I look okay?" Taemin asked Jonghyun who was sitting on the couch reading the last few pages of his book. The older boy looked up from his story to see his boyfriend dressed in black skinny jeans, a shirt and a black leather jacket. His long legs made him look taller than he already was and his full thighs made Jonghyun's mouth water a bit. His eyes scanned the younger boy and settled on his lips. He got up and walked behind Taemin who was fiddling with his shirt. Jonghyun pulled him closer to him and placed his chin on his shoulder. Taemin's shoes didn't really help their height difference either.

"If this wasn't important I would keep you home all to myself, that's how okay you look," Jonghyun muttered against his back before reaching up to kiss the soft skin behind Taemin's ear. Taemin smiled.

"Maybe that's what we should do," he said and spun around to scoop his shorter boyfriend in.

"We promised your father," Jonghyun giggled as Taemin blew raspberries on his neck.

"He'd catch on, don't you think so?" Jonghyun asked and pulled back to look at his lover who looked like a kicked puppy. Taemin has been on edge since the night before when he realised what he agreed to. The youngster's heart has been beating rapidly against its cage all night making it impossible for Jonghyun, who likes sleeping as close as possible to his lover, to sleep. Sighing, he placed both hands on his cheeks and smashed his lips against Taemin's.

Quietly they finished getting ready and they left the house hand in hand. They were going to go to Taemin's house where they would have lunch and possibly play some board games. That's supposed to ease out the atmosphere so everyone can get to know each other. As they walked through the busy streets of Seoul their hands touched and their shoulders bumped against each other. They spoke in broken sentences as Taemin felt his heart sink lower and lower in his chest. He felt sick to his stomach knowing he was betraying his mother who was nothing but kind to him when she was alive. His turmoil made him sick to the stomach as they walked inside the station and quickly got on the train. The train was quite full, it was early morning, so they held onto the little hanging belts and leant on each other throughout the ride. Jonghyun made sure to hold and caress his lover's hand as much as he could without being too obvious.

As they were reaching Taemin's childhood home the younger boy slowed down his steps so that they came to a stop. The people around them glared and walked away as Jonghyun pulled Taemin into a tight hug against his chest. The older boy could swear he saw a woman cover her daughter's eyes, but that's an insecurity for another day. For now, he settled on comforting his boyfriend as best
as he could. Breathing hard into his chest, Taemin shook his head and decided to just get on with it.

"The sooner we get it over with the sooner you can take me home, right?" Taemin asked and Jonghyun nodded with a smile.

Walking up to the door and knocking took a great deal of effort and at this point, Taemin wasn't sure what to expect. What he did not expect was a woman in her thirties to open the door. The woman was drop dead gorgeous, even Taemin could see that. She had big almond eyes with onyx eyes, brown dyed hair, a small face and the shyest smile he has seen besides Jonghyun's. They all bowed to each other as Taemin's father showed up behind his girlfriend to welcome them in.

"It's so nice to meet you Taemin," she said as they shook hand inside the main hallway.
"Jonghyun."

"It's great to meet you too," Taemin started and Jonghyun nodded.

"Kim Mina," she said and they moved further inside the house. Taemin has never felt like a stranger inside his childhood home but he was feeling very odd around Mina. She smiled and talked the whole way through as they all sat down on a couch in the living room. Taemin wanted to listen to her, to answer her questions truthfully but his dad had his hand on his shoulder and Taemin began feeling sick. His mind took him back to his mother's last days and the way she died with his dad's hand on her shoulder. Jonghyun intertwined their fingers and squeezed them.

"Your father told me so much about you," she smiled as Taemin's father excused himself to check on the food. "You're in your last year of university, right?"

"Uh, yeah, I'm applying for a position in a publishing company," Taemin said and cringed at his mellow voice.

"That's amazing, I did a media internship when I was a bit older than you are now," she smiled and crossed her legs. Taemin's left eye began twitching when he realised that he was getting angry at the stupidest things she did.

"Oh, how did you find it?" Jonghyun asked and thanked Taemin's father who brought in snacks. The man sat down on the love seat next to his girlfriend and Taemin decided to avoid looking at them altogether. He didn't care that he looked like a petulant little child anymore, to hell with what she thought.

"It was so fun, I made so many good friends there, some of which I still talk to today," she said.

"She introduced me to some of them, we even visited the company to see some of her old co-workers!" Taemin's dad sounded excited, over the top in fact. He was clearly in love, both Taemin and Jonghyun noticed how the space in between the two was growing smaller and smaller as the minutes passed by and the way their hands touched felt all too familiar for Taemin.

His eyes flew behind them to the mantelpiece which housed their family photos. Old pictures of Taemin as a child, his first day of school, graduating high school and so many pictures of his mother. Taemin felt stupid admitting it to himself but he was scared that his father might have removed the pictures of his mother from around the house. Seeing them brought Taemin a sense of peace and a bit of relief. The three were making small talk, getting to know each other as Taemin listened quietly. Mina seemed to be nice, he was sure that she was a great person to be around and he hated himself for admitting that he could see why his father liked her so much. Yet his conscience wasn't letting
him open up in the slightest.

"I also heard that you're a dancer, Taemin!" She said excitedly and his father grinned proudly at Taemin.

"He's the greatest dancer, I can tell you that," Jonghyun said and his voice was made out of the sweetest things, making Taemin smile for the first time since their arrival.

"I'm not that good, but I do enjoy dancing," he said and swallowed back the lump in his throat. "I had an amazing teacher, after all."

"Eunha taught Taemin how to dance when he was four years old. He was a dancer even before he was born, he was never still in the womb and even danced in his sleep," his father filled in the silence that followed and searched for Taemin's eyes but the younger boy just avoided it.

Lunch turned out to be better than their initial meeting. Mina helped set the table and she was so familiar with the house that it made Taemin feel weird. His father and his girlfriend spun around the kitchen grabbing plates and cutlery as though it was a synchronised dance and Jonghyun pointed out that he thought she wasn't all that bad.

"Yeah, but she's not mum," he muttered into Jonghyun's ear before they sat down to eat.

Taemin's childhood home was quite small but a lot bigger than their tiny, cheap apartment. Their dining table was part of the kitchen which was next to the living room. Both were connected to the hallway. Taemin felt like the familiarity of the house was gone as everyone spoke so comfortably. The food was great as always, his father hasn't changed one bit and Jonghyun's hand was constantly rubbing little circles on his thigh yet the atmosphere was completely different from when he was there last. The table was animated, his father's laughed echoed in his ears and sent him back to when he was seven and they went on a family trip to the beach. The way they were leaning onto each other reminded him of the way his mother used to fall asleep on his father's chest in front of their old school TV. The whole time he sat across from them he felt like getting up and leaving without a word.

After lunch, Taemin’s father asked Jonghyun if he could help clean up the kitchen as Mina and Taemin were quickly sent to pick out a board game to play. Jonghyun sent him an apologetic look as Taemin did the walk of shame towards the living room. They walked in silence and stood in front of the bookcase where the games were situated. Taemin’s skin was covered in goose bumps as she looked at the games closely, murmuring the names as she read them.

"Should we just play Clue?" Mina asked and looked up at Taemin who shifted uncomfortably under her gaze.

"Uh, yeah, sure," he muttered and she smiled. She picked out the game and they began setting it up on the coffee table. They worked quietly and when the other two men walked in the tension intensified. Jonghyun was getting ready to burst with the way the atmosphere was thick enough to cut with a knife. He just wanted to scream as he sat down in between Taemin and his father.

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The way home was mostly silent. They spent the entire day at Taemin’s childhood home where they played games, ate and watched movies. Taemin has never wished to leave that house as fast as he did then and that worried him. He felt himself grow more and more agitated by the minute as his father and Mina were picking movies to watch, touching hands when reaching for his father’s
chocolate covered pretzels and resting on each other on the couch whilst Jonghyun and he sat on the love seat. The whole evening was a complete failure and Taemin was beginning to feel bad for bringing Jonghyun along.

“I’m so sorry,” he said as Jonghyun keyed them inside the house. They took their shoes off and Jonghyun pulled him into a tight hug.

“Why?”

“You had to be witness to that failure,” he said and Jonghyun giggled.

“Anything for you, babe,” he said and pulled Taemin down for a kiss.
"Alright, you've got one weekend till graduation," Jonghyun began speaking from the mess that was their bed, their limbs, and their racing hearts. He was currently laying on top of a naked Taemin, still catching his breath.

"Alright, you've got one weekend till graduation," Jonghyun began speaking from the mess that was their bed, their limbs, and their racing hearts. He was currently laying on top of a naked Taemin, still catching his breath. Their chests moved up and down in unison as Taemin rubbed circles into his lover's soft skin. "Choose something to do."

"As a celebration?" He asked and Jonghyun nodded. The older boy was exhausted from work. He came in later than usual due to a client being overly fussy about a calendar photo shoot. He came home to an empty house and the numb, hollow feeling in his stomach intensified. Taemin was helping Jongin prepare for his dance competition and came in late too. To make it up to Jonghyun he bought flowers and promised him a 'night he won't forget' as he put it.

"Well," Taemin snickered when Jonghyun looked up at him. "Let's go to an amusement park!"

Jonghyun stilled. He wasn't very fond of those. In fact, he was quite terrified but Taemin has always loved them. Taemin took Jonghyun on a date at Lotte World the spring after they became a couple. At the time he didn't know how much the older boy hated the rides so when Taemin took his hands from his lover's eyes to unveil the theme park, well he wasn't expecting the other to start trembling. After that incident, Taemin decided that Jonghyun would be the one to choose all of their dates, despite the fact that they didn't go on any rides and Jonghyun said he had fun. That lasted the whole spring and summer until Jonghyun took them to a library for a date and Taemin fell asleep against the non-fiction section.

"Would that make you happy?" Jonghyun said reluctantly and Taemin smiled widely at that. He knew Jonghyun would do absolutely anything to make him happy, even though the concept scared him. It was the sweetest thing, ever since the beginning of their relationship.

"Very happy,"

"Then let's do it!" Jonghyun said and hid his head in the crook of Taemin's neck after realizing what he agreed to. Taemin chuckled and hugged his boyfriend tighter.

Come the weekend and Jonghyun was shaking in his boots. They woke up early that Saturday and took their time eating breakfast. Jonghyun made porridge for the both of them and couldn't help shuddering slightly whenever he thought about what he had agreed to. Taemin just watched him and smiled. He wasn't trying to be a sadist or anything and if the older boy genuinely didn't want to go on rides he wasn't going to push. But he wanted Jonghyun to get over his fear and start enjoying himself a bit more. Sighing into his coffee, he thought about all the things the older boy was scared of. A few
items on the list being bugs, heights, speed, moths, rats, balloons and sometimes Taemin could feel Jonghyun tense up just a little bit around white vans.

They drank their coffee quietly. Taemin's entire body was aflame with excitement and he couldn't contain himself. He prepared their bag and even helped Jonghyun put on his jacket just to finally get out of the house. The night before, they borrowed Amber's car and they were planning to drive down to a theme park on the outskirts of Seoul to a smaller amusement park.

To say that Jonghyun was feeling uneasy about the whole situation was probably the understatement of the year. Taemin watched him drive attentively. His shoulders were slightly hunched, his entire body was tense as though he could possibly explode and his usually pretty fingers were gripping the wheel so tightly, they had turned white. The younger boy placed his hand on his lover's back and massaged soft circles into it. He tried asking how the other was feeling but he got the standard 'I'm fine' which Taemin knew he wasn't.

"Hey, you know I wouldn't make you do anything you don't feel comfortable doing, right?" Taemin asked in a quiet voice, the same voice he used to calm down little Jonghyun. Thankfully, things like these never put Jonghyun into little space, so he felt comfortable doing it. Jonghyun nodded slowly and kept his eyes trained on the road, although his body had relaxed slightly.

When they got there Taemin couldn't contain the squeal that bubbled out of his mouth. Jonghyun thought he could see little stars shooting out of his lover's eyes as he slammed the car door shut. Taemin pulled him along out of the parking lot onto the perfectly manicured grass and finally through the colourful gates that opened up a world of crazy. The Ferris Wheel was prominent alongside a big roller coaster that stretched all around the park. A bunch more contraptions littered the place such as the hammer that Jonghyun was deadly afraid of and the carousel his aunt forced him into when he was nine years old.

They walked around for a while just holding hands and pointing at things. Taemin held Jonghyun close as the older boy marveled at all the plushies displayed on game stands. He was slipping in and out of little space as he giggled happily at all the colours and the funky music. Taemin knew that Jonghyun would at least enjoy the games and the food and if he really didn't want to ride any of the rollercoasters at least they'd have fun at the ground level.

"So what should we do first?" Jonghyun asked as he refocused his eyes onto Taemin.

"Well, we could go on a rollercoaster," suggested Taemin to test the waters and see his lover's reaction.

Jonghyun swallowed the lump in his throat and eyed the roller coasters in the park. He knew he needed to face his fears in order to get rid of them, he just wasn't sure whether he was brave enough to face them yet.

"Fine, alright," he muttered. "Let's do it."

Taemin nodded excitedly, he didn't want to push his luck. They made their way towards the rollercoaster that looped around the park. The theme was The Jungle Book which meant they were going to speed off in between bears, panthers and other cute little animals. Taemin picked the park specifically because he knew that little Jonghyun loves The Jungle Book. They used to read it together before bed when they were just establishing this new side to their relationship. Taemin was hoping that would ease his boyfriend's nerves and help him relax.

"You're so brave, baby," Taemin cooed at his scared lover and kissed the top of his head. "I'm proud of you."
"We haven't even gotten on," Jonghyun giggled after leaning onto his boyfriend.

"You're here, though, aren't you?" Taemin asked and Jonghyun nodded his head.

The people in front of them got into their small carriage and the bouncer ushered Taemin and Jonghyun to theirs. The man was tall and well built, his hair a deep shade of blue - probably black dye gone wrong - and his eyes shot arrows in the couple's direction. They paid for the ride and climbed into the blue carriage. Jonghyun was shaking slightly and so was Taemin, for different reasons. The adrenaline was slowly settling in the pit of his stomach as the music rang in his ears and he couldn't believe he hasn't gone to an amusement park in years.

Jonghyun fiddled with his hands nervously as two more carriages were waiting to be filled. He was trying not to make a big deal out of his fear and learn to enjoy himself. Amusement parks were alright as long as his feet were constantly on the ground. The older boy has always been fond of candy floss despite the fact that his parents stopped buying it for them when his sister threw up from all the sugar. The toy stands were fun too, in fact, Jonghyun loves them more since Taemin and he won a big teddy bear that they kept in the corner of their bedroom. That teddy bear has been his cuddle buddy for a while when he was unemployed so really, amusement parks weren't that bad. Except for all the creepy horse carousels, the bumper cars that always dig way too far into his back and all the intricate, crazy roller coasters that litter the place. Jonghyun couldn't understand how Taemin felt safe while being strapped in a tiny carriage and hauled around the whole park.

They started moving slowly at first, the music was getting more and more intimidating as the carriages climbed up towards the first dip. People were humming with energy and the raw adrenaline that filled the air could easily spark a fire. Jongyun bit his lip and focused on Taemin's hand holding his hand tightly. He leaned into his boyfriend and braced himself as the animated animals around them roared and moved awkwardly around them. Their hearts were beating wildly in their chests as the carriage sped downwards and through the first loop. Jonghyun dared to open his eyes as the roller coaster wrapped around another carousel and back into the sky again.

He leaned further into Taemin's side who understood the gesture and wrapped his arms around his boyfriend.

As the ride came to a stop, so did all the screaming that was making Jonghyun's chest tighten with fear. He was too scared to scream. They got out of the carriage and walked onto the warm concrete swaying.

"How was that?" Taemin asked after Jonghyun breathed in and out a few times.

"Um, I'm not sure," Jonghyun said and bit his lip. He swayed around for a bit before looking up at Taemin. "Not too bad?"

Taemin smiled and pinched Jonghyun's rosy cheeks.

"From one to ten, how fun was it?" He asked and took Jonghyun's hand. They began walking again, no swaying this time.

"Um, four!" Jonghyun said whilst putting up four of his fingers.

"And from one to ten how scary was it?" Taemin asked.

"Six!" Jonghyun said with no hesitation and Taemin laughed.

"That's not too bad, should we go again?"
"Um, no, let's not," Jonghyun said sternly as he pulled Taemin towards a candy floss stand.

"Alright, we won't," Taemin said fondly.

They bought candy floss from a lovely old woman and ate it with sticky fingers as they watched people playing at a stand. The rest of the evening was like that. Taemin dragged Jonghyun around on different, smaller rides and Jonghyun ate from at least three food stands in the span of an hour. They even played for another teddy bear but only managed to win a cheap children's makeup kit.

The evening ended with the traditional photo booth experience where they struggled to fit inside the small box. Taemin had to completely wrap himself around Jonghyun and even then he found himself slightly outside the booth. Jonghyun giggled to himself as he pressed all the buttons and the countdown began.

They struggled into different positions and laughed as each picture came out weird. Jonghyun's V sign looked crooked due to lack of space and Taemin's attempt at a funny face looked a bit creepy. Cheekily enough, the only good picture was the one with them kissing.

They were quiet on the way home. Tired from a fun day out, Taemin focused on the scenery as the car sped past smaller buildings and into the heart of the capital. The sun was slowly setting and he closed his eyes. It was the end of an era.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" Jonghyun asked and Taemin opened his eyes to look at his beautiful boyfriend. It was moments like those when he felt the most at peace that he couldn't help but yearn to take their relationship further. Sometimes he daydreams about asking Jonghyun to marry him. He will, one-day but each time he snaps out of his daydream he wonders whether it's not too soon to be thinking about marriage.

"I've had an amazing time," he said and smiled at his boyfriend. "Thanks for doing this."

"I would do anything for you, you know that," Jonghyun stole a glance at Taemin to see him grinning happily.

"I know."
Underneath Your Skin

Chapter Summary

Three in the morning was rumoured to bewitching hour in most places in the world. The hour in which the ghosts and spirits would cross over into reality to play. Taemin has always been an avid lover of horror movies. He watched all the popular ones like The Grudge, The Exorcist and even some new ones such as Sinister and The Gallows but none of those could scare him more than the witching hour. He would wake up out of nowhere and he would look over at his phone to see that it was three in the morning and his heart would skip a beat. Taemin was not a coward and he definitely knew ghosts didn’t exist but he still scanned the room with his eyes every time he woke up at 3 AM.

Jonghyun would groan and cuddle closer to him, constantly searching for his body heat. He would stir awake after feeling Taemin’s tense body only to see the younger boy fixated on the corners of their room. Sometimes Jonghyun would chuckle and pull his boyfriend into his arms only to earn a light smack on the chest and a whine or if he had a bad day at work he would just turn around and fall right back to sleep. Taemin was glad to have him there anyway since Jonghyun has always been a light sleeper so waking him up in case something goes wrong would be easier than getting digital evidence.

Logically, he knew he was full of shit for even entertaining the idea of a witching hour but his chest still tightened in fear at three AM and this night was no different. He woke up sweating from a nightmare and as he took a few deep breaths he checked his phone for the time. 3 AM. Swallowing the lump in his throat, his eyes immediately roamed around the room from corner to corner. He never checked the floor, he was too scared. He kept it going until he felt his eyes droop slightly, he was so tired from the long day of preparations for his graduation that he just wanted to plop back down on his pillow and fall asleep but before he could do that, he saw something move rapidly in front of their bed.

Squealing, Taemin shook Jonghyun awake. The older boy mumbled incoherently as he squinted up at his boyfriend who looked like he was about to start crying.

“What’s wrong?” Jonghyun asked, his voice hoarse from sleep.

“There’s something in the room,” Taemin whispered shakily without looking at Jonghyun.

“What do you mean?” Jonghyun asked, clearly confused. He sat up a bit and touched Taemin’s arm. The younger flinched and Jonghyun sighed, remembering all the times his younger boyfriend woke up in the middle of the night terrified. “Hey, look at me.”
“I can’t,” Taemin’s voice was soft, clearly scared.

“Of course you can,” Jonghyun cooed, trying to comfort Taemin. “Look, I’ll show you there’s nothing in the room.”

Before Taemin could protest, Jonghyun picked up his phone and switched on the torch which he shone on their small room to reveal… absolutely nothing. The room was empty except for the usual teddy bears, clothes and books strewn around messily.

“See, nothing there,” Jonghyun spoke softly as he got closer to Taemin, pulling him on his lap. The younger boy was shaking and his face was pale from fright. Jonghyun frowned and touched Taemin’s forehead but everything seemed fine.

Looking down at Jonghyun, Taemin felt the heavy pressure leave his chest as he began sobbing uncontrollably. His entire body shook in Jonghyun’s arms as Taemin covered his face with his hands to hide his embarrassment and frustration.

“Hey, hey, it’s alright,” Jonghyun murmured as he pulled Taemin’s hands away from his face to reveal his red, tear-stained cheeks and his bloodshot eyes. “It’s alright baby.”

“I-it’s n-not,” Taemin uttered between sobs. “Wh-what’s wr-wrong with me?”

“Nothing’s wrong with you,” Jonghyun murmured as he left butterfly kisses on Taemin’s exposed shoulder. “You just have an active imagination.”

Trying to calm himself down, Taemin took a deep breath and exhaled shakily. “Th-that just code for crazy.”

“Everyone has things they’re afraid of, Minnie, and it’s alright to be scared and to need help.”

“Not as much as I do,” Taemin breathed through pouty lips, mostly to himself.

“Just as much as you do, heck, I’m terrified of clusters of dots and white vans and all kinds of weird shit,” Jonghyun said as Taemin looked back at him with a slight smile, knowing that what his boyfriend was saying was in fact true. Jonghyun had the weirdest fears but at this point, Taemin wasn’t sure if he should tease the older boy about his irrational fears when he himself was scared of waking up at 3 AM.

Jonghyun watched Taemin carefully, trying to understand where these nightmares or whatever they were came from. The younger boy did his normal, everyday routine before going to bed and he had a healthy, balanced meal as well so Jonghyun really couldn’t pinpoint what it could be that kept his lover awake at night. Slowly, he began petting Taemin’s purple ombre hair as the younger boy rested his head in the crook of Jonghyun’s neck. Their height difference made things a bit awkward, sure, but Jonghyun wouldn’t give this up for anything in the world.

“We’ll figure something out, I promise,” Jonghyun muttered before lifting up Taemin’s chin so he could catch his lips with his own. Taemin closed his eyes when their lips met and melted into the kiss as their lips slotted perfectly together.

“I’m sleepy,” Taemin whispered against Jonghyun’s lips after they pulled away for air.

“Let’s sleep then. We don’t want to be groggy and sleepy at your graduation now do we?” Jonghyun teased his boyfriend who chuckled.

“Yeah, whatever. Can we cuddle?”
“We can always cuddle.”
The morning came faster than Jonghyun expected. Sunshine peeked through their open window and fell on their faces as they slept peacefully after a long night. The air that came through their window was cold despite the fact that it was the middle of spring and Jonghyun enjoyed taking in a breath of fresh air. These kinds of mornings always made Jonghyun feel just a bit luckier to be where he was - he felt grateful for his job and his amazing boyfriend even though Taemin couldn’t sleep after his little nightmare incident which meant that Jonghyun stayed up telling him stories until 5 AM when the younger boy finally fell asleep.

“Implicit,” Jonghyun murmured with a soft smile on his face. He reached over and turned off the alarm which was due to blast an insufferable noise, deciding to let the younger rest a little longer. Nothing could stand in the way of Taemin’s love for sleep and his graduation day was no exception. Jonghyun put on Taemin’s trousers and made his way to the kitchen to make coffee and breakfast. He sang softly under his breath as he put on the kettle and pulled out the coffee jar as well as Taemin’s favourite mug which was a mug gifted to him through a secret Santa exchange in high school, Jonghyun chuckled tiredly as he ran the buds of his fingers over the baby blue ceramic, outlining the shape of the teddy bear’s body. Sighing, Jonghyun got back to work as they were supposed to wake up at seven to get ready before Taemin’s father and his girlfriend arrive at their house.

Taemin dreaded the graduation, he didn’t want anything to do with it and as usual, he didn’t want to talk about it which meant that Jonghyun was doing his best to make his lover comfortable without prying for answers. This is how they’ve always been, Jonghyun has always been the sensitive one, the one who gets drunk and cries until the morning breaks whereas Taemin keeps things so tightly bottled up that he doesn’t ever spill over, he never lets anything out. Jonghyun figured it might have something to do with his mother dying when he was young and seeing his father suffer, but he wasn’t sure since Taemin didn’t want to talk about it.

Tiredly, Jonghyun moved about their small kitchen, pulling out cereal bowls and spoons from cabinets as well as the almond milk that Taemin liked so much and the cereal from their tiny makeshift pantry. He quickly assembled the food and poured coffee into two mugs which he then placed on a silver tray. His hands were shaking slightly as he pushed open the door to their bedroom with his foot and made his way to his sleeping boyfriend. As he placed the tray on his bedside table,
he looked at Taemin’s sleeping form and debated whether he should wake him up or not. He watched as Taemin slept on his stomach with both of his arms stretched above his head and under his pillow and his legs sprawled out and peeking out of the blanket, Jonghyun really liked Taemin’s made up hair, the silver and purple gradient was gorgeous when it was brushed and styled nicely but to Jonghyun, Taemin looked his best when he was just like this, bare-faced with his colourful hair sticking out like a sore thumb against his sun-kissed skin.

As he began climbing into bed, Taemin started stirring. Jonghyun leaned over his boyfriend and wrapped his arms around Taemin’s back. He nuzzled Taemin’s spine and peppered small, soft kisses on the nape of his neck as Taemin giggled tiredly. Taemin turned his body slightly so he could meet Jonghyun’s eyes and as they looked at each other, the realization came upon them that today marked the end of an era for them. Taemin leaned in and caught Jonghyun’s lips in a slow and sweet kiss.

“Good morning,” Jonghyun whispered against Taemin’s lips as their bodies moved in perfect unison - Taemin rolled onto his back as Jonghyun slithered up towards him and pressed his bare chest against Taemin’s.

“Morning,” Taemin smiled as he noticed Jonghyun’s pretty, sparkling eyes look up at him in pure adoration. “I see you made breakfast.”

“Of course I made breakfast, but right now I’m debating whether we should actually eat the cereal or -” Jonghyun was cut off by Taemin’s lips and his hands gripping tightly on his hips. Whining lowly in his throat, Jonghyun closed his eyes and deepened the kiss, enjoying the feel of Taemin’s plush, velvety lips against his and the way Taemin’s body heat made him dizzy. He felt himself slip further and further as Taemin licked across his bottom lip and took control of the kiss. Jonghyun shifted on his elbows which were on either side of Taemin’s head. Quickly, Taemin flipped them over and smirked when he noticed the shock that adorned his lover’s features. He bent down and kissed a trail from Jonghyun’s chin all the way to the base of his neck and up to his lips where he landed a soft, innocent kiss. Whining, Jonghyun opened his eyes and Taemin chuckled.

“More,” Jonghyun pouted and Taemin bent down to peck his lips over and over again.

“I’d love to but I’m pretty sure my dad and Mina are on their way here and I don’t want to be interrupted.”

“Would it be mean of me to want to keep you all to myself today?” Jonghyun asked softly as he played with a strand of Taemin’s hair.

“Not mean, just tempting,” Taemin smiled and kissed his boyfriend again. Jonghyun sighed against Taemin’s lips, feeling right at home. “But there will be plenty of that later on today.”

“That’s something to look forward to,” Jonghyun grinned and Taemin laughed.

Taemin watched as a soft, pink blush crept up his lover’s chest and settled in his cheeks. Jonghyun avoided his eyes for a second before looking up at him and biting his lip, letting Taemin’s imagination run wild about whatever made his lover blush like that.

“You know…” Jonghyun began speaking slowly, his fingers tracing Taemin’s chest and abdomen. “Whenever you kiss me…”

“Yeah…” Taemin’s voice was low and hot against Jonghyun’s lips as he hovered above his boyfriend who looked him in the eyes.

“Every time you kiss me it’s like there’s a fire in my chest,” Jonghyun breathed against Taemin’s lips
as he placed his palm on his boyfriend’s chest. “A-and -”

“Go on,” Taemin smirked, knowing that Jonghyun secretly liked feeling overwhelmed because then Taemin could take care of him. “Tell me, baby, what happens every time I kiss you?”

Jonghyun breathed out, his breath shaky as he felt his entire body go heavy with arousal.

“It makes my chest tighten up and my legs quiver,” he whispered, feeling embarrassed. Taemin moved one of his hands to Jonghyun’s thigh which he hiked up over his hip while holding himself up with his other arm. Jonghyun swallowed loudly as he felt their proximity and the weight of his embarrassment for confessing such things.

“I like it when your legs quiver,” Taemin whispered hotly in his ear before sucking a small hickey into his lover’s skin. “I like it even more when -”

Suddenly, a loud bang on the door pulled the couple out of the heavy mist of arousal. Jonghyun plopped back down and sighed as Taemin groaned.
Come Back Home

Chapter Summary

The day started out fine for Jongin. It was a lovely Thursday, sun shining and birds singing. He woke up feeling refreshed and he had a hearty breakfast, he even met up with his girlfriend for lunch and then set about studying in a pretty cafe close to his house. But of course, something had to happen to throw him out of his comfort zone.

“Hi, hyung!” Jongin began speaking into his phone only to be cut short by a huffing Taemin.

“Nini, I need your help,” Taemin said running out of breath.

The day started out fine for Jongin. It was a lovely Thursday, sun shining and birds singing. He woke up feeling refreshed and he had a hearty breakfast, he even met up with his girlfriend for lunch and then set about studying in a pretty cafe close to his house. But of course, something had to happen to throw him out of his comfort zone.

“Hi, hyung!” Jongin began speaking into his phone only to be cut short by a huffing Taemin.

“Nini, I need your help,” Taemin said running out of breath. “Look, I’m meant to be meeting up with my mother’s replacement and Jonghyun just slipped into little space.”

“What do you want me to do about that?” Jongin’s tummy churned with a weird feeling. He knew about Jonghyun for a long time now and he really loves the little but he has never spent much time with Jonghyun when he was in little space. There was this one time when Jonghyun slipped into his headspace while they were all watching a horror movie. The older man clung to Taemin’s clothes as Taemin soothed him quietly, trying not to disturb Jongin who was, in fact, watching the two from the corner of his eyes. He thought Jonghyun was cute as a little and as much as he struggled to understand at first, the idea doesn’t bother him anymore.

“Can you watch him for me? Just for a couple of hours, I promise I’ll be quick!”

“Uh, what?” Jongin sputtered, slightly taken by surprise. “But hyung, why can’t he be by himself?”

“Come on Nini, would you trust a toddler to be alone by themselves for a couple of hours?” Taemin asked and Jongin noticed that although he was still huffing and puffing, he was also patiently explaining things to Jongin which Jongin really did appreciate.

“Well no -”

“Look, I know it’s a lot to ask but I have already rescheduled twice and it will really upset my dad if I reschedule again.”

Huffing slightly, Jongin out down the pen he was writing with and started gathering his papers. “Fine, but you owe me big time.”

That’s how Jongin ended up in front of his best friend’s door, ready to knock but too anxious to do so. He breathed in and out a couple of times, thoughts swarming through his head like bees, making
it impossible for Jongin to think clearly. How was he supposed to take care of a little when he has never even babysat actual toddlers? Slowly, he let his knuckles hit the hardwood that was Taemin’s front door. The sound was deafening.

Taemin opened the door to see a nervous Jongin with his hands in his pockets and his backpack hanging loosely on his shoulder. Smiling, Taemin let Jongin in who took his shoes off and exhaled breathily. The younger boy expected some sort of chaos, he expected the little to be running around and making a mess and he definitely expected Taemin to be all ruffled up and ready to leave. Instead, the younger was fussing over his appearance in the mirror, a pout forming on his face as he struggled to tie his tie.

“Gee, come here,” Jongin muttered after dropping his backpack by the door. He pulled Taemin closer and began working on his tie while the older boy watched curiously. “Who dresses you before you leave the house?”

“Jonghyun,” Taemin said with a lopsided smile. “Anyway, I shouldn’t be gone for long, if I’m lucky I’ll be back in two or three hours. Dinner’s on the stove, you just need to watch over the soup and feed him.”

“What else should I do?” Jongin asked as he pulled away to inspect the older boy’s tie.

Taemin checked himself in the mirror again and then went to check for his keys and phone. “Just keep him entertained. If I don’t make it back by nine, try to put him to bed.”

Jongin didn’t like the word ‘try’. He swallowed loudly before nodding. Taemin smiled at him before making his way into the living room where the little was playing quietly with his plushies on the couch. Jongin watched his best friend stroke his boyfriend’s cheek and speak to him softly. He watched as Jonghyun pouted and his cheeks puffed out, clearly not happy that his Daddy was leaving for the evening. Taemin left a quick kiss on Jonghyun’s forehead and was gone before Jongin had time to blink.

Alone with Jonghyun, the younger boy felt his heart race against his chest, not knowing what to do or how to approach the older man. He watched as Jonghyun went back to playing with his stuffed bunny, his cheeks heated up and eyes nervous. Slowly, Jongin began melting at the sight. ‘Get it together, man, he’s probably far more anxious and scared than you are.’

“Hi, Jonghyunnie,” Jongin spoke softly, trying not to scare the little. Jonghyun didn’t reply at first, instead, he brought his palms to his cheeks to hide his blush. Jongin cooed and went to kneel in front of the little.

“Hi, Ni-Nini,” Jongin’s heart swelled up.

“What are you playing with?” Jongin asked as he took in the little’s mannerisms and behaviour. Jonghyun was clearly shy if his red cheeks and shiny, big eyes were anything to go by. The little was wearing a cute onesie with a pacifier clipped to the chest pocket. His blonde hair was ruffled as if Jonghyun just woke up from a nap.

“Uh, Bu-Bunny,” Jonghyun picked up the stuffed toy and handed it to Jongin who smoothed down its soft, floppy ears as he remembered gifting the stuffed toy to Jonghyun the first time he found out that he’s a regressor. Jongin remembers the time clearly. He wasn’t meant to find out but it was a particularly hard day for the older boy and when Jongin and Taemin got home, they found Jonghyun crying with a pacifier on his mouth. To say that Taemin panicked would be the understatement of the century. Jonghyun picked up on Taemin’s mood and only cried harder, hiccupping in between his wailing. Jongin didn’t understand what was going on so he just hung back as Taemin tried to soothe
his boyfriend. Jongin remembers the way Taemin handled the situation - at first his hyung panicked but as soon as that was over he went into this protective mode that Jongin has never seen before. He held Jonghyun as he cried into his chest and called him his baby boy and Jongin really wanted to leave, but his feet were stuck and he didn’t know what to think.

“That’s a really cute Bunny,” Jongin tried, not sure how to talk to a little. “Is that your favourite stuffie?”
Jonghyun nodded, still not meeting Jongin’s eyes.

“Wh-when is, D-Daddy coming home?” Jonghyun stuttered as he finally looked at Jongin with his big, doe eyes. The younger boy felt something stir inside of him as Jonghyun referred to Taemin as Daddy.

“Not sure, sweetie, he said he’ll be back as soon as possible,” Jongin explained slowly as Jonghyun was hanging onto his every word. “Are you hungry?”
Jonghyun shook his head, he didn’t understand why his Daddy had to leave and he was feeling very shy around Jongin. Biting his lip, he went back to playing with Bunny but he wasn’t fully paying attention to his game. Instead, he pursed his lips and looked at Jongin again, who was obviously nervous around Jonghyun.

“I’m thirsty,” he said simply, still anxious around Jongin but trusting his Daddy to leave him with someone he could trust.

“What do you want to drink?” Asked Jongin as he stood up tall.

“Hm, uh… M-milk?” Jonghyun worried his lip as he looked up at Jongin. The younger smiled and made his way to the kitchen. He found a plain white mug in which he poured almond milk. Jongin wasn’t sure if he should warm up the milk or if Jonghyun had a preferred mug but he figured the little would tell him if he didn’t like it. Handing the milk to Jonghyun, Jongin noticed the way the boy scrunched up his nose slightly. He watched as Jonghyun took tentative sips of the milk and the small smile that grew onto his face.

“Good?” Jongin asked and the little nodded.

“D-Daddy lets me u-use the sippy cup!” He said, slightly milk drunk and Jongin frowned, not having realized that the little would use toddler things.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart,” Jongin muttered and ruffled Jonghyun’s hair, making the older boy giggle into his milk.

“Don’t mind,” Jonghyun said and went back to play with Bunny. Tiredly, Jongin set about checking on the food and tidying up the place. That’s what he did when he felt anxious or out of place, he cleaned whatever he could get his hands on to get a sense of control. He stirred the soup and tasted the slightly sour soup. He didn’t really know what to do with himself, the little seemed to entertain himself and the food didn’t exactly require his assistance either. Sighing, Jongin washed the remaining dishes and then went to grab his bag from the small hallway. He opened his textbooks and notebooks and began highlighting information and taking notes, completely losing track of time.

“Uh, N-Nini?” Jonghyun muttered from the other side of the kitchen. He was holding his stuffed rabbit with one arm and his pacifier with the other. Jongin noticed the time and cursed. He got up quickly and turned the stove off before ladling the soup into two bowls.

“What’s wrong?” Jongin asked Jonghyun as he plated their food, remembering to use Jonghyun’s colourful bowl and spoon as well as his My Melody sippy cup. Jongin couldn’t deny that all these
little things made Jonghyun look adorable.

“I’m hungry,” Jonghyun muttered and Jongin nodded.

“Here, why don’t you sit down and I’ll help you eat.”

The rest of the evening was pretty uneventful which pleased Jongin because he really wouldn’t have been able to handle a bratty little on such a fine Thursday evening. They ate quietly, Jongin helped Jonghyun eat his food while eating his own at the same time. The younger boy couldn’t help but notice all the things that set big Jonghyun apart from little Jonghyun such as the way he swung his feet as Jongin fed him his soup or the way his lips wrapped around the spoon in a childish way. He also found the sight of Jonghyun sucking on his pacifier as he watched cartoons adorable.

They were now sat on the couch in the living room playing play-pretend with a couple of teddy bears and Bunny as they listened to Scooby Doo in the background. Jongin tried calling Taemin, it was getting quite late and he wasn’t sure how he was supposed to put Jonghyun to bed. Would he need to bathe the older boy? Does the little have a specific routine he must follow? Jongin was growing more and more anxious by the minute and Jonghyun quickly picked up on it. The little was becoming fussy and whiny, asking for his Daddy.

“I want Daddy back,” Jonghyun sniffled and rubbed his eye with his fist. His cheeks were puffed out and his eyes were red.

“He’ll be back soon,” Jongin tried to reason with the little but it wasn’t getting him good results and soon enough it was nine o’clock and he was panicking again.

“It’s time for bed, sweetheart,” Jongin stood up from the couch and held out his hand to the little who shook his head.

“Sleep with Daddy,” Jonghyun explained as he remained seated with Bunny in his lap. Although exhaustion pulled at his eyes and limbs, Jonghyun felt a growing sense of panic in his gut.

“Your Daddy’s going to come home a bit later and you don’t want him to be upset that you’re not asleep, right?” Jongin tried to appeal to Jonghyun’s love for Taemin. The older boy shook his head almost violently and stood up. Smiling, Jongin took his hand and led him to the bedroom. He helped Jonghyun get into the unmade double bed and watched as the little burrowed himself under the thick blanket with his tired eyes half-lidded and his lips pouty. He looked up at Jongin who in turn looked back at him, wishing he could ask Jonghyun what he was supposed to do next. Awkwardly, he picked up Jonghyun’s pacifier and slipped it between the little’s lips.

“Uh, goodnight,” Jongin said as he turned the light off and closed the door.

As he closed the door, Jongin felt his shoulders droop. He could finally breathe again. The younger boy set about cleaning the small apartment before moving back to the kitchen to finish studying for the night.

The house was quiet and cold and soon enough it was ten at night. The front door opened and in came a tired and slightly upset Taemin. Happy to be relieved of his duty, Jongin threw all his belongings in his bag and went to meet Taemin at the door.

“How was it?” Jongin asked as Taemin took his shoes off and Jongin put his on.

“As expected, awkward and weird and useless,” Taemin said quietly.

“That sucks,” Jongin muttered, feeling sorry for his best friend.
“Daddy?” Both Jongin and Taemin turned their heads towards Jonghyun. The little was holding his Bunny and his pacifier and he was so so tired. Jongin felt bad for not checking on him.

“Welp, uh, see you around!” Jongin said quickly and made his exit.

Chuckling, Taemin locked the door behind his friend and went to hug his baby.

“Hi baby,” Taemin cooed at his little who was swaying slightly on his feet. “Why aren’t you asleep yet?”

“Missed Daddy,” Jonghyun muttered and looked up at Taemin. The younger noticed Jonghyun’s red, swollen eyes.

“Did you cry, sweetie?” Taemin asked softly as he held Jonghyun up.

“Mhm. Don’t leave again, okay?” Jonghyun asked sweetly and Taemin smiled. He wiped Jonghyun’s sticky cheeks with his thumb and kissed his forehead.

“Okay baby, let’s sleep now, okay?”

“Mhm.”

The younger made quick work of changing into his pyjamas and preparing a bottle for the little who was waiting patiently under the covers. Taemin slithered next to Jonghyun and wrapped his arms around his baby. Softly, he tapped the nipple of the bottle on Jonghyun’s lips. The older boy opened his mouth happily and soon enough fell asleep with his head on Taemin’s chest.
Nooo, wait for me to get the snacks!” Jonghyun whined loudly from the kitchen and Taemin couldn’t help but laugh at the desperation in his lover’s voice. Taemin has always liked his movies and his TV shows, it was his favourite way of ingesting media but he has never been able to keep up with Jonghyun’s love for series like Dexter and Grey’s Anatomy. The two were currently preparing for a quiet night in, just watching TV shows and eating bad food.

This chapter is somewhat of a song fic but not really. The only reason why I wrote this chapter is that I'm obsessed with Grey's Anatomy and JongTae. You don't need any knowledge of Grey's Anatomy since I mainly focused on the way Taemin sees Jonghyun. The songs/dialogue from the show is in italics and the songs (in order) are Cosy in the Rocket by Psapp, Chasing Cars by Snow Patrol, Breathe (2AM) by Anna Nalick and How We Operate by Gomez. Credit goes to the artists. Also, I do not own nor profit off Grey's Anatomy - credit goes to the writers and the team that made the show possible.

‘Nobody knows where we might end up, nobody knows’

“Nooo, wait for me to get the snacks!” Jonghyun whined loudly from the kitchen and Taemin couldn’t help but laugh at the desperation in his lover’s voice. Taemin has always liked his movies and his TV shows, it was his favourite way of ingesting media but he has never been able to keep up with Jonghyun’s love for series like Dexter and Grey’s Anatomy. The two were currently preparing for a quiet night in, just watching TV shows and eating bad food. The younger was already sat down in a mess of blankets on the couch, waiting for his boyfriend to bring their food. He wasn’t entirely sure what Jonghyun was making, all he could hear was the food processor and soft ‘ohh’s and ‘ahh’s coming from his lover’s lips. Jonghyun always gives his best when it comes to most things, especially when it comes to food and this was no different.

“Why do you always start the episode without waiting for me?” Jonghyun asked, his voice pouty, as he walked in with their plates and a bottle of water under his arm. Taemin took a minute to admire his boyfriend who was only wearing one of Taemin’s old t-shirts. Jonghyun’s hair was slightly wet from the shower he took before he began preparing their dinner and his eyes, ‘God, his eyes’ Taemin thought as Jonghyun looked at him fondly.
“I was just making sure we have the right episode,” Taemin pouted right back and took his plate out of Jonghyun’s hand. The food smelled amazing and Taemin still couldn’t believe the things his boyfriend could come up with. Their budget has always been tight, sometimes they had to make do with cheap food from their 24/7 grocery store which needless to say doesn’t have many healthy options, but they never went without good, fulfilling food. Taemin had an inkling that it was due to Jonghyun’s past, but he never brought it up to the older man, not wanting to needlessly upset him.

Jonghyun sat down next to him with his own plate which was heaping with spaghetti. The older boy tucked his legs under his body and pulled some of the blankets around himself before digging into his food. They never ate while watching a movie or a TV show since they wouldn’t be able to concentrate. Slowly, Taemin picked up his own fork and started digging into his food. The spaghetti was soft and the pasta sauce sweet yet salty at the same time. There were bits of sauteed mushrooms and tofu stirred into the sauce and the melted cheese on top made Taemin’s mouth water and the fake meatballs made Taemin squirm happily in his seat.

“Holy shit, baby, this is so good,” Taemin moaned around his fork and pushed his lover slightly when the older boy started laughing.

“You’ve had this before,” Jonghyun said, not even trying to hide how much he loved being praised.

“Yeah but it’s always getting better and better,” Taemin said with a cheeky grin, enjoying the way his boyfriend’s cheeks heated up.

“Shut up and eat your food,” Jonghyun mumbled quietly before shovelling more food into his mouth.

“Yes sir!” Taemin laughed and continued to eat.

They ate in silence mostly, apart from the low hum coming from their fridge or the slight static coming from their TV. The room was dark, only illuminated by the TV mounted above their small fireplace and Taemin still couldn’t understand why their crappy, tiny apartment had a fireplace. He wasn’t complaining, buying wood for the fireplace during winter was definitely cheaper than paying for gas so it was a good deal.

Soon enough they finished eating and were hanging back on the couch, their empty plates discarded on the coffee table next to one of Jonghyun’s cheap, burning candles. Taemin wrapped his arm around his boyfriend who leaned into his side. The older boy’s legs were still tucked under his body and Taemin noticed how that simple, normal position made Jonghyun look smaller than he already was. The older boy picked up the TV remote and pressed play, filling the room with noise. Pretty colours painted the walls and Taemin admired the sight before returning his eyes to the TV. He has never been a big fan of Grey’s Anatomy but Jonghyun loved it so much that it became his favourite thing to watch when feeling depressed or anxious. Before that it was Dexter, so Taemin was happy his lover’s tastes changed to a less, uh, murdery show.

‘I’m somewhat of an artist, not Picasso because his jaw would be somewhere on his forehead,’ Jonghyun giggled, shaking Taemin’s body in the process. Taemin could never truly focus on any of
the TV shows they watched together, not because the shows were bad but simply because his boyfriend always got so animated and so, so cute while watching these shows, especially Grey’s Anatomy. The younger only half watched the episode, the other half he spent noticing small things, things he already knew about his baby. The way his forehead creased with worry for a character he knew would be fine in the end or a tight-lipped smile after seeing another character, a character he doesn’t like all that much, appear on the screen. Jonghyun’s mouth formed small words as he reacted to the episode and Taemin had to hold back from cooing at his boyfriend.

‘Those three words are said too much, they’re not enough.’
‘ - skull fracture with a probable bleed -’
‘ - checking reflexes -’

Jonghyun was holding his breath now while one of his hands was holding tightly onto Taemin’s shirt. The long expanse of this thighs, the tan skin that was only illuminated by the strong lights coming from the TV, was full of goosebumps. Taemin smoothed a hand over Jonghyun’s thighs, making the older boy sigh happily. Jonghyun liked being touched and preened over, he enjoyed the feeling of Taemin’s fingers caressing his body, even when he was trying to concentrate on the show in front of him. Returning his gaze to the screen, he saw a bunch of doctors working hard around the patient. Taemin didn’t really understand the entire situation even though they have seen this episode multiple times before.

‘2AM and she calls me cause I’m still awake, can you help me unravel my latest mistake, I don’t love him, winter just wasn’t my season,’
‘Someone needs to keep an eye out on Mark,’

Jonghyun hummed along to the song, already knowing it word for word. The older boy’s fingers searched for Taemin’s where he found them in his lap. He held Taemin’s hand in his as they watched one of the doctors spin around beautifully, worry painted clearly on her face as she played her role. Taemin looked back at Jonghyun who was now resting his head on Taemin’s shoulder. His eyes were heavy, already sleepy even though this was the first episode of the night (they usually watch at least four or five) and his tongue came out to wet his pretty lips. Jonghyun looked up at him with shiny, happy eyes.

“Can we have hot chocolate?” Jonghyun asked quietly, trying not to disturb the peace in the room. The TV was still going as Taemin leaned in and captured his lover’s lips in a sweet kiss. Jonghyun closed his eyes and relaxed into the kiss.

“Anything for you baby,” Taemin murmured after pulling back.

“Want me to pause?” Jonghyun asked, still love drunk on the kiss they just shared. Taemin cooed at his lover’s sleepy eyes and flushed skin.

“No need to baby,” he said as he got up to make them hot chocolate. The kitchen was slightly warmer than the rest of the house, even though Taemin’s feet skipped around to avoid the cold tiles. He set about making Jonghyun a hot chocolate - two teaspoons of cocoa, two of sugar and warm almond milk - as he listened to the TV show. He walked back into the living room with a hot mug heaping with marshmallows and whipped cream which he handed over to Jonghyun’s grabby hands. The older boy went straight to drinking the sweet hot chocolate without taking his eyes off the screen.
‘Which is why we should wait to repair the heart,’
‘She’s not stable enough to wait!’
‘Calm down, and get straight, it’s not our eyes, it’s how we operate, you’re true, you are, I’d apologize but it won’t go very far’

The episode was coming to an end and Jonghyun was breathless as he watched the show. His fingers gripped the mug tightly and his mouth followed along with the translations on screen. Taemin watched his boyfriend attentively from the side, trying to commit to memory each and every little thing that made up the entity that was Jonghyun. The cute dimples, the shiny eyes and the laugh lines. Even the way he was sitting with his knees drawn up to his chest, chin on knees and mug of hot chocolate between his two small hands, resting on his toes. Taemin couldn’t believe how lucky he was.

“How long have you been staring at me for?” Jonghyun asked as the credits rolled in and Taemin snapped out of his thoughts.

“Long enough to notice how pretty you are,” Taemin said and Jonghyun blushed.

“You sap,” Jonghyun muttered as he leaned forward to put his empty mug on the stack of dirty plates.
Jonghyun has never been a person who enjoys nature. He grew up in the city away from animals and plants and he never felt the need to be one with nature the way people say they do. He just never cared for it and that was okay because he loved the city. He liked the strong lights, the loud chatter of the people swarming around him as he walked down the street, umbrella in hand and earphones blasting some classic rock. Jonghyun wasn't sure if he could listen to Bon Jovi on a farm or in a forest.

When Taemin decided they would go on a mini excursion, well, Jonghyun didn't think he'd find himself in the forest next to a cosy bonfire with his lovely boyfriend carding his long, expert fingers through his hair.

Jonghyun purred contently, leaning further into Taemin's soft touch and enjoying the warmth coming from the fire. He looked up at the sky through the tops of the trees - the sky was a deep shade of blue with tiny white dots speckled all over, reminding Jonghyun of a canvas.

Taemin was laying down next to him on the thick blanket they laid out. His head was resting in his hand which was propped up by his elbow and his body was so close to Jonghyun that the older man could feel his hot breath fanning his cheek.

Ever since Taemin finished university he has been obsessed with doting on Jonghyun in any way he could. He would buy Jonghyun cupcakes and wake him up to breakfast in bed, he would run hot baths for his boyfriend and massage his feet after a long day at work. Jonghyun loved the attention, he liked feeling cherished and adored and Taemin was providing that on a daily basis. This small trip was a part of that special treatment reserved just for Jonghyun.

They borrowed Amber's car and Taemin borrowed his father's tent and off they went to camp in the closest forest which was only a couple of hours out of Seoul. The drive was fun although a bit quiet. Instead of speaking, they just held hands and Jonghyun was content with that.

"You're so pretty like this," Taemin muttered with his heavy eyes lidded yet full of fondness. The younger traced Jonghyun's cheek with his bony finger. "So pretty for me."

Whining quietly, Jonghyun pulled the second blanket over his face. He always liked being complimented but the way Taemin does it, it sounds so intimate and overwhelming when he's using that deep, honeyed voice of his. It makes Jonghyun keen to hear more.

"Ah, are you blushing?" Taemin teased and sneaked his fingers under the blanket, to caress his cheek. "C'mon, show Daddy your blushy face."
Jonghyun swallowed loudly even though he immediately felt compelled to give into the younger. He wanted to hear more praises in that low, sexy voice and he wanted to make Taemin happy. Slowly, he began revealing his face only to be met by a loving gaze. Taemin's eyes were so full of love that it made Jonghyun's chest ache.

"Good boy," Taemin cooed before leaning down to plant a soft kiss on Jonghyun's heated cheek. "You make me so happy, baby."

"You make me happy too, Daddy," Jonghyun whispered as though in a trance. It was hard not to fall into the sweet, dark abyss that was Taemin.

The younger wrapped his arm around Jonghyun's torso and pulled him closer. Jonghyun placed his palm flat on Taemin's strong chest and looked up at him, his eyes full of adoration. He couldn't believe how lucky he was to have met Taemin and to have him as his life-long partner. He remembered practicing asking Taemin out in the mirror way before they started dating which was crazy to think about now, half a decade into this beautiful relationship.

Taemin let his fingers massage the small of Jonghyun's back. His fingers kneaded the hot skin beneath the older boy's thick clothes and Jonghyun shivered and moaned low in his throat, his forehead falling forward onto Taemin's chest. The younger pulled Jonghyun even closer, unable to get enough of him. Their legs entwined in a tangled mess and all Jonghyun could register was the roaring, crackling fire and the steady sound of Taemin's heart beat.

He thought back to all those long nights they spent awake on park benches or in Taemin's dorm room, just talking about the world and what it means to be alive and have a purpose. Memories of Jonghyun slipping into little-space made the older boy blush and burrow his face deeper into his lover's sturdy chest.

"What are you thinking about, sweetie?"

"Um, I was thinking back to the first time I was little," Jonghyun murmured with his voice muffled by the many layers of clothes Taemin had on. The younger boy smiled widely as the memory played in his mind's eye.

"You were so adorable, I couldn't believe how lucky I was to be able to care for you the way I do," Taemin's voice was soft and a perfectly mellow, it made Jonghyun look up at his boyfriend.

"Do you remember how it happened?" Jonghyun asked quietly, eyes sparkling beautifully in the warm light coming from the bonfire.

"Of course I remember," Taemin chuckled before bending down to peck Jonghyun's cold nose. "We just moved in together, the house was still unpacked and I had realized that I had too many things for our small apartment which made you anxious.

"I remember you having a lot of panic attacks at the time and so because we had been discussing the idea of little-space I decided to go out to get you something that would help you slip into that headspace. I just happened to walk into a pharmacy and find the cutest Care Bears pacifier and you were so shy when I showed it to you."

Jonghyun listened to Taemin's calm, soft voice and felt his body get heavier with every word. He still had the pacifier Taemin was talking about.

"We watched Thomas and Friends and you made us popcorn," Jonghyun muttered, his voice equally soft as to not break the cosy mood they had going on.
"You sat in my lap in our tiny living room with boxes of stuff still unpacked all around us, watching Thomas and Friends and sucking on your pacifier for hours before falling asleep," Taemin's voice was sweet, fond of Jonghyun and the lovely memories they shared together. "You've been my precious little Prince ever since that night."

"Your Prince," Jonghyun nodded as his chest hurt from all the love and pride he was feeling.

"My beautiful Prince," Taemin hugged Jonghyun tighter before kissing the top of his head.
"Y'wanna watch cartoons, bug?" Taemin asked as they walked back into the living room, mugs in hand and the little nodded tiredly, still holding onto Taemin. The rest of the morning was spent cuddled up on the couch in a cocoon of throw blankets and pillows. They watched Saturday morning cartoons as Taemin helped Jonghyun sip on his hot chocolate and cooed at his cute, sleepy baby.

Mornings at Taemin and Jonghyun's apartment have always been cold, no matter the season. They could never afford heating and even if they did, they chose to save their money and just wear more layers of clothes. Even so, they never wore thick clothing to bed and Taemin cursed himself for not dressing Jonghyun in something warmer.

The early morning sunshine shone gently through the kitchen window and the frosty morning air rattled loudly against the glass. Jonghyun held tightly onto Taemin's shirt as the younger guided them towards the freezing kitchen. The tiles were cold and Jonghyun whined lowly in his throat. The older boy woke up crying from a nightmare and it took Taemin ages to calm him down. He was always so sensitive to everything in little space and usually, Taemin thinks it's cute but listening to his baby sob heavily into his chest because he couldn't get the ugly images out of his head, well, it was painful.

The two walked into the kitchen at 5 AM, Taemin only wearing a pair of sweatpants and an old, ratty t-shirt and Jonghyun wearing a long t-shirt and no trousers. The older boy yawned quietly, tears spilling from his eyes as he held tightly onto Taemin. He was skipping slightly from one foot to the other, the tiles biting at his feet.

"Daddy," Jonghyun whined as the younger boy opened the fridge to take the milk out. The cold from the fridge reached Jonghyun's bare legs and made him shiver. "I'm cold."

"I'll get you a blanket," Taemin said softly, still so sleepy. He placed the milk on the counter and they made their way to the living room. Taemin draped one of their throw blankets over Jonghyun's shivering shoulders and the older immediately leaned into Taemin's strong body. His fingers dug into the soft material, clutching the blanket around his small body as his Daddy rubbed his back softly.

"Okay baby, let's make some hot chocolate, yeah?" Taemin said, knowing the other will agree and immediately grab onto his t-shirt again. Jonghyun didn't want to be alone since he was still scared of his nightmare, which meant he would follow Taemin around like a little duckling for hours before feeling comfortable enough to be on his own.

The two made their way back to the kitchen and Taemin set about making the warm drink. He dumped spoonfuls of cocoa and sugar into cute mugs as he heated up the milk on the stove. He looked outside the window and yawned, clearly still very tired. Jonghyun was still hopping from one foot to another as he hugged Taemin from behind, making it hard to move.
The older boy has been in little space a lot lately and Taemin was so happy to have his little baby but the constant switching between big Jonghyun and small Jonghyun made things difficult.

Not only was the older boy spontaneous in his regression, but the ages he regressed to were haphazard too. Sometimes he was small enough that Taemin would have to bottle feed him and sometimes he was big enough that he helped Taemin clean up his toys after playtime - but Taemin never knew which one was coming when his boyfriend would fall into his headspace.

The younger stirred into the two heaping mugs as he felt Jonghyun's fingers dig slightly into his skin. Taemin smiled.

"Y'wanna watch cartoons, bug?" Taemin asked as they walked back into the living room, mugs in hand and the little nodded tiredly, still holding onto Taemin. The rest of the morning was spent cuddled up on the couch in a cocoon of throw blankets and pillows. They watched Saturday morning cartoons as Taemin helped Jonghyun sip on his hot chocolate and cooed at his cute, sleepy baby.
Edge Of Glory

Chapter Summary

Jonghyun looked pretty in his knitted sweater that made him look smaller than he was, ripped black jeans that hugged his thick thighs perfectly and brown boots.

Taemin pulled himself up as Jonghyun put his equipment away and walked into their small but cozy living room. The house was messy and Taemin realized that he should have cleaned up since he had been at home all day.

Chapter Notes

First and foremost, this chapter contains very explicit sex. If you don’t feel comfortable reading explicit content, worry not, this chapter does not contain anything relevant to the story as a whole and therefore you can skip it. Secondly, this is ALL consensual. At one point, Jonghyun tells Taemin that it's all too much but if Jonghyun really felt uncomfortable with what they were doing he would have used their agreed safeword. Thirdly, I wrote this in two days and by the end I was sure I was going to hell, even though I don’t believe it exists. This chapter contains strong dom/sub-themes, feminization, edging and overstimulation, slight humiliation/degradation kink, praise kink, crying during sex, dirty talking and of course, daddy kink (I'm pretty sure this is all but if I remember another one I will add it here). Also, this chapter is really long (nearly 5000 words - of course, my longest chapter would be a smutty one). I really hope you enjoy this chapter since I put so much work into it.

Although it was late May, the evenings were cold enough to wear sweaters and boots which meant that Jonghyun arriving home, all bundled up with his camera equipment hanging off his shoulder shouldn’t have been a surprising sight for Taemin.

The younger was lazing on the couch, looking for job opportunities when his lover walked in through the front door, blonde hair sticking out in each and every way from the strong wind and cheeks rosy from the biting cold. He could see Jonghyun was tired from a full day at work, dealing with rude customers and handling the shop on his own while his boss was away on holiday.

Jonghyun looked pretty in his knitted sweater that made him look smaller than he was, ripped black jeans that hugged his thick thighs perfectly and brown boots.

Taemin pulled himself up as Jonghyun put his equipment away and walked into their small but cozy living room. The house was messy and Taemin realized that he should have cleaned up since he had been at home all day.

“Hey,” Taemin said after Jonghyun plopped down in his arms. The older boy’s eyes were tired and his skin was cold but the moment Taemin had him in his arms he felt whole again.
“Hey, Daddy,” Jonghyun’s voice was soft and his eyes were closed.

“You feeling little?” Taemin asked as he wrapped his arm under Jonghyun’s knees and pulled the older man closer.

“No, just feel like calling you Daddy,” Jonghyun said and Taemin grinned, loving this state of his boyfriend. Jonghyun was so malleable in this state, not really little but not exactly big, just wanting to be taken care of. Sometimes the stress of everyday life would get to Jonghyun, caused him panic attacks a couple of times and Jonghyun just needed to give up some control, to feel loved and cared for. The headspace scared Taemin at first, he didn’t know how to deal with it but soon enough he found himself enjoying a very submissive Jonghyun.

Looking at his baby, Taemin felt a pang in his chest. Jonghyun has always been always beautiful, no matter what situation he found himself in, but to Taemin, this is when Jonghyun is the most beautiful with his big, shiny, wide eyes and his lips slicked and red from biting them too much.

“What do you need, baby?” Taemin whispered against Jonghyun’s neck before peppering his skin with hot kisses. The younger kissed his way down to the base of Jonghyun’s neck where he nibbled at the soft skin, leaving a pinkish-purple bruise behind. Jonghyun melted in his arms as Taemin loved on his sensitive skin.

“Wanna be filled up,” his voice was breathy and calm as Taemin sneaked his hands under his sweater and caressed his hot skin. Slowly, he mapped Jonghyun’s torso from his sharp hip bones to his soft tummy and strong chest. The elder’s eyes fluttered shut, his eyelashes ghosted his cheekbones and his breathing became shallow. The next few moments were like a well-rehearsed dance. Taemin’s fingers reached Jonghyun’s sensitive nipples, making the older boy shudder. He thumbed over the hardening buds, flicking them and circling them with the pads of his fingers as Jonghyun whimpered prettily.

Taemin helped Jonghyun reposition himself in his lap so that they were facing each other so that they could be closer.

The cold was long forgotten with Jonghyun’s legs on either side of Taemin’s hips and his small hands on Taemin’s chest, gripping tightly at the soft, t-shirt material. Taemin pulled the boy closer by his hips, their faces mere centimetres apart yet so, so close. Slowly, Taemin slipped his hands to Jonghyun’s ass and pulled the older boy against his cock, making him gasp. Taemin pulled him into a sweet, open mouth kiss, their lips slotted together perfectly - Taemin kneaded Jonghyun’s soft ass as Jonghyun let him explore his mouth to his heart’s content, their hips rolled tirelessly against each other. Jonghyun swallowed loudly, enjoying the feeling of the rough denim against his hardening cock.

“Holy shit,” Taemin heaved when they pulled back. Jonghyun’s pupils were all blown out and so, so pretty. “You’re gorgeous baby, such a fucking gorgeous doll, all mine.”

“All y-yours,” Jonghyun whimpered lowly in his throat, his hips began moving faster to match his heartbeat. Taemin settled back to watch his boy chase his high with his eyes closed and sharp cheeks flushed. “C’mom, please, please -”

“I’m right here baby,” Taemin muttered against Jonghyun’s jawline and Jonghyun leaned into his Daddy’s touch, seeking comfort. Jonghyun’s chest tightened as the tension in his tummy coiled up hotly, making his head spin.
Suddenly, Taemin gripped his hips tightly, holding him in place. Jonghyun whined and opened his eyes. Taemin made quick work of their trousers and underwear but left Jonghyun’s sweater on. The older boy shivered when the cold air hit his legs and Taemin watched the way the sweater swallowed his boyfriend up, making him look small and breakable.

“Lift up your sweater for me, baby,” Taemin muttered as he settled back on the couch, arms full of his beautiful baby. Blushing, Jonghyun pulled up his sweater, Taemin’s hands followed at his sides as his fingers got tangled in the soft material. Jonghyun watched his lover admire his chest with big, black eyes. Leaning in, Taemin blew cold air onto one of the perky nipples before teasing it with the tip of his tongue.

“Oh, G-God,” Jonghyun stammered as he watched Taemin’s hand pinch his other nipple. He began rolling the nub between his thumb and his forefinger as he lapped at the other one, humming and grazing his teeth against the soft flesh. Jonghyun’s thighs shook against Taemin’s legs and his head fell back as a quick surge of electricity thrummed through his body. Taemin pressed his tongue flat against the nipple before moving onto the other one. He puckered his lips to suck on the teat as Jonghyun shook in his arms and his chest heaved from the pressure.

“Look at you,” Taemin marvelled at his lover. “All strung out just from me playing with your tits.”

Jonghyun squirmed then moaned when Taemin went back to work on his sore nipples. The pressure was overwhelming, making Jonghyun want to weep - he started moving his hips again only to have Taemin’s other hand drop to his hip to stop him. The sweater fell down with it, covering his ass as the front of the material was held up by his shaking hands. The taste of Jonghyun’s skin made Taemin dizzy as he dragged his tongue over the pretty, hard nub then peppered kisses all around the areola, avoiding the one spot that Jonghyun wanted him to pay attention to.

“I love your tits, baby” Taemin mused as he kissed down Jonghyun’s chest, palms dragging down his sides, loving his body the way it was always meant to be loved. “So perky and pretty.”

Whining, Jonghyun moved his fingers to his nipples, wanting more pressure and making his sweater fall in the process. The older boy toyed with his numb nipples and Taemin watched in awe as his cock got harder by the second.

“Fuck,” Taemin breathed before catching Jonghyun’s lips with his own and nibbling on his already swollen lips. His hands moved back to his perky ass cheeks which he kneaded tirelessly. He lifted his hand up high before letting it fall down hard against Jonghyun’s soft ass before rubbing the spot lovingly. Jonghyun yelped as the sound of Taemin’s palm against his ass bounced against the walls.

“D-Daddy,” Jonghyun breathed against Taemin’s lips, the stimulation from his nipples and the nice sting from the smack eating him from the inside out. “More.”

“More what, baby?” Taemin growled as he felt Jonghyun’s dick throb against his stomach. “Use your words, doll.” Jonghyun glared half-assedly and Taemin grinned, knowing how hard it was for the older boy to dirty talk without turning into a mushy puddle of embarrassed, blushy goo.

“I-I want you to spank me, D-Daddy,” Jonghyun stammered, his eyes falling south in embarrassment and his fingers moving from his nipples back to his Daddy’s chest.

“Yeah? Does my pretty doll wanna be spanked?” Taemin asked before squeezing Jonghyun’s ass cheeks and spreading them, making the older boy gasp at the cold air hitting his asshole.

“Yes!” Jonghyun yelped when Taemin landed another smack on his ass letting it jiggle pleasantly.
“Oh, G-God.”

“Such a dirty little slut,” Taemin’s voice was low and husky with arousal. “You like it when your Daddy spanks you, hm?”

“Ye-Yes,” Jonghyun replied from the crook of Taemin’s neck as another smack was landed on his ass. His skin was hot, boiling under the surface and his mouth was dry from the pain shooting through his body from the point of impact. His toes curled in pleasure as Taemin’s hand came up only to land heavily on his ass and rubbing the soft flesh gently before raising his hand again.

“Good?” Taemin muttered against Jonghyun’s hot skin, making the other shiver in between soft sobs of pleasure.

“God, yes, yes -” Jonghyun whined as their cocks rubbed against each other. He let a shiver run down his spine as his hips began canting instinctively only to be stopped again by Taemin.

“No moving until I tell you to,” Taemin’s voice was stern and left no room for argument, making Jonghyun pout against his neck. “Let’s move to the bedroom.” Taemin picked up his lover effortlessly, despite how much Jonghyun worked out, the older boy was still light as a feather. Jonghyun’s arms wrapped around his Daddy’s neck as he pulled back to look at him with blown out, innocent eyes. Taemin would have caressed his cheek if his hands weren’t full.

He kicked open the door to their bedroom and dropped his baby on the bed. Jonghyun threw his sweater off the side of the bed before he scooted backwards until his head was resting on the pillows and made grabby hands for Taemin who was kneeling by their bed, reaching for a new bottle of lube in the box they kept there. Jonghyun whined impatiently, missing the skin on skin contact and how safe he felt in Taemin’s arms.

“I’m here baby,” Taemin muttered as he crawled on the bed and nudged his way in between Jonghyun’s thighs. The older boy blushed a deep red at how his legs were spread so wide, how he was so open for Taemin to admire. “God, you’re gorgeous.”

“Daddy,” Jonghyun whispered, his heart full from all the praises he’s been receiving from his lover. Taemin leaned in to catch his baby’s lips with his own and to lick into his mouth - the taste driving him mad with arousal. He could feel Jonghyun’s cock throb hotly against his hip as the older boy wrapped his legs around his waist, pulling him in closer with a satisfied hum.

Taemin kissed down from Jonghyun’s jaw to his neck and all the way down to his nipples which he caught in his mouth, making Jonghyun’s back arch into the feeling.

“There, oh -oh, God, Daddy,” Jonghyun moaned loudly, not caring about their neighbours and that he’ll have a hard time leaving the house tomorrow. Taemin’s hands moved to squeeze Jonghyun’s pecs, creating two perfect mounds for him to love on. “This one too,” Jonghyun whimpered, his features coated in embarrassment as he guided Taemin’s head towards his other nipple.

“Such a needy baby,” Taemin cooed before lapping at his other nipple, giving it the attention it deserved. With an expert hand, he felt around the bed for the lube which he rubbed in between his palms before squirting a generous amount over three of his fingers. He dragged his coated fingers down Jonghyun’s writhing body, pressing on sensitive spots, circling his navel and avoiding his cock before pressing heavily on his perineum, making Jonghyun sob with pleasure. Jonghyun’s head was spinning, he loved feeling vulnerable in his Daddy’s arms and pinned down by his bigger body. The weight of his lover made him feel safe and slightly dizzy.
“Ah - ohhh…” Jonghyun bit his lip as he felt Taemin’s forefinger circling his rim before slipping in only to slip out just as quick. The younger kept going, driving Jonghyun crazy with need. “N-no teasing.”

“No?” Taemin chuckled darkly, knowing how much Jonghyun loved being teased. “Are you being coy, baby?”

Jonghyun closed his eyes, not ready to give into his boyfriend’s mean tone, instead, he focused on the way his hole stretched around Taemin’s wet finger. Breathing hard, he pushed down on the digit, moaning loudly when it brushed against his sweet spot. Taemin tsked and pulled out his finger until it was resting against his rim again.

“Are you really that hungry to be filled up that you can’t be still for just a second?” Taemin’s voice was low and gravelly as he pushed his finger back in and pulled it out before sliding his middle finger in as well, making his baby yelp in surprise. Jonghyun always took whatever was given to him so well, it made Taemin’s chest swell with pride. “You wanna be fucked that badly, huh?”

“Ah, y-yes! God, fuck me already,” Jonghyun’s tone was bratty as he moved his hips to chase Taemin’s fingers. The younger scissored his fingers in and out of Jonghyun’s tight asshole before licking a stripe up his chest, neck and finally biting Jonghyun’s lower lip.

“That’s up for me to decide, princess,” Taemin chided before curving his fingers and hitting Jonghyun’s sweet spot dead on. The older boy trashed under him, his thighs quivering around Taemin’s torso.

“M-more, fuck, there - ah,” Jonghyun’s eyes slipped shut as he enjoyed the feeling of Taemin abusing his prostate, not even realizing when the younger pushed in his ring finger. Jonghyun’s hands wrapped around Taemin’s neck, pulling his face against his chest, needing more skin on skin contact to ground himself in. The squelching sound of the lube being pounded into his tight ass by Taemin’s rough fingers made him blush but they both knew how much Jonghyun liked hearing those filthy sounds.

“Such a sloppy little cunt,” Taemin groaned as he pushed more lube in, making Jonghyun whine. He pulled his fingers out and wiped them on the sheets before kissing Jonghyun deeply, swallowing his dissatisfied groan before lifting his ass and pulling him closer. He pumped his own dick a couple of times before pressing it against Jonghyun’s gaping hole, making the older boy gasp and push down against the pressure, mind going hazy with the need to be filled up by his Daddy’s cock. Taemin rubbed his dick head between Jonghyun’s asscheeks, making the older boy whine pathetically.

“P-please,” Jonghyun sobbed, clearly irritated by all the teasing and just wanting to be filled up.

“Please what, doll? Use your words,” Taemin cooed against his lover’s hot skin, raising goosebumps in his wake. He spread Jonghyun’s cheeks wide before squeezing them together around his dick. Jonghyun was trembling with need, his once cold body was warm now and his cheeks, although still flushed, were now pink for a whole other reason. Taemin loved seeing Jonghyun like this, it made his heart ache with some fucked up desire to wreck him.

“Wanna feel you, Daddy,” Jonghyun whimpered sweetly, appealing to Taemin’s love for him as his eyelashes fluttered cutely, just like the pillow princess he was. Taemin smirked as he pushed the head of his cock past Jonghyun’s rim, making the older boy cry out prettily. “M-more, ah!”

Taemin slowly bottomed out, inch by inch until his balls were flush against Jonghyun’s skin. The older boy breathed out heavily, adjusting to the cock splitting him in half. He closed his eyes and bit his lip, feeling every inch of Taemin’s cock.
“Oh, God, ah, move Daddy,” he purred, his voice high pitched and Taemin couldn’t help but marvel at his lover’s reaction. Taemin always knew Jonghyun was a bit of a cock slut but his reactions always caught the younger man by surprise. Slowly, he began rolling his hips, the drag of his cock against the tight squeeze of Jonghyun’s asshole made Taemin’s head spin.

“Holy fuck, baby,” he groaned as he pulled all the way back before slamming back in roughly, grazing Jonghyun’s prostate. Taemin’s arms were shaking slightly as he held himself up, his baby’s arms looped around the back of his neck, moaning sweetly in his ear, begging for more, more, more.

He picked up the pace, setting an almost brutal rhythm. Jonghyun’s small body writhed under him, his head lolling to the side, his mouth open in a litany of filth, piety long forgotten. Taemin smirked and bit Jonghyun’s shoulder as he folded the older boy in half. Jonghyun cried at the new angle and his toes curled when Taemin’s cock hit his prostate dead on. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Jonghyun whined as Taemin bottomed out once again, the head of his cock throbbing against Jonghyun’s sweet spot. Taemin watched as Jonghyun’s eyes rolled to the back of his head and his thighs quivered.

“Such a pretty fuckdoll,” Taemin growled only for Jonghyun to moan brokenly, secretly loving how mean Taemin got. “I love your pussy, baby, makes Daddy feel so good.”

“Oh, Daddy,” Jonghyun whined lowly from his chest, body heavy and chest tight with tension. He felt the familiar pressure in his throat, the tight coil was threatening to burst as he sobbed. His eyes were stinging with unshed tears and he quickly covered his face with his hands as the shame was threatening to eat him alive.

“None of that, Jjongie,” Taemin chastised before pulling Jonghyun’s hands away from his face and pinning them above his head. Taemin’s grip on his wrist hurt and Jonghyun wanted more, his entire body was thrumming with electricity yet it wasn’t enough. Tears spilt from the corner of his eyes as Taemin pumped his cock inside of him, the pleasure so overwhelming that it reduced Jonghyun to a sobbing, crying mess.

Suddenly, Taemin pulled out only for Jonghyun to open his eyes wide, cheeks shiny and salty from his tears and his mouth hanging open, his hole gaped lewdly. The younger pulled back to sit on his knees as he admired Jonghyun’s raw, puffy rim and his red ass cheeks. His baby was so beautiful.

“So pretty,” he murmured as his thumb slipped inside Jonghyun wet hole. “Get on all fours baby.”

“Uh -” Jonghyun was confused, the mist in his head slowly clearing up as Taemin helped him adjust. As he was being manhandled, realization clicked into his brain and he blushed hotly. His chest hurt as Taemin laid down on his back with Jonghyun’s ass mere inches from his face. The younger’s hands kneaded his ass softly, spreading them before landing a soft kiss on his rim. “Daddy!”

Jonghyun was whining in pure embarrassment, having his lover that close to his hole and being so open made Jonghyun shy. Taemin chuckled darkly before patting his thigh to calm him down.

“Ohh…” Jonghyun shivered when Taemin ran the flat of his tongue over his stretched out hole before kissing around his rim. His arms shook from the way he was trying to hold himself up and his toes curled when Taemin probed his hole with his tongue.

“Ride my face, baby” Taemin whispered hotly, making Jonghyun whine.

“B-but, Daddy,” Taemin loved how bashful his baby was. He ran a hand over Jonghyun’s smooth thigh.

“Come on, doll, let Daddy make you feel good,” Taemin cooed before lapping at his lover’s rim.
again. Jonghyun’s breathing was shallow and he wanted to obey his Daddy so badly. Closing his eyes, he shifted slightly and lowered his hips with Taemin’s help. He yelped when he felt Taemin’s tongue push past his rim. The younger massaged Jonghyun’s ass cheeks as he plunged his tongue in and out of his lover’s ass, loving the sound of his baby’s broken moans and the way he lowered his top half of the body to lay on Taemin.

Taemin closed his eyes and focused on eating Jonghyun out instead of the proximity between his lover’s mouth and his aching, hard cock. Biting his lip, Jonghyun began rolling his hips slowly with the help of Taemin’s big, manly hands, enjoying the overwhelming sensation of Taemin fucking him open with his tongue.

“Oh, fuck - Daddy!” Jonghyun squealed as Taemin slipped two fingers in with his tongue. The fingers made expert work of stretching him out and finding his sweet spot. “Oh, o-oh, God, th-there! Fuck, Daddy feels so good!”

Jonghyun sobbed brokenly as Taemin abused his prostate, rubbing the pads of his fingers mercilessly against the soft bundle of nerves as his tongue lapped at the soft, hot flesh. He fisted the sheets until his knuckles turned white, the tight coil in his tummy threatened to explode which made Jonghyun panic.

“D-Daddy, Daddy,” he cried out before eyeing Taemin’s heavy cock, so close to his face. Jonghyun keened and moved to kitten lick the red, angry head of Taemin’s cock. Taemin shivered, his cock always so sensitive. “I-I’m close!”

Jonghyun’s mind shut down as he felt Taemin’s fingers fuck his hole rapidly, his tongue aiding the process as he pushed his ass down on his Daddy’s fingers and tongue. His toes curled and his chest heaved as he continued to lick small stripes from Taemin’s balls all the way up his shaft before kissing the bulbous tip of his cock only for it to sputter precome on Jonghyun’s lips. The older boy giggled before fisting his Daddy’s cock and Taemin groaned at the pretty sound of his lover’s giggle after mouthing filthily at his cock.

“Fuck, baby,” he muttered lowly in his throat before raising his hand and landing a heavy slap to Jonghyun’s ass cheek, making it jiggle. The older boy yelped, the sting overwhelming all his sense. The second smack came fast as did the third and the fourth and Taemin squeezed his lover’s cheeks before kneading them as a form of damage control.

“What a little cock whore you are,” Taemin mocked before landing another smack to Jonghyun’s ass. “Look at yourself, all pretty with a hard cock in your mouth.” Jonghyun keened and whimpered, his high slowly ebbing away as Taemin kneaded his ass and caressed every inch of his body. He closed his eyes again and took Taemin’s cock into his mouth. He fondled his balls before tonguing Taemin’s slit, making the younger throw his head back in pleasure. Jonghyun always loved knowing that he was the one making his Daddy fall apart, his heart swelled up with pride as he bobbed his head slowly, teasing the thick vein on the underside of Taemin’s cock and humming softly around the hard appendage.

“God, baby,” Taemin groaned as Jonghyun relaxed his jaw and focused on deep throating Taemin’s cock. Soon enough Jonghyun nosed at Taemin’s pelvis, his cock hitting the back of his baby’s throat. Breathing in through his nose, Jonghyun swallowed thickly around his Daddy’s cock, making Taemin lose his mind. The younger gripped Jonghyun’s ass tighter as Jonghyun swallowed around his cock again before pulling back and sputtering. The older boy went right back to pumping the length of Taemin’s dick as he sucked on the tip before taking him all the way in again. He alternated between bobbing his head and deep throating his lover before Taemin landed another smack on his ass, making it jiggle prettily.
“Fuck, come here,” Taemin groaned before switching positions. Jonghyun let himself be manhandled by Taemin who expertly moved them around the bed. The biting cold of their apartment finally creeping in from the open door.

“Gorgeous,” Jonghyun blushed as he laid down on his Daddy’s strong chest. The younger man was sitting with his back against the wall, his baby in his arms with his thick thighs on either side of Taemin’s legs. Taemin helped Jonghyun lift up his tired body, he helped lower Jonghyun on his cock. Taemin groaned as his cock pushed past the tight rim and through the wetness of spit, lube and precum. The older boy’s mouth hanging open in a silent ‘O’ while being split on Taemin’s thick cock. Jonghyun trembled, the heat of their bodies too much to handle as Taemin bottomed out.

“Looking so pretty hanging off my cock,” Taemin praised before gripping Jonghyun’s hips tightly and lifting him off his dick only to lower him down slowly. The drag of Taemin’s cock against his sweet spot was making Jonghyun’s mind go fuzzy and his chest tightened in anticipation. His hands gripped tightly at his Daddy’s shoulders to steady himself before he began working his hips in slow circles, chasing his own high.

“Oh, umm - fuck,” Jonghyun whimpered as Taemin grabbed his ass and squeezed his cheeks, hard. His thighs were shaky and tired so Taemin took over. He steeled his feet on the bed and thrust upwards while bringing him down by his hips. The lewd sound of skin slapping and the squelching sound made Jonghyun’s ears burn with shame. He felt dirty and used and loved with the way Taemin was using his hole to pleasure himself. The thought of being a cockwarmer for his Daddy made Jonghyun cry out as Taemin angled his cock to hit his prostate dead on. The pace was agonizing, Taemin was alternating between a fast pace and a slow, tantalizing drag of his cock, all the way out and all the way in. Jonghyun closed his eyes and nuzzled his face in the crook of his Daddy’s neck, needing comfort as overwhelmed tears gushed from his eyes.

“Fuck, doll, are you drooling?” Taemin asked in awe, his dick throbbing at the hot liquid running down his shoulder.

“Daddy!” Jonghyun whined full of shame, his hips stuttering as he tried to fuck down on Taemin’s cock.

“Oh, baby, are you that desperate to have your pussy full of Daddy’s cock that you’re drooling for it?” Taemin mocked, his voice laced with that dominant tone that made Jonghyun shake with shame and arousal. Taemin squeezed his ass before picking up the pace again, his thrusts almost violent. “Answer me, doll.”

Jonghyun swallowed. “Y-yes, Daddy! Oh, oh - f-uck.”

“Yes what, baby?” Asked Taemin as he aimed another hard thrust at his prostate.

“I want Daddy's cock in my pretty little pussy,” Jonghyun sobbed as his dick bobbed obscenely between their bodies.

“Such a good cum slut,” Taemin moaned as he picked up the pace again. Jonghyun’s eyes rolled to the back of his head before Taemin gently pushed him away from his body. Jonghyun swallowed loudly as Taemin looked at him in pure awe. His baby, all his with his pretty blown out eyes, swollen lips, flushed cheeks and crying so fucking beautifully. It made Taemin’s insides churn with a fucked up desire. Jonghyun’s thighs began quivering, nearing his climax.

“Mm - God, feels so good, Daddy,” Jonghyun cried out as more tears stained his cheeks. “Daddy
always makes Jjongie feel good!

Jonghyun loved the look on his Daddy’s face as Taemin leaned in to suckle on his teat again. The hardened, swollen nub stood proudly to attention as Taemin lapped at the tight skin, enjoying the taste of Jonghyun and the act of sucking on his tits. He rolled the other one between his thumb and forefinger while he held Jonghyun with his other arm as he bounced his messy fuckdoll on his cock. Jonghyun threw his head back and his mouth opened in a litany of ‘Daddy’s’ and pathetic begging as he pulled Taemin’s hair - the pressure in his tummy begging to explode.


“It’s okay baby, I got you,” Taemin cooed Jonghyun, his thrusts desperate for release. “My pretty baby, always so fucking good for Daddy, taking Daddy’s cock so well,” Taemin spoke softly as Jonghyun cried in his arms, the constant drag of Taemin’s cock against his sensitive walls driving him crazy with need.

“Need to come, need -” Jonghyun’s blabbering was incoherent and loud as he worked his hips fast, chasing his climax.

“Fuck,” Taemin grunted. “Come for me, baby.”

“Daddy’s gonna come too?” Jonghyun hiccuped, hiding his face in his Daddy’s chest, the coil in his tummy tightening to a breaking point, threatening to explode.

“Yes, baby, gonna pump you full of cum so you can feel it in your tummy,” Taemin cooed as Jonghyun whined. His eyes rolled back as he was coming in hot spurts in between their chests. Taemin fucked him through his orgasm, his thrusts erratic as his own orgasm was looming just beneath the surface. Jonghyun plopped down on Taemin’s chest, spent and sated as his hole was eating Taemin’s cock up.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Taemin groaned as he pumped his cock inside his baby one last time before exploding deep inside his ass. Jonghyun mewed, feeling the hot cum coat his walls and slip out with Taemin’s cock. “Look at yourself, baby doll,”

Jonghyun whined before he obeyed, looking down in between their bodies to see hot trails of cum running down his thighs and onto Taemin’s legs and cock. Jonghyun blushed and looked away.

“Your pussy’s so full of cum baby,” Taemin caressed Jonghyun’s cheek and Jonghyun leaned into the soft touch. “It can’t even hold it all in.”

“Daddy!” Jonghyun whined in embarrassment before hiding his face in Taemin’s chest.

“My pretty, pretty boy,” Taemin breathed out, tired. “I love you, baby.”

“I love you too, Daddy,” Jonghyun sighed happily.
Jonghyun never took the long way home, it was just inconvenient and well, long. Instead, he would plug his earphones in and take the quickest bus home to his boyfriend who was slowly learning how to cook. A couple of nights ago, when Jonghyun had to work overtime, he came home at eleven at night to find the entire kitchen a mess. Pots and pans everywhere, the rice cooker was somehow impossible to clean and the eggs, they were everywhere. Jonghyun shuddered at the memory but smiled immediately after as he remembered the quite dry but lovely sponge cake that Taemin had been slaving over the entire day. Ever since then, the younger man has taken to preparing Jonghyun’s work lunch as well as making sure the older man has dinner ready when he gets home. Yeah, Jonghyun has trouble eating some of it but his younger boyfriend was taking an interest in learning to feed himself and so that was enough for Jonghyun to swallow the burnt food.

Tonight was different, though. Taemin was out with a couple of childhood friends for the night which meant that Jonghyun would be spending most of it nursing a beer and reading one of his new books and although he was really into the book he was reading, he didn’t want to spend his night with his nose trapped between the pages of a novel. He wanted to cuddle with Taemin and possibly have sex. Jonghyun blushed, memories from a few nights ago swimming in his mind’s eye. Yeah, he definitely didn’t want to go home to an empty house.

Instead, he took the long route home, he even thought about swinging by Jungkook’s house to pay him a visit but he didn’t want to show up uninvited. Instead, he decided to listen to the sounds of the city, the cars zooming past him and the street vendors calling for clients before closing down for the night. Jonghyun loved Seoul with all of his heart, he loved the tall buildings, the colours and the sounds, the yummy food and all the people that surrounded him at all times yet he rarely spent time admiring it.

“I should do this more often,” he muttered under his breath as he adjusted the strap of his camera bag. It was barely 6 in the afternoon and the sun was still up yet people were rushing home, bumping into each other, hands full of grocery bags and pulling children along the busy streets of Seoul. Jonghyun couldn’t be happier with his life.

As he waited at the crossing, he let his eyes wander from one side to the other. The intersection was
relatively small and people were waiting impatiently, tapping their feet and sighing, making Jonghyun slightly anxious. The blonde boy swallowed the lump in his throat and counted to ten in his head. When he reached number 6, the traffic lights turned green and the sea of people began moving at once, sweeping Jonghyun along with them. He exhaled shakily once he was on the other side but before he could regain his composure, a bright neon sign caught his attention. The strong colours made Jonghyun’s eyes burn slightly as he stared at it for too long.

The sign was red and yellow and it illustrated a cat and a dog, the cat looking a little bit like Pusheen. The writing underneath said ‘Peach Blossom Dog Rescue Centre’ and Jonghyun thought that the name suited the pink exterior and the cute baby blue paw print stickers on the windows. Slowly, he made his way towards the establishment and without thinking, he pushed the heavy glass door open and stepped in. The air inside was warm but pleasant and Jonghyun smiled at the faint smell of pet shampoo and pedigree.

Looking around, he noticed a small desk area and two small couches off to the side. The walls were an off-white with a wood feature wall. There were pictures of pets and flyers everywhere and Jonghyun couldn’t help but feel at peace in the small room. The soft barking from somewhere farther in the building made for great white noise and the soft, red blinking LED lights from the various electronic gadgets around the room made the whole being swooped by a large sea of people debacle easier to swallow.

Suddenly, another door opened and in walked a short lady who looked just a bit older than Jonghyun. Her face was round, her eyes were pretty and her pink scrubs suited the room perfectly.

“Hi! Can I help you?” The woman asked sweetly as she snuck behind the desk area and woke up her computer. Jonghyun felt stuck, not sure how to answer.

“H-Hey, I saw the neon sign as I was walking home and something told me to come in. I’m not really looking for a pet but, uh -”

“You want to see them?” The lady’s eyes shone brightly with mischief but her smile was kind so Jonghyun smiled back.

“Yeah, that would be great,” Jonghyun said and she nodded. “My name’s Jonghyun, by the way.”

“Yes, that would be great,” Jonghyun said and she nodded. “My name’s Jonghyun, by the way.”

“Hyoyeon,” she said in a cheery tone as she guided Jonghyun down a narrow corridor and into a large room filled with decently sized crates. Jonghyun was overwhelmed as he walked into the room. The cacophony of scents made him dizzy and the litany of barks made his ears pop but the sight made all of it worth it. Fifteen dogs of all sizes, big and small yapped happily at him as he walked further into the room, his mouth hanging open.

“They like you,” Hyoyeon said and Jonghyun looked back at her. “You can touch them if you want, God knows they need a bit of love.”

Jonghyun nodded and went to caress one of the dogs. He choose a shih tzu with a pretty pink bow in her hair. Next, he moved onto the bulldog, Cindy as Hyoyeon called her who lapped happily at his fingers as he tried to pet it. The next was a yorkie puppy called Base, then a pug named Clem. Jonghyun was in love.

“All of these dogs were rescued from the meat trade,” Hyoyeon said as she picked up a tiny labrador puppy. The puppy yawned cutely and cuddled against her chest as Jonghyun stood up, shocked. He knew that was still a thing in Korea although he didn’t realize it was a prevalent occurrence. His
heart felt heavy in his chest as he went to run his fingers through the labrador’s fur.

“All of them?” Jonghyun asked as he spun around, taking everything in. Every single dog there was saved from something as cruel as a meat trade.

“Yes, all of them. That’s what we do here at Peach Blossom, we rescue dogs from the meat trade. We also have a sister company across town called Cherry Blossom for cats. Sadly enough the funds are tight so we can’t rescue more than fifteen dogs at a time. Everytime a spot opens up we rescue more.”

Jonghyun swallowed the lump in his throat, trying not to give into the tears that were threatening to spill over onto his cheeks. He blinked twice as he began moving around the room again. Some dogs went back to sleep while others were still barking. Then he saw her. The cutest little dachshund he has ever seen before. His heart filled with love instantly and he began falling into little space.

“Hi, baby!” Jonghyun exclaimed as Hyoyeon opened the crate door for him. The blonde looked over the cute dog as her entire body shook with happiness. Her yapping wasn’t as loud as the other dog’s but to Jonghyun, it was loud enough to reach his heart. Jonghyun bit his lip as he picked her up slowly, giving her time to adjust and let him know if she was uncomfortable. The dog was light in his arms and she immediately went to lick every inch of Jonghyun’s hand and face. Her excited squirms made Jonghyun want to weep.

“Her name’s Byulroo,” Somin said, clearly amused by Jonghyun’s big reaction. “She’s a new rescue.”

“Hi Roo, hi baby,” Jonghyun cooed before remembering that he wasn’t supposed to be little around strangers. He breathed in a couple of times as he forced himself to stay composed. “Wanna come home, sweetie?”

“I thought you said you weren’t looking to adopt,” Hyoyeon said cheekily but clearly happy at the prospect.

“Yeah, I thought so too,” Jonghyun said as he rubbed his cheek against Roo’s soft fur. “But how can I leave her behind?”

“Beats me,” Hyoyeon said sadly. “Alright, if you’re sure about this we should start the adoption process.”

“What does that entail?” Jonghyun said, suddenly protective of the baby in his arms.

“We’re a small adoption centre, Jonghyun. I wish I could do thorough background checks and all that jazz but sadly I can’t. Thankfully, you seem like someone who has his shit together so we’ll only have to sign a couple of papers and you can take this pretty girl home.”

Jonghyun nodded happily as Hyoyeon put Roo back in her crate. Soon enough, she showed Jonghyun all the papers he had to read through and sign and although his little headspace was simmering lowly under the surface, he took a deep breath and made sure to understand everything he was reading. He read over the papers twice, each time with focus of steel before skim reading a third time. He signed the papers as soon as he felt comfortable enough in his understanding. Hyoyeon cheered to herself as Jonghyun handed her the papers.

As he waited on one of the couches, he fumbled with the ring on his finger. He was wondering what kind of food Roo needed and whether she needed a potty pad or -

“Here she is!” Hyoyeon came into the reception area with Roo who was on a pink leash. The
woman was also holding a plastic bag of food, some treats and Roo’s favourite toy which just so happened to be a stuffed puppy. Roo wagged her tail happily and Jonghyun cooed before taking the leash from the woman.

“Thank you so much,” Jonghyun said, unable to take his eyes off his baby. He picked up all of his stuff and made his way towards the main door.

“No, thank you so much! Now that another spot opened we have room for more rescues!”

“Do you take volunteers?” Jonghyun asked curiously as Roo ran around his feet, too excited to be going out into the world.

“We haven’t had any offers but it would be nice for someone to take the dogs out on walks,” Somin pondered and Jonghyun nodded dumbly, too excited to go home with his Roo.

“Awesome, I’ll drop by soon!”

The walk home, although long, was a lot more fun with Roo. She was weary of people as she walked through the big crowds and across busy intersections but Jonghyun kept talking softly to her, encouraging her and to his joy, she seemed very receptive to his words and his praises. ‘She’s just like me when Daddy says I’m pretty,’ Jonghyun giggled as his cheeks warmed up, not noticing the strange stares he got from the people around him.

Soon enough, Jonghyun was standing in front of his building, biting his lips raw as Roo sat down by his feet - their building had a pretty strict no pets policy, even though nobody listened to it. In his headspace, Jonghyun felt like a secret agent as he picked up the dog and made a beeline for the ‘broken’ elevator. The hallways have always been darkly lit and a bit eerie, but it made Jonghyun’s run to their apartment door less sketchy so he was happy.

As he walked in, Jonghyun let out a sigh of relief. His shoulders were heavy, not only from the heavy camera equipment but also from the burden of getting caught was weighing on them. He placed Roo on the hardwood floor and soon enough she began scurrying around the apartment with her nails biting at the polished wood. Jonghyun smiled, he could get used to the sound of Roo’s footsteps. He took his shoes off and toddled into the kitchen where he poured water and food into two of his Mickey Mouse bowls before skipping to where Roo was playing with Bunny.

“Noo,” Jonghyun cried out as he took the plushie from Roo’s angry mouth. “Th-that’s Bunny, Roo! She’s our friend!”

Roo stared at him dumbly and Jonghyun pouted. He walked over to the small chest crammed in the corner of their bedroom and picked up an old, ratty plushie he didn’t like anymore and gave it to Roo who sniffed it. The black dog sat back down and began chewing on the ratty toy as Jonghyun sat next to her, giggling and scratching her long, floppy ears.

As time went by, Jonghyun’s chest began tightening and his ears started ringing with anxiety. He watched Roo play with his toys and run around the small apartment all the while thinking that he made a very big mistake - it’s not like Jonghyun didn’t like Roo, he still felt that spark when looking at her and he couldn’t even imagine taking her back to the rescue centre but at the same time he knew his Daddy will be upset if he came home to a dog in their apartment. Not only will he be upset about the dog, but he’ll also be upset about Jonghyun being little in public when they made it a strict rule that it would never happen and if it ever did, Jonghyun was to text his Daddy as soon as possible to let him know.

Tiredly, Jonghyun began shaking with worry and biting his lips as he sat down on the couch next to
a knackered Roo whose tongue was hanging out of her mouth as she slept. Without any warning, Jonghyun’s heavy chest gave out and he felt a constant stream of hot tears gushing out of his eyes. His chest heaved as he cried and hiccupped himself to sleep.

When Taemin arrived home at eleven at night, he didn’t expect to find his boyfriend snuggled up next to a fearful dog with his thumb in his mouth and his hand between his thighs, sleeping. He swallowed loudly as he took his shoes off under the watchful eye of the strange dog before making his way towards Jonghyun who was clearly uncomfortable in his work clothes and cold if his shivering body was anything to go by. Sighing, Taemin picked up a throw blanket and wrapped it around his lover’s shoulders before even trying to wake him up.

“Baby, wake up,” Taemin muttered after leaving a soft kiss on Jonghyun’s forehead. The dog was still watching him, ready to pounce.

“Daddy?” Jonghyun whispered as he opened his eyes slowly to see his boyfriend in all his gorgeous glory. Taemin has always been handsome, Jonghyun knew that but the younger boy always put just a little bit more effort when he went out with friends or with Jonghyun. His gradient hair stood out against his shimmery cheeks and long eyelashes which ghosted his skin whenever he blinked.

Jonghyun was in a trance as he stared lovingly at his beautiful Daddy. As he awoke fully, he noticed Roo’s tail wagging and his chest tightened up in fear. He looked back at his confused Daddy and whimpered.

“Why is there a dog in our apartment, baby?” Taemin asked, finally putting his caregiver pants on - he was happy that Jonghyun was not too little today. His voice was steady and low, making sure that Jonghyun knew he was serious as the older boy looked down and chewed on his bottom lip.

“I’m s-so s-sorry, D-Daddy,” Jonghyun began crying all over again as he pulled his knees up and covered his face with his hands as he tried to cover his guilt. Taemin pulled his hands away and into his lap, forcing Jonghyun to look at him.

“Tell me what happened, baby,” Jonghyun screwed his eyes shut and shook his head.

“D-don’t want you to hate me,” the little hiccuped and Taemin’s heart broke for just a second.

“I would never be able to hate you, Jjongie,” Taemin spoke slowly, making sure that Jonghyun was paying attention to him and not to his sniffling or the ever watchful dog. “Now tell Daddy where you got the dog from.”

“Uh, um… I was walking home fr-fr-from work when I s-saw this pet rescue centre,” Jonghyun hiccuped as Taemin wiped his face of snot and tears, listening carefully. “Um, I went in to look at the p-puppies and then the lady told me that they were rescued from the meat trade and, and -”

“Breathe, baby,” Taemin guided Jonghyun through one of their breathing exercises as the dog nosed at his clothes. “That’s it, good boy. Keep going.”

“Uh, t-then I saw Roo and, uh, I became little b-but I swear I tried not to be!”

Taemin smiled, “and?”

“I-just felt, um, I-I really don’t know how to explain it, Daddy,” Jonghyun pouted as Taemin moved to sit down next to Jonghyun before pulling him into his arms. “It’s kind of l-like how Daddy makes me feel happy.”
“Is that how you felt when you saw Roo?” Taemin asked, not wanting to upset the little but knowing that a consequence was in order. How the hell were they going to take care of a whole, damn dog when they could barely take care of themselves? It wasn’t like he could take the dog back to the centre, he wasn’t that heartless.

“Yeah! Exactly like that, Daddy,” Jonghyun said as he burrowed his head into Taemin’s chest.

“So you took her home while you were in littlespace?” Taemin asked in a serious tone.

“Um, yeah b-but I pulled myself out of it while signing the papers!”

Sighing, Taemin looked at the time on his phone then at Roo who was chewing happily on one of Jonghyun’s old toys. He had to admit that the dog was beautiful with its long, black hair and big shiny eyes. Taemin looked back at his tired little and cooed at the cute little yawn that escaped his baby. Squeezing him tightly, he decided not to discuss the details tonight. Instead, he stood up and extended his hand.

“Alright, little man, this is what we’re going to do now. We’re going to get changed into comfy pyjamas, have late dinner since I’m sure you haven’t had any food yet and then we’re going to talk about your punishment before we go to sleep. How does that sound?” Taemin didn’t like the way Jonghyun flinched at the word ‘punishment’.

“Uh, okay,” the little whispered before getting up. “So Daddy doesn’t hate Jonghyunnie?”

“I could never hate you, baby,” Taemin said gently as he pulled his lover in for a kiss on the cheek.
Cause There's A Part Of Me That's You

Chapter Summary

Having a dog was hard work. They both realized that soon after Jonghyun brought Roo home. The vet bills were expensive and Jonghyun has been getting up earlier in the morning to walk Roo around the block but the effect the little critter had on his boyfriend made Taemin happy. Roo forced Jonghyun to go out more and to step out of his comfort zone which improved his overall mood throughout the day. Taemin also realized that their decision to wait for kids has been a good one. Having a very needy, very small dog was hard enough already.

“H-hey, D-daddy!” Jonghyun sing-songed from behind the kitchen door while Taemin stirred into the pot of pasta on the stove. “Rawr!”

“Ahh! Don’t eat me Mr Dinosaur!” Taemin skipped and overreacted as Jonghyun jumped into the kitchen with his hands ready to grab Taemin. The little laughed heartily. Taemin scooped him into his arms and began peppering kisses all over his face.

“T-tickles!” Jonghyun squirmed around happily, making his Daddy’s heart swell up with joy. Taemin picked him up and spun him around, earning more giggles from his baby. Jonghyun has been wearing his new dinosaur onesie with a carebear pacifier stuck to the chest pocket since he got home from work. The older boy came home exhausted after another long day of dealing with customers and filling in for his boss only to drop his bags and take Roo out for a thirty-minute walk and Taemin couldn’t be prouder of him.

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“My pretty dinosaur,” Taemin cooed as he placed his boyfriend on the ground just for Jonghyun to wrap his arms around his neck, asking for more cuddles. “Daddy has to finish cooking baby, Nini’s coming over for dinner.”

“N-Nini coming over?” Jonghyun skipped from one foot to the other excitedly while Taemin smoothed the little’s fringe back. Taemin nodded and Jonghyun immediately ran away into their bedroom with Roo just behind him. The tiny dog had short limbs but could put both Taemin and Jonghyun’s running abilities to shame since her feet glided above the ground when she ran. Taemin turned around to add the mushrooms into the big wok before stirring in some turmeric and nutritional yeast.

“Um, D-Daddy?”

“Yes, baby?” Taemin turned around to Jonghyun gently holding two hair bows in his palms.

“Which one should J-Jonghyunnie wear?” The little stuttered, clearly too excited to be able to speak
properly. He danced on the balls of his feet and bit his lips innocently as Taemin made a big show of looking at the pink and blue bows.

“Are you dressing up for Nini?” Taemin asked and Jonghyun nodded, his movements big and clumsy. “Well, his favourite colour is blue…”

“T-thank you, D-daddy!” Jonghyun grinned widely before he went to put the pink bow away before hurrying back. “Uh, can you help me please?”

Taemin’s heart threatened to give out as Jonghyun handed him the blue bow and leaned in to make the process easier. The younger man gathered a tuft of blonde hair and began winding the elastic around it and as soon as he finished Jonghyun ran to the mirror. Taemin heard a satisfied ‘aww’ and the pitter patter of socked feet as Jonghyun ran back into his arms, the little palm tree in his hair bouncing cutely.

“T-thank you,” the little muttered against Taemin’s shoulder while Taemin flipped the vegetables and stirred inside the boiling pasta, careful to not burn anything. The smell of sauteed vegetables and tomato sauce filled the entire house and mingled with the vanilla scent coming from one of Jonghyun’s candles. The house was completely clean courtesy to Taemin being home all day and Roo was wearing the cute pink collar Taemin bought off Amazon. In short, everything was ready for a lovely Friday night dinner and possibly a movie.

Two loud knocks on the door made Jonghyun jump out of his skin. Roo skidded across the polished floor all the way to the door and slowly the house fell into chaos. Roo began barking, the food began burning and Jongin was getting restless by the door. Sighing, Taemin ran to the door and flung it open, made sure to check that he was letting the right person in before dashing back into the kitchen to add the last bits of veggies to the wok.

“Jonghyunnie!” Jongin’s voice resonated from the entrance where he was taking his shoes off. Taemin walked back into the living room he saw his little huddled up shyly on the couch with his big eyes and pacifier stuck upside down in his mouth. Taemin scoffed, having already known that Jonghyun would be excited and jumpy up until the point when Jongin would show up, then he’d turn all red and bashful.

“Nice to see you too, man,” Taemin cackled before he pulled a blushing Jongin into his arms. They hugged tightly before pulling away to reveal Jongin holding a red present bag. “Jjongie, would you like to say hi to Nini?”

“H-hi, N-Nini,” Jonghyun spoke softly around his pacifier and Taemin could swear he saw his best friend melt a little. Whatever reservations Jongin had before were now long gone.

“This is for you,” Jongin squatted in front of Jonghyun and handed him the present bag. The little looked over at Taemin as if asking for permission.

“Go ahead, baby,” Taemin smiled before heading back into the kitchen.

Jonghyun nodded softly before he reached out a shaky hand and picked up the red bag. Biting his lip he peeked inside and squealed as soon as he caught sight of the blue koala plushie and the chocolate. His pacifier fell out of his mouth while he pulled out the stuffie and hugged it to his chest.

“T-thank you, N-Nini,” Jonghyun grinned at his Daddy’s best friend as Jongin patted his knee.

“That’s a really pretty bow,” Jongin noticed and watched the way the blushing little reached up to fiddle with the blue material.
“He put it on just for you,” Taemin yelled from the kitchen and Jongin smiled.

“Is that so?” Jonghyun nodded again and Jongin cooed, happy to have left such a good impression on little Jonghyun. The fact that Taemin was there with them probably affected the little’s mood too, but Jongin chose to ignore that. After having left Jonghyun to introduce his new koala friend to Bunny, Jongin moved into the kitchen where Taemin was straining the pasta. The younger of the two friends watched Taemin dump the drained pasta into the wok and began mixing the contents.

“Does he always stutter?” Jongin asked before he moved closer to the counter to help Taemin finish their dinner. Sweet coos and ahhs filled their ears as they listened to Jonghyun play with his stuffies.

“Not always, he usually stutters when he’s excited or scared,” Taemin explained while he eyed Jongin who was sneaking strips of carrot into his mouth. His friend was wearing a pair of blue jeans held by a thin black belt with a plain red t-shirt tucked in. His hair was styled in a messy way and the usual bags under his eyes were now gone. The summer holidays were really doing Jongin a whole lot of good.

Feeding Jonghyun pasta has always been a challenge in and of itself. The little loved pasta, any kind of pasta and so he always demanded that he’s big enough to feed himself. Taemin couldn’t even count on two hands how many times he had to clean tomato sauce and vegetables off the floor since his little constantly missed his mouth. Sighing, Taemin plated their food with Jongin’s help and soon enough the table was all set.

“Jjongie,” Taemin cooed at his baby from the kitchen door. Jonghyun looked up with big eyes, all of his stuffies strewn around him haphazardly since he couldn’t hold all of them up. “Why are all your stuffies out?”

“T-they had t-to meet t-their new friend!” Jonghyun’s words were slurred before he picked up the blue koala. Taemin sighed before he went to pick up his baby.

“We can clean up after dinner, okay?” Jonghyun nodded and kicked his feet as Taemin walked them into the kitchen where Jongin pulled a chair for Jonghyun who immediately squealed when he noticed the pasta in his paw patrol plate. Sure enough, the little began protesting as soon as Taemin picked up his fork to feed him.

“N-no D-Daddy, I’m a b-big boy,” Jonghyun pouted and Taemin chuckled at the little ‘aww’ that escaped Jongin’s mouth.

“You’re going to make a mess again,” Taemin warned and Jonghyun shook his head clumsily, the small palm tree and the bow bobbing along with his movements. “Okay but you have to ask Daddy for help if you need any.”

The three ate in between animated talk. Jongin was happy in a new relationship with a girl Taemin was yet to meet and Taemin was still looking for a job in his preferred field, which seemed impossible to come by. Jonghyun ate his food quietly, only small noises of contentment left his mouth as he wrapped his lips around the fork and chewed happily. Jongin watched Taemin speak steadily as he wiped Jonghyun’s mouth and moved his plate closer to him when the little pushed it away.

“Man, you’ll be 100% ready when you have an actual kid,” Jongin mused as he finished his meal and his mock red wine - they didn’t drink around Jonghyun in little space.

“Oh God, don’t even mention actual kids. Roo’s a handful on her own,” Taemin huffed as more pasta spilt onto the floor with a loud splash.
“Right, how did you even get her?” Jongin asked as he looked down at the sleeping dog. Roo had been begging for food the entire time and finally fell asleep when Jonghyun asked her sweetly to stop whining.

“Long story,” Taemin sighed. “I was out with some friends and Jonghyun found this adoption centre on his way home. He went in and slipped into his headspace as soon as he saw all the dogs.”

“So he adopted a dog while he was little?” Jongin asked incredulously and Taemin nodded, remembering the punishment that followed that mistake. He shuddered as he remembered the way Jonghyun cried in the corner for twenty minutes straight. Technically, the little knew that what he did was wrong but being put in the corner always pulled at his heart strings and the fact that both his Daddy and Roo were in the living room playing on the sofa made him wail even louder.

“Don’t remind me, I had half a mind to take her back but I’m not heartless,” Taemin before returning his attention to Jonghyun who was poking his forearm and asking for help with the slippery fork.

“So who takes care of her?”

“Mostly Jonghyun when he’s big. She’s not hard to take care of but her constant presence and overall neediness in the house has been a shock,” Taemin explained as he helped Jonghyun eat his last bit of pasta. “How was that, baby, still hungry?”

“R-really yummy,” Jonghyun smiled and patted his tummy and Taemin pinched his cheek for being cute. “Uh, N-Nini?”

“Hm?” Jongin looked at Jonghyun with little stars in his eyes as Taemin picked up their dishes and dumped them in the sink for future-Taemin to deal with.

“He n-needs a n-name,” Jonghyun muttered shyly as he pointed at the koala on his lap.

“Hm, well, let’s see,” Jongin’s voice was soft as he made a big show of pondering and looking over the blue stuffie. “Well, it’s a sleepy koala so how about…”

“P-Petal!” Jonghyun exclaimed and Taemin chuckled at Jongin’s stunned expression.

“Why Petal?” Jongin asked as Taemin sat back down to watch the interaction.

“Um, because it’s soft and cute and D-Daddy calls me P-Petal,” Jonghyun stuttered innocently as he hugged Petal.

“Does he?” Jongin’s voice was playful. Jonghyun nodded as Taemin rolled his eyes. “What else does he call you?”

“Um, b-baby and, and b-bug and little p-prince and -” the little was struggling to remember all of the pet names so Taemin rubbed his back softly before the little could get irritated and grumpy.

“And which one’s your favourite?” Jongin asked, saving Jonghyun from becoming a stuttery mess.

“Um,” Jonghyun peeked at his Daddy for help.

“You like it when I call you baby the most, right?” Taemin’s voice was soft and calming so Jonghyun relaxed immediately. “Okay, how about a movie?”
The day started out fine, just like it always does. Jonghyun woke up with his face smushed against Taemin’s bare back while the younger man snored loudly on his stomach. Roo, who finally made her way into their bedroom was snuggled warmly between Taemin’s legs with her snout resting on Jonghyun’s knee. Jonghyun was the first to wake up. He pulled himself away from his lover’s body and wiped away the drool running down his chin before stretching out his arms and legs. Roo watched him sleepily from her spot between Taemin’s legs as he pulled on a pair of his boyfriend’s sweats. He walked out of their bedroom rubbing circles into his lower back as Taemin slowly woke up.

They had a quiet breakfast on the coffee table - leftover soup and rice and their knees bumped against each other as Roo whined quietly for food from the couch. Taemin walked Roo for half an hour as Jonghyun cleaned up their apartment. Cleaning was Jonghyun’s thing since the older man enjoyed cleaning a lot more than Taemin did. He would put on some symphonic rock, throw open all the windows and get to work. Taemin always thought Jonghyun looked like one of the seven dwarfs working in a mine, he could almost hear the Heigh-Ho song ringing in his ears as he walked in through the door and watched his lover sweep the floor intensely. Soon enough, lunch came and went as they watched the latest episode of Grey’s Anatomy for the second time since it came out and Roo slept through the entire episode, only waking up when Taemin went to get snacks to go with their tea.

“Do you think this looks okay?” Jonghyun asked as he fussed in the mirror with the thin grey jacket that made him look so small and adorable in Taemin’s eyes.

“We’re only going to Jinki’s house,” Taemin muttered as he came up behind his lover to wrap his arms around him and pull him to his chest. Jonghyun hummed happily.

“We haven’t seen them in ages though, I wanna look pretty,” Taemin couldn’t understand how his boyfriend could speak in a pouty voice, but he did and it made Taemin’s heart hammer against his ribs.

“You’re always pretty, you don’t need clothes for that,” the younger man’s voice was muffled in his boyfriend’s hair.

“Yeah, maybe I should go out naked from now on,” Jonghyun chuckled before he squeaked when Taemin turned him around to cage him against the wall.
“Maybe you should,” Taemin’s voice was dangerously low as he leaned in and brushed his lips against Jonghyun’s.

“T-Tae,” Jonghyun stuttered, his fingers locking on Taemin’s leather jacket. “Jinki’s waiting for us.”

Taemin shook his head dismissively before capturing Jonghyun’s lips with his own. The arm on the side of his head made Jonghyun melt a little and the hand gripping his hip, pulling him against Taemin made him sigh. The sound was swallowed by Taemin licking hotly into his mouth as he pulled whine after whine out of Jonghyun.

“We’re going to be late,” Jonghyun huffed as he tried to hide his blush from Taemin. Even after all these years, his boyfriend could still evoke such a strong reaction out of him.

The train ride to Jinki’s apartment was short, although their compartment was full of people. Jonghyun sat down next to an elderly lady while Taemin stood in front of him, quietly. Their friend moved to the middle of the city as soon as he finished his degree and swore to never move away after his first year of living there. At first, they decided to have weekly movie nights which turned into monthly karaoke nights which turned into once-in-a-blue-moon game nights but lately their Kakao group chat came to life again and Kibum had been making all these plans for each one of them that Jonghyun didn’t have the heart to refuse any of them. This is how they ended up in front of Jinki’s apartment, ready to knock when the door swung open to reveal an already drunk duo - Minho and Kibum.

“Are you two already drunk?” Taemin asked incredulously as they walked in and took off their shoes and coats. Jonghyun handed Jinki a bottle of wine as the older man went in for a tight hug.

“Uh, no -” Minho waved his finger sassily at Taemin who began laughing.

“We’re, uh, -” Kibum slurred slightly as he went to hug Jonghyun. Minho was already walking back towards the living room where the flat screen TV was alive and booming and every surface was covered with finger foods.

“Tipsy, the word you’re looking for is tipsy,” Jinki rolled his eyes as Kibum high fived him. “I missed you two so much!”

“We missed you too, hyung,” Taemin awed. “Now let’s get this party started.”

“I think it already started,” Jonghyun chuckled as he sat down next to Minho and Kibum who were play-slapping each other’s shoulders, probably fighting over who’s going to pour the drinks this time.

“Oh, Jjongie!” Key’s loud voice made Jonghyun’s ears ring as the younger man threw himself in Jonghyun’s lap. “Why don’t you ever come out with us?”

“Some of us have to work, Bummie,” Minho said, gesticulating to prove how stupid Kibum was being.

“I work!” Kibum scoffed and Taemin sat down on the couch next to Jonghyun, pulling him in his arms.

“Travelling through Europe is not -” Minho’s big eyes began bulging out and Key pulled himself off Jonghyun’s lap to tell Minho what he thought of his opinion. “I’m networking!” Kibum yelled with his bow-shaped lips pouty.

“ Alright you two, quiet down,” Jinki’s voice was light yet deep as he walked back into the living
Room with five boxes of pizza, one for each one of them. “Maybe this will help you sober up.”

“Hyung, you shouldn’t give them so much alcohol this early,” Taemin said amusedly and Jonghyun nodded. He began helping Jinki with the food as the other three watched with hungry eyes.

“So what are we watching?” Kibum asked as he licked the seasoning off his fingers.

“I was thinking a horror movie,” Jinki said as he chewed loudly on his food. “The Exorcist?”

“A classic, but we’ve already seen that one,” Taemin said - he took his horror movies seriously whereas Jonghyun swallowed his food loudly. The older of the two didn’t exactly hate horror movies, he was fine with them most of the time but he had instances when he would slip into little space if he got too scared. Jonghyun scrunched up his nose as the other four debated which movie to watch. Random titles were thrown around - Ghost Ship, The Exorcism of Emily Rose, Saw, Paranormal Activity. All of them were shot down by one of the other.

“How about The Conjuring?” Kibum asked and everyone turned to look at him, suddenly intrigued. They ended up going with Kibum’s idea since none of them could top it. Minho and Kibum laid down on the floor in front of the big screen with Jinki draped lazily on the love seat under the window while Jonghyun and Taemin cuddled under a massive, fully throw blanket on the couch. The movie started as they all do, the same monotone big family moving into an old house made Jonghyun sigh as he pulled his knees to his chest and dropped his head on Taemin’s shoulder. The younger man’s arm was fitted nicely around his middle, idly playing with the hem of Jonghyun’s shirt as the bright colours coming from the TV entranced all of them.

Although the movie started out fine, even boring, the more Jonghyun watched, the more scared he got. He felt his vision go slightly blurry the way it usually does when he’s slipping into his headspace and his lips started quivering in fear. Subtly, he looked up at Taemin who was completely engrossed in the movie and decided to just tough it out and snap out of it. Taking a deep breath, Jonghyun shook his head and tried his best to focus on what was happening on the screen.

“Fucking hell, this movie’s dumb,” Jonghyun gasped softly after Kibum cursed.

“You suggested it,” Jinki frowned only for Kibum to scoff and roll on his back, his attention completely diverted from the movie.

“I didn’t realize it would be this bad,” Kibum whined and Jonghyun struggled to stay big.

“Fine, then let the rest of us watch,” Minho mumbled, the bite in his tone completely gone as he focused solely on the movie playing in front of him. Kibum huffed and puffed as he scarfed down more food, ignoring the haunting music coming from the speakers or the mind-numbing screams that made Jonghyun burrow closer into his lover’s embrace.

As the movie came to an end, so did Kibum’s patience. He and Minho began calling for Ubers as Jinki piled food into containers for them to take home. Jonghyun tried to stay big throughout the whole ordeal as Kibum and Minho struggled to put their shoes on and made a fuss about the movie and how cliche it was.

“But you’re the one who chose the fucking movie!” Minho’s voice was strained, his alcohol-induced headache getting the best of him and making him snap at his friend.

“It wasn’t the best movie but it was definetly fun,” Taemin said as they watched the duo stagger all the way to the lift. “Okay, I’ll go to the bathroom and then we can leave.”
Sighing, Jonghyun began helping Jinki clean up the living room. Plates covered every possible surface and bottles of beer littered the floor around the couch. The blonde couldn’t understand how five people could make such a mess in such a small amount of time. Jinki moved fast, stacking plates on top of each other and carrying bottles under his arms as he walked back and forth from the kitchen to the living room and back.

“Those two love each other too much,” Jinki chuckled and Jonghyun yelped, his hyung’s voice scaring him out of his thoughts.

“Huh? Y-yeah,” the blonde stuttered as he walked into the kitchen holding two plates and a mug full of Coca-Cola - probably Taemin’s. As he walked towards the sink, his vision went completely blurry and he bumped into the kitchen island. The next thing he knew was that he was on the floor with broken pieces of ceramic all around him, crying for his Daddy.

“Uh, Jonghyun?” Jinki’s voice wasn’t registering, the searing pain in his bottom and his legs made everything around Jonghyun disappear as he rubbed tiredly at his eyes.

Taemin heard the crash as soon as he touched the knob of the bathroom door. His heart began beating faster, making its way into his throat as he swung the door open and ran all the way to the kitchen where his Jonghyun was laying on the floor, in a heap of broken ceramic, crying into his fists and begging for his Daddy.

“Oh, baby, you’re fine, it’s okay,” Taemin tried soothing his little as he moved away the shards under Jinki’s watchful eyes. He pulled Jonghyun into his arms as the older boy sobbed painfully.

“D-Daddy,” Jonghyun stuttered as he looked up from Taemin’s chest and blushed upon meeting Jinki’s shocked expression.

“Where does it hurt, petal?” Taemin wiped away the tears off Jonghyun’s face as the little pointed to his legs and his behind.

“Okay, it’s okay,” Kissing Jonghyun’s forehead, he smiled at the little. “You fell over but you’re fine now, okay?”

Jonghyun nodded, not noticing the tension in Taemin’s body and Jinki watched the exchange from near the sink. The oldest of the three stood crestfallen in his own kitchen as the two lovers talked quietly to themselves. The word ‘daddy’ swam around his head, making him dizzy.

“Why don’t you go put on your shoes while Daddy cleans up and then we can go home to Roo and Bunny?” Jonghyun sniffled and nodded before Taemin helped him up on his feet. Jinki watched Jonghyun waddle away towards the front door.

“Hyung, I -”

“What was that?” Taemin was taken aback by Jinki’s calm tone. The older man was leaning against the counter with his hands in his pockets, clearly confused.

Sighing, Taemin dropped back to his knees where he began picking up the broken mug pieces. “I don’t really have time to go into detail, but you know how Jonghyun is always so anxious, right?”

“Yeah,” Jinki tried to let the younger man speak without interruptions but questions were eating away at him, almost itching to come out past his lips.

“Back when we moved in together, his anxiety was really bad, so I found this thing online about people regressing to forget their adult worries. I brought it up to Jonghyun and he was a bit sceptical
at first but the more anxious he got the more open he was to the idea.”

“So he calls you Daddy?” Taemin smiled as he threw away the broken mug.

“I’m his caregiver when he’s regressing. He plays with stuffed animals, likes to colour and watch cartoons and he basically becomes a toddler again.”

“Is this one of those kinky things?” Jinki’s voice rose higher and higher and his cheeks heated up at the thought of his two friends having sex.

“For some people, at first we thought that suited our relationship but it doesn’t, so no, it’s not one of those kinky things. It’s just an innocent form of self-care. Look, I understand if you don’t get it or if you don’t want to deal with it, but please be kind to Jonghyun. He’s had enough people rejecting him already and I don’t think he could handle being rejected by his favourite hyung.”

“You know I would never do that, no matter how weird this thing is,” Jinki said incredulously, not quite believing what he was hearing.

“I know, I’m just saying… I can send you some links and you can read up on it if you’re interested,” Taemin spoke softly, making sure Jonghyun wasn’t hearing their conversation. Jinki nodded although Taemin could see the hesitation in his eyes. “Okay, we’ll go now. Call me if you have any questions.”

Jonghyun was quiet on the way back home even though Taemin tried to pry some sort of conversation out of him. The older boy was clearly still in his headspace and Taemin didn’t like it when his baby was holding his feelings in since that would surely result in a tantrum later on. Jonghyun fiddled with his fingers as Taemin keyed them in. Roo was by their feet as soon as they walked through the door, jumping and scratching at their knees and Jonghyun couldn’t help but coo at how adorable she was.

“D-Daddy?” Jonghyun’s voice was small, insecure and Taemin wanted to erase the night’s events altogether.

“Yes, petal?”

“D-Do you t-think Jinki h-hyung hates me?” Taemin watched Jonghyun worry his lips as he helped the older boy take his shoes off.

“Of course not, why would you think he hates you?” The younger boy pulled Jonghyun into his arms and the little immediately wrapped his arms around Taemin’s torso and burrowed his face into his chest. He took a deep breath as Taemin rubbed his back soothingly.

“H-hyung knows J-Jonghyunnie’s little a-and J-Jonghyunnie b-broke h-hyung’s mug a-and .”

“Nobody could ever hate you, baby, especially your Jinki hyung,”
“Are you sure we have everything we need?” Taemin worried as he played with his fingers. Jonghyun was driving quietly, the music that filled the car was as mellow as the warm Thursday morning. They were currently driving Amber’s car to the nearest beach and Taemin was so fidgety that it actually made Jonghyun grip the steering wheel in an attempt not to snap at the younger man.

“I’m sure, but we can go through everything we packed again,” Jonghyun’s voice was sweet and soft, but Taemin knew he was annoying his lover who did his best to appease his fears. It wasn’t like Taemin had never been to the beach, his parents used to take him at least twice a year but that stopped after his mother passed. On the other hand, Jonghyun loved the beach. His parents never took him, of course, but he made it his goal to go to the beach at least a couple of times per year the moment he moved out of his family home.

They decided on this trip the week before when Jonghyun found out he was getting a raise for stepping in while his boss was away. Taemin had asked him what he wanted to do to celebrate and swallowed his tongue the moment the word ‘beach’ came out of Jonghyun’s mouth. The older man noticed Taemin’s hesitation and said they didn’t have to go to the beach if Taemin was uncomfortable with the idea but in true Taemin fashion, the younger man shook his head and chose to get over his hesitation.

“I’m sorry, I’m just a little nervous,” Taemin spoke slower the closer they got to the beach. The blue sea ran by Taemin’s window as he willed himself to relax. “I’m not even sure why I’m so nervous, it’s just that I haven’t been to the beach since mum passed away and -”

“It’s okay,” Jonghyun smiled and moved his hand to squeeze Taemin’s knee without taking his eyes off the road - ever the safe driver. “Today’s going to be fun and we’re going to make amazing memories.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Taemin grinned, happy to have this experience with Jonghyun who always knew just the right words to calm him down and make him happy.

“Aren’t I always right?” Taemin rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. Did we pack the Polaroid camera?”

The sand was warm when Taemin took off his flip-flops and dug his toes into it. They walked closer to the shore and Taemin breathed in the clean, salty air. The water was clear and the sun glistened so beautifully across the sea - Taemin couldn’t take his eyes off the gorgeous sight. Memories of his childhood replayed in his mind’s eye as they set up their umbrella and towels.
“This is so nice,” Jonghyun smiled as he took off his shirt and laid down like a cat. Taemin sat down next to his lover and appreciated the sight. Jonghyun’s body has always been a work of art, sculpted by the Gods themselves in such a way that Taemin couldn’t stop staring at the way his muscles moved under his skin or the way his boyfriend purred under the summer heat.

“I’m happy we came,” Taemin muttered as he looked around. There weren’t many people around - it was a Thursday morning after all - but there were enough people to make the experience fun. Taemin pulled the beach bag onto his lap and began looking for the camera which was hidden nicely away in a pink velvet bag to protect it from the sand. Jonghyun has always been so careful with everything, it made Taemin smile as he pulled it out of its case and turned it on.

“This was such a good idea,” Jonghyun grinned as he rolled onto his stomach and allowed the sun to hit his back. Taemin turned towards him and snapped a picture of Jonghyun looking up at him with his pretty doe eyes and his glistening skin eating up the sun. The photo came out and Taemin shook it before showing it to his boyfriend who hummed appreciatively. “You’re getting better at this.”

Taemin scoffed. “I think we have enough polaroid pictures to prove that I’m quite good at taking pictures of you.”

Jonghyun blushed and looked away. They had two boxes full of pictures nestled nicely under their bed where nobody could reach them that reminded Jonghyun how good Taemin was at taking pictures of him. One of the boxes was full of regular photos - pictures with friends or the two lovers on various dates whereas the second box was just for Taemin and Jonghyun’s eyes to see.

“Yeah, whatever,” Jonghyun mumbled and closed his eyes. “I could fall asleep.”

Jonghyun didn’t end up falling asleep, instead, they lounged quietly next to each other and admired the pretty sights. The clear blue sky and the blinding sun, the crystal water meeting the sand and all the little kids, too little to be in school, running around with little buckets and shovels in hand. At first, Taemin didn’t notice Jonghyun biting his lips and playing with his fingers but he felt his heart drop the moment he turned to look at his boyfriend.

“D-Daddy?” Jonghyun’s voice was small, nervous yet excited as he stared at the little children dumping wet sand into their buckets and patting it down with their colourful shovels.

“Hey petal,” Taemin cooed and turned on his side to be closer to Jonghyun.

“Wanna p-play,” Jonghyun spoke softly and Taemin smiled, too in love to be nervous about the possibility of someone hearing them. “Can J-Jonghyunnie p-play?”

“Of course baby,” Taemin helped Jonghyun into a seating position and reached into their bag for the sunscreen which he squirted onto his palms. “But first sunscreen.”

Taemin made sure to work the cream into Jonghyun’s skin as the little giggled and played with his toes. Having Taemin at home every day allowed the older boy to regress a lot more often so it should have come as no surprise to Taemin that Jonghyun would fall into his headspace at the beach. He cursed himself for not bringing anything remotely ‘little’ with them.

The moment the sunscreen was on, Jonghyun twisted around happily and climbed into his Daddy’s lap. He felt around Taemin’s bare shoulders and went to suck on his finger before Taemin picked it out of his mouth. Jonghyun pouted, small traces of tears piling onto his waterline.

“Your fingers are dirty, bug, you don’t want to get sick, do you?” Jonghyun shook his head but the pout on his lips was still very much present. Taemin sighed and promised to buy Jonghyun ice cream
if he behaved and kept his thumbs out of his mouth. The little perked up immediately at the promise of ice cream. He began clapping his hands excitedly and Taemin chuckled.

“Not now, prince, why don’t we play in the water instead?”

“P-play in t-the water!” Jonghyun squealed and clambered off Taemin’s lap. The younger man stood up and took Jonghyun’s hand to lead him to the point where the sea met the shore. The little giggled as he waited for the cold water to reach them and yelped when a small wave rolled over their legs. Jonghyun skipped further into the water with Taemin close behind him.

“s so fun,” Jonghyun giggled as Taemin wrapped his arms around him and spun him in circles, making the water around them follow his legs. Taemin laughed while the little splashed around without a care in the world.

“Be careful, baby,” Taemin pulled Jonghyun to his chest. The little got tired and nearly slipped. Jonghyun looked up at his Daddy and smiled brightly before puckering up his lips. Taemin rolled his eyes lovingly and dipped down to peck his boyfriend’s lips.

“Ice c-cream?” Jonghyun pulled at Taemin’s arm as they walked back towards their towels. Shaking his head amusedly, Taemin pulled two fresh towels out of their beach bag which seemed to be never-ending and began drying Jonghyun, who waited patiently for the response.

“Lunch first, okay?” Taemin muttered as he dried himself off under the watchful eye of his little who huffed and crossed his arms across his chest.

“B-but -” Taemin gave Jonghyun a pointed look, making the older boy’s frown deepen.

“You know the rules, baby, we have to eat lunch first and then we can have ice cream, okay?” Taemin did his best to always explain his thought process to Jonghyun whenever the older boy was in his headspace and usually, it worked but this time it only served to upset Jonghyun more. The little nodded his head sadly and sat down on Taemin’s towel.

“Okay, I’ll go grab us something to eat and you stay here to look after our stuff, think you can do that, petal?” Jonghyun bit his bottom lips anxiously. He never liked making his own decision while in little space and he didn’t do well with big responsibilities either.

“O-okay,” the little muttered shyly and Taemin nodded. He gave Jonghyun all the instructions as he looked for his wallet and phone. Taemin bent down to peck the little’s forehead before running off towards the hot dog stand they saw nearby.

Jonghyun fidgeted with his fingers and toes as he waited for his Daddy. The sun was beating down on him and the cool breeze soothed his skin. Sighing, he began swaying from side to side, humming to himself.

“’on’t wanna eat,” he grumbled to himself as he fist ed the hot sand before letting it cascade out of his hand. “Want ice cream.”

Jonghyun’s attention was drawn by the group of mothers and their toddlers on his far left. They were all wearing similar colours, probably a nursery group out on a trip to the beach. Jonghyun eyed all the colourful toys sadly, wishing he could crawl over and play with the plastic old-timey telephone one of the girls was holding or even the green bucket two boys were playing with.

“Here we go,” Taemin’s voice was light and it made Jonghyun shiver with excitement. The younger man was holding two hot dogs, one of them made out of tofu, topped with fried onions and mushrooms and dripping with ketchup and mustard. “Say ahh -.”
“Ahhh -” Jonghyun opened his mouth and bit down on the tofu dog before squirming around happily with sauces all around his lips.

“Is it yummy?” Jonghyun nodded enthusiastically before bending down towards the hot dog and Taemin chuckled. “Slow down baby, you don’t want your tummy to hurt.”

Taemin watched with pleased eyes and Jonghyun chowed down on his food with no care in the world. The younger man wiped Jonghyun’s chin and mouth as they ate quietly, just listening to the waves and the noisy children playing in the sand.

“D-daddy?” Jonghyun muttered shyly after he finished his food and drank his Capri Sun quickly.

“Hm?”

“Ice cream?” Jonghyun’s voice was hopeful and giddy and Taemin sighed, knowing he was in for a long afternoon. His little has always been well-behaved no matter what but give Jonghyun anything remotely sweet and the baby turns into a little monster.

Taemin scrunched up his nose and pinched Jonghyun’s cheeks before standing up and making his way to the closest ice cream stand he could find which was ten minutes away from their spot on the beach. The sand was hot on the soles of his feet and the sun beating down on his back made Taemin thankful that he proposed getting ice cream - he didn’t think he could handle the searing warmth without something cold like an iced drink or an ice cream.

Taemin watched as the lady at the ice cream stand scooped three scoops of chocolate, vanilla and chocolate chip mint ice cream into two cups and sprinkled coconut flakes on top.

“Hot day, huh?” The lady’s voice was low and gravelly and Taemin nodded as he paid for the ice cream and two bottles of cold water.

“You’d think it wouldn’t be this hot at the start of June but here we are,” Taemin muttered and the lady huffed, clearly agreeing with the younger man.

As he made his way towards their little spot, Taemin couldn’t help but imagine himself as a child running along the beach with both of his parents chasing him. He heard his own laughter ring in his ears along with the waves crashing into the shore and his parents’ loud voices promising to catch him. Shaking his head, Taemin focused on Jonghyun who looked up at him excitedly.

“Ice cream!” Jonghyun clapped happily as Taemin sat down and handed him his cup and a small pink plastic spoon in the shape of a shovel. The little picked up the spoon with his small fingers and immediately began digging into the chocolate scoop.

“D-Daddy?” Taemin ‘hmm’ed in response and Jonghyun looked up at him curiously, with chocolate and mint ice cream all over his chin.

“D-Do you think, J-Jinki hyung d-doesn’t like J-Jonghyunnie anymore?” Taemin sighed as he wiped the older man’s face with wet wipes. Jonghyun had completely avoided the topic since the incident at Jinki’s house took place but it was clear to Taemin that his lover was wary about being little again because of it.

“Why would you think that?” Taemin sent his hyung a bunch of links that would better explain Jonghyun’s regression but the older man hadn’t gotten in touch with them since then and Taemin wasn’t sure how to feel about that. On one hand he could understand and accept Jinki’s boundaries even though Jonghyun’s regression was completely innocent and harmless but on the other hand, he wished Jinki would at least be straight-forward with him. It would make breaking the rejection to
Jonghyun a lot easier than having Jonghyun worry about it as an adult and as a little.

“Well, hyung hasn’t called since t-then and um, J-Jonghyunnie feels b-bad and, uh -” Jonghyun’s voice was small as he avoided eye contact with Taemin, instead choosing to play with the spoon-shovel and the empty ice cream cup.

“He’s probably busy baby, you know how busy Jinki hyung gets sometimes,” Taemin did his best to reassure Jonghyun, even when the older boy was inconsolable but Jonghyun merely sighed and nodded sadly, not wanting to accept Taemin’s logic. “I mean, who could ever dislike such a cute baby like you?”

Jonghyun giggled as Taemin pulled him into his lap and nosed along his neck, blowing raspberries into his skin. The younger of the two began rocking the little from side to side, hoping to make him forget about his hyung’s inability to text back and bring him back to the present instead.
Chapter Summary

Jonghyun has been in little space continuously for the past four days. It started with a simple tummy ache which was cured easily with the help of his Daddy and Petal but continued as Jonghyun fell deeper and deeper in his headspace - seasonal depression didn’t help. After the first two days, Taemin was ninety percent sure this was how their life was going to pan out as Jonghyun kept regressing from his usual toddler self into baby space. They spent their mornings cooking ‘yummy’ foods together like dinosaur nuggets and Jonghyun even convinced his daddy to put sprinkles on the pretty dinos and then they spent their afternoons playing with baby Roo and giggling on the couch. They spent their nights in bed, cuddling with Petal and Bunny and tickling each other because Jjongie loved tickling his Daddy.

Jonghyun was sat on the living room floor playing with his mini-castle as Taemin sat on the couch, doing boring Daddy stuff and Roo kept trying to steal Princess Peach from her castle tower. Jonghyun’s lips formed a pout. He snatched the princess from the puppy, frowning as she started wiggling her tail.

“D-Daddy,” Jonghyun whined pitifully as he dodged the dog. “R-Roo’s b-being mean.”

“Roo, stop being mean,” Taemin muttered as he kept scrolling through his CV, trying to improve it.

“D-Daddy! R-Roo t-took P-Princess P-Peach again!” Jonghyun’s whiny voice carried across the house as Roo ran into the kitchen with the doll. Jonghyun sat back on his diapered bottom and his chest tightened up, his eyes began to water and a loud sob pushed past his quivering lips, pulling Taemin away from his work. The younger sighed and put his laptop to the side before rushing into the kitchen where Roo was happily chewing on the doll’s head.

“Here you go, bug,” Taemin’s voice was gentle as he kneeled next to Jonghyun and wiped his tears with the back of his hand. “See, Princess Peach is alright. She was brave, wasn’t she, Jjongie?”

“M-Mhm,” Jonghyun hiccuped. He picked up the doll and checked it all over to make sure she was unharmed. “B-brave.”

“Okay baby, give Daddy twenty minutes and then we’ll go to the park, okay?” Jonghyun’s ears perked up at the mention of his most favourite place in the whole wide world. He began bouncing excitedly, sweet babbles coming out of his mouth. Taemin cooed and booped his nose.
They rarely went to the park simply because they didn’t want to draw too much attention to
themselves and when they did they made sure to do it late in the evening when the park was close to
empty. Jonghyun absolutely adored going to the park. He couldn’t really dress up the way he wanted
to but his Daddy allowed him to choose his own clothes anyway knowing he was going to be a good
boy and would choose something appropriate. Feeling his chest expand with happiness, Jonghyun
squealed and crawled over to his paci which was clipped to Bunny. He picked up the stuffed rabbit
and plopped the pacifier in his mouth before smooching the pink nose.

“B-Bunny we’re g-going to the p-park! Wanna play on the s-swings a-and um, the, the s-swings and
it’s g-gonna b-be s-so fun,” Jonghyun spoke softly around his pacifier as Taemin watched, not quite
sure if he really wanted to get back to work or not.

Suddenly, his phone rang in his pocket and he picked it up before Jonghyun could crawl over to him
and beg to play with his apps again. The little never played specific games on Taemin’s phone, he
just wanted to see the apps shake on the screen as he danced and squealed along with them.

“Jinki hyung?” Taemin did his best to keep his voice calm as to not alarm the little who instinctively
folded in on himself at the mention of his hyung’s name.

“Taemin-ah… How have you been?”

"Good, uh, we’ve been to the beach recently and I finally got an interview for a publishing
company!" Taemin's chest swelled up with pride as Jonghyun clapped his hands clumsily.

"That's awesome! We should celebrate. Uh, now, I looked over those websites and Youtubers you
showed me and I did some research of my own and I would like to talk more about this with you and
Jonghyun if that’s possible."

“Uh, I’m sure Jonghyun would be happy to - don’t put that in your mouth, baby, sorry hyung,”
Taemin’s heart was hammering in his chest as Jonghyun dropped one of his toys which was covered
in saliva.

“Is Jonghyun in his headspace?” Jinki’s voice was light and peaceful which managed to calm
Taemin down enough to respond truthfully.

“Yeah, we’re actually going to the park in a bit,” the younger pulled his knees up to his chest as he
watched over Jonghyun who helped Bunny pet Roo’s tummy.

“Do you mind if I join you?”

“Uh, let me ask Jonghyun,” Taemin pulled the phone from his ear and stretched his legs out. He
beckoned for Jonghyun to crawl towards him. The little struggled to pull himself up and began
waddling towards his Daddy. “Baby, your Jinki hyung would like to come with us to the park, what
do you think?”

“Um, d-does J-Jinki hyung hate J-Jjongie?” Jonghyun stammered as he plopped down on Taemin’s
lap and buried his face in the crook of his neck.

“Of course not, baby, Jinki hyung just wants to meet little Jonghyunnie,” Taemin cooed, hoping to
give the little more confidence. He didn’t know what to expect from their outing with Jinki and he
didn’t even know if he was prepared to handle the consequences of saying yes to the older man.

Jonghyun bit his lips before answering. “Um, uh… o-okay.”

“Alright hyung, Jonghyun and I would be happy to hang out with you at the park.”
“Awesome, I’ll meet you at your apartment in twenty minutes.”

Jonghyun ended up wearing pink frilly socks and a pastel baby blue sweater along with his fluffy dinosaur backpack whereas Taemin fussed over his denim jacket which didn’t really match his denim jeans. Although it was the middle of summer and he wanted nothing more than to wear some shorts and a tank top, he didn’t feel like mosquito bites were worth the trouble. Jonghyun bounced happily on the balls of his feet as he watched his Daddy pack his sippy cup and his small pink tupperware full of goldfish.

“Should we put Bunny inside your bag?” Taemin asked as he picked up the stuffie, watching Jonghyun’s eyes follow it without breaking contact. The little nodded but stopped Taemin as he was about to put Bunny inside the dinosaur backpack.

“Wait, J-Jjongie kisses Bunny night night,” the little bent down to kiss the stuffie’s forehead just as the doorbell rang ominously. Taemin sighed as Jonghyun froze up. “D-Daddy?”

“It’s alright baby, you know that Jinki hyung loves you and wants nothing more than for you to be happy. Plus your Daddy will always protect his little prince, won’t he?”

Jonghyun giggled and nodded his head before Taemin helped him sneak his arms through the backpack loops. The little and the caregiver skipped all the way to the front door where they opened the door to a sheepish looking Jinki who has dressed appropriately for the warm weather - shorts and a black t-shirt. The first thing Taemin noticed was that Jinki looked as kind and loving as ever even as Taemin bent down to tie Jonghyun’s laces.

“Hey,” Jinki greeted them casually and Jonghyun ducked, feeling the heat attack his cheeks. He squealed as he nearly tripped over Taemin who was working fast on tying his shoes.

“Um, hi,” Jonghyun’s voice was soft and unsure, making Jinki’s heart warm up.

“It’s nice to meet you Jongie,” the older man spoke quietly, his tone was gentle and loving as Jonghyun looked up to see his kind eyes roam over his cute outfit. “What a pretty backpack you have!”

“Um, it’s, uh, D-Daddy b-bought it for J-Jonghyunnie,” the little turned around to showcase his green backpack as Taemin chuckled.

“Allright, we’ve got everything so we can get going now,” Taemin said and wrapped his fingers around Jonghyun’s.

The park was empty when they got there except for the small critters that made the greenery come to life. Jonghyun babbled happily as he skipped through the grass and pointed at the pastel sky. Little ‘ohh’s and ‘ahh’s accompanied the quiet conversation between Taemin and Jinki who tried to keep Jonghyun oblivious to the subject matter.

“I mean, I understand why he’s the way he is and I understand how it generally works, it’s just weird seeing him like this. This is Jonghyun, the man I went out drinking with in college and the same guy who told me all about you and your cute ass when you two met so seeing him drink from a sippy cup and play on the swings is weird to me,” Jinki spoke softly as the two sat down on a warm bench, watching over Jonghyun who played with Bunny on a slide.

“Is it weird enough that you won’t be able to hang around him comfortably?”

“No, of course not. It’s just going to take me some time which is why I wanted us to hang out now, so I can start getting used to it,” Jonghyun waved at them from the swings. “Look, Taemin, I love
both of you like you’re my family and nothing can change that and I want to be there for you and him and if that means having to get used to little Jonghyun then you can bet I will.”

Taemin leaned back and sighed, feeling a heavy weight lift off his shoulders and chest. He spent nights wondering about the older man’s response and how he’d react to his response. Every possible thought went through his head, every scenario and situation played out and he was ever so grateful that he didn’t have to actually go through one of the bad ones. He smiled as he watched Jonghyun run around in circles with Bunny as his aeroplane.

“You don’t know how happy that makes me, hyung. Jonghyun has been so anxious about your response that for a while he didn’t allow himself to slip then he got a tummy ache a couple of days ago and he hasn’t been able to be big since,” Taemin murmured as Jinki giggled at Jonghyun’s loud laughing noises.

“Do you think he’ll feel better once he does?”

“As long as you’re there by his side to reassure him, sure,” Taemin shrugged. “I know that the internet portrays littles as fun little bundles of joy and happiness and they are, but it’s not always like this. A lot of people, including Jonghyun, do this because they want to recover their lost innocence or they want to work through their mental health in a healthy way so it’s difficult for a little to be betrayed and lost.”

Jinki nodded thoughtfully and Jonghyun ran back to them with a huge grin on his face. Taemin loved the sparkle in his baby’s eyes and the way he sat down between him and Jinki, demanding cuddles and affection simply because he wanted to share some of his youthful happiness with his Daddy and his hyung.

“D-Daddy, sippy cup?” Jonghyun made grabby hands at Taemin and the younger chuckled before pulling out his sippy cup. He popped open the lid and began helping Jonghyun drink his orange juice under Jinki’s loving eyes. Maybe this won’t be so bad after all.
Crashing and Burning

Chapter Summary

Jonghyun has always loved cuddling up on the couch with his boyfriend. He liked the feeling of Taemin draped over his back with his legs tangled with Jonghyun’s as they watched some movie or TV show that neither of them could really focus on. Sure, Jonghyun enjoyed learning about mammals and whatever they did but having his boyfriend’s heat seep into his body was far more opulent than any documentary they could ever find on YouTube.

Chapter Notes

This chapter revolves around consensual somnophilia (sex while one of the parties involved is asleep or unconscious). Everything in this chapter is safe, sane and consensual and negotiated beforehand. Also, there’s a whole lot of daddy kink (no age play), feminization and very light dom/sub undertones. However, if you would rather skip this chapter, feel free to do so!

Jonghyun has always loved cuddling up on the couch with his boyfriend. He liked the feeling of Taemin draped over his back with his legs tangled with Jonghyun’s as they watched some movie or TV show that neither of them could really focus on. Sure, Jonghyun enjoyed learning about mammals and whatever they did but having his boyfriend’s heat seep into his body was far more opulent than any documentary they could ever find on YouTube.

He liked the feeling of Taemin’s long, cold fingers caressing his tummy, his fingertips dipping below the elastic band of his underwear before retreating to rubbing warm circles into Jonghyun’s skin. The blonde would exhale shakily into the cold evening. He’d burrow himself further into Taemin’s body, seeking more affection as the light peeking through the window would leave blue hues across their living room walls.

Today was different. It was the middle of the summer and their skin stuck to each other like glue. Taemin was lazily drawing his fingers along the naked expanse of Jonghyun’s thighs as the older man purred lowly in his throat, thoroughly enjoying the way his boyfriend’s fingers made the lava in the pit of his stomach swish around, burning him from the inside out.

They were watching a random episode of Dexter as Roo laid sleeping by the coffee table, only waking up to sniffle and turn on her back with her legs dangling in the air. The room looked golden in the afternoon light and Jonghyun’s eyes followed the speckles of dust floating through the air, reminding him of gold flakes and lulling him to sleep. The mere sound coming from the TV served as white noise as Taemin’s warm breath fanned over his nape and made Jonghyun’s eyelids fall shut.

Taemin watched his boyfriend’s chest rise up and fall down peacefully as he slept under his soft ministrations. Jonghyun’s blonde hair was sprawled like threads of gold on one of their black throw
pillows and his pink, spit-slicked lips were pouty, almost like he was whining in his dream. Taemin loved the little sounds that often escaped Jonghyun’s mouth - they made him look smaller than he was laying in Taemin’s arms.

He burrowed his face between Jonghyun’s shoulder blades where he began planting small kisses like his lips were creating butterflies with each peck. He squeezed Jonghyun’s hip softly as he noticed the way their bodies were flushed against each other - Taemin was sure that not even a piece of paper could fit between their bodies now and the thought made something warm grow inside his chest. He ran his palm over Jonghyun’s hot skin as the older man slept peacefully, only purring when Taemin’s hands ran over a sensitive nipple or when his lips trailed kisses over his exposed shoulders and collar bones.

Taemin dragged his palms across the vast expanse of hot skin, pinching and rubbing in the process. The elder of the two sighed in his sleep and instinctively moved closer to Taemin who sucked a love bite onto the side of Jonghyun's throat. They rarely did this with one of them asleep but knowing that Jonghyun could feel his touches and kisses even in his unconscious state made Taemin incredibly possessive.

He liked knowing Jonghyun was his and his only. He liked littering his tanned skin with hickeys and bite marks and he liked watching Jonghyun admiring his bruises in the mirror, pressing over them in awe, shuddering as each press brings back heated memories. The sight always made something snap inside of Taemin and he couldn't help the low rumble coming from his chest as he gripped Jonghyun's hips and pulled him against his cock.

Jonghyun’s breathing was airy and ragged as Taemin lifted the long white shirt and held it as he rutted against Jonghyun's boxer-clad ass. Jonghyun's ass wasn't the fattest but Taemin loved it nonetheless. It was small yet perky and it only made Jonghyun look smaller, something which Taemin enjoyed very much.

“Mhm,” Jonghyun nosed the fabric of the throw pillow, still sound asleep as Taemin toyed with one of his nipples - rolling the bud between his fingers and pinching the tight skin until Jonghyun shuddered. Gently, he snuck one of his hands under the soft boxer material and pulled them down past Jonghyun’s ass and thighs, leaving the older man exposed and shivering. Taemin ran his palm over the warm flesh before squeezing Jonghyun’s ass-cheeks, eliciting a low moan from the elder.

Jonghyun has always enjoyed waking up to Taemin touching his body, he liked knowing that Taemin owned him even when he was asleep. He liked the way Taemin kissed up his throat and jaw just as Jonghyun was ebbing on the edge of consciousness, not fully alert yet but enjoying the butterfly kisses nonetheless. He liked the feeling of waking up to hard, achy nipples and pink love-bites dressing up his naked skin.

“O-oh -” Jonghyun’s moan was cut in his throat as he began stirring into consciousness, the sound of sloppy skin on skin contact faintly registering in his ears and the possessive grip on his hips only forcing him to wake up faster.

“Tae,” Jonghyun’s voice was raspy yet airy as he opened his eyes to his boyfriend breathing heavily into his back, his hips moving smoothly and his hard cock smearing precum on the inside of Jonghyun’s thighs. The elder blushed and hid his face in the pillow as a bout of delicious embarrassment washed over him. Shakily, he crossed his legs and pulled a low groan out of his boyfriend.

“Fuck, baby,” Taemin rasped, his grip on his hips made Jonghyun tremble with need. “You’ve got the perfect thighs, did you know that?”
Jonghyun breathed heavily, not knowing how to answer. Instead, he was transfixed on the sight between his thighs - the way Taemin’s angry-red cock head pushed past the soft flesh of his thighs or the way precum marred his tan skin. The elder swallowed loudly before grabbing Taemin’s hand that was on his hips and tugging it towards his aching cock.

“O-oh, oh, p-please -” Jonghyun bit his lips as Taemin chuckled darkly, his chin now resting on Jonghyun’s shoulder, close enough to whisper in his ear and make Jonghyun whine from the low rumble in his voice.

“Please what, pup? Hm, use your words,” Taemin asked before nibbling on the lobe of Jonghyun’s ear. Jonghyun curled in on himself, his chest heavy and his mind fuzzy from that nickname - it never failed to make Jonghyun fall down the rabbit hole of submission. The blonde sobbed, feeling his chest expand as Taemin pulled him closer to his chest.

“Touch me please,” Taemin loved Jonghyun’s breathy moans, the little ‘oh-oh-oh’ noises that escaped his throat as Taemin fucked his thighs and gripped his hips hard enough to leave bruises. Grunting, he bit Jonghyun’s shoulder before allowing his boyfriend to wrap his hand around his cock. He began tugging expertly at Jonghyun’s cock, his wrist moving expertly, just the way Jonghyun liked it. The afternoon heat made it so that their bodies stuck to each other, the sweat coating Jonghyun’s thighs made it easy for Taemin to alternate between a slow and a fast pace, his balls slapping loudly against Jonghyun’s thighs and rubbing hotly against his perineum and balls. The constant drag of his cock between the older man’s thighs was filthy at best, Jonghyun flexed the muscles of his thighs as the pressure in the pit of his tummy was building up.

“God, you sound so pretty baby,” Taemin praised as he fondled Jonghyun’s balls, pulling a long moan out of his throat. “Play with your tits baby.”

Jonghyun huffed in shame before following directions. He pinched his nipples between his fingers and rolled them as waves of electricity ran through him, his body thrumming with anticipation as he focused on all the sensations assaulting his senses. He was still sleepy, his eyelids were heavy yet the drag of Taemin’s fist over his cock made him whine, his ass clenching around nothing and his tits perking up from the stimulation.

“Mhmm, I’m so close, pup,” Taemin’s voice was a low drawl in Jonghyun’s ear, his words a promise that made the blonde whine deep in his throat. “‘M gonna come all over your pretty thighs, Jjongie, would you like that?”

“A-ah, yes, Daddy wanna come, p-please,” Jonghyun’s eyes were shut tightly as Taemin’s thrusts became erratic as he chased his release. The younger man grunted and bit into Jonghyun’s shoulder as he snapped his hips one more time before coming all over Jonghyun’s tanned thighs. His hand still on Jonghyun’s cock, forcing a loud whine out of his baby, still, Jonghyun whimpered looking down between his thighs which were coated in his Daddy’s cum.

“You came so much, Daddy,” Jonghyun whined, his voice high pitched yet soft with love for Taemin who was still catching his breath behind him.

“I did, didn’t I?” Taemin’s rasped breathlessly before kissing Jonghyun’s throat. He moved in between his lover’s legs which he spread wide before leaning down to catch Jonghyun’s lips in a sweet kiss. The blonde sighed into the kiss as his arms looped around Taemin’s neck, pulling him closer and doing his best to ignore his aching cock.

Moving to kiss down Jonghyun’s jaw all the way down to his shoulders, Taemin couldn’t believe how lucky he’s been to have found such an amazing boyfriend. He looked up at Jonghyun whose head was resting on the black throw pillow, his hair ruffled from sleep and sex and his eyes glossy
with unshed tears and he couldn’t thank the heavens enough for being able to be here with Jonghyun. The blonde squirmed under Taemin’s heated gaze and pulled his boyfriend into a deep kiss. Taemin’s fingers wrapped around Jonghyun’s cock once again, giving it a few harsh tugs before falling into a rhythm that he knew would drive Jonghyun crazy. He fondled with his balls as he licked into his boyfriend’s mouth, not able to get enough of his baby. Jonghyun quivered under Taemin’s larger body as the younger man’s hand brought him close to bliss.

“I-I’m close,” Jonghyun whispered against Taemin’s lips, he was feeling soft and submissive and Taemin couldn’t help the warmth that spread in his chest — pride, knowing he was the one making his boyfriend feel safe enough to fall into such a vulnerable headspace.

“My good little pup,” Taemin praised as Jonghyun’s hips followed his hand, fucking into Taemin’s fist as a litany of whimpers and moans left the blonde’s mouth. “Are you gonna come for Daddy?”

“Y-yes, oh, please,” Jonghyun squeezed his eyes shut as he thrust one final time into the heat of Taemin’s fist before ropes of thick cum coated his abs. Taemin rolled next to Jonghyun as the blonde caught his breath, little shocks of pleasure still wrecking through his body. The afternoon light fell over him in stripes and the sweat glistening on his skin reminded Taemin of a beautifully carved statue in an art museum.

“Well, that was a nice way to wake up,” Jonghyun grinned as he turned on his side to tuck himself under Taemin’s chin.

“Yeah, no kidding,” Taemin chuckled before kissing the top of Jonghyun’s head. “We should do this more often.”

“Mhm… sleep now,” Jonghyun yawned against Taemin’s heated skin before falling back into a peaceful slumber, leaving Taemin to resume staring at his sleeping form.
Chapter Summary

Jonghyun nodded even though his cheeks were rosy and his mouth was working tirelessly on the pretty pacifier and soon enough Taemin had an armful of a cute, sleepy baby. He revelled in the small sucking sounds and the way Jonghyun’s body was like putty in his hands or the way the little’s head was heavy with sleep on his shoulder. Taemin watched Jonghyun’s eyes struggle to stay open as he sucked on his blue pacifier before he fell asleep to the sound of Thomas and his friends.

Chapter Notes

Title song: Rock Mafia - The Big Bang

“Shit!” The sound of ceramic smashing on the concrete woke Jonghyun up from his trance. The box in his hands shook as he looked towards the door at his boyfriend who was thankfully still holding onto one of the two boxes he was trying to carry.

“Oh, it’s okay -”

“No, Taemin, it’s not okay because we now have to eat out of pots and pans!” To say that Jonghyun has been on edge ever since they began looking for an apartment was a clear and potentially dangerous understatement. They’ve been dating for a full year and now that Taemin had to move out of the halls it was time to finally take the big step. Still, that step came with anxiety and the sudden realization that they couldn’t possibly afford to move — Jonghyun has been living with his aunt and Taemin has been living in student accommodation and if they did save up it would still mean they’d only be able to pay for the deposit.

They spent two months before Taemin had to move out of the halls just raiding the internet, newspapers and agencies but alas, they were a gay couple in conservative South Korea. Jonghyun knew it would be difficult, but fuck, he didn’t think it would be this hard. Then they found a small, very old building in Seoul near Taemin’s University. The rent was going to be difficult to pay every month but at least it wasn’t going to break the bank and the deposit didn’t make Jonghyun sick so they jumped on the opportunity even if the place wasn’t very pleasant — they’d make it home. But now Jonghyun wasn’t sure if they could make it a home without bowls and Taemin looked like a kicked puppy and he was about to have another panic attack.

The spasm in his chest intensified and his lungs felt bigger in his chest as he tried to inhale, just inhale enough oxygen to stop him from freaking out. His limbs came next, the pins and needles taking over as he struggled to breathe. Taemin was at his side, again, coaxing him to relax, breathe,
“You’re okay, see, that’s better,” Taemin’s voice was honey coating Jonghyun’s ears and the older man smiled shyly as he shook in his boyfriend’s arms. “Come on, let’s sit down.”

“We have to finish unpacking,” Jonghyun said weakly as he was guided towards the couch — their biggest purchase yet. It was truly beautiful with its brown tattered leather and the hole at the bottom just added character but to Jonghyun, it was perfect because it was his and Taemin’s. Heck, Jonghyun wanted to keep this damn couch forever because it’s his first couch.

“We can unpack later,” Taemin spoke softly as Jonghyun instantly tucked himself under his chin, his small hands gripped Taemin’s t-shirt and his eyes fell shut as if all it took for him to calm down was his boyfriend’s heartbeat.

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“Are you sure about that?” Taemin asked from behind as Jonghyun surveyed the scene. Their new mattress was on the floor of their bedroom, atop an old rug that they stole from Taemin’s father’s garage. The mattress was big and took a lot of space but just like the couch, it made more emotional sense than actual sense.

“No? I don’t know, Tae, but as much as I love our couch my back really hurts and I want to have sex on a mattress again,” Jonghyun pouted as he kept staring at the sad mattress on their floor. He was on edge, jittery and full of misplaced energy.

Taemin nodded slowly before realizing that Jonghyun couldn’t see him.

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“Do you think we can afford that?” Jonghyun asked as he sat on the floor in front of their brown, second-hand couch. He was truly sick of it so he was sat on the floor with his knees drawn up to his chest and his fingers tapping endlessly on his ankles. Taemin watched him quietly before opening his mouth and closing it again. He wanted to say something to make Jonghyun relax. Yeah, they were in a difficult situation but they were together in their tiny flat and that was enough for now even if they couldn’t actually afford a nice coffee table — a nice, second-hand coffee table.

“Jjongie…” Jonghyun raised his head to look at Taemin who was sat cross-legged across from him, staring into his soul. He felt a familiar heat rise up to his cheeks once again but he held back the urge to cover his face. “Have you thought about littlespace since we spoke about it?”

“Tae this is not the time and -” Jonghyun wanted to stand up and leave, that’s how much he wanted to avoid having this conversation. He knew he was too anxious for his own good, this move proved that and he knew he needed to find a way to deal with it that wasn’t drinking or sex, those could get
dangerous, but he also didn’t want to admit that the idea of being Taemin’s little boy was so comforting that he wanted to cry about it.

“There’s never a perfect time,” Taemin’s voice was soothing yet stern — he knew Jonghyun so well even if it’s only been a year. “There is nothing you could say or do that could ever change how I feel about you, Jonghyun. If this is something that doesn’t interest you then you need to tell me because we’re a team now. But if it’s something you’re interested in then you should know that you don’t have to hide from me, not with this and not with anything.”

Taemin’s speech was pure and lovely and Jonghyun’s heart only grew fonder as he watched the sincerity dance in the younger’s eyes. He was close to turning nineteen yet the responsibility he was willing to take on was massive — Jonghyun wasn’t sure if he wanted to put that type of pressure on his younger boyfriend.

“This is not something that’s going to be easy, Tae,” Taemin opened his mouth but was silenced by Jonghyun’s soft smile. “I am interested in it, the idea gives me so much comfort it makes me want to cry. But I know myself. Give me an inch of love and I’ll take a mile.”

“And that’s a bad thing?” Taemin’s voice was soft but full of conviction and Jonghyun wanted nothing more than to allow himself to be the younger’s little.

“God, Taemin, you’re -” Jonghyun’s heart swelled up with pure love and adoration as Taemin watched him with big, sparkling eyes. He crawled over to his boyfriend and cupped his face before leaving a chaste kiss on his thick lips. “You’re lovey, Tae, and I don’t want you to bite more than you can chew.”

Taemin watched him carefully before wrapping his arms around Jonghyun and pulling him to sit in his lap. He held Jonghyun in his arms for a while, the silence of their tiny flat was loud as Jonghyun waited for his boyfriend to figure his thoughts out. He admired his face, the sweet almond eyes and pretty mouth, as the wheels inside Taemin’s head were rolling. His jaw was set and his eyes were unfocused as he rocked them back and forth in front of their new-old, brown couch.

Taemin grinned widely before lifting Jonghyun’s chin so he could kiss the man deeply. “I have a big mouth, I can chew a lot.”

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It’s been two weeks since they moved into their small flat and two weeks of Jonghyun being constantly on edge. Taemin watched the older man run himself into the ground trying to make their flat feel like the home he never had. The younger man could sympathise and he felt the irritation when something didn’t go according to plan but he was also a lot calmer than Jonghyun who ran around like a headless chicken. The older man was intense and Taemin usually loved that about his boyfriend. The intensity often resulted in hot make-out sessions and mind-blowing sex on the kitchen counter but this type of intensity was toxic. So toxic that Taemin struggled to find a way to put a stop to it.
He tried to get his lover to meditate, read a book and drink some tea. He even sat down with Jonghyun and devised such a strong plan that even a professional would be jealous. Alas, here he was at seven in the afternoon, in a small supermarket close to their house, looking for specific ingredients that Jonghyun needed for dinner. Taemin’s eyes ran along shelves full of food and desserts and his eyes settled on the small baby section. He stood transfixed in front of baby bottles and pacifiers, each more colourful than the other and each making Taemin’s heart swell up the size of a horse. He placed a hand over his heart, willing it to calm down.

Smiling widely he ran back home, bags in hand and pacifier burning holes in his jean pocket. He struggled to key his way into the house where Jonghyun was muttering madly about dinner and the crappy curtains his aunt gave them when they moved in. Taemin placed the bags on the small counter and Jonghyun began unloading them.

“Jjongie…” Taemin tried his hand at a gentle tone as Jonghyun looked up at him, curious. “I bought you something.”

“Tae, we don’t…” Jonghyun began chastising the younger and immediately fell silent when Taemin pulled the pacifier out of his pocket. The rubber was transparent and the plastic handle was blue but Jonghyun couldn’t stop staring at the blue Care Bear that made his heart race and his skin flush. “T-Taean.”

“Yes, baby?” Taemin’s heart felt heavy in his chest as he watched the older man’s reaction. He watched Jonghyun’s shoulders drop and his pupils dilate as he looked up at Taemin with pure innocence gracing his features. It made Taemin gasp, the way his boyfriend looked at him with love in his eyes. He quickly pulled the pacifier out of its packaging as he ran through articles he found online in his head. He tried to remember all the advice he read, all the stories and the videos he watched as Jonghyun kept his hopeful eyes trained on him.

“I don’t know what to do,” Jonghyun whispered as the pacifier was finally out of its packaging. “What do I do?”

“You let go. I’ve got you and this is going to be great.”

“You promise?” The raw emotion took Taemin by surprise as he ran hot water over the rubber nipple.

“I promise,” Taemin’s tone was gentle as he pulled Jonghyun into the living room and onto the couch before grabbing his laptop off their new-old glass coffee table. He pulled the older man against him and Jonghyun fell right into his embrace, curling his smaller body around Taemin’s side and watching him navigate to YouTube and onto a Thomas and Friends episode. He enjoyed the colourful cartoon, the blues and the reds and the peaceful, childish fun as the late afternoon glow fell over their small living room in waves through the tacky curtains.

Taemin struggled to keep his eyes on the screen — instead, his gaze lingered on Jonghyun who was quietly watching the cartoon with his head on his Taemin’s shoulder. Slowly, Taemin brought the pacifier to Jonghyun’s mouth and the older man wrapped his lips around it shyly before giving it a few experimental sucks. He kept his eyes trained on the screen as he anxiously fiddled with his fingers, the pacifier in his mouth was too small but he couldn’t complain, after all, he did feel better and any thought about the move or the lack of money went completely out of the window now that
he had something to focus on. Still, he didn’t feel the fuzzy, blurry feeling other littles described and the feeling of inadequacy made him anxious.

“Relax, baby,” Taemin muttered as he rubbed Jonghyun’s side in an attempt to distract him from his thoughts. “You like the cartoon?”

Jonghyun nodded even though his cheeks were rosy and his mouth was working tirelessly on the pretty pacifier and soon enough Taemin had an armful of a cute, sleepy baby. He revelled in the small sucking sounds and the way Jonghyun’s body was like putty in his hands or the way the little’s head was heavy with sleep on his shoulder. Taemin watched Jonghyun’s eyes struggle to stay open as he sucked on his blue pacifier before he fell asleep to the sound of Thomas and his friends. He couldn’t believe how lucky he was to get to see Jonghyun so at peace with himself.
And When I Lose Myself I Think Of You

Chapter Summary

Jonghyun has always liked motion. The wheels rolling on the bus, the horses on a carousel, the low hum that accompanied the vibrations of his favourite sex toy yet never in his life did he think he'd enjoy the feeling of a washing machine running under him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jonghyun has always liked motion. The wheels rolling on the bus, the horses on a carousel, the low hum that accompanied the vibrations of his favourite sex toy yet never in his life did he think he'd enjoy the feeling of a washing machine running under him.

It was no surprise that their washing machine broke again. It was a dumb old thing that gave them trouble every couple of months and although their landlord didn't enjoy throwing money at it, he kept sending people over to fix this and that when everybody knew that the damn thing should just be replaced.

This was one of those times again. Jonghyun closed the door behind a handyman who looked at him a little funny and sighed as he walked into the kitchen towards the dirty-white washing machine which was finally running again.

The low rumble was peaceful to Jonghyun on his day off and the warmth radiating from the old machine made him sleepy. Exhausted, he leaned against it and felt the vibrations move through him, pushing him into a soft state as he closed his eyes and let the motion carry him for a second. Then his eyes snapped open wide when he felt himself harden in his jeans, his cock straining against the zipper as the drum began picking up speed.

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Jonghyun propped his hands on top of the washing machine and pulled himself to sit on it just as the vibrations picked up speed. The feeling ran through him like electricity running through a wire and he couldn't help but throw his head back in a silent whimper.

The constant motion made the underside of his thighs sensitive and the cold precum in his underwear would have been disgusting if he didn't find the whole idea hot. He couldn't believe he was using a washing machine to get off and that it was actually working.

He imagined what it would be like if Taemin walked in right at that moment. If his eyes would travel down Jonghyun's body appreciatively. If he'd lean against the door frame with a smirk on his face. He imagined Taemin growling at him, calling him a whore for getting off a stupid washing machine like a teenager. Jonghyun would whine and shiver as the washing machine goes into its spin cycle, the vibration wrecking through his body as Taemin sneers at Jonghyun for humping a washing machine like a dumb little pup in heat.

"A-ah," Jonghyun flushed as a small noise escaped his throat. He palmed himself through his jeans as the heat in his belly threatened to explode. "Fuck fuck -"

The spin cycle came to an end as Jonghyun pushed his hips into his hand, his cock kicking in his
jeans one last time before spurting thick ropes of cum inside his underwear.

Shakily, he pushed himself off the washing machine and tried to rub away the blush staining his cheeks. The low hum of the machine was mocking him as he went to grab his phone. He swiftly unlocked it and found Taemin's number.

JONGHYUN: hey, Tae
TAE: hey baby
JONGHYUN: how long till you get home?
TAE: not long, why?
JONGHYUN:...
JONGHYUN: I just came from sitting on our washing machine

Chapter End Notes

Title song: Tokio Hotel - Monsoon
Sequel to chapter 33! This one's pure filth so please check the tags before reading just in case you're uncomfortable with anything. This chapter revolves around exhibitionism and bondage (also spanking, orgasm denial and sexting).

JONGHYUN: hey, Tae
TAE: hey baby
JONGHYUN: how long till you get home?
TAE: not long, why?
JONGHYUN:...
JONGHYUN: I just came from sitting on our washing machine

TAE: ...
TAE: You did what?
JONGHYUN: I came in my pants from sitting on our shitty washing machine
JONGHYUN: And now I need you to come home and fuck me until I can’t walk tomorrow
TAE: You’re bold today, huh?
JONGHYUN: Just incredibly horny
TAE: Yeah?
JONGHYUN: Yeah…
TAE: Take your shirt off and go sit on the window seat in our room.

Jonghyun’s breath caught in his throat as he read over the words. His fingers were shaking above the screen as he bit his lip. Technically, he knew that having that type of attitude will warrant such a response - he just wasn’t expecting his boyfriend to sext him through it. A spark of excitement travelled from his chest towards his groin and he hurried towards the bedroom where he took his shirt off and sat down gingerly on the wooden window seat.

TAE: Done?
JONGHYUN: Yeah…
TAE: Are you getting shy now?
TAE: I thought you were bold, baby
JONGHYUN: I am >,<
TAE: Yeah? Open the window
JONGHYUN: Tae…
TAE: Be a good little pup and Daddy will reward you

Jonghyun inhaled deeply and looked out the window at the building across the street. Their apartment was on the fourth floor and above a tiny convenience store, right on the main street and across a much nicer apartment complex. He exhaled shakily before opening the window slightly and picking his phone up again.

JONGHYUN: Done
TAE: Good boy
TAE: Are you excited, baby?
JONGHYUN: … yes, Daddy
TAE: take the rest of your clothes off and spread your legs

Jonghyun shimmied out of his black skinny jeans and his already soiled underwear. He sat back on the window seat in between weirdly shaped cushions they bought from a night market before spreading his legs. The cold glass on his arm made him shiver as he typed out a shaky reply. He was already so far in his head and although he knew his refraction period was relatively short, his dick was definitely interested.

JONGHYUN: Done - Tae, hurry home
TAE: I’m on my way, pretty. God, I would have loved to see you perched up on that washing machine
TAE: All cute with your thighs shaking and head was thrown back
TAE: Did you think about me, baby?
JONGHYUN: Yeah - can I touch myself? Please?
TAE: Yeah, go slow and play with yourself
TAE: What did you think about, Jjongie?
JONGHYUN: Um
TAE: Come on, tell Daddy
JONGHYUN: Um, I imagined you coming in and just watching me
JONGHYUN: Telling me how much of a dirty little pup I am for humping a washing machine
JONGHYUN: God, Tae, I could picture it - you’d wrap your hand around my throat and force me to look you in the eyes
TAE: I’d chuckle and sneer as you shake with pleasure
TAE: I’m calling you now

Jonghyun was stroking himself slowly when Taemin’s caller ID showed up on his screen. He bit his lip before swiping right to answer. Taemin’s voice was hushed and the outside world was loud in Jonghyun’s ear - Taemin was on his way. He was on the street talking Jonghyun through his second orgasm of the day and if that didn’t make Jonghyun’s toes curl in delicious, white pleasure he didn’t know what would.

“Tae -” Jonghyun whined as he thumbed over the thick, underside vein. “God, I’m s-so sensitive, I don’t think I can keep going.”

“But you will, you’ll keep stroking your pathetic little cock for everyone to see until I’m home to pound your pretty ass,” Taemin’s voice was rough and low, quiet enough not to gather too much attention from the people around him. “You’ll take care of Daddy when he gets home, right?”

“Y-yes, fuck, I n-need you home,” Jonghyun threw his head back against the glass and whimpered as he fondled his balls before moving to squeeze the base of his cock. “F-feel so empty, Tae.”

Taemin’s breathing becomes strained as he keeps his head low and takes in the breathy voice of his boyfriend - the way he’s whimpering and mewing as he’s fist ing his overly sensitive cock, just the way Taemin would if he was there. He was relatively close to their apartment but relatively close wasn’t close enough at the moment. Swearing under his breath, he counted to five to will down the chub forming in his slacks.

“I know baby, but Daddy’s gonna be home soon to fill you up,” Taemin’s voice was sweet, he wasn’t in the mood to be mean tonight. In fact, he’s had an amazing interview with a publishing company he’s been emailing back and forth with and the evening felt like a total win - the bottle of champagne in his tote bag was a testament to Taemin’s good mood and his words were too. “Can you grab the lube for me, pup?”
“Mhm,” Jonghyun worried his lip and jumped off the window seat to rummage inside their bedside drawer. “When did you buy this one?”

“A couple of days ago, it seemed interesting,” Taemin shrugged, not realising that his older boyfriend couldn’t actually see him. “Thought you’d like it.”

“Hm… I do,” Jonghyun chuckled as he perched himself up on the window. The cold wind seeping through the cracked window reminded him that he was in fact buck naked in front of the window. He popped open the lid of novelty lube and waited for instructions.

“Prop your leg on the window seat and wet four fingers,” Taemin huffed as he crossed the street. The woman to his left gave him a weary look as Jonghyun followed his instructions easily. “Go slow, baby, work your way up to four fingers until I get there.”

“Yes - ohh,” Jonghyun screwed his eyes shut as he circled his rim with the pad of his forefinger before slipping it in to the first knuckle, then the second and finally bottoming out. Taemin bit his lip as he listened to Jonghyun’s soft moans and the like oh, oh sounds that he loves so much.

“That’s it,” Taemin cooed as Jonghyun slipped in a second finger. He could see their apartment building and if he wasn’t so mind-numbingly hard he would have laughed at his own hypocrisy - they hated the damn thing, it was old and mouldy and the landlord didn’t give a shit about his tenants but Taemin was happy to see it. “You’re doing so well. Daddy’s almost home.”

Running up the stairs proved to be difficult with a boner but the moment he was in front of their apartment door Taemin felt his entire mood shift from the outside persona to the inside one. He keyed his way into the house to the sound of Jonghyun breathing heavily through the phone and dropped everything by the door before ending the call and making his way into their bedroom.

Taemin knew that his boyfriend was pretty and beautiful and hot, so fucking hot, but seeing him with his pupils blown, hair dishevelled and back bowed reminded Taemin of just how lucky he actually was. Jonghyun was working four slim fingers in and out of his ass, his fingers catching on the rim and making him moan.

“Daddy,” Jonghyun whimpered as Taemin walked around the bed to pull the older man into his arms.

“I got you, baby,” Taemin muttered as Jonghyun burrowed his face in his chest for comfort. He raised Jonghyun’s head towards his own to kiss his lips. They made out against the window as Taemin’s hands travelled all over Jonghyun’s body, pulling moans and whimpers out of the shorter male before pulling his fingers out and kissing his knuckles one by one. “Gonna fuck you now.”

“God, yes -” Jonghyun’s heart was hammering out of his chest as Taemin unbuttoned his slacks and pulled down his zipper. He hooked Jonghyun’s leg on his arm as he pulled his cock out and lined himself up to Jonghyun’s hole. Jonghyun was shaking with need, the need to be touched and seen by strangers. He wanted the world to know that Taemin could bring him to despair just with his words - not to mention his cock. The older man groaned when Taemin finally pushed through the opening and bottomed out in one go and his entire body was on fire despite the cold breeze sneaking through the crack in the window.

Taemin set a fast pace, he was too turned on to take things slow and by the sounds leaving Jonghyun’s mouth, he thought that his baby was too. The blonde pulled Taemin impossibly close and caught his mouth with his own. Taemin licked into his mouth and explored every inch of sweetness that was Jonghyun, pulling mewls and whines out of the older man.
“M-more,” Jonghyun pleaded as he felt the coil in his tummy tighten with every harsh thrust.

“Hm, that’s not how your Daddy taught you to beg,” Taemin kept his voice as stable as he could muster as he spread Jonghyun’s legs even further. “Maybe I should give my little pup a little reminder, huh?”

“No, please, Daddy, I’ll be good,” Jonghyun felt the familiar tightening of his chest unfurl into a sob as Taemin bit his shoulder and changed his angle to hit his sweet spot - only he didn’t. Jonghyun whined at the way Taemin’s thrusts turned shallow, just close enough to the perfect bundle of nerves but not quite there. “I promise I’ll be good!”

“Yeah?” Taemin sneered, pulled out and moved to pick Jonghyun up just to turn around and dump him on their bed. The older man yelped as he looked up at Taemin who began ridding himself of his clothes before ducking under the bed in search for something. His eyes widened as Taemin showed him a long strip of purple silk which he began tying around Jonghyun’s cock and balls and carefully kept rope which he dropped on the bed beside him. Jonghyun’s eyes were filled with unshed tears as he watched Taemin tie a bow at the base of his cock. “But how can I trust you'll be good when you can’t even handle being around a washing machine without getting your dick wet?”

“m sorry,” Jonghyun sobbed as Taemin crawled between his legs to nip at the sensitive skin of his inner thighs. “Please, Daddy, I need -”

“I don’t care what you need baby,” Taemin looked up at Jonghyun with a feral look in his eyes. “I need you to shut up and let Daddy do as he pleases. Can you do that? Or do I have to stuff that dumb little mouth of yours?”

“I-I can, I promise, I can,” Jonghyun’s chest was rising and falling, his hair was matted to his forehead and his thighs were quivering as Taemin took his time breaking him apart with his mouth. He kissed and nipped at his thighs and sucked small bruises onto his tummy before reaching for the rope and bringing Jonghyun’s legs forward and tying them in a double column tie. Jonghyun closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of rope on his skin, the gradual push and pull and the way the silk tickled the sensitive skin between his legs.

Without a word, Taemin flipped the smaller man on his tummy and placed a pillow under his him before appreciating the sight - Jonghyun’s tan skin was flushed, his breathing was heavy and the rope made for such an amazing contrast from his innocent whines. A pure depiction of ownership. Taemin got to tying his arms together in the same fashion as he tied his legs and before he knew it he had a perfectly wrapped present lying under him, squirming and ready to be unwrapped.

“God, you’re so pretty like this,” Taemin muttered as he ran his hands over Jonghyun’s spine, down over his perky ass and over his quivering thighs. “You wouldn’t even think you’re the kind of slut who likes being watched.”

Jonghyun breathed heavily against the bedsheets. He wanted to speak up, to tell Taemin just how close he was to losing his mind but the only thing that came out of his mouth was a drawn-out moan as Taemin’s palm landed heavily on his ass, one after another. Jonghyun yelped and sobbed and tried to move out of Taemin’s grasp before Taemin pulled him down by the knot holding his arms together. The sound of Taemin’s heavy palm making contact with Jonghyun’s ass bounced off the walls the way his asscheeks bounced with every smack.

“So pretty,” Taemin murmured as he kneaded the reddish-purple flesh in his hands. “Why are you so fucking pretty, pup? Hm? Is it for all our neighbours to see how cute you look fucking yourself on your fingers as you wait for your Daddy to get home?”
Jonghyun’s heart stung in his chest as Taemin growled in his ear. He imagined the neighbours watching them - watching Taemin wreck his cunt with his thick cock and Jonghyun just taking it like a dumb slut. Like Taemin’s dumb slut. He moaned when he felt Taemin kissing his puffy rim before lapping at the sensitive skin. His toes curled and uncurled and his fingers tied together just to have something to hold as Taemin spread his cheeks and dipped the tip of his tongue inside Jonghyun’s hole, making it flutter around nothing.

“Ah!” Jonghyun sobbed as Taemin slapped his puffy hole and watched as it clenched around nothing. Taemin pulled back and swung his leg over Jonghyun’s so that he was sat right below his ass before pulling his bruising cheeks apart and positioning himself at his hole.

“You ready, pup?” Taemin asked as Jonghyun sniffled, trying to regain some type of composure. He nodded and ducked his head when his lover tsked at him.

“Yes, please fuck me,” Jonghyun whimpered as he felt Taemin’s cockhead stretch past his rim and bottom out.

“Well, if you’re asking so nicely,” Taemin snickered and began setting a rough pace. He gripped Jonghyun’s hips and pulled his body against his thrusts as Jonghyun’s head rolled to the side and his arms pulled at his restraints. Jonghyun swallowed the lump in his throat as Taemin leaned down to leave soft kisses over his shoulder blades. “My pretty baby.”

The praise made Jonghyun’s heart clench with pure joy even as he was being roughly pounded into from behind. He felt his entire world shift a little as Taemin’s hands caressed his body and the coil in his tummy tightened further - he was so fucking close he could taste the sweet release like he’d taste the juice of a peach running down his chin. His mouth was hanging open in a litany of curses, begging and whimpering and just so so pretty to Taemin’s ears.

“Are you close, pup?” Taemin whispered in his ear before biting down softly on his lobe, making the older man shiver. Jonghyun nodded his head and whimpered at a particularly hard thrust.

“Please, Daddy please can I come? Please!” Jonghyun sobbed as Taemin’s thrusts turned shallow and his grunts became heavy with the promise of climax.

“Um,” Taemin grinned against his lover’s back. He felt his entire body unravelling above Jonghyun as he buried his cock deep inside Jonghyun’s ass and painted his walls in hot, white cum. Taemin rode his orgasm before he pulled back shakily, his breathing was heavy and his arms aching from the way he was holding himself up. “You have been a really good baby, haven’t you?”

“Yes yes, God, yes,” Jonghyun moaned deliriously, the feeling of Taemin’s cock twitching and unloading so deeply inside him rendered him unable to think. Tiredly, Taemin pulled out and ignored the little whine of protest coming from Jonghyun. Instead, he made quick work of flipping his lover onto his back and reaching down to clash their mouth together. Slowly he reached down to Jonghyun’s cock and untied the silk holding Jonghyun together. The older man groaned inside his mouth as he wrapped his hand around his cock and began jerking him off expertly, just the way Taemin knew would drive Jonghyun crazy.

“That’s it, baby, come for Daddy,” Taemin cooed against his lips as Jonghyun sobbed and fucked into Taemin’s tight fist once, twice before dirtying his abdomen and falling back down on the bed, all sweaty and fucked out.

Taemin worked fast on untying his legs and arms, eliciting soft whimpers from a spent and
completely satisfied Jonghyun. The younger lover muttered soft praise and words of appreciation as he rubbed and kissed Jonghyun’s raw skin. Tiredly, he picked his lover up and walked them to the bathroom where he perched him on top of the sink.

Jonghyun shivered as he watched Taemin prepare a bubble bath for them and giggled when his lover offered him the basket of bath bombs. He rubbed at his arms and the small of his back as Taemin dropped a peach bath bomb into the hot water and they both watched it unfurl in shades of pink and green.

“That was amazing,” Taemin muttered against the soft skin of Jonghyun’s back as they lounged in the small bathtub. Jonghyun sighed and soaked his worn out body as he listened to Taemin’s heartbeat. “You did so well, baby.”

“You too,” Jonghyun blushed as he whispered, needing Taemin to know just how much he enjoyed himself. “Do you think the neighbours saw us?”

“I kind of hope they did,” Taemin chuckled cheekily as Jonghyun shook his head and pinched his knee.

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