**say goodnight 'n go**

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>GOT7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Im Jaebum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Jackson Wang, Im Jaebum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>jinson, markjae - Freeform, Character Death, Series, it starts with jinson but its a jackbum fanfic, Explicit Sexual Content, Explicit Language, Angry jaebum, Alternate Universe - College/University, Slow Burn, long fic, Soft Jaebum, jackbum jealously, jealous jaebum, jealous Jinyoung, Reincarnation, Alternate Universe - Reincarnation, Major Character Betrayal, Adultery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Series:</td>
<td>Part 1 of Z E R O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2019-04-14 Updated: 2019-10-05 Chapters: 14/25 Words: 130861</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**say goodnight 'n go**

by [jaebeoba](http://archiveofourown.org/)

**Summary**

"Sometimes I feel like I'm wasting my time or like I'm doing it all wrong. Sometimes, things just don't make me feel like they are supposed to, like my relationship with Jinyoung, even though I deeply love him... I have a lot of doubts and I'm always afraid and hopeless, but somehow, in between my struggles and defenseless spots, I met Jaebom and it was just meant to be. And with him, it came all the mess: pain, shelter and my own happy ending.

Except that "happy endings" did not last forever. Not at all."

*or: Inspired by *Kimi No Na Wa*, Jackson and Jaebeom feel like they know each other for a long time - more than a life, and their relationship threatens the entire balance of their world, including those surrounding them. (Mostly dialog, Reincarnation, Never Ending Story, Betrayal.)

**Notes**
Literally no one:
Tats: I HAVE A NEW FANFIC
AYY I'm back lmao, it's been so long since I don't feel the pressure of posting a fanfic, I'm so nervous.
So, to be straight, this fic will be a long lasting slow burn, so if you don't have patience, it's not for you babe. It's also going to be a series and I'm already currently working on the continuation chapters after all this is done - which is problematic, since I haven't quite finished writing this one, but don't worry, it won't take me months to post every single chapter. The first 'season' of this fic will start with Jinson, but as Jackbum develops as we go, Jinson will fade, so to yall Jinson hoes, careful lol
*I'm not a native English speaker/writer, so let me warn you that this will probably have multiple errors and mistakes, but I'm constantly re-reading the chapters, so don't worry, it's nothing that will make you cringe that much lol
Have fun <3
I've always searched for something. Pretty much since I could understand and see myself as a individual human being.

"Jackson, what are you doing?" Mother asked me when she found me alone in my room, talking to someone I pictured in my head, the boy I found in the beach a couple of days before.

I was eight.

"I'm introducing him to my power rangers," I murmured, completely absorbed in my imagination, watching as the invisible boy paid attention to my mother as she smiled in a understanding way, thinking it was weird and funny at the same time.

"What's your imaginary's friend name?" She kept smiling, not really getting into my room, but leaning on the doorstep. A party was happening in the house and outside the door everything was loud and full of known faces, faces that I was learning to know that applied meaning in my life, as the shy kid that I was.

Family.

He's not imaginary, you met him at the beach," I explained myself as I made moves with my dolls. The black Power Ranger was my favorite.

"At the beach? You mean, that boy that tried to push and fight with you?" She twisted her bronzed, toned by the sun face. All sharp and with some artificial touches here and there.

"He was just nervous, but he's cool." I explained, watching the boy smiling at me.

I knew it was in my imagination, but something stronger than me wanted it to be real.

I have never seen him again in my entire life and I was twenty one now. I have changed too much. I couldn't even picture how he would look like nowadays.

"D'you want something to eat?" She offered me, sunglasses covering her chinese eyes. A wrap in her right hand, the one she used to give it to me not really paying attention.

"Thanks." I felt the sun burning my right arm, being exposed in the sun in a area that the parasol couldn't reach. The humid, white and fine sand covered my feet and my body was confused between feeling cold or too hot.

The waves were crashing in front of our eyes. Blue sea with green undertones, people everywhere.

It wasn't summer, but it was for us, natives. The temperature was twenty degrees and it was considered one of the hottest years in Hong Kong. We traveled back home to celebrate a holiday in family, as we usually did.

It was April 4th, Saturday, Qingming festival, year of 2015. Middle of spring.

My mind just kept reminding me of that day, when I was a kid, 13 years ago. I was shy and timid, even though my insides were burning with excitement and ideas on how to properly celebrate the
I met a Korean kid, round face, sharp and dark eyes, like most of them had. Black hair, sun-kissed skin, glowing under the sun, but he had this displeased face, as if his favorite food was over.

I had no idea who were his parents and where they could possibly be. The water was warm where we were sitting side by side in silence, each with one of my Power Rangers. He was holding the black one, making me nervous and slightly uncomfortable.

 Mostly jealous.

I had to play with the red one and although I didn't quite liked him, I kind of felt like him most of times: proud, brave, sometimes explosive and a fire starter.

But I liked the black. He was powerful, mysterious, full of tricks and low-key antisocial. I was nothing like him, but I had this subconscious admiration towards him. And he was holding it too strong.

"Why are you so pensive? Are you tired?" My dad asked, out of education. He was too busy reading a programming book, which made him look younger than he truly was - and of course, he knew about it. A hundred percent forced.

"I'm just thinking. I met a boy at this same spot 13 years ago when we came to this same festival." I commented, knowing that if my dad was really listening, he would emphasize the part that it was a boy, just to look like the cool, accepting parent that he wanted to be. Ironically, my parents were more conservative when it came to making up my bed every morning after I got up then with whom I chose to relate emotional and sexually - which was a relief.

"A boy," He repeated in another type of voice, as if teasing me, but there was nothing to be teased about, actually.

"Yeah. He was Korean and he was really deep into the idea of killing my black Power Ranger with the strength of his chubby fingers, I just can't forget it."

"Hm," He stared at me, having a gulp of his iced beer. A spot on his face with non-spread sunscreen, leaving a white mark on the bridge of his nose, made me smile.

"I also couldn't understand a single word he was saying, but we managed to communicate, somehow." I stared at the horizon, watching as the one in the afternoon big clouds faded into the blue sky. The sun was almost blinding, shining and reflecting in the water where children were playing. A familiar scene and feeling. I loved the beach.

"Incredible. You have your dad's communication skills." Was all he said, before returning to his book.

These were the conversations between me and my parents. They were never the grown up ones, always talking about themselves and forgetting to focus on me.

I wasn't finished. There were plenty of details I wanted to add, like: I was concerned about the boy. He had bruises in his legs and arms. At that time I thought he was just too adventurous or maybe he got into a lot of fights since he was so aggressive. He took the black Power Ranger from my hand and the only word I was able to understand was pabbo. The way he smiled when he looked at my disappointed face, as if he was happy to make me miserable. It was such a shocking scene. Something I would never forget. Something to be present in all moments for the rest of my life, and so I searched for something.
I didn't quite know what. If it was some object, money, a status or someone. I just had this feeling that I've lost something out there. Something that it deeply belonged to me, in all forms and ways.

It was somehow connected with that boy. With the way he made me feel.

I wasn't referring to my doll, though, nah.

He gave it back to me, with a smile on his round face, squishy cheeks showing me his teeth for the first time. It simply made me smile too.

I got it. I got the way he felt and he was right. He had the right to be aggressive. The way his dad shouted at him for silly things or made unnecessary observations, just to make him feel uncomfortable in some way. It bothered me, but the feeling wasn't as strong as the way I felt when he played with me and how happy he was about it, even if we couldn't understand each other. It lasted all the afternoon and when we waved each other goodbye, it broke my heart.

I had my heart broken for the first time that day, with only eight years old.

He had to leave me, in tears. His mother tenderly carrying him away.

I cried to sleep too and no one understood. No one saw.

I didn't even knew his name.

"I love this place." I sighed, resting my head between my crossed arms jolted back.

Painful memories made me the best of me, surprisingly.

I became better and better with every sad memory that popped in my mind.

"I'm going for a swim." I announced, taking my shirt off, standing up and giving them no time to say something. Not that they would.

Moving pass other people sitting closer to the water, I sniffed the smell of the sea. The salty, refreshing and humid air, full of memories. I watched the kids running, having fun in their imaginary worlds, sand castles and plastic toys. The sweet memories I had were so vivid in my head that I could feel the same things every single time my feet touched the warm, transparent water underneath me.

I shivered at the small feeling, as if the sea was inviting me in, just waiting for my body to be immersed, so then the waves would wash my soul and take away all the negativity dwelling in the depths of my heart.

I was alive. Even though there was something missing.

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Busan, April 12th, Sunday, 2015.
I was taking the trash out when I saw my new neighborhood.

My mom said they moved yesterday, but I haven't had a sign of anyone since their arrival.

She saw the woman in the arrival day and they actually had a conversation. She said the woman had a son and was divorced. A recently-divorced, actually. Her son was the same age as me and we went to the same university, but he was in an acting major and I was an movie arts producer.

"Annyeonghaseyo." I said, not really sure if I should speak to him.

He turned to me, wearing a cap and loose black clothes, making a gesture with his chin like he was talking back, but without saying a word. I could barely see his face because of the shadows, but somehow his smell got to me. I felt his perfume and turned back to what I was doing, closing the trash can and walking back home. It was citric and kinda sweet.

Familiar.

Nothing else was said, but I had a strange feeling inside my body. Like I was feeling cold from inside - maybe I had a fever. Maybe I was sick, maybe it was the lunch I made myself earlier with ingredients that wasn't supposed to be on the fridge anymore, I just didn't seem to care. My dad was too busy to stop his work and manage what the hell was going on in the kitchen. Dad was always working and my mom was never home, due to her religious group meetings - the ones I was always rebellious - not that it would make any difference if she was home. Most of the time I was alone in the house, but I loved it. I loved that I could put whatever songs that I liked or be loud without having to be careful with the neighbors, as it was back in Hong Kong. I loved that I could speak out loud to myself without anyone pointing me as insane, because it was something I was just too used to do since I was little.

Right now it was not one of these moments. My mom was home making what she likes to call dinner and my dad was watching some American football on TV and it was a Sunday night. I was alone in my room, deciding if the sensual pictures I took would look better in black and white or colored with some vintage shit.

Editing skills.

I could make any picture in the world look perfect, except for mines.

"Jackson, dinner's ready!" My mom screamed from the kitchen and I wasn't excited at all, but I was starving, so I jumped off my bed and ran out to the kitchen, eyeing the traditional Korean foods - that she actually knew how to make.

Which was a relief.

"I met the new neighbor." I said, starting the discussion. My dad came to the table and we started making our plates. Mom served us with rice and I served my dad with sundubu jjigae. "The awkward dude."

"Hmm... How was he like?" My dad spoke.

The part that compensated my dad's absence was that when he was home, he spoke like crazy, even though he still kept not really paying deep attention.

"I don't know, couldn't see his face." My shoulders automatically made that move when you don't care that much about something.
"What did he said?" My mom served me and finally settled down, curious about something involving someone that was not part of that family, so she'd have something to share with her friends. It made me kind of disgusted, but only because it was her.

"Nothing. I greeted him, but all he did was raise his chin and do the same thing I was doing with the trash." I was remembering his face - mostly his jawline - and trying to find out what he was up to. Maybe what were his vibrations, energies. If he was cool or if I should keep my distance.

"Maybe he's still tired. You know how moving can be exhaustive." Mom said, filling her mouth with rice.

"I know. I'm not expecting anything though." And it was true, I wasn't.

"Well, you should. It'll be great to have a friend that close from home."

And she was such a cliche. Pushing her son to someone she found interesting just so she could have control and responsibility over a situation. Fuck off.

After that the dinner went silent, but it was comfortable, at least out of my mind.

"Are your things settled for tomorrow, Jackson? I don't wanna be late for work because of you." My mom was mostly severe all the time, but being raised like that, I've grown used to it.

Actually, it made me stronger.

"Yeah." Also made me quieter. Made me simple and direct, even if I completely changed when I was alone with my friends - I was scandalous, vivid, spontaneous and extra.

And with that hidden "goodnight, son. Sleep well", everyone slept. I slept after finishing the edits on the pictures, around midnight and I knew I wouldn't be ready for college the moment I woke up the day after, but whatever. What is life if not moments you don't want to do something, but have to?

"Wake up..." My mom had this strange behave every morning, to knock on my door, thinking I was still asleep - probably because when I was a kid, I would never wake up. I could be extra reluctant on going to school to try to learn math and all these kind of things that I just couldn't understand.

"I'm on." I said, hoping she could listen, but not really making the effort. I had to beat myself in the shower, just to make sure none of them would listen to my moans in a specific shit voice by the morning.

Grabbing the towel from my chair, I got out of my messy room to finally start my routine. With the shower on and naked, I caressed every single part of my body in a way to check if everything was okay, as if I was able to change it instead of having to deal with my flaws silently, ha. I stared to clean myself with my favorite vanilla soap and feel my body slippery, touching myself and equally caressing, thinking about nothing specific.

I considered funny that I was easily distracted when I was touching myself. Everything could take away my focus and today, the faceless boy with black loose clothes was the thing keeping me from thinking about the last porn video I've watched.
I pictured the woman being fucked in one side of my brain and in the other side, his smell was coming and I started to feel nervous. I haven't fantasized on him or something like this, obviously. Actually, anything could come to my mind when I was trying to touch myself, from dogs, to a series or the vision of flowers, for example.

If I subconsciously thought it was an intriguing scene, consciously I wouldn't let go of it.

But I knew I made it when I felt a twitch coming somewhere down. I felt close when I stroked hard the enough and then I was cuming one more time, letting some breath moans come out of my throat and it felt oh, so good.

I was good at touching myself and equally good at containing my moans knowing exactly what I liked, the pace and the places. That made me satisfied on being alone - I mean, single - most of the time. I've been masturbating since I was fourteen and I could say I was a pro at pleasure.

With four relationships in my back and twenty two Korean years old, I could say not everyone had the lucky opportunity to be touched by me, but the ones I did never forgot my hands. I was an openly pansexual and my parents couldn't care less about it. I was a hundred percent honest with my mom about my relationships and my dad had a clue I was more into men than women, but he never truly cared about the difference in my conception, so I was comfortable. All of my friends were luckily open-minded and a couple of them were bisexual. I was a lucky boy. Given the freedom to be who I was in a society that couldn't deal pretty good with girls wearing tops and boys not completely paying the bills whenever they had a blind date.

Lucky.

Getting out of the shower, I dressed up for my classes and fixed my hair. After some cologne and skincare, I was definitely ready. My mom was rushing me, but at the same time forgetting a lot of things and my dad was in the shower - he would start working later. When opening my mom's car door, throwing her stuffs and mine inside, I saw the boy again. He used the same uniform as me, but the difference was that I wore a grey sweater on top of the shirt and he wore a loose tie, upon a shirt the clearly was not ironed. Relatable.

"Good morning, Jaebeom-ah!" My mom was scandalous, making him realize he wasn't alone outside his house. Same, I thought. My mom could be invasive even out of her house, what a woman.

"Good morning misses Wang." He bowed and his expression couldn't be more blank. He was trying to tie his lunchbox on the back of his bike, but stopped the moves, probably feeling scared of my mom.

I wanted to laugh. He was so fucking relatable.

"Going to UNI? Leave your bike, I can give you a ride!" She wore her best smile with super white teeth, trying to convince the boy that after hearing the "I", looked at me for the first time, turning his body around and I could finally see his face. He wasn't that pale, but he had a typically Korean face, sharp brows and eyes, long nose and thin lips. His jawline was marked, an uncommon feature and he had two moles on top of his left eye, making it look like a piercing. Talking about piercing, he had a lot on his ears and he was taller than me. His shoulders were wide and his legs were slightly out of place, but like the moles, it was a charm.

I just had the feeling I knew him.

I mean, I probably swept my eyes over him once or twice, just because it was impossible not to do it, but...
"Thank you misses Wang, but I'm used to do this everyday." And I could finally hear more of his voice. A soothing but powerful tone, seemingly to come out splat by the nose and the throat. He had a strong tone and some marking confidence in the way he spoke - fast and cutting.

I kinda liked how he dismissed my mom, even knowing how rude it was to decline someone else's kindness in Busan. Maybe he wasn't that Korean after all.

"Oh, come on boy," She walked down the stairs of our enormous deck. "It's ridiculous, we are going the same way at the same time..." She wouldn't accept a no as an answer. I just opened the door from behind and got in. "Hurry up, we're gonna be late!" I was inside the car, watching him from the inside mirror. His arched eyebrows and pout becoming evident, until it was just too noticeable - cute.

There was no turning back now.

He untied his lunchbox from his bike and started towards walk the car. I pretended to be surprised, messing with nothing special on my phone when he opened the right back door to get inside, having myself feeling the same smell from before, but stronger. Something tropical and sweet.

It was good, I was getting familiarized with it more than I should. It matched my cologne, something more like wood and fresh.

His hair had bangs, but the sides were buzz-cut and it was a dark black. It was so hydrated that it densely glowed. I wanted to touch him and find out if they were as smooth as they looked like.

"I believe you already met my son, Jackson." My mom got in the car and smiled through the mirror, trying to be sympathetic, but I knew she was trying hard for me to be friends with him, not admitting that I had my own ways of doing things and approaching people. It was like I was a teenager.

"Neng." He said, not looking at my face, but turning to me, which made me kind of upset.

I was probably too used to visual contact and not receiving this attention made me nervous. Made me eager to get it at all costs.

Was he going to be a challenge?

His voice was dry and I was starting to think he didn't liked me, just by the energy he was emanating. I didn't say anything when she started to drive. The silence was mortal, so thick that you could actually grab it. We got my mom's friend on the way and she sat beside her in the car, as usual. "Good morning Jackson!" She spoke to me with the same everyday voice. "And who's this?" She smiled at the boy by my side, having no idea of his temper.

I looked at Jaebeom and he had a clueless face. His untied bow tie making me nervous - why couldn't he just do it properly?

Realizing the continued silence, I decided to speak before it got too weird. He could own me one after that.

"This is our new neighbor, Im Jaebeom. We go to the same UNI." I smiled, trying to end the subject with a simple phrase that revealed everything that she might wanted to ask.

"Nice to meet you, Jaebeom!" She replied, forcing sympathy.
He slightly bowed at her and pushed his lips trying to make a smile, but I didn't liked. It was a smile that didn't suited him - at least I thought, even though I had no idea how his true smile would look like.

Then my mom and her friend went all the way talking. We stood in silence and waited for the final destination.

Getting there, my mom gave me some money to buy lunch and said goodbye to Jaebeom in a expressive happy way, but he only bowed again, thanking her politely, going against the lack of Korean manners I thought he didn't have. He was weird and slightly not interested about anything. It got to a point where it started to trigger me.

"What time do you finish your classes? We can go home together." I said, after almost five minutes of silence, walking through the campus side by side. I was not normal at all for me to be so silent and controlled.

"Around five." Simple, short and cutting. Exactly the way someone replies to you when they don't want to extend a conversation.

Why did he have to stay three more hours? Were his extracurricular activities the same as mines?

"Why do you stay here till five?" I was too curious.

"I have some activities after class." He always spoke only the necessary and part of me loved it, but the other part just grew stressed and anxious. It made expectations bloom inside my head.

Of course I knew he had activities, but I wanted to know which ones. And he knew I wanted to know.

Was he playing hard to get on purpose?

"What activities? Like, extracurricular?" I looked at one side of his face, waiting for him to cut me off. In a couple of seconds of conversation, I just knew he was the dismissive type.

"Yep." Too much, too little.

I gave up and we returned to the silence. We got to the main entrance and my friends screamed my name, probably startling him, sending him the double of miles away he already was from me.

It lasted five seconds: I smiled, said hi and something else and when I turned back, the boy disappeared. I could only see the back of Im Jaebeom walking away to somewhere else, until he became invisible in the middle of a ton of students dressed the same way.

Three and fifty o'clock. Time to go home, at least for today, since the dance teacher had something else to do and those responsible for the class couldn't find someone to replace him in time, so no dance class for today.

I walked to the entrance of the university with my friends and we went all together to the bus stop, talking louder than it was necessary.

My mind kept bugging me about Jaebeom and what he could possibly be doing, what were his
extracurricular activities and if he was okay.

If he was okay was deep thought. I made no sense, but it was there.

*Of course he's okay, he's just shy and... Really uninterested about the world around him.*

"Yah, Jackson-si... Are you coming or not?" Jinyoung's voice was deep and husky, and even being younger than me, he had some control over my body and I was not blind... I liked.

"On my way." I said, without rush.

"What's up?" He continued, knowing me too well to tell when my mind was thinking seriously about something. I looked back at him with an intriguing face. He pressed his hand at the side of my body, warming my waist and looking inside my eyes with his deep brown cat ones.

"Nothing." It wasn't a lie. It was just that my thoughts were not that important.

"Hm..." He made that sound when you doubt but at same time, don't insist. "Let's go to my house, then." He looked at me that way again.

Oh yeah, Jinyoung was more of a gay than the bisexual he always claimed to be - and he was mostly a bottom, which was great and necessary.

"What am I going to do at your house, Park Jinyoung?" I arched my eyebrows, looking nowhere. He was hungry and horny and absolutely crazy about the idea of me doing most of the things he imagined to do, things his family could never dream off.

"Just... Chill and you know..." *Yes, I knew.*

"Not today, Jinyoung-ah." I smiled at him, looking at his lips on purpose, trying to make him impatient - and it didn't take that much.

"Oh, come on... We can have fun... Let's make that night of ours something to be repeated..." He squeezed my waist, going down to my ass. Eyes wandering around, paying attention to the eyes on us.

"My god, are you that horny?" I arched my eyebrows even higher, our friends kind of far from hearing us. He back-hugged me suddenly and pressed his lips on my neck, too daring for someone like him.

"Please, we don't have to do something serious, just some things..." He begged and I loved when someone begged.

"I have homework..." I said, trying to test him.

"Fuck it, I can help you, let's go." It was a final decision, not a question.

He squeezed me one more time after biting my neck and then released me, catching my right hand and intertwining our fingers.

"You don't have to do this, you know?" I said, pointing at our hands, having extra fun at the way he blushed at the intimate contact, knowing we just played couple, but we would never really commit.

"Shut up, I know what I'm doing." He was an asshole.

"Asshole." I said.
We finally got to the bus stop and our friends noticed our hands, but didn't cared at all - they knew. I had everything and nothing in my mind at the same time and the bus to my house was about to pass. Then I sensed this smell... Tropical and sweet, but had more like a wood in the middle, making my body feel sensations.

The bus was coming when his face came out of nowhere. Jaebeom was there, passing through me, trying to reach the entryway of the bus.

"Jaebeom!" I called, more excited than I could manage to control. Saying his name was like being electrocuted. Just something to remember.

I loosened the grip on Jinyoung's hand and the other looked at me through the bus window, walking to the end of the vehicle at the same time.

"Mianhae, Jinyoung, I need to go!" I didn't even look at my friend's face when I let go of his hand, running to take the same bus.

"Yah!" Was all I heard from him when I tapped the card inside the bus, the doors closing, my eyes looking for the boy with dark hair and sharp eyes.

The bus gained movement and I saw him on the back, sitting in one of those high double sits. He was sitting on the window, looking through it.

"Yah..." I said, sitting by his side without asking if I could. "What are you doing here at this time? Don't you have extracurricular activities?" I was curious, but I realized I was also being invasive.

"I don't have extracurricular activities today." Was all he said, still looking through the window. Or ignoring me completely.

"Wae?" I forced. Blame my curiosity.

"My mentor was busy and they couldn't find someone else to replace him in time."

Uh, so he pays dance classes, just like me and the boys...

*How the hell I've never seen him before?*

"Got it." Yes, I know, I made the subject come to an end, but don't lose hope yet. "Are there any other extracurricular activities that you do?" I restarted.

"Photography." He finally said.

Photography? What the hell?!

"That's completely unexpected..." I added a giggle a the end of my phrase, so it would sound less *I know it all* and more *I had a feeling about you.*

"Unexpected?" His voice changed in tone and volume. He turned his head to the front of the bus, as if it was the best he could do to give me some attention. I smiled at nothing, feeling glad that he was falling for the baits I was smartly throwing. I thought it was going to be harder than that.

*Until...*

"How can you be so sure you know me? Isn't that rude?" He looked in the driver's way avoiding my gaze. I copied, feeling the smile growing dryer and dryer, eventually disappearing. "Why are you sitting here anyways? Did I gave you permission to do so? Did I invited you to join me?" Now he
was even more defensive, voice expanding to a new tone, that I supposed it was directed only to express his anger.

"Dude, calm down, I didn't mean to sound so invasive..." I stared at the side of his face, not receiving the same attention back. He was turning into something else and it was a matter of seconds until he looked a hundred percent pissed.

"Well, surely sounding invasive it's not the only thing you can successfully do, but you are the full package yourself, getting into things no one asked you for." He looked straight at me for the first time since we met and I had a full vision of his black, really dark eyes, sharp when focusing on me and I heard imaginary noises, as if the wind was passing through gaps and making this whistle sound. He kept staring and I kept blushing and feeling as a shiver ran down my spine. He was so familiar. Yet I couldn't recognize him.

Where have I seen his face before?

"D'you need some written expelling letter? Get lost!" His gaze was deep and strong and he wouldn't let me in. There was a lot going on at the same time, his eyes, lips, eyebrows, his body language, the heat circling around my body, in my cheeks and ears. My dry mouth and lips, trying to formulate the perfect answer capable of calming him down, but nothing ever came out of me. "What are you looking at? Are you deaf?!" His voice started to grow louder and people around us started to look, wondering what in the world did a foreign like me do to make a native so stressed and disrespectful.

In a jump, I focused on where I was again, standing up and feeling as if I had two left feet. The movement of the bus made me lose my balance for a millisecond or two, but not wanting to embarrass even more, I managed to sit somewhere else, as I was still trying to understand what the hell happened to my mind. Why did I heard things and why I was so hypnotized by the absence of color on his eyes, just simply black and deep. The fact that he had been rude to me didn't metered that much after all, but I still had to understand why did I make him so angry.

Was I that invasive?

I liked to believe I had great communication skills and no one ever felt insulted or uncomfortable, even if they were shy.

What did I do wrong?

He didn't say anything or made any facial expressions, but I had the worst view of him now, from the back of the bus in on of the highest banks.

How did I managed to fuck everything so fast and so hard like this? In a couple of seconds he passed from the potential friend that I could have to the only person on this planet that didn't liked me without a reason. Yes, because to everybody else who disliked or even hated me I gave at least one reason or two and I had no regrets.

But coming from Jaebeom, I just wanted to start all over again and make it right.

The entire trip was silent and then we got out of the bus.

Silent for seven minutes having him three meters away from me, I paid attention on the way he
He was such a man... Wide shoulders, muscular, strong body.

The seven minutes walking home were never this fast when I was alone. Sooner, we were in front of his house, he never hesitating to leave me behind - and that said a lot to me.

"Take a ride with us at the same time tomorrow." It was an affirmative phrase. I wasn't asking and I was feeling impulsive. I just couldn't control myself.

Also, I opened the door faster than him, giving no time for a 'no' as an answer, and when I got to my house, I felt out of breath for no reason. A small smile in my lips, the same cold feeling inside, like a fever.

I was not stupid, I was curious, just for the way he made me feel, but I needed time to find out what type of interest was that that kept me returning to think about him.
02. so stay away from me. i'm warning you.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the kudos guys <3
I think we are definitely starting this ٩(^_^)۶
I'm still nervous about my writing, but as I post the chapters you can notice some improvement lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Jackson! Hi! Good morning!" Jaebeom's mom opened the door and I swear to god, I never wanted to restart from a point in my entire life like I wanted right now.

Just kidding, I had much worse situations in my mind palace, but still.

"Good morning, misses Im. Is Jaebeom ready?" He was five minutes late and my mom was about to put me to adoption. Not that I would mind that much if it was even possible. I just wanted for Jaebeom to get out of his house really quick, so we could go to the campus and never need to speak to each other.

But that I definitely didn't wanted. Not at all.

Not even a single bit.

"Jaebeom? He has left for almost half an hour now..." Her face was not as confused as mine, I swear. I was confused, mad, and about to be put for adoption thanks to my mom, who clearly let her narcissistic desires out the moment the ordered me to make sure Jaebeom was going to be there at exactly seven and thirty five.

But he wasn't. And I made us late.

I was fucked.

No one should start a Tuesday like this.

"Oh... Okay, I thought he was coming with us..." I commented, expecting for her to support me and making sure she would control the next time he dared to dismiss another ride.

"I thought that too, jagi... Maybe he forgot?" Her apologizing smile was the best - she wasn't lying. She was as triggered as I was, but adding our frustrations together still wasn't going to get close to my mom's and her difficult temper when I returned with my hands empty.

"Probably. Thanks misses Im, I'll see you again soon!" I bowed and ran to my mom's car, feeling like trash.

"He's gone, mom. Don't bother." I tried to cut the topic as soon as I could, knowing my mom would extend it until she could find something else to focus her anger.

"What do you mean? You sure you warned him about the ride today?" Yes, I was the liar of the family. Usually everything was my fault, I did it all wrong and I was supposed to fix it.
"Neng." Was all I said, feeling stressed.

He actually had the courage to ghost me, like I was nothing.

Again, both sides of my brain were divided... One side was calling him all the bad names I knew - I mean, the sad, disappointed, furious side - and the other - the side that wouldn't let me give up on him - was taking it as a challenge.

Do I need to be bolder to make him understand he's already on my radar?

My classes were the same thing, I always had a lot of fun with my friends and I could say I was kinda known by most people. "Wang Jiaer!" I heard a known voice calling my name from behind me and in a blink of an eye I made a map of people who knew my Chinese name, but one of them had no reasons to be that scandalous, leading me to my final answer: Jinyoung.

I had the audacity to scream "MEO?" Back at him, loving as everyone in the corridor watching us. I turned around and the look on his face could kill, but not me, I was immune. I've learnt to be immune. He walked past me and grabbed my wrist, taking me away to the campus without even looking in my face.

"What the hell was that yesterday?!" He finally let go of me and I just wanted to laugh because he was trying to look mad but he wasn't doing good the enough.

"I had to go, sorry." I bowed, like he was overreacting and as if our relationship was nothing more than professional.

"WHO WAS THAT AT THE BUS?" He screamed-whispered violently, scaring me for an innocent second.

"My neighbor, his name is Im Jaebeom." I simply said, not taking my friend for real. I knew when Jinyoung was for real and it was nothing this scandalous.

"I know, we have same acting classes." Park Jinyoung was a fake ass person. The way he shifted from actor Park to my friend with benefits was just amazingly scary. Definitely something to be watched out.

"What- Then why did you asked me? Why d'you never told me? You already know him? Is he good?" I was curious...

No, not curious... I had more like a hungry feeling and I needed to be fed.

"Because you never asked...?" He made that face like I was being pathetic. "And yes, we actually were good partners at the scenes. He's good, but not as good as me, of course." He rolled his eyes and I did it do, but for a drastic different reason.

"Jinyoung, you are so gay, you have no idea-" I teased.

"I'M BI!" He slapped me in the left arm.

"You mean you're biologically gay, right? It's just a natural condition, nothing to worry about-" He slapped me in my chest, but his face gave me an authentic smile. "How come you know him and I
don't?" I was kinda sad, hopping to be Jaebeom's first and official best friend, just to feed my own egoistic desires, but the last person I could imagine in the world to be his friend got there first.

"What? You like him? Why? He's not your type and you're not his..." He changed the mood of the conversation, talking more seriously.

Too seriously, actually.

"I don't like him, he's just my neighbor. I haven't seen him today, my mom got upset." I tried to explain, pushing Jinyoung against a tree. "And how could you possibly know what's my style?" I crossed my arms when he bumped against the wooden trunk, teasing him.

"I just know... And I'm not done with you yet." He looked around, searching for people who could care too much at our nastiness and pulled me closer by my shirt at the same time, stretching the material. I was already smiling and feeling excited for the possibilities of making out with other guy at the UNI's campus.

"Thought you were done with me yesterday at the bus stop..." I knew how to push his buttons, but he also knew mines too well.

"Shut up, Seunie." He smiled with his cheeks and closed the distance between us, not really caring anymore if someone was around.

I bet he was thinking of it as a punishment for my live ghosting yesterday. Such a sadist.

Jinyoung had a dense and thick energy when he kissed, he knew which moves to make. His hands wandered around my torso, going down to my waist and I teased his neck with my fingers and nails. Our kiss didn't meant any deep feelings, even if being deep itself. He moved intensely against my lips and I opened his mouth with my tongue, going deeper for real. He let out a low sound when our tongues touched and pressed me more against himself.

Jinyoung was at least, a great kisser. I couldn't deny, once I taught him everything from the first day we went to university together - three years ago, when we first met.

"You're doing great." I cut the kiss just to let him know, but it was nothing that he never admitted to himself. Jinyoung was the type that kissed me senseless for the fifth time thinking he knew it all about kissing, the proud son of a bitch. As months kept going, he just grew more impatient. Not to fuck me, no... We did it after the third time we met. The problem was that Jinyoung never wanted to stop. He would always come with new positions, lasting more or less, doing this or that; planning it all just to feel satiated. He was a hardcore fucker, but sometimes he would request some gentleness, whenever he felt alone or bad.

My mouth flew straight to his jawline and my hands slipped to his butt, squeezing both cheeks, knowing all to good the way that he liked and how his body passed me the way he wanted to feel right at that moment.

"I had to learn something after such a long time, right?" His voice got out rusky and low in my left ear and I was living for the feeling. His right hand started to go down from my torso to my stomach and he wasn't willing to stop for the strength he was using to keep me there.

"Jinyoung-, you crazy? If someone catches us here like this we can be expelled..." I looked around, seeing nobody. His false laugh contained me inside the sexy vibe he created.

"Let's go to my house today, I miss you..." And when he said that, I knew it wasn't about sex. It was about caressing each other and spending some time together. It was about watching something and
chilling in his room, and yes, maybe a blowjob or a hand job coming from both of us, but these were extra things. Jinyoung was the type of person who needed someone to look forward to and right now he was focused on me - until the day he would find someone to truly love and care.

"We see each other every single day, Jinyoung..." I cupped his face with my hands, looking at his eyes with a tender smile escaping from me.

"I know, but it's been a while since we didn't have a moment just for us. Let's just relax at my house..." It was his way of saying he missed my body and my time just for him. "You know, we can have pizza or Korean food if you prefer... And we still have a lot of The Office episodes to watch..." He kissed me fast in the lips, hands now resting on my waist.

"Fine, I'm going... Just because I miss spending some time with you too." And I wasn't lying, it's been a couple of days since me and Jinyoung got drunk and had sex in silence, afraid of waking up his parents, but after the sex, there was always a better talk between us.

Actually, it's been a long time since we just stood next to each other watching the time go by. He and I... We had the same insecurities. Talking about them with someone who really understood was something above relief.

"I'll be waiting for you at the front gate. Around four." He caressed me like a teddy bear, looking into my eyes intensely. Suddenly I had a feeling he had something serious to say. Whatever it was, it had to wait till we got on his room.

We just continued our routines apart. Jinyoung had acting classes and I was more of an engineer, but somehow, artists and producers always found each other.

We decided to go to Jinyoung's house by walking to avoid being noticed by our friends in the bus, but before that, we waited for them to leave and Jaebeom was there. Right there in front of me, looking like a god with his perfect posture and daring eyes. I was feeling weird around him, since he so rudely refused the ride for school, so I didn't speak. Jinyoung had his fingers intertwined with mines as a thing he liked to do when he couldn't caught himself noticing and we had smiles in our faces, laughing of terrible jokes. I was curious about his face, but he never looked in my direction more than twice.

He was strange.

At four, the boy's bus passed, leaving us three and students we didn't know alone.

"Can we go?" Jinyoung squeezed one of my cheeks, making me push his hand away by instinct.

I felt eyes burning on my back and when I turned to see, Jaebeom was staring, but then he cut it, facing the bus that in another reality we would take to our houses. Together.

"Yah... Can we go?" Jinyoung pulled my face to look at him again and I lost my sight, not watching Jinyoung nor Jaebeom.

"Yeah, let's go." I pulled his left hand, guiding us without looking back.

I didn't want to confront him about this morning. I didn't even want to see his eyes because I was still
mad, but he made that eye contact with me and I felt my body going out of control. Something just pushed me right back at him, but I didn't want to obey the feeling while I was with Jinyoung. Didn't want to give him reasons to feel jealous.

I kept walking with the tight grip in my hand and the intense gaze from Jinyoung's cat's eyes whenever he thought I wasn't paying attention.

"Do you want something sweet? We have a lot of salty snacks... I need something spicy..." Jinyoung looked through the shelves of snacks as I was picking a soda for our little encounter slash date slash hangout.

"Yeah, I want chocolate. And maybe strawberries..." I missed eating strawberries...

"Neng." He was cute doing convenience grocery shopping, like a real married man.

I took the strawberries and suddenly we had everything and maybe a little more just for a movie afternoon. It has been such a long time since our first "date" that we didn't even needed to make a classification about each one. We were not boyfriends and certainly, good friends didn't had sex like us.

"How much do you have in cash?" I asked, because I could definitely pay for everything.

"You pay for this and I pay for dinner?" He already knew and that was what made me believe me and Jinyoung had something unique.

"Deal." I said, in English.

Walking more five blocks till his home, he finally opened the door and we settled everything. We turned his room's TV on and took everything with us. I selected the next episode of The Office and we did our magic, saying absolutely nothing through the show, me waiting for him to say what was on his mind.

"So, you know I saw the way you and Jaebeom looked at each other at the bus stop, right?" He was direct - just because it wasn't about him.

"Jinyoung, don't." I took a deep breath, my back laid on the wall behind us, he laid by my side.

"No, seriously, what's going on?" He lifted his head just to look straight into my face.

"How did he looked at me?" I kind of changed the focus of the conversation. I knew he was about to use something against me.

"Like he was about to murder you-"

"Woah." Yes, I did noticed.

"-and steal you from me at the same time." He finished, still expecting an explanation from me.

"What? Where did you take that from?" I looked back like it was absurd. "And what do you mean
"I don't know, he's a really expressive guy... You should pay attention to his face. You can easily know when he's happy or mad or sad..." He rested back on my shoulder again. "And of course he had this mixed emotions when he looked at us. I think he was jealous."

"Jealous?" I said in an ironic tone. "Park Jinyoung, you are out of control." I laughed at him, eating a piece of my chocolate bar. That reminded me that if I wanted to be closer with him, I'd had to play it right. I texted my mom, telling her to say misses Im that Jaebeom should take a ride with us everyday, otherwise, she would feel offended. She told me she would do it, just because it was true and I wasn't ashamed of this emotional manipulation at all. "He was supposed to take a ride with me and my mom today, but he ran away. She got late and I was really confused... I think he hates me." I shared my thoughts about Jaebeom for the first time with somebody else.

"I'm not sure of his feelings for you... But his emotions are definitely strong and mixed. Have you spoken to him at all?" He was being a good friend by listening before we started to make out. It made me feel more of a human and less of a sex machine.

"Yeah, yesterday when I took the bus, I sat beside him... We talked about his extracurricular activities and out of nowhere, he kicked me out of where I was sat beside him. He's an artist and he's really cold and... Chic. He talks too little and his voice is cutting. I felt like he was constantly cutting me off, but I still wanted to know him. Then when we got home, I told him: 'See you tomorrow for the school ride', but he got out earlier from his house today... He's definitely avoiding me, right?" I was hopeless after hearing myself saying these things. If it wasn't me, I would say 'Please, forget about this person, move on, this will take way too much of your energy', but I was insisting that there was something else, hoping Jinyoung would understand me.

"Maybe he's just shy and you are misunderstanding his actions. Maybe he only looked at you this way because he was recognizing you in the middle of a lot of students."

"Maybe he found strange that we had our hands intertwined." I loosened my tongue. "And he definitely hates me. It was pretty evident yesterday."

He looked straight at me again and I was reading his mind.

"What?" He started, I smiled. "You think he's an homophobic?" He copied my smile, ignoring the second part of my speech completely.

"I don't know, you tell me! You're both actors, maybe you have a code or something..." I was already laughing and he followed me, putting his hand in front of his mouth as something really annoying he was used to do.

"I don't know about codes, all I know is that is really hard for you to be an actor if you can't get into some type of character... Our bodies are just vessels..."

He was the sweetest human alive trying to explain to me how your mind should be prepared for any situation as an actor. His lips made a pout when he spoke difficult words in hangul, his face was squishy and cute and I felt really protective of him. He was the greatest friend I could ever ask for and I thought about all things he represented for me while he talked and I looked deeply in to his eyes.

"You're not listening to anything that I'm saying, are you?" He made a face to me and I felt too offended by his cuteness.
"Kiss me." I said and he did without thinking.

It was nothing, really. Two friends who loved each other and found out that making out was a good way of expressing this love.

With our lips and bodies together, we cuddled all afternoon, eating and saying shitty things. Soon it was dinner time and we asked for Chinese food. We cuddled and kissed more, making fun of each other and it was time for me to go home. He left me at the bus stop and we exchanged some soft kisses before I had to leave, feeling the adrenaline of the possibility of some neighbor catch us twisting our tongues around each other.

Thirty minutes later I had to do the seven minutes walk to my house and when I got to my block, I saw Jaebeom filling the tires of his bike.

Should I say something? Should I just walk straight to my house?

He's the first in a while that makes me question my own attitudes, I'm fucked.

I took a deep breath - I didn't want to start a passive-aggressive war with him. I would probably win and I didn't want for him to lose.

"Yah." I manifested myself, but he had already noticed me, turning his head to the other side as if that was capable of stopping me. "What happened this morning?" I wasn't angry anymore, just a little bit disappointed and hungry for an explanation.

He made a face like he couldn't remember, debauch evident on his body language for the first time since we met.

Now I was starting to feel triggered.

"We were waiting for you..." I rested my hands in the pockets of my pants, never stopping the look at his face.

"Sorry." Was all he said. A dry and solid 'sorry', and it looked like he didn't even meant it.

"Really?" I blinked. "You don't look like you're sorry." I could hear his breath coming out way too dramatic.

"What do you know about me anyways? Can we get over this discussion?" He raised from the ground and stared at me, arms crossed. His bangs falling on his eyes, the perfect posture, - he was wearing a tank top and for the first time I could see his muscles, his shoulders were really that wide and I could sense a six pack under the cheap black fabric.

"Hey, if you don't want the ride, you could've just said it, okay? It's not my mom's fault if everyday is a bad day for you, she was just trying to be nice." I acted defensive and I was capable of everything to win an argument, but I wasn't expecting an answer, so I calmly took my keys out and opened the door, closing behind me without hesitating - and he didn't say a thing.

Tomorrow was another day and I was about to follow my own advice: don't waist that much energy with these type of people. I was about to figure out if he had his reasons or if he was just an asshole.
So it was time for us to go out again. I was packing the lunch my mom made and we were silent - like always.

"Can you please take these bags for me?" My mom was always caring too much for her own size and I knew from who my volition to be stronger and better came from. I did what she asked and finally opened the door - facing a surprise: There was a basket full of fruits and a card, really simple, but with all things: apples, peaches, grapes, bananas, kiwis, blueberries and strawberries. A lot of boxes with strawberries.

"What is this?" My mom read my mind.

"No idea." I said in english, just because I was too startled. I took the card and opened, reading out loud.

"To: misses Wang. Sorry I couldn't catch the ride yesterday. I had some morning activities that made me wake up really early and go straight to class. Please, accept my apologies: Im Jaebeom." And then was shocked. The beast had a heart after all.

Never in this century someone gave a basket full of fruits to somebody else just because they missed a ride.

What kind of soul did he have? How old was he? How could he have such a bad behavior in front of me but act like a gentleman to my mother?

"What the fuck?!" I said out loud, without mattering about my manners.

"Oh my god!" Mom finally said something. "He's such a gentleman!" And I rolled my eyes. "Put that inside! God knows how long it's been here!" She was out of control.

"I can't believe this." Of course I thought it was crazy and of course, I took one of the strawberry boxes with me.

"I'll send you to call him and his mother for dinner tonight, so get ready." She gave me this order and I was angry and excited at the same time.

*How long could Jaebeom play this nice?*

"I'm not fucking kidding, he gave us this basket full of fruits just to apologize to my mom!" I was telling all my friends that cared to hear.

"What did your mom said?" Youngjae - one of them, the cutest of them - asked.

"She wants me to invite him for dinner tonight..." I took one strawberry to give to Jinyoung, who was sitting by my side at the refectory. We were all together having lunch and I was serving the tea.

"Uhh... Look who's right there..." Bambam pointed out. At the other side of the refectory, Jaebeom was sat at a table full of people, all of them using headphones, ignoring each other and just eating. *They probably weren't even friends, for sure.*

"He's so serious..." Bambam continued, all five of us looking straight to him.
If he was sensitive like I was, he would probably feel the staring. I made a countdown in my head, but I needed to make the boys keep looking.

"What is he eating?" I teased, finding the perfect reason to keep the staring intense. It was too much energy to ignore, the five of us staring at him.

"I think it's some sort of omele-" Bambam was cut by him, raising his head, probably looking for something that gave him a strange feeling. "Oh shit." My thai friend turned back around, just like the others, but not me.

I couldn't focus in anything else but him, and I wanted him to look back, to notice.

I took a strawberry and waited for the perfect timing, and then it was happening.

He turned in our direction unpretentiously, looking at us like we were a background... But then he looked again to focus on my face.

I took a bite of the strawberry and gave Jinyoung a piece, looking straight into his eyes. All he had was this confused, intense gaze, eyebrows slightly up and jawline tensed. His lips made a pout and he raised his eyebrows even harder as we chew and then, returning back to what he was doing.

I died to see what his reaction would be like as he saw us together and now I knew he didn't liked us.

"Jackson, you're staring." Jinyoung murmured in my right ear, waking me up, even though he knew I wasn't that distracted. Could Jaebeom's eyes make me float and feel like falling at the same time? Yes, but I knew I was staring and Jinyoung knew that I knew. He just didn't want me to do it, for unknown reasons.

"Sorry." It was an automatic answer, making me focus on my meal, but then again, it was the strawberries...

"Are you teasing him with the fruits he gave your mother?" Jinyoung always hit right on the spot.

"Yes, and I have a theory that he didn't do the hole fruit basket thing. I think it was his mom, she's sweet."

"You know, being her son, he must be sweet too. And two things: the ones that show themselves too tough outside, have a jelly inside. Like a crab. And second: sweet it's your favorite flavor." With that I looked at him like he was a cheap movie that I paid to watch, but it turned out really good and worth it, even though I would never admit it.

"Jinyoung, you are insane."

"Says the one who tried to tease a man with a strawberry, and you can't deny that." The answer came quick - as always. Jinyoung was smarter than I thought.

"You're saying a lot of shit today, babe." I caressed him on the arm, half aggressive, half only caressing.

He was right.

"You're crazy to think I don't see what you're doing." He gave me his final words.

Chapter End Notes
Was it any worth the reading? Was it good?
You can tell me in the comments, it'll help me a lot (I know that you know)

I'll probably be posting every wednesday or thursday, but I can't promise anything. The good news is that I have a few chapters ready, so you don't have to worry about it - now :-.
Also, the chapters are going to be bigger as we go, I just don't wanna freak yall out lol

bye! (■ >υ<■)
And the time came.

I was in my room when my watch marked six at night. My mom was asking for some korean delivery and my dad was working on his room. By six, Jaebeom was probably home and I was anxiously counting the seconds for my mom to make me go to his house and call him for dinner. I was convinced - and kinda not hopping - that she had forgotten. As I was only wearing loose cotton pants, I decided to wash my face and put a shirt on. Suddenly - but well calculated -, I got to the kitchen, just to fake myself drinking water.

"Yah! Have you called Jaebeom and his mom for dinner yet? It's probably coming in fifteen minutes... They have to be ready!" She shouted at me and I pretended to be reluctantly surprised.

"Whatever..." I was already putting some shoes on just to ring their doorbell. Doing it one time only and passing my fingers through my messy strands of hair, I watched as he opened the door, looking at me like I was a kid selling cookies, ready to refuse them.

"Is you mother there?" I asked, cutting the crap.

"Obviously. What do you want?" But his mother appeared right behind of his grumpy figure, making us both switch our behaviors and expressions.

"Misses Im!" I announced, making the woman look at me with a genuine smile.

"Jackson! Jaebeom, what are you doing, let the boy in!" She pushed him, offering her hand to me. I silently took it, smiling genuinely at the situation.

"Thank you so much, but I just came to invite you for a dinner at my house... The delivery arrives in fifteen minutes and I know you like Korean food, misses Im..." I had my most bright smile and by now, Jaebeom was behind her with his arms crossed, paying attention to every word I said.

"That's so sweet of you, Jackson... But what is the occasion?" She touched my arm, I was the sweetest person alive in front of this woman and I wasn't even faking. How someone like her gave birth to a person like Jaebeom? Was he even human?

"Jaebeom." I said and she had a surprised look in her face, turning to look at her son. "Jaebeom gave us a basket full of fruits this morning and my mom - we wanted to say thank you." She intercepted the looks between me and Jaebeom, a surprised and suspicious expression as she did it.

By now of course I already knew he had the idea by his own and bought everything with his own money. Now I was truly surprised.
Two traces about Jaebeom's personality:

One: he was as impulsive as me. When I wanted to do something, nothing ever could stop me and I would find a way to make my ideal something tangible. He had the idea by the night and somehow, on the other day, he had everything ready. I could say that if was something common to give midnight baskets to other people, he would certainly not wait for the next morning to come.

Two: he acted in secret, which was something I was never capable to do, but I've always wanted. He probably didn't asked for help or money. He acted on his own and he kept it to himself, even in school. He knew how to keep his business to himself and I had to admit it was such a man's attitude. Chic and elegant.

"Did he?" She asked, doubting of her own son's kindness. "Why you didn't tell me? And why you had to give the basket anyways? What did you do, Im Jaebeom?" What was admiration turned into something out of control. She probably thought he did something absurd and the basket was a fair way to apologize. But it was nothing, really.

"Don't worry, misses Im. Jaebeom had morning activities yesterday and he couldn't catch the ride with us. My mom got worried and he sent the basket as an apology..." I was looking into his eyes while describing everything. I wanted to make sure to read all the emotions he was emanating, like Jinyoung told me to do and he was starring back at me. The gaze between us was probably super intense, but I didn't mind at all. "So now, my mom wants to compensate with a dinner and," I made a pause to look at her really quick. "She would love to see both of you there." I looked back at him and he was really that expressive. Almost like I could read his mind.

His face was blank as if he was saying 'I don't have time for this shit, seriously', but he was also excited about something - not something, but the food. He wasn't able to deny the food.

"I can't, I have homework to do," He said, while still looking at me, until he cut the gaze.

"What are you talking about, boy? Yes, Jackson, we are going!" Misses Im smile warmed my hole body - because he was coming. I smiled back, waiting for her to finish. "We will take these fifteen minutes to organize ourselves, okay?" She tapped me on my right shoulder.

"Perfect! We're gonna make everything ready there!" I was starting to retire myself slowly.

"Great, son! Wait for us!" I touched and twisted the door handle, opening and starting to get out. Of course I looked at Jaebeom one more time and the energy I felt was curiosity, more of a doubting, differently than a look that was trying to murder me.

I closed the door and ran back to my house. Everything had to be perfect.

The food was at the table, just like everything else we needed to eat and my dad had soju hidden somewhere in the fridge. I changed my shirt for a black one and fixed my hair just a little bit, to look more clean. One minute later and the doorbell rang.

"Jackson, open the door." My mom ordered. Dad stood up and I was running to do as she said.

"Welcome!" I said, smiling - to both of them, but I barely had the time, once my mother was pushing
me to the side so she could take over.

"Hello, darling!" My mom practically jumped in front of me to receive them - and she was even wearing casual clothes instead of these comfy ones you wear inside your house. "Come on in, the food's here!"

I gave them space and my dad stood up from the sofa. I just watched everyone complimenting from aside, not wanting to interrupt but having eagle eyes at the same time. A couple of minutes later, with our parents talking non-stop, we were all sitting at the table, Jaebeom and I sitting in opposite ways at the end, kind of isolated from the adults. We waited till our parents to serve themselves and I made the next step.

"What do you want, Jaebeom-ah?" I asked, but instead of waiting for instructions, I started to put everything on his plate, including a considerable amount of rice.

"Do your thing." He answered after a couple of seconds, realizing what I was doing. His gaze was burning me, but I liked the attention.

I had a vain smile in my face, kinda ripping me in two - there was no way he was eating all that.

I gave back to him without looking at his face and started to make my own combination, sitting after sometime.

"And who would like some soju? I have plenty!" My dad stood up, reaching for the alcohol at the fridge.

"Uh, I'd love to." Misses Im smiled.

"We all would like to, dear. Jaebeom, would you like it?"

"Sure." He made a yes with his head.

And with that, our mouths were full of food.

"Who wants dessert?" My mom looked at everyone with expectations, but I was too distracted to answer.

Im Jaebeom had nothing left on his plate.

Nothing.

Not a grain of rice in his bowl.

I was staring and he knew it - it was the main reason why he had that smile on his face.

"Me." He raised his hand, seeming a little out of control because of the shots of soju he had as he ate.

"Me too! Jaebeom and I have the same manly appetite..." My dad was being cool and I just raised my eyebrows at the comment. My mom stood up to get the cheesecake we made a couple of hours ago, already planning for them to come.
"Oh yes, Jaebeom always had this monstrous manners when it comes to food, since he was a baby... He would always repeat the meal..." His mother pushed him to the side.

"How great!" My mom came from the kitchen. "Jackson was always abnormal when it comes to food... Too much or almost nothing..." I didn't even cared about the subject. "He used to spend days without proper food when he was younger... Almost got anemic. His father was crazy about it."

I was focusing on Jaebeom focused on the cake.

"Get ready for the cheesecake! And we have caramel, strawberry and peach sauce!" I looked at him, who had a smile in his face. "Jackson, please, do the manners!" She ordered in the best way she could.

I swallowed my saliva, obviously giving the first slice to his mom, than to my mom and my dad. I didn't even looked at him when I putted a slice on his plate.

"What sauce do you want?" And then I looked on his eyes - he was already staring at me - he was staring me all along, from cutting the slice to anything else.

"Put the cream on top and... One side with strawberry sauce and the other side, caramel..." He wasn't asking, he was demanding and I was even more choked.

"So your favorite flavor is sweet, right?" I made a joke, trying to make his dessert the most beautiful among the others and this thing was irrational at first, but suddenly I got myself trying to please him. But it wasn't because of him specifically. I just liked when people liked what I was doing and I had a really strong aesthetic sense inside my brain. I had to make everything beautiful.

"Jaebeom has a sweet tooth... Always had..." His mom was almost too busy eating.

"Looks like they have a lot in common, my friend..." My mom was enthusiastic, but I just smiled. We were both artists and we both liked sweet more than any other thing.

"Looks like." I repeated, testing his reaction, but he was too distracted eating.

And then I cut a slice for myself, applying caramel, cream and taking a box of the strawberries my mom didn't used - from Jaebeom's basket.

We looked peaceful together, the TV making a background sound.

It hasn't finished, but I was thinking about the next opportunity.

"It was a pleasure, I hope to have you guys here often... Don't forget your neighbor, dear!" My mom guided Jaebeom and his mother through the door. I was standing behind her, but not that close.

"See you tomorrow for the class, Jaebeom." I forced a fake smile, which was completely unnecessary, since I truly wanted to smile.

"Uh! What type of exercise he does? Jackson goes to the gym at least three times a week, maybe they can go together!" My mom really thought she was being the sweetest person ever, Jaebeom probably already hated her - and of curse I laughed out loud, no one understanding.
"Jaebeom has dance classes, at least is what he says... I've never watched... Something like b-boys, whatever that means. And then he runs. The space he goes is like, twenty minutes from here by bike..."

"Yes! The same academy Jackson is applied to! It looks like the stars are aligned for you two!" My mom was too much - but thank god.

"Seems like it!" His mom looked at him but he had this ass expression on his face, not being against it, but not liking the idea either. Such a no jam. "Thank you guys... We're going. Day is busy tomorrow... Bye, Jackson-dear!" My mom slowly closed the door.

"Such great people..." She smiled.

I wasn't an idiot by the end of the eating. I tried to escape to my room before she-

"Jackson! You do the dishes!"

Oh, for fucks sake... That's why I don't wanna have children... Poor creatures.

"Did you take the breakfast that I made?" My mom spoke always aggressively with me and to leave her statements clear just wasn't an exception.

I knew there was breakfast and I knew where it was... But burnt sandwich and watered chocolate milk wasn't my ideal for it. I thrown my diet on the trash and it made me feel too full.

Turning back to the door, I gave her space and took everything from the american table. I knew something in that sandwich would eventually kill me, but I always made the effort anyways. When I got out of the house, too busy chewing and holding my shit at same time, trying to close the door, I saw him - and the sun was too bright, the wind too warm and the birds were too noisy.

Im Jaebeom standing beside the car, waiting for us, completely ready for school.

"Good morning dear! It seems like you are more prepared than Jackson today!" She said that because she knew I wasn't a morning person - I was the type to exchange the nights for the days. Couldn't say the same about him. He looked like the type that used to wait for his alarm to ring.

"Yah!" I bragged, mouth full of whatever that was that she made me.

He said nothing. Silent 24/7. It annoyed me and made me deathly curious.

We went all the way in silence - both of us. He constantly looking through the window and I checking on him without him noticing. It was just too interesting to analyze him. The way he intertwined his fingers on his lap, the calm breathing, the muscles from his back tensed. The way his eyes looked at things but didn't focused at the same time, like he was inside his own world.

He looked like a passionate person. Daydreaming, thinking about ways to be happy, pensive and considerate. I waited for the reason that would explain me why he was so mad at me all the time if he truly just looked like a scared cat.

I must've had scared him for real to throw him miles away from me like that. How disappointing.
"Did you try to hold a conversation with him?" Jinyoung was patiently listening to me as the good friend that he almost never had the decency to be.

Just kidding. He was the greatest.

"No, he never gives me an opportunity to talk to him alone. We are always surrounded by our family." I was laying on a bank, head resting on his lap, his fingers caressing my head, but not in that obvious way, so people won't tease us about it - even though nobody was there.

"Judging by the way you're mister Obvious in everything you do, he probably noticed your interest. If he noticed, either one is happening: he's scared or he feels repulsive about it." He grabbed some of my strands, kinda putting some pressure.

"I hope is not the second one." My mouth spoke without filter.

"You should approach him here in school... I mean... Like a colegue. Nothing serious, just join him for lunch and ask about his day. You're so good at keeping clean conversations with unknown people..."

"Are you calling me superficial?" I was intrigued.

"Well, being a social butterfly has it's issues. Keep it real." One of Park Jinyoung's problems was that he was really sincere. Really. Like throwing you from the six.

But his other version was a disgusting and expensive liar.

"You really think I'll be able to be friends with him?" I looked at his face, taking my right hand to his chin, squeezing one of his chubby cheeks. He slapped my hand, but let go right after.

"Honestly, from what I see in Jaebeom, he's pretty much of an introverted... Intuitive, feeling and judgemental, INFJ. Almost the opposite of what I think you are. You'll need more than stupid jokes and weather talks if you want to be friends with him, he's complex... You need to dig deeper."

"Oh my God, what are you?" I was starring him.

"I read a lot." I knew it already, but I had no idea of the amount of information Jinyoung could keep. "I would say you are an ESFP... Extroverted, sensitive, feeling and perceptive. There's a lot of people like you out there, Jackson... But Jaebeom's type is the rarest... He's probably the one and only you'll meet like that."

"Wooah, you're such a nerd, I love it... It's sexy..." I squeezed his waist in a ugly hug. "I want to kiss you for that. You're so smart..." I teased.

"Shut up, you dumb ass." He trickled me and we did whatever that was until our ten minutes break was over. Students walking around, going back to their classes and both of us still triggering each other.

"Hey, since when I gave you permission to tease me like that?!" I rose my chin, making fun.

"You are so pathetic, I'll kill you-" But I stood up, walking backwards. He starting to follow me, but stopping at subtle.
My back pushed someone and Jinyoung reached for me, keeping me there and looking at my face deadly serious.

"Oh, sorry, Jinyoung-ah is kinda-" I turned around meeting Jaebeom behind me, his arms resting on the sides of his body, but I had my back at his torso.

I felt the weird pressure of Jinyoung pushing me more instead of helping. "Jaebeom..." I said his name faster than I could ever control.

"Is Jaebeom-hyung. I can't believe you don't know your manners, it's not the first time you do it." He was dry, cold and rude, pushing me away- back in to Jinyoung's arms. He didn't looked back when moved away to his class and I just couldn't stop staring.

"Perfect." Jinyoung genuinely said.

"Yeah, now he hates me." I completed, standing right beside him.

"No, you idiot. Now you have the perfect subject to talk to him about in lunch time. This is the thing with his type: pay attention to the simplest details and use it against them. He will notice you are actually focusing on him - as a sensitive with feeling reactions, he will start valorizing you, not like something he wants to do, but something he'll do mostly when he don't notice." His voice was smooth like he was giving a game instructions to a kid.

Well, I quite felt like a kid when he took care of me.

"Jinyoung-ah..." I grabbed both sides of his face, everyone was already in their classes, we were about to lose ours. "Saranghae." I kissed him really fast and we both ran to our classes.

I just couldn't stop planning the lunch scene in my head.

"Go! Go now before someone else sits besides him, you fucker." Jinyoung crossed his arms, pointing at the boy sitting alone at an isolated table.

"What should I say?!" I was being pressured and I new I was about to act impulsively.

"Just say hi and don't hesitate!" He pushed me.

I hesitated. Every step till there was hesitated.

But my behavior changed as soon as I touched the table on his opposite way.

"Yah, Jaebeom-ah..." I stared. He looked at me like I was doing something absurd, raising his brows and chewing carefully. My knees got weak. "I'm sorry, I mean, Jaebeom-hyung..." I gave my best smile, but he kept staring at me. "I'm sorry for pushing you earlier..." My words came from my heart, but he didn't say anything and after a minute he also didn't looked at me anymore - like I wasn't even there. "So, when where you born? I think my mom told me about you being a period earlier in here, but I thought we had the same age..." I was getting more and more confident as the words were being said, but he had the same behavior.

"I was born on January sixth, Jackson, before the new year of the moon. That's why I'm older and that's why you should respect me as your hyung." Dry, cold, rude... The same adjectives as I always
"Oh, but that's like... A month and a couple of days older... Does it really matter? I'm Chinese..." I justified myself - it was weird to call him hyung, like somehow he knew better than I did or he was my superior, but the feeling wasn't like that at all.

"It matters. I'm not discussing this with you. Are you done? Get out of here." His voice was angry and slightly out of control, his jaw was tensed and I was starting to feel in danger.

"But what if..."

"I'm only gonna tell you one more time...: get... out..." He pointed at somewhere else, his eyes almost popping out and his jaw about to drop, but I just considered talking later, in private.

I stood up feeling like a kicked dog and walked back to my friends.

"So?! How was it?!" Jinyoung was the first to pay attention to me - at my devastated face.

"I suck. And he definitely hates me." I was defeated.

"What did you say? What did he say?!"

"His birthday is in January, which means he's only like, one month and a couple of days older than me, but he is fearlessly strict about the older line thing. He said I must call him hyung and after that he almost kicked me out..."

"Hm... I don't think he hates you. He must've felt triggered for something and then he focused this energy on you..." Jinyoung pulled me to seat by his side, caressing my back and holding my hand, more of a way to try to contain my emotions.

"It's okay, I got the message. I'm not insisting." It was the final decision. I wasn't wasting time on someone who was pissed at me for most of the time - maybe for no reason.

"I told you it wasn't going to be easy. Just do what you feel like you should and maybe it naturally can happen." He looked at me intensely one more time and then got back to his food. Our talk was isolated from the rest of the boys.

"We have dance classes today... Which makes me happier..."

"True. We're gonna have fun." He passed an arm around me and my mind already started to forget the last episode.

Not Jaebeom and his tensed jawline at me, but the way he sent all these bad energies in my direction, as a form of repulsing me.

And there we were... Dance classes at two and a half in the afternoon, the room relatively full of people and all of my friends in there - even Mark, who used to hate moving in general.

"Yah, stay close to me..." I told them, not wanting to be drifted apart.

"Guys, good afternoon, I would like to start today's class saying that we have new students... Would
you please introduce yourselves?" Our teacher said, four students with their backs to us.

The first who turned around had red hair and was really pale, his face was wide with strong expressions and his body was toned, even under a all black clothes.

"Anneyonghaseyo, my name is Jooheon and I'll be your colleague for the next three months, please, take care of me." He bowed and I smiled, already feeling excited by the idea of having new friends - and I actually felt a great energy coming from him, I just wanted to say something. "And this is my friend Minhyuk, but don't expect nothing from him, he's a regular guy." He pointed and side hugged the other guy with sharp features and jet black hair, kinda skinnier than him. I already liked both just by their smiles and charisma.

The third student I couldn't even remember the name, since I paid attention to the two friends, teasing each other and then came the fourth... Which made me groan in disbelief.

"Anneyonghaseyo, my name is Im Jaebeom and I'm glad to be starting my dance career here." Was all he said and his bow couldn't even be considered as one.

"What the fuck?" I whispered and Jinyoung pointed at me, making my friends laugh openly.

Then a good part of the class was looking at us and I had to hide - just from Jaebeom.

"Thank you, boys... Please, find yourselves a partner, today's class is special..." Our teacher encouraged us and I was fucked.

"Jack, I'm gonna stay with Mark today because it's his first day and he don't want to present himself..." It wasn't a request, it was a warning! A fucking 'dude, get your shit together' warning!

"Jinyoung, what the actual-" I was cut.

"C'mon everyone!" Our teacher wasn't joking.

Well, I was fucked, because before Mark came today, we were the perfect four with Bambam and the rest of the class was already paired... I made the loudest buff that I could possibly do.

"Jackson, what are you doing? Get your ass moving, Jaebeom is alone." He pointed at me, both of our looks matching, considering to run away.

I can't fucking believe this... It has to be the ugliest bullshit ev-

"Okay, everyone! Get in your pairs and pay attention to the sequences me and my two assistants prepared for you, the first pair goes for the first sequence, the second for the second and the third for the third, no mystery! The sequences are only going to be danced one time, so pay attention!"

"Don't fuck this up, okay?" Jaebeom came out of nowhere, tagging with me before the professor's assistant could see me alone and pair me up with someone else, which it wasn't going to be a problem, but NOW I had one. Surprisingly, Jaebeom decided in a couple of seconds that pairing up with me was less inconvenient than pairing up with someone he'd never seen before, so I was somewhat shocked.

"Three." One of the assistants touched us at the same time in our arms, indicating our third choreography.

Good, at least we had the time to digest the fact that we had to work together.
The first and second choreography later, Jaebeom and I were a hundred percent focused on the dance to the point we were not really caring about each other.

"Stick with dancer number two, I go to the floor." He ordered, without cutting the watch. He honestly had no communications abilities. What a weirdo.

"Whatever." I whispered, but he heard. We had no time to discuss and I was pretty nervous, since I sucked at having to copy someone's coreo from the eye in that short time. I was hoping not to forget, even if the dance lasted only for forty five seconds, and then it was over. I moved to a corner less full of people and tried to start the moves I pictured in my head. They wasn't the hardest, but the one who didn't have to do floor moves had to be more clean.

I danced and a couple of seconds later, Jaebeom appeared in front of me, hands in his hips.

"Don't disappear, okay? I need to succeed." I didn't even looked or responded, just kept dancing and sometimes paid attention to the others who had the same moves - I didn't gave a fuck about what he needed.

He started to dance by my side, doing his own thing and I noticed he had loose hips and shoulders... He was flexible - sometimes too much - and he had a certain confidence.

Focus, Jackson, you have to improve...

Then I remembered I wasn't alone. I ran for the boys and asked for help.

"Which pair of you got the number three?!" I was desperate.

"Jinyoung and Mark." Bambam responded, because Jinyoung was too busy passing Marks moves - that were also mine - with him, like a perfect teacher that he always was.

I watched from behind and I already felt more confident about the time and the rhythm.

"Yah, where is your partner? Weren't you supposed to work on this together?" Park turned at me and when I looked in his eyes, I knew he had something to deal with the hole partnership thing.

"Jackson, what is your problem?!" He appeared right behind me, crossing his arms and almost screaming. Mark and Bambam looked like puppies at the furious man.

"My friends has the same choreo as us! What's the matter?!" I also raised my voice. He squeezed his eyes at me, locked his jaw and right when I thought he would hit me or something, he grabbed my arm and pulled me away from my friends, a tight grip making that region burn. He took me to an empty corner, pushing me against the wall. I was trapped.

"What are you doing- This is so unnecessary, I was just-"

"Shut up!" He cut me, hitting the wall by my side as he caged me, maybe trying to make our discussion more personal and less for everyone to see. "If you need help to remember or if you need assurance, just tell me." And his voice was mortal. It sounded like someone ready to kill a person through a venomous bite, as crazy as it sounds. My eyes were locked on his face, his cutting eyes judging me back, my hands and feet frozen. It was a decision, not an suggestion and by now I
already knew Jaebeom was used to give people the final word.

"Now let's do it together one time." His hand were sliding through the wall, until he turned his back at me.

At this moment I went insane, because the only thing I could remember was his about-to-explode face at me and my heart was going crazy.

"Five, six, seven, eight." He commanded and I followed automatically, feeling as someone else was controlling me - and it was probably him and his energy.

We made the sequence with a flow, but I wasn't confident, which was surprising. I used to feel like the king of this class with Jinyoung, but now I was just feeling insecure, as if the world was upside down.

"Great, let's do in one more time, stay closer, you're too far." His voice was fast and slicing. I didn't have to move an inch, as he just came to me. I felt a shock going through my spine, making me shiver. "Remember to stay sharp, don't hesitate."

The second time I was ordered not to hesitate today, but I felt like the forces where against me.

"Okay." I said in english, taking a deep breath. I dried my sweat on my own shirt, taking it of, only using a not so cut tank top, throwing beside me.

He looked at me like someone who passes through the front of a really nice vitrine, but decides not to get in to check what was calling his attention.

I felt offended.

"Neng. One, two three..." And it was amazing how my body would start moving like a machine, without thinking too much if I was doing the right thing.

Dancing was never something I had to know, but it was a passion. I didn't need dancing skills for an art production, but somehow I felt different that afternoon, striking all the moves, still hesitating, but not so much after hearing a "great, let's try one more time". That meant I wasn't too bad, right?

I felt like watching myself dancing with him as I was out of my body. How our bodies moved together in a beat that only played in our minds... It felt somehow right.

And then it was time for our presentation, right after Jinyoung and Mark - who did great, but obviously Jinyoung was better.

"Let's go," He did it again: pulled me by the arm like I was a doll, choosing the center of the room, closer to the mirror. Everyone looking at us and expecting something different, but I couldn't see their faces. All I could see was myself, nervous, afraid of doing something wrong and being scolded by him.

"Are you both ready?" The teacher asked, looking at us.

"Always." He answered, releasing confidence out of his pores and I was mad.
"Okay, play it."

And then it started. My mind was blurry, all I saw was us in the mirror. I focused in my own thing and made sure to do some faces at myself at the reflection, just to hide my nervousness. We switched places and moved around each other, he throwing himself on the floor and standing up again in the most precise move - he was great. Of course he was. I was starting to think there was nothing he couldn't do. And then we finished, hearing praises and I could see Jinyoung making a face that communicated a lot of things to me. I thanked everyone and ran on his direction, pretending to choke him.

When I looked back, a lot of people were around Jaebeom - mostly the girls -, making it impossible to see his reaction.

"You guys are great together, do you know him?" Mark asked as I just stood with all of them.

"He's my neighbor." Was all I said, not wanting to take it deeper - because we were not friends at all or something like that.

"Uh, you must know each other really well then. It's pretty visible by the way you both danced." I looked at him, arching my eyebrows.

"We don't know each other at all, actually." And then I rested on Jinyoung's shoulder. Mark left to talk to the other two again.

"Don't do this again, please." I whispered at his ear.

"Why? You two look great together..." He went for my hand, I looked away, still touched by the moment. At how easily Jinyoung dropped me for his stupid manners.

"Please, just don't... That idiot is so boss-"

"Great job, Jackson." Someone bumped at me and I could only see his back. Jaebeom easily escaping, hiding behind a lot of people after probably listening to our conversation.

"He heard us." Jinyoung said the obvious.

"I know." And I wasn't feeling bad, it was the truth and I would say in front of him if I needed to.

"Are you apologizing?"

"I don't know."

"I think you should." He looked at me, trying to manipulate me.

"You think so? He grabbed me by the arm after the stupidest scandal..." I challenged, but I also needed a good reason. "Just as if I was the nastiest of dogs!"

"Yes. He also came here just to tell you you did a great job, and don't pretend he had no reasons to be mad, you ignored him and came here by yourself instead of asking for help."

"Well, he always tries to show me how unsatisfied he is whenever I'm around, so yeah, maybe I had my reasons not to ask him for help?" I said in a ironical tone, growing frustrated. Too many opinions in my head, something that happened to me whenever I had to chose between things. "At the same time it's like he is trying to make me look inferior... I would never ask him for help, he's an ocre." I made a face.
"I don't think so. I think he genuinely wanted you to know you did a great job and then you fucked up."

"But I know I did a great job, I don't need him for that!"

Did I?

Deep down I knew I needed someone to tell me I did a good job, because my ass wasn't sure of anything in this world when it came to myself and that's why I was always pairing up with Jinyoung.

"Okay, you're right. But I still think he just wanted to let you know. Maybe he found the one thing he admires about you, Jackson, have you thought about that?" He kept trying to tease me. "I don't dislike him. He's good." He confessed, not caring if it was going to hurt on me - and honestly, it didn't.

"You should pair up with him next time, then." I raised my eyebrows.

"I should." He gave zero fucks and I pushed him, making us laugh.

Five minutes later, we had another practice and I was putted side by side with the Jooheon guy. I had Bambam in front of me, someone else in my right side, Jinyoung in the front and Jaebeom all the other way. I felt more comfortable without having to improve myself to anyone, just enjoying the moves. In a blink of an eye, the class was over and I had to go back to take the shirt I forgot on the floor in a tense moment.

He was still there and we were alone. I didn't looked at his face, but I heard a noise, like he had fell on the floor and when I turned around, he was b-boying all the way up, twisting and posing upside-down like some crazy dance machine.

"Woah..." I didn't meant to, but my mouth was bigger than my entire body. I was more than surprised with his skills and I couldn't stop watching. With my arms crossed, I rested my body against the wall in the corner and kept admiring him silently, holding my shirt. After three minutes not giving a fuck, I noticed he was getting tired and so I left before he could finish and shout me away.

"What took you so long?" Jinyoung was waiting with the other boys on the front gate after everyone changing or taking showers.

"I couldn't find it." I murmured, showing my shirt. Then Jaebeom came from behind me, holding his backpack, passing through all of us.

"You sure? Wasn't you distracted with something?" He pointed out, laughing like the snake that he was.

"You know what? I prefer a jealous Jinyoung, can we please go back to the way it was?"

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We were all at the bus stop, my friends going home, eventually leaving some of us behind.

"Yah, Jackson-hyung!" Someone called me, but I didn't recognized the voice. When I looked back,
Jooheon was smiling, coming at our direction - because me and Jaebeom were kind of close.

"Hi!" I smiled back, completely changing my mood.

"You did great, your facial expressions, your moves... It was a great presentation!" When he smiled, dimples appeared at the corner of his mouth and I though he had the cutest face ever.

"Thank you, you did great too! Maybe we should pair up one of these days!" I answered really excited, expecting to get away from the person behind me.

"I don't think it's possible, Minhyuk wouldn't let us..." We laughed together like old friends and I missed having this kind of connection with someone. "Plus, you and Jaebeom have a special vibe, bro... Hope to see more of you guys soon!" And then he was running away with the rest of the students to get a different bus, waving me goodbye.

I liked people like him. It didn't take too much effort to have a decent or more than a funny conversation.

I was left alone with the reason of my doubts, but I would never dare to look at him or speak to him again, because I was still embarrassed about everything. I plugged in my headphones and played the music I was listening to this morning. The bus came and it stopped in the middle of us, as if trying to make us decide who would get in first, but I wasn't feeling like fighting. I just wanted to go home.

I walked slowly, waiting for him to get in and so I got inside myself, sitting in the front - leaving him behind. Again, there was only us inside and the travel was silent - as if I could hear anything but music...

Almost half an hour later and we were there.

The seven minutes walk waiting for us.

I took a deep breath still inside the vehicle until it completely stopped and I got down, walking through the empty, sunsetting street. The sky was in shades of pink and purple and the golden hour was about to come. I felt an unconditional love and hate by the warm colors, like it was attacking me and giving me reasons to stay in harmony with myself at the same time. The orange was violent, aggressive, bloody, but the golden and the yellow were comforting, happy and pure. Intense and with a big energy included, which made me feel peaceful.

When I looked at my right side, Jaebeom was there, also wearing his headphones, but walking side by side with me.

I felt weird.

I really felt like I should say something to make us more soothing, but I didn't know what or how.

I hesitated.

I stood in silence and then it was too late, his house was in the corner and mine was right after.

That was it. It was over.

Chapter End Notes
Tell me what you think about it
So, my twitter it's blocked for unknown reasons, but you can talk to me on my tumblr, which is the same user as here ~jaebeoba~
Feel free to leave your honest opinion ♡

Also u guys probably already noticed that this fic might be a little different from the smuts ure probably used to read hehe boi
Here things are more real-life-oriented okay

Xxxxxx
"We said nothing, I said nothing, we're not speaking." I answered to Jinyoung after he asked me why I was so quiet and after me trying to deny my reasons at least five times, but he knew me.

"And that's it? It's over?" He said my words, but with a different connotation.

"Yep." It hurt to hear myself putting an end to something that didn't even had the chance to begin.

Was I expecting too much from two strangers who could barely speak with each other without fully understanding?

Probably yes.

"I can't believe it and at the same time, I told you. He's not your type." It was one of these breaks when the teacher just leaves the class earlier and you have nothing else to do until the next one.

"You talk like I was trying something more than a healthy relationship with him." I was again laying on Jinyoung's lap, just like the day before.

"So you wasn't?" He caressed my head.

"Hajima, Jinyoung-ah. Let's just forget it, okay? Let's continue our lives like they are the same as last week, when everything was normal. No one's going to die because of it."

"You're right. Actually, no one really cares about it. No one but you, and that's why I still think you should apologize. Or at least end with the things clear between the two of you. Trust me, you will regret it if you don't."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you should say sorry for not sticking with him at the class yesterday and for saying he was an idiot and a bossy. Just apologize and live your life, leave all this behind after you do it. I'm sure he wants the same." Jinyoung seemed dead serious.

I had to reconnect to the side of my brain that was completely lost in the middle of that mess. I knew I had to, but I also didn't had the time to waste.

"Okay, I'll figure this out." I let out a deep breath. "Now just take care of me... Actually... Can I go
to your house today? Are you busy?" I looked at him in the eyes. I felt more connected with Jinyoung than ever.

"You can if you wait for my acting class to end, which is around three twenty or a half." His right hand wandering up and down on my body, caressing warmly, forgetting everyone around us.

"Can I watch?" I did the same gesture on his arm, squeezing the muscles and feeling great.

"Sure, babe." He smiled at me, relaxing later and so I closed my eyes, enjoying the moment.

Then after five minutes of nothing in my mind with a little bit - a lot - of Jaebeom, I decided I needed a distraction.

"I want to kiss you." I said, being careful with people around us.

"Now?" He held me in his arms, giving me that smile.

"Now." I smiled back.

"Here?" He raised his eyebrows and I got closer, as if I was going to kiss him, but we laughed at the same time, getting away and looking around like kids about to get in trouble.

"C'mon." I stood up, pulling him with our hands connected.

We passed through a door in our way to the washroom and I looked inside with a smile still present in my mouth. Then I saw Jaebeom already looking at me with killer eyes, an angry expression on his face. He was sitting up on a table, facing the door and with his legs bouncing. His left hand was holding his phone and his right was almost crushing the table. He kept looking at me like I did the most absurd thing, until we passed the door and it was no longer possible to see each other.

"D'you see that?" I turned around to Jinyoung, which was already looking significantly at me. He made a yes with his head, but still took us to the washroom, where we waited for no more people suspecting at us as we walked through a box together and started to make out. I pushed Jinyoung to seat on the toilet and I sat on his lap, our mouths not wasting time, neither our tongues and our hands. I squeezed his body as much as I could and his hands flew to my ass.

"What are we doing today?" He teased me.

"Nothing too much risky, since I just got the idea of going to your house now." I left kisses all over his neck as I whispered, not wanting for someone else to hear.

"You're not prepared?" He asked and we were speaking the same language, which I loved.

I wasn't prepared to be fucked and that was the problem with the gay shit, you couldn't just decide to go out and expect to be the perfect bottom. Shit might happen.

"Nope." I gave him quick bites on his ear.

"I can prepare myself if you want." And he said that like it was the most natural thing. That made me a little bit hard, but I was not a kid, I knew how to control myself.

"Ugh, I wanted to be treated today, you know? Not feeling pretty active these days..." I stopped and we looked at each other intensively.

"I could prepare you, Jackson. Don't be scared."
"I'm not scared... I just feel weird." It was true, I would never be scared of Jinyoung, the guy could be violent with words, but never without a reason and most importantly: never without saying sorry.

"Okay, I'm up to whatever you want. We can do something else, you know we can." Oh no, I was awakening the beast inside this sweet boy and I was about to be eaten alive.

"Just kiss me now." I said, feeling as he attacked me.

"I'm gonna be here. Does she mind?" I asked my best friend, indicating a seat in the middle of the theater.

"Not at all. Just make yourself not noticed that much, don't be loud and don't use your cellphone with maximum light." He squeezed me in a hug one last time before going up on the stage. I sat and got quiet, waiting for their practice with my phone in hands. Lunch was the same - except for the fact that Jaebeom wasn't there, and he was also nowhere to be seen, until he appeared on the stage, passing through me.

Jinyoung's class was getting ready for a Phantom of the Opera performance, but it wasn't like the original one. Basically, there was no opera, but there was still some singing here and there, which was great. I never saw the spectacle live, but all I knew was that Jinyoung was the depressive, weird and dramatic guy and he had a lot of appearances, which made me conclude he was one of the main characters. I noticed that he was the phantom when he had to wear a freaky mask and I felt betrayed by the fact that he didn't tell us he was doing such an incredible job as the shining star of his acting class.

The next scene was with another man, that I could identify as Jaebeom and his facial expressions where the best even singing. It seemed like he also had an important character, but I had no idea who it was. I wondered how many talents did he had and how he was managing to show all of them in his unique way. I hoped for the best, because there was nothing he couldn't do.

They had a break and Jinyoung came to me, holding a mini fan and a bottle of water. "So, how's the show so far?" He sat on my lap and I held his fan for him. People were going all around, trying to refresh and resume the lines.

"I didn't know you were so good... Why don't you talk about this with me and the boys?" I encouraged him in a weird way.

"It's no big deal. Also, she's a new teacher and most of us hates this show. They are probably going to cancel it just from our facial expressions at the final practice." He stared at some point somewhere, probably trying to refresh his body.

"Yeah, the Phantom of the Opera is kind of a big specific deal, I don't think it matches with our talents here... We need something fresh, something people feel in common..."

"Wow, mister Producer... Please, make us better..." He caressed my cheek.

"You know what, I think we'll probably gonna have to work together really soon..." I moved the fan to another spot, at his nape.
"That would be fun." He smiled, having ideas. "We should try it. We should give the ideas to our
teachers, every actor gets together with a producer and we create short movies. Then we could have
a festival and present all of them, we pick the winners and give them the prize." His eyes were
glowing and my heart has getting warm watching his squishy face smiling with so many
expectations.

"We should probably do that. We can have a group of a maximum seven people, two people
working on the back and five acting." I kept thinking.

"Yes, we could have our own group, you and Bambam could give ideas for the scenes, shot
everything and edit, me, Mark, Youngjae and Jaebeom could act—"

"Wait, wait, wait a minute..." I cut our dreams. He looked at me. "First of all, Mark is a graphic
designer... Youngjae is a musician and Jaebeom...? How did you come up with this idea?" I was
looking at him like he was completely insane. Couldn't imagine the mess that it would be to have our
group together to work for something.

"Mark likes standing in front of the cameras and Youngjae has to perform his feelings anyway when
he sings, I see no difference. As for Jaebeom-" He was cut again, but not by me.

"Neng, what about me?" He stopped at us in the middle of the theater.

I froze, looking at his face, but he was not looking back.

"Jackson had this idea for a work project that can reunite a group of seven people or more for a short
movie festival and the winners for the best movie get a prize. We were putting you in our team." And
he indeed said all that without thinking twice.

"Wow, wait a minute..."

"What kind of prize?" It was the first time I saw Jaebeom truly smile, even though just a little bit.

"I don't know, it could be bonus points or money..." They continued the conversation without me.

"Guys, wait-" I tried to say something, but it was too late, they were already excited.

"No, that's boring... How about a trip or a week in a nice hotel... It could be even a weekend at a spa
or something..." Jaebeom was speaking non-stop and I never saw him behaving like a normal person
for more then one minute before.

"Uh, that would be great... I'm totally up to. We need to present this to our teachers..."

"Oh my God..." To me, everything was just a joke, a nice and pleasing joke, but now it started to
terrify me. Laying back on the velvety sit, I felt hopeless.

"What? You don't like the idea? You were the one who started..." Jinyoung cupped my jaw with his
hand, forcing me to look at him. I grabbed his hand on mine in a loving gesture.

"This is complex, okay? I was just joking. It could be a lot of work and I don't know if we'd have
that much time..." I stared at his dark brown eyes, we were speaking without words.

"Don't think too much... Let's just share this idea with our teachers and hear what plans they have for
us. They might even say no anyways..." He caressed my hand, distracted, but I was absorbed in my
thoughts, about money and time spent... The good part was that maybe with this huge project, our
exams could be cancelled or just based on it.
"Whatever." I surrendered, feeling them both looking at me in different ways. Jaebeom still seemed mad and Jinyoung made himself too comfortable in my lap, lover's eyes as he paid attention to me.

"We can talk about this later. Are you in the team, Jaebeom?" What?

"Only if we are going to win." He answered with a silly smile, walking away from us as the teacher announced the end of the break.

"Why d'you put him in the middle of this? What were you thinking?"

"What? You don't wanna win? Jaebeom is one of the bests... We couldn't win without him." His proud smile looking at the man getting on the stage was bothering me.

"He fucking hates me! You saw the way he looked at me! How could we possible work together!?"

"You're out of control, jagi-ah... I gotta go." And he left a kiss on the corner of my lips, not caring if someone could see us. "We'll talk about it later." He stood up and walked away from me.

"Later we'll be fucking, not talking!" I shout-whispered, making him release a loud laugh, not making the effort to hide.

Now I had more problems and the list seemed to get bigger and bigger as I tried to solve them.

We were all gathered together at the bus stop, except for Bambam, who was still having classes till five. "What do you think, Mark?" Jinyoung shared the idea with two more potential participants in our future group.

"I think it's a great plan, Bam will love it."

"Youngjae?" We turned to the boy with a thinking face.

"Hm... I think it can be a great opportunity if we win the first place. The school can post all the works online and then we have a possibility to be recognized not only here... It's a win-win to everyone." He had a strategic thinking and I was becoming nervous. They not only wanted to make this huge, changing the school programs and projects, but they also wanted to win the first place and go viral - which was admirable, but put me in a major position and I was going to be the responsible for a possible failure.

"You guys are crazy..." Because there was no way our university would agree with that, right? It was going to crash against the future projects and the official exams, plus, some teachers were really specific about what they wanted and if somehow their demands crashed against what we wanted to do, maybe it could lower our grades and having low grades meant more difficulty to find a job!

"Jackson, you need to be more positive about your own ideas..." Jinyoung lightly pushed me, breaking the obsessive compulsive thoughts coming out of nowhere.

"It wasn't my idea, I just scratched the match! You went all the way up!" I emphasized 'you'.

"Whatever! Let's make this happen! We all want to be artists! It's not easy to start from the bottom..."
We can start from here!" He blind-walked, making gestures at me.

"I'll think about it." Was everything I said.

"I'll convince you... Just wait till we get there." He insinuated himself to me and when he turned around, walking like someone normal, I slapped his ass on the left cheek. He made a noise like a contained moan, looking at me once more, teasing.

Our bus was about to come, so we ran to catch in time.

I looked back and the guy behind me looked like a pissed ghost, staring like I was killing bunnies and kicking puppies. He glared straight at my face and for a moment I tried to understand what he was so mad about, but it was hard to read his mind. I felt it: the pressure of an impulsive action coming. It was stronger than me, I had to let it out.

"Jinyoung, do me a favor and get things ready while I go for grocery shopping, okay? The next bus will come in ten minutes, I need to do something before I go..." I tried to explain myself too fast. Jinyoung noticed and as far as I could read, he didn't have a satisfied expression on his face, more like worried and slightly... Disappointed? Getting inside the bus that waited for him to climb in, he looked at me and dodged to somewhere else outside, probably noticing Jaebeom and smiling in a week push of lips, nodding with his head.

"Let me know if you're still coming, okay?" I smiled back, feeling nervous. The bus left with my three friends on it and now we were alone.

I looked back and he was facing the opposite side, arms crossed, body resting against the wall as he waited for the bus.

"We need to talk." And this was my impulsive act - something I always did when I had to deal with difficult things. It was always easier to be moved by the pressure of an impulsive thought, since I was the type of person that changed my opinions really fast and I never paid too much attention to myself, but the others and how they felt as a result of my actions. Being impulsive kind of added to the way I tried my best not to hurt others or seem disrespectful, so whenever I made a mistake, I immediately apologized. This way I could continue my path on being the type who changes and chooses really fast and when I'm wrong, I just do what I need to do and move on.

But he didn't even moved, although I could see his back tensing.

"Jaebeom, I need to apologize to you." I tried again, coming closer, feeling that way I've always did when confronting an intimidating situation. Throat closing, air escaping from my lungs. Noticing he wasn't turning around, I kept talking. "I didn't mean to call you an idiot or bossy yesterday, I was just really nervous and I was used to dance with Jinyoung." It wasn't a good justification, but I had to try. He was still silent and I wondered if he was even listening, and I know, I was an idiot, but I also knew I deserved a chance to redeem myself. "Can you please, look at me, so I know you're listening?" He didn't moved or answered. I decided to make it easier.

Walking over him, I pushed his right arm against the wall, making he face me with a furious gaze, but I wasn't hesitating anymore. I didn't care.

"I'm sorry." I said, looking at his beast eyes. His brows were high for two or three seconds, but starting to go back normal. There wasn't too much space between us and he was taller than me, so when he released his breath in slow motion I could feel it. "Don't go around there thinking I'm a bad person because I'm not, I know how to recognize my mistakes and I do apologize for them. So, do you forgive me?" I reinforced.
He stared back, snorting. "Don't touch me again." Was all he said and I copied his deep breath release, slowly calming myself, feeling as the pace of my beating heart tried to return to normal.

"I won't, ever again." I took impulse against him, his gaze still following my actions. "Don't worry." Turning my back at him, getting that he forgave me. I was never talking to him again and I hopped I didn't have a reason to. Dealing with him was complicated and I always ended up doing stupid things. Nothing was said when the next bus came, a bus I could take to go to Jinyoung's house. I climbed, leaving him behind. I felt my heart kind of breaking somehow, in big pieces, but not really falling apart, just knocking into pieces. I wanted to be friends with him but the guy was constantly mad and for that I got scared, so I would say something stupid and he would get even more angry... There was no fucking way.

Fifteen minutes later, I walked the two lasting blocks to Jinyoung's house, already calling him.

"Yah, I'll be there in five." I said after he picked up, breathing against the phone.

"Kay, I'm ready... And there's no one here... My parents got out with my sisters - apparently." I could feel his smile through the phone. That definitely made me more excited.

"What time are they coming back?"

"Late... We have plenty of time." He simply said. I freaking loved his voice through the phone. It was rusk and deep. It made you want to squeeze him to death.

"Do you still have my clothes there? I was thinking about spending the night." And I could, without a warming just like that. Just because Jinyoung's house sometimes felt more like a home than anywhere else.

"Sure, you have plenty of clothes here, actually. Can you buy something for us to drink in the way? I'm making dinner..."

"I thought dinner was ready!" I joked.

"Yours is, not mine... I need something consistent..." Who looked at Park Jinyoung for the first time would never say he was a pervert. But he was. One of the nasty ones.

"I can help you with that, baby." I smiled, feeling his smile. "Do you have everything you need for cooking?" I kind of broke the vibe.

"Yeah, just bring alcohol... We still have snacks for later, if you want."

"I want everything." I teased.

"Oh my God, Jackson, you suck..." His laugh was cute.

"Alright, tiger. I'll hung up now, I'm at the convenience store. See you later."

"Neng." Then we hung up.
I got out of the convenience store with a big bottle of soju in my hands. The guy looked at me with worry, after all, it was a Wednesday. I texted my mom just to say I was going to sleep at Jinyoung's house for a project and I wasn't lying - it was a dick project. Three minutes walking later and I saw Jinyoung waiting for me at the door on the other side of the street, like the loving husband he was. I crossed the avenue and smiled at him.

"What are you doing here? Did you wait for me for too long?" I side hugged him, his arms going around my waist, pushing me into the warm house, decorated with painted artworks hanging in the white walls. It was all traditionally Korean and made by natives.

"Nah, I had a feeling you were coming, I just opened the door." He took the alcohol from me, putting everything on the fridge. "I'm making some ramyun and frying some pork. No big deal. I just missed cooking for us." He was wearing glasses with dark thick frames, a loose white cotton shirt and beige sweatpants.

"For us?" I played dumb and included myself.

"Yeah, me and you." He looked back at me like I was stupid, but I didn't care, I just wanted to love him like that, like the domestic figure that he was for me whenever we were together at his house.

"You are so sexy." I sat by the balcony, watching him move around the kitchen like he mastered where to put, take and move things. "You have no idea how sexy you are." I just kept complementing.

"Stop..." He covered his smile, turning his back at me, but I knew he was blushing. The ramyun smelled great and he started to put the meat on a high heated pan. It was five and fifty and my stomach was already in pain. The sun still bright outside the window, as the summer was coming.

"Tell me how did the conversation go." He turned around, resting against the balcony. My phone vibrated in the pocket of my social pants - probably a message of confirmation from my mom.

"We were close enough after you left so I could say sorry." I rested my chin against my right hand.

"You didn't even look at him to say sorry? Jackson, I didn't raise you like that-"

"Yah, calm down, mom." He fixed his glasses against his face. "Let me continue." And he went to the fridge to reach for two cups filled with soju.

"Please." He demanded, opening the bottle and serving the liquid with the strong smell.

"He didn't turn to me when I started speaking, so I pushed him against the wall by the arm. He was capable of anything, I'm telling you-"

"Wait..." He cut me with a dramatic pause. "You pushed him against the wall by the arm?!" He ended the phrase shouting. "JACKSON, WHAT THE HELL?!"

"Stop, it was nothing like that!" I slapped his arm. "He was about to hit me!" I tried to clarify the scene in his mind.

"Yeah, he was about to slap you with his fUCKING LIPS-" He took his glasses of, staring at me with large eyes.

"PARK JINYOUNG, I THINK HE'S A HOMOPHOBIC!" We were screaming in the kitchen, but we were not fighting. It was more like we were drunk and out of control.
"Oh my fucking god..." I threw my forehead against the table, frustrated and in pain after the bang when I hit the wooden material. "He said 'don't touch me', looking like he was about to hit me..." I imitated his voice, failing miserably. "I swear, he was like this to me..." I tried to make the same face with an tensed chin, flexing all the muscles of my face. "And all I said was sorry for calling him a bossy idiot... Seriously... He hates me. You know the way he looks at me every time." He was silently watching me, paying attention to the way I tried to imitate him. "After the 'don't touch me' thing, I said 'I won't ever.' Told him not to worry about it at all."

"Hm..." I looked up at him. He had a serious gaze staring at my eyes, probably trying to put himself inside Jaebeom's pants. "Yes, I noticed every single look he gave you since the beginning and mostly every time we were together, and Jackson... They are different." I buffed, expecting for him to make a theory out of this, but I was tired.

"Different how, Jinyoung?" I drank the soju with no mercy.

"Okay, let me finish these things first. I need to think carefully." I rolled my eyes as he flipped the pork and turned the ramyun fire down. "The ramyun is ready, but the pork needs more five minutes... So... I'm gonna be honest here." He mixed the ramyun with long chopsticks and then turned back around, having one more sip of the alcohol.

"Go ahead, Sherlock..."

"I have a theory he only hates when we are together." I squeezed my sight, thinking if it was possible for someone to get drunk with only two sips of soju. Obviously, because his words made no sense at all. "Just think of it, yesterday at the dance class he was the one who touched you, he pulled you away from me, but not before he almost shout at you in front of everyone. After that, he took you away from us to a corner just to say 'if you need something, talk to me instead of running back to your friend', remember? He don't look at you the same way he looks at us together, and yes, he hates us. He doesn't hate you, because if he did, he would never get to you just to say 'great job, Jackson'. He also don't hate me, we make a great team together. He was hurt when he heard those things from you. Are you with me?" He waived a hand in my face, snapping his fingers.

"Yes, but I don't get it."

"Does he treat you bad when you're both home?"

"Like what?" I was trying to see the end of the tunnel. The final line that would put an end in all this.

"Like screaming and trying to piss you off?" Jinyoung's expressions changed every time he tried to explain me how he meant his words.

"No, he kinda just looks at me like I'm a kid or something. I teased him before, but all he did was laugh or just watch me. Nothing like in the UNI." I remembered when I shouted at him because of my mom and he just stared at me without saying or doing anything. And when I purposely put too much food on his plate, thinking he wouldn't handle everything, but he just smiled at me and ate it all, without coming back for me after it.

"See? You know what I'm saying?"

"Yeah, but still makes no sense! Why would he change like this? How can he not be an homophobic if he hates to see us together?"

"It makes a lot of sense to me, Jackson. He treats you bad specially after our interactions and we are
always together. He's not trying to make your life a living hell. He likes you, and most importantly, he's jealous." My eyes popped and I felt my body going warm. Something inside of me starting to burn.

"What the hell!!" He openly laughed at me.

"He's jealous, Jackson." He was happily holding a smile on his face, having fun at my confusion.

"Are you drunk?" I gave up, moving my bottle away.

"Don't pretend this over... You know it makes sense and before you sleep in my bed tonight, after we fuck the hell out, you're gonna consider this. You will wake me up in the middle of the night just to say that I'm right." He had the most irritating smile on his face and I just wanted to die and end my suffering.

"Please, just shut up. I'm hungry. Let's eat." I changed the subject.

"Hungry, hm...?"

"So, there's this party Saturday at the club and is thematic... It's like a drama thing, you have to dress to kill and the ambiance is going to be crazy... You up to?" He held my hand up in the table, eyes becoming dazed because of the alcohol. I was probably the same.

"What? Drama? What do you mean?" I tried my best to make my last two brain cells work - my stomach was full and the drinks made me sleepy.

"Like makeup and sexy things... We can meet new people and have some fun, drink and dance... Summer party..." He squeezed my hand.

"It's not summer yet..." I laughed, finishing my fifth soju bottle.

"Shut the fuck up, we are going. And the boys are going. Let's forget about our regular lives a little bit..."

"You know what? I think everyone in our group is gay. Why are we never chasing the girls in school? Why things always happen just between us?" I stopped to think.

"Uh, I forgot to tell you... Mark and Youngjae are in the middle of something... So be nice and don't tease them." He stood up from the chair to do the dishes. I did the same, in order to help him.

"Who told you?" I was trying to remember a moment where my two friends let out something that would say they were looking for something else, but I wasn't being a good friend lately.

"No one, I saw." He answered like it was obvious.

"You saw? And just because you saw something in your way of reading things, you assume they are having something?" I looked back at him like he was a large peace of food dancing in the kitchen.

"Since when I'm wrong?" I was triggered.

"You're crazy. Nothing you say makes sense to me." I dried every peace of utensil we used, putting
them back on their place.

"Keep talking like that and I'll throw you through the six out of this house!" He pushed me, but he just was not strong enough to move me. I laughed and back-hugged him, nuzzling against his nape.

"Sorry, baby. Just finish this so I can fuck you the way you deserve." I covered my face on his back, hands already wondering his body without shame, feeling the firm muscles under my fingers, the way they reacted to me like they were dancing.

"You are so hungry... We just ate." His soju breath was warm and I just wanted his hot, plump lips all over my body.

"Jinyoung..." I begged, pushing myself against him to the sink, my half hard dick pressing in the middle of each cheek of his ass, firm and toned, the way a dancer's body should be.

"Aish..." He moaned, wanting as much as I did. "Don't do me in the kitchen, it would be too much for my conscience..." His voice was weak and he held the syllables longer than normal. "Can't imagine myself cooking here after we... I wouldn't be able to do anything right."

"Finish this and let's get to the point..." I touched his arms with both of my hands, slowing him down.

"Jackson, if I leave something dirty, my mom will come to me and make me clean and god only knows what we'll be doing when she interrupts, now do we want that?" He pushed me back and away from him, laughing and making things faster, as I wasn't a distraction anymore. I just breathed in and out, still checking him from behind. My body was starting to get excited and I loved the feeling. Just knowing I was going to give him what he wanted made me burn internally. What looked like one minute and a half later, he dried his hands and turned back at me, still looking affected by the alcohol.

You see... Jinyoung wasn't so different when he was drunk, he just became more daring and fun. He still took care of me and he was more attached to anyone he got close to. Sometimes he was the king of the party, not necessarily being friends with everyone, but still enchanting them. People wanted to meet him, to dance with him and to even touch him, just because his muscles were perfectly sculpted and he was sexy. He had a sexy aura and no one could deny.

"I think there's nothing else missing..." He came to me, after we looked at each other's faces, analyzing our emotions in awkward seconds.

"Are you sure? You got nothing else to do?" I was being ironic and he smiled at me with daring.

"I'm sure, everything is clean. No reasons for someone to interrupt us..." He detached my crossed arms and started to pull my shirt off.

"Wait, I think there's this little thing right there that we need to examine... Look..." I pointed behind smiling and everything from now on was drunk talk.

He didn't answer, but he pulled me through the shirt to his room, locking the door behind me. I turned the bedside lamp and pulled the drawer, taking a condom and a tube of lubricant, not wasting time.

"Seunie, you're going too fast..." He laughed at me, but I kept trying to get him naked.

"Don't try to make me feel sorry, Park Jinyoung..." I took my pants off, standing in front of him with
only boxers on.

"I'm not, it's just that..." He looked at me from head to toes. "Lay there, let me take care of it." And we switched places. I was half-laying on his couple bed, waiting for the instructions. "Don't move." As if I was going to. And then he pushed his pants and boxers altogether, the white light making his body pale, his defined muscles showing, as long as a line of thin dark hairs, going down to his awakened cock hidden under white Calvin Klein boxers.

He then came to me, laying in between my legs, forcing them down and without hesitation, he grabbed my cock with his right hand, starting to stroke slowly, as if feeling the entire extension and I was right there, hard and red, bigger than him, craving for more. There wasn't a moment he stopped looking at me and his eyes where poison. If Jinyoung had superpowers, he would definitely be able to control people's minds. He was controlling mine now and I was a hundred percent given to his commands.

We didn't make sounds when he started to go faster and I begun to lack sanity, but I could no longer control myself when he opened his mouth and gave it a simple hot lick. I stared at the unknown part of his soul as if I was challenging and he looked back as if he was accepting. Going like this, he cut our gaze and started to make art out of sucking, tongue sliding through, using me like I was a candy. Everything about Park Jinyoung was dirty and he was proud of it - which I loved.

After that we fucked.

That's it, that's what happened. No mystery, no drama. We knew our ways and perfect hidden places and with no one home we made no effort to be discreet.

He had his body flushed and now somehow satisfied, non-expecting extra doses of how wild we could be when alone. That was the best part after being with Jinyoung - the after-fuck. It felt like a piece of his paradise was shared and we're both seeing stars. Our mouths connected with our eyes open - it made no difference. We couldn't things around us, we could only feel the lasting pleasure. That orgasm everyone talks about, kind of magic, in it's own simplicity.

I laid on his heavy breathing chest and waited for something. A sign that I was back on Earth, that I could talk at perfect sense again and that I could return to be Jackson, despite the moment me and Jinyoung became one for a couple of minutes.

To ignore that was beyond rudeness.

For a moment you get this invisible authorization and someone let's you invade their nature, as if you're diving into unknown lands, asking permission to get in for the natives, the ones who truly take care of that place, whom understands how it works and how much you can take from it.

Jinyoung was a tropical land with it's butterflies, wide leaves plants, blue warm waters and pale sand. He had a volcano at the center, responsible for keeping the live happening, despite it's explosions every once and now destroyed essential living things. The lava sliding down the rocks left a reminder that the island was awake and you should never forget about it. The same way it could give you shelter, it could also kick you out in a blink of an eye. All it takes is a explosion, a match.

Jinyoung was kind the enough to let me in, enjoy the pleasures and eat from the sweetest fruits as I always had something new to see, but from wandering around so much in his space I also came to learn how to avoid traps made out of emotions and unexpected cliffs, separating the good lands from the bad lands, but they were so close from one another that you could spy the bad lands from the top of a good place, where you was.
Five minutes: I was still immersed in the idea of Jinyoung as an island.

Seven minutes: we were completely mute, silent. His fingers played with my hair, our feet were cold.

Ten minutes: We both recovered our sanity and I raised my head to look at him, but his eyes were closed. I wondered if I was an island too, and if I yes, then what kind of.

"D'you feel sleepy?" I admired his pale skin with a fine layer of natural oil, shining in the poor light of his room. The house was completely silent and it was already nighttime.

"I feel at peace." He opened his dark eyes, looking at me fearlessly. Right. His eyes were like caves, keeping the bluest of the waters deep down, but it was too dangerous to get there if you didn't know where to step. He had to take my hand and lead me.

I just let him.

"Good." I returned to his chest, he continued stroking my hair. Probably two minutes passed till we spoke again.

"You know what... This was really nice." I heard his voice through his chest and it was a thousand times more deep. What a pleasant opportunity the universe has given me.

"You think so?" I just wanted for him to talk more. Hearing his voice made me complete, somehow.

"Yeah..." I hummed at his response. "I like this. I like what we have. It feels good..." And yeah, maybe he didn't sound so sure, just because our relationship was constantly coming and going, but it was still safe somehow.

It feels like somehow is the word that describes us the most.

"Me too. It's interesting that we don't have a closed, firm relationship. Maybe we could last forever and we would never know. Maybe we would break up two days before making it official, who knows..." I commented, opening my heart.

"True." His deep breath was released in my head, something that I felt it changed his mood. "I feel like we would be very successful... Like truly partners..."

"Hm..."

We held onto a sweet silence.

"But I have a theory." He hummed at me. "Maybe if we took this seriously, you would get tired of me."

"You think so? Why would I?" I was interested by the way he kept the subject going even though he was clearly concerned about how the conversation was going to end. I was too, but more concerned about our relation after the conversation.

"Because we get together from time to time and so things naturally change and flow between us and we still are interested in other people... Maybe if you stick with me all the time you would get bored. Sick and tired." His voice gradually got slower as I presumed he grew unsure of what he was trying to say. I shivered myself at that.

"What do you mean?" I raised my head to look straight at him.

"What? Haven't you been fucking other people while we hookup?" Hookup. It wasn't like this, we
were still friends... Now I was confused. Jinyoung would be the first to know if I had somebody else. Not because we were together like this, but because hes my best friend and I trust him.

"What? No... I haven't been fucking anyone it's been a while." He paused still looking at me, I frowned. "I mean, I could, if I wasn't lazy and if this city wasn't fulled by assholes that just want to stick their dicks in someone's ass like we're sex dolls. Gross." He pouted pensively at my words and it was the cutest thing ever, the way he would search for answers in his own mental palace.

"So you don't look out for other people while we're together?" I raised my brows at his direct question.

"Aish... If they want me, they must come to me. I'm done with the bullshit. And if it happens for me to really want someone, I'll get them." Because it was this simple, right? I wasn't a thirsty teenager anymore, my desperate years had passed. He kept me satiated the enough for me to not search for something else out of our four walls.

"Hm... Same for me... And! You'll be the first to know if it ever happens." He tightened his arms around me, squeezing the air out of my lungs only for five seconds. "What makes me really curious is the fact that you consider hooking up with other people something really natural... Which it is, but... It makes me think you must like someone, but for some reason, you can't have them." I looked at him again, blank. "Do I already know his name?" He smiled, teasing me.

Was this a test? Was he emotionally manipulating me?

"What the hell?" I wasn't even trying to be rude, it was just what came first in my mind.

"You like him, Jackson. Just admit it. There's no point in trying to hide it." He smiled and his cheeks squished, but he couldn't hide the hurt inside his eyes from me - which I ignored, but I really did not know if I should.

Why was him so bothered by it? It was not like I'd had to share my attention between them both, Jaebeom hated me and he acted like he had all the reasons to do so. What made Jinyoung so insecure?

Yes, because this all could never be just out of curiosity.

"I'm not even fighting this out." I laid on him again, rolling my eyes and pressing my lips together in a straight line.

"I don't know if you have ever heard of it, but the more quantity of people who knows you like someone, the bigger is the energy and pressure for you to stay together... So you should tell me." He pulled my hair with a calculated strength, making me raise my eyes and look at him again.

"I don't like him, that's the stupidest conclusion you've ever made and surprisingly, you are one of the smartest people I know. Can you imagine how many different feelings and energies are mixed to create this social pressure between two people, though? The possibility of failure it's much more significant!"

"So there are feelings, right?" He pulled me to him again, leaving our faces really close. His skin smelled like worn out perfume and sweat, kind of salty. "We got this, we can make him want to kiss your lips and do way more than just that, just like I want right now." He smiled one more time before stealing one kiss from me. I was scared and I had too much to think about while he pressed out mouths together, like: He was curious, slash, bored, slash, worried, slash he wanted to help me to get Jaebeom, but at the same time he talked about what would life be like if it was just the two of us... I-
He deepened, suddenly feeling thirsty. I corresponded because from all the lips I've ever kissed before, Jinyoung's were the ones whom I truly enjoyed, despite my body being as confused as my mind. Jinyoung was just too busy squeezing my butt and rubbing his body against mine to notice the difference.

"This kinda makes me wish for a round two." He interrupted, head popping for the right side as he tried to breath, a cheap smile on his red, plump and soft lips. This made the entire conversation migrate to another subject, which was relieving and stressing in equal ways.

"Oh my god... I'm still inside of you!" I just noticed as I tried to move off of his body, laughing loud at each others faces, like awkward kids. The relationship subject was long gone and I honestly wanted to stop the obsessive thoughts before they could take control over me.

"We're kind of wild. Have you ever had this kind of thing with someone else?" He murmured, not really waiting for my answer and while he was distracted, I got out of him, quickly, so it would hurt less. "Uh, I felt that..." He looked at me in that unique way, as if he was a virgin found in the desert, waiting for the opportunity to make himself wet.

"Park Jinyoung, I think you need a dildo..." And we laughed again, ignoring the sexy air of the night.

Because we spent a lot of energy the entire day, our bodies were tired, so we just took a long shower together - as I was giving him a blowjob, so he could fully relax -, picked a movie and then we snuggled together, naked and against all the laws of the nasty nature - proving that two human beings couldn't be in the same space naked, especially if the were attracted to each other without having sex. We didn't got nasty - maximum would be long, wet kisses with a little bit of biting and teasing.

We fell asleep in each other's arms with the TV on.

Chapter End Notes

guys, i love memes and vines. and ridiculous things.
send me some love tho, i wanna know what yall thinking, i know we haven't got to the important part but you know what? i like it, i like the natural pace it takes for them to evolve, it makes this story more human and less fictional, as good as possible lol
thank you so much for your feedback, it only motivates me more <3
see yall sunday or next wednesday HEHE
LETS GET READY FOR GOT7'S COMEBACK! OOOOOOF

Talk to me here or on tumblr (jaebeoba) and good news: my twitter it's coming back, so yall got one more opportunity to criticize me YAY i dont think you should miss it <3
05 i’m looking for a long ride, she just want a test drive

Chapter Notes

Anneyong!!!1!!

“Welcome back, yes, back!” Lmao
I got another chapter for y’all and it’s not all that but I know that you know that these chapters are necessary for the trama 😇
I hope you’re enjoying so far and yeah, have fun

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Good morning misses Park." I said, once I got out of Jinyoung's room straight to the kitchen, now fully dressed and more decent.

The sweet woman turned around to smile at me surprised.

"Jackson, son!" And she was indeed, loving, just like Jinyoung. "I'm glad you announced yourself down here before I started to make breakfast... I'll make your favorite eggs, jagi-ah." She turned around with a smile and just ignored me, since I wasn't quite a visit after almost four years of friendship with her son.

"Do you need me to do anything, eomma? Jinyoung is taking a shower..." Without her asking, I started to set the table for everyone, like her son does.

"Just set all up and prepare the tea that you and Jinyoung like so much. I can deal with the rest. How's your mom?" She was mixing eggs and cutting meat at the same time like a superhero. She had a warm face when asking for my mom.

"She's doing great, we miss you back home. She says you never came to visit us anymore and it's true..."

"Oh, angel... I've been really busy with the school projects... You know how kids can take all your time." Jinyoung's mother was a coordinator at an elementary school and sometimes she would come up with projects ahead of the institution, causing the teachers a lot of work and driving the kids insane - and that is why Jinyoung, his sisters and I admire her so much. She's almost completely open-minded.

Almost.

"I know, eomma... And that is great. She understands." I smiled, putting some water for the tea to boil. "Drop by whenever you have time. Bring everyone for dinner."

"I'll try. I promise." And she would. Just because she would never break a promise.

I envied Jinyoung's family environment. He had all the structure, care, time, understanding, love and whatever you can imagine. His sisters loved him to the core and his parents we're truly caring, they had perfect family encounters, pets and Christmas celebrations with a lot of delicious foods and people coming from all South Korea. He was raised like an angel surrounded by good girls, had his mind clear of worries and never had to care about money.
I love Jinyoung and everything that comes with him, including his blind fear of failing in life, which makes him self destructive, even though he's probably the greatest student that I and all of our friends know. It's because his family is so perfect and so full of structures that he was deadly scared to become an ordinary person, an unwanted artist or not even an artist, just a common lawyer or counter. He had the brain to be anything in this world, but he wanted to act, to entertain, to be heard and known, and he deserved to be. I admired him and his fear - it was noble.

I was going to be there for his first job interview and whenever he won a prize for his acting skills. I was going to encourage him to continue whenever he failed and cheer him up for the next try. I was at a phase that I couldn't see myself not being in Jinyoung's life. We were too attached. Too good for each other.

I waited for the water to boil, but noticing it would take some time, I returned to the room, thinking about getting my UNI clothes ready.

Just when I walked into the space, locking the door behind of me, he opened the bathroom one.

"Hey." I said. The first words of the day directed at him.

"Good morning...?" He was ironic, a debauched expression as he looked at some point at the top of my head. "I woke up and there was no one beside me...? And...! You didn't even speak to me before getting out of the room! I was almost fully awake!" He said the words as he walked naturally closer, using his hands to touch me like this thing that he always do when he's trying to make his point. His eyes were fake-hurt and he would continuously look at the top of my head with a blank face - Jinyoung's signature for when he was acting.

"I'm sorry, baby..." I pretended to ache, looking at him like I was trying too hard.

"Are you? How can you sleep in my bed, cuddle to me all night, eat from my ramyeun, shower to my water, use my body and not have the decency to say 'Good morning, Jinyoung! Saranghae'!?"

He stood by the bed and I supported myself in my elbows as if watching a show. He grabbed the towel up, revealing his under body and dried his wet hair, clearly pretending not to see as I paid attention to him. Some water coming off of it as he moved towards me with the energy of a dog after a shower with the intention to make you wet.

"I'm really sorry." I repeated automatically, since I was hypnotized by the great view of his ass and cock almost at my face.

"Prove it." He throws the towel at the chair beside him blindly, but he scores the maximum points when the fabric never falls. I sit up and pull him against me, feeling his now cold skin in my warm hands. He straddles me and we both fall down on his bed again. His lips meet mine without the morning brush, though I had absolutely no halitosis ever. The move was still raw for a morning pace, but there was never a couple of minutes out of hell when I was with him. It wasn't a rushed kiss. It was more of a loving and provocative, with slow hands and almost no moving.

He was beautiful.
The way he looked at me with a timid smile and the way the morning sun light up his pale sculpted body... Was too much. He was too perfect for me, like a doll.

For that, I knew someday he would find someone as perfect as him, whom he would form a family and be a great parent. Not me. I didn't want a family.

In the right time, I'd have to let Jinyoung go.

"What are you looking at?" He stood on top of me, hands in my chest, cat eyes and perfect posture.

I took a while to try to say the words, but I managed to do it properly in a simple way:

"You are perfect." And I could admire him forever. I could paint his image on a canvas just from the pictures I took in my mind.

He smiled, confused, making a face and pouting his lips.

"What...? You woke up in love?" He teased, but something in his voice would tell me that this idea wasn't so ridiculous to him.

"I do love you. I've been thinking about you since I opened my eyes today and saw your naked back. You looked so good, so strong and noble, like a prince. I wanted to keep those seconds in a bottle and be able to open up and release the moment whenever I felt like." I confessed and now I was scared. Not of my feelings, but... From the way he would get my words. I didn't want to play with his emotions or create expectations, I just felt that way in that moment and it was all true.

Because we were close and slept together, we shared emotions, ideas and we were part of each others history. There was no way to erase that and I didn't want to.

I didn't got an answer, so I felt like I needed to explain it more precisely.

"What I mean is-"

"I know." He cut me. His eyes fixed at some point of my face, not really looking at me. Now he was talking the truth. It was written in the way he would try to hide his shining, glossing gaze towards the kneaded sheets.

"Do you?" I wanted him to be sure. The more my lack of specific words, the more I would confuse him - and maybe hurt him.

I sat once more, still having him on my lap, expressionless waiting for the next step.

Staring at me again, he tried to read my mind. "I think so." He closed his legs around my body, hands now hanging between us, covering his intimate parts in a natural way.

"Let me tell you, then." It was a suggestion, but it sounded like the only solution to our issue. "I love you. And I was thinking about how much I admire the way you were raised, like a lord or someone royal. How much I love being part of every family party you invited me. How I was honored to be there in every single struggle you had since I met you and how we helped each other so efficiently. I admire your determination and I value your fear of failing, that proves me that you are capable of anything to achieve your dreams. I know it sounds like a marriage vote, but I just wanted to allow myself to be grateful for everything, since the very beginning. I do love you and I always will, no matter what happens to us." Saying all that looking at his eyes was easy, of course. We don't struggle to say the truth to someone we truly care about.
Watching his reaction was the hard part, looking at the way he contained his cute smile.

He was amusingly shocked staring at me. His ears getting red, showing how embarrassed he felt when sustaining his look in my eyes. I just smiled, feeling enchanted.

"I love you too." He said low and quiet, looking at me then throwing himself against my arms, hiding. "But of course, you already know that. It's probably written in my forehead whenever you're around, but so what." Jinyoung wasn't the type to confess his love for someone. It was easier for him to show everyday. I knew those words were nothing compared to our every day partnership, but taking for his personality style, it was a lot. A hella confession.

"Thank you." And the moment went from sexy to cute and now was slightly weird, since he was hugging me really tight while being naked on top of my body and he smelled like the sea products that he used for skincare everyday, as the perfect Korean he was born to be.

"You smell great." I cut the tension and we laughed together.

"Thanks." He kissed my neck, caressing my back with his soft cold hands, breathing slowly, like a child.

I must've do something really good in my past life to have the pleasure and happiness to meet Jinyoung at this one.

"Jagi, everything is great, but I need to take a shower and you need to get ready. I already spoke to eommaPark. She's waiting us downstairs for breakfast." With that, he looked at my face again. Some strands of his dark wet hair were falling on his face and I swear to god, it almost made me stop in space and time once more, but I decided to distract myself.

"How is the queen this morning?" He whispered, bringing the towel again to dry his hair - still sat on my lap.

"She's spectacular, of course, just like you. Now give me a kiss, I need to get properly ready." I grabbed his waist, watching him dry his thin deep brown hair. He took the towel and covered our heads with it, blindly shocking our lips together under the fabric. The action made me laugh and he took the moment to use my open mouth. It was calm, filling and almost shy, except for the fact that he was naked on top of me - and it was amazing that at the same time, this wasn't a big deal. We were so used to see each others naked bodies that we knew when it was time to be sexual. This was only love.

And somehow, friendship.

"Okay, now let me go." I broke our moment, still smiling. Grabbing his thighs and his body as I stood up, I gave him a quick peck, just to head to his bathroom and close the door.

"Breakfast will be ready when you come out!" He announced behind the door because he knew how much I took just to shower.

"Ah." I confirmed.

"Your clothes too!"

"Thank you, honey." He was such a husband.
We arrived at the UNI too late for me - because I used to leave my house earlier thanks to my mom's job - but Jinyoung and I came by bus. A crowded bus, of course, because it was that time of the day where everyone needs to get going. Everyone pushing against each other, the driver asking for us to go to the back of the bus and some other things that we just let it be - like kids being loud or old people being too slow to get in and out, but I wasn't supposed to be that of a jerk. We survived and we were there, passing through the gate, meeting a few people and going up till the third floor to leave our things in our sits, just to meet again on the bank sit outside where we always stood till the free time was over.

"Thanks for washing my clothes, I had no idea that you kept one extra uniform for me... It's cute and really polite of you." I started the conversation as we sat together.

"Polite is my middle name." He smiled in a genuinely way, but my breaking laugh interrupted.

"Right, yeah, right." I said, ironically agreeing, having him staring back in a frightening way.

"You left the sweater and the social shirt it's been a while in a Friday. You slept there, I washed your clothes and kept them. Now you have just one social shirt, since you're wearing the sweater and the same pants as yesterday, but still, I'm a gentleman." I hummed, admiring the way he took care of me.

"Yeah, sure. You gotta be a gentleman in the eyes of society indeed, since you're naturally a demon in non-social situations." I crossed my arms, a smirk rising like it was crawling out of my face.

"You honestly want me to kill you while you sleep, don't you?" His eyes were about to pop out in a way that I learned to love and admire. The way he squeezed his lips in a thin, straight line was making his cheeks burn in anger.

"Why d'you have to wait till I fall asleep?" I teased more, sincerely not giving a fuck about the natural warnings his body was sending me, a firm grip on his own thighs, feet nervously tapping, lips being bitten aggressively. "You might as well do it right now for everyone to see how d'you express this visceral love that you cultivate towards me." I laughed again, but not emitting any sound, just releasing the air in a brusque way.

Jinyoung jumped on me, leading his hands to my neck, trying to suffocate me, but not really putting a major strength to do so. He choked me at the same time he shook my torso in a hysterical way, making me shout a incredible loud laugh, echoing through the corridor.

A couple of seconds later, he released me, slapping my chest before sitting back by my side.

"Don't forget to give me back my underwear, you fucker! I'll be fucking furious-" Than he passed as Jinyoung almost shouted these words inelegantly, like the real demon that he made the effort to hide every single second. Jaebeom passed through us looking straight, but once recognizing Jinyoung's voice, he stared at us. "...if you don't wash them!" I heard my friend's last words about his underwear but my mind was concentrated in the fact that Jaebeom had to come alone with my mom in the car because I wasn't there.

But that was okay, right? I wasn't the centre of the universe and he didn't take my mom's rides because of me, but because it was perfectly logical.

Plus, he hated me, so good for him that I wasn't there. He probably had the best morning ever since he arrived here.

He was staring at Jinyoung, but then he stared at me for what I felt like it was hours. The same shock
passing through my spine. The wind blowing really far, reaching my ears somehow.

It reminded me of the beach.

"Jinyoung, I forgot my phone in your house." I commented, completely distracted while we were still looking at each other.

"You didn't, Sseun-ah, I put it in your backpack." The answer was immediate, showing that Jinyoung was the pretty opposite of me. Jaebeom glued his lips together and continued his walk not paying attention anymore. I could see some tension on his face and his jawline was jolting.

"You think about everything, don't you?" I cut the gaze and closed my eyes, leaning on him, whom embraced me with his warm limbs.

"I do." He had a tender voice to say that. As if he knew exactly what I was thinking. How I was feeling.

We spent the last of our minutes together, till the bell rang and everyone was running to all sides. I was lazy, but Jinyoung forced me to go, but also leaving me behind with a warm smile. There was something different about Jinyoung's emotions lately. He was too warm, too caring, too focus on the details, more than he already was. He was closer to me than ever and every second we spent together was special somehow.

I was going to ask him later.

Now I just had to focus at not dying from bore since the first class was production's theory.

"Where is Bambam?" I asked Mark in the line to our lunch.

My tall best friend looked elegant even with his shirt sticking out of his social pants. His tie was correctly precise, though. His honey-brown hair was neglected the enough to look like a charming trait, thrown to his left side; some strands falling over his dark eyes.

"Keeping our table. Youngjae is also there. Where is Jinyoung?" We selected our meals and drinks as the line went further.

"Might appear at any time by now. His mother made him lunch." I placed a knife and a fork at my tray, taking the same cutlery for Mark, placing at his left side.

"D'you slept on him? Thanks." He switched to English out of sudden, just something that we used to do as often as we spoke.

"Yep. Literally." My brain automatically switched too.

"How's this relationship of you guys? It seems so complicated..." He added salad and an extra portion of rice. I was waiting at the end of the line.

"It's not, we have matching feelings and objectives." I waited for him to follow me as we walked ahead to our table. "And we are best friends. There's no secret between us. I feel like Jinyoung knows me better than I do."
"Probably. Jinyoung knows us better than ourselves. The only person he doesn't know is himself." Mark was always this deep, which was great when you needed some advice and I always had these episodes of my life where I felt lost, melancholic and confused. He was always there like a light in the dark.

That was probably the reason why he never spoke too much. People would talk about silly things and joke around most of the time. Mark needed more than this. Also, he had nothing to say on stupid things. Maybe he would laugh at them and remember them once in a while, but that was it. He had no patience and brain cells to spend on stupidity. "You should talk to him about it, though." Fuck, he was always so intuitive.

I stared at him, walking slower, so we could talk about it more in particular. "You think so? I was thinking the same thing just this morning, but I thought I was getting paranoid. It's not hard though." I felt my own eyes popping out as it was the first time I spoke about it somewhere out of my head.

"You're not, I've been noticing that too. I don't know for sure what it is-"

"Cut the shit, I know you can read minds, just tell me what it is." My expression went from surprised to bored. Mark pouted, not resisting to my protest even though I didn't had to do anything.

"Maybe... Just maybe..." I rushed him repeating ppalliat least three times. "It's about feelings, Jackson, you know how hard it is to talk about someone else's feelings, that's why you should talk to-"

"Seriously?!!" I gasped, interrupting him once more as he sighed at my impatience.

"Just talk to him yourself." He cut me, returning to walk towards our table. Having nothing else to do, I just followed, thinking about what could it possibly be.

Maybe Jinyoung was growing sick of me...?Which was a hundred percent understandable, since sometimes I would grow sick of myself and my stupidity. He obviously deserved something more, I knew it. I could never be mad at him for his decision to move on with his life, actually, he should definitely do it.

Maybe he just wanted some time to himself.

Maybe he already found the one and he's ready to let me go. He can even get married in two years and move out with his partner, oh my god, how amazing that would be?

"Yah... What took you guys so long?" Bambam wasted no time when coming to complain. "Picking up the rice takes less time than you both choosing between kimchi stew or stewed kimchi."

"The line. The line took us time. Actually, if I had kimchi, I'd stick it up in your-" Mark answered in a deep cutting voice and that was what I was talking about. He had no time to waste on stupidity.

"Ouch." I managed to make things smoother by cutting him.

"Mark hyung, you are always so mean to me..." Bambam came closer to me at the rounded table, but Mark didn't answered, all eyes on the food.

"Where's your lunch?" I asked, filling my mouth with rice.

"I'm not hungry." And that was the indication that something was wrong. Bambam, mostly like me, was always hungry and when he wasn't, there was a problem.
"What's up?" I looked at him seriously and my voice was directed only to him. Mark was now sharing some food with Youngjae, who was already eating quietly.

"What?" He looked back and through his gaze, I saw sad emotions.

"Why are you like this?" I had some spoons of my seafood soup.

Bambam stared at me first with a lazy look, then it turned out to be a surrendering.

"It's nothing." He insisted, but I was more determined.

"Tell me." I ordered. With Bambam you couldn't waste time in doubt, whether he was struggling with something or not. You had to assume there was something wrong and insist for him to share with you. If you'd waist too much time, he would come with something else and distract you from the real problem. Bambam was the type of person who would never burden someone with his problems, which was admirable and most of times, annoying, mostly because he strongly believed a human being could solve all their problems alone.

"Jackson, for real, is nothing."

"Jesus fucking Christ, don't start this shit or I swear to God- I swear... I'll beat your skinny ass..." I threatened.

He looked at me like he always did when I started to get violent - with amuse and tension.

"I'm not telling you, but thanks for your consideration. It's really sweet from you. " And I officially gave up.

The second thing about Bambam: Once in a while he would come at some of us or all of us together and have a panic attack from keeping everything inside. I just had to wait for that and respect his nature.

"Anneyonghaseyo..." Jinyoung touched my arm and Mark's, sitting at the empty middle space between us with a natural majesty. "So, what's the subject?"

I looked at him like I was trying to say 'we're talking' and I could say he understood when he looked at Bambam's sad figure.

"As you're not saying, I'll do the honors: Bam has a problem but apparently, it's so fucking concerning that he can't even open up to us. So we'll do as we always did and wait till he feels comfortable or desperate the enough to share with us. Right?" I squeezed his nape in a loving gesture, paying attention as he nodded and avoided visual contact. "You're the only one that can make you move on, Bambam, no one can do it for you. It doesn't matter what I say or what Jinyoung says or I don't know, what Kendrick Lamar says. We are here no matter what path you choose to go. We support you." And I had nothing else to say. There was nothing else I could do for him.

"Jackson is right. Trust yourself. You are the only one who knows what you had to come through to get here." Jinyoung reached his right arm around me, just to grab Bambam's left shoulder and shake him.

"Okay... Thank you for what ever this was." Was all he said, still not convinced proceeding to mess with his phone.
"Daddy Jackson, you're the best." Jinyoung whispered to me, being extra careful.

"What? This phrase makes me really confused." I whispered back. "Are you saying you're the mom or am I also your dad?"

"There are no moms here, jagi." And we laughed like Bonnie and Clyde. "Also, what was that starring moment between you and the rude boy that makes your pants tighter passing through us this morning?" He teased.

"Don't joke at that... He had to come here alone in my mom's car today. I hope it wasn't that awkward." I changed the subject.

"It was super awkward if we take his starring into consideration. You know he has feelings for you and you do nothing about it. I just don't know why." He started to eat.

"Because whatever it is, I don't feel the same." And it was the truth, wasn't it?

If it's anger, I don't feel the same. Revenge, I could never.

And desire would be impossible. The guy looks straighter than Jinyoung's dick when I show up naked.

"Are you not even a little bit curious at what it might be?" He pushed me using his elbow. I stared back feeling the frustration growing from inside.

"Are you testing me?" I raised my brows, letting go of my chopsticks.

He contained his smile just because of the food inside his mouth, but he had the same cat eyes focusing on me. I waited a few seconds while he was chewing just to have some sips of my drink.

"I'm not."

"Yes, you are. I just don't know why." I gave him his words. "I don't know why you want me to like Jaebeom this much."

His smile grew bigger and his ears became slightly red. We shared the amusement just between us.

I was starting to feel confused. Jinyoung was behaving different. More loving and less funny. But he also never stopped asking me about my feelings for Jaebeom, trying to find ways and excuses to relate me to him.

I felt the disharmony of the situation when I couldn't face where Jaebeom was, since my back was turned to him, but it was okay. Even if it was out of the regular ambiance.

"Are you staying for the dance class today?" He pulled me back to reality.

"Yep. I hope I have regular shoes in my locker at the studio, otherwise I'll have to dance barefoot." Since I slept at his house, I couldn't bring my stuffs with me for the typical Friday class.

"I don't have extra shoes to give to you." And apparently that was the only problem my husband could not solve.

"It's okay, you already took care of me." I continued to eat.

"Ew, guys, get a room..." Bam murmured and now we were not whispering anymore.
It felt like a regular Friday and we loved the vibes that came from it.

"Jackson!" Mark shouted from the other side of the locker room.

"Ah!" I answered.

"Have you found a pair of shoes yet?" He practically announced to everyone in the room and it was loud as fuck. Maybe intentional.

"Ani!" But I didn't really care. It was almost dance time and I still had a pair of socks. In the worst case, I would dislocate my feet or something and never be able to dance again.

"Jooheon-i said he has extra shoes, his going to get them for you at his mom's car!" He screamed back and left, just like everyone else and I had a real weird expression in my face.

Then my watch marked one and a half, it was dance time. I closed my locker' door and turned around, bumping into someone coming my way.

My body released the air that my lungs were long holding and I looked up to apologize by instinct.

"So-

"I have extra shoes." He said and he was Jaebeom. Eyes sharp and eyebrows more round than straight as he rose them in a new expression to me. Glare directly into my weak eyes.

I was in shock first, but then I remembered Jooheon and the effort he was making by going for the shoes wherever they were, but Jaebeom didn't seem to know or to care, he just passed through me and went to his locker in another line.

"Uh- I don't need it anymore, Jooheon is going to burrow me a pair. He's coming back by now-"

And then he appeared again with black converses that were too dirty and seemed too big for me on his left hand.

"We don't have time to waste, everyone is pairing up and the teacher will scold him for being late. Let's go, you can pair up with me." He gestured his shoes at me, waiting for me to grab them. I could pair up with him? Was he feeling like an idol or something? I could pair up with anyone if I wanted, I was the king of the party!

His eyes were not looking at me and I could tell he was in a rush by the velocity of his voice.

"That's really nice of you, but I'll wait for him." I denied with a weird smile, like I was predicting shit was about to happen. It came straight from my organs, the feeling of confronting him, but I was too coward, at least at the moment.

"Jackson, we don't have time for you to act cool, put the fucking shoes on." He ordered me. Now he was staring and I had the impression that he suddenly became physically bigger, as if he was stuffing his chest and looking down at me from his five or six centimetres taller, but I wasn't afraid - actually, I was starting to feel annoyance.

"Jaebeom, I get that you're trying to be nice, but seriously-"
"Jesus, why can't you just take the fucking-" He interrupted me.

"Jackson, I got the shoes!" Jooheon showed up, interrupting our close-to-be-a-fucking-nightmare fight. We both looked at the tall guy holding a pair of Nike's, his eyes slightly concerned, excitement running through his body as he rushed the best that he could to do what he just did.

My reactions were quick: I ran to him, sat on the floor and started to lose the shoelaces, forcing them against my feet.

"Minhyuk is waiting for me! See ya later!" And the big pale boy disappeared, leaving me and Jaebeom alone behind.

I couldn't see him since he was hidden behind a line of lockers, but by the noise, I could tell he was keeping the shoes again.

Just when I finished tying the laces, he came back, furious gaze on his face, completely ignoring me.

Great, here we go again. One more reason for the bad blood flooding between us.

I ran till the studio right ahead of us and everybody was already warming up. The same people together, resulting on me and Jaebeom pairing up again, for hishappiness.

By that I mean rhetorically.

"Jackson Wang! Im Jaebeom! There must be a good reason why two of my most talented students are late!" He was severe and angry.

I was amazed when Jaebeom didn't say a word, thinking he would brag about me to the teacher.

"It was my fault." I confessed, trying to make my best apology face - and I was good at it.

"How's that, Wang?!" He was still screaming when he came to face us.

"I-"

"He lost his shoes, so he had to find another pair, sir." And it was the first time I've seen Jaebeom so respectful, voice so down and hesitant, interrupting me just to defend me, but the redness in his neck described the amount and intensity of rage he was feeling. Still I was surprised to be present at a moment he had to defend me, because if it was someone describing the situation, I would never believe.

"And how the hell did you lost your shoes, Wang?! And are you Jackson Wang, Im Jaebeom?! Shut up and warm up, you already made me waste plenty of time!" He pointed a place for us to be and we immediately started to work.

"Mianhae." We murmured at the same time.

What the hell was this?

I looked for my friends noticing they had a concerned look directed to me, but they were okay just the enough to laugh at the same time.

I turned back at Jaebeom and he was expressionless for the first time ever, so I decided to be silent not to worse the situation. I had done enough for a class, but I still couldn't understand why he got himself inside my mess. None of my friends had an extra pair of shoes, but they clearly announced the news to everybody, so a good soul could lend me one and they succeeded - Jooheon was
amazing. I didn't even knew him and we barely spoke since the first time we met, but he was obviously someone I would look forward to be close to.

But Jaebeom?

What apparently reasons he would have to be nice to me? I gave him enough reasons not to, but there he was, crazy mad of me because his help was refused.

Did he cared?

That was it? He wasn't my friend and he would hate me at every single end of our failed conversations, but he wanted to lend me his shoes? Jaebeom was an enigmatic and confusing guy and I didn't had the skills to decipher his behavior, even though my mind kept me reminding of him, right by my side, seeming completely absorbed by the warming up task.

After what felt like forever, we were dismissed. We didn't had to do much for the class, but keeping the doubles made our teacher's job easier, somehow - and I wasn't the one to complain after my lack of responsibility - . I couldn't control my mind anymore and when I least expected, my thoughts became actions.

"I'm sorry for making you be scolded." I turned to him, who was breathing intensely by my side at the floor, just like I was.

He kept breathing and breathing, not really paying attention to my attempt, so I stood up and ran to the locker room, looking forward to give Jooheon his shoes back. I was still wearing the same clothes as the beginning of the day, which meant I couldn't take a shower or even change. Lucky for me I had an old tank top at the bottom of my locker and I got really mad for finding it too late, but at least I could change to something less gross.

"Jooheon, can I take your shoes home and wash them before I give you back?" I suddenly had a better idea.

The man turned back at me shirtless, almost taking his sweat pants off.

"There's no need to... I don't really use them, I just keep them in my car if something happens and something definitively happened today... You actually got lucky... I don’t drive my mom’s car often, but I drove it today and the shoes happened to be there...” He threw his towel on his right shoulder, pushing his hair back with the other hand. All his moves got me hypnotized and I blame at the way his muscles were moving. I had a thing for muscles and Jooheon was exactly my type.

"I feel really lucky... And I insist... I wanna be nice back..." I concentrated my energies on him, trying to give him a piece of something different that he would eventually ask for more.

"If you really wanna be nice, let's go out together... You seem to be a funny guy... I wanna know you..." He did that again with his hair and even though he was all covered in sweat, he had a cologne smell. A masculine smell. I could feel my eyes shinning at the possibility.

We were flirting, right?

"Of course!" I was too excited and he copied my smile. "There's this party me and my friends are going tomorrow... You should come...” And I cursed myself a couple of times for sounding so excited, afraid to shoo him away.

"Drama party? Yeah, I'll be there... Dress up nice, huh?" Was he flirting?! What was that stare that he gave me all of sudden?!
"I will." I raised my brows and I tried to look more intense than I actually was. When I stared back at him, I could feel my face warming up and it wasn't because of the dance.

I wasn't afraid to look stupid, though, it was all about having fun.

"And he invited me to the party..." I explained to Bambam. We were all together at the bus stop.

"Yeah, but I invited you to the party first." Jinyoung reminded.

"Ugh, how can you make friends so easily anyways?" Youngjae asked between whines and smiles.

"You just have to be born a social butterfly..." Jinyoung intercepted once more. "Then people will naturally come to you."

"I think that's a weird thing to say, but is true. And you don't have to be born, you can just open yourself up to people and BUM, there you go, social butterfly." I tried to explain, failing miserably. Even though I would consider myself a natural born butterfly, I still was aware of magnetic people who wouldn't speak a word, but still, they would appear like an invitation to other people's curiosity - and that was my favorite type of all. They just had to be there, doing absolutely nothing and people would naturally feel attracted to them. "Though, you can be magnetic and mysterious enough to attract people, not having to say or do anything. I think I'm strongly attracted to that..." And it was part of being a social butterfly to expose what was in your mind just like I did - because I'm a natural.

"Like what? Like wearing all black and smoking?" Bambam suggested, ironically.

"Uh... Wearing black has a meaning... It's like you don't want to show off or you don't have a necessity to make yourself noticed..." Jinyoung was interested.

"Yeah, it can be like that, but not necessarily it. It's a thing that comes from inside, like the person has some sort of control over other people and no one really notices. I like it. Like an invisible power. Plus, wearing black is more complex than being introverted, it's a color of reflection. Explaining in a more specific way, wearing black was associated with dark places, like caves or when you simply close your eyes. People naturally close their eyes to think, and that is why wearing black means that your mind is currently working on something."

"Wooah, were you preparing to say that in front of the mirror?" Bambam teased me, making Jinyoung laugh.

"You're an idiot and no, I made some researches a long time ago because black is one of my favorite colors and I wanted to know why I was so attracted to it anyways." I sighed. "I'm still attracted to it though, and to people who wears it often. It gives me a sensation of control and discipline."

"But Jackson, how someone like that that you described would ever match with you? You get easily irritated when receiving orders and you're constantly out of control..." Mark pointed out and he obviously knew me.

"I guess the thing with Jackson is that he's always attracted to the challenges." Jinyoung intertwined our hands. "The harder, the better."
"You're right. It would feel like a chall-

"I need to talk to you." I was interrupted - which was something that I truly hated, but this seemed to be how things worked between me and...

Jaebeom.

I stared at him while he was still deciding if I was worth of his attention or not. That was just the enough for me to impersonate a defensive character.

A bus passed, making the wind carry some leaves, but I couldn't tell which was the bus. If was taking me home or taking Jinyoung.

"Yah, Jackson... Call me later." Jinyoung came to give me a side hug. "And tell me everything." He whispered in my right ear in a intimate moment, running for the bus seconds later as the boys followed him. I released a sigh watching my friends leaving me alone, knowing whatever this was, it needed a lot of patience.

"Yes?" I crossed my arms. The man in front of me turned around and stared directly in my eyes.

For a moment I forgot I was about to be scolded by something I didn't even know.

For a moment I could feel how was like to have Jaebeom's eyes exclusively on me and they were dark, black and powerful, wild and controlling.

For a moment I felt my knees giving up, but only for a moment, because his face was disapproving me one more time.

"First of all, you've been disrespecting me." He was deadly serious, almost angry.

Almost.

But he was right.

I was always putting him in trouble in a certain way, always having to apologize about something.

"I'm your hyung." He said like crystal clear and my jaw dropped. What? My hyung? That was the main problem?

"What the hell?" I answered at his face, like he was being ridiculous.

"I was born before you, so have to call me Hyung." And like that he turned to the street again, his eyes no longer focusing on me. "You can't be that stupid..." He murmured in a voice tone that tried to put me down.

"What are you saying? I was born in March, what month are you, February? You have to be fucking kidding me." I refused to understand what I was hearing.

"I was born in January and as you know, is the end of the moon calendar."

"What? What does it mean?" I walked to his front, forcing him to give me attention.

I could be fucking needy just like that.

"It means you were born the next year, at the beginning. It can't justify why we are in the same years of college though, because I started later, but still..." His voice was bored and impatient, like he was
trying to teach a kid how to make calculations. "It's not that hard to understand."

"Okay, BUT," It meant nothing, the moon calendar was just a cultural slash religious thing, not really meaning the reality... "You were still born in 94 January... We have the same age..." Now I was growing impatient. "Of course it's hard to understand, since it's something symbolical and cultural. I'm fucking impatient."

"I'm still older, Jackson, so don't mess it up. Also, please, make some effort not to make me look like an idiot in front of someone I respect again. This was the first and the last time. That's all." He also crossed his arms and focused again on the horizon, waiting for the bus as if the subject was over just because he wanted it to be. He was probably too used to have things on his own way, because he was a single child or something, but not me. My brother and I used to fight for the last dumpling in the plate when we were younger and the fact that I've always ate one more when comparing to him never stopped me to stole the last one to myself.

I was a fucking fighter.
A Chinese fighter.

"Hold up cowboy, you think because you said this looking at me with daddy eyes and being six centimeters taller than I am, I'm going to do as you please? You might as well stuck your head in the toilet and flush the water, so you can wake up from this pink shitty dream you're having!" And oh, I had so much confidence saying these words that I was impressed at my capacity of speaking Hangul.

"What did you said, Jackson?! SAY IT AGAIN!" He shouted, but I wasn't afraid. I was not buying his aggressive behavior anymore.

"WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? BEAT ME?" I shouted back, but I hated to lose control like this, so, I released the air from my lungs. "What you gonna do when I appear at your doorstep and tell your mom what you did to me? What are you going to say to MY mom?!!" His body grew bigger like the time he was giving me his shoes, and I could say he was putting some effort to look intimidating. If I wasn't born and created in Hong Kong, maybe he would've scared me.

"I swear to God, I'm about to-" He kept coming and I let him. I let him press his chest against mine and look at me with his ridiculous six centimeters extra, but I still wasn't afraid. His eyes were the opposite of his facial expressions. While his chin and brows tried to put him like he was the devil, all I saw was hesitant eyes. Controversial body language when compared to mine. You could notice my body wasn't attacking him, it was receiving, but his eyes were not coming after me, they were running away and I was the one following.

"You're about to what?" I simply said, raising my brows at the pause he made. "Why are you always trying to attack me? Why can't you just relax?" I was breathing the same air as him and I could feel his lungs hyperventilating, as if he was a crazy beast or something, but it was slowly calming down.

We kept starring at each other and I had a weird vibe around my body, like a feeling that something big was about to happen, but I was clueless...

"Just call me hyung... And we won't have any problems." I could tell his voice was at least ten times more softer, but still dangerous enough to show he was capable of harming me, either with words or actions.

"Maybe you should say 'please', once in a while, you know?" I teased, still feeling that arousal, like there was something in the air we were sharing. "Like normal people do." And with my last words,
his face came incredibly closer, so close that he had to look at one of my eyes at the time. Now I was breathless and I would lose myself completely if he said the magic word.

"Hm." It was an ironical murmur, he was slowly backing off of me and turning to take the bus that was magically standing at the stop.

How didn't I noticed? Was I that much into that moment?

I climbed and tapped my card, following him. I wasn't going to let go of that so easily and it was better for him to be prepared.

The bus had like six or seven people and he chose the out seat, away from the window, also stopping me from sitting by his side.

"Hey, we still have some things to talk." I restarted, but everything I got back was silence and zero attention. "Why d'you came back to give me your shoes?" I wasn't letting this go and I was also trying to seem the least threatening as I could, but he didn't answered and I considered the idea of teasing him again, just to hear his voice and get a reaction. "Can you please, not be so weird and answer? I'll keep asking you until you eventually hit me or something." I pressured, but still the same silence. "Before you start with the 'Hyung' thing, you said 'First'... Is there anything else you want to say?" I insisted, but deep down I knew I wasn't getting anything back. "You have no idea how annoying you are."

"Shut the fuck up before I make you." His voice was fast, cutting and emotionless.

"Oh, I would like to know how would you do that." I got no reaction, despite the provocative words. "Next time, maybe." I surrendered.

I sighed out loud, keeping it to myself, feeling sick.

This wasn't supposed to be like this. We should be best friends and go to one another's house, help with homework, play video games, go out to eat, walk around the campus together and share each other's lives. Why he had to be so difficult and reluctant? Why we couldn't have a normal conversation and know each other just a little be better?

Also... Why I had to insist on listening and trying to speak with him?

But if you stop to think, all the times we had a discussion, he was the one coming for me.

Except for that time he was having lunch and I interrupted.

I just kept silent until our stop and my mind was tired the enough already. I got myself thinking about what I was going to wear at the party the next day and I still needed to talk to Jinyoung, about today and about us.

We stepped off of the bus and he was a lot ahead of the way, far from me.

I felt frustrated.

Suddenly, my feet stopped walking and I was frozen in the empty street. The sun was coming down in an ugly way and I was suffocated, kind of hopeless.

Just get home and rest, Jackson, my mind communicated me and then I was walking again.

There was no breeze and I desperately needed a bath. When I reached for the fence gate, I couldn't
see Jaebeom anymore and I didn't care that much, I was just curious. The house was empty - thank god. I took a shower and I had a lot of work in my productions, but I'd try to finish before tomorrow's night party.

Nine and thirty seven at night.

I was almost naked laying down in my bed, working on my stuff, when my phone lights up, stopping the music.

Jinyoung's name written with a picture of us together, making silly faces.

"Hey, sorry I didn't call, I had to catch up with a lot of work here..."

"Yeah, I know, it's okay. And how is the project going?" Oh, Jinyoung's voice on the phone...

"You didn't call to hear about my projects, did you?" I stood up just to sit at a couch I had by my window, looking at the dark sky with a few stars.

"Not really..." We laughed at the same time. "Tell me exactly what happened today in all moments I wasn't there..." I released the air in my lungs, feeling tired.

"Honestly, I think I'm going back to cigarettes... I feel tense and I hate it." My parents didn't know I had cigarettes since I was sixteen and if they knew, they wouldn't really care the enough to scold me, but I was never proud of my not so strong addiction.

"Oh, please... There are other ways you can find relief..." And now I could tell he was focused.

"Jinyoung, you fool people everyday with this clueless cute face of yours, you sex-monster." I joked but basing on facts.

"We gotta go with what we have, right? Now tell me..."

"Okay... You were warming up when Mark announced Jooheon had extra pair of shoes to lend me and he was on his way to give me. In less than ten seconds everyone was out and I was going too, but then Jaebeom bumped at me, saying he had a pair to lend. I explained Jooheon was coming for me with the shoes, but he ignored and kept insisting... When we were about to fight, Jooheon appears and throws his Nikes at me, telling me to hurry because they are about to start and then after I put the shoes on, Jaebeom and I got back to the class and this part you already know..."

"Yes, the part he defends you and puts himself in the light, so the blame would be shared... Cute." His voice was deadly serious.

"Well, it's nice of you to see things in such a romantic way, because in reality, he was furious at the fact that I didn't take the Converse he gave me and he said we didn't had time for me to act cool about it. Like, what the fuck...?" I was almost going back to my frustrated form.

"Uhhh, he's been watching you..."

I got silent for a second or two. "What do you mean?"

"Well, he said you both didn't had time for your coolness, which means he knows how you behave
in a dramatic way. He could only know this by watching you." And the way Jinyoung spoke would say he was teased by it, at the same time he felt interested.

Not me, though. I felt like panicking.

"Why would you think he'd watch me?" Was he going crazy?

"Because he's interested! I'm trying to make you understand this it's been a while now!"

"Jinyoung, can't you see he's humiliating me?! For fucks sake, he just keeps pushing me to the edge of my patience!" Wasn't it obvious?

"Sure, he wanted you to wear his shoes because he wanted to humiliate you... You're right, Jackson... So fucking smart..."

"Stop! I'm trying to figure this out and you are actually making it worse!"

"Fine! I'll let your last two brain cells get this, but just know, Jackson... You are pretty damn slow lately! Now please, continue!" His voice was irritated and impatient and I wasn't so different.

"Ugh... Okay, so... After that, we spoke again at the bus stop... More like he shouted at me and was fucking rude all the time, but basically, he said I was disrespecting him because he's my Hyung... Can you believe this shit?! He's one month and a couple of days older, yet he thinks he's my dad, like what the fuck-"

"Was that what you told him? Oh my God, he's probably hard till now- Did you called him Daddy?"

"You know what, I'm gonna hung off right now-"

"Xiba- Okay, Jackson, it was a joke, sorry, sorry..." I could hear his laugh, but I was taking a deep breath. Suddenly I decided not to mention the part that Jaebeom was this close to my face. Better left unsaid.

"Anyways... We had another fight because I stood against him without being afraid and I was this close to being punched, but in the middle of our discussion he calmed down and we took the bus back home. I know there are plenty of things he still wants to fight me about, but he managed to stay silent and I gave up on maintaining a conversation. The rest you already know, we are not talking."

"I know there are plenty of things YOU are not saying, but I won't fight this back." I sighed, annoyed by the way I couldn't hide anything from Jinyoung even if I could. "You should consider what I'm saying though. For real. Don't be too close-minded, I know you're fighting against what you truly think of this and I know you know it won't last long..." We made a pause at the same time. "Don't forget about me, Jackson." And the mood dropped in what seemed to be like magic seconds.

"What?" I released. "Jinyoung, I think we need to talk..." My mind brought back important things that I've been thinking these days. "I think there is something different about us lately and we need to be honest-"

"There's nothing going on, Jackson. I need to go now. Promised I would help my mom with the dinner's dishes-"

"Jinyoung, wait, I mean it!" I scrunched my face.

"I know, babe... We'll talk about this later, I'm sure it can wait. See you tomorrow."
"Hey, what the fuck?!

"Byee!" And he hung off. On my face.

"What the actual fuck?!" I murmured to myself.

Strange things were happening these days and I felt like a kid. I also felt that thing going around me, like something big and important was about to happen. In any possible way, I had no mind for my projects now, since my problems would occupy half of my brain and the other half was subdivided in two, half presenting creative resolutions to the problems and half wanting to disappear.

I decided to fry my muscles at the gym.

Chapter End Notes

As always, I’m anxious to know what y’all think about it! Guys, it’s always important to let me know your opinions, your commentaries are always in my head whenever I’m writing and you all inspire me a lot!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

See you down there❤️
06. now you're not around, but i hope you see

Chapter Notes

hey, i know i haven't been posting, but ugh, i think there are only two people reading this so :(  
ghost readers, i need you right now :(( 
ALSO, THIS CHAPTER IS L O N G, YOU MIGHT WANT TO SAVE SOME TIME TO READ IT

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Mom, have you seen my black pants? I can't find them anywhere and they are extremely important right now!" I shouted hopping my mom would hear me from the living room.

"Check in the dry clothes basket..." She replied. I was hoping they were there because I couldn't go out without them, but if they were there, it meant I'd had to flat iron them.

"Shit."

I got down with a towel wrapped around my waist, but I had a shirt on - not the official shirt, but one that I could sweat on or get myself dirty with makeup if necessary.

Going through a lot of clothes, I found the damn pants - and I was twenty minutes late, out of the Korean costumes.

"Yah! Don't get naked here, boy!" My dad shouted, but I was already running back to my room, one hand holding the pants and the other holding the flatiron.

I didn't waste time putting everything together and as the iron was heating, I finished my makeup - which was something that I loved to do, just to feel out of character. I had some skin moisturizer and I smelled like strawberries mixed with other red fruits. My boxers were white just like my socks and my cologne was like an intense fruit mixture - just because I was supposed to be dramatic and I was going to meet new people - hopefully to do more than dance and talk.

When getting back to my room, the iron was on point, so I worked on my pants - we honestly needed one of those vapour-straightening things, which were a lot easier. More fifteen minutes later and I was ready, my wallet and phone in my hands, smelling and looking like a famous actor that produced himself before a premiere - but no one knew. I got downstairs and warned my parents, having already ordered an Uber and according to my phone, he would be turning the corner in two minutes.

Arriving at the party around ten, I could tell everyone was already wasted - since Koreans liked to drink so much and so heavily. The music was loud and it was actually good, not a normal pop, but something with more taste. The club was one of the most known around the downtown area, but this was a closed party, only for us - which meant all UNI was there and if I was lucky, some people
would bring friends from other UNI's and it would be more fun.

As I got in, passing through a crowded and disorganized entry, securities completely distracted, I saw what everyone would see: half club (mostly girls) dancing and the boys eating them with their eyes - which was disgusting -, and then there was my people: guys actually taking the dance floor (mostly gay, queer or bi) and girls getting drunk at the bar. I could recognize faces; Mark, Bambam, Jinyoung, Jooheon, Minhyuk and a lot more. I missed Youngjae.

I found myself dodging everyone till Jooheon actually saw me, going scandalous and wild.

"HYUNG, FINALLY-" He shouted and he was completely drunk. I looked forward to be the same in an hour, if I was lucky.

"HYUNG!" Minhyuk also came to me. I already had Jooheon squeezing me against him and I needed alcohol to be daring like this. "LOOKING SEXY!"

Surprisingly Minhyuk said that right on my left ear and I looked at him in a way I bet it was comic. Their relationship was a mystery, but Minhyuk's sexual orientation was pretty obvious.

"COME ON, LET'S DRINK" Jooheon pulled me away, not even letting me talk to everybody. "ASK WHATEVER YOU WANT, IS ON ME!" He came closer to say that and I forgot to state mentally: he was still squeezing my waist with no shame.

I knew he wasn't straight, but I thought Minhyuk and him were together for real...

"YAH, THERE'S NO NEED!" I spoke for the first time. At the bar, the barman waited for my command. "SOJU, PLEASE!" He nodded. "JOOHEON, I NEED TO ASK YOU SOMETHING." I hated that I had to scream to be heard, so I did the same thing and leaned closer to him, passing my arms around his torso. His shirt felt wet and he smelled of oriental wood mixed with alcohol. I had to ask immediately, before he got so drunk that he wouldn't even be able to formulate a single word - and I bet he was this type.

"NENG" He waist-hugged me, turning his right ear to me. I covered the sides with my hands, trying to make myself heard easily.

"Are you and Minhyuk together?" I spoke slowly so he could understand my messy Korean, then I got some distance to see his reaction. Laughing loud - scandalously -, he still kept me on the embrace. I smiled back just because of the excitement of the ambiance and because his dimples were showing on his pale face, wasted eyes shining and flushed cheeks proudly showing off.

He pulled my face to him and turned to my left ear. Gentle, cold fingers brushing on the hot skin of my jawline, making me control a jolt.

"Why don't you spend some time with us and find out, huh?" He didn't screamed and maybe he wasn't as drunk as I expected - which was dangerous. People pretending to be drunk were the best to make you open up with them and then you'd never know if you're secrets were safe - or how many of them you shared.

Of course they were together, but I had to pay attention to what made them different from any other couple or pair. Plus, he wanted for me to participate and this was obvious by now.

Perhaps they had an open relationship like me and Jinyoung.

"I'll try..." I whispered back, smiling in amusement.
Oh, I loved that... Call me a whore, I won't deny, I had a personal desire for games like these.

"SOJU FOR YOU!" The bartender cut us, giving me a bottle with what smelled like pure alcohol.

"YAH, ARE YOU IGNORING US?!" Bambam appeared out of nowhere and Jooheon gave him some space, taking the opportunity to ask for one more bottle of beer.

"BAM!" I hugged him, not even sipping my drink.

"LET'S JOIN THE OTHERS" He suggested and now I could see how build up he was, makeup with glitter, provocative shocker, open shirt and nice shimmering black pants.

"YAH, JOOHEON, I'LL BE AROUND!" I warned him while Bambam pulled me away through the people.

"I HOPE SO!" I heard him and yeah, I was excited for it to happen.

Then we were walking, feeling the warm bodies and moving along with them. Some girls would stare at me, girls that didn't have the guts to even look at my shadow when in the UNI.

"FINALLY, PRINCESS WANG!" Mark side-hugged me - apparently it was easy, since everyone was taller than me.

"PRINCESSES NEED TIME TO LOOK FLAWLESS-" I joked back and Mark looked like Hades. I mean, if I imagined Hades, he would look like Mark. "DID YOU DIE YOUR HAIR RED OR...?" It was a view, trust me. It suited him more than it should, his face features were at least ten times stronger.

"I DID! D'YOU LIKED?" He smiled with his vampire teeth, shining more than ever.

"YOU LOOK DANGEROUS, MARK. WATCH OUT, WE DON'T WANT TO BURY SOMEONE TONIGHT-" I made a party out of it and everyone laughed, including Jinyoung, who was just looking at me, secretly having ideas that he would never share.

I ignored everyone just to get to him, who smiled in his typical way, timid, but magnetic and even a little bit contained - just because he was a beast inside.

"Hi baby." I said on his ear once we hugged. My hands not wasting time, going for his ass.

"You look too hot." He delicately spoke in my ear. "Don't I look dangerous too? I want to be able to keep you in case someone appears." He kissed my neck.

"You're looking wild, baby. Loved your hair." Because he had it sleeked back and it was showing more of his round, sculptured face. Letting go of him, I finally drank from my bottle for the first time, feeling the liquid burning my throat, then icing my insides.

"What are you drinking?" I said on his ear again.

"Sangria... It's refreshing... Your makeup looks professional, seems like Bambam is doing you well..." His right hand touched my face with the same delicacy, not to screw my hard work.

"You too, you look like my favorite snack... Can't walk around like this..." I teased, knowing he felt pleased when I paid attention to him like that.

"You're the worst..." He smiled. "But you better take care of me, someone might steal me tonight..." He smirked.
"Not on my watch, baby." We were whispering in each others ears like teenagers. "But does this means that you have someone in your radar? Do I know him?" I teased, raising my eyebrows.

"You're funny, jagg-ah." He kissed my neck again.

It wasn't a gay night or a LGBT club, so we had to watch out for how far we could go without being caught by some crazy assholes. It was a dangerous place to be this free and sometimes I hated Korea's controversy.

"MARK, WHERE IS YOUNGJAE?" I dodged some of the attention we were probably catching, but I kept Jinyoung close, tight grip at his free hand.

"HAVEN'T ARRIVED YET, HIS PARENTS KINDA DIDN'T ALLOWED FOR HIM TO COME, SO HE'LL SNEAK OUT. HE'LL BE HERE BY ANYTIME." His face showed worry and suddenly he was tense. Mark was someone to keep. The way he worried for the dude was truthful and admirable.

"HOPE HE ARRIVES SOON, IT'S NO PARTY WITHOUT HIM-" I had a smile on my face and putting the worry in the back of my head, I was having fun.

The people dancing around us were giving the place some life and everyone was drinking like there was no tomorrow. All of my friends were there and I was surrounded by people with good will, which meant if something happened to one of us - in the worst case scenario - there would be more people to hold everyone up. With that in my head, I started to finish bottles and I knew I was starting to get there when I felt hot and cold at the same time. Youngjae arrives and we are all having fun, dancing and drinking together. Jinyoung moves his body with mine at the rhythm and we are starting to get sensual, hands all over our bodies and a warm sweat coming from both us. Unexpectedly, Mark and Youngjae are around a corner, in the dark, making out and Mark is being completely wild and daring. Since I haven't seen any strange movement - considering the alcohol messing with my head -, I became more daring with Jinyoung too, but never getting there or never kissing. I was seeing the lights and feeling the music when he turned me around to face him.

"Kiss me..." I could tell he was going crazy by the way I rubbed myself against him on purpose.

"We can't..." I was partly concerned and partly teasing.

"No one's looking..." He wasn't holding any drinks at the moment, so one of his hands was on my waist and the other was dangerously caressing my stomach, going up and down. His eyes were tiny and glowing, his face more squishy than normal. Some strands of hair would fall on his face and his cheeks were rubberized.

"Jinyoung, it's dangerous..." I insisted and I just couldn't ignore the scenario.

"Jackson... Why?" He whined, two hands on my waist now.

"YAH, WE ARE GOING OUT FOR SOME AIR!" I heard Mark warning us from a distance and when we all looked, they were already leaving. Bambam was dancing with some people, but even wasted, he heard.

"You know why, baby... I know Mark and Youngjae are brave, but-"

"What? Are you having some kind of sensation?" He hugged me and I did it back, still holding my soju bottle. Jinyoung knew when I had weird premonitions and after we been through a robbery together without actually being assaulted because of me, he believed.
"You know me... I don't have a good feeling about this... You can go to my house later and we can see what we can do." I whispered on his ear, taking the hug as a pair dance, trying to convince him that to hold back now was to release later.

"Hm... What's going to happen at your house?" His hands squeezed my ass and our bodies where completely glued now. It worked.

"All kinds of things... But we have to be quiet, y'know? I have to be quiet, since I go crazy when you do that to me..." I gave him a preview of what meant as I was going to be a bottom, since this time I was ready for him and I kind of owned him one.

"Fuck, Jackson, you'll let me fuck you?" I pushed him to the wall that was right behind of us, his head going back, eyes fixed on mines. His lips were bitten and his hair was naturally out of control, wet out of sweat.

"If you behave, I'll ride you baby..." Now I was using my free hand to tease him, touching the skin of his arms in a more receptive way.

We smiled together and played with each other a little bit on that dark spot at the club, sometimes whining at each other, sometimes giving up on keeping quiet.

"Funny how you touch me like this, but you don't want to kiss me..." He teased. "What's the difference..." He whined once again, pushing the weight of his body against the wall, sulking.

"Kissing would be visually too daring... No one can see if I do this to you..." I caressed his half-hard dick as I hid my hand between our bodies, passing my nose through his neck.

"Ah, Sseun-ah..." He tightened the grip on my ass, not even a little bit discreet.

"Enough... Let's enjoy the party..." I backed off, making him look at me with anger.

"You owe me one..." He was deadly serious, even with a smirk on his chubby red lips.

"I do, now let's dance!" I pulled him by the hand, moving the focus from his drunk mind.

"Actually, I need to tell you something, Jackson..." He pulled me back with a serious face. I frowned.

"What, baby? What is it?" I cupped his face with my hands, starting to get worried at the serious words after he just showed me he wasn't really able to be coherent.

"It's nothing serious... I mean, it kinda is, but is not bad... I think. It's just something I've been fighting to tell you it's been a while..." I could barely hear him, so I read his lips and as far as I read, it was something serious, kind of bad.

"You're starting to make me worried... Tell me..." I looked inside his eyes and he kept it firmly, passing me the tension.

"Wait, I need to use the washroom..." He rose his brows, escaping from me and not looking back when slowly finding his way out of there. Now I was half hard and half nervous.

I got back to Bambam and later on Jooheon and Minhyuk also appeared. My vision was one hundred percent blurred and I was moving my body uncontrollably. I didn't know how long we danced together, but by the time I was growing tired, I heard some people screaming.
"What the hell?!
"Jooheon turned back at the noise, letting go of Minhuyk's grip. Eventually, everybody did the same and people were still being scandalous.

I had an anxious feeling in my chest, like something was really wrong.

"THEY'RE FIGHTING!" Some girl screamed loud enough for us to hear. I looked at Bambam and I could identify my people around me, but then Mark and Youngjae came in my mind like a loud alarm.

"LET'S GO! JOOHEON, I'LL NEED HELP!" At the moment I said it, I felt like being electrocuted and I made the boys feel the same.

There WAS something wrong, after all.

"NENG! GUYS, C'MON!" But I didn't know how many we were, all I did was scream for people to get out of my way till I got outside, feeling chilly and terrified. I knew something really bad was happening and I followed the noise, passing through people until we got to a street with a dead end, where a circle of men were kicking and punching each other blindly, but there was something in the middle.

Until my eyes widened in a velocity that I wasn't capable to control and I knew who was there.

"MARK!" I saw his face in the crowd and his red hair was going everywhere, but mostly I saw him using his Taekwondo against some of the aggressors, not succeeding so much. There were a lot of people and I could identify some trying to protect them both, even without knowing them, but they were losing.

I don't know how my feet lead me there, but I knew it was real when I pulled one man by the shirt and I punched him, throwing him back like garbage, searching for the next body.

Then my mind was confused by the emotion.

I saw myself pushing them away and kicking on the low parts. I saw Jooheon and Minhyuk hitting dudes till the ground and I saw Bambam trying to take them away.

I felt a sudden pain in my neck and then someone was pushing me against the wall, suffocating me faster than I could react, even though I was using all my energy to kick him, seeming worthless.

"YOU FUCKING FAGGOTS, YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED!" He screamed at me, letting go of one of my hands just to punch me in the mouth.

I felt numb instead of aching. The alcohol had its miracles. I wasn't hurting that much, but my body would not obey me, it was like I had no more energy to fight back. I was going crazy.

All I could think about was Mark and Youngjae and how I failed to protect them.

They could be dead by now and it was going to be my fault.

"JACKSON!" I heard Jinyoung's voice from afar, but I couldn't answer. "LET GO OF ME YOU PIECE OF SHIT!"

"THIS ONE TOO!" Someone shouted back, like giving a command to go after Jinyoung.

"No..." I managed to say, but then I felt the guy in front of me kicking my stomach, leaving me breathless and useless, laying on the ground.
I coughed instantly, watching blood coming out of my mouth. My ears were deaf, I heard things like they were from thirty meters afar.

"YOU WANNA FUCKING DIE?!" I could listen, just because it sounded strong, wild and like an animal growling. Then I was left on the ground, my senses confused by everything. I couldn't see two meters ahead of me, but I had the impression I knew that voice.

I also heard punching sounds, strong ones, and some sort of deaf movements.

"I'LL FUCKING KILL ALL OF YOU!" The voice kept shouting completely out of control and under a lot of layers of anger on it, I could recognize him.

"Jaebeom...?!" I said impulsively, not having idea of how loud I was.

How drunk was I? Seeing and hearing things like this wasn't normal. Did I unconsciously wished for him to be there so bad that my imagination was starting to trick me?

"Jaebeom..." I called again, trying to pay more attention and see if I was wrong.

But I wasn't. He was right there moving in a pace I couldn't follow, hitting like a monster, furious like the red dragon I pictured in my head from the stories I heard when I was a kid.

"DON'T MOVE, I'M COMING FOR YOU!" It was his voice replying me and apparently it was only for me, completely different from seconds ago, more human. Maybe he didn't want to scare the shit out of me but it was too late. My hands were shaking and I couldn't feel my feet. Or maybe it was the alcohol.

"DUDE, WHAT THE FUCK!" It was a new voice, higher and younger. I didn't know this one.

I felt like passing out, but squeezing my eyes in an attempt to focus, I could see things that made me relieved. Mark was being held in Youngjae's arms and some people were trying to help them, which meant they were safe.

I looked ahead of me and Jooheon was also being held by Minhyuk, but not defeated, just controlled. His face and neck seemed like about to explode even in the poor street yellow light. Minhyuk tried to talk some sense to him and there was a few people on the wall taking a breath, trying to keep it together.

There were a lot of men in pain on the ground, next to me.

"CAN'T YOU FIND SOMEONE THE SAME SIZE AS YOURS TO FIGHT?!" The same high pitched voice shouted again and I heard what sounded like the last punches, deaf noises of bodies falling on the ground.

"JACKSON!" Was Jinyoung's voice calling me, but I felt too weak.

"YAH! He needs to breath..." The new voice said.

"DON'T FUCKING TOUCH HIM!" Jaebeom warned in a violent and impatient shout, then I felt arms around my waist and hands on my chest, pulling me up from the dirty ground.

"Ugh... Fuck..." I growled in pain, trying to stand up and control my more than naturally heavy body.

"Slow down..." He was close, his hands were holding me tight next to him and his words sounded
like commands, but in their best way. Also, he still smelled citric and sweet, like something addictive. "I'll call an Uber." He had dominance in his voice, but also some gentleness, as if he was really taking care of me. I could barely hear anything anymore, but I could hear him, because he had me on his chest and I felt his crazy heartbeat in my ear, also his voice vibrated on my face. "Don't move, Jackson." It was an order and I was growing used to it. Comfortable with it. To the point I liked.

"Why d'you never say 'please'?" I teased, holding on to him with the ultimate strength that I had, but when I tried to laugh, I felt breathless. A thin pain coming from inside me, making me whine.

"Don't say anything..." His voice was going far and it was soft, pleasant. "I'm taking you home..." Was the last thing I heard, the last worried face I saw and I felt at ease. I felt safe even though I was in the middle of a dead end street with a lot of people coughing blood.

My mind blacked out.

When I gained consciousness, I felt the light coming into the place I was. I was laying at something comfortable and soft, with a different smell. It wasn't my room. It wasn't Jinyoung's room, because he had blackout curtains. It wasn't Mark's apartment because there was no dog smell...

"What the hell..." My voice was sour and dry. My throat was hurting, as a corner of my lip, but as it was dormant, my hole face felt weird.

Then, in a wave, I felt my body aching...

My body...

Passing my hands through myself I felt no clothes, but I still had my boxers on.

The sheets were soft around me and the pillows were one of those that goes in the shape of your head and it smelled really good and sweet, though I really hated it's material. I dared to open my eyes, fighting against the heaviness and clarity. An exaggerated headache coming, like I was coming back to life after a long time.

Oh, it's a couple bed... I noticed when I spared my legs, but I felt no one around. Using my right arm, I stood up on the bed, pushing myself straight to the window view.

With my eyes kinda open, I saw what looked like my backyard, but in a different side view. I paid attention to the house details and I saw a room on the same floor that looked like mine.

"What the hell...?" I repeated.

My head was really aching right now and something was about to come back straight from my stomach. I knew I was going to throw up when I felt my mouth getting wet and wet and nausea started to involve me.

"Shit!" I forced myself out of the bed to the first door I saw in the room and when I opened, I was thankful that it was an empty bathroom.

My fingers opened the toilet and in less then two seconds, I was putting everything out, a weird tasted liquid, yellow colored.
"Shit, Jackson, put it all out..." Someone held my back and I almost jolted back, but another wave was coming out of me, leaving me breathless and weak.

It was Jaebeom.

My mind was making less effort to identify him or his voice at every passed moment and I was surprised with such an unexpected ability.

When I felt like it was over, I touched my belly with my right hand, wondering what was wrong, since I considered myself a pro at drinking like a fucked up college boy and waking up in a morning glow the following day.

"What happened? Why are you here? And where am I?" It was too fast. My mind was still half sleeping. Was that blood on the toilet along with the vomit? "Am I bleeding?"

"Shhh, why don't you get in the tub and take a warm bath?" Was that really Jaebeom? With that soft voice? Holding me with a gentle, yet firm grip? "Come on, stand up..." But I made no effort, he just grabbed my body by my waist and took me to the tub as if I was an old man, opening the tap and making the hot water come out aggressively.

"Ugh, it's too hot...!" My body was in shock, so I made some brusque moves, still trying to hold on to him.

"Okay, I'll turn around, now slow down..." He turned the tap and now it was too cold, but I didn't complained. I felt less sick and somehow that helped me feel at ease. "Just relax..." He pushed my body back to lay down by my chest and I felt goosebumps. "I'll be right back." Now his voice was more like the one I knew; cutting, straight and slightly high pitched.

He disappeared from my sight and I wanted to die just to stop the feeling of the world spinning around.

Without much warning, I took a deep breath and adjusted myself under the water, closing my eyes and slowly releasing the air in my lungs. When I felt breathless I reached for air, going down again right after.

Now I was deaf and blind, but my heart beat so strong that it gave me the illusion of being inside my head.

"...u doing?!" He pulled me out and closed the tap, the water almost coming out of the tub as my body created waves in the way he brought me back. "D'you wanna die?! Like, right now? In my house?" I managed to look at him for the first time and I slowed down... Hypnotized.

He was staring at me with a growing anger, but nothing as strong as the worry he was passing. I noticed Jaebeom for the first time, even dying from headache and feeling as if I had to go through a thousand surgeries to replace my organs.

His skin was flawless, pores closed, same tone everywhere and not a trace of acne, but he had a tone of yellow around his eyes, which made him look intense. He was probably the type of person with insomnia problems or just unregulated hours of sleep. His eyebrows were sharp and black, flawless. He had two moles under the left one and his eyes were equally sharp, if not more. His nose reminded me what a wolf nose would be like and I could see some expression lines, going from the sides of his nose to his lips, thin, soft and with some light red spots, like he would bite them and make them bleed from time to time. His cheeks were high and highlighted, demarcated, but pale. In all, his face was sharp and I could even see his mom on him - because he had a feminine face, if not by his chin.
"You kinda look good." I don't know what he was saying before, but my words obviously caught him off guard, making his high cheeks go pink and his brows go up. "I like your nose." I looked closer and I could definitely picture a wolf or a down-turned arrow.

Too close, almost intimiately. I liked in a level I couldn't bear.

"I think you're still drunk. Take the medicine I left for you. When you finish, there's a towel right there, you can use it. If you take too long, I'll call the police and tell them there's a dead man in my bathroom, so rush." He threw everything at me and stood up to leave, closing the door right behind of him.

And there was the Jaebeom I knew.

When I looked to the floor, there was a small plate with two different pills on it and a cup with orange juice filled till the top.

"Jeez... Why is he so hard to deal with..." I murmured, taking the medicine. "But still, he takes care of me like he means it."

I used a liquid coconut soap that was hanging next to the tap with other products, not hesitating at all.

How the hell did I ended up at his house? Was he at the party? Why my belly ached so much and why there was blood mixed with my vomit? How did I woke up almost naked on Jaebeom's bed and why would he ever agree to this? Where was my phone and my wallet?!

That came to me like a rush and I needed to finish the bath to go for answers.

I used some shampoo without even reading its composition, but I smelled strawberry right after.

Strawberry? Really?

So Jaebeom was actually soft inside, right?

After ten minutes, I was clean and feeling a lot better, so I got out of the tub, letting it go empty.

I dried my body completely and took the plate and the cup, opening the door only wearing the towel around my waist.

There was no one in the room, but he left some shorts and a tank top on his bed for me.

Wait... Where did he slept?

I made a face, letting the plate and the cup at his writing desk and quickly getting dressed, afraid of someone opening the door, finding me naked.

When I was about to put the shirt - having his shorts squeezing my thighs -, he opens the door abruptly, looking like a scared cat.

I want to laugh, because his first expression was fearless but then he became embarrassed once he saw me still half naked.

"What? You took my clothes of, slept at the same bed with me almost naked, watched me vomit my dignity out and now you're embarrassed?" I smirked, joking, trying to break the ice.

He had a confusion going on inside, but the final expression was a mad one.
"Do you really have to speak nonsense like that inside my house too?" He came to me just to take the cup and the plate from my side. My eyes never left his face, but he hardly looked at me.

"Okay, sorry, I was just kidding." I still smiled, because there was something cute on his facial expressions even when he wanted to kill me.

"You're a joker, aren't you, Jackson?" He cut, going out of the room.

Of course I followed him.

"Jeez... Are you normally like this in the mornings?" We got downstairs.

"Mornings?" He laughed with irony. "It's two PM, time for you to go home!" He yelled from the kitchen. I putted his shirt on just in time to see his mother passing in the same place.

"No way, he's not going home hungry!" His mother smiled at me and I smiled back, wondering if Jaebeom's personality was more like his father.

"Misses Im, good afternoon, I'm sorry to come here under these circumstances..." I truly apologized, because I had no idea of the fuss I made when we arrived here probably in the dawn.

"Don't be sorry... Jaebeom told me the awful things that happened... You can stay as long as you want, there's still soup from the lunch: take it. It'll do great for your hangover... Wait, she actually ordered me, so Jaebeom's personality was a mix, just like everybody else. "It'll detox your stomach... Jaebeom will cook you whatever you want and then he will take care of this cut of yours right there in your mouth. Make yourself comfortable..." And she was grabbing her purse from the table. "I'm going out for some groceries and ice cream with my friends, but don't worry..." She grabbed each one of my shoulders, making me smile even wider. "He might look as though as a rock, but his heart is as soft as a pudding. As far as I can read you, you are fearless. Keep it up, dear!" It was a whispered shout.

She quickly passed through the door and locked up.

Why I had the impression Misses Im was pushing a situation between me and Jaebeom? Why was she so happy? What did she knew?

Was she encouraging me to be friends with her son for something specific?

I had the most stupid smile on my face when he was back from the kitchen. Hair invading his face and a blank expression. I kept starring at him like I knew all the secrets of the universe.

"What?" He raised his brows. I noticed it was something he used to do no mattered the situation.

"Your mom told me some things." I slowly walked to his direction, making pauses.

"What did she tell you?" He crossed his arms, biceps becoming evident and shoulders becoming even wider. I wasn't intimidated... I just felt different.

"She told me you're going to cook lunch for me..." I putted my hands on the pockets of my borrowed shorts as if I truly owned them, still coming closer.

"What?!" He made a face, not backing up.

"And...! She told me you're going to take care of this cut right here... Can you see?" I pointed to the corner of my lip. He actually squeezed his eyes, trying to see where it was. I came closer, almost in
front of him. "Right here, you blind grandpa..." I kept pointing.

Then he came to me, only one arm crossed, the other bringing his hand to my face, touching me abruptly without hesitation. He was really that close, touching my face...

"Take off your hand, idiot..." He pushed my hand away and then stopped right in front of me, using both of his hands now to scrunch my face.

But that actually hurt.

"Ouch... Jaebeom..." I didn't backed off, but I put my hand on top of his, trying to loose the grip. The touch was warm in both of our hands and his was dry, as if he was the type to use them frequently for hard works.

_Like b-boying._

"I didn't do anything..." He came even closer, scrunching more. I could see a smirk rising on his lips, even with him still sustaining a serious face.

*Of course he was doing on purpose.*

"Ah, ah, ah..." I whined, feeling like my mouth was fresh cut. I stared into his eyes and I saw a shimmer on them. "Don't open the bruise again..." It was supposed to be a command, but judging by the situation that I was, it sounded more like a kid.

We became silent when he took his hands away, coming even closer and looking at me from the top.

"You are such a drama queen." Then he pushed me back by my chest, turning around, going back to the kitchen.

"Excuse me..." I followed. "King." I corrected, sitting at the balcony. "What are you preparing, chef?" I was excited. I knew Jaebeom was good at eating, but... Was he of any use in the kitchen? He didn't seemed like someone who knew how to hold a pan at all.

"Ramyeun." He was short and cutting, leaving it quite obvious the idea that he was not accepting a discussion over it. With his left hand, he pushed his hair back, reaching for two packs at the upper cabinets with his right.

"What? I can eat _ramyeun_ when I get home, just try to surprise me!" I supported my chin in the back of my right hand, carefully watching all his moves.

"Great! So you can go to your house! It's right there!" He crossed his arms again to me.

"Fine, but I want tofu soup too... And I also need protein... It's part of my diet." I didn't look at him to see his reaction, but I knew he was mad when I noticed the unnecessary strength he used just to open the refrigerator.

*If today was my one and only opportunity to be friends with him, I would not say no to the universe.*

We spent like three minutes silent. The water was boiling and he had two eggs, tofu and meat out of the refrigerator.

"So... What happened last night?" I started, truly confused.

"What do you mean? You don't remember anything?" He came to me with the tofu and some vegetables and green onion at the top of a cutting board, opening a knife drawer at the other side of
where I was sitting. He picked up a knife and started to cut everything with ease and... Talent? Precision?

Resuming: He was good. He fucking knew how to cook. What a fucking idiot...

He was making it hard for me to hate him.

"All I can recall is that I was dancing with my friends, when Jinyoung went to the washroom and we started to hear screams..." I left unsaid the part that me and Jinyoung were making out and he had something really important to tell me.

"After the screams, a lot of people went outside and there was a fight..." He kept cutting with an amazing ability that made me stare completely pleased. He left the tofu in one side and stared to cut the green onions. "You went outside the club screaming too and your friends followed you. When I got outside, everyone was going crazy. That friend of yours, Joohyon-"

"Joohyon..." I corrected.

"Fuck this..." He threw the knife on the board making me jump, then moved back to the boiling water. "He started to defend your other friends, Youngjae and Mark, who were at the dead end of the street. There was a lot of people hitting blindly at each other and Minhyuk was really good at the hook punch..." He smirked, putting the vegetables with some of the things that already came on the ramyeun pack, excluding the one that gave it a spicy taste. I automatically smiled at it for no reason, just by the fact that he was considering my preferences. He took other sauces to replace the spicy powder, like mirin, soy and other things. "Mark also knows how to fight, even though he was drunk, but you... You were a shame." He took other pan, applying some oil to it and throwing a good quantity of sliced garlic, mixing with large pieces of green onion.

"How do you know all that and didn't got there to help us?" I was starting to recover my memories and I remember being really hurt before he got there.

"I wasn't there as soon as it happened... What I'm telling you is what people told me and what people said was that you were a terrible drunk fighter." He mixed everything up at the same time as he threw the eggs end the ramyeun on the soup.

"I can tell I still made a difference at this fight, though." I was now being bullied.

"Of course, those men needed a dead weight to discount all their hate." His smirk was getting bigger.

"Shut up... I can remember, but then I also remember hearing your voice when I was on the ground and I felt like dying... What happened? You were really angry... Like a beast..."

"Hm..." He cleared his throat like the grandpa he was, taking some time to continue. "After that, Yugyeom and I finished the last six guys that insisted on standing up to fight, but they were trash. Then Jinyoung tried to jump at you, but they didn't know what you had, like, broken bones or something, because you were hung at the wall by your neck and then thrown away like garbage, so they gave you space to breath." I was slowly remembering everything, but in my head it was a little bit different.

And the food was starting to smell...

"I thought this friend of yours, Yugyeom, was actually holding Jinyoung back, so I would stay on the ground... I remember hearing his voice, I'm sure it was him." That was it, I was sure... But at the same time, why would he do this? Why would he let Jaebeom deal with it?
"Uh, ani." He threw the sliced meat on the pan with the vegetables and put some soy sauce, sugar and salt. "After that, I took you home by Uber. Actually, you still have to pay half of the ride." He mixed the meat in the pan just by shaking it and then he started to take some special soup porcelain dishes to serve us. I was still amazed by the velocity that everything got ready and how he managed to do it in such a clean and organized way.

"I will, just because you're being nice and preparing me something to eat." I smiled, even though he wasn't facing me to see.

After that we got silent. He brought the dishes with spoons and chopsticks, then served me with the same orange juice, but for him, there was strawberry juice.

"What is this? Why do you have special treatment?" I complained.

He looked at me with his chin and muscles tense and I knew I didn't have intimacy to be that playful with him yet.

But look how we were... I was waiting for the food he cooked me at his table, at his house... After practically being showered by him and sleeping with him at his bed almost naked... That was something, right? He couldn't ignore me anymore.

"The ramyeun is almost ready, lets just wait a little bit for the eggs and for the meat to get some color, since you like your food tasteless." Jaebeom crossed his arms, supporting his body against the opposite counter.

"Not tasteless, just not spicy..."

"What is your problem with spicy flavored foods anyway?"

"I get all sweaty and I cry a lot. It's not that I don't like it, it's just that you're not ready to see me like that." I stared at his face, still paying attention to his body language and he was not that uncomfortable anymore, just reluctant.

"Yet you bled in your clothes and vomited on my toilet..." Now he stared back and I wasn't ready to maintain the look, so I just looked away.

"So that's what happened to my clothes..."

"Yes, I threw them away..." He slowly walked back to where I was. My eyes popped out when I looked back at him feeling nauseous.

"WHAT?" Not my clothes! They were expensive and they were mine!

"Just kidding. My mom washed them with neutral soap and vinegar in cold water. They look new." The way he said that without hesitation or blame, or even without seeming to joke, it just made me shiver, even though it was nothing special.

"You like to see me desperate, don't you?" I copied him, left hand sustaining my face, eyes on him, tired look in my face.

"I do." He said at ease, staying there for almost ten seconds and it was enough to get awkward, but I couldn't breath normally nor think straight... He liked me, right? Even if just to play with me, but he liked me... "The food is ready." He announced, still staring at me, until he turned around to turn the fire off and I was dizzy.
I felt my heart beating at a weird pace and I felt funny. Strange that I could learn how to be comfortable with him in such little time, but I guess it's part of being a social butterfly... Right?

He seemed much less aggressive than the normal, almost like he was someone else.

He came back putting the pan between us and serving the meat in a normal plate.

"Why are you having lunch at two PM by the way?" I curiously asked.

"It's my house, I can have lunch anytime I want." He said that like it was a normal answer.

I looked at him like I was about to commit suicide.

"Okay, I'll never speak to you again." I raised my hands in surrender.

He laughed.

He laughed innocently.

And it was a nice sound. I wanted to make him laugh more often. Because of me.

I was probably looking at him in a weird way because of the way he looked back when he finished serving me. I caught myself and focused on the food. My stomach made an unexpected sound.

"Thank you for the food." I said, bowing.

"Wait, wait... There's something missing..." He stopped me and right now I was so hungry that I felt like fainting.

"What?" I looked hopeless.

"That thing you should call me, but you just are not educated the enough to do it..." And I rolled my eyes. "Did you rolled your eyes at me, Jackson?! Just when I thought you deserved to eat after the show yesterday..." Then he started to eat, like an animal, cracking the egg and taking it's vessel off.

So he was paying attention to my actions? But why...?

"Okay... Thank you for the food, hyung."

"Hyung who?" He made a signal with his hand, positioning behind his left ear.

"Jaebeom-hyung." I rolled my eyes one more time.

"Ah... Now it feels right." He continued to eat.

It felt right with me, right? It felt right on the way I was speaking and how our interaction was happening. That's what he meant, wasn't it?

It did felt right, for the first time since we met.

He wasn't shy and silent. Not at all.

He just didn't liked me at the beginning and I didn't know what feelings he had towards me now, but I could tell it wasn't hate.

Not anymore.
"And if it was, he sucked at demonstrating."

We got silent while our mouths were working. I peeled my egg too and everything was surprisingly delicious, even without spice.

"How did you learn how to cook?" I asked, not really caring if he was going to cut me again or not. I was learning to dodge his tough personality and eventually I would get to his soft side - by insisting, of course.

"I thought I heard you saying you were never going to speak to me again..." He raised his eyebrows, but I was ready for that answer.

"Well, you didn't tell me to shut up when I called you Jaebeom-hyung, Jaebeom-hyung." I copied him.

He smirked at me, directly, without hiding or holding back and his teeth were beautiful.

_He was beautiful, somehow. And now I could see it. But that was not surprising at all, I had the ability to see beauty in everything._

"Fine." He stopped filling his mouth with food, just processing what he was already chewing. I waited with my eyes completely focused. I wouldn't have another chance to make him like me, it was all or nothing. "When I was a kid, my grandma and auntie liked to teach me how to cook. They made me help in the kitchen and I used to make a lot of sweets and desserts or help at special dinners, cooking meat, chicken and sea food..." He said everything pausing each sentence, slower than he ever did and I wondered if he was making it up or just trying to contain his memories - probably the second one. "After my parents got the divorce, I had to change my life. I had to go do a different school, live in a different house in also a different neighborhood. I had to separate completely from my dad and his family and when I got here at this neighborhood with my mom, she used to leave me alone in the house. I had to learn how to cook, otherwise I'd starve to death, since she never learned to do it well." He served himself with more _ramyeun_ and meat.

"How old were you when all this happened?"

"Eight to nine years old." Then he returned to the food.

I did the same, because I didn't want to stress him with so many questions and the mood was too good to be screwed. I never imagined him being good at something that demanded so much patience and care, in a general vision, he was always angry and his behavior was aggressive. He constantly fought against natural forces and he always had an answer ready for you, but now I could see the good things too, even if he was reluctant to them.

His mom said he had a soft jelly big heart, but the thing about those was that because they were too big and vulnerable, impulsive emotions would make them do intense things in a blink of an eye. He would love too much, but also hate too strong and he would never manipulating, because his impulse wouldn't let him think before acting...

I wasn't like that, I was more relaxed when it came to my emotions, but I had deeply desires, fast burning fires and moments of uncertainty. I never held a grudge for too long and I could easily get jealous or not give a fuck about it at all.

"Aish..." I felt hot _ramyeun_ touching my sore bruise and as a reflex, I dropped my chopsticks and spoon on the plate.

"Here." He gave me a napkin out of nowhere, but he didn't looked at me.
Maybe the fact that I was bleeding made him uncomfortable... I could understand, but I wished that he would just freely take care of me.

"Thank you." I pressed the napkin against it and it made it less itchy, but the pain was still there.

We finished our meals when there was nothing else to eat and I took everything out of the table by myself, doing the dishes.

The silence was starting to get weird, when I remembered I still haven't checked my phone and I didn't know where my wallet was.

"Jaebeom-hyung, where is my phone and my wallet?" I had finished, drying my hands in a microfiber fabric.

"In my room, writing desk." He had this thinking face and his left hand would mess with his left ear in a distracting way.

"Thanks..." I left the fabric there and went back to his room.

"I'll be there to see these bruises of yours..." He warned from the kitchen, but I didn't answer.

I had like two minutes to truly examine his room now, before he came at me with a first-aid kit.

When you opened the door, that was it: you walked up straight to his desk. There were a lot of books on white shelves all around the room, a lot, and when you turned to the right, there was his couple bed, with three pillows and-

"Jeez!" I felt my heart coming out of my chest.

Was that a fucking cat? On top of his bed?!

"What?" He appeared at the doorstep, concern in his face.

"I didn't know you had a cat..." I tried to sound the less terrified as I could, but I wasn't expecting that at all...

"I have four." He got in, pulling his desk chair closer to the bed, sitting next to the edge.

The cat was peacefully sleeping until he started to caress his head, then he opened his big eyes and just became aware of everything, not really moving.

"What's his name?" I still didn't moved since I first saw him.

"Her name is Kunta." He evidenced the her.

"Is she okay if I sit there?" I didn't want to invade her space and she obviously had a special relation with Jaebeom's bed, since she wasn't bothering at all. I could understand. I never saw him look at a living thing the same way he looked at her. Was it possible for me to like him just by the way he loved something else? Was it too much?

Well, it was the way I felt, impulsively and intensely.

"I don't know," He stopped caressing her and turned to me, waiting for my moves.

I was kinda scared of the pressure, since I didn't want to be rejected by something he cared and loved so much.
Actually, it is a big problem about me: I didn't know how to deal with rejection, coming from anything alive. It would deeply hurt if Kunta rejected me and I'd become obsessed with ideas to make her change her mind...

"Let's find out." He was still waiting for me to sit there right beside her, so after having his eyes on me, my feet moved out of control.

*Okay, let's see what I can do to seem less invasive than I'm actually being.*

I got on my knees on the floor, supporting my body in the bed right in front of me. With some hesitancy and a lot of paranoia, I offered the back of my hand to the cat really slow, coming closer at one second at the time. She stood up, sitting and I had a bad feeling about that, like she was about to run to the opposite side.

But she just stood there, curious, watching my hand come closer to her natural field and after five seconds of smelling and analyzing...

She came to my hand, scratching herself against it.

I released the air that I didn't know I was holding and I surely relaxed all the muscles of my back.

I caressed her feeling a smile stretch my face.

"What was that?" He cut our moment and for a second, I forgot he was there, watching everything from real close.

"What?" I made a stupid out of myself, standing up just to sit in front of him. When I looked at his face, he was smiling all his teeth out, but not looking in my eyes.

"D'you have a trauma...? Or something?" Now he looked at me back and I felt a cold shimmer running from my neck down to my spine. Kunta was coming to me, laying by my side, rubbing her back against my tight. "She's probably feeling my smell in your clothes..." He explained, now smiling less, but still caressing her - never touching me.

"She probably feels your smell all over me, I used your soap and your shampoo..." I had an apologetic smile in my face now, but he didn't seem to care.

"I know, I expected it and I felt the smell too..." I felt that shimmery thing again and it seemed like my body was running cold and hot in different areas. Ugh, what the hell?!

"And I actually do think I have a trauma... But not with cats." He stopped caressing her to stand up and go to his bathroom, where I could see him washing his hands with soap.

"Hm." *Was that saying that he was listening or saying that he wished me to shut up?*

"I don't like being rejected." I said anyways, acting impulsively. It felt easy to talk to him, seemed like heavy things didn't have the same weight, but honestly, I've always been an open book.

"Hm." He did it again.

*Okay, maybe he was just listening - I guess.*

He got back with a blank face, sitting in front of me.

*Maybe what I just said didn't mattered to him at all. Maybe he wasn't even listening...* It made me come back down from my cloud - what was I thinking? He was just following his mom's orders, no
strings attached.

*I was too dependent and strong people like him didn't really got along well with me.*

"This will hurt." He said, simple and fast, opening the box in a careful and even gentle way - which was really new.

In reality, I was already surprised that he washed his hands after coming for real to mess with those things, it showed that he had responsibility as a trace of personality.

I watched everything I could inside the box, caressing Kunta, who was still leaning on me.

"Where are the others?" He took a new gauze, watering with hydrogen peroxide and coming to me.

"Hiding from you." He said that as he came to me with that smelly thing, getting closer to my mouth. I stared at his face and I could say he wasn't joking.

Concentrated, he fixated the gauze in my stitch and I felt a slight difference, but it wasn't pain, neither he was pushing it strongly against me. I felt inebriated by some sort of energy, making my feet shake impatiently.

"Stop moving." He ordered and that made me freeze to my bones. I didn't felt pain at all and I couldn't stop staring at him. It was ridiculous... I could do this by myself without having his face as a distraction. He removed the gauze, closing the product.

Now he was looking for something else.

"This was easy, I could do this by myself... And it didn't hurt at all."

He looked at me for a second, but he wasn't angry or stressed.

"Would you honestly sit in front of a mirror and clean this back at your house, you lazy ass? I don't think so." He was ironical, raising his eyebrows. "That wasn't the painful part. Now is."

He found a new medicine, without name and description. All I could see was a yellowish red liquid, eventually being poured at the gauze and it smelled even worse.

"What the fuck is that?" I distanced my face when he came at me.

"Stop moving." He ordered again, but the impulse of running away was stronger than me, so I kept going back.

"No way José... You're not putting this on me..." But he grabbed the back of my neck with a tight grip, pushing me back to him. "OW!" The grip was really tight, making me feel like a dog being scolded. "Is that really necessary-" He pressed the gauze on the corner of my lip and the pain was immediate. "Aaah!" I growled.

"Is going to be better, trust me." He still held me and Kunta flew away from us.

It was making me feel nervous, how the pain was growing bigger at each second. I grabbed his hand, but I could control myself not to push him away, after all, he was just trying to help me and he had no obligation.

"It's burning, Jaebeom-ah..." I complained.

When he removed the gauze, he came closer to me, blowing exactly at the spot and it actually made
"It's over..." He said, taking the closest look at me ever.

"It burns..." I tried to make wind out of my hands, but it was useless.

"You're such a kid... Just give it a minute, it'll be gone."

Okay, by the end of his sentence the intensity wasn't the same anymore, but I would never admit it.

I stood there silently, having his body this close from mine, feeling his burning gaze on my lips. It made me imagine weird things...

Like if we could actually try some things...

"What are you looking at?" He blinked, taking some distance from me, as if he could read my mind.

"U-uh... Nothing... Just thank you. For, hm... Taking care of me." Because there was no need for him to do it... All he had to do was walk me back to my house once I woke up... I haven't touched my phone since yesterday and that was crazy! He made me entertained till now and I hadn't seen him messing with his phone either... Was that even possible nowadays?

"It's okay." He stood up, putting his chair back at the desk and I already missed our proximity. "Now take off your shirt."

"What?!" My eyes were about to jump out.

"In case you haven't noticed, you have bruises at your stomach area..." He pointed and I took a deep breath. What was wrong with me?

*What, Jackson? You were never the type to dream about other people's bodies and now you're having teenage shivers?!!*

"U-uh, sure..." And then he left the room, taking his first-aid kit with him. I released the air I was holding again.

*What the fuck?! Was I that horny and desperate? That was crazy!*

*How good was I looking, though?*

*Should I make some exercise before he comes back?*

*No, he will notice my lack of breath and find it weird...*

*Just take off your shirt, idiot!*

*No, it's not like that, I'm not okay with this...*

*Are you retarded? He slept with you only wearing white boxers! He doesn't give a fuck!*

My mind was driving me crazy... I felt anxious without any rational reasons and I had the impression it would get worse.

I only rose my shirt, not really taking off. He came back five minutes later holding a frozen liquid bag, and a towel not to burn my skin.
"Just lay down and put this on top of it, it'll do you good. Here are your stuffs." He gave me my phone too, so I could distract myself while waiting for that thing to unfreeze.

"Thanks."

Then I laid back and he sat at his desk, opening his laptop.

That was it. End of interactions.

I unlocked my phone, shocked with the amount of messages waiting for me. Some even desperate.

**Markeu (seen last at 04:39):**

jacks i know jb is taking care of u, but if something goes wrong, Ill bring u here, just call me (03:50)

Hey is everything ok? R u awake? Call me x (04:10)

Jacks, Youngjae is grounded for the rest of his life, Bambam made it home and im here by myself. As long as i know, junior went home with that guy, friends with jb. We need news from u... (04:30)

Yah, im going to sleep but Ill be next to my phone all the time. Call me ASAP x (04:37)

So he wasn't awake yet... But he got really worried about yesterday...

"Hyung, have you spoke to anyone since yesterday?" I looked at him, raising my torso, but feeling muscular fatigue on my abs.

"Except for Yugyeom, no, why? Did somebody died?" He spoke too fast and he didn't even looked at me.

*Maybe he don't know Jinyoung slept at his friend's house...*

"No, not really." I got back to my phone.

**Double B(itch) (last seen at 14:37):**

boi u alive? (03:56)

If jaebum bothers u, im coming for him!!1!1 (03:57)

Mark is taking youngjae home, im going with them since we decided de later he arrives, de worse (04:05)

Hey we r worried call us when u see this! Also jinyoung is at yugyeom's house if ure wondering (04:23)

BRO R U ALIVE (05:00)

i give up bye (05:20)

JACKSON GIVE US NEWS U LIL SHIT (14:35)
Jeez, Bambam was something else...

"You should call them." I heard Jaebeom's voice unexpectedly.

Was he worried? Was he paying attention to my actions? Was he hearing my thoughts?

"I'm texting them..."

PepiJy♡ (last seen at 05:03):

Sseun-ah are you okay? (03:21)

The boys are not talking to me about you, idk what happened (03:23)

Jackson, i cant believe youre at jaebeom's (03:37)

Srsly i can't believe you did this to me, i hate you (03:38)

Am i that easy to let go? You know how i feel about you! Why you fucking did this right now?!? (03:40)

Fuck you (03:41)

We are fucking done jackson wang, u and ur fucking timing (03:41)

I HATE YOU (03:45)

WHAT THE HELL? "Jaebeom-hyung, what exactly did you say to the boys?" I tried to control my tone and how my voice would come out, but I sounded tense and worried.

"I told Yugyeom that you were here at my house and you would spend the night. He probably told everybody else. Why?" Now he turned around, but I covered my face with my hands, trying to seem okay.

"It's nothing, I guess we drank too much..." I was really trying not to express my nervousness.

"What is going on?" He stood up, coming to me.

"Really, is nothing, just some drunk people drama giving me a real hard time." I whined, feeling frustrated.

"Hm." He brought his laptop to his bed and laid down by my side, not really caring about how domestic it was. My body froze without any explanation, and honestly, I didn't want to know what I was feeling.

Maybe someone told Jinyoung that me and Jaebeom were being more than UNI colleagues, maybe someone misunderstood the way Jaebeom had my back and touched me - which was reasonable, since he was so intense and furious to anyone who would get to me at the heat of the moment - and maybe it was his alcohol acting, but to the others, it seemed like he truly was biased to me.
Even I though that as I coughed blood...

But the real situation was that his way back home was my way back home and my mom would panic like his mom if she saw me the way I looked after some punches and kicks. Besides, we were not even close at the party until the moment he saw me on the ground, so...

"Hyung...?" I called for him again, this time for a detail that we left unspoken.

"Uh." He stared at me, even having his laptop at his face. Was I bothering him?

It was hard to have all his attention, but it was even harder to understand the meaning each time he stared at me.

"You know the reason why the fight happened yesterday, right?" I maintained the look, even though I was shy because of him. He kept his eyes on me and his lips sharply expressionless.

"Neng." He didn't moved any bit to confirm.

"You sure?"

"Neng, neng, neng." He just acted like the situation wasn't shit, going back to his things and part of me felt relieved.

"Just to make sure, I'll explain it to you anyways." But he looked good while focused on whatever that was, like a business man. "Mark and Youngjae were alone in the corner when some violent men arrived..." I raised my eyebrows and held the bag in my stomach as I turned to his side, supporting my head in my right hand.

"You mean, they were making out." He also raised his eyebrows, but kept focus at the laptop.

My chin dropped, never imagining him to say it by himself, even if he had nothing to deal with it.

And his voice wasn't raised or embarrassed. It just sounded like nothing to him.

Which was good, right?

"Yes, Mark and Youngjae are together." I confessed, but it honestly felt like nothing to say these words. He remained silent, as if waiting for me to continue - or maybe he wasn't interested at all. "That was the main reason, for real. They were making out and some stupid assholes got to them like out of nowhere..." I was angry now, just because I didn't thought about the situation since I woke up and now I was frustrated. I felt muscular pain again because of the tension.

"I know you're angry, but you really should rest. It's over now. We won." He was dead serious and I needed answers.

We? Was he only part of the fight or was he putting himself in our group?

"By the way, I wanted to ask you... How did you got involved? What made you defend us?"

"I just knew you guys and Yugyeom insisted. It was wild, someone had to finish it." Again, not looking at me, not giving in.

"So you just jumped into...? Did they hit you somewhere?"

"No, they didn't. I'm fine." And maybe he wanted to continue at his own world and I wasn't letting him. Maybe he was even hiding some bruises just to look cool, but I couldn't risk, I had zero idea.
With that, we went silent again.

**Markeu (last seen at 04:39):**

*You: hey, I'm good, Jaebeom-hyung took care of me, I slept at his house. I'm resting now, my abs hurts. I had some vomiting going on and headache, but he gave me medicines, made me lunch and right now we are resting together. Sooner I'll go home. Call you later, bro x (15:50 - delivered)*

I copied the message and sent it to Bambam, but my answer to Jinyoung was obviously going to be different.

Chapter End Notes

remember we are slowly walking to a MESS guys so don't worry, jackbum its coming slowly, but intensely ^^

hope you had a good time reading!

I'm anxious for what you have to say hehe

see yalllll <3
"Jinyoung is not talking to me." I let it out, but at the same time I felt lost in what secrets we could possibly be hiding from each other. I didn't want to hide my relationship with Jinyoung, because it was real and somehow, consistent. I felt like Jaebeom was someone completely different here and in school or in front of other people.

Alone with me he was relaxed, chill, cool, caring and almost loving.

"Why's that." He wasn't asking, it sounded like an affirmation and the tone in his voice wasn't the same. He sounded more cold and avoidant.

I noticed it was because of Jinyoung. Now I could see it. I just needed to understand the right motives.

"I think he's confused." Was all I said, not getting into details. I still had no clue if was his or his friend's fault that Jinyoung thought we were together.

Something in the middle of our communication was wrong, maybe was the alcohol or maybe someone wanted to see us going down.

"Boohoo." And now he was 100% different. Not even looking at me, just being automatic and weird.

Maybe it was time to go home. Maybe I was being too abusive when trying to be friends with him and honestly, it was our first day and first time spent together, but the way we just accepted each other gave me the feeling we got along too well. We just needed a chance and a lot of patience - and of course, the right subjects.

After a minute or two in silence, I decided.

"Do you think my clothes are dry already?" I asked, innocently. He turned his face at me, but didn't looked in my face.

"It's impossible, its been there for only about five or six hours now. They must be lighter though." Then returned to his laptop, completely inconsiderate about the idea.

"And what are you doing at your laptop? It's been awhile and I wish I had half of your focus..." I smiled.

But it was a game, actually. I was good at saying what people wanted to hear, but at the moment he
made me really confused.

If he wanted me to leave, he would say my clothes are dry, right? Or at least, almost there... But he said it was impossible... Did that mean something or was he being rational about the time and weather?

I took the focus out of my clothes just to have him more at ease.

"I've been writing some songs and I'm producing them... But I'm still learning." And then I was impressed at how he just shared one more talent like that, with no one forcing him to say or show something.

"Are you kidding? All this time you've been producing there and you didn't shared with me? I'm a producer, you idiot!" I raised myself to lay beside him, facing the laptop.

My stomach hurt with the move, but it was bearable, just because of the ice.

"Call me idiot again and watch me taking all your teeth off." He was focused, using an editing program that I knew very well.

"Let me help you-"

"No." He put his arm between me and the thing, right when I was about to touch it.

"What? Are you ashamed? Are the lyrics bad?" I raised my eyebrows, teasing him.

He turned to me, getting really close to my face, almost too close. He gave me that gaze and I felt time freezing. "Don't." Was all he said. He was starting with the anger problem again, tensing his muscles, dropping his chin, trying to look like a predator.

"Okay, weirdo." I slowly backed off, laying on the bed with my stomach down, feeling the cold from the bag under me. He also returned to his duty and nothing was said until I spoke again. "I think I should go home..." I said, but the sound was changed, since my face was hidden.

"What?" He asked.

"I have to go home." I repeated, now looking at his right side face.

"Uh..." He paid attention, closing the laptop and turning to my side. "Yeah, I'll take your clothes. Don't forget your phone and wallet." He warned, starting to stand up.

I needed to have a conversation with Jinyoung and there was no safe place as home.

"Thank you for everything. I need to have a conversation with Jinyoung, so..." I lowered my head, looking at the messed white sheets under me.

"Sure, sorry for keeping you here. My mom kind of forced me to take care of you, so..." I looked up immediately.

Now I was starting to feel anger. Now I wanted to fight. What was his problem? Was is so hard to be nice for someone? Did that make him feel lower? Less cool?

Admit that he was the one concerned about me would make him lose a arm or a leg?

Right, I had to learn not to deposit my expectations in someone that wasn't me.
What I truly wanted to say was 'I know, your mom was here all along making you clean my wounds, right?', but all I said was:

"Yeah, right." Ironically. Because there was no way in hell that that was true.

Even feeling tempted to throw some truths on his face, I held it all inside. In the name of our future friendship.

"C'mon, I'll walk you to the door." He got out of the room and that gave me space to stretch and stand up at my pace. I took my phone and wallet, going downstairs, thinking of finding him where the clothes were.

"There's no need to, I know where is it." The arrogant beast was starting to wake up in my chest. It would eventually be stronger than me.

Why he had to be so... Cold?

Then he looked at me like I had just proposed a challenge.

And maybe I did.

"Oh, okay then." He had a ironic tone on his voice, one that I've learned to hate in such short period of time. Giving me my clothes, we both walked out of the kitchen. At the front door, I took my shoes, deciding to go back to my house barefoot. "You already know how to open a door, right? Sorry that my mother made you stay here for too long." He crossed his arms, raised his brows for the Nth time and watched me from afar.

Now HE was starting to be cruel and the entire world knows how I behave when people try to make fun of me...

"You must think I'm really dumb..." I said it in a completely disrespectful way, but I didn't care anymore. I hated to feel like a burden and he was a pro at doing it, but not only it. He was also a master at the arts of teasing me, which obviously would lead us to a fight. I saw the end of it in the very beginning...

"Get out of my house before I-" Then I twisted the door handle, but it was... Locked.

I did it again and again, but nothing. The door was one hundred percent locked.

"Well, genius... The door is locked. Grab the keys and open." I genuinely ordered him for the first time and it felt...

Great.

"What the fuck? Are you really that dumb?" He came in my way, pushing me, thinking the door was jammed or something.

"Check again, genius. Maybe the next time you try, it will magically open!" I gave him my worst smile and I positioned like I was ready to have a proper argument.

"Jackson, shut the fuck up or I swear, I'll make the other side of your mouth bleed and it will be bad..." He growled, pulling the door.

"IS NOT JAMMED, YOU IDIOT, JUST GRAB YOUR KEYS AND OPEN! And if you hit me, guess what-, You'll have to clean it! How wonderful!"
"THERE ARE-" He stopped himself, taking a deep breath as his chin was jolting. The amount of strength he was putting into controlling himself being clearly visible. "There are no other set of keys in this house." He sounded terrible low, forced and contained. His panther inside about to jump in my face and end me once and for all.

"And why the hell's that? What goes through your mind?! HONESTLY, FOR A MOMENT I REALLY THOUGHT I WAS THE PROBLEM, BUT I HAVE NO INSECURITIES NOW, HYUNG, YOU ARE DUMB!" I was screaming to his back until I finished that phrase and he turned around red like a tomato and mad like a beast, coming after me.

I ran.

I ran like the devil was coming behind me and I was really scared, since we were not on the streets and there was nobody around.

He would beat my wild ass up.

"YOU THINK YOU CAN RUN FOREVER?! I'LL KILL YOU!" He furiously came behind me even through the stairs, but I managed to get to his room and lock myself inside it before he could catch me. "OPEN THE FUCK UP!" And oh man, he was really mad, hitting the door like there was no tomorrow.

"Can I hear your password, sir?" I joked, laughing loud just to tease him more.

"JACKSON, GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY ROOM! NOW!" Oh, he was about to blow... I had it coming one hour or another, but I would enjoy it as I still could.

"Sir, if you don't behave, we'll have to call the security..." I took my phone out of my pocket, starting to shot a video from the moment.

"YOU ARE FUCKING DEAD!" He kept punching and hitting the door like a lunatic and I thanked God there was no one in home for him to scare to death.

"C'mon, Jaebeom-hyung... You really don't have extra keys to your own house... Oh, I bet you're gonna make a set as soon as you wake up tomorrow, huh?"

"FINE, FUCKING STAY THERE, THEN. LET'S SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN TAKE!" He sounded more ironic than angry right now and everything was being recorded.

"I don't know what you're talking about... Here I have internet, a bathroom, your laptop WITH TOUR SONGS, a lot of books... And I don't really feel hungry, hyung... So it seems like you're out of luck..." I walked around the room, having a better look at everything.

"Jackson, don't you DARE MESSING WITH MY LAPTOP!" He punched the door so strong that it made me jump and conclude that maybe we was capable of breaking it by just using his anger.

"Hyung, don't be too mad... Your chin might drop..." I laughed nervously, but I wasn't missing the opportunity at all.

"UGH!" It was the last thing I heard before he got silent, which made me even surprised.

Was he really this short determined? Damn it... I needed someone more persistent...

And that reminded me of Jinyoung. The main reason why I wanted to return home.
But I could try to call him from here. I was in danger, but it was safe enough. Jaebeom wouldn't hear anything.

So I returned to his bed, calling for Park, crossing my fingers for him to pick up.

"The number you called couldn't be reached. Please, try again." Was all I heard. Again and again.

Like ten times.

Okay, maybe he was still asleep or maybe his phone was dead...

It would be okay, he was drunk and vulnerable. Nothing that a talk wouldn't solve.

One hour and a half later, I was laying in his bed, entertained with my phone. I spoke with everyone except for Jinyoung and I took some time to say my thank you's to Jooheon and Minhyuk. Without them we would probably be at the hospital right now.

The house was silent. Completely quiet.

It was around 4:25 PM and still, Jaebeom's mom wasn't arrived.

I decided to make an attempt and get out of the room. He couldn't expel me because there was no way for me to leave the house - except for the windows, but they were too small.

Leaving everything in his room, I got to the stairs, having a upper vision from the rest of the house.

He was laying in the couch, remote control on top of his stomach, head resting in a pillow.

He was asleep, really like a grandpa in the couch.

I continually got down, step by step, walking to him, having his figure now in front of me, breathing heavily and slow.

Almost like an angel.

Or a kid.

Excluding the fact that he was actually the devil.

His hair was falling around all his face and his lips were slightly open. His facial features looked stronger now, cheekbones and chin, heavy eyebrows and a perfect distance between his head and neck, making him look longer, endless. But even sleeping, he represented a strong, manly figure, even if inside he had a different behavior, more artistic, good and kind, in a weird and contained way.

With my knees in the polished dark wood floor, I got closer to him, having the words more than ready in my brain.

I grabbed his left hand (the one he would probably use to punch me, because he was a left-handed) gently and caressed slowly, trying to wake him up.
"Hyung..." I called for him, watching his body breaking the regular deep sleep breathing, meaning he was coming back to reality. "Jaebeom-hyung..." Did I hated to call him hyung? Yes, but I didn't wanted him mad right now.

I would have future opportunities to tease him for real.

He slowly opened his eyes, but he had a fast reaction.

"Jackson, you asshole-"

"I know, I know, listen..." I forced him to lay down again, still holding his hand, tightening the grip. He laid back again, but starting to make his engines work. Anger shining bright in his eyes. "I'm sorry..." I had my best puppy face... There was no way he would resist it.

I could make it to his heart by being cute, right? By being loving and kind... I would make him melt and beg for more time with me... I would make him the center of my universe. Like the sun, and yeah, I couldn't stop the giggles from escaping just to think like this.

I would make him more than like me. He would love me.

Starting by now.

"I'm sorry for screaming at you... For being scandalous and ungrateful... I'm sorry that you had to bring me here and have this burden of taking care of me given by your mother... She's so kind-hearted..." I of course, looked deep into his eyes to say all that and I could see his fire burn at a slow pace. Slowly listening and letting himself breath.

"Right..." He whispered.

I can't believe is working, OH MY GOD!

I wanted to laugh really hard, but I had to keep up my acting.

"Please, forgive me..." I released his left hand and lowered my head, pretending I was about to cry, using my implosion of laughter.

"Yah, stop!" He pushed me and I controlled my face the best that I could, trying not to let a smile out, but I failed... I was smiling when he looked at me again. "Jackson..." He called my name, not really understanding anymore and that was exactly when I needed to explode. I released the loudest laugh that I could manage to and I was already lacking air. "I can't believe you were lying!" He grabbed my neck with his left hand and my left shoulder with his right hand, shaking me and putting some pressure. I was laughing so hard that I threw myself around and I looked like a caterpillar, a mess of laughs and completely out of breath. "I will kill you..." But I bet he couldn't even hear himself, since I was hysterical.

"I-I'm s-sorry..." Then another explosion of laughs. He raised me up and pushed me against the other couch, where I stood lifeless, trying to breath...

"Who do you think you are to go around my house like that, huh?" He putted himself with a knee at each side of my tights, but not really sitting on me.

His hands going to my neck again, an attempt to suffocate me. I didn't even understand why I was laughing so much, maybe it was a mixture of each face he would make at every second or the fact that I could see he was trying to maintain his anger, but was failing, or even maybe how ridiculous the situation was...
"I'm no one... I'm sorry..." I tried to breath and now the laughs were slowly going away. I had tears in my eyes. My hands supported themselves at the sides of my body, so they grabbed his thighs without a command.

"Will you do it again?" He came closer to me now, putting some weight in my body. My hands also tightened the grip on his thighs, being a reflex of my scared body, afraid of being beaten again.

"I don't know..." I teased, letting one last laugh escape because of his face.

He came closer to me, now really using some strength to suffocate me. His face was so close to mine that he surely felt the last warm breath I released, but he seemed not bothered at all. Actually, there was some kind of glow in his eyes, one that I've never seen before, and for someone hard to open up, he was really comfortable at top of me. Thinking about this I felt heat rising up to my face.

"Say that again..." I could feel his warm breath on my face, his closer to mine, our chests touching slightly.

"I won't... Hyung." I managed to be more serious now and look at us...

I was sitting on the couch, but he was leaning on me, dominating me and being completely satisfied at it. Loving the words I said, still trying to breath even with his grip on my neck... Like I was a dog...

I could identify a patronized behavior in his actions.

He needed to control me, to dominate me... He liked to grab my neck and make me do or say things. I could read on his eyes, completely focused, kind of obsessive and still angry somehow, but with a touch of fun on his smirk.

"Good." He got what he wanted, but he knew it would only be for now. He knew I wasn't going to be easy and he liked. I could see he that liked.

I was a challenge... And I was excited to make him lose.

He stared at my eyes one more time, just to let go of my neck and stand up like that was nothing.

*But it wasn't.*

*Observations:*

1 - *He didn't start shouting;*

2 - *He didn't hit me;*

3 - *He wasn't that angry and explosive anymore;*

4 - *He definitely wasn't afraid to be touchy with me and that was a fact since he grabbed me by my arm at our first dance class;*

5 - *He was capable of a lot of things just to make me do what he wanted me to do, like getting on top of me and suffocating me just to make me say sorry.*

*I had a lot of other observations, that made me construct his hole image and by now I could conclude he was more than a son and less than a Grandpa.*

*He was a hole dad material - not necessarily in that way, y'know.*
From the way he looked at my promiscuous moments with Jinyoung in a judgmental way (considered absurd by the Korean conservative society), to the way he made me call him *hyung*, even if he was only a month and a half older. From his tsundere way of taking care to me to his manners, by sending my mom a basket of fruits.

He was a leader. A good one.

For that I respected him - which was a lot better than my feelings of frustration whenever he was around.

He went to the kitchen, leaving all this past minutes for me to look at him and analyze his personality as I looked into his eyes.

Not weird at all, having our eyes meeting for a minute or so.

Maybe he was also analyzing my personality.

Oh, I was curious to know what he thought about me...

"We'll have to wait for my mom to arrive for you to go home, so let's make it easier:" He warned from the kitchen, so I couldn't see him. I stood up, following him. When I got to the space, he was serving himself with birthday cake ice cream, a good amount of it - and when I say good amount, I mean: it could serve two people. He didn't pay attention to my figure staring at his moves. "Don't mess with my things. Don't be noisy and relaxed. Don't insult me and if you are thinking about talking shit; stay quiet." He took a spoon and put away the ice cream back in the fridge.

"Yes sir!" I smiled, looking at him in a romantic way, just to tease him.

He then walked back to the living room. I grabbed another spoon, having the amazing idea of sharing without his permission.

When I also returned, he was sat at the couch with his legs crossed, choosing a movie on Netflix - it was a Sunday after all.

"Uhh, let's watch some drama!" I was being extra, really extra.

"We don't watch dramas in this house." And he was doing some effort to sound dry and rude, but again, I was learning to dodge it.

"And what are you going to watch in this house with your favorite guest?" I threw myself beside him, pushing against his body as if I was used to do so.

"Yah! Stay away!" He protested, making a face and pushing me away, breaking my expectations.

"I can't eat ice cream with you from that far without dropping on the couch..." I justified myself like a kid.

If he so desperately wanted to be a Dad, I could manage to be a kid.

I would be the worst kid ever.

"Who told you I was going to share?!" He frowned, turning to me. I went to his recipient, stealing his ice cream.

"Hajima... The amount you putted is a sign clear enough to me..." I ate happily, watching his face go absurd.
I laughed again, feeling truly happy.

"Aishh... I don't want it anymore." He gave me the hole recipient.

Oh, but that wouldn't be fun at all...

"Aish, hyung... C'mon, just choose whatever you want and let's enjoy..." But I kept eating.

He returned to the TV, choosing a horror movie, but I wasn't surprised. I could be slightly shocked at horror movies, but I was never truly terrified.

But I could pretend I was... Just to know his reaction.

"Why didn't you just grab some ice cream to yourself, you idiot?" He murmured, pouting like a baby.

"Because I wanted yours, of course." Uhhh, the teasing.

I was a master.

"Honestly, Jackson, you are so annoying..." He took the ice cream mug from me, starting to eat too.

It was good to see that we were not being truly aggressive with each other, just... Sulky.

"Yeah, I know, let's watch the movie now..." I pointed to the TV, cutting his chances to protest, receiving his looks of despise on me, making me only grin to myself. He eventually let it flow.

With that, we became silent, sharing his black mug filled of ice cream.

One more hour and a half later, the movie was at its climax, the spirits were making a party and the living guests were about to lose their shit. It was kinda scary seeing so much horror with spirits, since I believed in them, but nothing that two or three days of sleepless nights wouldn't fix. He was half laying, half sitting, unconcerned. The ice cream was long over and I was slowly getting closer to him.

In a unexpected moment, there was a jumpscare scene, and predicting that, I didn't paid attention, focusing at his own jump instead.

I wanted to laugh, but If I made him wake up from his illusions, he would push me away from him and I didn't wanted that. At all.

So he stood straight in the couch, leaning his back on it, crossing his arms. His muscles were buffing again, but this time I could see them naked, how beautifully sculpted they were.

"Jaebeom..." I got closer. He didn't moved a finger.

"What?" His voice was distracted.

"I'm scared." My voice sounded the way I planned: soft, small and slow.

"Ah, just cover your eyes." He was static and I wanted that. I wanted for him to be surprised, so
much that he would actually allow me to lay on him, looking for protection.

"Jaebeom..." I repeated his name, looking at him with a seriousness. He blinked twice and came to look at me back.

"What?" I could see him wondering what was wrong with me, looking for something that could be a problem. He now was completely focused on me, waiting for what was taking his attention off of the movie to be worth it.

I blinked, trying my best to seem like a terrified cat.

And talking about cat, the four of them had already showed up, but only Nora and Kunta came to me.

"D'you want me to stop and put something else?" He suggested, still pensive.

Jeez... How can someone be so stupid?

But it was cute anyways.

"I don't want to interrupt you, it's okay..." I forced, expecting some sort of answer.

"But if you're scared...-" He gave me what I wanted.

"Just... Keep watching, I'll find a way to feel more at ease." I confirmed with my face, my eyes passing him a security of decisions, but he wasn't a hundred percent sure yet, which was exactly how I calculated.

"Are you sure?" He raised his brows at me, looking in my eyes. I was melting inside out.

I nodded intensely, enchanted by the way he was truly concerned about me. He then took a deep breath and returned from where it stopped.

Ten minutes later, his back was leaning firmly on the couch and I finally took it as an opportunity.

Friends that leaned in horror movies together, stick together.

I slowly leaned back too, slightly brushing our arms. Not having a negative response, I came closer, and closer and closer.

Then our bodies were touching, our thighs, waists, arms and shoulders. I gently let my head fall on top of his shoulder, not putting too much weight, not to scare him.

After five minutes like that, I decided to go further. I needed to make him notice me, but in a positive way, like I belonged there. So I waited till the next jumpscare to make him shake in his vessel, to somehow, manage to slide closer to him, pretending I was also terrified.

It could be anytime.

Then it came.

We heard shouts on the TV, possessed voices and help callings. He jumped again and then laughed, probably thinking of how ridiculous he looked right now.

I didn't care, he was too cute.
I had an goal and I was going for it.

Like it was nothing, I grabbed his left - and dominant - arm, twisting mines around it, hiding my face behind his shoulder.

He laughed, imagining how scared I was, but I had to be quiet in the name of the plan and for him to keep his focus on the way I was scared.

It was a success. I already had his arm, but honestly, I doubted I could have more than this in a night. He wasn't giving me space do it. It somehow had to be half his wanting and mine. I know I was practically kicking his walls down, but I also wanted him to want them down, and he had a good pace, so I had no reasons to force things between us.

We came from two people who couldn't have a decent conversation to two people relaxing in the same bed, preparing food for the other, sharing the ice cream and watching movies together, horror movies. I had enough and I knew his boundaries.

I was never an introverted, but I had my hard times, wanting to be alone because I felt like the world around me was not worth it. It changed for me, even though sometimes I'd still have pessimistic thoughts. It could change for him too, whenever his anger came from and what made him like this.

He was never letting go of his introverted nature, just because we don't work like that, but I wanted to make him comfortable on his own shell, just so he wouldn't have a reason to hide.

It turned out that his mother was right. He was jelly inside and like all jelly, he had to protect himself from everything capable of crushing him. Poor pudding.

He had a better idea of me now, since the horror movie was over and I stole the remote control, continuing the drama I was watching these days.

"So, her mother finds out about some young and handsome guy that she's currently seeing, and of course is Jun-hui, but she can't see his face from the car." I pointed to the characters.

"Hm." He had his arms crossed, still being reluctant - and my right arm was still curled on his left.

"Jun-hui's sister starts to figure out their rendezvous, and so everything starts to fall apart." I finished telling the story from the beginning, so this one hour and twenty minutes episode could make sense.

"But of course, if you like it, you need to watch it from the start, so you can see the cute moments they spend together before realizing their love for each other..." I squeezed him when I said cute.

I also left the 'if you liked' part really clear, so he'd know he was still in control of his decisions, even though he was not, not really. I had to make him think that he was the one responsible for his decisions, but I was behind all of them and right now, I wanted him to start watching dramas.

"What makes you think I'll watch this when you go out of that door?" He pointed at the locked door with his thumb finger.

"I don't know, it's all on you, so it's a mystery." I wiggled my eyebrows, staring at him with a smirk.

"It's not. I won't watch it." He threw his head back.
I smiled anyways just because some hours before he was the 'we don't watch dramas in this house' dude and now he was watching my favorite drama of all times with me, who he supposedly hated too, at least two days ago.

"Fine..." But I laid on him, resting my head on his shoulder.

After that, I paid attention to the episode, having my body the same way for a couple of more minutes.

Till I heard it. The door being unlocked.

I waited for his reaction, but he stood the same way. Maybe he was okay with the fact that his mom could see us together like that.

The door quietly closed, Misses Im probably guessing we were asleep in the couch, doing some effort to be quiet.

Then she showed herself, coming at us to see our situation and I decided to remain awake.

She was surprised when I looked at her with a smile and she smiled back, a gigantic one, capable of lighting up the dark house.

I slightly raised my head from his shoulder just to say hi and seeing her denying with her hands, she didn't wanted me to move. I made a 'O' with my mouth and returned to Jaebeom's shoulder, but not before looking at him and noticing he was asleep.

Jeez, where did this guy took so much restlessness from?

Whatever. I just had to return to the ending episode.

His mother went to the kitchen, trying her hardest not to wake her son up with the big plastic bags with food inside.

The song of the ending episode started to play and in my way to reach the remote control on his other side, I made some moves on top of his body. Moves that awakened him.

"Uh... Is it over?" He turned to look at me, voice raspy, not bothering our closeness at all. Then he looked at the TV, the slides with pictures of the couple passing by.

"Neng." I whispered, since my own voice was weird from the time I was silent.

"Ah." He affirmed.

He passed his right hand through his hair and touched my right tight with his left one, probably completely aware of anything - which I loved.

"Do you mind if I watch another one?" I asked, hiding behind his broad shoulder.

His hand was still on my thigh.

My thumb caressed his arm really softly, but I wasn't controlling it, it just happened.

He didn't noticed.

"Ani... Do whatever you want." He took a lazy deep breath.
"Are you going to sleep again, grandpa?" I laughed, tightening my hands around his arm.

He turned back at me, feeling offended.

"Yah... I doubt no one wouldn't sleep watching this..." He raised his brows. I laughed.

"You will like it once you start from the beginning." I guaranteed.

It was really nice having this moment with him. I could feel my heart full, like I was doing something right. There wasn't a missing feeling.

Then he laughed, loud.

"You can't make me watch this..." He challenged.

"Hm..." I had an idea. I also had his eyes focused on me. "Rock, paper and scissors to decide if you'll watch it or not?" I retorted.

"I'll not watch it even if I lose..." He smiled, probably loving the competition.

"C'mon, I can give you something for you to fight for..." He couldn't deny the proposition. "If you win, I'll do anything you want." Oh, it was a risky game...

He was aware of a lot of my weaknesses.

"Anything?" His body turned completely to me, but now his hand was back at his own lap.

"Just chose one thing and I'll do it. Of course... If don't you lose. If you lose, you'll have to watch it."

"You want me to watch that shit this bad? You realize there's a lot in game, right? Since I can ask for anything..." He raised his brows, like a real player. I could see the excitement in his dark eyes, looking straight at me.

"I'm not afraid." I had a feeling he wouldn't ask for something so absurd. Maybe something that would give him more control over me, but not so absurd.

When I said that, it looked like I had just whispered him the lottery numbers.

"Let's do it then." He sat completely facing me now and I had to let go of his arm, but again, he didn't noticed.

"Wait, what do you want if you win?" I got myself ready, big smile in my face, mirroring his.

"I want a wish. And then when I need it, I'll use it. It can be whatever I want, at anyplace and anytime..." Oh, he was playing dangerous. I admit it, I wouldn't mind losing just to see what he would ask for. "You up to?" He smirked, face sharp, hair falling in his eyes.

I took a deep breath.

"Deal." I said, already excited for any results.

"One time or best out of three?" He was really serious about winning. Was Something In The Rain that of a bad drama?

"Oh my God, you really don't want to watch it, huh?"
He didn't answered, but smiled again. "Best out of three."

I shifted my body, as if relaxing for a very important competition.

"Kay, but you'll have to win the three of them... You ready?" He copied my moves, good humor all around him.

"Neng."

"Okay. Rock, paper-"

"Scissors!" We said together.

He was paper, I was rock.

"Shit!" I was shaking now.

"YES!" He celebrated, like he had already won. "Rock, paper and scissors!" He shouted the second round.

I was scissors and he was rock.

"Fuck yeah..." I was so nervous that I didn't even shout.

"Okay, last chance, Jackson..." He was careful, sleeking his hair back, but it continuously insisted to fall off on his face.

"Okay... Rock, paper and scissors!" I finished it, just testing my luck, and wow...

I was scissors again and he was paper.

"AISH!"

"WOAH!" I screamed proudly, laughing really loud right after.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!" He shook me by my shoulders.

"NEITHER DO I, I THOUGHT-"

"AISH, JACKSON-AH!"

"... YOU WERE GOING TO WIN!" We laughed genuinely hard and happily.

"Yah... Seems like you both are having extra fun..." Misses Im appeared at the kitchen's doorstep, making us stare at her.

"EOMMONI!" Jaebeom shouted again, looking from her to me and from my natural and explosive excitement, I faded.

It meant I had to go back home.

"Are you two fighting or celebrating?" She smiled at us, clearly seeing our happiness.

"When did you arrived?" Jaebeom got to her and I knew my moment to disappear.

I went upstairs to take the clothes I had left since my locked up moment and after finding the other two cats for the first time - being scared as fuck -, I returned downstairs.
"Jackson, why didn't you wake me up?" He came to me, but he wasn't mad, just worried.

Then it happened: he stretched his hand, going for my shoulder, but when he was about to touch me, he backed off and I was really disappointed. I wanted him to touch me for no reason. I wanted him to feel more at ease with me, but it seemed like it was a big deal for him. We still had all those walls to demolish.

"I don't know... I didn't want to bother you..." I certainly looked like a kid who ate someone else's piece of cake on the refrigerator without asking for permission, and let's say Jaebeom really appreciated a good slice of strawberry cake. I had no right to take it away from him.

"I wasn't going to be angry... But you need to go home, you mom might worry..." He chose his words carefully, staring from my eyes to somewhere above them, in the most attentive way.

My mom...? My mom was okay, the only problem was Jinyoung...

SHIT, JINYOUNG! I FORGOT!

"I need to go!" I put everything I owned in my pockets. At the door, I grabbed my shoes, but not putting them. "Close the door for me!" Than I ran.

"Wait!" He shouted, coming right behind.

Shit, was Im Jaebeom asking me not to hurry back to my house?

Funny, because four or less hours ago he would throw me out of the window...

"What?" I froze in the middle of his mother's small garden. He walked to me, also barefoot.

"Do I really need to watch that drama...?" He made a face, but I could see his contained smile behind it.

I can't believe Im Jaebeom was asking for my permission to sabotage our deal...

He was really soft...

"Let's make a new deal..." I openly smiled, knowing he would agree without looking back. His eyes were on me, like cat's eyes. It kinda reminded me of Jinyoung's, just because of the security they passed, but besides that, they were completely different. "If you watch three episodes, send a picture watching and explain them to me the next day, I'll give you your wish." I raised my brows, letting my smile count.

His face lighted up with possibilities.

"And do I have to watch everything eventually or...?"

"That's on you. If you desperately need a wish from me, then watch it."

"Why would I desperately need a wish from you?" He crossed his arms, enjoying the moment.

He was so ambitious... Jeez...

"No idea! You tell me! So!" I supported one hand in my waist, using the other to hold my clothes.

"Are you in?"

"Can I think about it? Can it be two episodes instead of three?"
"Yah, decide right now! And yes, two is okay." I made some pressure.

"Ugh... Fine... Deal." He gave me his hand to shake, but I grabbed and held it, sealing our deal with a good eye contact.

After a couple of seconds, we both released at the same time, still looking in each others eyes.

"Right. Now I really need to go, I have to talk to Jinyoung-ah..." He crossed his arms again, gaining his pose back. "Thank you for everything, see you tomorrow!" I shouted, waving my hand, eventually running.

He still was looking at me from the garden when I unlocked my door, smiling one last time and getting in.

The lights in my house were off and I saw no one in the main floor. I wasted no time, running to my room and recharging my phone, also calling Jinyoung and putting on the speaker.

It took like seven seconds and three beeps and a half, when I heard the background sound before Jinyoung spoke.

"What?!!" Was the first thing he said, sounding impatient, but not explosive.

"Yah! Jinyoung, what happened?! I called you like ten times!"

I locked my room's door, sitting by the window, where I could see Jaebeom's window front-siding mine.

"What happened? Well, what happened is that I was ignoring you after you went to Jaebeom hyung's house to spend the fucking night, like I don't even exist!" As he shouted, I looked for my headphones, afraid someone might hear him.

"What the fuck are you talking about? Are you still drunk? Are you by yourself now?"

"Yes, Jackson! I'm by myself, in a fucking playground square, waiting for your call to explain yourself, because I couldn't stand staying inside the fucking house and I swear to God, I'll fucking kill you!" He shouted at plain lungs, in a way I had to turn the volume down in order not to be deaf.

"JESUS!" I shouted back, starting to mix my anxiety with anger. "What did I do?! Why are you so mad?!"

"Because I was told you went to Jaebeom hyung's house, so you could have some privacy! And of course this means FUCKING!" He was turning into a beast and I really wanted to punch someone right now. The same person who told him me and Jaebeom were together in a deeper and fake meaning.

"What the hell are you talking about, Jinyoung! THAT'S ABSURD! YOU KNOW WE CAN BARELY STAND EACH OTHER!"

"WHAT? NOW YOU DENY IT? AFTER SPENDING THE NIGHT AND THE ENTIRE DAY THERE?!"

"I'M NOT DENYING ANYTHING BECAUSE NOTHING HAPPENED, CAN YOU PLEASE LISTEN?!"
"DON'T SCREAM AT ME! I SWEAR I'LL FUCKING END THIS RIGHT NOW!"

"WHAT...? Fine!" I dropped my voice, realizing nothing would be solved if we kept screaming. "Please, don't hang up... Just listen..." I took a deep breath, feeling him doing the same. "Nothing happened between us, Jinyoung... I was in pain on the ground and he happened to just be there, sober and ready to help... When I saw Mark and Youngjae in the middle of the wild, I hadn't hesitated to go punching the idiots who caused the whole confusion, but I wasn't at my best. Actually, people said I was a shame trying to defend them, but I had to try, even if I was only a dead weight for them to focus their anger on... I'd rather have them punching me then watch my friends getting hurt and you know it..." I took another deep breath, knowing he was following my reasoning. "It turned out that I was fucking beaten up and tomorrow I'll still be in pain and you will see the bruises in my stomach and neck. Jaebeom came to finish the fight and he took me home, not because he's a hero or because we have something, but because he's my neighbor. That's everything. I don't even remember getting to his house, he probably had the hardest time ever... When I woke up, I threw up on his bathroom and I was probably still drunk, but in general I was feeling like shit. He gave me medicines and I had lunch there, but I couldn't go home as soon as we finished, because his mother got out and locked us up inside. You should be thanking them for feeding and taking care of me, really."

"You two were locked up alone inside his house?!"

"Jinyoung, please..." I begged. "It wasn't a big deal. We fought in the middle of the afternoon and I called you. I gave the boys news about me, but you were the only one I couldn't contact... After that, we waited for his mom to arrive and I left, and now I'm here with you... I know you're better than this, I know that you know it makes sense," I didn't shared a lot of things, but they were not important. Not for the serial killer at the other side of the line just waiting for the opportunity to finish me irrationally.

"And how do I know you're telling me the truth? How do I know you both didn't do anything in my back?"

What was this conversation? Did I slept at something and miss the part that made our open relationship something else?

Suddenly we were monogamous and no one told me!

Why should I feel guilty for absolutely nothing!

"Ask Jaebeom hyung tomorrow... I don't care if you don't trust me. Actually, it offends me that you don't trust me, but this is another conversation."

"You call him 'Hyung' now? Great. It seems like you're closer than I think! Trusting you is the hardest thing to do right now, if only you put yourself in my shoes."

"Don't!... Start this." I spoke slowly, really trying to be better than an idiot completely out of control. "Just check with him tomorrow and after that, we'll have this conversation." I threw myself in my bed, feeling mentally tired from a day full of emotions. "And I'm terminating this conversation. Hope you think about it and we can have a civilized talk tomorrow." I finished.

"I hope so, Jackson." He had the audacity to say, before hanging up in my face.

"He has to be fucking kidding me..."

Seriously? I was going to find the person who told him Jaebeom and I needed a moment and I was
"How was the party and where did you slept Saturday?" My mom was quick at the interrogatory. We were all finishing the family breakfast at the table.

"Great-" I lied. "And at Jaebeom's house. I was trash and you know how loud I can be when I drink." I tried to anticipate her questions by giving reasonable answers.

She made a face.

"You sure it wasn't at Jinyoung's house?"

"Why do you say that?" It was not possible that the universe was against me like that.

"I don't know, maybe you were too drunk to remember or something..."

"Is the idea of sleeping at Jaebeom's house that impossible to happen?" I raised my eyebrows, shocked at my mom's reactions.

My dad was just messing on his phone, not really caring.

"Well... Yes? I thought he didn't liked you." She putted a piece of apple in her mouth.

I raised my brows even more at her intuition... Was there anything my mom didn't know about? Was that even possible?

"Yah, mom...!" My voice was affirmative and confused. "How could you possibly know that?"

Chapter End Notes

So, see yall down there?
Looking forward for what you think and I really appreciate constructive critics, they help me improve...
Glad to have you here once again! Hope you had fun!!!
See yall next time <3
"I'm not blind... I guess this feeling kind of changed...?" She looked at me suggestively.

She was unbelievable...

I stopped to analyze my answer and make it as accurate as I could. "Jaebeom can seem tough and hard from outside... Intimidating, at least. And don't get me wrong, he can be really aggressive... Really..." I paused to think of how to explain his truly side without making him look like a complete pudding, like his mother had no hesitation to tell me.

She must've really trusted me.

"But?" She continued.

The witch was more anxious than ever, oh my god...

"But... He's good. Golden heart, you know?" I blinked at her, trying to make him cool in her eyes.

"Yes, I do." She smiled a hundred percent confident, as if she knew Jaebeom better than I did, which was really annoying.

"He's what we call cold hands, warm heart, right?" I blinked again, because I loved to make this reference. It reminded me of myself years ago, getting in a relationship where I had the warm hands, but my heart was never truly owned by the one I loved.

For all the effects, I'm still like this, until I find someone who can make my hands cold and heart warm.

"That's good... It means he just needs some time to learn how to deal with you... I genuinely thought he didn't liked you..." She shrugged.

"Mom!" Now I was starting to feel like I was the problem.

"Sorry!" She started to laugh. "It's just that you are too much, you know?" I was intrigued, but I didn't had the intentions to deny. "You're too loud, too funny, too sympathetic, you show yourself too much and you're just... Extra... Jaebeom is the type who likes things more directly..." I looked at her like I was offended - and she believed it. "It's not that you don't, is just that you tend to hide what you truly mean, instead, saying what the other person would like to hear..."

"When did this became a therapy section?" I looked at Dad, who just laughed, showing that he wasn't talking, but he was listening very well.

I was even more shocked.
Was she calling me a superficial?!

"I'm not superficial, okay?" I stood up, finishing my toast.

She did the same, putting her plate in the sink.

"If you say so..." And I hated when she did this. This ironic I-know-better-than-you-do mood. "I like him." She confessed, grabbing her purse.

"Of course you do! He gave you a basket full of fruits! Who does that?" I opened my arms widely, the same amount I felt like she liked him.

Or the same size of the basket, honestly, I wasn't carrying too much.

"Shush! Let's go, I'll be late. Bye honey!" She shouted from the door, all the keys in her hands, reminding me of Jaebeom's one-key-only to his front door.

My mom opened the wooden object the same way she does everyday, probably expecting the same scene as always, but today was different.

Because Jaebeom was sitting at the steps of the house, waiting for us.

Not that he usually doesn't wait, it's just that he would wait around the car - and not looking at my face for as long as he could, but never being rude to my mom.

"Jaebeom-ssi!" My mom so excitedly greeted him. He, somehow, looked better than ever for unknown reasons. Like he woke up at the right side of the bed.

"Good morning Misses Wang. How are you today?" Was this smiling figure asking how my mom was today for real?

*What happened?!*

"I'm radiant! It looks like you are too!" I imagined my mom flying towards the car, speaking like she was someone's godmother fairy.

"Of course..." He was smiling and not hiding his face, all charms. He was prince charming itself. How cute.

I was deadly curious. Should I speak to him? Was the day at his house all made in my imagination? Did we actually broke the ice yesterday?

Was this good humor of his somehow connected with the day we spent together?

Having so many questions, I decided that remain silent was the best option, waiting for his approach, not wanting to look too desperate or scare him away. I was not controlling myself that much, though, because Jaebeom never made me feel like an alien or like us together wasn't right, as surprising as it sounds. I was just carefully learning how to deal with him. Carefully invading his space.

We followed my mom still in silence. He didn't said a word to me, nor looked in my direction. Now I was starting to worry.

Did I had to break his walls every time we met or was he only being honorably educated yesterday, not really letting me in?

Funny, because he didn't looked like someone who would do things to please someone else.
When we sat side by side inside the car, I felt some tension: we had to put our seat belts without looking or accidentally touching each other.

I just began doing it, thinking about finishing first, so he would have the space all to himself, but I failed.

Because he had the same idea as me.

So of course our hands were this close to touch and our heads too, since we both inclined at the same time. When my hair brushed on his, it was too much to pretend that nothing happened.

"Sorry." I murmured. *Was I shy? I have never been shy in my entire life! I didn't even known the meaning of 'insecure'!*

He looked up and our eyes met like a lightning. He was looking really fine, skin perfectly toned, but a little bit yellowish around his eyes and nose, perfect brushed eyebrows and his jet black hair aligned, recently brushed. His eyes were still not that awake, but they were focusing on me in a tender way, that made my heart beat weakly warm. He didn't cared. I could read it on his face.

"It's okay." He said, lips pushing a soft smile, which I almost failed to see.

There was something really weird changing Jaebeom's natural killer mood...

He was... cute.

Cuter than ever.

Controversially, I proudly smiled, not being able to contain how happy I was that he didn't cared. Like those simple words were capable of changing my expectations for a day in the simplest first hours. He had no idea how powerful he was, not only to me. It was like I was deciphering the secret code to his heart, number by number.

"Okay..." My mouth was dry. I didn't want to start a conversation and make things weird. No. I could bare this comfortable silence.

Five or six minutes later, my mom was already talking non-stop with her friend and as they were distracted, the talking noise made me even more relaxed, like a seven out of ten.

I watched the view from the window. The everyday view. The same streets, same people doing the same things. Same traffic at specific avenues and same relief when we got out of them.

I was used to sit behind my mom's friend and Jaebeom was everyday sat behind my mom, still smelling kind of sweet and slightly strong, as ironical as it sounds. There was just something about his smell. About how it was proudly always there, marking presence. Strawberry and coconut, but a little bit more sophisticated as he added a imported perfume. It smelled like *Montblanc, Legend.*

I knew it because I had a particularly good taste in perfumes and I liked everything that could add a little something to someone's aesthetic.

I liked his.

I liked the relaxed way he let his naturally dried hair swing freely at top of his head, even though I knew at the party he used the blow drier to style it. I preferred the natural him, natural skin glowing, all his moles and the pout on his pinky lips. It felt like he extended his morning routine and had no reasons to leave his bed at all.
What a cat creature.

Vain, naturally beautiful, clean and with a slight touch of laziness, only to fed up his charm.

His voice was low and melodic, relaxed and peaceful. Harmony and balance seemed to walk along with him. It made me comfortable.

I hated routines, but I was learning to get used to ours, even though I had to be careful with having Jaebeom like this, knowing he wasn't this prince charming all the time.

So I felt it, coming from my left hand, to my arm, my spine and warming my heart even more.

He touched my hand. I looked at his direction like I was going crazy.

"So... Let me tell you..." He had a funny face staring at me, as if he was as unused to do this as much as it was unusual for me to feel the way he was making me feel. Something wrong went with my breathing process, shit was just confuse.

Four following seconds and he let go of my hand. Eyes still focused. I could see some of his white teeth showing, perfectly aligned and formed, framing a new type of smile.

"What?" I managed to say, still whispering for no apparently reason. It seemed like I was malfunctioning and I had no idea how to make it stop.

What the hell was happening to me?

"We have a door that leads to the backside of my house that is constantly unlocked in case something happens..." And I swear to God, Jesus and all of the saints above, that was the longest sentence he had ever said to me in the morning.

And also, I didn't understood why was that important.

My face was clearly clueless, because then he smiled even more widely at me as he returned to explain. "You could've get out of my house through that door, but I didn't know..." He bent his head, looking even more good than the normal.

Aish... So that was the reason why he was so happy, right? The fact that he figured a way to put me out of his house.

"Oh!" Now my voice was unnatural again. Disappointed. Louder.

He laughed silently, but his mouth opened at a full power and his eyes almost disappeared.

I laughed too, just looking at him. It wasn't funny at all, since I didn't truly wanted to get out of his house, but he would never know. Neither I knew, before I had a great time with him. "I don't mind it, though... We had a great time..." I had my hopes too high... I just wanted for him to share the same feeling as me, but I knew it was too much.

Right?

"Maj-a..." He confirmed, looking back through the window - and I'm glad he did it, since my chin dropped from disbelief.

Hold up... Was I putting my expectations too high or was I just being ridiculous? Or both?!

Did Jaebeom just confirmed that we had a great time together?!
I went full silent after that and my heart was fluttering. I desperately wanted to understand why his behave would make me so nervous... There was nothing in there, he was just too quiet before and now he would touch my hand just to call my attention... That was nothing... I had tons of friends who were really shy with me at first, just to hide their crazy asses... I was used to all kinds of people, so why was he making me so uncomfortably nervous?

What was this about him? Since when he has this kind of power?

As I struggled in a inner battle with myself, we arrived at the UNI. Mom gave me money and he got out of the car as I was having one of my episodes of depersonalization, seeing my body moving like I was watching from a big screen from inside, trying to understand how I was able to put myself out and give me the illusion of incapacity at the same time.

This would happen whenever I felt confused and excited at the same time, like it was a defensive mechanism to lower my energy.

"You okay?" I heard him speaking two feet in front of me, noticing my silence and paralyzed face.

"Yeah, why?" I got back into myself.

No one had ever noticed this thing about me. How I'd have these episodes from time to time, being really quiet and feeling out of place.

Jinyoung was the closest I had from someone being aware of this, but even him would ask me to come back to earth.

But it wasn't like this.

"You seemed pretty lost. Are you there?" He didn't looked at me again to say this, but I knew he thought the same as my best friend.

But I wasn't a lunatic, I just felt like a player, using its only available shape for the game, stuck in a level that it seemed to last forever and ever.

I was tired of repeating.

Of going back and forward, coming and going.

This wave used to hit me more when I was in high school, but it would make its visits once in a while.

"Yeah..." Prolonging the subject was not really on my plans, so I just changed it. "But hey... I just wanted to say thank you again for taking care of me... Let's have lunch together today. I'll treat you with whatever you want." He turned to look at me, probably not expecting it, but he also had a displeased surprised face, turning into a disappointed one right after.

"Uh... I'll pass. By the way, I dreamed of you, but I'll tell you some other time." He saw something behind me and he made no effort to hide that he was leaving. "See you around." Then he walked away, as if he'd seen a ghost.

Okay, I admit.

I worked hard trying to be weird, but Jaebeom worked harder...

He just refused a free lunch and I was the lunatic...
We must be perfect for each other's minds.

"Yah..." A voice that I knew too well in a lot of aspects spoke to me, someone bumping on my left shoulder, messing with my balance.

When I turned around, Jinyoung had this mix of expressionless face with anger, eyes fixed on me, kind of red, so of course he's been crying.

"Hey." He crossed his arms as I spoke, like he was already defending his point of view without even listening to mine, which was stupid and unfair.

Shit, this was going to be hard...

"So, I can see that you both are doing great. Of couse, your performance is perfect in a bed, after all. Unfortunately, Jaebeom-hyung has good taste." He was really mean in his way of saying those words to me, never hesitating or even blinking, as if he was truly convinced of that.

"We're gonna have this conversation. Not here, not now." Right, that was the thing in the back of my head making me frustrated and anxious. The main reason why I had depersonalization - more like a escape land, a safe room, even though I felt not safe at all.

Not that deep inside I knew it was the reason why Jaebeom refused my company, here and at lunch time. I would probably not have time to lunch at all... Mouth busy trying to convince and understand Jinyoung through a long and complicated talk.

"I hope you have your fucking arguments ready. I'm not letting this go." He proudly walked away from me too, tongue twisting with curses, something he rarely did, mostly in mornings.

"Neither am I." I said to myself, watching as he walked away and even mad at me he looked just delicious. I wanted to end him right then and now.

He was making me confused in a way I couldn't explain. Our relationship was making me frustrated and his confidence in my supposed betrayal was making me angry. I had a lot of questions to make and I knew I wasn't talking as much as he should talk to make himself clear to me.

So that was it.

After a lot of intermissions between classes, only seeing Jinyoung, but not talking to him, the lunch time arrived.

I haven't met any of our friends in my way to the refectory, so they were probably altogether.
"Jackson." Mark touched my shoulder as we got down the stairs.

"Hey, Mark... How are you feeling?" Mark never asked me to call him Hyung and honestly, the fact that he was american made us ever more closer. Like we shared the same culture.

"Better than yesterday, for sure. How are you feeling?" He slipped his hand through to my right arm, holding there.
"Well..." I showed him the bruises my formal shirt was hiding in my neck and stomach. "I'll survive." I laughed.

"Woah..." He moved my shirt again, to check my neck. "I'm gonna treat you with whatever you want, bro... I don't know how to apologize..." His face was scrunched.

"It's okay... Let's go for some ice cream after the dance practice today. I still need to have a conversation with Jinyoung and I know I'll need something to refresh myself." The stairs were over, so now we needed to walk three blocks till we find everyone.

"Fine, but it'll be a big ass ice cream just 'cause you deserve it." We laughed. "And what happened between you and Jinyoung?" He still held my arm firmly through everyone in the corridors.

"Ah, man..." I released the air from my lungs. "After the fight I went to Jaebeom's house. Actually, still in the fight, Jaebeom-hyung saved me and finished the guys who were still trying to get to you and Youngjae. I'm pretty sure the way things happened made Jinyoung, who was really drunk, imagine and see things."

"Imagine?" He was following my thoughts.

"Yes, you were there, maybe you remember him screaming my name and Jaebeom also out of himself, telling everyone not to touch me - including Jinyoung..."

"Woah... I can remember everything, but I was focusing on keeping Youngjae alive, after the punches he received. And I think... Jaebeom was probably really wasted or... He really cares about you... Getting into a fight without actually having something to fight for it's ridiculous, don't you think?" He stared at me and I stared back, because this was a new fact for my brain and Mark was strangely, but not rarely right.

"I don't think it was me, I think he understood the situation and thought of it as as absurd as everyone who tried to help." Yes, Jackson... This was one of the possibilities... Maybe he cared about the situation, maybe he just saw us earlier and tried to help after seeing us, maybe he identified himself with the act between Mark and Youngjae and moved by the injustice, he did amazing things. Maybe it was just me and my face that he saw. Just maybe. "There are a lot of possibilities, Mark, but the most accurate of them is: He knew us and saw us. He came to help." I wandered back to the front, not really focusing on anything as we walked at the same pace towards where the smell of food was coming.

"No moral beliefs attached?" He knew what I was talking about and there was no fucking way...

"Nah." I made a face, one that Mark and I shared too often whenever we had different opinions. "I think he's a homophobic..." I lowered my voice to say that and we were almost at the cafeteria.

"How the fuck do you know this?" He came closer to me and whispered, knowing this was a secret.

"Every time I talk about Jinyoung, or even when we are together, he becomes somebody else, much rudder and non-receptive. He can't even hide it." I looked at my friend's face one more time, to express how serious I was taking that argument forward.

He understood one more time, nodding, staring deep into my eyes just to return to the flux of people getting in and out of the common area we were about to reach.

"So you know there are way more combinations of probable situations as to why he saved you and all of us, right?" He raised his eyebrows, making me take a deep breath.
"Hm..."

"Maybe he's not homophobic, maybe he's just jealous of you two and he might emphasize with the rest of us..."

"But what if he's a homophobic, but has us like exceptions to his phobia because he somehow knows us? Maybe he felt directly attacked...?" I rent my head.

"Maybe, but I think is hard for a homophobic to have exceptions to something he truly believes, it's not like he can control it... Like, 'I'll be accepting on LGBT's now because I need to defend these people, but it's just for a minute and then I'll return to my boring life'," Mark failed to mimic Jaebeom's voice because it was higher than his, but I could totally get what he was saying. We stopped at the center of the refectory, having people moving around us and speaking at the same time. "He'd had to love us too much to defend us, passing through what he believes like that, which I think it's hard." I sighed, hearing his point of view.

"So you have the same arguments as Jinyoung." I raised my eyebrows again, gesticulating with my hands. I'd had to find my arguments to defend that there was nothing going on behind Jinyoung's back. Mark frowned. "He thinks Jaebeom is secretly having a crush on me and for that he saved me from having a internal bleeding on that nasty ground. He thinks me and Jaebeom had something yesterday at his house and I cheated on him, as if this is even possible, since we have a polyamorous relationship."

"And what's the truth?" He supported his hands on his waist, making me offended for thinking that there was a possibility that we could have something, exceeding all the invisible rules between Jinyoung and I's relationship - which seemed to consist in 'you can hook up with anyone, EXCEPT for Im Jaebeom'.

I was honestly growing tired of denying that me and the boy who I just had the chance to meet yesterday had something - just because the idea was too impossible in my head.

"The truth is that Jaebeom did took care of me, from the club to the last minutes I had in his house and yes, we are kind of friends now, but that's all." That was great. Was exactly what I had to say to Jinyoung when he stated his accusations, but it proved nothing.

"So are you sure that there is no possibility that you both are together in a romantic way...?" He insisted, making me roll my eyes back.

"Yes, I'm more than sure. It would be impossible. Guy's as straight as palm tree and has a lot of trouble open up to me and that's why I believe there's no danger on him getting attracted to me. I can't prove that he's a homophobic, but it's pretty evident the way he shows his despise for homoaffectivity. Not because he secretly wants me or something, but because after all the great times we spent together, he still runs away or avoids the 'Jinyoung' thing and he's just antisocial. But he also has a normal relationship with Jinyoung. They are acting partners. If the problem was him, they would not necessarily get along well, he's too aggressive for that." I was hopeless. The situation seemed like an endless hole. That's what you get for trying to guess other people's feelings. "The problem is when Jinyoung and I are together. He stares at us like he's going to commit a crime."

"I get it now..." Again, I released a deep breath. "I hope Jinyoung understands too. I know how emotional and impulsive he can be. It might be in his way to fully comprehend you. Just keep trying. Everything about it makes sense." He assured me, wrapping his arm around my waist.

"Thank you, Mark. This helped me a lot." It did. As much as it made me impatient and sick, it also kept my arguments in place and I had my mind less blurred.
"I'm always here, bro. Now let me take care of baby Youngjae." We were almost at our table. Bambam, Youngjae and Jinyoung were there.

"Yah, I can't believe he came today! Mark, he needs to rest!" I shout-whispered, referring to Youngjae's face, as if he had visited hell for a night just to say hello and returned with more than simple assurance that he didn't belonged there.

"I know, but his mother made this like a punishment for his sneak-out. I'm taking care of him, don't worry." He smiled tenderly at the terrible vision of a Youngjae with a purple eye and bruises in his youth and cheeks.

_Poor boy._

_I could respond in the same intensity to the boys who did this to him if I met them again._

"Jackson, you look great!" Bambam pointed out once we got to the table, trying to get to Youngjae indirectly.

"Yah, Bambam! I see you!" Youngjae protested.

"Thank God!" He answered and all of us laughed at the tricky commentary, except for the poor Choi and Jinyoung - who looked like a kid without friends.

"Let's go." I lowered my torso, trying to not attract attention at all, so he could listen and follow me. And he did. Never looking in my face.

I guided us through the way to the campus, where we had plenty of space for him to shout at me and make a scene without everyone noticing. I already knew a quiet Jinyoung. It meant fire in his eyes, since he was boiling his emotions from inside out. One touch and he would throw it all in someone's face without hesitating.

Once we got to a big empty field, I turned around to him with my arms crossed.

I feel tired. I have no energy to fight him.

"Okay, now say it." I asked, looking at his stressed face, like he was warming up in our way till here. Completely different from me.

I was irritated back at the table, but just making my way through here, I felt tired.

"So, tell me exactly what is going on between you two." He crossed his arms again - bad sign. It was funny though, the way he strongly believed Jaebeom and I had something, making it more than clear how insecure he was when it came to Jaebeom, for reasons I still had to know.

Jinyoung knew me. He knew I wasn't capable of keeping a secret of mine, much less from him. I was an open book.

"We are friends." Was all I said.

"Just friends?" It was irony hidden behind the question, which meant it was going to take me much more than three words to make him believe in me.

"Jinyoung, why don't you believe in me? Why is it so hard to see that you're being completely extra about this? Is a fight really necessary? We need to begin the real conversation." I pressed my hands
against each other, looking around dismissively.

"Okay, your turn, then." He hid his small but strong hands in his pockets, eyebrows raising in debauch. He was so fucking stubborn, it was making me stressed.

I came two steps closer, since this was going to be real.

Proximity always made him more receptive. Blame it on his necessity of physical contact.

He never had enough touches, always wanted more.

"I know you're truly thinking a lot of shit about me staying at Jaebeom's house, thanks to this unknown person that said we were going to have a "great time" or what ever - which I'm going to murder sooner or later, but..." He looked somewhere else and I knew he was hiding something. Something about this third person. It made me thirsty for answers. "Since I can remember... Our relationship is polyamorous..." He looked in my eyes again and now I could see hurt mixed with a lot other things as he slowly lose his composure. "So why couldn't I hookup with anyone else in that party if I wanted? Would you behave like this if it was anybody else but him or are you specifically jealous of him?"

Those were the real questions. It was so important that he dropped a tear from each eye without blinking. His gaze was intense on me and his nose was starting to get red.

Shit... I knew this talk would have no space for rationality, what ever it was that he was about to say.

"That's what I tried to tell you that night, before I went to the washroom and then all that shit happened." He dried his tears, using the sleeves of his grey sweater - which made him even more cute. I had a weak point when it was about Jinyoung.

More like all of me became weak, actually.

"Tell me now." I got one step closer and only two more steps would be enough for us to touch and I wanted it. But I couldn't be so weak. He took a deep breath, staring at the ground, blinked twice and returned his intense gaze at me, as if gaining courage. As if deciding if it was now or never.

"Jacksseun-ah." My name was beautiful coming out of his mouth, pouty pink lips expressing every syllable, I had to admit it. The way he would make it sound Korean, the sweetest thing ever. I really loved his voice and I missed it since the night of the party. I missed it speaking sweetly to me, melting me like caramel. I felt an arousal around us, like this attraction. I just wanted to touch him. "What I have to say is..." One more tear escaped from his left eye. I fell for it the same way the drop feel on his grey sweater, being absorbed and disappearing by the fabric that suited him so well, as if he was strong, well build up and cuddlable. "I don't want you to like and be with anyone else but me." He then tensed his jawline. He had a strong moon-shaped face and intense brown eyes, sinking inside his orbs. "Because I like you. I truly like you. Only you." He confessed through tears, but never failing to look me in the eyes. "And I want us to be together, as a couple."

Deep shit.

I wasn't supposed to have this though as the first one related to a serious relationship, but I couldn't control my nature.

That was deep shit.

It means if he falls for someone else, is cheating. If I fall for someone else, is also cheating, but worse. Because it's me.
It means having excessive responsibilities, like taking care of a baby. I don't know if I'm mature enough for that.

I'm not mature enough to answer every single good morning and goodnight text. I would forget it. He would get hurt. He would learn to hate me.

I don't want him to hate me.

Well, he will hate me now if I say no.

I really don't want him to hate me.

I know how possessive and jealous Jinyoung can be with these things. I have a lot of friends. Friends who flirt with me openly and I like it.

Yes, I like it. It's like a game.

But this right here is real and he's waiting for me to say something.

It's not that I don't like him, no... I love him, but it's different.

Just give it a try, Jackson. Maybe it'll be the same thing as always. Except that I'll have no right to be who I truly am - a slut.

But that's okay, everyone has to grow up someday...

Right?

What if I break his heart? What if he needs more emotional support? I'm not emotive at all!

But what if the sex gets better? More intense?

What if is not sex anymore, what if is making love?

"So..." He interrupted my wave of thoughts and I almost forgot I had to answer.

Almost.

His eyes were still red and sensible and it made my heart melt.

I had to do it.

I had to try.

I wasn't going to allow myself to regret on something I never did.

"Okay." I said, watching him closely, as his expression minimally changed. From a pout, his lips looked sexy in a real soft smile. His fortress breaking down right in front of me. His brows rose up slightly, the surprise being expressed. His eyes opened in a magic way. He was containing. Containing his happiness, but I could feel it, densely running through my veins as it reached for me like a wave. A strong one.

He came to me then, touching my chest with his trembling, insecure hands. They were pale and his fingertips were pink. I felt all the delicacy he tried to maintain when the warmth surpassed my clothes, resting on my skin.
"Yeah?" He wanted to be sure. I also wanted to be sure and to record my words, so I prepared them in my head.

"Okay, Jinyoung. Let's do this. Let's try, huh?" He was so close now, that I looked at one of his eyes at a time. He nodded, opening a true toothy-smile, and then he had his squishy face back. "It won't change anything, right? We get along really well. Let's not lose this." It was my only wish. It was the main purpose why I accepted it. I was not ready to let go of him yet.

"Yeah." He came to me, body asking for a seal to our words, so I kissed him, feeling that shared joy. It was vivid and vibrant, I could see the colors of our kiss. The way his hands held my chin and my neck, my hands eager to touch his hair. We knew these moves. We made them a lot of times, but now everything came from him with a heavy meaning. Now I had to keep his heart safe in my hands, just like I kept his body and mind.

"So, how did it go?" Mark came to me like we were talking about drugs in our changing lockers - before the dance class.

I seriously looked at him.

"We now successfully have a monogamous relationship." Was all I said, watching as Mark's face lighted up like fireworks.

Only now I realized Jinyoung kind of gave me reasons for his behavior, but he didn't answer any of my questions.

"Ooooh!" It was a 'I get it now!' sound. "So that was the problem! That's why he was putting so much pressure on Jaebeom-ssi... But it could be anyone else, right? You're such a trash, how did you not noticed the change on him before? You know these things are easily noticed when we feel connected to someone, right? When the one you love is smiling too much or needs you too much..." Then he squeezed his eyes, like a detective. "And Jackson...?"

"What." I knew what was coming. His previous words gave me information just the enough.

"Are you sure you want to be in a commitment position with Jinyoung?" He crossed his arms at me and I wanted to laugh because I had no idea Mark knew me this much.

"Why do you say that?" I asked, holding a laugh, pretending I didn't understand the situation, but he knew me better than anybody else.

"Because... You ain't serious about a thing... You know it actually takes effort to date someone, right?" He pulled me by my neck like we were going to get inside my locker. "In other words, I don't know if you know it, but... When you have a monogamous relationship, you can only stay with one person..." We looked inside my locker like it had something really precious on it. Irony long present in his voice, followed by an annoying smile.

"Mark, do you honestly think I'm that of an asshole? I'm not a cheater..." I murmured, slightly intrigued, trying to remove his filthy paws away from me, but he got me.

"Ha, you were not a cheater because you didn't had a name before, but now you do and it's boyfriend." He slapped my shoulder three times. "So hold your horses, social butterfly. Your field
is limited now. There's nothing to conquer, but there's a lot to maintain. I'm sure you know how it feels." Then he pulled me back, making a face that perfectly represented his sarcasm.

"What are you guys looking at inside this thing?" Jinyoung appeared out of nowhere right behind of me, then once I turned to face him, he came to hug me. The sweetest smile on his entire face, trying not to look into my eyes as the shy Korean he was raised to be.

"Baby, what's up?" It was the most natural I could sound, hugging him back. Mark released one of his iconic laughs before leaving us.

He was now wearing black sweat pants like everyone else and a same color cotton blouse with long sleeves.

"Why is Mark behaving like he's mean? It's time. Are you paired up with someone already?" He frowned and quickly changed the subject, looking out for all I kept inside my boring, grey locker full of sweaty clothes.

"Not really, but you know how it is... Something always comes up for me." I was tense just because I felt like it was a lot of pressure in the things I said and done now. Every move had to be calculated, so I wouldn't hurt him.

He wanted to pair up with me now, but a week before he wouldn't mind at all if someone else danced with me.

In fact, there was still something I had to ask him to make our situation 100% clear.

"I know..." He kissed my cheek, seeing almost no one in the lockers anymore. "Let's pair up, then. Let's go. We need to warm up." He pushed my locker, taking me by my wrist.

I just followed, watching as the rest of the students watched us. It was like the walk to the main room meant something else. As if it had another meaning. I wasn't sure if I liked it or not, at least not yet.

Once we arrived at the salon, almost everyone was there.

Mark and Youngjae, Bambam and someone he was friends with, Jinyoung and I, Jooheon and Minhyuk.

Jaebeom and someone who's face was familiar, but I had no idea how.

He was really tall, with big, perfectly sculpted legs, had a perfect posture and his hair was longer than the normal, colored midnight-blue. He was also really pale and his face had really strong cheekbones, round and harmonious.

He was handsome.

"Who's that?" I asked Jinyoung, who was looking at his own stretching figure on the mirror, not really paying attention.

"He's new here. He's not a student at the UNI, but because he's a great dancer, he won a scholarship only for this class, so he'll drop by from now and then."

"Uh. I think he's familiar, but I just can't remember where I've seen him." I frowned.

"His name is Kim Yugyeom." Then he stood up again, twisting his body, not paying me any attention.
Maybe he was at the party, but we didn't had the chance to talk.

We were covered in sweat by the end, resting our bodies on the dirty floor. Jinyoung had this mysterious gaze towards the new boy. I couldn't decipher if it was jealousy of the body control he had when dancing or if he was just admiring him in the most ironic way.

"Don't worry. You will improve." I threw the bait, hoping he would reveal more than he was showing.

"Yeah, I know. We will." He blinked a couple of times, but his eyes kept returning to him, hypnotized.

Also, the boy wasn't tired. He just kept moving with no sound as everyone was staring, loving the attention he was receiving. He was a free style dancer and his moves were too sensual for someone his age. Not that I would ever be against it, but maybe that was the hole thing calling Jinyoung's attention, since his dancing was mostly technical, moves clean and sharp, cute as he constantly was.

I have always wondered how a beast like him could hide his true nature so well, but I guess that was the magic with the actors.

I gave Jinyoung the peace white flag, even though it was wrong, just because sometimes it takes bending to avoid breaking. As his boyfriend, I should be more concerned and even jealous, but it wasn't like me at all.

I just let him.

So now we were all clean again after a shower and Mark and I were negotiating how many balls my ice cream would have.

"Yah, I didn't even thought about real ice cream, I was talking about those you just choose from a convenience store bar!" He pushed me at the corridor where all of us were talking.

"Yah, Jackson-ssi!" I heard someone calling from behind me. It was Jooheon when I turned around.

"Jooheon-ah!" I smiled back at his moles. "I need to talk to you! Mark, can we add Jooheon to our ice cream thing? I can pay for his..." I asked.

"Sure." Mark smiled, feeling comfortable enough with him.

"Can we go?" I returned to him.

"Uh... It wasn't in my plans, but yeah..." He smiled too. "Minhyuk won't go because he needs to study, so you don't have to pay his too..." He dramatically joked.
"You are so good to your hyung, aren't you?" We side hugged, the three of us laughing. I joked about the way he was supposed to speak to me, but he knew I was Chinese and couldn't care less for formalities.

"Jackson-oppa!" He made a weird baby voice, scaring the shit out of me and Mark.

"Jeez! He's better than you, Jackson!" Mark pointed out.

I twisted my left arm around Jooheon's torso.

"Yah, Mark... Be loyal..." I complained.

We all laughed again.

Jinyoung turned around from the talk he was having with the others.

"Where are you guys going? Can I go too?" He smiled shyly at the three of us.

"Uh..." Mark knew he couldn't, since he was going to be one of the subjects.

"No. It's only for the members of our club. You can't go because you're not a member. Not you, Youngjae or Bambam. Or Minhyuk." I squeezed my hand at Jooheon's shoulder, hoping he would understand the sign.

"Yeah! Ice cream for the members only!" He got in.

"It's okay, we can have a group of our own too." Youngjae protested, being strongly supported by Bambam. "And anyone can participate. Except the three of you." He laughed, everyone imitating him, except for Jinyoung, who would still look at us in a serious way, but hiding behind a sly smile.

"Baby, we don't have to be so dramatic, okay?" Mark back-hugged his boyfriend, turning back on his decision faster than I could make fun of him.

Should I assure Jinyoung too? Tell him it was just a silly conversation between us three? Should I let go of Jooheon just to make sure he was okay with that?

It wasn't necessary, right?

Before I could decide, he turned around to keep walking.

"Thanks, man." I whispered in Jooheon's ear.

"You got me." He whispered back and it was true. I saw it when he defended all of us at the club and I had to thank him somehow.

After that, we separated, walking the rest of the boys to the bus stop. I walked to Jinyoung, now twisting my arm around him. "You okay?" I asked, knowing he was a little bit down. "You're not mad at me because of that, are you? It was a silly joke..."

He stared at me from the side, having a pouting smile on his pink lips. "Yeah, I was just hoping you would go to my house for a movie or something. To celebrate and all that, but we can do it tomorrow." His eyes went to the horizon, waiting for my answer.

"I'm sorry, baby. There's this really important thing Mark wants to talk to me about and I had already made a deal with him about it, so... I can't walk away right now." I explained.
"It's okay, I know." He turned to me, caressing my chest in a delicate way, so no one would point it out. "Just call me when you get home." He gave me a side smile, looking in my eyes. I could feel the pressure through them. It made me euphoric.

"Yeah. I still need to speak to you, so let's do something tomorrow after your acting class." I intertwined our fingers in a way our bodies were hiding it from everyone. My right arm still around his shoulders, holding him close.

"Perfect."

And okay, everything seemed fine. Just seemed.

My head was still confused and now it would still be until the next day's afternoon.

"It's your bus." I said, watching the vehicle turning around the corner. Plenty of students waiting for it with us. "Get home safely and eat something," I ordered him, who smiled to the ground, squishy face showing. It was cute how my words would affect him. How come I never noticed this? The way he would become more soft whenever we were interacting? It was so obvious... His attempt to hide his face and the way he looked at me intensely, like he cared and also like he would eat me alive...

Mark was right, I was trash. I would never associate Jinyoung's happiness with my presence. To me he was always like this, but he wasn't. It was more than clear now.

"I will. Take care." He whispered, once he hugged me goodbye. The warmth of his body was addicting. I wanted him to stay.

"Always." I pressured him against my body, knowing the way it was cozy and just the right size. Romantically taller than me, so I'd have him all to myself. It was perfect, wasn't it?

*It should be.*

I turned around after Youngjae and Bambam also left, bumping into someone, but at the way things were going, I knew who that was without having to think too much.

"Jaebeom-hyung." I called, recognizing his legs and the way his feet would stand out, like he was a penguin.

*Details. I loved details.*

"Yah..." I heard his voice, the same sweet and sour tone, like a lemon pie. I smiled because I was right, I could recognize his energy even without having to look at him. "You should pay attention to where you're going..." He continued, but it didn't sound rude, just hurried and somehow funny.

I raised my head, finding him looking at me with curiosity, but seeing my smile, he returned to his natural arrogant-and-untouchable-and-intimidating figure. I almost laughed, because at this point I could imagine myself, three days earlier, feeling intimidated by that face, but it was so clear now. It was like a shield, something he liked to keep when everyone's eyes were on him.

I wondered how long it would take for him to be himself completely when we were together, not forcing a face.

"I do pay attention, but it looks like you're always following me!" I teased.

That was true.
Since I met him, I never stopped seeing him around, it was funny some times.

And weird.

"Yah!~" He made a face.

"Jackson, let's go! I still need to study when I get home!" Mark called from a four meters distance. Jooheon was also waiting for me.

I turned back to Jaebeom, but he has five feet apart from me now. Waiting for the bus.

"We're going for ice cream, Mark's treating us. Wanna come?" I called for his profile side of the face, hoping he would say no and yes at the same time - of course, since the conversation was also about him.

"Uh, I have some homework projects to conclude. Next time, maybe." He didn't even looked in my face to say no.

Chic and cold.

It made me want to insist, but I couldn't.

"Okay. Next time will be at your house with birthday cake ice cream." I laughed, going away.

"Aish... Get out of here..." He made another type of face, like the situation made him cringe. I laughed even harder, loving his reaction to the memory that I knew that he kept.

"See you..." I slightly bowed, walking away from him.

Did I really bowed to him? What was that?!

We walked for good fifteen minutes having the loudest, coolest conversation ever, like we were just kids, running away from school.

"But Jackson now has been busy taking care of his life." Mark said, as the subject was us, drifting apart since our social compromises. Not Jooheon, because we just recently met him - and he was just my type of person.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean... You have your projects and ideas... And now you have a boyfriend and a lover, so is a lot to manage..."

"What the fuck-"

"A boyfriend AND a lover?!" Jooheon shouted, but no one around us really cared.

"Don't you know? Jackson barely can contain himself..." Mark forced the situation.

"HOLD UP!" Now I shouted, making them laugh really loud.
"Was Jinyoung your boyfriend since before Friday?" Jooheon asked me, curling his arm around mine as we walked in a strange rhythm.

"So now we're properly talking about our problems, right? Okay. No, Jinyoung just asked me to be his boyfriend today. Why?" A car was coming, so I pushed Jooheon to the corner by his waist.

"Because Saturday at the club I tried to hit on you, so if he was your boyfriend, that would be cheating." He laughed and Mark looked at me with this absurd face.

"Maj-a." I agreed, making him laugh even more.

"Now you guys are serving the tea, right?" He said, making us laugh too.

"It was nothing, Jooheon and I just danced together when I first arrived... He was already drunk." I teased, even though it was the truth.

"What makes you think I was drunk?" He came to me again, smiling in a flirtatious way that looked really funny.

"Hajima..."

"Oh my God, Jackson, you're fucked. You just can't stay in your lane, huh? That's why Jinyoung was so weird when Bambam brought you to us, he saw everything and he was already planning to confess to you right there, but he knew it was risky and controversial..." He jumped from one sidewalk to another.

"Shit... Did he?" I blinked.

"Oh no, he probably hates me... It's my fault..." Jooheon whined.

"No, it's not your fault. It's no one's fault, really... I thought we were in a polyamorous relationship till today and he was never the type to get explosive with someone being flirtatious with me. At least, not out of the bed, but again. I only realized this today."

"Yes, he probably hates you, Jooheon, but Jackson will be rewarded as soon as possible in the best way." Mark had to comment that and make me embarrassed, but I was the one to confess the type of punishment I would get, so it was a fair game.

"Okay, enough of this, it's giving me a headache." I pressed my temples with my fingers.

"Do you remember when Jinyoung found out you and me used to be together before? He was really trying to bottle up his emotions, but it turned out on him being explosive and moody with us all the time..." Mark also commented, making me remember of the old days when we first met. Before our trio, it was only Mark and I and we never got too far.

"WHAT?! You two were together?!!" Jooheon really couldn't contain his excitement, making me and my best friend laugh.

"Well, if you wanna be part of our group, you must know our story..." Mark continued.

"Markson forever, Markson or nothing..." I said an old phrase of our also old relationship. "It wasn't that serious."

"What do you mean? It was intense..." Tuan protested. "We were young and we knew nothing about relationships back then, but were full of homo energy..." He laughed, pushing me. We were now
passing in front of one of our favorite places to eat in the neighborhood. The old lady who attended
there made amazing ramyeun with extra cheese and Mark and I used to go there all the time counting
our pennies.

"Neng, it was intense because no one could catch us and we were terrified of being seen by one of
our family members or friends. We were really clueless about our feelings and how we could
possibly be into each other..." I explained.

"Maj-a. It wasn't nothing seriously profound, but I was crazy about Jackson's charisma and the way
he always wanted to improve his physical appearance. I also loved that he was really sweet, caring
and innocent, plus he knew how to speak English, which I confess, I took advantage off." Now we
were getting there. Our favorite place for ice cream since we were 19 and 18 years old.

"And how long do you guys know each other? How long this lasted and why you didn't stick
together?" Joohyun was the first to get in the place, like a puppy waiting for his toy.

"Let's ask for something first and sit. What do you want?" Mark looked at me, since he was paying.

"A large tropical strawberry milkshake with at lot of colorful things and cream on it." I smiled,
knowing I was being extra, but he didn't cared. In fact, he sighed, but went to pay right after.

"What do you want, Joohyun?" Was our new friend's turn to leave a hole on my wallet.

"Can I have the same as you?" He smiled too, in a teasing way.

"I expected this, so yeah... Whatever the baby wants..." I squeezed his cheeks tightly, following
Mark, who laughed, to the line.

"Pick a table for us." I said, completely turning around now.

"Why didn't you share your milkshake with him instead of spending money in another one? It would
be more romantic." He crossed his arms.

"Shit, you're right... I'm so stupid..."

"No, Jackson!" Mark slapped my left arm, looking at me in disapproval.

"What?"

"You want Jinyoung to fucking break up with you? What are you thinking?!" He was looking mad,
but I knew he wasn't.

"Ugh... You're right."

I was hopeless.

"But I wasn't going to take it serious, though. It was just a good idea. I could be closer to Joohyun...
Gain confidence..."

"Jackson, you are hopeless." He turned around on me.

"That's exactly what I thought right now..." I confessed.

"Just listen to me..." The line walked and then he was the next. "Anneyong-haseyo, one tropical
strawberry milkshake with cream and something colorful, please, and a special mocha in a glass. I'm
paying with debit card."
"Next! Anneyong-haseyo, what would you like, sir?" The girl looking like my age with a beautiful smile in her face greeted me. They were wearing new uniforms since the last time we came here.

"The same strawberry milkshake as him, please. And a bottle of water. Can you bring everything together when it gets done?" In my right, Mark was already leaving.

"Neng, how would you like to pay?"

"Credit card."

"You can tap your card, sir."

"Just listen to me, Jackson..." He waited for me to finish before going to the table, were Jooheon waited for us. "If you want to have a good relationship with Jinyoung, you'll have to compromise. You know he's jealous, possessive and controlling. Don't think for a moment he won't be like that to you, a serious relationship is the white flag he received from you and now is just a matter of time until he gets to act all animalistic towards you,"

"Mark, you need to relax, okay? We can't predict the future! Maybe he will be a little possessive and all that, but in the other side, he can be loving and caring too! In the end, feelings might just intensify, but they are the same!" I protested. We walked back to the table.

"Sure, if you behave!" He said before we got there. "It's just really frustrating when you come to me talking about your problems, I suggest solutions for them, but you never listen to me."

"It's not a problem and I'm not asking for any solutions coming from you!" I got annoyed, but it easily faded to something funny. "It'll be ready in a minute." I smiled at Jooheon, sitting by his side. Mark sat in front of us, still bragging like an old man.

Our table was sided with a huge window and from where we were, we could see a good amount of the street.

"So please, answer my questions, I've been crazy about the scenes..." Jooheon restarted the subject, more curious than we've ever seen him, but again, we haven't quite seen him the enough.

"Yeah, sorry. You asked how long have we know each other, huh?" I made some effort to be sure of my memories. "If I can remember, Mark was sixteen and I was fifteen. I was in my first year of high school and he was on his second. We were from different classes, but it was the same school. Mark and I used to call all the attention back there, because we were foreigners. We were cute, talented and charming." I had a sweet memory, even if we drifted away a little bit when school was almost over.

"It lasted for a year and a couple of months. Jackson was into me before that and he kept giving me crazy signs, but I never noticed."

"Uh, you gave me serious anxiety problems, you know?" I made a face, having the memories of my sleepless nights, thinking if he really meant what he said and if his touches were too friendly or just pure romantic.

"Sorry, Jacks." He joked, but deep down I knew it was real.

"It's okay." I dramatized. "I've learnt my lesson."

"We broke up because I was too cold and contained and Jackson had his expectations really high on me, like I was the love of his life and these things. He was looking for a fairy tale, but I was just a
regular dude with a lot of problems back home. I really cared about him and my heart would go crazy whenever he was around, but I knew it would be better for us to just grow up a little bit and try to really understand each other, without expecting impossible things." He smiled at me, probably remembering of our tough break-up and the drama we lived apart from each other.

"And how come you are best friends today?" The dude kept his attention on us.

"After some months being away from each other, I realized that what we had wasn't natural or truly good and so I stopped blaming Mark for my heartbreak and started to really understand what we had. I regretted not being able to show him who I truly was, since I had such low self-esteem, but when we met again, Mark could truly know me." The smile in my face was unstoppable.

"And what can I say? Confident Jackson will always be better than an annoying person asking you if they are good enough at every five seconds. He wouldn't believe how amazing and capable of anything he was. As much as we tried to assure him." He crossed his arms, also smiling. "He still is reluctant to the idea nowadays, but is much more bearable, believe me."

"You also got a lot better... You used to be like a wall. Now you are not afraid of being yourself at all. Mark was so quiet that whenever he got in a group of people chatting, he would change the mood completely, everyone would get more serious and introverted or even shut up completely."

Those five seconds of silence brought us together somehow.

"Excuse me..." Another girl came with our food, making everyone wake up from different dreams.

It was going to be an ice cream afternoon, but things turned to be much more prolonged.

"I loved hearing your history. I wish I known you both from the beginning. And thank you, hyung, for the milkshake." Jooheon was adorable, having the cutest smile on his face, but forcing it to look cuter and make the mood even lighter.

"Ah, yeah, thank you for the food, Markie-pooh!" I forced, making him roll his eyes, but enjoying the moment just like us.

It was almost the end of our time together. We talked about a lot of things, but all of them intertwined in the relationship subject. Or sex.

Jooheon and Minhyuk were in a polyamorous relationship, Mark and Youngjae were in a serious one and they were doing great. They were even thinking about buying a dog and raising it together, but Mark still thought it was too soon.

"If Youngjae's mother kick him out of his house because of us, then yes, I can consider living together and having a dog." Yes, because Mark was always someone with a great wealth condition and he already lived by himself - lucky them.

"That's so cute... I think your future is really bright with him, Mark-si." Jooheon now was feeling
more at ease with us. He also wasn’t a fan of treating people around your age like they were sunbaenim’s.

None of his or Minhyuk’s parents knew they were together, except for Jooheon’s younger brother, but he didn’t bother at all.

"Me too. In fact I wonder why Youngjae haven’t moved to your house yet." I said.

"We are trying to prove his mother that is completely okay for us to be together. Things always work at the end. She doesn't hate me or us together, just hates the fact that she can't change people’s minds in order for them to accept us and Saturday was one of the worst things that could happen to us." We all sighed. "It just proved her that being homosexual here in Busan is mortally dangerous."

"But let’s not focus our energies on the bad things. Let me tell you this: after yesterday, Jaebeom-hyung don't hate me anymore. In fact, I'm starting to consider it was never truly about me."

"Uuuh! Now that he and his lover-hyung are finally getting together really well, he's obsessed! Jooheon, you have to see his face whenever his hyung is around!" Mark made my entire face blush.

"Yah! You're making it sound like were dating!" I strongly contested.

"I don't need to have his hyung here to know it's true, look at his face, Mark-hyung... His truly a man in love... What a loyal dongsaeng..."

"Guys, stop..." I really asked, even with a smile in my face.

"Please, tell us the details..." Mark crossed his fingers on the table. Jooheon supported his head on his left hand, his body facing me completely.

"You both saw him finishing the fight at the club, right?"

"Oh, he was furious..." Jooheon remembered.

"He wouldn’t let anyone touch you... He was like a beast... How did you got him so defensive towards you?" Mark made one of the most important questions that had no answer.

"I didn't do anything... He just appeared there and got himself in the middle of the confusion. He said he heard people shouting about a fight and that's why he got outside. I think he recognized all of us instantly, and so he came straight to me because I was the one still being beaten up to death."

"I have a different suggestion." Jooheon interrupted, making us two look at him. "I think he was concerned specifically about you, not the rest of us." He shrugged like it was the truth.

"What? Why?" Why every conversation about Jaebeom had to end up involving him and me in a special way?

"Isn't it obvious? He called your name and your name ONLY." Mark continued, which proved me they shared the same feeling. "He didn't say 'Mark, are you okay?!' or 'Someone please, grab some ice for Youngjae!' It was you." He also shrugged, making me roll my eyes in a way that I almost was not able to roll them back.

"You guys are fantasizing us. Which is really annoying. It makes zero sense." I closed my eyes, feeling tired.

That meant nothing. Jaebeom just looked after me this hole time and he was being watched all along.
"It's important to say that he ordered for you not to be touched, otherwise he would 'fucking kill' them." Jooheon paused. Mark stared at me, probably trying to invade my mind. "Minhyuk was so impressed that he actually wondered if you were going to be taken care on his hands or if you was going to suffer even more on his rude manners, AKA, masculine. He also complained about me being a teddy bear after his shouts, kicks and punches." Then we laughed truly.

"One thing you must admit, Jackson... He was for real and he wasn't drunk. I wasn't drunk, so I can state it." Mark concluded.

"Okay, fine, he shouted for me, kept me safe. What's the big deal?" I looked at each one. "It means nothing, guys. He's my hyung, maybe he's so conservative about this thing that all he did was a Korean obligation... You know, the older ones take care of the younger and younger should strictly respect their hyungs."

"Whatever. How was it when you woke up in the morning?" Mark gave up.

"In the morning? I woke up at two pm... The first thing I remember to feel was confusion and some embarrassment. I saw the window of my room from outside and so I understood that I was at his house. I ran to his bathroom and vomited, a mix of alcohol and blood. He then came right away and held me, telling me it was going to be okay." I remembered his face perfectly, his hands first holding my body in a tight, firm grip, making me feel secure.

It was the first time he touched me like that.

"Shouldn't he be at least angry at you for being beaten up because you're gay? Like, not in that way, but like..." Jooheon made a face. "Mad because of the actual circumstances and frustrated at the fact that he had to defend you?"

"Got it... Like, have you seen him being reluctant when trying to help you? Was he frustrated about having to support a gay even being homophobic? Because he should be, right?" Mark and Jooheon shared a look, a look that showed me they both didn't buy the 'homophobic' story and they would forever tease me about it.

"Just because he's homophobic, it doesn't mean he would hesitate to protect his dongsaeng. I saw no sense.

"Oh, but it means. I means when you saw him punching and kicking those dudes like they were rats. Poor rats, actually. They didn't deserve Jaebeom's anger." He was being ironic and I saw what they were trying to do.

"Yah, stop." I ordered, not wanting to go deep in it, knowing once I started, my mind would never let me rest. "As I was saying..." They came to me again.

Chapter End Notes

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY BECAUSE GOT7 IS OUT THERE DESTROYING LIVES!!!!!!!!111
BYEEEEE
"He helped me getting undressed before I believe I fainted on his bed, but I was wearing my white boxers all along, till I took them off when he put me in the tub with freezing water, I almost died twice."

"You mean, thrice. Cause you had a heart attack just when you woke up and saw him, I'm one hundred percent sure." Mark a base of irony and a cover of certainty.

"Have he seen you naked?" Jooheon was goddamn curious, even though the question had no connection at all with my current situation.

"No... I only felt myself naked when I applied shampoo in my hair." Then I froze. What happened with my boxers after that shower? Because I don't remember taking them off of the tub when I finished. Also, I wore his shorts without an underwear, I just came to realize it...

What did he do to my boxers?

Oh. My. God.

"So he lend me these shorts and a tank top-"

"You wore his clothes... Uh, imagine if Jinyoung knew this..." Mark raised his eyebrows, having ideas.

"Don't even... Please... You're being so insistent, I swear to God..." I begged. "So before I finished the shower, he gave me medicine and some orange juice. I remember saying some things to him, like.... That his nose reminded me a wolf nose. Something like that. I was probably still disconnected. That's why I don't remember every detail." They laughed as if it was funny, but in real life, not knowing what you did was at least, terrifying. "When I was finishing to get dressed, we went downstairs, where his mom said she was going to meet some friends and do grocery, so she left us alone, saying really important things about Jaebeom hyung." I made some effort to remember the exact way that the old woman stared deep into my eyes to talk about her beloved son.

"What?" Jooheon's eyes shone as he leaned closer to me.

"I can't say." I smiled. I felt like I should keep Jaebeom's secrets. Secrets he didn't even knew. "It's only between me and his mom. I need to honor her."

"This sounds so domestic." Mark also supported his head on his right hand, carefully listening. "She seems to like you, Jackson, which is essential. Jaebeom looks like one of those people whom can never get married to a certain person if their parents don't approve."

"I think so too. I think she likes me." The smile in my face was just automatic. "So after we had this conversation, she told me Jaebeom would cook me whatever I wanted and give me anything that I felt like it was necessary. He cleaned my wounds and took care of me, fed me and entertained me, but we never got too deep in the 'gay' subject." My smile was still there even though I was clearly troubled about the elephant that we just insisted to keep whenever we spoke, no matter the place.

"You know what, is not hard to guess what was this conversation about. I just don't know if you guys talked more than I can imagine you did." Mark looked at me again, like he was trying to read my mind and maybe if he just focused the enough in the right energy, he would succeed. "But please, continue."
"Well... He made me lunch and explained me that my clothes were drying, since his mother washed the blood out of them with neutral soap and vinegar. I think my shirt is even more white then she was before I wore it."

"So domestic..." Jooheon agreed.

"Right?" Tuan shared the feeling.

"Guys, focus. After that, we went to his room and chilled for almost an hour."

"Chilled how?" Tuan asked, his canine teeth showing.

"He was working with some songs on his laptop and I was replying to you guys. At that time we were laying on his bed, relaxing after the food he cooked by himself."

"Hm... Nice. So you two get along really well now, huh? Because I can't imagine Jaebeom-ssi sharing his bed with anyone in this planet." Jooheon pointed out.

"I know, right? I had this vision of Jaebeom... Like he was this egocentric, rude and a cold-hearted person, but the truth is that he can be good and caring. It reminds me a little bit of Jinyoung, because you know Jinyoung never truly expresses his feelings with words, right?" Mark nodded. "He instead tries to make himself useful to you, he helps you with whatever you want and yes, once in a while he confesses his love for me, but the thing he does the most is just stick around and show that he cares. Jaebeom is kinda like that, but his more reluctant to let himself be in harmony with someone else. He still tries to block me, but he has this specific way of calling my attention to say the silliest things... Like... He's actually putting some effort to get to me. But then again, he closes up and it's over... He changes as fast as me..." I remembered the way he touched my hand today to say there was a constantly unlocked door where I could leave through without worrying and when I spoke to him an hour ago to make an invitation to come with us, but he didn't even looked in my face to say no... Hot and cold, voice sweet and sour. I could manage to deal with that, at least it made me feel like things were constantly changing.

There was this moment of silence, till I woke up from my dreams.

"So you really know him now, don't you, Jackson?" Mark stared at me in a suspicious way, biting his lips.

"I do. Kinda. I try my best to understand where he's coming from." I explained. "And I like his personality. But I still should remind you two that it's impossible to know someone truly. I like to think that I know how he works and it's enough to me. I can always go through with his mood."

"Yeah." He paused, as if thinking. "I kind of understand him too." Mark confessed, making clear that understanding was not 'liking'.

As far as I could see, everyone around me liked him, either for his rude and cold demeanor or his responsibility and reputation, but these people just couldn't see what I saw in him. The caring, the loving, the father figure when petting his cats.

But this part was well kept with me and it shall remain like this.

I was too immersed to think about giving up, I just saw myself entangled in the way he would switch from the bad guy to the not so good, but not bad either, and then he would throw his loving side of his personality in my face.

"After that, we fought." I added, making sure to let them know that it wasn't all flowers. Jaebeom's
moods floated more than mines. They brought their eyes to me again. "I said I had to go home to speak with Jinyoung and he completely changed, implicating that I didn't knew how to open a door and being really rude. We started to fight and shout at each other and he almost hit me, but I locked myself alone in his room before he could touch me, I even recorded his shouts - I was afraid if I got here saying these things, you guys wouldn't believe in me." I wasted no time when taking my phone out of my pocket to open the video, not even letting them have the opportunity to assault me.

"So you're telling me he heard you saying Jinyoung's name and went from water to wine?" Mark exposed his thoughts and he held my phone in a angle that him and Jooheon could see. At this point, Jooheon was only carefully listening.

"Like I told you. He's an homophobic and as a homophobic, he has all the right to cease me, at least inside his house."

"Can I hear your password, sir?" I spoke through the video and as he was discounting all his anger at the door, he shouted death threats at me at the other side of it.

"Sounds more like he was jealous, but I admit the homophobia idea makes more sense to me now, mostly after watching this." Jooheon crossed his arms, looking away from us, changing his position. "Or, he just has bipolar-disorder."

"Ma-ja..." Was all Mark said. I could hear his engines working.

"So I spent like an hour and fifteen minutes locked up inside his room and when I got downstairs, he was sleeping in the couch. When I woke him up, he still tried to kill me, but as I apologized, even though I was kidding, he calmed down." I remembered him trying to suffocate me, kinda sitting on my lap just for me to say sorry. Just to control me. The boys gave me my phone back, both of them with indecipherable expressions on their pale faces. "We ended up eating some ice cream and watching one of my favorite dramas of all times together in the couch. He hated, he even slept at some point. His mother arrived and I left. That's it. The end." I shrugged, knowing I was cutting the parts that would made them contest me.

"That's really it? This simple?" Jooheon tried. The bad part of being an open book was that even the ones that didn't really know you could easily noticed when you were lying or trying to get away with something.

"Yeah, what are you expecting?" I rolled my eyes, trying my best to believe in my own words, but I was failing miserably.

"If you're telling everything, than yes, it is simple. But if you're hiding something from us, then two things:," Mark stood up from the table, obviously sure that I had a lot more scenes in my head than the ones I was sharing. "First of all, it will come out at some point and if it's bad, you're socially fucked, and second... Is not that simple. Is actually very complicated and demands a lot of thinking. Things were said and done and sometimes, we don't do exactly as we wanted to or we don't say it in the specific way that we wanted the receptor to understand. Now if, and only IF, you ARE truly hiding something, you're the only one to analyze it and we can't help you, so the probability of a misunderstanding it's just too significant for us to pretend that we don't see it, good luck with that, Jackson. Now let's go, it's almost five and a half. I don't want to get a bus full." He was perfectly direct and clear as water as he spoke the words that implicitly putted me in the liar's place that I've always been, all without necessarily cursing me, but it made me feel like shit.

Indeed, I was the only one capable to sabotage myself on this. The only responsible for getting it all wrong in the end and fuck it up, but I just couldn't deal with the pressure of something being forced into my ears, something that it wasn't even real, such as Jaebeom and I being in a relationship like
Jinyoung and I was.

I was going to be the one to blame anyways, if the rumors spread or if it all went wrong between me and Jaebeom for non-ending reasons.

I was going to take responsibility for my secrets, no matter what.

Mostly, if keeping my secrets would guarantee everyone's peace of mind at the end.

We stood up. No one said anything else as we walked out of the place, a different temperature in the streets of the warm Busan.

"I don't wanna go deep on this and create expectations. All I want is to live here in the present, leave things to happen at their own pace. I'm doing good the way things are right now." And it was true. I was very comfortable and at peace. I had all my friends with me, a major in something that I actually saw myself acting and a boyfriend to support me and I didn't had to pretend anything.

"You're right. Just enjoy your new relationship with Jinyoung. You're someone's boyfriend now, you're not by your own anymore." Jooheon tapped my shoulder. "Either you want it or not, some things are going to be tough, but it's kind of inevitable." Jooheon shrugged.

I still had no idea if I could trust him on these kinds of subjects. Jooheon was sweet and considering, and he was there for me on the hard times, but we just were not part of the same universe or matters.

*We could deal with that, though.*

"True." Mark confirmed.

"You guys talk like I'm getting married tomorrow..." I made a face.

It wasn't supposed to be that serious.

"When it comes to Jinyoung, it's kinda like the same thing and you know it." Mark also tapped my shoulder, but on the other side. "Now let's say our goodbyes, cause Jooheon and I are going to a different bus stop from you and unfortunately, our bus is going to downtown, so you know how it is." He made this signal when I was supposed to give him a hug and I went to him with no hesitation. He held my body tightly on his, the type of hug that we used to give each other as if we were never letting go.

After a couple of seconds, we finally separated. "Yah, are you guys never seeing each other's face again?" Jooheon laughed, coming to hug me in his Korean way - quick and weak. He had a lot to learn if he wanted to be part of our life.

"Who knows?" Mark crossed his arms.

When I let go of Jooheon, they automatically started to walk away from me.

"Please, be careful and eat something when you get home, you guys need protein!" I almost shouted, making them both laugh.

"Neng, appa!"

I also got my way back home, letting them go.
I was crossing the corner of the street to get in my house, when I saw Jaebeom's head from afar. I kept getting closer and closer, till I could see him in a workout outfit.

"Yah..." I called, passing in front of his gate, intending to make him notice that I was there. He stared at me, not giving his phone the same attention as he was before. "Are you going or coming back from the gym?" I asked, grabbing the keys from my pocket. I knew he was going. No one could look that dry after a workout, much less him.

"Uh... Going." He stared at me like a scared cat, as if he was caught in the middle of something bad. *Something that he wasn't supposed to be doing.*

"Don't worry, I'm not asking if you can wait for me to change and go with you." I said, with a smile on my lips, trying to make him more comfortable.

For a moment, I considered going with him, but I don't think is a good idea anymore. For unknown reasons.

"I wasn't going to wait even if you begged on your knees." He sounded serious and I believed, but that made me smile.

"So cold..." I laughed, getting to my door. "I'm actually pretty good at begging. No shame at all."

He looked weird, like he had a strange problem.

"Come over here for one minute." He spoke fast and simple, like it was his ultimate worth it wish. He walked till the limits of his mother's garden, waiting for me to show at the other side, in front of him. I was reluctant, but honestly, I was never going to have another chance like this.

When I got in front of him, he smirked. "Unlock your phone and give it to me." He ordered.

"What? Wae?" I putted my right hand in my pocket, holding my phone inside of it, showing him where exactly it was, but just realizing the shit I made too late.

"Just give it to me." He looked in my eyes and whenever he did it, he was never afraid to maintain the stare, just as intense as it was at half light like this. I noticed it was harder for him to surrender when it came to focusing on me, but when he surrendered, he hardly would look away.

I was just proud to have this power, but the reasons why he would grant me with it were unimaginable.

"Why would I do that?" I rose my eyebrows, thinking about possibilities, considering playing his game.

"Jackson, just do as I tell you..." His voice was softer now, just tired to boss. Maybe he realized that if he spoke in the right tone, I was maybe able to give him the world. Just maybe. But then he touched my wrist with his cold and dry fingers, going down to my hand, like he was actually going to take it from me. "C'mon..." He kept staring in a way that made me shiver.
Every time he touched me was a surprise. He never talked too much, but he would touch me with some strange ease. The contact made me scared of something, which was beyond my comprehension.

I did as he said. I took the phone in my right hand and unlocked with my fingerprint, not even knowing what he could ever find.

He grabbed from my hand, slightly brushing his fingertips in the palm of my hand and started to mess with it, but I could not see what he was doing, too busy trying to read his mind as he was distracted.

Why was I like this? Why did I have to analyze everything?

He messed here and there and used both of his hands to do something faster than he could do with only one hand. His fingers were short and chubby. His nails were super short and some of them were irregular, as if he had the habit of biting them off. He had delicate silver rings in two of his fingers, both looking like two wrapped ropes, shining against the golden light above us. After a minute or so, he gave it back to me, closing and blocking. He had his eyes focused on mine again and I really tried to understand what was going through his mind, but I was struggling.

I dodged before it became too weird.

"What did you do?" I asked, without really interrupting my gaze.

"I changed the language of your phone to Greek. Good luck with that." He naturally smiled at me, having fun, like a boy. He collided against a brush when walking backwards away from me. I smiled at how ridiculously cute he could be.

I pressed the bottom, feeling my heart racing just at the thought of having to decipher how to put it back in English. For a moment, my mouth was dry with all the curses that were about to be spit. "I gotta go now." He started to run away from the house.

"YAH!" I shouted, but he was getting away. I analyzed my phone and it was the same as before I handed him. "Aish, xibal..."

What the hell did he do?

My feet took me inside of my house on their own, because my brain cells were too occupied studying what would him possibly be able to change after only a minute or so having my phone, but nothing came in my mind.

Closing the door behind me, my mother was passing by.

"Hey. Where were you?" She greeted me, going in the kitchen's direction.

"I was having milkshake with some friends. Met Jaebeom at the entry." I took off my shoes.

"Nice. Dinner's on you today. I'm going out." She warned as she picked her things up and I was used to it.

"Kay. Hey, I'm going to Junior's tomorrow and I'll be back on Wednesday after my dance class." I also warned and she was as used to it as me.

"Fine. Invite him to come here too, I feel like you give the boy too much work." She appeared with her shoes in her hands, walking to my direction, opening the door again. She had an exaggerated
makeup whenever she decided to leave the house and he clothes always had too many different prints, which was really annoying.

"I will." Then I ran upstairs.

I was never going to.

Jinyoung was the only one to give me a home whenever she hit me or said absurd things to me or behind my back. My mother was a narcissist bitch and I wasn't ashamed of running out of my home from time to time when I knew we were about to crash.

She has been pretty normal for a while now. Probably the next crisis will be the death of me.

"Why are you crying, prince?" The guy that was holding me in his arms slowly tried to dry my tears away, but as I felt the way he touched me and how much he seemed to care, I just cried more and more.

"Th-they want me to..." I tried to say in between hiccups, deep and heavy ones, making me run out of breath. I looked around the lighted room and it all seemed old and well preserved. I could see golden details in the ceiling, hundreds os books in the shelves all around us and I smelled something sweet, like jasmine and vanilla.

There was a huge window behind us, all squared and clean, showing the endless sea behind of us.

"Shh... I know..." The one who was holding me had a pretty much familiar voice and security came along with it as I heard the beat of his calm heart beating lightly on his rib-cage, where I was leaning on. "Don't worry, my prince..." He whispered in my ear and I wanted to live forever in his arms. It was the safest place I've ever been, at least for the conscience guiding me through my own dream. "We will always be together." It was so beautiful the way he said that... I felt the compromise of his words in my bones and it was overwhelming me, intensely. It was pure magic.

"I won't let you go, you hear me?" I said, more angry and frustrated than sad. I wanted him to know that I was never going to give up on whatever that was. I felt a touch of eternity in our actions, as if I had seen them thousands of times.

"I won't let you go." He repeated as the grip of his hands grew stronger in my head and down at my waist. I believed. I could tell for the way my tears were hopelessly rolling down, as if I was going to die in a few seconds. As if he was going to disappear.

I wanted him to stay. Forever. "It's a promise. Forever." He squeezed the air out of my lungs in a tight hug and I closed my eyes on the view.

Three seconds later, forces interrupted us.

Forces we could never contain.

I woke up twenty minutes late, hearing the phantom of my mother calling me in my head, mixing my
dream with my reality. My phone ringing non-stop right beside me and the thought of wondering how didn’t I wake up right when it started playing.

What kind of dream was so strong that it left you completely immersed on it, making it seem like you were more restlessness when you woke up than when you went to sleep?

"Don't fuck with me." I whispered against the pillow, the one who knew all of my secrets and watched all these unexplained dreams. I had fifteen minutes to take a shower, get dress and get cute - or decent - and eat something.

I went to the shower thinking about my phone call with Jinyoung yesterday: dramatic, romantic and cute forty minutes till he fell asleep, hearing my voice.

The way he took deep breaths against the phone, the way he whined when he was clearly defeated, but pushed himself to speak for five more minutes, as if he was right beside me, taking care of me.

I was scared of this feeling.

The feeling of having the obligation of long talks on the phone every night and having sleepovers more frequent than ever and with other meaning.

What if I wanted to stay alone and do things by myself?

Was I being too exaggerated? Did I had a trauma with relationships that would not allow me to see that me and Jinyoung would be great together? Was I hesitating too much? Was it normal to feel this anxious?

Why am I so indecisive?

Why do I ask myself so many questions?

It's like I'm trying to make myself nervous and it's not fair...

It's just that I feel like Jinyoung is an important part of myself and having the pressure of doing something wrong and making him hate me wouldn't leave my mind.

But if he loves me like I think he does, we can deal with this, right?

Because the first months of a relationship are never the truth, but the representation of our expectations.

We just needed to overcome the first three months.

Please, Jackson.

When I got downstairs, my mom was finishing her breakfast, kissing my father goodbye. My fifteen minutes were over.

"Grab something to go or have a nice breakfast and take the bus." She said, cold-hearted.

Sometimes I really hated my mother.

"Fine." I said in the same tone, grabbing an apple and a banana.

In fact, I hated bananas, but my body seemed to like them.
"Bye dad." I ran to the door, having two bags: one with my notebooks and laptop and the other with everything I needed for my tomorrow's dance class.

"Have a great day, son!" His voice was automatically cheerful, but I was used and comfortable with it.

Getting out through the door was a fight that I won, because my truly wish was stay sleeping till noon. I putted the apple in my mouth and closed the door, trying to hold everything together.

"Trying to keep up the pace, huh?" I heard that voice. Jaebeom's voice.

Husky and low like someone who just woke up, only for me to hear.

I didn't say a word, since I had an apple in my mouth, but I'm sure my face was giving him an idea of the situation, since he smiled showing his teeth, squeezing his sleepy eyes.

I gave the apple a bite, lifting the corners of my lips in a weird smile. He continued sending his towards me, guiding us to the car. He opened the door for me and went to the other side, sitting by my side and locking his sit belt.

Still eating, I did the same, not saying a word.

My mom started to drive in silence, and it persisted even when her friend got in the car, wearing her old fashioned clothes and small, vintage sunglasses.

When I finished my apple, I instantly started to eat the banana, everyone watching the scenarios passing by in what looked like a difficult Tuesday.

We arrived at the campus and my mom gave me less money then yesterday to have lunch, but I still had some inside my bag somewhere, so I didn't say anything. We got out of the car and walked away from it, still in silence.

"What's wrong?" But Jaebeom broke it.

"Uh?" I turned to him, watching his face go down, hands on his pockets, slowly walking as he swing his hips smoothly.

"Why are you so quiet?" He repeated, staring at the horizon.

Suddenly I felt tired. Like I was carrying an energy that wasn't mine.

I didn't even realized I was silent.

Also, the dream was passing over and over some part of my brain, reminding me that I needed therapy.

"I was just eating." I gave the excuse, just because I had nothing else to say, but now that he pointed: yes, I was feeling weird.

He didn't say anything else, buying my reply, just walking in silence with me to the main gate.

"I'll see you at the acting class. Or at lunch, if you allow me." I wandered for his facial expression, but he was facing forward, making it impossible to read. Adding nothing else, he just walked away from me, hiding somewhere until the next break, like he'd always do.

'If you allow me?' What the hell? He was always the one avoiding me, bitch...
Walking alone till I saw my friends wasn't unpleasant, but I felt slightly bothered as I followed them and felt alone at the same time. I didn't know if it was Jaebeom or me, but I felt clingy about him and walking around with anybody else didn't make me feel as great as I was when I was beside him.

It was probably me and my desire for making things unnecessarily complicated, but it was stronger than me.

_I had to fight the feeling._

---

Choosing a sandwich for my lunch and some snacks, I found Jooheon in the line, in a neutral mood - which was weird and shocking, since he was usually as energetic as me.

"Yah, I thought I was the only one feeling like shit today." I said, making him pay attention.

"Man..." He whined, being dramatic, almost accidentally making me laugh. "I got a C minus in my history of contemporary dance class and I'll have to do the final exam... I'm fucked..."

"Man..." I squeezed his left shoulder, imitating his tone, as if sharing his pain. "I'm sorry for this... I can only pass in all subjects because Jinyoung is always forcing me to be a nerd, y'know?"

Jinyoung was like this critical but super supportive dad. He gives you everything you ask, as long as you do what you have to do.

"You're lucky, _bro_... Minhyuk and I are the same lazy dumb people. Like soulmates... Completely equals." He made a whining face.

Like soulmates...

That meant that Jinyoung and I were more like perfect opposites, right?

"Maybe you can find a third person who can make you both study..." I suggested, trying to cheer him up. I paid and waited for him to do the same, facing the crowded refectory.

"I'll announce us online. Spread this up, we need to find someone..." We both laughed.

"So, did you and Mark talked about something else yesterday?" I asked just out of curiosity, not waiting for anything.

"Not really... Nothing special. Just know that Mark truly knows and cares about you. In all ways. I think he kinda wishes you both were closer, like you probably were before." Then I frowned. He obviously said that out of impulse.

"Did he say that?" I turned to him.

"No, no! It was just something I could tell... Like he has this nostalgic feeling about you two, but I know other people made you kinda drift away. It's no one's fault." He looked at me, as if assuring me that it was just something that he thought.

"Hm..." I stopped to think.

Honestly, I had no idea if it was even possible, since Mark and I kept together, studying at the same
university and having the same circle of friends, despite everything that we've been through.

"I'll think about this closely. I love Mark, he's been with me through thick and thin. Maybe I should be more supportive about his personal life. It's just that his the type of guy who never shares his problems and even if we advice him, he just do whatever he feels like... Maybe he thinks I don't support his decisions..." I thought out loud. Jooheon was paying a special attention to me. "Jooheon, just tell me exactly what he said to you."

"Mueo?! Wae? Ani..." He had multiple expressions.

"What? How am I supposed to understand if you don't help me?!" I stopped on our way, having him in front of me.

"Trust me, he just sai-"

"Yah, it's one of those faggots from the club..." A dude bumped on my left shoulder, almost making me drop my food.

"Careful, princess... Make sure you don't drop too low, your ass could be in danger..." The second dude also bumped on me, following the first red haired guy. They were not so big, but they definitely had some muscles.

Nothing I couldn't finish by being sober.

"YAH!" I shouted, but they both just kept moving through people.

So those idiots studied here...

Good to know.

"Jackson, don't-" Jooheon grabbed my arm, pulling me closer to our table.

"If he says something funny again, I swear to God!" Now I was mad. My blood was capable of boiling only with a couple of seconds and the adrenaline made me frenetic. I needed to waste that destructive energy.

"Don't buy it..." He squeezed my arm, leaving me somewhere else, not necessarily in my table or his. I just looked at him feeling hopeless - as always. "But most importantly... Don't start a fight when we are not around to help. It's stupid." He pointed at me, serious frowned face. It wasn't a request, it was an order. I sighed heavily, trying to release my stress. "See you around?" He softened his face a little bit, but now I knew he could be intimidating when serious. Like a warrior or something similar. His muscles would be more evident and his eyes would get a glow, almost like there was a fire inside of them.

I saw a lot of me in Jooheon.

"See you." I gave his hand a grab, without shaking. He squeezed and smiled, going back to the way he was and turning around. "YAH! We still need to talk!" I shouted, making him laugh.

When I turned around, I bumped on a sit, making an ironed sound where my knee hit.

"Sorry..." I said to the person sitting, feeling the pain rapidly improving.

"So, now you're looking for fights?" Someone said, when I looked up, it was Jaebeom, having a nice gulp of an undefined juice, like he was actually having a glass of wine, looking at me in a way that a
"Is this your new thing?" He teased, being specifically interested in what I was doing and this was new. I wasn't used of having Jaebeom around me, at least, not asking me things or being friendly.

He wasn't alone on the table. The 'Kim Yugyeom' was by his side and four other guys that I have never seen in my entire life.

"It's like Taylor Swift would say: 'I don't love drama, it loves me.'" I made the it stronger.

He laughed, like Yugyeom and one more of the guys, but of course, his laugh was the most contained and I just opened a weird smile.

"I don't think you and Yugyeom were properly presented yet. Yugyeom, this is your hyung, Jackson Wang." He poked at the boy with really dark hair and pale skin and then fixated his eyes on me again, drinking from his straw like it was something really precious.

I made the first move. The boy seemed a lot younger than me and the opposite of what I pictured, he was shy and quiet.

"Nice to meet you, Yugyeom. Jinyoung right there-" I pointed at my table, coincidentally having him with his eagle eyes fixed on us. "Is a great fan of your moves." I looked back at him, whom now had a funny smile on his heart-shaped lips.

"Thank you. And it's a pleasure." He bowed, still sat by Jaebeom's side.

I smiled wider, feeling comfortable with them.

"I need to go now. See you guys around." I finally said, terminating the moments of sudden emotional change. They were all making me weird.

They all had like a contained and sophisticated behavior, not making sudden moves or laughing out loud. It made me feel awkward, as if I was in a wedding party table.

But when I arrived at our table, Bambam and Youngjae were having a dispute on who could whistle-blow the lettuce as far as possible, making a silly Mark laugh at their attempts like a kid, but making Jinyoung wanting to hide somewhere.

"Guys, every day is a new surprise with you. Thank you for that..." I sat at the empty sit beside my boy, having Bambam on my other side.

"I WON! YOU'RE CHEATING! MARK, YOU SAW IT!" The Thai boy shouted like he was being betrayed.

"I didn't see anything, Youngjae is the winner." The oldest laughed, but in what I could judge it was the objective of the game, Bambam had obviously won.

"See?" Youngjae laughed like there was no tomorrow and now my humor changed once more, to something truly better.

"Hey babe." I grabbed one of Jinyoung's thighs. He looked at me with a pouty smile. "Not having fun?" I whispered, as the boys kept discussing.

"They are like animals..." He now pouted completely, leaning on me.

"I know, and I love it..." I started to open the wrap of my sandwich, giving it the first bite.
"And I have news!" He shook my left leg non-stop, growing excited from nothing. "Kids, I have news!" He announced, making the boys instantly shut up and look at him. "I shared Jackson's and I idea of making a short movie and presenting till the end of this semester, as the last exam we would have..." He easily made the three of them curious and excited, but I froze on my sit.


"He said he will have a conversation with the majority of teachers as soon as he can and see how many subjects we can cut, having the exams replaced by this movie, but by him, it's already settled!" I saw the glow in his eyes and now I was tense. Even more tense than I was when I woke up this morning or when that idiot bumped into me.

"Whaat?" I protested, all eyes on me.

It started wrong when he said "Jackson's and I" idea...

"Jackson-si, don't be lazy... We can do this. In fact..." He looked at every single one of us. "I think we can win this..." Now he crossed his arms, giving us this thinking face.

"But how is he going to do it? I mean, I'm a designer... How is this supposed to help me?" Mark commented.

"Don't worry... I'll let you know if a couple of your teachers say eyes to this. If at least two of seven agree, it's not a waste of your time anymore, you can eliminate two unnecessary exams..." Of course, Jinyoung always had a plan.

"In mine and Jackson's case, we hope they agree. Is a great opportunity for us..." Bambam was a hundred percent at ease.

"I'm supposed to be a singer, songwriter and composer, so maybe I can take care of the music and the sound effects with you two..." Youngjae agreed.

Now the four of them were starring at me, as if waiting for my permission.

I rolled my eyes.

"Guys, you have no idea at how complicated it is to do something presentable! Where are we gonna find cameras and microphones for this?"

"I can take care of this... I actually have great equipment and there's no problem if we need to buy better or more things. I can pay for it." Bambam didn't even thought twice.

"What about the scenarios? Where can we film something on this shitty neighborhood?! It's always cloudy and lifeless!"

"Jackson, let me take care of the places we can film, okay? I can make it beautiful with some editing and some magic shooting anyways..." Mark spoke like a professional.

"And what would the story be about? What if it's boring or if it makes no sense?!" I was running out of excuses.

"Jeez... Did you forget about me? I'm the greatest director, slash, writer, slash actor this school has ever seen, and you guys are the best team!" He pushed me.

I rolled my eyes again.
"Don't be that coward, Jackson..." Now he caressed my leg, studying me with expectation shining on his dark eyes.

"And what about the rest of the people? How many in a group?" I thought about the drama of working with actors and how extra it would be. A lot of opinions and actors trying to be better than others, competition making my work shitty-

"We already have a great team of producers. Now we need good actors. Considering us five, I would say twelve people is a interesting number for a nice short movie. With Jaebeom we have six. I should invite D.O before he gets chosen or before he chooses to create a group of his own..." Jinyoung was thinking out loud, looking around the place, hoping to find more interesting people. "Though I think he wouldn't agree, since him, Chanyeol and Kai are always together and they three have a really strong chemistry... No, me and Jaebeom are already the stars, we don't need anymore power, we just need people who can do their jobs right..." He kept speaking, going around his head.

"We should call Yugyeom... He's pretty serious, he probably knows how to put up to other people really well..." Bambam suggested.

Jinyoung looked at me with straight lips and cutting eyes, then considering Bambam's idea.

"No?" He shrugged.

"Maybe. I don't know if it would make any sense for him to participate at all, since he only comes here every Monday, Wednesday and Friday to dance... Actually, what is he doing here today?" He crossed his gaze through the room, until it got to the boy sitting next to Jaebeom, having a nice talk with the others.

"No idea." Bambam whispered.

"Maybe Kim Taehyung? He has nice visuals and he knows how to pose really well. In fact, I have some classes with him, but I don't know what's his major." Mark pointed to the other side, where we could find the tiny boy and other six friends squeezing in a six place table.

"His major in arts and he's great..." Bambam agreed. "He can act and help with the production at the same time, his concepts are amazing and he can help you with the creation of the story, Jinyoung... He's creative..."

"Woah... Suddenly we have our team almost ready..." Youngjae concluded, eating his last's french fries.

"We just need their participation." Mark also remembered.

"We need the teachers' confirmation..." Because yeah, it had to be a benefit for all, instead of making us crazier than the normal.

"They will agree... This UNI needs us more than we need it. No one does anything to prove why this is one of the best art UNIS ever... We are special," Jinyoung was a master on making everyone feeling like they were the sun. More like fooling everyone sometimes, just to get what he wanted.

"Jinyoung-si is such a star, oh my God..." Youngjae laughed.

"My manipulative baby is ready to fight..." I whispered at his ear, making him shiver and get away from me laughing.

"Stop..." He started to melt, not really wanting me to stop.
The fact that he considered 'manipulative' a good thing made me shiver, but no one needed to know.

"What? You know you are worst than Emma Watson..." He made that squishy face, his dimples getting stronger, a shy smile being formed.

"Why do you have to compare me with a Western actress?" He passed one arm around my neck, getting closer, but turning his face away.

"I don't know, it was the first that came in mind..." I also laced him through his waist, using my right hand to eat.

"Do you feel attracted to her?" He asked in my ear.

I smiled at our game.

"Do you?" I returned the question.

"I don't know..." He stole one of my fries, biting piece by piece until it was gone.

"I don't." I confessed.

I really didn't. Not really my type. I needed someone more energetic and crazy, but not looking like it from the outside.

"And what is your type then?" He brushed his hair to the curve of my neck, putting his legs up on my thighs. I sighed, because I didn't had anything specific. All I knew was what I didn't liked at all.

"I don't know..." I repeated his previously answer, but he insisted. "I think I like hidden things..." I wasn't controlling my words and suddenly, this came out.

"Hidden things? Isn't it like an obligation when you're gay in Korea?"

"Not like this... I like mysterious things... Like, going well with someone out of nowhere for no apparently reason... Even if you have nothing in common with them..." I reflected.

"But wouldn't it be hard to get in middle terms with someone that different from yourself?" He said.

"Maybe... But if the magnetism is enough, maybe the pair can overcome it. Together."

"Hm..."

"I think we're pretty magnetic, don't you?" I said, smiling at him, eating my french fries.

"I do." He hid his face on my neck, trickling me.

When Jinyoung's class was over, he presented the idea of the movie making to all the acting students and as something combined, they were all too excited for the project to be accepted.

We were on our way to the bus stop now, just me and him talking.
"So, of it all goes right; have you thought about the story yet? How is it going to be? How many do you need to make this dream come true?" I grabbed him by the arm as we walked side by side.

He laughed, genuinely demonstrating how excited he was.

"I have some ideas," he squeezed my arm on his, pulling me closer.

"Can you share any of them?" I teased, enjoying the smile on his face.

We outed the UNI, a group of students not that far from us.

"No, not yet." He made a kissable pout, looking at me by his side vision.

"But baby, I wanna help you..." I whined, shaking him.

"You already do... You have no idea how much you help me just by being here." He smiled to the ground, but I had the impression that it was kind of a melancholic smile. I caressed his arm and pressed my fingers more, making sure he was okay as he looked at me really fast in the eyes and smiled.

He was fine, wasn't he?

He would tell me if he wasn't. We tell everything to each other anyways, I didn't dare to walk hand in hand with him, afraid someone would come to us, but going to his house was already good enough.

"You know what?" He suddenly said.

"Uh?"

"You should sleep a hole week in my house. A hole month." He looked at me again and there was a shimmer in his eyes, something different from happiness or excitement. It was something dirty, hidden, something he wasn't proud of. "You should live with me! Let's get married!" He sounded crazy to me, since he was never this daring. Of course he was kidding, but there was something strange going on, I just couldn't assume if it was worth the worry or not.

"Are you okay?" He looked at me with his cat eyes and god, how I loved that look...

Some people would just have these cat eyes, either daring and hunting ones or relaxed, king-of-the-fucking-world ones... Jinyoung was like a cat hunting the food, the way he falsely looked at you in the eyes like he was a hundred percent focused on you, not being sincere about it all, but most of the time, he was thinking about something else. I loved how he was capable to hide things and still convince me that there was nothing wrong, even though I knew exactly what was the problem - or sometimes I just guessed.

Sometimes I was clueless.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Oh, those eyes. I loved'em, I hated'em. He held my hand as if emphasizing his reply.

"I don't know." I said empty words.

"You're still going to my house, right?" He looked at me in that way again, as if he was totally dependent of me.

"Obviously." I smiled. "I believe we need a moment just to us." I saw birds flying in the horizon, the
Call me egoistic, selfish, bad person, but even though I knew me and Jinyoung were walking on
eggshells, I still needed him. I wanted to be with him and touch him. I was addicted to the way he
traded me like a god and a prostitute at the same time, knowing how to switch from warm touches
to electric curious hands.

"I think you're right. I just wanna spend time with you. We haven't been together since-

"Yah, Jinyoung-ssi..." That same voice called us from behind, almost at the bus stop. I was the first to
turn around and look at Jaebeom's face, surprised to find out he was also looking at me, despite of
Jinyoung's name being called. He had critical, but careful eyes, cutting, slicing everything.

"Jaebeom hyung..." My boyfriend turned to him, also impersonating cutting and strict eyes. A sly
smile on his lips and straight eyebrows showed that he was being calculated.

Jinyoung didn't liked Jaebeom anymore. It was more than clear.

Somehow, our hyung found a way to intimidate Jinyoung.

I had to figure out what.

Jaebeom now cut his sight from me to him.

Why wouldn't he stop looking at me? What was the matter?

"Anneyong..." He was serious, almost weird. "Whenever you have the time, let's talk about the story
that we're going to film." It wasn't a question, but an educated way to order him.

I felt like a regular wife of an employee who worked really hard at a large company, which Jaebeom
was the boss, about to give him a promotion after some sort of secret big deal between them only.

"Sure... From today till tomorrow, Jackson and I will be busy but, yeah... We can still talk about it
later this week..." Jinyoung just had to make it clear that we were going to spend some time together,
just like that, as if I was a trophy.

He kind of stood in front of me in a exaggerated protective way, but not moving too much. I saw
Jaebeom swallow dryly, rising his brows and I swear to god, there was something wrong. I could
sense it.

I had no idea what was that about, but I knew it had to deal with me and my relationship with
Jinyoung and Jaebeom's more than clear disapproval.

"Awesome." He seemed to challenge, now looking like a meter or two taller than Jinyoung, even
though I knew it was only three or four centimeters, but his chin could do magic.

What the hell was going on between them two?

"See you, Jackson." He didn't smile, but he only said my name when turning around to leave. It was
rude, but he never seemed to care. He just pressed one lip on the other, as if he felt ashamed of
something, but it was too much to mention.

"See you at home." I managed to reply really low, not aware of him listening.

At the same time, Jinyoung turned around to me, but I kept staring at Jaebeom's large back and
shoulders, walking away from us at the same bus stop.

"You better be ready, Jackson-ssi." Jinyoung cut my sight, getting where my eyes were focusing. He looked somehow pissed, but not furious. It felt ironical cause I knew he wasn't capable to hurt me, but he wanted to demonstrate I was taking risks on something that I had no idea what it was.

I just stared back at him completely clueless and he seemed to notice, but nothing else was said.

He took the bus and left, leaving Jaebeom behind.

I had to confess...

Jaebeom hyung was strange. He was speaking to me more openly and he was always close, since the day I slept on his house. He seemed more open, as if he changed his opinion about me and Jinyoung from day to night. He obviously was involved on Jinyoung's idea to make us official and special, but I wasn't sure anymore if it was only jealousy or if there was something else that I missed because I was too drunk to notice.

Sticking up to the idea of homophobia made me comfortable.

Jinyoung opened the door to his room. We arrived five minutes ago, around four and a half on the afternoon. He had his lips together in a straight, serious line, a frown on his face, quiet all the way back to his house.

"Jinyoung, what's the matter?" I crossed my arms, feeling already sick of it.

He turned around for me, after closing the windows and turning the air-con on. Eyes kind of pink, holding back his emotions. I went to him, letting go of my bags. He looked like he was at the merge of a crying moment.

"What's wrong? Tell me." I gently grabbed his face with my hands, trying to read his mind, but he seemed on fire. He pushed my hands away and stared at me.

"Take off your clothes. Now." He ordered, crossing his arms, standing tough.

I frowned, moving really slow to unbutton my shirt. *It was one of those moments.*

*It was happening again.*

When they were gone, I pulled my shirt off on each side of my body, analyzing myself as I did it.

This has happened before. Jinyoung would get jealous and angry at the silliest things, looks, conversations, simple talks or someone else's company that he found intimidating.

Then he would not talk to me.

He would fuck me.
I felt his body coming to me, his warmth getting closer. He did the same with his shirt, but way faster than I did. His nipples were pink and I was thirsty for them, but I didn't do anything.

"Take. Them. Off, Jackson." He raised his voice, noticing I was completely distracted, feeling impatient. "Now." He crossed his arms, standing two or three centimeters taller than me.

I didn't understand why I would get so distracted while having sex. I mean, it was good and always pleasing... Why would my mind go blank?

I unbuttoned my pants, slowly pushing them down, not making eye contact with him.

"And I hope you're prepared enough, because I'm not going to go soft on you." He said on top of me still with his dark pants on.

I released the air from my lungs, feeling anticipated as my dick started to do it's thing.

"Neng." I breathed out, also pulling my boxers off, being completely vulnerable.

I wasn't ready, but I stared deep inside his eyes, waiting for the next orders. He came to me with his own orbits more open than what I considered his regular and grabbed both of my arms with a strength that made me hiss.

Because Jinyoung wasn't the person who showed off, much less about his body, but he was hot, beautiful and REALLY strong.

"Ugh..." He pushed me against the bed, back hitting strongly at the fluffy material under me.

He then got completely naked, even taking his socks off, all while still staring at me, as if provoking.

I knew I had to remain silent and let him do his thing. He worked like that when he was angry.

One time I tried to talk to him to understand why he was being so quiet and explosive. Turned out on me being ignored and slapped on the face after insisting. I seriously almost got hit and expelled from his house - for something I had no idea I did, such as dancing sensually with some other guy while I was drunk and everyone watched. He fucked me three times that night like he was completely insane, I couldn't sit straight for two days.

That other time I refused to have sex with him, trying to instead, talk and figure things out. He thought I was going out with someone else, but without telling him and kind of breaking our sincere deal. He even chased me to find out who was the person, but he never found out - because there was nobody. He obviously gave me the silent treatment for about a week and he would be really rude whenever he had the chance. He would confront me in front of our friends and create a fight out of nothing. After a really hard time, I apologized out of tiredness, begging on my knees for him to just take me and do whatever he wanted - so we fucked again in the couch, on the shower (one of my favorite places) and lastly on his bed, where he slapped the devil out of me.

That was one of these occasions. Now he was silent, angry and deliciously impatient. He would start me by any time, use me around two times and on the third, he would treat me like a king - but still under his commands.

Moral of the story: whenever Jinyoung was mad out of nowhere, just let him fuck you. Or fight with him knowing he will be violent and emotionally problematic.
That could be considered the main problem about dating Jinyoung. He hadn't learnt how to deal with his strong and visceral emotions.

"You have two options today." He crossed his arms, beginning our battle. "First-" He signaled one finger. "You can lay there and masturbate yourself until

I you come three times or... Second: you can be fucked one time, but without preparation and using the less quantity of lubricant ever, standing on your feet." He had the face of the devil and for a moment I could say he had it trapped on his body somewhere.

I felt the pain of the over-stimulation in my dick and the burn on my hole after it had been fucked for indeterminate time, knowing Jinyoung would never look back on making me suffer, I just had to decide which one was the less painful and go ahead.

Being fucked till his limit was faster than me getting distracted and never coming for the third time.

I released the air off of my lungs having the answer at the tip of my tongue. "Just do me." I kind of begged and I was not ashamed of it. Begging made him feel like he was in control and then he would be less aggressive.

"Lean here then. And don't say anything." That meant: suffer in silence. Feel pleasure in silence.

Shit, I can't believe I like this fucked up thing, my dick is up without even touching...

I did exactly as he said, holding myself on his desk.

"Lower your back and give me your ass." He ordered, voice never crumbling or hesitating. Jinyoung was one nasty thing. He would go from the polite son of a teacher and a doctor, classical music' connoisseur and almost a chaebol with lots of money just waiting for him to graduate on his bank to the whore down the nastiest street in Gangnam, waiting for a good amount of cash to use his body like he meant it only one time. He was dirty and he would do the necessary to have what he felt like it should be of his possession.

Obeying, I gave myself completely submissive to him, waiting for his invasive movements.

He grabbed the lubricant from somewhere, coming to me as he opened a condom and dressed it on himself.

At least the condom gave me a little bit more of moisture and made the lubricant last longer.

I also didn't know why he was using a condom today if he could make me suffer more without it.

And I loved when he came inside me. I could say it was my fetish.

Applying some lubricant in my hole without entering, he pressed his dick against me, forcing it open. It was like stretching a part of your body and feeling in being ripped, but multiplied by ten times. He made no sound as he succeeded putting his head in as I felt sweat coming out of my forehead when I really tried to control myself, letting it voluntarily open.

Five minutes later he was entirely inside of me, reaching deep almost in my prostate.

"Fuck..." He murmured deep, still not touching me.

There was something different about this time. I didn't know what, but I was sure.

He felt colder. Conflicted.
Then he started moving. I felt hopeless, never been so invaded like this. He was breaking me up inside, splitting me in two and I still needed his touch, his possessive grabbing, his rude way to mix up my emotions and feelings, but he wasn't. Moving while holding onto the desk, hands and arms longer than mines, resting away from me, seeming to not wanting to mix up with me, as amazing as it sounds.

I melted, loving the feeling. Loving to be filled up like this, but I needed more, I needed for it to be true.

I stood up as he slowly fucked me in and out, moving in the sexiest way ever, breathing against all over my shoulders - because he was a natural. My back touched his burning chest, the feeling making me melt even more.

"Stay down, fuck!" He growled, driving me crazy.

But I couldn't speak what I wanted. It was part of my punishment. I instead laid down completely on his desk, defeated and in pain. My heart was about to explode and I wanted to cry. I wanted to know why I was being punished this time and talk it up and then have a great love-making night with him. We couldn't be like this anymore, couples wasn't supposed to be like that.

I was about to try to speak when he hit me really deep, reaching the limit and I could tell he felt it. He felt it because he moaned on top of my head and twisted his hips, fucking me in a different position. I murmured again, not capable of holding back.

He did it again and again, making me grab the desk too and hold to keep myself up. It was like standing where the waves crash on the beach, feeling as they would pressure against you and as you held up trying to stand in only one place, you lost strength, getting malleable, being washed in the sand.

"Ah, fuck..." He growled again as he got faster. I could feel the lube starting to fade, mixing the burning of the repetitive moves with the pain of the stretch. I was high in drugs, all I could see was colors and shapes.

If I could only moan and express my feelings I would feel better, complete, but he knew.

And he didn't wanted me to feel better. He wanted me to suffer. To keep everything inside, like he did.

But some part of me would feel pleased by it.

Why?

I couldn't take it anymore after some time. Something on his desk banged against the wall as he banged against me and thinking about how erotic that noise mixed with his grows and my heaving breathing was, I came.

I came without even touching or feeling myself. I couldn't even see what was the condition down there, but I still felt good being fucked after coming. It extended my orgasm and it made me out of control.

"Jinyoung..." I murmured really low, showing that my body was starting to give up. He heard, because he growled and paused for a moment, punching the desk right beside my head, leaving me startled, now feeling afraid. I had no idea how much anger he was feeling, but I sensed he was more frustrated than anything. He knew I came because I squeezed him inside me. Coming off, I stood there in the desk, not wanting to piss him off even more.
In the beginning I thought really sexy when he fucked me with anger, but as he had no reasons to do so, I began to be questioning.

What did I do?

"Come here, Jackson." His voice was normal again, but he was still holding himself. He waited for me on his bed, perfectly sat on top of the soft sheets - those that he exchanged every now and then.

I felt like I put too much effort to stand up and go on his direction. He didn't looked in my eyes and he was proudly hard, touching himself shamelessly.

"Just... Lay there and let me finish you." Was he tired? Did I, indeed, do something wrong?

But I did as he ordered, sure that my face was really confused. He came to me, looking at my entire body as he climbed on top of me, except for my face. I could see the effort he was making to avoid it. How could he fuck me in this position without making eye contact with me? What made him think he could anyways? I was too expansive when it came to love and I could share it with practically anyone that I trusted, but I would never give anyone the right to make me feel as if I was an object of satisfaction and that was how he was slowly making me feel right at this moment, consciously.

Why?

He started to move as he found ways to support himself without touching me. My frustration started to make me angry.

"Jinyoung..." I called, turning my face whenever he turned his.

"Shh." He closed his eyes, probably not having any idea of what was going on in my mind, moving inside of me like he was my owner, taking my breath away effortlessly as he hit the right places.

We stood like that for good minutes, till I tried again, feeling nauseous.

"Jinyoung, look at me..." I touched his face, making him open his eyes. "Please, I need you to look at me..." I tried, really forcing him to stare at me. "Why you're not looking? I need this, please..." I whined.

"Why?" His voice was a soft and low whisper, trembling.

*Maybe he knew what he was doing to me, after all. Maybe we had this connection.*

I was shocked.

Jinyoung never showed his true feelings until I made him restless and that coasted at least two orgasms in the best all of cases, but right now, I could feel his walls crumbling.

"Why? Why do I need you to look at me? Well, because I need your attention!" I said real fast. "Why are you treating me like this? What's happening to you?"

"It's just... I can't." He stopped the moves completely, which I hated.

"You can't what?" I caressed his face, making him stare at me. Hurt and confusion dripping from in his eyes.

"I can't stop loving you... Not now... Not like this..." He confessed and my heart froze inside my hot chest. I heard some song being played on a piano in my head, a really sad, old song.
"Why would you ever want that at all?" I felt my eyes opening more than ever, the honest words flying out of my mouth. Some strands of hair fell down on his face, making him the prettiest thing I've ever seen, pale as a moon child.

He got silent, blinking at me.

"Jinyoung, what are you talking about?" I whispered, but he said nothing. "Just please, come here and make me yours right now. We're not fucking... This is love-making, okay? You might be scared or insecure, but you can't treat me like this. We fight together, we grow together." I kept caressing him, pulling him closer, saying whatever came into mind. "Now please, love me. Love me really hard and kiss me... Touch me, look me in the eyes." I took his hands and placed them on my sides, having him grabbing me now with more confidence. "Just hold on to me and let's do this..." I hugged his waist with my legs, bringing him closer and deeper. "Ah..." I moaned openly. "Please, baby... Just love me."

I shivered with my own words, watching as his eyes were glowing. I never pictured myself saying such things to someone. It's just in a level that I considered too mature and romantic for me, but maybe all I had to do was...

Allow myself to say these words.

Open up to it and give it a chance.

"Jackson, you do love me, right?" He buried his face on my neck, whispering his breath directly on me. It felt like he knew exactly what I was thinking, my fears and doubts.

"What the fuck is this question?" I decided to do as I thought it was right and give him a shot, give myself the right to love someone truly. Open up with no regrets. "Of course I love you." I said without thinking, feeling my insides come out. It was a lot.

It was fucking too much and I was panicking, I had completely forgot what was like to be in love.

I loved him already, of course, but I kept saying to myself that there was something out there waiting for me. Someone just waiting for the type of love that I had to give and once I met this person, everything would make sense, but maybe it wasn't about this at all.

Maybe it was about giving people chances, opening up and let yourself be guided by something bigger than you.

"Good... Because I can't be with you if you don't love me." He whispered one more time, and I knew exactly how he felt, even though I was still afraid. I don't know what these words did or how it changed the universe, in what intensity, all I knew was that it felt different. And I liked different.

"Don't worry," I blinked, watching the room go dark. "If I ever stop loving you, you'll know. But it's probably easier for you to start hating me." That was the truth.

"I doubt it. Strongly." And that man was so full of certainty that maybe I believed on him. Maybe he was my chance to be less bitter.

Even though there was five brain cells in my head telling me to be careful. To think closely.

I ignored them.

Finally, he returned his moves, kissing my body wherever he could, returning to my face and kissing me slow. I was being fucked, bitten and sucked at the same time by someone that really mattered to
The way he went to the end and returned inside made me hurt in pleasure and our bodies where sexier than any porn. He had not hesitated when sucking my tongue and hitting me with full power, making me moan inside his mouth.

"Oh my god..." He murmured on my lips, air coming hotter than ever. We were pure fire. I rolled my hips as we moved, my body flashing as a wild fire burning something down to ashes.

Like that we just kept fucking, making love, touching each others' bodies. He would please me like I was a king and I'd do whatever he wanted.

He came inside me and took my breath away. I was hard again. He pulled me up for a shower and was his turn to suck me clean. I saw stars while he swallowed it all.

We were just fine.

The next day, when I went to the bus stop after saying goodbye to my friends and to Jinyoung, Jaebeom was waiting by my side. We were quiet and I honestly didn't know what to say, my body was really tired and I had a million projects to conclude when getting home, meaning I wasn't going to sleep.

When the bus arrived and I climbed in, sitting by the window, Jaebeom sat by my side. I analyzed his face completely clueless, but my headache made me stay silent.

"What's wrong with you?" He asked not wasting time, also not staring back. Of course the way he asked sounded really rude, but taking in consideration the times he threatened me, that was a gentle way to care.

"What?" I sighed, sleepy - since Jinyoung and I haven't quite slept the entire night, thanks to us being horny.

It was like a honeymoon, but without the break time.

"Are you in pain?" He now returned to me, crossing his fingers on his lap.

"Yeah, my head is about to explode." I confessed, looking at the streets passing by. The sun setting.

"And the rest of your body?" He continued, making me now face him, but he wouldn't look in my eyes.

"Why?" I asked back.

"You moved weird today at the dance class. I thought you were about to break and fall into pieces." But oh, he was really focused looking at the window to avoid my eyes, but his mind was all about me, for what looked like.

He was cautiously paying attention to me at the dance class. Not even my friends commented about it, but I supposed it was all because they knew what Jinyoung and I were up to the night before.
I wasn't going to ask why he was concerned. People like Jaebeom took care of the others in a ashamed and reluctant way. Teasing him about it would make him step away from me, close like a shell and I absolutely didn't want that.

"Yeah, my body it's hurting in different areas, but I'll survive." My legs, backs, head where Jinyoung pulled my hair and of course, my butthole, burning each time I sat. Also, my limbs gave me the message they were returning to their places slowly, by each time I moved, feeling like they were twisting.

"You need to rest." He obviously stated. I had no idea if he knew what we were up to last night, but I wasn't going to make any implications.

"I can't. I have a lot of projects to conclude." I explained.

"Come to my house after dinner. I still need to tell you about that dream I had with you anyways." He threw on my face, but then made it softer. I stared back at him clueless.

Okay, now that was too much for someone that didn't want to look concerned about me.

"What?" I whispered, not remembering about this detail, last three brain cells still trying to work.

If I remembered the dream thing before, I would probably knock at his door in the middle of the night just to beg him to tell me.

For what I could remember, I had some sort of strange dream too, but it was not possible to recognize the one in it.

Perhaps it was him?

Was that even possible? To dream about the same thing at the same time with someone you knew?

He didn't looked at me again. "And, I need help with my homemade songs." He also whispered, not wanting to sound that obvious, but doing it anyways. He was demanding my help timidly.

Jackson, don't scream, don't shout, don't cringe, don't move too fast, control your voice... Stay fucking calm, don't scare the cat away, he might never come back...

"Uh... I don't know, I'm not even considering myself a human being today, hyung. Doubt I can help you with anything." Ah, come on, I needed to tease just a little bit... I needed for him to beg me... I was never returning home without hearing the fucking dream.

I didn't got an answer, but he turned his face to me, raising his brows, looking directly in my eyes. He wasn't trying to intimidate me or make me uncomfortable. It was more like he was investigating why I was telling no.

Or silently controlling my mind for me to say yes.

And it worked.

"Fine... But I want birthday cake ice cream." I cut my gaze, but he still stared at me.

"As much as you want it." Was his last words.

Jesus, Mary and John, I was burning inside. I was so anxious that I didn't realize I was breathing faster. He was calling me to his house and I didn't forced him or anything. Also, I wasn't beat up, bleeding or drunk. It was a regular day, regular casualty.
Suddenly it became my mission of life. To figure out when Jaebeom was fucking with me or not giving a fuck about me.

"Yah, are you going to the gym with fluffy flip flops? Are you out of your mind?" My mother interrupted my moves as I opened the door holding my backpack to go to Jaebeom's house. I rolled my eyes in the most disgusting way, as I had to waste my precious saliva explaining to her where I was going.

"I'm going to Jaebeom's. Don't wait for me awake, I got the keys." Whatever this was, I wanted it to last at least a couple of hours without crashing like a dead body at his bed or something.

Closing the door behind me, I walked to the other side in seconds, ringing his doorbell. Ten seconds later, he opened the door for me, smelling like coconut and strawberry - meaning he just took a shower.

"Come in." He left the door open, running back to the kitchen, letting me be comfortable by myself. I closed the door behind of me, leaving my dalmatian flip flops at the door, walking with black socks now.

"Whatcha doing?" I asked from the living room, noticing there was no one home and the TV down. I followed him to the kitchen, where he was filling two mugs of birthday cake ice cream for the both of us. Needless to explain, he continued to do what he was doing, keeping everything together as I watched trying really hard not to smile.

"How did you know I was coming? To put the ice cream in the mugs like that?" I murmured, incredulous.

"I could sense a headache coming. You often come with it." He shrugged, being generous to the both of us when putting the most delicious thing inside the two black mugs. I tried to feel offended, but the fact that he actually guessed I was coming made me too impressed.

"You're so funny, hyung. Love the way you--" I cut myself, not wanting to sound weird, so I lowered my voice-tone for him not to notice. "Yah, this quantity will make us sick..." I teased, crossing my arms as I got closer to him.

He was wearing white shorts and a black sleeveless cotton shirt, showing off the muscles of his arms unintentionally, but fucking it all up just the same.

He instantly looked at me with a teasing smile, meaning he wasn't buying what I was saying, making me shiver at the speed of how we quickly became so familiarized with each others' behavior. Suddenly I wasn't so sleepy anymore.

Coming in my direction, he gave me one of the black mugs and went to his room holding the other. I was just following trying not to faint.

*How did he managed to give me this look and then behave like a kid in the following seconds?*
When I got in, he sat by his laptop, making me do the same thing on top of his bed, not even asking if I could.

"So, I have this idea for a beat, but I don't know how to do it in a certain way..." He commented, talking about his music, completely distracted.

My eyes shone and I felt tears forming. Yes, I was exaggerated and emotional, but I managed to hide as I turned my laptop on. "I know I have to make sure it's in the right tempo, but it still doesn't sound harmonious..." He continued to mess with it and I turned on my back, trying to hide the gigantic smile cutting my face in two. "Maybe if you listen, you can identify what did I do wrong and correct... I'll be repeating thought the entire song, so there's no need to worry about the rest." I heard him typing and clicking as I did it myself too, re-opening my projects.

I stood silent, feeling my heartbeat slowing down as I got myself distracted with other things, minutes passing by.

"Ahrm... Jackson?" He called me.

Shit, I relaxed so much that I forgot to answer.

"Yeah, sorry, I'm not deaf or crazy, I just got distracted..." I still would not look at him, afraid I'd break into the silliest smile just by watching him.

"You must be really tired..." I deep breathed, feeling my muscles tense and relax on their own. "Maybe you should go back to your house and we talk about this later?" He suggested and in the middle of the sentence, I was standing on my feet, going to him.

"Get out of there, let me handle this." I pulled him from his chair abruptly, sitting and messing with the program like it was a text that I had to correct.

He threw himself on his bed, pulling my laptop closer, but I didn't mind. There was nothing he couldn't see.

Playing the beat a couple of times, I opened a new file, doing the same, except for the part I thought it sounded strange.

"What do you want? I made this version, but there are infinite ways it can sound different." I asked, looping the beat so he could hear.

He was distracted, opening and analyzing the windows that I left there.

"Yeah, it's almost there..." He looked straight at me, supporting his chin on his right hand. I blushed, returning to guess what was on his mind. "Just give it a asymmetrical beat, like different tempos..." He continued to look at me, his feet twisting as he was thinking.

I nodded, fixing the tempo, moving one of the tones earlier and the other one a bit later. Repeating the process in a bot, I played again after a few minutes. "Like this?" I looked at him again, he was already coming to me.

"Yeah, what did you do?" He supported his left hand on my left shoulder, putting his weight there like he was embracing me and with his right hand, he supported at the desk, looking closely at the laptop.

Simple, but effective touches, on specific areas. They were magical.
I shivered so much that my feet shook without a meaning. Even my breathing process paralyzed.

But that was nothing. Fucking nothing.

He just leaned on me and I was going nuts.

I gasped, biting my lip. "Literally nothing." I answered, looking at his profile as he was distracted.

"It sounds great..." He touched here and there to play it again and again, having a blank face, probably thinking about the lyrics and melody.

"What else do you need?" I continued to bite my lip nervously, paying attention to how he would squeeze his eyes and open.

"For now, nothing. If I need your help again, I'll tell you." And that was a goodbye, right? He wanted me to leave, I was no use anymore.

"So, do I go home now or...?" I wasn't ashamed of asking. Some things had to be said.

He wanted me to leave or stay?

"What? Are you thinking about getting rid of me? We're just starting." He plugged his headphones, ignoring me and going back to his creation. I smiled, not being able to hide, but I didn't want to. This was progress and it was in my right to celebrate.

'Getting rid of him' was something that I never wanted to do, apparently.

So he wanted me to kick down his walls...
10 it don't matter to me what you say

Chapter Notes

FIRST, PLEASE CHECK IF YOU ALREADY READ THE 9TH CHAPTER!
Hellooo, I'm back and I'm already apologizing for my delay ^^
It's not that I don't have chapters ready, it's just that I needed some time to organize my ideas and be secure with the path this fic will take. Now that I'm all set, I believe we won't have any struggles until August - maybe. I'm not sure yet, but I just wanted to let you guys know :)
Missed you all ghost readers, so I hope you all enjoy your reading <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two hours passed by, now it was around eight and we were sat side by side at his laptop. He reached for his mother's desk chair and now I was explaining how I did something that by his eyes, seemed extraordinary.

It was nothing, really. Just messing with different sounds at the same time and loop to create a rich harmony, pleasant to be heard, but he was focused. Apparently there was a part of the loop which made him confused, but he knew how to mess with everything in his room, from a keyboard, to an acoustic guitar to synthetic instruments. It was easy to create music, but it was hard to create good music, more than a couple of beats and some ordinary words. It demanded time and a lot of creativity, a good ear and some basic knowledge of what the instruments were capable of giving you. Jaebeom had inspiration and he was thirsty for success and acknowledgement. I could see it in the delicate touch of his fingers, the way he treated his instruments, focus on his eyes. He knew how to play piano and he did it beautifully well. He mastered the sound of each tiles and the melodies he created were often sad or melancholic.

I was impressed and enchanted, to the point I started to ask myself how easy it was to make me thrilled. I had no acknowledgment on a artist's capability of being amazing when it came to instruments, but all I could say was that I've seen and cried to Youngjae's songs before, but none of them made me feel the magic.

Jaebeom mastered the magic.

A couple of minutes later, we switched places and I returned to my laptop, now resting beside his, because it needed to recharge and the best place was the desk. So he was messing with his music and I was editing my videos, going back and forward with ideas and cutting scenes, changing filters and sometimes having to edit image by image in a shot just for it to match with the standardized photography. It was kind of repetitive and sometimes not fun at all, but having my almost finished look at it, I was satisfied.

"I like what you did there." He commented, cutting my attention, pointing at Wonpil's edited face - my journalism friend who accepted to be the concept of my video. I didn't know he was focusing on me, much less for how long. When I had plans in my head, I wouldn't even blink, because I had do to exactly as I was thinking.

"Where?" I played the small cut-scene again from the beginning.
"There..." He pointed at the right time, indicating some really hard part of the work that I had to edit because of the shadows and light.

"Really? I'm not sure about this part though, but it was so much work that I decided to leave it like that for now." I explained, somehow feeling relieved that someone else liked, even though my difficulty with editing shadows was more than evident to anyone who understood.

"It's perfect. Don't change it. The colors match well, it looks natural, but intense. I like it that the shadows don't specifically match, but it makes the overall look smoother, less scary."

Right. I forgot. If he wasn't an actor he would be a photographer, so he definitely understood the matter.

Lucky me, I wasn't really trying to surprise or impress him with my editing skills.

Humble to the core.

I looked at him, who had this cute face looking at my editions. I just kept looking, feeling fatigued in my head. I really needed to rest.

"Thanks." I said. He stared at me for three seconds with his face blank, but then returning to his own laptop. "I think I need five minutes and a cigarette." I stood up, stretching my arms, standing at the tip of my toes - if that was even possible.

"D'you smoke?" He turned his chair around, following my moves as I threw myself on top of his bed. Kunta was laying there too, not giving a single fuck about me. I laid really close to her, back facing him, caressing her head gently. She was black and had these beautiful yellowish green eyes. Her fur was soft and she was really tranquil.

"Not anymore." I answered, in love with the animal in front of me, purring at my moves.

Kunta loved me, I loved Kunta. It was mutual and really easy.

My backs were killing me and my head was spinning in tiredness. I needed to sleep really bad.

"Yah, I'm gonna take like twenty minutes here or so... Shake me if you need anything, okay?" I was really dead, my body disobeying me.

"Neng." Was all I heard before I closed my eyes, instantly relaxing. "Make yourself at... home..." Was the last thing I heard before it was too late.

My mind was full of ideas, but suddenly something was shooting every thought down, going dark and silent. The last thing I heard was Kunta's meow, as if asking me why did I stopped and I really wanted to tell her 'don't worry, kitten... just give me a couple of minutes...' but all I did was think that, never really saying.

It was too late to shake it up, I had no strength.

Like that, I fell unconscious.
Something shook the fluffy sheets where I was laying. My body was still paralyzed in tiredness, but I had an active mind, so I opened my eyes.

Looking around in my dreamy vision, the room wasn't mine and the bed was on the opposite side that mine used to be.

Then I remembered, I was at Jaebeom's house. Jaebeom's room, bed, physical space, whatever you want to call.

There was something moving around my thighs, something soft. When I looked down, Kunta was laying there, body completely relaxed. The lights were off and no one was messing on the laptops, meaning he was probably sleeping, but where...? I stretched the upper part of my body, controlling myself not to move the cat, but moving my backs, I bumped into something.

Looking behind me, right by my side at the same bed, Jaebeom was fainted, lips slightly open, heavy breathing, body comfortable next to mine. Lucky for him that his bed was against the wall by his side, so he wouldn't fall off when not having the other side of the bed available. I smiled at the vision, standing half up to look better and Nora was on his back, leaning on him, so he also couldn't move.

I silently laughed at how his cats were squeezing us together to the middle part of the bed. I couldn't move away from him and we were this close to touching.

Laying down again, I went back to sleep with a smile in my face, clueless if I was dreaming or if it was real. I couldn't imagine a more domestic scene between me and someone like him. This reminded me of how interesting and comforting it would be to have a family, someone to return home to, pets to take care, watch movies together, cook and clean. Share dreams and ambitions, feel grateful for being full and happy all the time.

But I knew it wasn't in my reality.

People like Jinyoung, Mark and Youngjae were born to be harmonious to other people, to make good relationships with them, but not me. I didn't have the temper and the persistence to get married and have children.

It was okay to open up to love, but I couldn't do much more about it.

Maybe Jaebeom felt the same.

Maybe he was also a loner and for that, I felt comfortable around him, even if he had some sort of strange power over me. I felt like I could understand his aggressive-explosive behavior, just like he could deal with my lack of discipline and compromise, my indecisiveness, things I judged to be for adults, but surprise... I was an adult already.

I just didn't feel like it.

Side by side with him felt great. Complete. There was nothing missing, even if I was far from being entire.

Waking up again, I felt the morning breeze running around my uncovered cold body, eyes opening
to a clear vision of the day, coming to us like pure good energy.

*Except that I hated the morning sun in my eyes. I hated clarity in general and the birds annoyingly singing outside.*

*Yes, I still appreciated those things, but not when I wanted to sleep. There was certain time to everything and right now it just WASN’T IT.*

Frowning, I forced myself to open up my eyes completely, being Jaebeom, the first thing I saw.

At first I was startled, paralyzed. *It wasn’t a dream.* Then I breathed, because of course I forgot to do it when I saw that mess of hair, his pale face with some mustache growing and two moles on top of his left eye.

He breathed so slow that counting how many times he did it was making me sleepy again.

*Seven times.*

"Are you awake?" I heard his morning voice murmuring, interrupting me, thinking I was hearing things in my head, since his eyes were so closed that I thought he was still sleeping.

*Well, he wasn’t. And I was facing him like that.*

"We're gonna be late." He continued, as if he was capable of listening to my thoughts and as if he didn't care about how I felt by watching him like that, so vulnerable, stretching his body. Nora flew away from behind of him and jumped from the bed. I was completely turned to his face now, so I had no idea if Kunta was behind of me or not.

*Still, I was too startled... Mesmerized. Im Jaebeom was a vision of laziness and flexibility.*

I caught myself hiding from him, probably looking like trash, face slightly pink and beard growing out, but nothing would embarrass me more than my chest going warm at the moment I was living. It was making me nervous.

"*Yah, Jackson, wake up.*" He mumbled, touching his hand on my left arm, the one that was up.

"I'm up." I simply answered, regretting, since my voice was a fragile mess.

But I wasn't up. I was proudly laid by his side, staring at his face when he opened his eyes completely, looking at me too.

"You look different when you wake up." He said and then smiled like the weird person that he was. How did he dared to smile like in the morning that to a stranger like me?

*Was he in drugs?*

"Are you like this every morning?" I managed to ask, but I didn't even knew what I was talking about, accidentally changing the subject.

*I noticed we were talking about the same thing just a second later: waking up together for the first time and facing one another.*

*I was so shocked that I let out a small gasp, swallowing heavily, toes twisting.*

"Like what?" He retorted, removing his hand from me, but he was still focused, waiting for my explanation.
His eyes...

They just did something.

I would say it was a Korean thing to look so pure and good.

I wanted to believe in that.

"I don't know. Honestly, I thought you were the type of responsible who would wake up before the alarm. And maybe grumpy, a bad humored grandpa." I pushed my hair back with one hand, not hiding my face anymore.

"Really?" His eyes squeezed, like he was a cartoon or something. His lips stretching, forming a morning smile. "What made you think this?" He had hair falling all over him and it was cute. Really cute. Like a kid. A baby. I wanted to touch it, fix it, caress and find out if it was as silky as it looked like.

Probably yes and smelled like strawberry and coconut too.

"I don't know..." My voice failed, he looked straight in my eyes, fearless, making me shy and confused.

Nervous.

"I hate waking up in the morning." He confessed, not cutting the gaze, then he shut his eyes again.

To say I was surprised was an understatement. I loved the feeling. I loved the moment. First I was terrified about waking up like a mess by his side or being kicked out of the bed in the middle of the night, but no... Everything was just fine. Too good, actually. And not that weird, but that made me more confused than ever.

I was never going to reveal this day to anyone, ever.

"Me too." I managed to say, holding the pillow under my head really tight. "You said I look different when I wake up... Different how?"

He opened his eyes again, sighing loudly.

"You look natural. Like someone real."

One thing about Jaebeom in the morning: he talked nonsense like it was nothing and he wasn't ashamed or hesitant about it.

"Do I look fake out of bed?" I spoke in the best calming voice I had, trying to maintain his drug effect. Hopefully, I could hear more of what he thought about me.

"Sometimes, yeah..." His voice was pure laziness. "You look like you're trying to hard."

"Like how?" I didn't waste time.

"Hm..." He whined as a kid would do when you force them to make sense by the morning. "Trying too hard to be more than what's enough for you."

What the hell was he saying for real?

"So I'm normally too much... Is that what you're saying?" I suggested, feeling anxious. I just didn't
have the amazing brain to understand him, I needed more.

"Well, being too much is not a problem, I like too much." He just nodded, probably giving up on his own brain. "You should just be you."

I sighed.

*Being me was too hard. Harder than being The Jackson Wang, the happy, bubbly, entertainer.*

We got silent. Another breeze swept over our bodies refreshingly as we just relaxed. The birds were singing as a background and the wind made a lovely sound as it passed through the leaves of the ancient trees in the neighborhood. It also smelled great, like rain was coming.

"Talking about surreal, about the dream..." He murmured again and my eyes were more awaken than ever in a time like this.

"Fuck! Please, tell me, I can't take it anymore!" I came closer to him, shaking his shoulder to get a reaction, but all he did was laugh openly, touching my hand and holding there to calm me down. It actually just made me more nervous.

"So..." He sighed, laying back again, staring at the ceiling, but still holding my hand at top of his chest. I could feel his heart beating, the rhythm of his breath. I wanted life to end right there, at that moment. "It was another time, like another era. And I had fancy antique clothes, as if I was a lord or a duque or something. And I lived in this enormous house, decorated in a Rococo style. No one else in this room. One wall held gigantic classic windows, squared and showing a breathtaking view of the ocean. It was also dark and I remember a lot of wood. It smelt like wood. The material shone so much that it made you feel pleased just to look at it," He smiled as he closed his eyes and I was trying not to freak out at the way he kept my hand on his, completely opening his heart to me, sharing a piece of his mind like it was nothing. I could never pay him back for this moment, but the most important part was that it felt like the same dream I had just a day before. Which meant, we had the same dream, in the same night. "...and so the dark wooded door opened, which shook old books on their shelves. A man came in, but I couldn't see his face, but he was very tall and thin. Long dark hair wrapped in a ponytail. He announced you. I remember exactly how he said it... 'Wang Jiaer, Sir', and then he gave you space to get in," His heart was beating faster and mine was too. I could hear it in my ears, because...

*I had never tell him my Chinese name.*

*How did he know?*

*It all made sense in a crazy coincidence theory.*

*We had the same dream about another era.*

*And we were together.*

*He was the guy holding me, calling me prince... His prince.*

*He was comforting me, drying my tears, promising we were going to stay together forever, never letting go.*

*But why? How?!*

"When you step in the room, I saw your face and you were exactly the same as you are now. But you were dressed with fancy colorful fabrics, clothes made of silk, leather boots and tight dark pants."
You were kind of ginger though, which is really weird..." I bet he didn't even noticed when he
tighten the grip in my hand, cause I didn't noticed I did the same until he paused. His heart beating in
a weird rhythm. "When I looked in your face, you were crying." And then e focused on me again, at
that moment, when my eyes were completely staring at him, shameless. I got caught. "You came in
my direction and then I woke up. I can't remember anything else."

We fell silent.

*I knew exactly the continuation of the dream, but...*

*Should I tell him what happens or...?*

"Jaebeom! Wake up, you're going to make Jackson's mother late!" His mother broke the moment as
she knocked at the door a couple of times, than leaving. It scared the shit out of me, so I jolted and he
retreated his hand back, wide eyes focusing in the door from some distance.

I shivered openly, so he took a look at me again before seemingly to fully be ready to let the moment
behind. I could still face the emotion on his eyes though. The memory seemed too fresh on them. I
was in shock.

I had my chance to get out of there.

"Neng! I'm coming!" He stood up in one arm immediately, using the other hand to push his hair
back. Needless to say the power his mother had, the opposite of mine.

"I need to go." I stood up abruptly, because the mood was already another and the sooner I got out
through the door, the better. Kunta jumped from the bed as a reflex and walked to Nora, who was
resting at the door, waiting for a good person to open. Both of them meowed at me, probably
wondering if they should be used to what me in his room meant.

*I silently told them not to worry.*

"Yah, don't rush that much." He whined, fighting against a lot of intern forces to stand up, opening
the door.

"I need to. We're late. Do me a favor and be like five minutes late outside, okay? My mom doesn't
wait for me, but she can wait like ten minutes for you. Really." I begged, closing my laptop and
keeping everything inside my bag. My phone was probably dying, but I had no time to check.

"Jeez, you're hurrying so much that is making me nauseous." He crossed his arms, supporting his
body against the door, waiting for me.

I looked at the floor smiling, fighting against a lot of things my brain was pushing for me to digest.
He was just too cute, like a boy waking up the day after Christmas, more excited for the leftovers
than the presents.

The fact that he wanted me to go slower, meaning - maybe - that he wanted me to stay just made me
weak in my knees.

"Next time just bring your clothes and get yourself ready here. Don't think so small." Of course, he
had to find something to blame me and distract me from what he really meant. I rolled my eyes at
that, but a smile was in my face. He failed to hide the important part of the message. No one would
make me forget.

*Next time, uh?*
"Why would I sleep here again? This was one hundred percent accidental." I threw my backpack on my right shoulder, walking out of the room. He followed me like a shadow.

"I thought you were a good producer, but good producers don't sleep on their work, you know?" He changed the subject, making me contort inside. "Besides, we still have a lot to do with my songs." He followed me through the stairs, but in a really slow pace.

"Sure. That's why you called me, right? Next time, let's start earlier, so I won't have to take your cats' space at your bed." I smirked, but shyly, already getting out of his house. He leaned again on the doorstep.

"Alright then." He was trying to look cool and all that, but I could see his smile trying to escape. "But I don't think nor Kunta or Nora bothered. Odd couldn't care less."

There it was. A soft commentary after brushing me off. He wasn't bothered by my presence. Not at all.

It was just too risky to just say that he liked as much as I did.

"There's a fifth cat in your room," I said, leaning by the door, carrying my stuffs with one hand and supporting my body with the other. He had a smirk on his face as he waited for me to conclude, holding on to the handle. "His name is Jackson." I smiled cockily, making no efforts to hide how proud I was for staying the night.

"You little shit," He wrapped an arm around my neck and supported his right hand in my torso as he gave me a sided hug, laughing truly. I released a loud grin as he shook me in my vessel.

Feeling my face burning, I ran back to my house, not looking back, so I wouldn't return to him and never let him go.

I couldn't believe it.

Was this real? Did we just had this sleeping over conversation?! Did I just woke up from his bed? Being squeezed by Kunta, the sweetest cat in the world?!

Oh my god, I was about to faint.

But I didn't had time for it, I needed to get ready.

And so I got upstairs like a lightening, showering like there was no tomorrow.

It didn't stopped me from thinking about it, though.

I still remembered his face when I woke up. His face on the car as he 'good-mornied' me. I had it in my mind like a photo and I wanted to paint it beautifully and hang in my wall.

He was cute and talkative, sweet and weird.

Why was he so weird?

How did this all happened?
"Jackson Wang, is your video ready?" My teacher called my attention, wondering for the email with my work that I was supposed to send till yesterday - but it wasn't finished, so I didn't send it and I was about to fail at the subject.

"It is, sir, I just realized I forgot the credits at the end. That's why I didn't sent." I lied.

"Don't want this to happen again. Fix it and send it me, you can now have from zero till nine and so it goes until you send it."

Now I was fucked.

Actually I was just being dramatic. I had pretty good grades when it came to editing and practical producing. I needed a five to pass, since I had a nine and the total to be fourteen, so the final grade was divided by two, resulting in a seven.

I was just fine.

"What is up with you today?" Bambam typed on his laptop at the same time he made me a face.

"Why is everyone asking what is up with me? I'm fine, just tired." I continued to mess on my forgotten laptop since I explained my situation to my teacher.

"Dude, relax... Is Jinyoung giving you a hard time?"

I laughed, making him face me, clueless.

"You could say so." Because Jinyoung was definitely hard all the time.

We made the same type of silence for like three seconds.

"Ew. Shut the fuck up." He made another face, following me through the laugh.

"You were the one who asked me!"

"I don't wanna hear about your kinky shit, next time just stay quiet."

"Would you settle if I stood in silence?" I raised my eyebrows.

"Absolutely not." We laughed together.

I know they say people who don't have a eight-hour-sleep end up grumpy and shit, but I was feeling amazing.

"D'you still have the number of that chicken place with promotions by half of the price at the even days? I think I'm asking for today." He didn't look at me for a second as he asked. Bambam could be sickening focused when creating something.

"Yep." I took the phone out of my pocket peacefully relaying on my chair and wondered through the contact list, looking for chicken paradise.

But then I saw something weird.

There was a contact named "call me" before I found what really mattered. I had no clue who that number belonged to and I would definitely remember to change the name if it was someone interested on me.
I stood up, getting out of my class.

Looking through the window from my corridor, I dialed the number, curiosity killing me.

It ringed five times, then eight and then the other person hung up.

"What the hell?"

I had OCD with some things and one of them was having the names on every single number saved on my phone and never letting past conversations open. My phone was completely clean and organized. I dialed again, not even suspecting something, but then someone texted me in the middle of the call. I hang up.

**Call me (online):**

Yah, dont call me now, I'm in class. (11:40)

**You:**

Who's this? (read)

**Call me (online):**

Its Im Jaebeom, I saved my number on your phone that day. Pabo.

It took you a while... (11:41)

**You:**

Whaaaaat

Hyung, what is wrong with you

Why didn't you put your name on it?? (read)

**Call me (online):**

I needed to send you the pictures from the drama you forced me to watch. And explain. I was just waiting for you to call me, so I could save your number.

It was the only way.

Pabo. (11:41)

**You:**

Why didn't you just asked me for my number like a normal person?! I thought I was drunk and you were some crazy person I've met in a party or smt

And stop calling me pabo!!!1! (read)

**Im Jaebeom-a (online):**

I'm not a normal person. (11:41)

Pabo. (11:42)
First I was nervous, then I felt relief, then I was angry and frustrated, but now I had this weird feeling inside me. Like something was about to run away coming from my limbs and sooner or later I would not be able to control it.

He saved his number on my phone just to send me the pictures of the first two episodes that he ACTUALLY watched.

I smiled with all my heart and I felt weird.

Like this wasn't something I should let go.

You:

*Please, save my number and send me the pictures whenever you want*

*Also, wouldn't it be easier for you to just talk to me about it? Wouldn't it be faster? (sent - 11:45)*

I waited for the answer like I waited for the confirmation of my ticket from a Beyoncé's concert. Like the world was about to end.

And the tickets too.

But it didn't came.

I remembered that he was in class - and I had to return to mine -, so I just entered again, still wearing a smile in my face.

"What? Jinyoung called you to rate the sex you had yesterday?" Bambam provoked me, now giving me some attention.

I felt my cheeks burning.

"Yah!" I shouted, but my class was a mess so no one heard. Bambam was a little shit.

*I was never going to say where I slept yesterday.*

*I was never going to tell that Jaebeom himself saved his number on my phone just to win a bet we had that day he took care of me at his house.*

*No one needed to know and I loved.*

"So kids, let me tell you the news!" Jinyoung was sat by my side at our refectory table. He grabbed my tight with the same possession as always when he spoke to everyone. "The project was accepted. Our teachers will be passing the information to us by tomorrow, so don't worry, you're gonna hear the instructions at least three times till it's over. Are you excited?" He asked to all of them at the same time, noticing their reactions.

The boys were anxious and imaginative. They already discussed ideas and shoots, excited to show what they were capable to create.

"I can't believe in your power, Park Jinyoung-ah." I crossed my arms, having my baby laughing,
uncontrollably leaning on me. "You made it..." I embraced his waist as he was almost sitting on my lap.

"I did..." He glanced at me feeling numb. "And I have some ideas for the story. We don't have so much time, but I'm sure we can work something out. Would you come to my house today, so I can talk some of them to you? It's serious, so don't worry about sleeping there or something else."

Jinyoung now had his arms wrapped around my neck and a thigh on top of my knees. The way he wasn't afraid of people misunderstanding what was supposed to be brothers love was just captivating.

"Sure baby. What are your main ideas?" I held him in my arms, ignoring the other boys.

"So, it all happens in this complicated brother's relationship. My character has autism and the other one, which is going to be Jaebeom-hyung."

"HYUNG!" Jooheon came running out of nowhere in my table's direction, looking at me like he's seen a ghost.

"Jesus Jooheon, what happened."

"Jaebeom-hyung has got into a fight," I flew from my sit, my stomach twisting like crazy. "I need your help!" He pulled me by the arm and we started to run.

"Mark!" I shouted, calling for assistance, but I didn't looked back so from now and then it was just me and Jooheon.

"Why did he got into it?!" I asked as we dodged people to get where it seemed to be the campus. A group of people in the middle, watching as it happened.

"No idea! Let's go!" Jooheon ran faster than me and Mark was finally following. When we got to the circle of people, pushing them for the sides, I saw Jaebeom performing an absurd kick at some dude's face, then turning to the other who was still standing and punching his nose so hard that he flew away to the ground - probably breaking it.

"HYUNG!" I shouted, kind of afraid to approach him, but having his attention. He had a face of a lunatic, blood at the corner of his mouth and on his white button shirt at the sleeve, left hand used to end the guys on the ground. "Stop, what are you doing?!" I pushed him back, using my body to protect him and the guys.

"Don't get in my way..." He murmured, using his devil's voice that made me shiver.

"We need to get out of here..." I whispered, touching his shoulders with my hands, but still scared. "Before someone comes!" Of course, apparently he finished three big boys without being hit even twice.

Like a superhero or super villain, it was not up to me to decide. He could easily look like any of them.

"Dude, you broke my nose..." I heard from behind me, turning to see the idiot who pushed me a day before yesterday. "I'M GONNA KILL YOU!" He threatened. I stood in front of Jaebeom.

"YOU WANNA FUCKING GO?!" He pushed my back with his chest, making us both get closer to the guy that was actually trying to run away from him, despite saying those words with fever.

"Stop!" I shouted, pushing him back and away from everyone. He walked backwards, not dodging
the look even for a second. "Yah!" I tried to make him focus in something else, but he looked like a beast. Not the one he turned into when he was mad at me, but a real one, with fists and furious face, endless backs and a terrifying disgusted little smirk. "Hyung, what are you doing?" I was shaking in my pants, knowing the Jaebeom in front of me was irrational and uncontrollable, practically someone else. I cupped his face with my hands, trying to pull him back to reality. "Boy, what's wrong with you? Come back..." His eyes were empty and full of anger at same time and his breathing was intense, like he was about to have a panic attack.

I wondered if that was how he looked when he defended us at the party. If he was this nervous and triggered or if he was completely under control, since he had someone to save after he ended them.

Was he worried or considerate? Was he thinking straight or as lost as he was right now in my arms?

And if he was lost... How did he managed to take me home?

"Hyung..." Jooheon came after me, separating me from the beast with a blank expression. "I don't think it's safe..." He whispered in my ear, but it wasn't that low. It didn't mattered. Jaebeom was in shock.

"Im Jaebeom, would you like to explain what is going on here?" A teacher came out of nowhere, looking furious, but he still didn't reacted.

"Miss, I'm sure he has a good reason, but right now he's in shock," I interfered, having Jooheon whispering me to go back and don't get involved, but I owned him this.

"In shock? He broke one of our students' nose and HE is in shock?!" She was severe with me, gazing the crazy malfunctioning machine that Jaebeom was right now. "Do you know what happened here, uh..."

"Jackson..." I said my name, trying to get closer to Hyung without she noticing.

"Jackson... What happened?" She crossed her arms, calming down.

Two statements: I wasn't afraid, and; he didn't started it.

"I'm sure Jaebeom-hyung didn't started this. These dudes had have disrespected me before, but I didn't buy it! Hyung was probably defending himself, but he's obviously stronger and has a really short temper-"

"Probably? I don't want theories, Jackson. Whoever was here or saw it when it happened, I want to hear. Im Jaebeom. You three. Everyone who has a statement; follow me."

But he was in shock, goddammit! How was he supposed to defend himself against anyone's accusations?!

Suddenly, from standing on his feet, Jaebeom looses his balance, almost falling if not for me, holding him.

"Shit- Jooheon, help me here!" My friend was holding the other side of a body that felt like frozen in my arms.

"Miss Yesul... I'm sure his punishment can wait... I have classes with Jaebeom-hyung and I can assure you... He's very calm and controlled. I'm sure he was teased to a violent extent." Jinyoung came out of nowhere, recognizing the teacher and open what was clearly an acting smile, but not so wide.
"Park Jinyoung..." She was absolutely considerate. "Are you friends with Im Jaebeom?" I hugged his body, now feeling nervous myself.

It was in Jinyoung's hands to decide if Jaebeom was going to be punished or not, but he knew it wasn't fair. He knew these guys were friends with those who got to us at the party; they deserved Jaebeom's anger and they wouldn't stop till they received a proper punishment.

I knew this, our friends knew it too and pretty much anybody else who got there at the exact time it happened. Staring at Jinyoung with a begging face, I mouthed a 'please, help me'. My boyfriend glanced back at me, then at Jaebeom fainted in my arms and back to the teacher.

"Absolutely." Jooheon, Mark and I released the air from our lungs at the same time. "Jaebeom-hyung is a very passionate actor, a true artist. His nature is not violent at all." His smile was a hundred percent fake, but I could see he made his best to sound convincing, even thought he didn't want to.

I mouthed a 'thank you' with the best smile I could make. The teacher gawked back at us, analyzing the situation.

"It's true, Miss Kim... Those guys are violent. Me and my friend were also a victim of their lack of control and disrespect. It's not the first time they act violent and provocative." Mark expressed himself perfectly, secretly mentioning Youngjae, who was probably hidden from all the confusion somewhere.

I thanked god for having the best friends anyone could have.

"Very well. I'll let it be this time, but if it happens again, he'll get a one week suspension. Now please, take him to the nursery, he's free for today." She walked to the three boys trying to stand up from the ground. "And if I see any of your faces and hear your voices again, be sure your punishment will be worst than his! To the nursery!" She ordered.

"Jaebeom, wake up..." I murmured in his ear, but he had no reaction. My hands were sweating, but I had him in my arms no matter what, never letting go. Jooheon made it easier by not letting him slip away or fall in the wrong direction. We were about to share the room with the three bastards that hit all of us at the club and I was ready to improvise if necessary.

Meaning: I was going to defend me and Jaebeom no matter what.

One hour later, thanks to the very clever and supporting teacher, the assholes left the nursery to actually go to the hospital, one of them to fix his nose and the other two just to check if they had something else broken or sprained. I didn't move as I had the memories of Jaebeom kicking one of the idiots down and punching the other's nose, breaking it, swiping the blood on his hand with the white shirt - all by himself. The red stain on his sleeve was now brown and the fact that the dried blood represented a stain that might not come off gave me anxiety. I wanted to wash it as fast as I could.

My mother washed them with neutral soap, vinegar and warm water. They look new.

It was his voice in my brain from when he explained what he did to my clothes with someone else's and mine blood stains. How did we came from enemies to friends who supported each other after bad fights so fast? Jooheon hadn't hesitated to come running to me just to warn me. He knew I cared.
He knew I was going to take Jaebeom's situation like mine.

He probably knew no one else who he could warn and call, taking in consideration that it wasn't Yugyeom's day to come and have dance classes.

*I owed this to him. I had to take care of him just like he did to me during and after that club's day.*

I paid attention on his blacked out face, noticing that he was looking paler, as if he was having the worst nightmare and no one could save him. All he had to do was wake up, but he wouldn't even move. My eyes released two single secret tears, falling down my face and soaking his shirt below me, as I was resting on his shoulder.

"Jackson..." Jinyoung's voice sounded on my left ear, making me jump away. I turned around to have his hand touching my shoulder, eyes focused, studying the situation. "Do you really need to stay here?" He divided looks, from me to Jaebeom, both having different representations in single fractions of time.

"There's no one left, the boys have things to do, you're in your acting class break. I'm the only one left." I explained and I was afraid to be alone, but I tried to remember it was still Im Jaebeom laying there, just waiting for the perfect moment to open his eyes.

"I know, but I..." Worry was predominant when he gazed me, caressing my nape with his warm fingers. "I don't want you to be here by yourself." Biting his under lip, he analyzed his hyung's situation.

"I know baby... I don't want him to be here either, but-"

"Jackson... That's not what I meant and you know it. Don't twist my words." He looked straight at me to demonstrate he didn't trusted Jaebeom's temper with me alone and he wasn't buying anything else. Not only Jaebeom's temper, since the club's party Jinyoung made no effort to demonstrate how much he hated when we were together. Even for the silliest things. Pure jealously would jolt out of his pores.

I stood up and grabbed his hand to go out of the cold empty room. "I know." Was all I said when out, in the warm temperature of the empty corridor with white walls and no lockers. Looking at Jinyoung's eyes, I could see anger, doubt, fear and shelter. Opposing from other situations, he wasn't trying to mask his truly emotions and I appreciated that. "You have to trust me. We'll be just fine..." I cupped his face with my hands. Apparently this was something I used to do to seek for security in other people's states.

"I do trust you..." He wrapped his arms around me, pulling me closer and I almost relaxed, but I needed to keep my structures. "It's him I don't trust." Park Jinyoung said that while looking deep into my eyes. Actually, he was the type of person who never hesitated to communicate with me using only his looks.

"Baby, there's nothing to be scared about..." I comforted him, but mostly myself with my words. "I promise, you'll be the first I'll call when he wakes up. We'll go straight home." My hands caressed the roots of his thick hair, massaging his head as I knew headache was one of Jinyoung's most annoying and common problems.

"Fine." He squeezed my body against his as we hugged. I held him like he was my treasure, the thing I could never let go of. I trusted Park Jinyoung with all my heart and I could feel him taking care of me every single second. "Please be careful..." He whispered in my right ear, not wanting to let me go.
"Always, baby." I pulled his face to mine. "Thank you for helping us. I won't forget and I owe you one." Oh, the feeling I had when saying these things to him... It was like my heart was being wrapped up with my favorite sweater, like he was never before broken... The pieces perfectly mended, melting on Jinyoung's warmth. "I love you." He blinked twice staring at me. I had no hesitation in my tone. A squishy smile was rising on his face. I was sure he felt the same. "I wanna say it again..." I laughed off, being followed by him. My heart was really full and for a moment I wasn't scared of telling the truth. For a moment I let indecisiveness behind and embraced the certainty of having him in my arms.

"Say it again then..." He copied my cheeky smile, blushing involuntarily.

"I love you..." I repeated, suddenly not being scared at all. I knew whatever was was going on with Jaebeom, I could manage. I could take care of all this. Me, Jinyoung, him and everyone else. I just needed a little love.

"I love you too." My boyfriend repeated my words just for me to hear in a sweet whisper. More air than voice coming out of his mouth, a pleasant breathy sound that had the power to make us intimate, as if a dome was closing around us.

"Ugh..." I cringed, wanting to keep him in my pocket the hole day. We laughed and he risked giving me a kiss, really quick, but meaningful. My insides were blossoming. "You have to go. Don't worry, I'll call you." I had to push myself out of his embrace, otherwise I would never let go of him.

"Do it... I'll be waiting." He came to me again, giving me another kiss and laughing like a boy.

Incredible how the mood changed. I wasn't nervous. I knew I had the talent to remain calm and contained in every emergency situation and Jinyoung was there for my breakdowns at the end, ready to hold me close.

It was thinking like this that I returned to be by Jaebeom's side, feeling his heartbeat under my hand when I placed it on top of his chest. It was calm and with a regular pace, really like he was sleeping and not fainted, unconsciously.

"Hyung, come back..." I said to no one, sitting by him.

It was fine though. Maybe he was having sweet dreams.

"Yah... Why are you on top of me like I'm dead...?" I heard his voice and the air coming out in my ear. I wondered if it was my imagination creating Jaebeom's voice. I was tired and feeling suffocated in that room with numbing white walls, but I felt a warm hand going around my back and looking up, Jaebeom had this waking up face as he stared at me with a discreet smile. "What happened? I feel like I was hit by a truck..." He pushed himself up with his left arm, removing his right hand from me. I also stood up feeling more relieved than I could remember. "I've dreamed about shopping at Ives Saint Laurent, d'you think it means something?" He raised his eyebrows, not wasting time to be playful.

I took a deep breath knowing that everything was indeed, fine. "It probably means you're thirsty for money and status, which is really exciting." I laughed off, taking those seconds to analyze his face and take a look at everything else before preparing to leave. "Let's go home... We can talk when we get there." And by home I meant my house. I was convinced that he was aware of what type of
subject our talk would be about and I knew he would kick me out of his house whenever he felt suffocated.

Helping him to stand up, I called an Uber, taking his backpack and mine.

He walked to the exit just fine. I knew if there was a problem, it was probably going to be him fainting in the middle of nowhere. I just had to make sure he was home before that.

Well, said and done.

"Wake up, we're here." I paid the driver, opening the door and taking him out.

When we were about to get in my house, he wondered.

"What are you doing? Let's go to my house..." He tried to walk away, but his mind was playing games at him, making him spin, lose balance and walk backwards.

"Just get in, you crazy pabo."

"Yah!" He was like a drunk but without the alcohol. "You are the pabo! It took you forever to call me and when you did it, of course it had to be in the middle of my class, so I couldn't hear your voice..." The last words were mumbles when I closed the door behind of us, but they made me nervous and confused just the same way. He just jumped off his shoes and grabbed the back of the sofa, sustaining himself.

"Yeah, it's definitely my fault that you didn't asked for my number like a normal human being with a phone would do." I was serious outside, but in my head I had to hold up a good weird laugh out of nervousness.

"C'mon, I couldn't ask for your number without looking like I was flirting with you..." He mumbled almost inaudible in heavy Hangul, but I heard it and I gasped, turning to look at him.

"So you were flirting...?" I asked, deadly curious and excited to tell Mark the truth. This could end our friendship right here and now, but it was too late to go back. He stared at me with half eyes open from the sofa. We fell back into a silence, pretty uncomfortable.

He laughed through his nose, opening a gigantic smile, full of white teeth.

"Absolutely not. Who do you think I am?" He found the moment really funny, but I just stared at him, trying to really understand what was going on.

Was he high on adrenaline? Was I this needy?

"Okay you drunk, let's go up. You and me, we need some rest." I guided him through my house, going upstairs to my room.

"Your house is just like mine, but in a different position." He commented like he was good from a sudden, but I didn't stop pushing him to lay down. "Why we didn't go to my house? I really need to sleep... So tired..." He walked like a child being guided by me to my bed.

"What makes you think you can't sleep in my bed?" I pushed him down. "Take off your shirt, it's
covered in blood. I need to clean it." I started to unbutton the fabric, up till down. His fingers brushed on mines when I was undoing him, his eyes were focused on my face and I felt the blood running through my cheeks at the unexpected attention and touch. It was so simple and delicate, but it meant a lot inside my head - or my heart, where things often did not made any sense -, in ways I couldn't describe.

"Woah, I'm not wearing anything under this shirt..." He made the obvious observation, as if he was hypnotized.

"I know." I stripped one arm, trying really hard not to associate his body with attraction.

*It was just a body, Jackson. Appreciate bodies as if they are art and nothing else.*

"You don't know how to wash out blood stains..." I felt his eyes burning my face, really like he was out of control and making me out of control.

"I do know." I took it off of him completely, doing some effort not to stare at his chest and feel teased by his large shoulders. His body was toned in a single color and he had no hairs anywhere I looked, except for the trail from his belly bottom to the south parts that I was not curious to see, and again, I was really making some effort.

"And how's that?" *Why was he staring at me like that? What did I do to deserve this?!*

My hole face was burning and I also felt the heat in my ears. He waited patiently for my answer. "Neutral soap and vinegar." I made sure to stare back at him when replying, taking his shirt out with me.

"And warm water." He added, not cutting the gaze, standing there in my bed with weakness dominating his facial expression and body half naked, not to mention the way his bangs were falling down his eyes, covering up and making him look like an innocent teenager.

*What the fuck, God?*

"Okay... Make yourself comfortable, your backpack is right there if you need anything. I'll go downstairs for a couple of minutes to take care of this, bring you some water and make a phone call. Don't do anything stupid..." I closed the door and interrupted his staring, feeling myself choke on the air I was holding.

Why am I so nervous?

I just had to call Jinyoung and later on, research on what were the possible problems that he had.

"So he comes back in town and they start to hang out like regular friends." He explained the two chapters of *Something in the Rain*. Laying on my bed, he was going back and forward, changing his position multiple times as I finished my work once and for all, sending to my professor.

"Nice. You have a wish." I said, clicking *send* to finish and close the windows.

*Oh god, this has been so stressful...*

"I do have." I turned back at him, who was now laying with his chest down, arms holding the pillow
under his upper body and head facing me.

Turning off my laptop, spinning around in my chair. "We need to talk." His eyes were now trying to read mines. His attention became focus. "What is it that you have that makes you so aggressive?" I was direct and sincere, looking at his eyes to show that it mattered to me and that I was not afraid. He just stared back and silently, raising his eyebrows and biting his lip. "Is it some type of disorder? You can tell me. I won't tell anyone, I promise-"

I was interrupted by a deep sigh coming from him, then a shrug of his shoulders and a jolted jawline.

"I have IED." It was a whisper, a murmur, but I heard. I could perfectly hear his thoughts now, almost like I knew the way his mind worked.

"Intermittent explosive disorder." I said completed what didn't had to be completed. I made my research while I was taking care of his shirt.

"Yes. How did you know?" His voice was weak and when I looked up, he had his arm hiding his face, body all laid in my bed, facing the window.

"You're not the only one with problems, you know..." Because I had a curiosity when it came to the human mind, I used to spend ours researching on things Freud, Lacan or Winnicott had wrote. I liked to understand and to see what was in there, how the past affected our present being and if it was possible to be a better person, until I realized there was no such thing as 'better' or 'worse' in this field. It was all about choices. unconscious behaviors and consequences.

"What do you have?" He asked back, pulling me back from my psychedelic world.

"OCD. Believe me, a couple of years back when I found out, I thought I was crazier than Alice, but I learned about myself and now I'm what you could call 'cured'." Then I stood on my elbows, facing him. "I had sudden panic attacks, I couldn't do anything a hundred percent focused, I couldn't sleep at night because my mind wouldn't allow me. Of course, my OCD came first than my anxiety, but it was just there like the cherry on top of the cake. I used to be extremely critical to myself, to the extent that if I couldn't do exactly as I planned, I would give up completely and think of myself like the most disgusting person that could ever exist. It was unhealthy and more than self-destructive. I almost died."

He looked in my eyes now, paying a close attention. The rain outside was violent, heavy, bringing invisible water drops inside the room, which was refreshing.

Jaebeom was so focused on my story that for a moment I felt as if the way he was picturing the scenes in his head was the exact way they happened.

"At the top of my disorder, I tried to kill myself because I felt like trash." I said that with no tears in my eyes or hesitation, because it was a memory from a pass that didn't hurt me anymore, not even a little bit. "Now I'm just me, after going through some deep shit. I'm still a high functioning depressed, but as a high functioning, the whole thing doesn't stop me. Nothing can ever stop me." Amazing how I was so convinced of my own situation. I didn't even hesitated or doubted when it came to my mental heath. I was durable and resilient, which allowed me to reborn every single day.

I could take some pain inside my heart from time to time, mostly when it came to my childhood scars, but I knew how to work with my emotions and I had a lot of answers to my frequent questions, which made me comfortable.
Not having answers was not a reason for me to go desperate though, but all I needed was for someone to hear me, or to actually say things out loud and suddenly, I had all the answers again.

For a moment I though I've seen Jaebeom's eyes watering, but he made the best job to hide that aspect of him. I could see that talking about his problems was not an attractive thought for him, but he could easily relate to other people's issues and work on himself using somebody else as a focus, which was interesting.

"What did you do to overcome?" He stared at the ceiling and I imitated him, but resting my head on his arm.

"I took prescribed medications for a while. My body was like this mess, muscles relaxing and tensing at the same time, tired the entire day, but sleepless nights, uncontrolled hunger or days without eating. I almost got anemic."

"Your dad almost lost his shit." He commented on top of me.

"Maj-a. How do you know this?" I had poor memories on the fact that he knew a thing or two about me and when did he learn it.

"Your mother said it at the diner night we had. It all makes sense now." And I was impressed that he paid attention on me and this little detail, even though he didn't liked me at the beginning of all this. Maybe he did not hated me that much.

Or maybe just like me, his eager to learn new things was bigger than his antipathy for someone. He was drawn by curiosity. "That diner was fun. I liked." I confessed, remembering his preference for the two different sweet sauces at both sides of his cheesecake slice. I was so impressed...

"Me too." He nodded in a breathy voice, as if he was about to fall asleep again.

It was so contradictory, when he was not a furious beast, and intimidating figure, he was relaxed, chill, almost too slow. You could never say he was the dude that broke that asshole's nose back at this same day, cause he looked like a kitten right now. Even his voice was lazy and his body was warm where my nape could feel his skin.

One more silent minute passed around us, as the drops slowed down outside the house. The sky was all grey clouds and the birds were silent at a time that they would usually sing for the last time until the next morning.

"So, what do you do to overcome IED?" He took a deep breath as I said the words. I watched as his body raised up and down in the motion of breathing in and out. I did the same as a mirroring effect.

"I'm supposed to take my pills, but I don't because they do exactly what yours did to you. Plus, they make me really sick and nauseous. I hate it. I can't do anything right, it's like I'm being controlled by something that I don't understand, plus, I feel retarded. Like a piece of my brain is missing." He let out everything really fast, knowing I was going to convince him to restart then.

"Well, if you wanna get better, you know what to do. The pills and therapy."

"You didn't mention therapy..." He stood up on his left elbow again, naked torso turning to me.

I stood up too using my right and now we were really close, facing each other, but he was more to the middle part of my bed and I was more to the edge.

*So close I could feel the warmth of his chest contrary to his cold hands and arms, that were closer to...*
"How are you supposed to overcome a state of mind without understanding it?" I was serious in my statements. He looked at me in a beautiful pensive way, like he was flying through possibilities and I loved when someone else's engines were working hard and so we could extend and intellectual conversation, full of deeper meanings, ready to be explored.

"I'm more of a do-it-yourself kind of person." And that said everything. I could totally relate to him and his thought on how therapy was useless. I used to think like that.

Yes, I had five years of therapy when I was a kid, but never when I was diagnosed with OCD.

What I did to understand myself, how I worked and how to make it stop had no therapist presence, but it was all taken from there.

"If what you say it's true, it makes us twins." I confessed, gaining surprised eyes on me again. "I had years of therapy before my OCD diagnosis, so I had a good idea on how it worked and self-discipline to look strictly at myself. It's the hardest, painful way and non-recommended by therapists, but I have never returned to how I was before, not even once. There's not a problem that I can't overcome and if there is, I just deal with it in seconds, forgetting right after." I was completely honest with him and I was surprised at the capacity of opening up my heart about it. Years ago, I would do a big thing out of that and maybe cry, but not anymore. That fact that I tried to kill myself in the past was so deeply though about and studied, so deconstructed and segmented that it was only logical that I though about it as a solution to all my problems back there, but as I grew up, gave myself some time and tried to restart, I realized that to think about suicide was a waste of time. It only brought me down and kept me away from doing things I believed my spirit needed to do, desperately. Like going to parties, meeting really nice people, watching one more sunset at my favorite beach and doing a trip to Tokyo as I've always dreamed about. Even meeting someone one day that would give my days different colors, give me a chance to believe love truly exists and all that tango shit. I had a lot of things to do and to give space for depression to evolve was to push these things far away from me.

So yeah, I had depression, and yeah, it hit me once in a while just to show how miserable I could get, but it made me sick and tired of it and sooner than ever, I was ready to live again.

When they say there's no cure, they mean it. You'll always live with it, but what you have to do is make yourself the protagonist of your own story and leave these depressing thoughts as a not at all important detail, that as insistent as it can get, it will also pass, like all things in life.

"We are twins, then. I can never lie to you." He confessed, staring deep into my eyes as if he was truly serious and he had meant for me to see that. See how his words were truthful. That was what I meant when I said 'different colors'. I was happy to get here and meet Jaebeom. Couldn't picture myself missing all this. What a waste of time.

I was so deep in my head, staring at his eyes that I didn't even tried to answer. I just took a deep breath slowly.

"What did you do?" He vanished my body with his eyes, returning to stare at me right after. That brought back the subject and the things I still wanted for him to know before we finished it.

"I just asked myself how I was feeling, but it felt like it was someone else asking me from outside. Then I would go inside my head looking for answers."
"Sounds really cold. Like you were examining yourself. How's that possible?" He bit his lip again.

"I felt like I needed to be out, you know? I needed to look at my panic attacks from an outside perspective. The world continued to spin even though I wanted it to stop. I got that what my brain was doing was freezing every thought, so I could restart and slow down... That's basically it. A panic attack. A way to stop and restart, like a machine. You had a panic attack today and you froze completely. That scared the shit out of me, I saw myself in you and I knew what you had to do, but I could never make you do it. That is why we are having this conversation right now. So we can help each other."

I begged, and with an act of impulse, I took his hand in mine. At first, he didn't reacted and widened his eyes just a tine tiny bit, but sooner, he squeezed my hand back, face expressionless when I looked again.

It was beautiful the way he was opening up to me, like a rose.

Not that he smelt like one. His smell was a thousand times better.

"Okay." He said, looking at our hands together.

I could not contain my smile even if I teared my face apart. The corners of my mouth raised, I felt full once more that day.

"Okay, so... I know you write. If you write songs, then you probably have a lot going on inside your head, so step one when you feel that it's coming: stop." I nodded, never cutting the gaze. "Stop whatever you're doing. Open a note on your phone or do it like I did; walk around with papers and write. That's the step two. After stopping completely, no matter where you are or with who, write. Ask yourself how you feel and I'm sure your mind will immediately answer. If your feeling doesn't have a name, try to express it differently, but do it." I held his hand up, checking if he was with me, but he was totally focused. Even more than me. "Step three: describe what is making you feel that way and that's the magic step. You're not looking for a cure. You're simply telling a sleepy part of your brain what is going on and then you are filling pages and pages. You will notice your handwriting it's getting out faster and faster and really bold and sometimes you stop to re-read it, but you just can't, because you were furious and furious hangul handwriting it's impossible to read!" By the end of my phrase, he opened a bright smile, as if imagining how it was like to me. I laughed and he followed, heavy mood running away from us. "See? There's no mystery at all." I concluded when we stopped laughing. He just looked down in between us. "All you have to do, hyung, is to take these feelings out of you. The truth is..." I squeezed his hand, feeling good in my own skin for what I was about to say. "Our body can't sustain bad feelings and negative emotions inside for too long. We need to express them somehow and most of the times, it doesn't come out in a good way, but it's our job to make it as good as possible."

He just maintained the gaze between us, but by the grip of his hand, I knew he was listening.

"That's why you stopped smoking cigarettes?" He asked and I smiled.

"Yes. Well, some days I just feel at the edge, but I don't have cigarettes anymore, so..." I shrugged.

"But would you use them if you had them?" He cut me.

I stopped to think.

"I don't think so, hyung. I used to have this pack in the room with me all the time, but I didn't used even once, and believe me, I had reasons to so. So, no." The answer came from the bottom of my heart.
I was full of flaws, but I was still an open book when it came only to myself.

"I'll try." He said out of nowhere, after a while in silence.

"Uh?"

"I'll try to do as I should." The smile faded from his face and I felt an aching pinch in my stomach, as if a promise was made and for the power given to the universe, it wasn't going to be broken for a while.

"That's enough." I said anyways, to show his efforts were going to result in something good. They always did. We just had to pay attention.

He looked at me for a moment again and I laid down, taking his hand on mine to rest on my chest.

Just like that, we kept a calm talk. Sometimes we spoke, sometimes we just listened to the rain falling outside. It was peaceful and harmonic, until his stomach growled loud and clear, making me laugh tears out.

"Come on, I'll prepare you something."

Chapter End Notes

Guys, I've never been so insulted before
this tour is killing me, seriously
have y'all seen Jaebeom's new grillz???? LMAO I love him so much, he's so weird
Also, Jinyoung is something else these days, what a man, I'm-

Hope to see y'all again on Wednesday ^^
ou t <3
11 feelings they come and they go (but not with you)

Chapter Notes

Hi, I'm back, like promised :) I know you guys liked the previous chapter and the good news is: I have more Jackbum moments ^^

Guys, I'm so happy about the Keep Spinning tour, like... The boys are so happy and confident, it's like a new phase for GOT7 and I'm truly glad to be living the moment. Just one curious fact: Practically the majority of the songs performed on this tour were written/produced/composed/arranged by Im Jaebeom itself or the others and just to think about how happy they might be feeling, I get happy too. As you all know, we are going through a new era in JYPE, the so called JYP 2.0, which is a whole new project our PD-nim is applying and basically consists on the groups having their own managers and team, completely focused on them and their production, which means: the boys are finally getting to be responsible for their own songs, choreos and all the other steps (and it's so exciting to see their true colors).

We all know Spinning Top: Between Security and Insecurity is a concept 100% created by our boys and to have such an amazing come back is a blessing, it just proves us more and more how hard working and talented our boys are. I'm proud to be an ahgase <3

Sorry for the rambling, I just thought you guys should know a little bit more of how exactly is the situation right now and what may be the future of our group... ~bright hehe~

I know we've been through a lot in the hands of JYPE and how it promotes GOT7, but lets hope for a change!

Now for the reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So, what caused you IED anyways?" I asked as I washed the last dish after we ate pasta with lots of cheese, which was one of my favorite dishes, but I just got a judgement stare coming from Jaebeom, who said 'it was too caloric and gave you no nutrients at all, you have such a childish paladar, Jackson-ah', but whatever. There was nothing left of what I made on his plate when we finished. He was an avid fan of my bolognese sauce, and it showed when he passed his indicator in the plate when there was nothing left to be eaten.

What a kitten.

"It's complicated," He responded after a bit of silence, placing the plate back on its place - that he now memorized where it should be kept. "I was really young, for as I can remember," He frowned, giving me the fabric he was using to dry the dishes for me to dry my hands, all without me having to ask.

"How young?"

"Like eight to nine years old. I can barely remember." He shrugged and crossed his arms, leaning at the opposite counter to mine. His body language showed that he did not want to go deep about it.

"That's when your parents divorced, right?" I tried to change the subject, but I saw his expression
changing from a little cautious to completely defensive.

His sensitive spot was his parents divorce and the scars it left on him. To remind him of them was to make him suffer and it was too late before I noticed that.

It was shocking the way he changed completely, in a matter of seconds. He needed help and I needed to stay out of his business, but neither of us were really caring.

"I think I should go." Was all he said before he jolted from the counter and started to walk back upstairs where he knew his backpack and his phone were hanging.

"Wait!" I begged, following him through the house. "Really, you don't have to worry." 

"I have nothing to say, Jackson." He got out of the room after picking his stuffs, storming out right after.

"Hyung, hold on, I'm not pushing you against the wall and I won't judge you," But he flew downstairs, not even listening.

"I'll pick up my shirt later." He opened the door, more decided than ever.

"Jaebeom, really?!" He walked out of my house holding his shoes with the right hand, the rain immediately getting his hair wet. I chased him with no doubts. "STOP!" I ordered, shouting and grabbing his arm, making him freeze. My body shivered because of the cold drops of water instantly soaking my shirt. "Does this all make you feel like shit and you simply can't take it? Well, no shit! I know exactly how it feels like-" 

"DON'T-... Don't do this. I don't wanna talk right now." He forced his arm free from me, returning to walk. He started the sentence shouting, but he ended up talking through his teeth, containing himself.

"Jaebeom, please..." I ran to him again, going to his front and holding both of his arms. "I'm sorry... I didn't meant to invade your space, I'm just worried-" I confessed.

"It's fine." He stared at me, surrendering but also, making me stop. "I know you're trying to make me feel more comfortable about myself..."

Maybe I got too close too fast. Maybe I was kicking his walls too soon.

But what should I do? The dude had rage episodes out of nowhere and it was starting to be regular for him to behave super aggressively or contain himself right after... It wasn't normal. I had to explore his mind to be able to help him releasing this anger in a way it wouldn't make him go to jail if the police got him in a pub fight with aleatory people that meant absolutely nothing.

Staring deep into my eyes, Jaebeom took a deep breath. "Just forget it." He ordered, mind control acting straight to me. The water washed his body right in front of me, drops coming from his hair, dark and straight, passing through his face, falling down his torso. That kept happening and he looked so vulnerable and... Sexy. Yes, of course. "I'm going home. We'll talk later." He nodded to me, voice falling two octaves and whispering, but he didn't moved. He just stood there looking at my face, frozen, as if waiting for my confirmation or deciding if he could trust me, or maybe waiting to see if I was going to insist more. Maybe he was about to open up, but I'd never know.

I could tell it was pretty dramatic, the way we got soaking wet under heavy rain. Sure anyone watching us that moment thought we were crazy. I loved the rain before Jaebeom, but I loved even
more right now and I could trust him. He was running away, but I still could trust him.

"Promise you won't push me away because of it?" Because I told him, right? I said I had a rejection problem and for the sake of himself, it was better for him not to reject me.

_I would never let him go._

There was a moment of silence that made everything even more dramatic. He sleeked his hair back using his left hand, now looking like someone who could hurt you really bad.

But you'd probably like it.

"Listen, I don't wanna talk feelings right now, nor make more promises..." He looked mortal. My heart was tight and my body was on fire, despite the cold I was feeling. "But don't worry. I'm not that easy to get rid of." He nodded and walked away. Not looking back once.

Okay, fine. Not everything was over. I just needed to take it easy and give him some space, he was the one to confess that he needed some time, I just had to be patient.

I never understood why friendship was at least a thousand times more complicated in my life than a romance and an example of this was that I gave my friendship with Jaebeom so much importance that it was starting to contaminate me and Jinyoung.

It looked bad to everyone, but why it felt right inside my heart? We were not doing anything serious and the closer we were, the happier we got, I could see in the way he slowly started to trust me. We were better working together than solo.

"I thought you and Jaebeom were going to sort this script out together." I commented to my boyfriend. We were all sat by the cafeteria table, all five of us and the subject was the story of our movie.

"Don't worry about it, I'll talk to him." Jinyoung made that face when he was thinking about something not obvious at all, but I just knew him. I could hear his gears working. "And how's him by the way? Since you give me the pleasure of bringing him to every single conversation that we have anyways." He was dry and didn't made the effort to hide his jealousy.

"Doing just fine." I also cut, not wanting him more stressed than now. "I'm more concerned about our script."

"Well, kids..." Jinyoung called out for the boy's attention. They eventually looked. "If you have any objections, keep it for the end, okay? Okay." He didn't even let them speak. I relaxed my chin on top of my left hand, listening to my boyfriend tell us his ideas. "Basically, the story is about two brothers. That would be me and Jaebeom. One of us is autistic, but not in a level that would make him completely oblivious, and our parents suffered a terrible car crash that killed both of them like, four years ago. We still have to decide which one of us is a better autistic, but it doesn't matter right now. The point is that..." He made a dramatic pause, thinking. I placed my right hand on his left thigh, as an encouragement. "Supposing Jaebeom-hyung is the autistic, he attempted suicide, but I only find out about it after your call, Youngjae. You and Jaebeom-hyung are the closest of a friendship that he can have and you call me, being close to his brother for the first time. That's your time to shine and I
hope to have good dramatic features, so prepare yourself. After you tell me everything, I start my
tests to get closer to Jaebeom-hyung, having to deal with his autism and with him not willing to
let me in at the same time. It's a drama and you guys can figure out how it goes. As Jaebeom-ah
opens up to me, I get closer, also learning to appreciate him like I never did and so we get together
and that's probably the end." He looked at every single one of us, as if reading our reactions. "Mark,
you would make a perfect friend for me, since you look really good in the cameras. I need arrogant,
famous and rich friends. Bambam, you also come with me, I need you to be the first who will
support me when I share with you guys that I wanna get closer to my brother." The boys had their
own imagination faces, picturing how it would be to act for the first time. "Don't worry, I'll give all
of you a specific description of your personalities, traits and behaviors. As a drama, you won't have
to speak that much, it's all about body language and what you represent to people who are watching
you. Also, baby..." He turned to me. "I didn't put you in the story because I know you'll have a lot of
work with the editions and all that." Then he turned back to the table. "And of course, we will help
each other out. Jackson will be filming a good part of it, but I was thinking in more than an angle
camera. I'm sure Bambam can help you with that, Jackson-si." He turned to me again.

"It seems like you have everything perfect planned. It sounds great, Jinyoung." Mark was the first to
speak, at the same time, Bambam and Youngjae started an enthusiastic conversation.

"I do have." He smiled proudly.

"Honestly, I thought it was going to be a problem, since you happen to be too dramatic. I was
worried that maybe we would not be able to do as you want, but I can see it's kind of a minimalist
project. Simple things, but containing a lot of information. I think we need special scenarios for that,
so I'm glad to help." Mark continued, probably organizing all his ideas systematically in his head.

"Perfect, Mark. I trust you. Boys?" He turned to the maknaes.

"I have the perfect material for this, I can help you with the editing part, Jacks. Also, I would like to
open my closet for you and say that yes, I will find a way of making you guys look perfect in front of
my babies... That includes makeup too." He smiled confident, Mark laughing and Youngjae
whining.

"Let the music with me, and I'll really try to be dramatic..." A smile already starting to rise on his
face. "I'm worried to be working with Jaebeom-hyung, I know he's exigent, but honestly, he's also
intimidating..." He made a face.

"Don't worry, you have perfectly dramatic expressions, you'll do great, he'll appreciate your hard
work more than anything." I confessed, since Youngjae was capable of expressing so many
emotions. He was just unaware of it. Jaebeom looked forward to people who liked to do things in the
right way, they would be just fine. "Great. I love when the work is all set. That's why I love you." I
said out loud to Jinyoung.

He first wide-eyed me but then he covered his beautiful smile with a hand, throwing his body against
mine, hiding his face in my neck. I just squeezed him against myself, loving the warmth that our
bodies emitted. They seemed to combine.

"Ew. Ew, guys." Bambam interrupted. That made Jinyoung look at me again.

"You are too much, you know?" He smiled in that way that I loved, looking at me tenderly. I was
pretty sure that I answered with the same smile.

"Is that why you didn't put me in the movie?" I asked, teasing. Now we were in our own world.
"Do you want to be in it?" He asked back, holding the hand that wasn't holding him, looking in my eyes. I hesitated. "Because I can totally find a way to put you in. Right now. I'm already thinking of something, actually." He anticipated, looking away.

"I don't want to give your movie another vibe. We are completely different at expressing ourselves." I didn't need anyone to tell me that. I knew I was too cheerful, full of energy and sometimes, out of control. This movie needed to be something people would want to cry their eyes out and I was good at producing, so...

"Baby, do you want to be in?" He asked again, laying on my shoulder and hugging me.

*Would it be too much to participate and risk breaking the vibe?*

*But I really wanted to share the moment with them... It was going to be part of our history...*

"I want to, but I can make sacrifices." I distorted my own thoughts.

"I knew it. I knew your desire to be part of it would be much stronger than 'I'm fine editing and producing everything, guys...'." He tried to imitate me, making me laugh. "I have a character for you. I always have everything planned." He smiled, looking at me again.

*And UGH, Jinyoung was so smart, so clever and that was so sexy... I loved him too much to be healthy. I just wanted to push him against the wall and end him.*

"Jinyoung-ah, YOU are too much." I whined.

"Don't worry. I'll give you your script too. Also, you will be the director, so I need you to please, have all the scenes in your mind, the best shoots, the best cuts and a firm grip on the camera. Like a novel. Nothing with too much action or too theatrical. I need you to be close and to make Jaebeom-hyung and I look like... I don't know... Two gods." Oh, the shimmer inside his eyes. The way he imagined things, thought about the best way to get his idea expressed. Artists.

Their minds were a mix of insanity and probability.

"Leave it to me." I said, enchanted, mind distracted thinking about the scenes as I appreciated Jinyoung's perfect rounded face. How his ears were cute.

At the end of the dance classes, Jinyoung, Jaebeom and the Yugyeom kid were talking. Jinyoung finally decided to put him in the project. Apparently, he was going to be the nurse or doctor who took care of Jaebeom at the hospital after the suicide thing - and Jaebeom agreed to be the autistic brother.

My function in the story was still a mystery, but I knew Jinyoung was capable of fitting me in the right place.

They talked for a long time and the sun was almost setting when all the seven of us finished making things clear. Yugyeom wasn't as silent as he was at the first time we saw each other and met. He was funny and cheerful. Always made a joke out of Jinyoung's words and was extremely reluctant to direct his older friends as hyungs. I saw a lot of myself in him, but there was something hidden about his personality. Something not a hundred percent honest. Also, Jaebeom was really weird between
them and he just made no effort to hide. That probably made Jinyoung express a look of disgust directed to him, but I was too busy trying to read everyone's mind, so I missed that part.

As me and Jaebeom were not talking - partly (or mostly) because of me, since I wanted to give him plenty of space -, I only reacted to my friend's commentaries. I knew I was a lot influential, so Mark, Youngjae and Bambam didn't reacted at Jaebeom too, probably thinking there was something wrong or off going on - but Bambam and Youngjae felt kind of intimidated by his presence anyways, so it hadn't changed too much.

At the end of our group meeting, I knew Yugyeom and Jinyoung got along really well, which was surprising. I had a different idea coming from Jinyoung's expressions whenever the tall boy was around. More like jealous of his charisma and talent, but it turned out that Jinyoung clearly had a hidden admiration - not that much hidden - for the boy with raven hair and a relaxed mullet.

Yugyeom met us too quickly and surprisingly, but he already had a place in Jinyoung's heart. Place that took the triple of time for Youngjae, for example, to conquer.

I frowned at that, wondering how I didn't noticed before. It felt like something was happening right under my nose. I couldn't see it, but I could smell it and I wasn't one hundred percent pleased by it's smell.

Leaving that somewhere behind in my mind, we now walked to the bus stop. Mark with Youngjae and Bambam, me and Jinyoung, Jaebeom and Yugyeom behind of us, but before outing the campus, Yugyeom said his goodbyes, telling us he had a motorbike. He offered someone a drive, but going in a different direction from all of us, he just left, half-hugging Jaebeom and doing a hand squeeze with Jinyoung, exchanging some looks with him and finally waving to me and the others.

So now I had Jinyoung in one side and Jaebeom in the other as we waited for the bus in a weird silence. The three in front of us having an exciting conversation about ideas for the movie and how everything seemed to be so grande as we discussed it.

Their bus arrived and Jinyoung squeezed me in his arms for longer than he normally did one last time before going, telling me he would call later as I rolled my eyes, knowing exactly what that meant, but I also had a smirk in my lips, waving goodbye to all of them. But Jinyoung had to peck me in the lips, even knowing the attention he was going to draw with it, which lead me to his specific intentions, as I saw Jaebeom raising his eyebrows shockingly from where he stood right beside me.

Jinyoung was a ball of insecurity bouncing around me and the guy he thought it was trying to steal me from him.

And so it was just Jaebeom and I at the bus stop.

I was silent and I intended to be like that for as long as possible until he gave me the 'why are we like this?' face signal.

When our bus arrived, three last longing minutes later, I got in, sitting by the window at the left middle sits in the bus.

Surprisingly, he came right behind me, then sat by my side. Was that the 'we should talk' sign? I wandered at the window, trying to avoid his glance in a not discreet at all way, but being extravagant was just in my nature. Our shoulders touched as a normal thing that happened when we shared the bus' sits, but today was the first time I truly felt it. He was practically pushing me against the wall in every curve and I wondered how I didn't noticed that at all every single time and how he forced it.

At all.
Also, he just choose to sit beside me again.

That was always something.

"Do you really have to push me like that?" I protested, raising my eyebrows, trying to look completely secure about my rude words.

When I looked at him, having him turning away, I could catch a small smile in his thin rose lips, contained and repressed, as if he didn't even care that I was being so rude.

"What do you mean?" He came back to me with a serious face, but one of those he pretended, just to look cool and now it was my turn to pretend I wasn't smiling.

"You really had to be born with these broad shoulders, huh?" I turned to him again, making a face, and I didn't know if he knew, but I loved his broad shoulders.

Everyone, probably.

Girls who would kill someone just to be where I was now, being pressed against this dirty window.

"What do you want me to do?" He answered like he was offended, replying also with a face of frustration.

"I don't know, just stop squeezing me, man..." I made some drama.

Of course he was intentionally pushing my body against the window. Obviously. There was just no way.

"Let me do this, then." He turned to the other side, giving his back to me, face turned to the corridor of the bus.

"Way better. I have space and there are zero chances of me catching this grumpy face of yours, ruining my day." I crossed my arms, not really paying attention to the view that I forced myself to look at.

"Yah!" His voice was loud. "Just because of that I'll focus on you." But he spoke normally again, moving the sit beside me with his weight. Now his body was turned to mine and he crossed his arms as he stared at me intensely.

"Yeah, keep your eyes on me, just my image. I love the attention." I laughed off, crossing my arms too and resting my head back.

"Jackson, one of these days I'll kill you." Then he pressed his cold fingers in my neck, squeezing quite strongly and making me jump in a gasp.

"Aigo, I've been hearing this a lot, you know? I'll call the police by anytime!" I complained.

"Ssh! Do me a favor and let's just enjoy the silence that we are breaking." He passed his hand on my neck as a way of controlling me. I felt the divisor between the sits being removed and he sat normally again, left leg crossed touching my right thigh. He removed his hand from me, but his shoulder returned to push, so I decided to just put my body in front of his and lean my back against part of his torso.

Finding my way to the comfort, I just relaxed. It was like a cuddle, but without really holding, just leaning.
He didn't seem to bother when my head fell on his left shoulder, actually, at the crook of his neck. I had my hands tight and my eyes naturally closed.

"You're kinda heavy, you know?" He whispered real quick from behind me.

"Differently than you I have a lot of muscles, y'know?" I joked, not bothering to move.

"Aish..." He complained and we fell into a nice silence. "So, since we are talking as if nothing has happened..." I could feel his body twisting under slash, behind of me, as his words were more breathy and whispering than the normal.

He was about to tell me a secret.

"Nothing happened, I was just-"

"Shh," He cut me, placing his right hand on my mouth, softly caressing me. "Don't interrupt me." I snorted of his recklessness, bobbing my head away and taking his hand on mine. Rude, I pronounced quietly, but I said nothing else when he interlocked out fingers together, clearing his throat. "The main reason why my parents divorced was because..." I tried really hard not to look at his face not to make him embarrassed. He trusted me and I wanted to make him comfortable no mattering the subject. "My father used to drink a lot and get violent." He squeezed our hands together and right after, started to draw undefined shapes at the back of my hand. I looked at him, but his eyes were lost and melancholic, not necessarily sad. "I can't remember much of my life before I was eight years old, only school days and playing with my friends, but most of my memories come from my eight years old life and further." He relaxed his body as he rested his head back. His eyes were distractedly starring out of the window. "I can remember when he used to hit me and my mother though. We always tried to defend each other and for that the both of us suffered. A lot." He closed his eyes and I felt mines watering. I was so soft for him that I wondered if he could feel it in the way I kept squeezing his cold hand on mine, now cold too, out of nervousness.

He was truly precious, rare. Like something I should keep, no mattering the future, our mistakes or decisions. The fact that he actually got concerned and waited for a moment to really share this with me made me melt in my vessels. My insides were burning and getting cold at same time, an icy shiver bubbling in my stomach was particularly killing me. I felt too nervous because it was too good to be true.

"So yeah, I have IED. And my dad had strong influences on my diagnosis. I struggle with it from time to time and it makes me really lose it all, or at least feel like a loser. Feel like my dad." His voice so soft that it was barely getting out. I draw unshaped forms on the back of his hand too.

"I'm sorry for that." But he snorted.

"I'm sorry too. For a lot of things, but I still can't talk about it quite well, so..."

"I don't know what is 'quite well' for you, cause for me everything about this moment it's just perfect." I confessed, even though the day had nothing looking spectacular or just different, but spending boring days beside Jaebeom was making me realize that they were not something I should miss, not at all. Not when I felt like the stars were aligned for us.

It was a current feeling.

"What I'm trying to say is..." A five seconds pause, just to prove that he was actually measuring his words with me, which I yet had to discover if it was a good or not so good thing - but it was never bad either. "I do get easily explosive and aggressive and I can be violent and authoritative, but I'm
trying to get better. I see the difference slowly, and it blossoms whenever we are together."

*I was so fucked up.*

*My ears were never expecting that confession to come, much less like that, with full words, full comprehension, complete clarity.*

I stared at him again, but he had his eyes closed, as if guessing that I was going to look and after that it was going to be almost automatic the way we would get weird about it. I was so shocked. I felt the need to share it.

"I did not see this coming, at all."

"I have no intentions on lying to you, Jackson," The confessions kept going. "And I have this feeling... Like I've known you for a while, which makes me even more comfortable."

I just kept staring at him, waiting for him to open his eyes and look at me.

When he did it, it made me sure.

He was definitely someone to keep.

"I had the same feeling at the first time I saw you, throwing your garbage away. I could barely see your face, but I felt something."

I didn't know what 'something' was this. This fresh feeling whenever we were together, like a peaceful state of mind. But there was something else I couldn't explain.

"D'you remember that day?" He kept staring. Our fingers traced were making me see stars on his eyes.

"I wonder what makes you think I would ever forget, you were so intense," My voice got out breathier than I expected.

"Intense?" His eyes and eyebrows showed how shocked he was. It made me even more nervous and careful about my words, not to scare him away or... *Give him the wrong impression.*

"Yeah, I mean, all dressed in black and serious. I couldn't even see your face." I shrugged, dodging to focus on the view from the bus that was slowly taking us home, an endless drive at twenty kilometers per hour. If he wasn't here, it was going to be the most stressful thing ever, like it always was whenever he wasn't around.

"But I saw yours." He pushed his left arm, making the space between it and his torso grow wider, so I fell more into him. He didn't seemed to bother.

"What was your first impression of me anyways?" I was just leaning on him, body cuddled to his, holding his hand and talking about the time that we shared. Talking about us. It felt like something I deserved.

Something I've been waiting for forever in my existence.

"I thought you were annoying and oblivious." His voice got quieter, as if he was extending the secret he shared minutes ago.

"Yah..." I protested, making him laugh to himself.
"I was right..." He continued.

My cheeks were burning for some reason. "You're mean. This too haven't changed since the first time I saw you."

"Really...?" He joked off, a tone of irony as he laughed again, silently. His grins were making me shake on top of him. His free right hand rested on top of my right thigh, distractedly. "What made you think I'm mean? Was it my sly answers to you or my arrogance?"

"Both." I humphed, sighing out loud, not looking at him.

"I'm sorry for that, Seunie, I tend to scare people away once I meet them for the first time. Father's trait." He sighed too, as if the way he was was out of his control. "I'm working on that too, slowly." He interrupted my thoughts.

"You look like your mom though, like, physically, but I've noticed you two have some things alike too, like, after you let people get to you, things get different,"

"Do I look like her?" He sounded really close to my right ear and our touches were long naturalized, but not less making me shiver.

"Yep. You've got the same eyes, nose and lips. Your entire face looks like her." I smiled, remembering how sweet and charming she was, like a noble.

"So I look like a woman." He concluded, not intoning it positively or negatively, but starting to giggle again. I smiled, feeling at top of a cloud.

"A beautiful woman." I confessed.

"I don't know either to feel offended because you find my mother beautiful or thankful for being as beautiful as her in your eyes."

And there was just so much information on that phrase that I was exploding like fireworks at the possibility of speaking about every single thing that called my attention. "The only problem on this phrase is the word 'offended'. Let's pretend every single part of it is true, except for that." I laid my head on his shoulder for a moment staring at the grey ceiling of the bus.

We had a moment of silence, just a moment, but it lasted forever as a spiritual state in my head.

"So I'm beautiful, huh?" For the way he spoke those words I knew he had a mean smile on his thin lips, but I wasn't going to fall for it.

Actually, I wasn't afraid of falling for it.

"I won't play this game, so yeah, you heard me." Confessions.

All of those confessions were making me go insane.

He laughed again and there was something beautiful about him right now. As if he was under a spell.

"I've never seen you smile so much in a day, wow." I confessed, trying to make him embarrassed. He caressed my hand instead.

"Shut up, Seunie." But it was a joke, a lame joke. He was too satisfied. For something I had no idea.

"Rude."
"But what are the other things I have in common with my mother?" He restarted, never ending the embarrassing thing.

"Can't tell you." It was my turn to giggle, closing my eyes once I felt the shuffling coming from him.

"What? Why?!" He was unquiet, obviously growing more than curious.

"It's a secret between me and her. I'll never tell you." I teased, keeping my smile on, for him to think it was an amazing fact.

The secret was that he had a jelly heart. But letting him know was more than not keeping my secret.

"Yah, get off me." He pushed me too suddenly, making me jolt forward. It only made me cling more into him and laugh louder. "Get off, I don't trust you!"

"Wae?? It won't change anything between us." I kept provoking.

"Of course it changes! How can I trust you if you're making plans with my mother!" He tried to separate our hands and bodies in general, but it did not worked. It just made me throw myself more into him, making us laugh compulsively.

"Don't be like this..." I hugged him off, pushing him back to calm down on his sit. My ear was right on top where I believed his heart was beating, because it was loud and clear and something froze as I hugged him.

He eventually wrapped his arms around me too, giving up as he saw there was no way he was getting away from me. I just smiled, allowing my eyes to close again.

If the world was ending, the sun exploding and the Earth opening up and crashing down, I would never notice, because being in Jaebeom's arms, surrounded by his perfume and natural soft smell was distracting me more than a possibly end of the life event on this planet would ever do.

It hurt.

Because he was hugging me too strong. Like he was gluing my body all together. Fixing me. I could feel the way it made me fresh, new.

We had that moment of silence again, a comfortable one, filled with smiles and friendship. Turning concrete and truthful.

"I'm really sorry, Jaebeom-ah." I intentionally forgot to speak to him in a respectful way, just because I felt like it. I felt as if him himself was giving me this right.

"I know." He answered with a hundred percent confident voice, as if he knew what I was talking about and he had no problems with the fact that me knowing changed things a little. Because I knew more of his mind.

"I wish I could take the pain out of you. But the scars would be there anyways." My fingers traced his belly distractedly.

"Don't wish that. Pain made me who I am and I can only sustain myself, my dreams, the things I believe and possess because of who I became." He spoke too fast, as if he wanted for the phrase to finish as soon as possible. I respected that. "I like this life. I'm thankful even for the bad, disgusting, unbelievable things. They still shape me into a man."
"Fuck, that was so sexy." I released what I realized I didn't even process, even though it wasn't in a pervert way, it was in a 'I wanna be like you someday' way. My tongue spoke the words that it itself wanted for him to know, to hear.

I stood up from him faster than a bolt, afraid of creating a weird atmosphere, but I was sensitive, I could already feel the change.

"I know I'm sexy. It's the only thing I know about me for sure, actually." He caressed his nape with his right hand, left still hanging behind of me, being supported by the back of the bank we were sitting.

I laughed.

Just because I was nervous and something about the way he said it was impossible to deal. He was so silly.

"What?" He was clueless, staring at me with rosy cheeks.

"You are ridiculous. Get the fuck out, it's our stop." I placed my hand on his thigh, pointing outside with the other. Now his neck was also reddening.

"Yah! Be more respectful with your hyung!" He stood up, picking our backpacks and carrying them together. People on the bus stared at us when I last looked, truly curious.

*I could tell what they were thinking.*

Walking to my house, he followed me through the entry.

"What?" I asked, clueless.

He looked at me not understanding.

"What?" He repeated. I made face.

"Why are you following me to my house?" I made the obvious question.

"To get my shirt. I forgot to tell you." He explained and yeah, he was right. I forgot to give him back his shirt. It was probably still hanging dry.

"Ah, yeah, just wait a minute." I asked, dropping everything in the couch and running to the back of the house.

But it wasn't there.

*Shit, my mother probably kept in my closet thinking it was mine.*

I returned to the house, passing through the entry. He looked at me curious.

"I think my mother kept your shirt with my clothes in my room. I'll be right back. Just make yourself comfortable and close the door." I said as I got upstairs.
He did as I suggested, taking off his shoes and closing the door.

I got in the room looking for the pile of clothes that I never flat-ironed at the corner of my non walking closet.

But it wasn't there neither.

Then I saw it hanging with my other shirts that my mom reluctantly ironed, complaining of my lack of responsibility with myself.

I took if off, walking back downstairs, finding him in the kitchen.

"Here." He was in the middle of a gulp, drinking water.

Handing him the shirt, I stood there, just watching, not knowing what to do.

"You have a lot of good stuff in your refrigerator, where your mom goes for grocery?" He finished the cup looking at me.

"My dad..." I paused, just to make it clear to him that we had no such determined functions in this house.

*It wasn't his fault though. He had grown up on his dad's absence.* "It's an amazing household. He knows everything about cooking. You should come over to cook with him sometime." I commented, shrugging. He supported his chin on his left hand at the marble kitchen island, paying attention.

"And do you know how to cook?" He implied an honest answer.

"I have the same story as you. I learned how to cook when I spent my time at my grandma's house when I was younger. Except that differently than you, I'm afraid of getting burn and I'm more of an independent cooker. I'm not a pro at complicated Asian foods, but I can survive with some decency." He nodded, still paying attention. I smiled, knowing better. "You're not going to make me cook for you, are you?"

"I still have that wish for the two episodes of *Something in the Rain* that I watched." He smirked, now taking a sit.

"Aish, please, don't make me cook for you again and for real this time..." I whined, making a face, begging with my eyes closed. "It's embarrassing..."

He made a strange grimace as a reply.

"Embarrassing? How's that?" He was teasing me.

"Because! I can eat the food that I make, but I'd never make you do the same." I supported my arms on the island opposing to him.

"Oh, come on..." He smirked, eyes shining at me. I asked myself if it was possible to resist at such charm, coming from an ogre like him.

"Wait, are you officially using your wish?" I also smirked.

"No." He raised his eyebrows.

"Then I'm not doing." I became the winner of the situation.
If he wanted to play, he was going to lose.

"Aish, Jackson!" He slapped the marble under him, seeming to have fun. Because Jaebeom never refused a challenge.

"What?!" I blinked.

"Then I'll use this wish...." He threw his head back. "And! And..." Looked at me again, as if it was not too late. "I've been craving for a massage, really... I have back pain you know?" He bent his head to the left, looking at me.

"Yah!" I shouted really loud, making him gasp and laugh openly and it was a captivating sound. His mouth was hanging wide open.

**When did Jaebeom and I started to have so much fun?**

**When did he started to make some effort to get closer?**

**Why?**

**Why did it felt so natural?**

Of course, I wasn't complaining, but I was so amazed to see his feedback.

Just yesterday he flew out of here angry with me, but here he was again, testing my patience, easily changing my behavior, being all open and physical.

"I'm not massaging you, not even if you pay me." I turned my back to him, starting to get the ingredients ready for what I planned to be diner.

"You sure? It could be a good money..."

"Hyung, I don't even know how to criticize you... There are just so many ways to kill you with words, but I rather stay silent." I started the process to boil some water for the precooked ravioli.

"That's my boy." I froze, looking through the window of the kitchen.

Was he flirting?

His boy?

No, that was natural, right?

Of course it was, I say it to Bambam all the time.

I murmured in response, focusing on peeling the tomato. A couple of minutes silent and I turned to my left side, putting the raviolis in the boiling water and mixing a little bit. Going back to the refrigerator, I saw him messing with his phone with a concerned face. Not as something that serious, but he was definitely focused. "What's up?" I asked, trying to come up with the next subject.

"Uh?" He looked at me. "Uh, I'm trying to write some lyrics. Apparently, my creativity just blossomed right here and now." He texted, distracted.

"That's good, I actually like to cook in silence." I commented.

It made me less and more distracted at the same time. It gave me time to think about things I wasn't
sure about and they were many.

Staying like that, I continued to do everything without minding him any attention. I felt really comfortable and I was in a good day at the kitchen, doing every step as if it was the easiest thing ever. I knew exactly what to do and how to do it. I've cooked it so many times that I could do it even blindfolded.

He would start humming from time to time and I liked his voice. The way it floated through the kitchen, getting to my ears, warming my heart, making the outside rain again, as if it was all planned. I had a secret way to make my tomato sauce and everyone who ate it could admit there was nothing like it in the world - which was ridiculous, but I believed. Blame it on my weak heart. Mixing it in the way that I knew best, it started to smell delicious, as every time I prepared.

*It was my mom's favorite.*

"Jackson, what did you do?" He cut my distractions and the silence, standing up to come to me.

"What?" He had that preoccupied look on his face as he investigated what I was doing, but there was nothing he could ever find. I've always been clean in the kitchen. There was no sign of what I used to produce such a good smell.

"This smells really good." He came to me, passing his right arm around my shoulders, looking closely to the pan with the boiling sauce. "Shit, I should've paid attention..." He frowned like a mad cat.

I smiled, proud and happy.

"I know." I affirmed, because I really knew.

"Don't get cocky." He murmured, pulling me closer for a moment. "Can I try it?"

"*Yah,* go sit there like the useless thing that you are. Maybe you own me a massage after this." I pushed him away, mixing my stuffs, going for the cheese in the refrigerator right after.

"*Aish...*" He just waited there, now paying attention in my every move.

Adding cheese and mixing, I needed the sauce to reduce before putting the already cooked raviolis.

"How do you prefer: raviolis on the plate and you add the sauce, or...?" I looked back at him. He had a small smile in his face.

*I was actually starting to hate it.*

*Not really, no.*

*I just hated that I liked it too much.*

"How do you often do?" He stared back. *That was a trusting choice, right?*

"I mix the raviolis with the sauce and then I serve myself after that." Turning to the sauce now ready, I waited for his answer.

"I want it exactly like yours." Jaebeom smiled, excited. "I can tell it's more than 'eatable' just by the smell. You did great..." He stood up again, putting our plates on the marble table, also setting cups and a fork and a spoon to each of us.
I involuntarily smiled feeling truly recognized. He was powerful with his words, at least when it was about me. In two minutes everything was ready and it looked really good. My stomach started to talk.

"Thanks." I felt my cheeks blushing.

Taking the pan to us, I presented the meal. Watching his eyes glow, I reached for the grape juice that actually tasted like wine without alcohol. It was the way my dad demonstrated his love for me.

"Please, serve us, hyung." I asked, since he was so excited just by looking.

"Neng, neng, neng." He didn't even look at me when serving, seeming to swallow his drivel.

So the way to Jaebeom's heart was really through his stomach, huh?

I could deal with that.

Taking the first ravioli into his mouth, I waited for his reaction. I knew it was good, for the amount of times I made it and it got better and better.

But I needed his confirmation.

Few people had eaten my food in this life and one of these people was my one and only boyfriend. Knowing Jinyoung and his way to make everything perfect in the kitchen, he said my cooking was rich and consistent. Which I took as a compliment, of course.

"So...?" I asked, as he just kept eating, happily distracted at the same time.

"Oh... Were you waiting for a reaction? I thought you knew it..." He smirked, talking with his mouth full.

"Ugh, Im Jaebeom..." I released his name, feeling frustrated. He laughed at me. "The things you make me do... Honestly..." I dried the sweat from my forehead, feeling hot after cooking. He laughed even harder.

"Yah, Jackson-ah..." A direct way to call my attention. Jackson-ah, Seunie, he was the one in control of my name, for what it looked like. "It's really, really good." His eyes glowed, forming two crescent moons. Black ones.

I gasped.

"Really really good?" Is that what you have to say?" I protested, slapping against the table. He just laughed and tried to swallow at the same time, not taking me seriously. "Yah! This is serious! Tell me how it really is!" I bargained. My phone started to vibrate in my pocket and picking up, I saw me and Jinyoung with his number shining.

"I already told you, it's amazing-"

"Hey baby..." I picked up laughing at the sauce that flew from Jaebeom's mouth.

Then he slowly became silent, focusing on his plate.

I noticed too late.

How I called Jinyoung 'baby'. 
How was a homophobic supposed to react to this?

But he was in my house now, wasn't he? Here I had nothing to hide or contain. Even my family was okay with it.

"Hey, what's the reason of so much laugh in there? Are you home?"

I gulped again, looking at our meals.

"Yeah, we're having diner. Have you eaten yet?"

"Neng, I made some ramyeon. Same old, same old." He made silence and I just nodded to say I was listening.

"Are you calling to talk about the project? I wanna know what and who is going to be my character..." I chose a ravioli. Looking up, Jaebeom played with his fork, eating without rush, face contained.

"Are you that anxious? Maybe it would be better to discuss this after diner...? Isn't your mother mad that you're talking to me right now? I should call you later." He rushed.

"Ani! There's no one here now, I came to a different area, I'll put you in the speaker as I eat. Just tell me." Jaebeom looked straight at me now, realizing I was lying. I made the silent gesture, touching my phone and putting on the speaker. "Can you hear me?" I asked, placing the phone at the table in front of my plate.

"Loud and clear. What are you eating?" His voice on the speaker seemed to get even more raspy than the normal, but it was also a little rich.

"Raviolis. But don't change the subject. What exactly I'll be doing in our project?"

"Well, I have this risky idea. I was thinking about you as a therapist. Jaebeom-hyung's therapist." At the same time, Jaebeom looked up from the table, hearing his name.

"Tell me more." I sustained the look on Jaebeom's face, imagining the scenes.

"As you know, Kim Yugyeom is now in this too, so he's the doctor who's going to watch Jaebeom from the moment he gets on the hospital and in our first talk, he says he needs a professional psychological counseling and so you come in. You'll be Jaebeom character's therapist. It's to you he'll tell his problems, confess about his sadness, grief and confess slowly how he feels about keeping a relationship with his brother. In this case, me."

I felt the anxiety coming as I looked in Jaebeom's eyes and he was already looking at me. "Jinyoung, don't you think Mark is a better option than I am? I'm not in a doctor position. Like, at all."

"What are you talking about? I thought I could count on you for this... Of course it's going to be a challenge. For us all. But I know you'll do great." His voice was now sweet through the phone, sounding all over the kitchen. I felt like my raviolis were coming back.

"Honestly, Jinyoung... It would be much more logical if I was your character's stupid rich friend and Mark was the therapist... I swear..."

Jaebeom frowned from the other side of the marble island, looking straight at me, forgetting about the food.
"Baby, listen... I didn't decide this on my own. I spoke with the boys, except from Yugyeom, that makes no difference in deciding who goes where and believe me. All the boys agreed that Jaebeom-hyung and you have like a special connection, which would make it easier to go intense on the scenes. The kids are all kind of intimidated by the way Jaebeom might be, you're the closest to him, you can work together..." I looked at Jaebeom again, feeling my cheeks burning instantly. He kept his eyes on the table, jaw clenched. "Believe me, I was reluctant in the beginning, but you are our best shot and now I see it." I heard him sighing and I did it too, as if in synchrony. "Just think about it tonight and give me your answer tomorrow, but just for you to know... I'm afraid there won't be any other characters you could play. I'd just had to rewrite the therapist part and make Jaebeom-hyung magically cured, which would be much less interesting, and Jackson..." He took a breath. "I want the first place." And that said a lot.

Basically my beautiful and talented, smart-ass boyfriend was telling me to accept the idea from right now till tomorrow.

"Psst." I heard from Jaebeom, who was calling my attention. Apparently Jinyoung also waited for an immediate answer on the phone. I looked up to my hyung. "Say yes." He raised his brows at me, as if saying 'what is taking you so long?'.

"No! This will be tragic!" I whispered-shouted, feeling like I was melting.

"Say fucking yes right now!" He supported his body on the table, coming to me.

"Uh, Jackson...?" Jinyoung's voice returned as he waited for me to say something.

"Y-yeah?" I hesitated as I dodged from Jaebeom's judgmental look.

"Are you okay?" *Park Jinyoung and his amazing power to notice when something was off.*

*I hated him.*

Jaebeom slapped my right chest, totally impatient.

"Just fucking end this!" He murmured really low, making a ton of expressions.

"Uh, yeah, I'll give you the answer tomorrow, okay? Mom's calling me..." I gave an excuse.

Jaebeom stood up, turning in my direction.

"Okay... Text me later? I miss you..." Jaebeom held my neck as if suffocating me, but actually it was me just panicking.

"Yeah, yeah, I'll text you!" I almost shouted, finishing the call without saying goodbye.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" He pretended choke me and shake me still by the high chair.

"What?! I don't fucking know how to act!" I turned to him, now having his hip pressed against my open legs, but not really making *that* contact.

A shiver ran from the top till the bottom of my backs. I tensed, touching his hands that grabbed both of my shoulders.

"Why did you lied?! Why didn't you tell him we were having diner?!" His voice was strong and really loud. It made the bones in my ears vibrate, taking the sound of his voice all over my head.

"Does it really matter?! I was just curious to know what was my character about!" I explained as his
body came closer.

*Yes, because I couldn't wait, right? Till Jinyoung's news for later...*

*I needed to know now.*

I felt like he wasn't mad, just a little angry.

*Now I was capable to judge Jaebeom's levels of anger.*

*Time does that to relationships.*

"And why the hell you didn't take it right away?" Now his hands were back in my neck and his body had no idea how invasive he was being right now. Hips coming closer. I could feel his hip bones pressing against my tensed muscles. His body was warm under his clothes, but I felt mine burning cold, as crazy as it sounds.

"Because I know I will suck at acting dramatically. I'm the funny, bubbly guy! The beautiful but stupid stereotype!" I confessed from the bottom of my heart because I felt like that since I was born and my social butterfly personality only came down harder on top of it. He dropped his hands from my neck, putting them on each thigh of mine. I gulped nervously. His hands always cold. Did he noticed he was touching me like that? Because I was shivering and my reactions were obvious even for a child.

Maybe he was one of those Korean clingy friends that you have who never knows the boundaries when touching you, they just don't know how invasive they can be - but again, I wasn't complaining. I had tons of friends like this, but I recognized their behaviors. This just wasn't natural or didn't looked natural about Jaebeom, but I guess I was wrong.

"What the fuck...?" He dropped his voice, making a 'please, don't' face. "Jackson, I'm so disappointed to you right now." He was like in pain.

I felt my eyes widening.

"Why?" I asked weirdly, blaming my adrenaline.

Suddenly his hands started to warm up on me and my heart was racing. My own hands were floating on the air since I didn't knew where to put them.

"Because I thought you were this go-getter, ambitious, fearless clever-ass, intelligent and daring leader, but now I see that you're just like everybody else in the world." His face was expressing an impatient hurt towards me.

I was speechless anyways, body looking for the oxygen that I was blindly refusing to let in.

"You produce videos, take shots and know how to create good catchy songs... You fucking know all the UNI students and you're untouchable whenever and wherever you are, no matter with who. People easily like you from afar. You have this amazing opportunity to grow and yet what you do is throw it away. You're a dumbass and I hate..." He made a intense pause, never stopping to analyze my facial expressions. I felt like I was melting and floating at the same time. "I hate dumb people." He burned me with an intense glaze. His dark eyes were sorrow and he was never this serious. Not even when he was angry.

*What should I do? What should I say?*
Should I apologize? Was I being ridiculous?

I felt like a fire burning in my throat and I knew that feeling. It happened mostly when I was about to behave impulsively.

"Well, I'll fucking take the character then." I raised my eyebrows. My face clearly surprised with my own words, as if opposing from what I was truly feeling. What I felt was...

Worry. I felt the pressure. I felt Jinyoung's critical eyes on me while shooting. I felt my friend's disappointment after twenty attempts to make the perfect scene, but I just couldn't do it right.

I felt the failure.

Apparently Jaebeom was half satisfied with my words and half worried. He kept glancing at me and fuck - I would never forget his words.

"You know what I fucking hate, Jaebeom-hyung? What I truly feel disgusted about?" He answered with a challenging face, not backing off and my column stood straight slowly. "I hate failures." I felt my own face tensing when saying it. A cold shiver in my arms. He rose his eyebrows as if saying 'no way!'. "I fucking hate to fail and I never do it, ever. So you better be ready... Because you're gonna prepare me for this shit and if I fail," I smirked. "I'll drag all of you with me." I was boiling, his face was so close that I looked at one eye at the time.

He released the air from his mouth, nodding and smirking. Never feeling intimidated by my personal space.

So that was it.

A leader recognized the other.

"Great." He slapped the table by my side, as if sealing a deal. "You better be ready too then. We have a lot of work to do." He squeezed his left hand in my thigh, letting go right after. He returned to his sit as if what happened was just nothing. "Finish your plate. We start today." He smiled.

Son of a bitch was always ready to get his hands dirty.

It challenged me.

I loved.

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think? It's always good to know what you're thinking. Constructive criticism is always welcome ^^

Hope you all are doing good and healthy, eating well and enjoying your time.
If you haven't left kudos and bookmarked yet, make sure to do it! It means a lot!
Thank you once more for taking your time to read this, you guys are unbelievable loyal <3

See you!
12 i put you on top, i claimed you so proud and openly

Chapter Notes

Hey, I'm so sorry for being so late. 😊
I had to make a sudden travel to my grandma's house and we're kind of dealing with some family issues, so I've been neglecting some things that are not so urgent to have the energy to deal with those issues - and one of them is this story 😖😔😔😔.
Don't know if there's anyone still reading this, but whatever, I'm posting because I want to, so yeah 😔 thank you if you're still here, I admit I write a lot and my English is not the best, but I'm improving every day.
Now go!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#).

"Why are you like this?" Jinyoung asked me by the third time as I laid on his chest for the third time too that day.

"Jaebeom-hyung and I practiced a little bit for our acting last night. He wanted to know my 'primary reactions' or something like that." *And I had a nightmare, where I was trapped. I was me, but in another context, in a parallel universe or something. Wherever the dreams happen.*

I was so tired that if Jinyoung let me silent, I'd probably fall asleep and enjoy the rest I couldn't take when I was busy trying to escape dreamland.

"Oh..." He gasped. Then hugged me with both of his arms, embracing my body completely. I felt like a baby. "So, how was it?" He murmured the words softly with his mouth in my head. I was sat between his legs and against his chest.

Jinyoung called me to his house this morning and as soon as I checked the text, I got ready to leave, also texting my sleepy mother to let her know my plans. So now we were laying on his bed after the greatest, healthiest breakfast ever, like a married couple in a regular Saturday morning.

"I think it was necessary, honestly. He told me that I wasn't that bad and that my character couldn't express intense emotions, since it's a therapist. Which made me a lot calmer."

"Was that why you shut off the call in my face yesterday?"

I froze.

*How could he possibly be so assertive about the situation?*

"Uh?" I murmured, tensing.

"Because you were nervous about your character?" He continued to caress my chest.

*Oh. My. God. I almost fell for it.*

"Jinyoung-ah..." I turned to face him. He had a normal expression, not angry or stressed.

"Hmm?"
"I was about to have a panic attack yesterday because of this shit, I couldn't even think straight." He just listened, holding my chin with his left hand. Right was still embracing me warmly. The way he looked deep inside my eyes gave me comfort. "I don't wanna fail with you and the boys..."

He hummed again, giving me a shy smile in return. "I think you are putting too much pressure in yourself." His voice was sweet, cunning. I fell for it once more.

"Well, of course I am! I went to bed and I had precisely six hours of sleep because I couldn't stop thinking about the fucking first place that you want so much! I need to be perfect-" He interrupted me with a slow, soft kiss. His lips were moisturized with some kind of mango lip balm, but the taste was really far away from being overwhelming.

And I hated mango, but I loved the addiction it promoted to Jinyoung's lips. The slight bitterness mixed with sweetness.

"Hajima..." He muted against me. My heart was really confused between calming down or freaking out. "I'll tell you all the things you should know about the scenes. We'll practice a lot and make it perfect. You don't have to do much, Jackson-ssi. All you have to keep your mind to is that you can't laugh. At all. Or be cute." He kissed me again. "Or charming." And again. "Or emotional." I smiled when he kissed me again and I leaned on him, straddling his legs, sitting on his lap. I hugged him tightly and he hugged back even more. It didn't matter where we were, Jinyoung's hugs were always caring, full of love to give and I needed them.

"I'm worried. I want to surprise everyone." I said in the crook of his neck, holding his torso firmly.

"You will. No one expects you to act and we should keep it like that. Don't tell anyone." His arms were falling to my waist and he kept the embrace there.

I was definitely a baby under Jinyoung's care and control.

"Will you teach me how to act as powerfully as you?" I smiled in secret.

"As me? No, that's impossible. I'm a pro." His voice was firm as he claimed his place as the one who made the decisions.

"Ugh, you're so sexy. I love it when you praise yourself like that." I squeezed him. "Makes me wanna hit you and slap you out of love."

"Jackson, you have some serious kinky shit, you know that right-" Now he slapped my thigh, the sound interrupting himself, making me turn back to him and kiss his lips truly in a quick peck.

"I know." I smiled, having his hands on my waistline. With one more kiss, we returned to the previous position, me laying on his chest and us both relaxing. His hands being like perfect only to me, made for gripping me tight. "About what you said... That the boys felt kinda intimidated by Jaebeom's acting... Is it true?"

There was a three seconds silence before he spoke.

"Yeah, haven't you noticed before? Bambam is definitely the one who can't stand Jaebeom at all. Then there's Youngjae, who feels slightly curious about him, but he just doesn't know how to behave to befriend him. Mark just avoids him."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Mark it's usually the type to be approached. He don't go first. Introverts trait." He
pressed his face in my head again and I loved whenever he did it. "It makes a lot of sense that you are the first in our group to actually be friends with Jaebeom. You are fearless, social butterfly." And I instantly remembered Jaebeom's words, feeling nervous.

"I don't know what makes you guys think I'm fearless. I'm terrified of insects, more specifically spiders and I just can't handle a bad reputation. And failure. Which leads to bad reputation, so it's a double." I stared a the white ceiling of his roof, imagination taking me somewhere else as I pictured my future and saw myself immersed on success, because I believed I was born to shine.

"You are afraid of other people's reactions, which is ridiculous. They don't have the power to bring you down whatever is it that you believe in, only you can do that to yourself. And you know it."

*Yes, I know it. But it doesn't stop the feeling.*

*I can't help but worry about what people think of me. Mostly because I give them no reasons to think badly of me, which is something really hard to manage, but well... It has to be done.*

"I know. It's just hard." I buffed.

"I believe in you. But you know, Jackson, it's not the world that puts these things in your head. It's not the world's responsibility to take it out of you. Only you can manage to untie the ropes in yourself, and if you don't, they'll get stuck with a lot of other things as you pass by and then, when you look at it again, you're full of weight. Unnecessary weight. Things you can just throw away. You become a heavy person."

I took a deep breath knowing he was right. There were a lot of things I needed to work with myself. Mostly my dependence on others, my fears and my self-love. My sense of freedom and the way I put myself as the responsible for things. The one to respond for my acts and take the consequences. I had to find solutions for my hopelessness and my desperate, impulsive way to deal with things.

*It was time for me to grow up.*

"Uhhh..." I whined, shaking my body, provoking a tantrum.

"What?" He laughed at my childish behavior.

"You're right." I crossed my arms, making him laugh openly again.

"You're so cute baby, it makes me want to push you against the wall." His arms squeezed me.

*Oh... It was my dependence issue here, but I wish I never lose Jinyoung.*

*I wished we could live moments like this forever and if it is me - supposed to take care of him forever - I'd promise to be the best I could be. Just for him.*

"So, going back to my kinks:" He pushed me and we had a serious laugh moment, as controversial as it sounds.

Spending the rest of the day at his house - no, not kissing and cuddling and having sex - practicing for the scenes, I kind of knew how to behave in front of a camera now. Posture, voice volume and most importantly, my expressions.
I gave this amazing idea about a filming process that most movies in Hollywood do now. They film all the character's lines and let him take his time with all of the expressions, so when his scene is over, we film the other. Having the two performances, all you have to do is cut and place them in the right time. It's a dangerous process that requires a lot of editing - a lot -, but the result it's even better. We got to get the best of the actor.

Jinyoung more than agreed and we had a lot of work to do. Basically, create the timeline of all scenes, the interactions between the characters and what style we wanted them to perform for it to match what Jinyoung had in his head. It was going to be more of a minimalistic movie, spinning around Jaebeom and his character's autism. Jaebeom would act as the active, the one who makes the story go on and Jinyoung was going to be the reactive, the one who proceeded with every Jaebeom's decision. We still didn't have their character's names and Jinyoung considered leaving their own names on the project, which would make it more dramatic, but the rest of the boys decided that it was better to create new names. Each one of them responsible for their names. Me, Jaebeom and Jinyoung didn't have a strong opinion about it, so we just agreed with the majority, leaving it behind our bigger problems now.

Well, it was a Saturday evening and for the power of the truly Virgo conceded to Jinyoung, we were writing the scenes on his laptop - without going deep in the character's lines, that was a Sunday problem - instead of going out to drink or party. Gladly, we worked good together, so we had it all almost done. We just struggled with the "confession scene", which consisted basically in Jaebeom letting Jinyoung be part of his life again after he had an accident falling off of his work stairs and almost cracking his head open, resulting in a slight loss of memory and a lot of panicking coming from his autistic brother. Jinyoung said he was going to write each of the most touching scenes all by himself, which meant Jaebeom and the others, except for me and Yugyeom, had to prepare their artificial tears.

I felt relieved after working so much all day with our project. It made me secure of what and how exactly had to be done and, so my head was going crazy on the ideas I had for filming, making my script a lot different and more specific. Bambam and Mark were going to help me with the behind the scenes thing, so I made the effort to describe what exactly they needed to do or at least pay attention to in each scene.

Specifications going back and forward, I decided to stay the night just because I was really tired - and I had no glasses when spending the entire day in front of a lighten screen, so double that -, but Jinyoung just said "Be my guest." with a similar tired smile. After having cups of tea in the balcony and exchanging small kisses as we heard his parents sleeping at two AM, we dropped everything and went to bed, not even stopping to imagine something. Not even dreaming, thank god. I was so done with traumatic scenes.

We cuddled all night and woke up touching each others bodies.

So now I was back in my house. Waking up around nine made us both the worst grandparents after the new year's eve day, but we had to finish the basic things to start filming as soon as possible, so if we had to change something, we had plenty of time to do so.

Now with my glasses on, I tried to picture every scene, testing the different forms of filming to give
exactly the experience we wanted, because notice or not, the movies were all about how to hold a fucking camera. The way we filmed changed everything someone might feel and Bambam and I were great with that.

My phone interrupted my thoughts as it vibrated on the desk. I reached my arm to catch it and it shone with a message from Jaebeom.

**Grandpa Im:**

_Yah, it's a Sunday. Why are you guys so impatient? We have like two months..._

And of course it was a protest, because what was a religious Sunday in the two months we had still to come? The group chat that he was included named as _hopeless7_ had a non-stop talk. The boys currently letting their ideas and responsibilities be on clear.

I just smiled and opened the private conversation in my phone.

**You:**

_Me and Jinyoung are inspired. Sorry to bother you, grandpa. (11:31 - read)_

**Grandpa Im (online):**

_yah_

_Dont make me sound like im irresponsible._

_Are you home?_

_Let me help (11:31)_

**You:**

_Lol maybe u r_

_ill wait by the door_

_Bring your laptop (11:32 - read)_

**Grandpa Im ♡ (online):**

_On my way (11:32)_
With that, I went downstairs to unlock the door. My parents were watching some construction series that could easily make you obsessed just with a couple of episodes. You just wanted to know how the house would look like in the end and boom, suddenly you were caught choosing between this or that wood floor.

The bell ringed, making my mom jump and look at me.

"Jaebeom hyung's here for a project. Were staying in my room, don't worry." I said that as I opened the door, having a Jaebeom that haven't woke up in less than an hour staring at me with dry hair everywhere, kneaded clothes - including blue pants with pink cats printed all over - and his flip flops under white socks. He looked like he didn't even tried. "Hey, get in." I literally pushed him from the doorstep, boy almost falling as he tried to take off his sandals made of rubber. He didn't even spoke to me, barely being able to get in properly, which made me laugh only to myself, and if I had a smirk in my lips as the way he slipped his hand to mine, no one but us knew about it.

"Good morning Wang family..." He said, embarrassed, probably not expecting to see both of them so domestically laid on the couch like two regular human beings.

"Hey boy." My dad made the honors, since my mother was trying to hide her non-makeup morning face. "You're lucky, were going to ask for some takeout for lunch." My dad was sympathetic, being honest to the fact that he really liked Jaebeom, having a smile on his sleepy face. Also, he needed a haircut.

"Don't worry, sir, I'm not hungry..." Jaebeom squeezed his own neck, looking all wrong and caught, trying to be educated. It was cute the way he tried to fool the other two.

"He is. He always is. Don't worry, my father will let us know when everything is ready, let's go." I ran through the stairs, holding his hand tightly on mine as we flew away from their sights, opening the door to my room - that was a current mess. There was at least three water bottles around my bed, the sheets were all over the place and I made no effort to maintain my dirty clothes inside the laundry basket.

He dismissively seemed not to care as he wandered around like he was used to all that.

"Great, now they think I'm a food monster." He closed the door and leaned on it, looking at me in a weird way and I finally knew what was keeping him from complaining at how messy I was.

"They won't think anything of you because your mother exclusively said you eat really well right on the first day. I knew about your eating habits before I even learned to properly pronounce your name." I laughed off, re-turning my laptop on.

"So you remember that day, huh?" He smirked at me, hands blindly taking his own laptop from his backpack and placing right beside mine on the desk, his eyes looking at my face in the same way.

"Of course I remember. How could I possibly forget about baby monster Jaebeom? I love your mother..." I laughed again, going towards the door. He was about to protest. "I'm taking my father's desk chair, so you can wait to sit on it or use mine instead."

He just kept starring at me like he didn't know what was going on.

Okay, maybe he woke up one hour ago and had the intentions to remain sleeping if it wasn't for the group chat that we created yesterday, probably making a lot of texting notifications sounds and alarming him.

*Poor baby monster Jaebeom.*
When I returned bringing the chair with me, he was sitting by mine, staring at me.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" I was oblivious.

He blinked, smiling in slow-motion. "I'm thinking about you wearing those thick dark framed pair of glasses: does it really makes you look smarter or is it just something of my head?" He took his left hand to his chin, forcing a thinking face and pouting his lips. I blushed, completely unaware to take my glasses off before welcoming him.

"Shit." I murmured, taking them off, but immediately feeling dizzy, brain tired of being forced with no help the entire day before.

"Yah..." He stood up, coming to me.

"I'm okay, it's just been a while since I don't work intensely like that for something that I really care about." I justified, keeping them in my pocket.

"Why did you take them off?" He then asked, making me shiver. I looked back at him, trying to decipher if he was being sincere or an asshole, but I just couldn't see straight. Everything was topsy-turvy and focusing in his eyes started to get weird, since I couldn't see much. "Put them back. You are clearly struggling without them." He reached for the thick frames in my pocket, making the muscle of my thigh under the fabric he was touching tense involuntarily. I took a deep breath through my nose as he placed them in my face like in a teenage series. The strong athletic guy bumps into the nerdy girl and helps her getting her shit together - and that includes flirting with her unintentionally, but equally naturally.

Except that I wasn't a nerd, a girl and I surely wasn't scared of his flirty behavior.

I was curious. Not at all surrendered.

And Jaebeom wasn't stupid, proud or a copy of any cute student guy that had in most high schools, fighting to decide either he was a normal human being with struggles or the perfect idiot that his athletic friends wanted him to be.

No... Jaebeom had a truly personality and there wasn't a thing he couldn't do.

He also had no shame being who we was and he didn't fuck with the crazy superficial bitches from our UNI, he had no patience for them - or at least I though so, since I never saw him near girls.

He hated me a week ago, yet, here he was. In my room, fixing my glasses that absolutely no one had ever seen before and now we worked together in our project, talked about series through the phone and slept on each other's houses even though there was no reason to do so.

But who cares?

Who is following this drama besides me?

It doesn't matter. All that matters is-

"Seun-ah?" I heard him calling my name and suddenly I was back in my room in a relatively hot day, but still cloudy.

"Neng?" I asked back.

I was fucking lost.
And once more, hopeless.

Thank you, Mark, for being in my mind every time I feel like shit.

"You zooned out." He raised his eyebrows, walking backwards to sit in my chair again.

"Right..." I moved the chair that I was guiding in my hands to sit by his side at the desk.

Noticing my behavior, he got back to his own laptop too and rereading my script, I returned to what I was doing with ease.

It was always a good idea to work beside Jaebeom.

He was silent and discreet. Few people cared if they were bothering you in the way they moved or even breathe.

I wasn't the type to scream of anger because of weird breathing people at the library, but I got easily annoyed with the clicking of a pen or a beat of a stressed foot under a shared desk table.

I complained to Jinyoung whenever he hissed or sighed out loud out of nowhere, but I didn't say anything when Jaebeom cracked his knuckles in every five to ten minutes. He clicked non-stop, then typed and after frowning and sticking his chin out, he would do it again with both of his hands or depending of the occasion, only one. Not to mention the weird facial expressions he did whenever he wasn't satisfied or the minute he needed from a thing to another to think about and find out what or how he wanted his thing to be.

But of course I was focused in my own things.

I was just great at multitasking.

"Boys! Lunch's here!" My dad called out for us, but I didn't give that much importance.

I was in a really intense part of one of the final scenes, talking with Mark simultaneously to decide where we should film it, so we agreed to do it in Youngjae's grandmother house. It was old enough to pretend your parents lived there, but still well taken cared. Knowing the house would probably be poor in audio quality, we started to think of what microphone we should use.

"Can we go? I'm starving." Jaebeom interrupted me, laying against the chair and it was only twelve forty in the afternoon. Forty minutes after the religiously time to lunch and the boy seemed to be in the middle of a crisis.

"I'm not done yet, but you can go if you want to." I answered automatically, typing at the same time. I had Mark on the headphones I was wearing as we decided everything. "Do you mind re-passing the hole info to Bambam?"

"You have to be kidding me, I'm not going downstairs without you-" I heard he murmur a thing or another as he pivoted around the room sitting on the wheelchair, pink lips pouting out his frustration - as he was really hungry, when I heard his stomach growling.
"No, leave it to me. I'm pretty sure we'll understand your notes though." Mark sounded as busy as I was.

"Gaga! We don't skip meals in this house!" My dad called for us again and Mark laughed.

"Bullshit. This house is full of bullshit." I murmured, making him laugh even more.

"What's wrong?"

"Yah, don't fight with your parents." Jaebeom frowned at me, aware of Mark's interaction.

Oh, there was a lot that Jaebeom needed to know about this house.

"Nothing, just my parents trying to impress Jaebeom-hyung using phrases that might show that we are a family full of fundamentals and traditions. Which is a lie. No one gives a fuck about family meals here and usually I have to clean their mess, so..."

He looked at me as he played with a Rubik's cube absentmindedly.

"Jaebeom doesn't know about the dark past of the Wang Family..." It was a meaningful commentary, just because Mark followed my crisis all over my high school. He knew every atrocity my mother said and done to me.

My dad was a good person, but he never defended me or never understood the pressure. He was always focused in making money. I liked him for what he teach me to be - a person who gives zero fucks about someone else's problems.

"He has no idea..." I was floating in memories when I heard knocks out of my door. "Oh, for fucks sake!" I protested.

"Misses Wang, we are almost done, just give us a minute!" Jaebeom had all his grace in his voice, hoping my mother would at least, listen to him.

"Neng! Don't let Jackson keep you inside his room for too long, he might never let you out!" She replied and I rolled my eyes.

"Your mother is unbelievable..." Mark commented, having the best hearing ever.

"Ugh..." I replied with a sigh. "Don't tell me about it." Jaebeom turned back at me, eyes wandering.

"So... What you told me that morning after you slept in my house, about your mom waiting ten minutes for me but never for you..." He came closer to me, standing up and leaning at the back of my wheelchair, maybe afraid someone might listen. "Was it true?" He carefully analyzed my face, probably looking for lies or "over-dramatizations".

"What day? The after party day?" Mark was just impossible...

"Of course it was. Why would I ever lie to you?" I said from the bottom of my heart, but a lot of things were coming out of there lately, so I didn't feel like it was something special at all. It was just too easy to open up to him.

"Jackson...?"

"No, I slept in hyung's house because he was having some struggles with an application and he asked for my help. I was really tired that day, so I accidentally ended up sleeping at his house." I sighed again. Jaebeom had his head resting on the desk chair as he paid attention to my words.
"Does Jinyoung knows about this?"

Ugh! What was up with everybody making some pressure on me today?!

"No, he doesn't. But there's nothing to it, really... You know how he can be temperamental." I justified myself.

"Jackson."

"I know. I know you wanna be the official counselor, but just let it go." I turned my back to Jaebeom in that moment, trying to be less obvious. "I'm going down for lunch now. Return to you when I have more ideas about the final scenes. We're doing things pretty fast, I hope the filming is that fast too." I saved my stuffs on the laptop before closing it.

"And... You successfully changed the subject, Jackson. You're getting better at this. Better at hiding things. Soon enough you will upgrade to liar..." He changed his voice to sound more mysterious, I just rolled my eyes, standing up.

"Yah... I'll shut down in your face!" Jaebeom copied my moves, getting ready to go down too. He had an impatient expression on his face, like a kid waiting for their parents to finally get ready to play. "Talk to you later."

"Talk to you, bro." He said in english, so I finished the call.

"So, Jinyoung doesn't know you slept in my house." He had his arms crossed, trying to look all intimidating. It was the first time I noticed he changed his piercings. All of them. Now he was wearing silver rings in all pair of holes in his both ears.

"No, he doesn't." I just said proudly, distracted with one of the earrings that had a star hanging. How cute.

"And why's that?" He tightened his arms, looking bitter, thanks to his broad shoulders.

"Jinyoung is too exaggerated. He doesn't think straight when he's emotional and he wouldn't take this any other way." Okay, maybe I was hiding some things, but I was never mistaken.

He just kept staring at me, but I couldn't read his emotions. It was a mix of a lot of things. "Don't mind it, it's nothing personal and it was no big deal back at your house. I was just really tired, otherwise I'd come back home to sleep." I shrugged, leaving my phone and headphones at the desk, reaching for the door.

By now there was no possibility for a doubt that Jinyoung was my boyfriend, right? By now he just knew and accepted.

If he spoke with so much certainty, he had no problems with it, right?

When I opened the door, he came behind closing it back, hand pressed against it, startling me. "Don't hide anything from Jinyoung, starting by now." His voice was low, serious, ordering me. It was the second or third time I did something with Jaebeom and Jinyoung had no idea about it, but there was nothing to it. Innocents don't shiver in front of accusations, right? They are innocent. There's absolutely nothing to be afraid of.

"Why do you care so much? It's not like we're killing people or something-"
"Just do as I say." He was no joke. As I felt the back of my head burning, so I turned to him, having his stare deep in my eyes.

*It was almost like he knew something that I didn't.*

*The mind control was strong.*

"Fine." I answered against my will, not in the mood to fight.

His hand dropped from the door and he opened it in a sudden way, passing through me.

*Man, I would never understand how Jaebeom could manage to be so intense in the most unpredictable moments.*

*I would also never understand why my body shivered every single time, no matter how good I knew his facial expressions.*

"Lets have lunch." His words were final, carrying us downstairs.

*I needed desperately to learn how to read his mind.*

"So, I had this dream two nights ago..." I made cheap conversation when he decided to return home because he missed his cats and had to feed them. I decided to go with him because...

Well, I didn't had a reason, I just did it. He was proudly comfortable with my company, saying his mom probably wasn't home and so we had to get in by the backdoor, which was constantly unlocked. Passing through it, he closed right after I got in, not impressed.

"Doesn't it scare you that I know the backdoor of your house is constantly unlocked?" I joked, walking into the kitchen, having him in my encalce.

"Should I be scared?" He leaned against the counter, staring at me with his arms crossed.

Kunta sensed something and came with nora to the kitchen, jumping at top of the island and meowing for Jaebeom's attention.

"What if I break into your house in the middle of the night?" I went to Kunta, the most perfect cat in the world. She seemed equally happy to see me.

"What would you do if you'd break in?" He teased, petting Nora.

"I would take Kunta away, she obviously loves me more than you." I teased too.

I just wanted to explore the subject 'trust' and find out how he came to trust me so fast.

"I'd probably kill you when I find you." I sensed his smile towards me for a second, just to return to his Siamese feline.

"You would never. I have family in China, you'd never see me again," I continued.
"I'd hunt every single Wang back there until finding you." He laughed. Kunta displayed her stomach to me, sweetly trusting me too.

"You'd probably die before you could find me in between every single Wang in there." I smiled openly, imagining the scenarios.

"I'd haunt you in my afterlife, Jackson." He stared at me again, I looked back, surprised. "You'll never get away from me." They way he said it made me really believe there was no specific law in nature that prohibited him from following me once he died.

Ghost Jaebeom would lead me to my death too, I believe.

"I'm afraid you're right." I confessed, the smile from my lips slowly dying.

My imagination took me back to my dream, which made me tense again.

"What is it?" He let Nora for a moment, coming closer to me and staying by my side as I caressed Kunta's soft, black fluffy fur.

"I was trying to tell you that I had this dream, two nights ago, that got me all scared and tense..." I fixed my focus on some point in between Kunta's eyes, distractedly.

"I'll make us tea. Have a sit." He ordered in a soft way, starting to get things ready.

From all things I've pictured Jaebeom doing, tea wasn't on my list, much less for him to hear about my problems as I played with his cats. He moved from side to side, picking up a teapot and elegant cups with supper plates and teaspoons.

"D'you have any preferences?" He asked, still with his back facing me. Wide shoulders moving with his sculpted arms and lean torso. He was flexible and multitalently efficient, putting the water to boil, separating the sugar for us to use and warming up some milk. Everything as he still separated all the fancy utensils for us to drink it.

"What do you have, sir?" It tried to sneak peek, but the herbs were too far away for me to distinguish them.

Kunta meowed at the same time I stopped caressing her to pay attention to him, which made me laugh. She was a short haired black girl with green eyes and a badass expression, much showing resemblance to her father. What I liked about her the most was that despite her intimidating figure, that made me nervous the first time I saw her, she let me get closer and eventually convince her that all I wanted to do was love her the way she deserved. I was not embarrassed about that.

"Green tea, black and a weird one that my mother buys to stay calm, it's a mix of passion fruit with chamomile." He looked back at me and the cats for the first time since he started everything. They glowed somehow and how he did it was still a mystery to me. I mean, in a minute his eyes were naturally distracted, charismatic like he always was, even if he seemed intimidating. You never knew what he was thinking and he was rude sometimes, but then his eyes would get all sweet and glossy, shiny. Like he was seeing the universe wide open and the stars were reflected on them.

"I want the weird one that we probably never tried before, thanks."

"I can't believe you're going to make me drink this." He counted the herbs as he placed it in the proper place inside the automatic tea-maker pot.

"I'm happy I'm making you try new stuffs, hyung." I joked off, making him grimace back at me.
"Tell me more about the dream." He started to bring everything to the island, making it all formal and hot. Warm tea with the current herbs being squeezed and mixed around, vapor going around us and sugar in a fancy porcelain cup. "Would you like milk and sugar?"

"Just milk and just a little bit, please." I smiled at the situation. It all had a touch of luxury that I loved. It made me think of hot baths on a bubbly tub, expensive clothes and good quality organic foods. Elegant nights with a glass of wine in front of a fireplace and Christmas nights with happy songs, family, friends and a good amount of delicious food. Parties with important people and award-winning festivals.

I wanted all that and this tea with one of my best friends was a little free trial of all that. His company was naturally noble, like his mother when they came to diner in my house. Except that when it was about eating, Jaebeom had his own cute manners.

I mean, fierce.

"You seem pensive. I'm too curious about that dream of yours." He poured me milk and the same amount for him with no sugar too. We waited just a little bit more for the tea to get stronger.

"It was weird and it made me tense. I woke up sweating." My vision of the future slowly walked away as I remembered of fragments of my dream. "I probably forgot half of it, but I still can remember a thing or two."

"If a thing or two can make you look that tense just by thinking about it, I can say forgetting is the best thing." He wisely spoke, finally serving us with the tea. I reached for the cup to feel the burning temperature at the tip of my cold fingers, not necessarily having the intentions to drink it. He was right. Forgetting was for the best.

"I can remember myself running away. Literally running, as fast as I could, into the woods." My words tried to describe my memories, but I failed on trying to pass how scared I truly felt at that. "There were dogs and horses following me, hunting me. They were mad and it was so, so dark..."

Jaebeom fixed his eyes on mines and looked for how I felt in my body language, my facial expressions. Kunta was silently sat beside my right side, wiggling her tail from time to time.

"All I could hear was 'Get him! The future of our nation is on his hands!' and someone said 'Alive, boys! Alive! Keep him alive no matter what!', I swear, I ran as if the world was ending. The dogs were following me and was getting hurt... I remember my left knee hurting and I could taste blood in my mouth."

"Seems like you were kidnapped and they were trying to force you into doing something, but you escaped... And so the hunting started..." He had this pensive face, caressing his cup too. His hair was pushed back and I had the full vision of his expression. His beard was growing too and his skin had a greenish tone on it. "You said horses... Maybe it was in the past. Like, the kings and kingdoms part of our existence. If they were chasing you, maybe you were important."

I knew what he was talking about. This dream had a connection with the other dream we both had, simultaneously, the one he hugged me and tried to comfort me. I was someone promised to something and Jaebeom and I had a thing going on. He helped me escaping and so I was doing it.

"The ending is bad, though." I had a convinced face telling him that. His eyes were glued to me, paying attention to every single word. He knew our dreams were connected, but he had no idea I've dreamed that night too, so maybe he was never going to tell me, afraid of being the one talking nonsense. "I jump off of a cliff and when I'm about to hit the pointy rocks right below me, I wake up
with a jump, cause I though I was truly falling down."

That was it, that was the story. I kill myself not to live a life I don't want to.

"So you die." He asked with an affirmation tone, eyes popping open at me. His fingers were now strongly holding his full cup. He looked like he couldn't believe what he heard or visualize the picture he made in his head, as if he was not recognizing this ending. I wondered why.

"Does it mean something to you, Jaebeom-ah?" I tested the waters. He seemed to wake up from his hypnotized moment, returning to look around the kitchen. His shoulders were tense.

"I..." He hesitated for the first time since I met him, closing his eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath. "I don't know." His eyes were still closed. I tried to read him, but he truly seemed confused and disappointed, as if he knew why jumping off a cliff was the wrong thing to do.

"I can't tell if it's something lived or just imagined." I commented, trying to take a gulp of my tea and I eventually succeeded, but not without burning my tongue on the process.

"By lived you mean... Like a past life?" He drank a gulp of his tea while staring at me. I watched closely the liquid being rid into his mouth, passing through the gaps of his tongue and sliding down his throat, where he gulped. All the key words to his phrase were said intensely, as if it really had a meaning to him.

"Or an alternative universe."

"Hm."

Kunta was now fully sat between us, the same wiggle in her tail, as if she was suspicious of something. By the way the house was deadly silent and dark, I could tell it was something that only her could sense, which was making me nervous.

"You're scared." He said, placing the cup back on it's place at the supper and aligning his hands together on his lap. His expression was not judging me, but curiously staring. He just wanted to understand and I knew it. I knew he had no intentions on making me feel like shit.

"Well, it's not everyday you visualize your own death. Wonder how that would make you feel if you were the one running for your life." I shrugged, blinking multiple times. Kunta jumped off the island, walking away into the darkness of the house. She was fearless.

Maybe she was a pro at jumping off of super high places without getting hurt. Maybe what they say about seven lives in a cat is true, so she fears no ending.

"I'm scared too." He confessed, paying attention to me when I resumed to look at him again. We exchanged this eye-in-eye moment, trying to read our minds, trying to understand how things worked for each other. We were so close already, in such a short time. It somehow felt like forever.

It was in everything we'd do. They way we walked together in silence or being scandalous about silly things. The way we worked good together because he knew how to be considering and I was capable of giving him what he wanted, whenever we danced together or just silently produced. It was there every time we followed each other to places, to do something together or just talk about nothing.

It wasn't about time, it was about intensity and energy. How he made me feel whenever we were together or apart and it felt good.
"What are you scared of?" I wondered out loud. We still had that visual contact going on.

He looked for words when he blinked a couple of times at me. "I don't know yet." He dodged his eyes before he could say it and maybe, just maybe, he was lying. Maybe he knew exactly what it was, but he was so afraid that he did not dared to externalize it. "But I hope we can do something about it."

The next day us seven decided where to film the first scene, the one Jaebeom had to be found unconscious and be taken to the hospital. Yugyeom's mother worked as a nurse, so he was going to ask her if it was possible to have a specific bed in regular room that we could use for an hour or so to film like crazy - and I was about to know if someone else was as against it as me.

In the worst of cases, we were going to drive there, and either surprise her or break into a room like idiots.

"No, seriously... Jackson can drive us there, we can park the car a couple of blocks apart. I know most of the employees are having lunch by two in the afternoon, so we have a chance to get to the elevator without being noticed. Also, I can keep my mother's ID card if something goes wrong, so I can give the excuse that I'm just there to give it back. Some people know me, they'll let me in." Yugyeom was no joke as he made his brilliant plan to break into the hospital. I was just amazed and I got even more impressed when I saw the glow in Jinyoung's eyes, like he was truly the devil. "The hospitals do have some empty rooms just in case they have someone passing out and there's no current doctor to attend. We can stay there. If we are lucky, there won't be any cameras to catch us and everyone will be too busy having lunch... Actually!" His eyes were pure strategy, for what it seemed like, there was no hesitation in his actions. He seemed to have another idea as he froze for two seconds. "There's a way I can make some of the replacing employees more busy... -"

"What?! Absolutely not, Kim Yugyeom..." Jaebeom interrupted and I was more than relieved that someone else actually saw how extreme that was.

"I'm sorry, guys... I'm not breaking into the neighborhood's hospital, I have a brilliant future as a designer and I don't wanna be arrested by invading a property, even if public." Mark also interrupted, agreeing with Jaebeom for the first time out loud, making Bambam tsk.

"Guys, nothing bad will happen, Yugyeom's mother works there, we can work on a perfect plan.""No. Yugyeom's mother is not the president of South Korea." Jaebeom seemed to grow impatient and furious, which made Bambam flinch, but it wasn't about him. He stared at Jinyoung as if he was just confessing he was about to murder a dog.

"It's pretty irresponsible, guys..." Youngjae also expressed his opinion.

"Awesome. You three can think of a better way to film a hospital scene without being in a hospital and without looking like amateurs!" Bambam insisted fiercely, crossing his arms as if it was impossible to convince him otherwise.

"Guys, we can think of something better... If we can plan to break into it, we can certainly think of something really better, something that won't put us in jail." I tried to demonstrate I wasn't against the
idea of filming in a real hospital, but I wasn't going to be that invasive. It was against my education.

"Seriously, Jackson? As a matter of fact I thought you were going to be super excited about it..." Jinyoung was emotionally hurt right now and I knew this was going to result in a pointless conversation about how I supported Jaebeom instead of him.

"I am... I just don't wanna have the cops in my ass after we go famous! Can you imagine if they find out after we post this movie on internet and sue us? We won't have money or bravery to talk to our parents about it!" I'm sorry, baby... But I will not change my values for you. No matter how much you emotionally try to convince me.

"Great, so that's it. What else can we think about?" Mark took the discussion forward and seemed really satisfied that I was against Jinyoung's idea. I had to investigate that later.

"Aish..." Yugyeom grumbled again and for real, this kid was trying too hard to look cool among the older ones. Not even Bambam was that stupid.

"Shush." Jaebeom seemed to read my mind, making him stay quiet. "Here's what you'll do... You will ask your mother if there's no problem in filming a really fast scene for a school project-"

"Aish, hyung! What if she says no?" He spoke again, interrupting, and I had no idea why, but that kid was going hard in my nerves.

"Let me speak!" Jaebeom almost shouted by my side, making all eyes focus on him, Youngjae about to jump like a scared cat at where he was sat by my side. I smiled, loving the power he had over the others. From all of them, the one who didn't seemed so affected by him was Mark, but he didn't care at the same time. "I have a plan." He murmured out, making Mark and I stare at him as if we didn't heard it right. He stared at me back with a comforting smile, always knowing what was in my mind, and apparently knowing the perfect time I'd stare at him too. That made me sigh deeply, kind of turning my feelings on as if they were a light switch. "What we can do is, the best actor out of us can pretend they have a stomach ache and faint. That's the main reason why we are at the hospital, right? To be attended... Then Yugyeom, this is when you come in and explain your mother why are we carrying so many filming materials. You tell her we are filming a twenty four hours project, based on this person's life and we must continue filming, but there's no need to film the halls of the hospital or other places that are not where one of us is laying down in pain, so there's no way to risk the hospital's reputation. If we can manage to make this person actually take a saline solution as we wait, we start filming right away-"

"So you're telling me..." Jinyoung interrupted, but I was still paying attention to Jaebeom's unfinished explanation, feeling mad that my boyfriend actually considered the idea of breaking into the hospital. "You are going to be the one who fakes into the hospital and takes the saline solution?" He was deadly serious and kind of sulky.

Jaebeom gawked at everyone back, one by one, stopping at my feet. "Neng." I made the effort to see how that shit was going to work, but I knew I could trust his ideas - and he was confessing at the same time that he was the best actor among us, which I loved. At least it made more sense than Yugyeom's illusions. "I'm going to be wearing my character's clothes, and Bambam, I hope I can count on you for this..." He nodded directly at my friend, whose eyes widened. The Thai boy nodded silently, making me proud. "Make sure you have all your equipment prepared for filming, we won't have plenty of time to do it, so we should practice in someone's house as many times as we can..."

"It can be in my house." My boyfriend offered and now I stared at him. Not surprisingly, he was already looking back at me, but his eyes hesitated when I stared back.

I can already hear Jinyoung's arguments in our next conversation - more like a sexual fight -: "You had to agree with his idea, but not with mine, right? Even though his words made just a better combination for the idea Yugyeom had!"

"Or mine." I suggested too, thinking of how controlling Jinyoung could be and how his family could be interrupting the process. My house was always empty. Once we went to his house, he would make a lot of effort to be in charge of everything, which it was good if you are an irresponsible asshole, but in my case, I was starting to get annoyed just by the idea of it, plus the fact that the others were probably confused by my proposition.

In that moment, everyone became silent and suddenly, the cafeteria was really loud around us.

My boys exchanged looks between themselves, probably asking what went wrong, since I was never in the history of our group, taking the opposite place of my boyfriend instead of supporting him right away. Mark called my attention as he stared deeply inside my eyes, his head demonstrating disapproval. I could feel Jinyoung's gaze on me and Yugyeom seemed to follow the same steps. Bambam and Youngjae were expressionless and I couldn't see Jaebeom's face, since he was right by my side.

"Good, it's great that we have more than one option in case something happens and we can't continue the practice for some reason, but let's take in consideration the house closer to everyone-" Jaebeom tried to make the situation less intense, using the exactly argument why I put my house on the display too, but he was interrupted again.

"In this case it's mine." Oh, Jinyoung was merciless and competitive.

"Awesome." Jaebeom concluded, cutting any possibility of a discussion. I could one hundred percent fight Jinyoung about it. If he was thinking I was going to get into his crazy thing with that Yugyeom kid, he was about to shit on his pants. "I'd say Wednesday is a great day for us to go to Jinyoung's and practice the hospital scene. I'll be ready." I could notice the closing tone in his voice, being him the terminator of our meeting, having such power to represent the overall decisions. If I was Jaebeom's enemy, I'd be super frustrated and angry too, at the discipline he had, moving the others forward.

"Okay." Youngjae also agreed, standing up. "Now I gotta go, gotta finish my projects and hopefully write some melodies on the piano before we start the crazy scenes. I'll be ready too." Right, because in the story, Youngjae was Jaebeom's best friend, so he would appear in the first scenes too.

"Jinyoung, I'm sure you can prepare some lines for Youngjae for Wednesday. Whatever you decide, I can cover and prepare mines, just text me." Jaebeom also stood up. The dominance coming through his pores.

"Jackson.-" Mark called me subtly, grabbing my arm as we also stood up. I could see how much he needed to talk to me at the way his eyes and eyebrows were static.

"Youngjae's lines are ready. We should make a video call after the dance practice today to see how is it going to be." He now avoided my eyes as much as he could, but I wasn't going to go after it. I was right and I had no patience anymore for Jinyoung's emotionally exaggerated behavior, plus, he chose to buy Yugyeom's idea, which was childish and unexplainable.

"Great. See you guys at practice then." Jaebeom bowed and collected his things, "Yugyeom, can I speak to you for a minute?" I know it was a question, but right now I could tell the difference
between his hidden orders and requests.

But I didn't had time for this now.

Mark was grabbing our stuffs away from our table, pulling me by my arm.

"Are you absolutely insane?!" He meant to shout, but nothing but a whisper came out of his mouth, eyes looking like he was holding a beast. He seemed more desperate than the normal. Actually, I've never seen him behaving like this before.

"What? What was I supposed to say?! He's being completely influenced by that kid! Does he know he can be arrested if he gets caught?!" I felt the blood pulsing inside my veins.

"I know! I fucking know it! But there are different ways to confront him, not in front of the fucking entire group! He will come for you AND for Jaebeom!" I could feel Mark's stress coming right in my direction, but there was no reason for it. I just pushed him to the campus, where we could discuss it more privately, without being heard by any of the other boys. It was time for a more serious conversation, since there were things missing in that story.

"Mark, listen to me."

We stopped in the middle of the campus, a calm breeze wandering my body and waving my hair. "You are going to tell me exactly what in hell is going on between Jinyoung and that kid," I felt my eyes shining, because I knew there was something right under my nose. At the same time, Mark had his eyes wide, body hesitating. "I know there is something weird happening, I don't know if Jinyoung feels responsible for Yugyeom protecting him at the day at the club and now he has to pay his debit like he owns something, but tell me. Tell me right now!" It wasn't my intention, but I caught myself screaming with Mark just because of the looks in Jinyoung's face every time he focused in the mushroom head right beside him.

How did we get from lovers to a couple who fought each other in front of their friends for a pure emotional situation?! I felt embarrassed, almost disgusted with myself.

It wasn't like me to be scandalous at all when it came to people I was related with, nor suspicious.

Mark made this long silence as if he was considering to say something or not and I was sure the look in my face begged for him to do it. There was no way he was going to resist it.

"Jackson..." He paused, brown eyes shining brightly. "I can't tell you if there's something going on, but I think it might be exactly what you said. I noticed this too, I won't deny it, but... I have no idea what could it be. For now, what I have to say is fake it-" It smelled like lies.

"I just don't understand why everyone's so afraid of confronting him! It's like y'all are participating of the same idea, but you left me behind! Why would you do that?!" I cried out, emotions starting to emerge. "Why would you guys not let me know when you feel like something is wrong! It's was the most absurd idea I have ever heard! Jinyoung is not like that! He's responsible and considering! He would never put other people's work in danger just because of a stupid UNI project! What the fuck is going on with him?!" I would never confess, but my tears were dramatically forming in the corner of my eyes, just because I was screaming. I hated to cry in situations like this, situations that demanded me to stay logical and firm.

But fucking hell... It was my fucking boyfriend the major issue.

"Baby..." Mark cupped my face with his hands, something he used to do since the year we met and dated. "I know you are concerned right now and I know the situation is kinda sensitive... But you need to remain rational. A little bit cold, I would say. Because I do know Jinyoung, but we both
know how manipulative he can be when he wants something. His ego is a thing we can't fight against, we just have to ignore..." He then rubbed both of my arms in a comforting way. I tried my best to dodge his looks, but his gaze has always been intense, even more when he looked at me.

I took deep breathes, taking back the best of myself. Tears getting dry without ever falling. "Alright, I think we need to have a conversation." I looked at the horizon, thinking about the possibilities. "And I assume I have from today till tomorrow to think about it before he pushes me against a wall and starts screaming." Fucking shitty life...

"Just relax. I think you already know he will point at you as if you're always agreeing with Jaebeom and never picking his side, but you know how to respond to this... Just give your arguments to prove how absurd his idea was. Nothing else. Confront him about considering it in the first place and how much you think he changed in this short period of time." He rested by my side, our backs facing the cafeteria quite far behind us.

"He must be on fire right now." I commented after a couple of minutes in silence.

"He'll be throwing it on everybody's face in the dance class today. We should hurry. It's about to begin." He touched my arm, indicating where to go.

"Do you mind pairing up with me just for today if it's a pairs class?"

"Are you trying to escape him? For real?" He gave me an iconic look. "You know this will fall hard on his theory of you being head over heels for Jaebeom and slowly pushing him away, right?" He just stood there, despising me. I didn't know what to say. "Unless you tell me this is actually what is currently going on, which would explain a lot, because yes, I've seen and heard things, but it doesn't mean they are real."

Now I stared at him, but I saw nothing in my sight. I felt my body fading, stomach twisting. Something was wrong.

There were a lot of answers for Mark's implication, but I had to choose mine wisely.

"You know, your silence says you're pondering. It's not a good sign, neither a bad one. It's just feelings, y'know?" He cut the gaze as we walked to the dance class.

"I feel nothing for Jaebeom, Mark. The truth is that yes, I get really nervous whenever I have to think about it. Because Jaebeom is more of an inspiration to me. He is an amazing human being and yes... I feel connected to him, but that's all. A regular platonic feeling between friends who look out for each other. We get along well." I felt already tired from having to explain the same feeling once more, but with different words.

"Well..." He stared at me again, gaining confidence. "You should control how you behave next to him more often then, bro. I'm sure I'm not the only one who noticed the way you look at him and you should be careful with that." Was the last thing he said before he opened the door to our class, already filled with people. "Now get over it and behave like nothing ever happened. If you want him to believe in your arguments, you need to be secured of them." He shrugged as we stood in the back of the class. "Also, Jackson... This has been happening quite often, huh?" As 'this' he referred on the situation. He was often guiding me to the option that would make me restore the peace with Jinyoung. It was quite exhausting, I had to admit.

Youngjae came laughing with Bambam to warm up next to us and I couldn't see Jinyoung, Jaebeom or Yugyeom anywhere.
"Baby, where are the rest of the boys?" Mark took the words out of my mouth, directing them to his boyfriend.

"After our discussion, Jaebeom-hyung went to a corner with Yugyeom and I haven't seen Jinyoung since Bambam dragged me away to gossip about the two of you after you left." He shrugged with humor.

"Yah!" Bambam protested.

"What? Do you have anything to say to me, Bambam?" I crossed my arms, knowing the Thai boy was more of my friend and Mark's than anybody else.

His eyes went wide and he flushed, making Youngjae laugh audibly, Mark going to him just to squeeze him in his arms, murmuring something that I really didn't want to know.

"I said you and Jinyoung are about to have the fight of your lives. And I also said that putting Jaebeom-hyung and Jinyoung-hyung in the same group was the worst idea anyone could have. I love Jinyoung and I loved the crazy idea though, but I confess, it was reckless and we would probably get into a lot of trouble." His pouting lips were cute as he said such complicated Korean words.

"Yah, Bambam, we don't call you snake for nothing..." I laughed off. He came to hit me, but at the end he just hugged me in the most tender way. Me and Bambam seemed to have a magnet in our bodies. In the pass, he demonstrated a lot of jealousy whenever I made new friends and kinda divided our time together - and we always had a lot of fun -, but as the time passed by, he grew used to it.

*He was still possessive sometimes, but nothing compared to Jinyoung.*

"Yah, Jackson-ah... Pair up with me today." I heard a voice coming from behind of us. Bambam knew who it was at the same time I recognized Jaebeom's voice. When I turned around, he had this rose cheeks and messy hair, as if he ran miles just to get where we was, but no, I couldn't.

"I can't." I murmured. Bambam gave us some space, but he was replaced by Mark, resting by my side. Jaebeom looked from me to him a couple of times and I could tell he was a little bit annoyed by the lack of privacy.

*Or maybe they were communicating by looks, by the way they stared at each other.*

*But my imagination had no limits.*

"Why?" He seemed really confused and he cut further explanations, but I couldn't explain.

*The probable conversation that Jaebeom had with Yugyeom could be resumed in Jaebeom shouting at the boy for thinking about such stupid ideas and the other trying to convince him it wasn't as stupid as it sounded.*

*The true mystery was to know what Jinyoung was doing as we all had pairs conversations. We were a group of seven. Was he alone?*

Mark nudged me with his elbow, so I noticed I took too much to answer. Jaebeom burned Mark with his eyes after the touch, as if my friend was controlling me, but the truth was I didn't know what to say.

"Alright, let's begin, you brats!" Our teacher called for us, dissipating our conversation. Jaebeom just
stood there by my side and I saw Jinyoung and Yugyeom getting in form right behind us, ignoring the dense air. My boyfriend didn't had that scary grin on his thick lips and he didn't looked stressed at all. I could see Mark noticing the same things as me, also keeping the silence and Jaebeom just decided to pretend he wasn't paying attention.

I was going to dig deep to find out what in the hell was going own in this fucking group.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think
I've got this new idea too, an AU with Cat!Beom and I'm so excited I miss more stories with this side of Jaebeom. I'll probably be posting anytime soon along with this one.
Also, we are in the middle of SGNG, so if you've been lazing around because the chapters are too big, I'm so sorry, there's still a lot of chapters to come, as you can see.
See you next time - don't know when that'll be ^^
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I'm sorry it took me almost a month to get this done, it's not fair, I know, and I'm deeply sorry. I spent almost the entire July at my grandma's house, as most of you already know, and the thing is: she's depressed and she's in denial. I've been trying to be around her more frequently so I keep traveling back and forward to make it possible and well, my company somehow makes her brighter - don't ask me why tho. I'm really really sorry and I hope you have fun reading this fluffy chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"I don't know what you're talking about." It was Jaebeom's response when we returned to our homes inside the moving bus. I was trying to explain him the reason for my current insecurities and all he did was behave dissociatively, never giving me full attention or taking my words for real. He was obviously hiding something.

"I'm just trying to tell you that something is wrong, hyung. I can feel it." I mumbled to myself more than I shared with him, feeling pathetic.

"Okay, I understand that." It was all he said and then I felt I was not going to take anything from him. "But focus on something else." He surprisingly said after a long time, too certain. "Think about what the group needs now to complete this project." He looked in my direction, but not at me. "We can do this, Jackson, we have a lot of energy and the kids are going to try hard to make an incredible job, we have to be more tolerant with each other." He took a long silence again. I just watched the same view as I looked out the window, listening to his voice murmuring beside me, much closer than ever. "What are you thinking? Why was Jinyoung looking at you like he was about to commit murder while you sleep? He was the reason why you didn't want to pair up with me today, right? " I could feel his eyes on me.

Right. He doesn't know Jinyoung's personality. He had no idea how he could behave, before and after something he considered threatening.

"Is nothing." I just sighed.

"Okay, I get it." He laughed softly, making me pay attention to his face. "A secret for a secret, right?" He nodded, a growing smile on his rosy lips.

My eyes widened, I raised my eyebrows, wondering what his interpretation of my words would be. "No, no!" I protested. "Only-"

"Got it." He sighed. "I have a secret to tell you anyways. Really, no one knows, not even my mother." Okay, because Jaebeom would never hide anything from his dear mother.

"Why would you tell a secret to your mother? That's why the friends are here! You must trust all your secrets to me." I dramatized, shaking it and taking my left hand to my heart. His eyes widened
as well, but he had a funny smile now.

"Because I trust my mother, she created me. She knows everything about me and she was there when-" He froze, as if he was telling me too much. Obviously, Jaebeom had to have a serious trust problem because of his parents situation, just like I did.

I wondered if I looked as incredible as he did in my eyes, since we tend to attract people we somehow believe to be similar to us.

"She was there when your father wasn't, right?" I dared to complete the sentence, reading his mind and feeling his emotions. What I felt was that he was more proud of having her than sad for losing touch with his father.

We stared at each other for about five seconds, before I felt my cheeks burning and my heart pounding like crazy. I knew the moment was special, but there was no reason to feel so nervous. Maybe it was the way I could feel that he trusted me the enough to let me conclude personal things about his life and that made me really nervous, it was a big responsibility. I was praying for something more powerful than myself that he'd never had a friend like me. I wanted to be the one to go through his walls, not necessarily breaking them. At least, not anymore.

"She was." Was all he said, slower than I've ever heard him speaking. I just nodded back at him, not knowing how to make him feel better. I myself had a childhood pretty distant from my parents. It was painful and kinda worst when they were close, as if they were never truly there, which is what they are right now.

"I understand." Because I knew how important it was for someone like Jaebeom to receive an emotional consistency. "You don't have to talk to me about it." I shrugged, just because he told me about his father's issues the day before. I had no intentions to bring that back.

"Yah, I want to tell you this secret." He cut the subject again, dropping the previous mood completely, getting that I also respected his will of not talking about it. "Can you go to my house?" He asked as the next bus stop was coming and also our final point. "I'm craving for cake, think I'm gonna bake one, but I don't like cooking alone... Anymore."

And I knew it right there. My heart wasn't supposed to beat this fast, but fucking hell. Maybe I was indeed an unique friend for him. I never saw other people coming to Jaebeom's house, it's like he doesn't even know anyone, but I know that is not true.

*I was the perfect opportunity, the single shot.*

"Yeah, no problem. I feel like every single second I spend with you brings a side of us that we don't expect at all, which is fantastic." I let it slip, looking at his face with a grin, thinking he would push me away, disgusted, but if he was my single shot, I was his too.

"Sure, Gaga." And my jaw dropped. I was about to answer, but it was our turn to get down the bus, so we carefully climbed down, walking back to our houses with the weight of two thousand man in our backs after the dance practice.

"Why did you kept this name?" I was intrigued. The wind blew against us and the houses were the same as always as we passed by.

"I liked. It sounded interesting when your mother called." He shrugged, as if it was that simple.

My mind drifted to the things we didn't knew about each other, like those nicknames and old manias. His favorite color, favorite food. I changed the subject. "Jaebeom, you have no idea how many
things I have to ask you. There's just so much I want to know about your personality." I shoved my hands inside my pockets and watched as he moved forward from me, crossing the street, looking at both sides, then waiting for me to get by his side to return to walk.

* Cute, he waited for me.*

*Basic education.*

*His mother raised him well.*

"Should I be afraid of those questions?" He grimaced at me for a moment, staring at the sun setting after it. "I won't be answering the ones I feel like there are no answer. Also, call me hyung." He had his hands inside his pockets, face now lowered to the concrete ground we left behind us each step closer to our houses.

"You're too insisting on this respectful therm for someone who's afraid of my questions. Shouldn't you be braver, hyung? You sure look intimidating." I teased, but it was no joke. I really had a lot of questions for him.

"Bravery and threatening are two different things, okay? Will you ever forget about that 'intimidating' thing?" He laughed off, smirk directed to the ground. I could tell by the tone on his voice that he was a bit disappointed.

I should consider that the intimidating thing about him was surely not something calculated, which could mean he not necessarily wanted to be like that. He simply had this trace of personality. Unfortunately, coming from his father, as him himself said.

"I'm sorry, I'll try to redirect my curiousness to something else." I sincerely apologized, not wanting to be that pain in his ass. "I'd like to hear anything you're willing to say about yourself." By the end of the phrase my voice was filled with joy and excitement again and I could see the way he changed too.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Now he gave me a two seconds stare, amused.

"It means exactly what you heard, hyung!" I squeezed the keys in my right pocket. We were close and running out of time. Our houses were right there in the corner.

"You don't wanna know." He assumed, not giving me a chance.

"What the hell- If I'm asking you is because I do wanna know," I released the air out of my lungs in a snort, watching as his house came in front of mine.

"Are you trying to get into the therapist mode right now? You're right, at every passing minute we practice for our movie we get closer to perfection. You're doing great for a first goer, Jackson-ah." First he cut me, then he changed the subject completely.

*I had the most absurd idea ever, but it was less ridiculous than Yugyeom's idea.*

*The whole Yugyeom kid was an absurd, actually.*

I got closer to him, passing my left arm through his right and supporting it there, as we walked now together. I felt him tensing up in the first seconds, but then it was just purely rigid, as if he wasn't making any effort to leave me there. With that, I held onto him with no hesitation.

"Tell me, hyung..." I insisted, coming closer to him, speaking softer and lower. I read somewhere
that if you wanted something from someone, you had to demonstrate a certain dependence on this person. If they were not a psychopath, they would respond at it somehow like they owned you something. It was a brain thing.

*That's right, I would never date Jinyoung if I was stupid.*

"Wae? Why are you so curious?" He pressed his hand more down the pocket, causing the motion to pull me closer just a bit.

"I just wanna know you better... I only know regular things about you, except about your family! I want to know about you..."

"There is nothing to know! I'm a regular person and I sleep a lot." He looked at me with that smile. The one that would tease you, as if it was such a bother to answer, but honestly he enjoyed. He secretly loved to be the centre of attention and I - not so - secretly loved to put him there. "You have no idea, but you know a lot about me. I'm afraid if I die right now, people might as well call you my... Best friend or something." He laughed off and I wanted to die. I wanted to die and be carried by him to his house and stay there forever as a ghost, playing with Kunta, my favorite cat in the world.

"Don't get this as something bad or whatever, but... You're not that into people, right?" I let it out, regretting right after.

"I actually know a lot of people, but I'm not the type to be in touch. It's just my problem." He spoke dryly, looking around us, taking his keys out of his left pocket as we turned to his mother's small garden.

"It's not a problem, it's just a trace of your personality, like the intimidating part of yourself. And the IED. They're all traces. Maybe I can show you mines as time goes by." I squeezed his arm against my body one time, making him look at me for a second, but letting him go, so we could successfully open the door to his house.

*True, I was probably the one who knew about Jaebeom's life just the most. His family, his infancy, his problems with his father and his anger. His hobbies and the things he was great at. His favorite foods and his favorite taste in a food. His taste for movies and art. And a lot more about his personality, how he had this serious but funny and sarcastic face twenty for seven, I just loved. The way he acted and performed as he danced, like no one on earth was capable of judging him. His powerful, yet caring and responsible aura, the way he would raise his voice sometimes because of stupid things.*

Right, this was just a little bit of what I knew about him. I could spend the entire day thinking about the weird expressions he did to himself when he thought no one was looking.

*I was.*

*I shouldn't look that much, but I couldn't control it. He was like a call and I had to attend.*

"If you stop to think, I'm the one who knows nothing about you, really. I shouldn't tell you anything else about me." He opened the door of an empty house. Two cats appeared and the other two were hidden somewhere. I didn't know I liked cats so much, honestly.

"Blasphemy. I'm an open book, you can ask me or just watch me for a couple of hours, it's all in the way I move. You can tell in what mood I'm floating on just by staring at me. There's no bullshit." I babbled uncontrollably.
"Maj-a. But I wish I could know more about the way you think. Sometimes I'm just impressed with what you say and I can't tell if you're being serious or not." He threw his shoes away and ran to the kitchen. I did the same, sitting by the island as if it was my house, but taking in consideration the comfortable times I've spent there just being myself, I was pretty used to it. I could tell he was too.

"Just admit it, you're probably enchanted by my charisma. Everyone is." I shrugged. He turned around to stare at me with his face twisted to the left. A curious cat look on his face.

"See? I have no idea if you're being serious right now or if you're just saying random things." He started to pick up a lot of things to prepare his cake. I was super excited just by watching his multitask. "But yeah, I'll buy that assumption of yours. No problem."

"I should make it easier then. I say a lot of serious things as I joke. So you won't notice when I mean it or not." I confessed, regretting that I was responding to his opinion on me, when in fact, all I wanted to talk about was him.

"Why do you think this information makes it easier to understand you?" He made a new face, making me laugh openly and take a mental picture to keep it in my mental album, imagining myself making that face just a few days later, as the emotional sponge I've always been. Hearing his laugh following mine made me hopeful.

"I'll quiz you, then. Chose between two..." I intended to interrupt his line of thinking. "Soju or beer?" It was always easier to do the quiz thing.

"Uh... Beer." He frowned, but smiled right after, already picking the utensils to make the cake.

"Okay. Beach or the mountains?" The two things came straight out of nowhere in my head.

"Beach." He had his back to me, pretty much like the tea afternoon. Jaebeom cooking was just something else.

"Now or the future?" When he turned around for a minute I looked in his eyes to wait for the answer and seeming to put as much value in that question as I was, he stared back at me.

"It doesn't matter. Both are fine for me." So he had a trace of indecisiveness.

To say that there was no difference between choosing the present or the future made his way of thinking pretty abstract for me, but the way I read it was... Maybe he had no problem mixing both concepts. Present makes the future. Future comes from the present. Living in the future made him cautious about the present, so maybe he was more futuristic than he could notice. Living a good present would result in a good future anyways.

I could be wrong, though.

I could be completely misunderstood.

"And when it comes to relationships: friendship or love?" That was quite important, for real. My answer would always be friendship.

"Sarang." His voice was final, no hesitance. I was surprised, but at same time not that much. Maybe it was the reason why he didn't have that much of close friends. Putting love at top of friendship could be good and bad, obviously. For love, you would sacrifice your friends. But if you loved your friends more than your 'loved one', things could turn around, so yeah.

All my questions had ambiguous answers. They meant nothing, but they could differentiate the
things he praised the most in comparison with mines.

It was more likely for me to give up on a loved one if that would maintain the harmony for my friends and eventually me. But when it came to him, he could give up on relationships of years for someone he momentarily believed he had to keep and fight for forever. I wondered if he could see how full of flaws my questions were and if he was manipulating the answers based on those flaws. I would praise him for that, but I would never know.

"Do you consider yourself an indecisive person?" I went further. Now he was mixing eggs with sugar in a bowl.

"What kind of conversation is this? It feels like you're interviewing me for a teenage magazine." But he had a sly smile on his lips, making me bite mines as an answer.

*It made me conclude he wasn't aware of the flaws of the questions. He was too distracted by how stupid they sounded. Or maybe he did not cared about it at all.*

"Just answer, don't think too much." I was so fucking curious. *Why was I so curious?*

"Alright..." He now peeled off two carrots with a grater, doing it really fast and with a lot of technique. "I'm pretty indecisive. Like a lot. Like, I struggle with it everyday." He was seriously opening up right now.

*I noticed this trace, but I had no idea it was so deep on him.*

"Whaaaat?" I protested, letting my jaw drop. He looked back at me with his eyebrows raised. When he found my face, a grin was unstoppable.

"What?" *Maybe get to Jaebeom was easier than I thought. Jinyoung told me before that he was oblivious when about a mood and his feelings. Indeed, I've learnt a lot just by looking at him, but it was never enough.*

"I wouldn't say that at all... Not 'a lot indecisive', maybe a little tiny bit, which is okay, you're young, but still!"

"What? Why can't I be indecisive?!" He now widened his eyes even more, seeming to have fun.

"You can!" I protested, noticing I haven't expressed myself that well. "It's just that things are kinda showing that we have more in common than I thought." I released a little grin, glancing at the marble island where my hands were resting. "But please, tell me the secret you have been hiding from all forms of life around you." Suddenly, Kunta jumps at the top of the island, scaring me, but also, leaning closer to call my attention. Jaebeom just stares a the scene for a moment as he cuts the carrots in cubes, making the pleasing sound of a knife in a wood cutting board go around the house. "Kunta is curious." I just spoke out loud, unaware of myself, but also not caring that much.

"I think she likes you. Like, for real." He commented through the noises he was making, not letting me answer. Each time I tried to reply, he would cut into a larger peace and make a loud noise. As I caressed Kunta, she laid down in front of me, watching her dad cook. It looked pretty much like yesterday, so yes, it was becoming a routine.

Minutes passed by as he finished his cutting thing and thrown in a blender, extracting the juice out of the vegetable.

"You are such a sweet little creature, you know that, right?" I spoke to the cat, who just moved his little feline head to look at me for a moment. "I adore you, cutie."
"Jeez... A soft for cats. So, the secret that I have to tell you is that-" He came to the island with the bowl and the juice, now mixing some butter to the previous mixture. "I applied for an acting course in Canada." He avoided to look in my face and I was speechless.

Oh. Studying abroad. Distance and shit. "Okay... If you pass, you're going there... Alright." He now looked straight at me, as if reading me, but there was nothing to read. I was expressionless. Didn't know what to say.

"For a year." He nodded, continuing to mix it automatically.

That made me gulp.

Oh. Okay, got it.

The whole thing was about him having to stay away for an entire year and if things were good, maybe more.

"Okay, how much time do we still have with you?" I kept the glaring in his eyes, to show I was taking everything seriously.

"I haven't passed yet, Jackson..." He looked excited, but slightly nervous.

"But when you have... How much time left you have in here?" I insisted. He sustained the look, almost as if worried of what was my idea about it.

"If I pass and win this scholarship, I'll be going there by the plain summer, to start when the new grade begins there and here too, by August. I'll conclude my course there and maybe I can get something else..." He passed his fingers through his hair, but kept his hand on his scruff, dodging the glance from me to Kunta. "If everything goes well, I can stay there permanently. And I'm kind of looking forward to that." Now I could hear it. His own tone of hesitation, the one I've never heard before, hidden inside that kind of. This was Jaebeom opening up to me, one more time, and oh, I was grateful for that. I was getting used to that, but apparently now I had to learn to let him go. He had a clock ticking against us.

I made silence, just paying attention to his ideas. I didn't want to interrupt and break his thinking line again.

"It'll be hard, since I'll have to have a visa that allows me to work and study at the same time and for that I won't have plenty of time to spend only in my acting. Also, I'm leaving the cats, which breaks me just by thinking about it. My mother will be here by herself and she'll probably offer a quantity of money for me to survive there every month. I have to think about sharing an apartment with a lot of strangers if I want to keep more money and I need them to like me, of course. I need to be perfect and fit in and my english isn't the best in the world, but I'll have more classes there, like intensive classes, which will help me a lot." Now he had both of his hands at the top of the marble island, right in front of me, broad shoulders at its best. Kunta sat between us as she was trying to understand what was being said. I just listened, focusing a hundred percent in his words, knowingly of the process of moving to a different country. I was a lot younger when I came to Korea, but I knew how hard it could be to fit in and learn a different language. Learn to behave like a regular person, so the opportunities could come. "Why are you so quiet?" He finally asked, staring at me. I saw the nervousness in his eyes, the way his mouth was resting slightly open, his deep inhales. He was probably analyzing me too, so I just tried to find words that would make him feel more at ease and secured about his own decision. He needed that.

"It's a big ass project." Was all I said, now watching as my words made him even more nervous,
which made me guilty. "I mean, it's something grande, Jaebeom, and it'll definitely make you scared. But as you walk forward, you can see things adjusting." That was the best thinking line I could use right now, without having to lie to him.

"It is." His voice came out naturally soft, as if he wasn't thinking. His eyes were lost.

"I wonder what is a UNI without you." I confessed, smiling outside, but I was just trying to cover a feeling I wasn't proud of. I also didn't look at his face to say that, trying to ignore his gaze as much as I could. Just earlier, I was confessing my egoism in my own head, how I liked to have him all by myself and now he was going away. Because yes, of course he was passing. I repeat: There's nothing Jaebeom can't do. By his stare and nervous biting to his own lower lip I could tell how he did not trust in my words. "But there's nothing you can't do, really." I nodded as I repeated my thoughts, trying to express a smile.

"I'm not convinced to believe in what you're saying," He passed his left hand through his hair again, gesture making me hypnotized. "But thank you." He concluded his flushed expression with a shy smile, at least better than mine.

"Anytime." I said, but it got out more serious than I thought it would be. I regretted for sounding so hesitant, even though it was the truth. I wasn't the type to serve as a hard, concrete ground to other people. I was like water. Like air. I could never comfort him. That made me really, really sad and realistic. Maybe he doesn't need me. I mean, of course he does not, as a human being, he has to be perfect by himself, but... What I meant was that I was sad that I could not be useful to him, the assurance he needed.

I could pull him up, though. Make him open his wings and fly, even if I'd probably miss him too much.

He just stared at me for a couple of extra seconds, but I wasn't looking back, feeling my stomach twisting. I hated the feeling of being powerless.

I hated that he felt powerless too.

With that, he returned to cook, mixing everything together. Kunta was playing bite and lick with me and that kept me distracted until he finished, putting the cake to bake. We stood in the second or third awkward silence since we met and I had no idea how to break it. But I had the starters fire inside me, so I did what I knew exactly how to do.

Act impulsively.

"You know you can count on me, right? I mean-" He was sitting in front of me, now petting Kunta in silence when he turned his look at my face again. "Mark and I.. We speak english and we can help you with basic communication. Maybe if you stick more to us and hear our conversations, you can get used to it faster. Bambam also is in a learning process and Jinyoung studies it in secret, so you could just try to talk to us." I was trying my best to be supportive. To remind him that he had a group of people he could count on."

"I don't think your friends like me, Jackson. Much less your boyfriend."

I choked and started coughing, just because it was the first time he spoke about Jinyoung to me using the main word.

_Boyfriend... Right._

"Jeez... Breathe..." He frowned.
"Right..." I recovered myself. "Why would you think that?" I completely ignored the b word and how obvious the answer to my question was.

"For obvious reasons. Mainly Jinyoung, who was okay with me before you and I met, but now he just do little non-cooperative things that put us against each other." He confessed, truly like he was describing a business partner that he could no longer trust.

"What things?" I teased, because I knew much more than he could imagine, but all the observations mattered.

But he didn't answered, he just looked at my face with a glare that said you know what I mean. Stood in silence and then returned his attention to Kunta, who I could feel was getting sick of us.

"And Mark and I are just... You know." Now I felt his sincere words and I wondered what part of Jinyoung's description was less truthful.

"Mark just likes taking care of people, he's not a bad person." I smiled, knowing exactly what made Mark avoidant, remembering the dancing class scene.

"I know, I just don't understand why he's so protective of you." Kunta jumped from the marble island, making us slightly jump too. "I need a shower. Let's go up." He ordered, taking my backpack and his upstairs.

Surely trying to take my focus away from the protective thing.

"Protective? Of me?" I teased, knowing Mark was actually really protective, but his way of taking care of me was never toxic. He just kept my excessive approachable - some times careless - nature to himself and digested it, like anyone should do. "You're crazy. He can be a lot loyal, because we know each other for real it's been a while now."

"You mean you two had something in the past?" He looked back at me as he threw our backpacks on top of his bed, scaring Nora, who woke up as soon as he turned the lights on in the room. He grabbed some clothes and took them away with him to the bathroom, unbuttoning his shirt at the same time.

I was meanwhile shocked by his commentary and by the way he was active, taking his clothes off in front of me, but not completely.

"Uh- Y-yeah, we..." He turned around to his room again, looking for some product at the top of a furniture. His shirt was open and as he walked, the wind made it fly even more wide, showing his bare chest and his pink-ish nipples.

It wasn't the first time I saw Jaebeom's body so vulnerable. It reminded me of that day in the rain, the drops going down his torso, straight to his pants.

I wondered if his body was as warm as I pictured.

Wait, did I pictured?!

"We dated when we were really young." I managed to say, laying on his bed. Nora was still there, not caring at all.

"Uh." He murmured as if listening, going back to his bathroom after finding what he needed.

"He was my first boyfriend." I confessed, kind of afraid of what he could say.
Was it too much to still think he was a homophobic?

Maybe he was as straight as my dick when I fucked Jinyo-

Jackson, what in the actual f-

"How is that even possible." It wasn't a question, as you can see.

"What?" I tried to escape my thoughts, but I didn't really understand his statement.

"You and Mark have nothing in common." He shouted from the bathroom and I really didn't want to know what he was doing.

How he was doing.

"How can you possibly know that?" I frowned, not taking it too seriously.

"I just know." He cut me, closing the door from where he was.

"You know nothing, Jon Snow." I teased, rolling my eyes and rolling my body too, trying to avoid my crazy idea of walking into the bathroom and watching him strip all his clothes off.

I was a man, after all. And looks could never kill a relationship.

Could they?

"Mark and I have so much in common that we can read each other's minds."

"That doesn't mean you have a lot in common, it just means you have synchrony. Because you've been together for so long that you know how to behave next to each other. But synchrony can also come by intensity. Which wins, because despising the amount of time, the intensity makes it stronger. It makes you feel like it's stronger. Like your relationship with Jinyoung. I can say a thing or two about intensity when it comes to you both, but synchrony..." I regretted to hear him saying these things without looking at his face or even recording it. It was too precious.

"So now you are a relationships connoisseur, uh?"

"Whatever." His tone changed a bit, as if he was impatient.

"What makes you conclude my relationship with Jinyoung is intense?" I teased more, feeling completely pleased for the next months if he just described it to me. Then I would go to bed today thinking about every word he used, over and over again in my head.

"Hm..." His voice sounded closer. When I looked at the bathroom's door, he had half of his naked body showing up. I took a deep breath, but my mind was just throwing his naked torso back again and again, as if it was the most pleasant horror movie I've ever seen. "You just can't keep your hands off of each others bodies. It's disgusting." He sounded truly annoyed.

I wanted to laugh, but now I just returned to the homophobia thing, reconsidering it all.

"Just gimme like ten minutes." He warned, closing the door behind him and leaving me feeling like a confused child. A lot was going on in the moment. He said too many things and expressed too many looks. I felt as if my body was going to explode in the form of a thousand rose petals. What a strange feeling. I felt warm to my own touch and sensitive, curling on his bed, feeling weird as I hugged a pillow and closed my eyes.
My hands started the funniest adventure ever as they caressed the sheets under me. It was soft and smelled really good, a mixture of softener and his salty and sweet perfume. I melted. I was really sensitive to smells and noises and foods and beautiful aesthetic things, what a shame. His perfume really got me in a way, a lazy relaxed one. I don't know how long I stood like that, but I felt something jump at the top of the bed, laying right between my open legs. I allowed myself to close my eyes, just enjoying the moment and singing a jazz melody that was inside my head all day long since I first heard it as I worked out the other day - which was weird the enough.

"Comfortable...?" I heard as the door inside the room opened, letting tons of vapor come out, making the room smell like coconut and strawberries. Ugh, just a little music in the ambiance and I'd definitely fall asleep right there for the eternity. I didn't even bothered to answer. "I'm sure Kunta is. You obviously conquered her." I felt the movement around the room, but I didn't bothered either, loving the sweet smell under me and the sweet coconut smell coming from him. "Why are you so quiet in the past half an hour? Are you really that sleepy?" His voice moved from one corner to another.

"Dunspktome." I mumbled, voice stuck in the pillow. It was inevitable for me to remember that he was going to move out of the country in a couple of months.

"You are such a princess..." He moved some things somewhere. I inhaled.

"Come over here after you turn the lights off." I made some effort to command.

"What are you thinking?" I sighed deeply, suddenly feeling exhausted. The tone of his voice was nothing less than droll running lazily out of his mouth.

"Just do as I tell you." I pleased, my voice coming out as a lazy whine. My body was completely relaxed.

"Jackson, I have a cake to look after to." He laughed off, but behind my eyelids I could see he actually turned the lights off.

"Neng." I didn't fight it, knowing he indeed had to go, but not me. I could stay laying there until I'd die.

"Alright. What's wrong?" I felt the space beside me sinking, his body was colder than mine now, for sure. Turning to his side to face him, I could identify his messy hair and now his smell was really strong, coconut and strawberry. A weird, yet, pleasing combination. Thanks to the lights on the streets, I could see the shadows of his face, his long neck resting in a twin pillow and his naked torso. Damn domestic view, killing me since the first time I came here.

"Your house is so much more comfortable than mine." I cut my thoughts, filling them with another state.

I felt like every single second with him was precious. I wanted to lengthen it.

"Why's that?" He murmured, now facing the ceiling. His eyelashes were not so long and curved, but they made his eyes much sharper and powerful. He had typical Korean eyes.

Small talk with a lot of meaning. I could say I liked that.

"I don't know, even the smell it's better. Every room smells sweet, like home."

"I haven't sensed any weird smell in your house when I was there, honestly." He made a noise with his mouth that resulted in another cat jumping on the bed and this time it was Odd. Little, shy Odd,
with his white, thick fur.

"It's not what I mean." I observed, also not wanting to say unnecessary things.

"I know what you mean. Your room smells like the air purifier with a scent that it's probably chosen by your mom."

"You're goddamn right. I'm such a useless human being." I laughed off and he followed me. "What do you do to control the smell of your room? I love the coconut smell. Like so much. You have no idea how much."

"Candles." He simply said, as if it was obvious. "I buy candles and sometimes I light them up."

"Fucking candles. What time is it?" I felt a rush of energy out of nowhere.

"Almost six, almost time for me to take the cake out of the stove." I heard him sighing.

"I wanna go downtown," I commented all of sudden. "To buy scented candles."

"What? Right now?" He laughed off, probably thinking I was joking.

"Yeah. Let's go when your cake is ready, then we can have a slice when we get back here." I smiled, knowing he would be reluctant, but I really wanted.

I felt like I needed to enjoy this moment with him and try new things. Of course, he was not dying. But distance kills things too, if you're not careful.

"You're crazy. I should've stay silent."

"Too late now. My mother is probably home, I can drive us there to any home appliance store and I swear we'll be back as soon as I find a scented candle that suits me." I planned everything. Too late now.

He was mine.
His time was mine and I was going to spend it.

"Jackson, why are you like this?" His voice expressed a deep concern, but at the same time, I realized he was amused by the idea. His body now turned to me as he waited for a true answer. Despite the lack of light, I could feel him staring at me, hands caressing Odd's head as he was laying between us. "Can't we just enjoy this right here and now?" He suggested, voice softer and clean.

"We can enjoy this when we're back..." I mended his argument with mine, creating a pleasant idea, hearing him hiss amusingly. "Please, let's go. I've never been in downtown with you, I love to go there." It wasn't quite far, just twenty minutes by car or forty by bus. Now I stared at him with begging eyes, actually feeling that I was more affected by the visual contact than he was, in the dark. He seemed to fight against his arguments to finally listen to mines, so I kept babbling. "Just imagine, going out as me in the driver's sit, threatening our lives as I try to cut the traffic... Imagine yourself choosing the songs we listen to as I do that. Imagine yourself singing and people looking at us like we're crazy..." I placed my hand on his left shoulder, squeezing.

"Yah, fine! But you have to be quick, I still need to cover the cake in chocolate when we return." I smiled, throwing myself against his torso, squirming. "Good god, Jackson-ah..." He laughed, trying to push me away. "Alright, we have like, ten minutes before I can turn it off and leave it there cooking by itself."
"Great, I'll go home take a shower and dress nicely. Meet you outside in fifteen minutes." I stood up, rushing. Just because I knew I needed much more than fifteen minutes to look cute, but if I was lucky, I could be at least presentable. "Dress nice too, I like to walk around with beautiful people." I teased, not being able to be more honest. It was the pure truth.

"I'm speechless." He retorted, making me release a loud grin, taking my backpack and running back home.

Half an hour later, we waited as a traffic was about to open. He was sat by my side and we decided to leave the windows closed, so we could hear the songs better. Jaebeom had a sad, broken-hearted playlist from the very first song and now Bonnie and Clyde was playing, the part that Dean sang how much he loved and needed some girl. Mostly, his playlist consisted of sexy R&B, jazz and acoustic. It made the mood intense and our hearts beat slower.

"Yah, who fucked you up?" I asked, not being able to contain it anymore.

"Uh?" He looked back at me, street lights illuminating his face as the red car lights did the same. It was almost night and every day seemed to pass slower, since summer was coming.

"What's up with the sad songs?" I re-made my question, trying to read his blank face.

"I just like them. They inspire me." I turned his gaze back to the streets. The traffic sign opened.

"Bullshit. Some girl coldly broke your heart." He looked at me again, then laughed off.

"No one broke me, Jackson." He turned to the streets again.

"Just tell me, everyone goes through a heartbreak. It's not a God thing." I shrugged.

"No, seriously. It's okay. I like to keep these things to myself." He turned away as he cut me, I drove through the city. We made a forced silence. The music was over. "If you want me to change it, I can do it." He unblocked his phone after a couple of minutes, sliding through the playlists.

"No, no... I like them, too." I protested. "It's nice. We have the same music taste, actually. But I'm sure you somehow end up by the jazz and I end up by hip hop. I like jazz too though."

"I love hip hop, you don't know what you're talking about." Now I could see a smile being formed on his lips, even though I didn't have to look at them.

We just stood in a more comfortable silence. Crush started to play and the night was great. He was looking good with a black hoodie that seemed to be designed and kind of expensive and because it was black, he looked mysterious, blending with the yet to come deep night, smelling good, cap pushed to hide his dry, but all-over-the-place jet black hair. I was just wearing a black shirt with a denim jacket at top of it, sleeves rolled up and black converse shoes. We both had regular dark pants, but mine were skinny and his were loose, like those used by street dancers.

"I told you to dress up cute, what are you wearing?" I teased, making my best disagreement expression. He looked back at me with his eyes widened and brows frowned, lips parting as he was
ready to retort.

"What are you- I have sense of style, okay?" He seemed offended. "Don't say this things to me, I take my visuals really seriously." He crossed his arms on his chest, looking like a kid. "You have no right to judge me, you look like a teenage Disney movie character, honestly."

"Now I hope you are checking on me, hyung, because this is pure style. I look cute, people like you when you dress cute, not when you look like you murder kids and cook their flesh."

"What the fuck, Jackson?!" Now he shouted inside the small room in the car and I had to laugh really loud, but still careful with the driving thing. "And I don't give a fuck about what people think."

I shivered, feeling proud of him and proud of myself for choosing him as an inspiration.

"Don't scream, okay? I'm driving." I murmured softly, teasing more as he stared at me laughing hard, mouth opening out of control.

"You are impossible. I hope you feel better after insulting me this bad. I'm hurting." His scene was believable the enough.

"Just call me 'king of the moods', because I fucking changed this one."

He had a smile on his face, something he was strongly trying to hide. "Just admit it, you love the way I dress." He spoke less clear now, but there was nothing I couldn't hear.

"I do." *Shit, I was also the king of making myself a fool to other people.* His eyes scanned for any sign of bullshit coming from me. I looked back at him and he nodded playfully as he stared into my eyes. I copied his movements and resumed to drive. "But I like that leather jacket of yours more."

"Ah." He confirmed, looking at the passing view, a different view from our everyday ride to UNI.

"Ah? That's all you have to say?" I never missed a chance and with that, he thrown himself against the sit, making a tantrum.

"Aish, Jackson-ah!" I was getting him really mad right now and I could not stop a laugh from coming out.

He now did the same thing he always does when I'm being too much. He pressed my nape with his fingers, a little bit too strong and threatening, his way of trying to domesticate me. What he didn't know was that I had a serious pain thing right on that spot and squeezing made it a lot better. Right when the pain faded away, he stopped doing it, but not thinking it was weird at all, he just kept his hand on me.

As we got almost there, he just hung against my sit, left hand holding his head as he watched me park the car in the store we were about to look for candles.

"Alright, here we are."

"I can't believe you dragged me here for that shit, you own me one." He unbuttoned his sit belt.

"I didn't force you to be here, you could stay home eating cake and starring at your cats without my irresistible presence." I did the same, we opened the door at the same time.

"Next time I'll simply kick you out of my house, I swear to god."

"Aish, we fight too much, we can't stand like this." I complained, making a face.
"Your favorite hobbie is stressing me out." We walked side by side at the sidewalk.

"It's my way to show how much I like you." I made a cute expression, pouting my lips at him. He stared at something in my face, not giving me an answer.

Suddenly, my phone starts ringing and it's Mark, coincidentally interrupting what Jaebeom was about to say.

"It's Mark," I warned, as if letting him know he could wonder around the store, but he just stood by my side, looking around. "I'll send him kisses for you." I picked up.

He pushed me and kept his hands in my shoulders, right behind me.

"Yah, Mark." I sustained my right hand on his, walking around without knowing where to go. He just pushed me as we saw some things, hands strongly clenching my shoulders, I hissed.

"Hey, can you talk right now?" He sounded hipped.

"Yeah, yeah, I got out with Jaebeom to buy candles for my room..."

"With Jaebeom?"

"Yeah."

"To buy candles?" Each time he spoke, it seemed like he was criticizing me more, I could feel his look through the phone.

"Yeah, no big deal, we'll be heading home after a coffee or something."

"Jackson, I told you to give you and Jaebeom a break and you suddenly decide to go out to buy the candles, just so the first time you hook up is special?!" I gulped loudly. Jaebeom slipped his hand through my back and let it rest for two seconds in my waist before letting me go and going to check something around.

"Mark, what the fuck? I already made it clear to you that I'm not afraid of what Jinyoung might think, so what's your excuse for these unnecessary comments?! This has to stop! He's my friend!" I tried my best to check and make sure he wasn't near, just flying away from where he was until I couldn't see him anymore. "I know we have like, a weird way to behave when we are together and sometimes he can be as protective as you, but that's all..."

"Honestly... Just think about it: I'm not your boyfriend and I think it's weird. Imagine Jinyoung... This is crazy, it's all messed up."

"Well, that's because you and Jinyoung have almost the same level of jealousy, but you know you have to be more comprehensive. He needs to learn to respect me..." We both sighed, tired of bringing the same subject every time we spoke. "But you didn't call me to talk about this, did you?"

"Of course not, I just wanted to tell you that I finally got that internship that I wanted it's been a while at that company... I'll be starting there after the summer..."

"Holy fuck, Mark Tuan!" I shouted and now I was embarrassed because of that, but I just couldn't contain myself. "This will get you so much fucking recognition! You will be worth millions, dude-"

"I know! I'm so fucking happy, you have no idea! My parents are crazy about it..." Now his voice trembled a little bit, so I could picture him getting emotional.
"Shit, Mark, are you crying? Don't you dare doing it, you idiot, I'm in the middle of a store, I can't cry here-"

"It's just that I'm so fucking lucky, Jesus Christ... I sent the news in our group, but you said nothing, so I decided to call and tell you directly..." Oh man, God only knows how much Mark wanted to work for this big ass million making company it's been a while... Most of the graphic designers who worked there had an easier, faster way to get recognized for their works and the ambiance was almost free, no bosses screaming in your ears and having the option to work there on at your own house. It suited Mark perfectly and if he got a permanent job, we would live his life happily ever after. "I cried already when I was talking to Youngjae earlier, but you know how long I tried to reach for that. You know it more than my boyfriend knows and now it's finally happening..." Mark had a really cute, trembling and choppy voice when he started to cry, purely emotional to the core, authentically intense when confessing his feelings.

"I'm really proud of you, this deserves a celebration..." I looked around, searching for the boy all dressed in black, finding him busy as he read through some pages of a cookbook, all distracted. "Maybe the nine of us should go to someone's house to drink some beers and talk a little bit, nothing too sophisticated..."

"The nine of us?" He openly laughed. "I had no idea that I had more than five friends."

"I was thinking about calling Jooheon and Minhyuk."

"And Jaebeom." I looked at the mysterious distracted boy again, watching the way he moved around graciously. Fingers selecting what to read next.

"If it's not a problem. If it is, well, consider taking that mushroom head out of this too." I started to wander around too, getting closer to Jaebeom, who looked at me for a second as if asking if everything was fine. I nodded with my head and he mirrored me, returning to the books. His attention on me was in the little details. I was learning to love it.

"You mean, Kim Yugyeom?" He didn't made the effort to hide his amusement. "It's okay, I'll make sure to include Minhyuk and Jooheon too. It's been a while since I spoke to them."

"Me too... We've been busy..." I followed Jaebeom to a corner where he found tons of candles and I could already sense their smell. I made a thumbs up when he looked at me again with a grin, as he took a cinnamon candle closer to his nose, wrinkling right after and putting away, making me smile. "Don't worry, we can talk about this celebration tomorrow. I can't believe you practically have a job after you graduate... This is gold right there, Markeu..."

"I know... I'll make a good use of this. Talk to you tomorrow then, and please, consider what I said about Jaebeom and have a conversation with Jinyoung. Have you spoken to him since lunch today?"

"Ani... But don't worry, things will work out. Talk to you later." I was more than ready to end the conversation, not wanting to expand the Jinyoung subject for as long as we were ignoring each other.

"Okay, bro. Love you."

"Bye, I love you too, I love you forever..." I hung off not really ashamed of saying those words. He knew me.

"What happened to Mark?" He turned to me again, holding a candle with a 'Smells of the Ocean'
written on it.

"He got a internship to a big design company and he's starting right after his graduation. We will graduate altogether this summer. Isn't it great?" I smiled so much that I felt the sides of my body stretching.

"That is amazing. He must be dying." He smiled too, continuing to test the candles distractedly.

"We'll have a group meeting somewhere this Saturday, all of us. He invited you." I took the candle from his hand, trying it too and actually liking it. It smelled fresh and it was nothing sweet. "I liked this one."

"I liked too, but if it's too much fresh when you light up, it'll give you headaches. Try to pick something you won't get bored of sensing everyday. And I don't think I'm going, I'm sure you were the one to convince him to let me go," I stared at him and he looked back as if expecting exactly that reaction from me. I widened my eyes, just to express how ridiculous that situation was.

"Did I made it sound like it was your decision to make? I'm sorry. I'll bring you with me either you want to go or not, that's the real deal." I put the candle back at its place, reaching for another scent.

"What makes you think you control me?" He challenged, having a 'Picnic Party' candle, which was pink and sweet. I sensed watermelon and a little bit of mango. I hated mango.

"What makes you think I'll give up once you say your first 'no'?" I put the one he was holding back on the shelf. "I hate mango. Don't they have coconut candles like yours?" I frowned.

"Jackson, you are so annoying, you have no idea how annoying you are." He crossed his arms, observing me picking one candle after the other, nose already feeling unsatisfied.

"What are you doing? Come on, help me find one!" I pushed him by his arm, breaking his balance. I saw him rolling his eyes at me and going back to what he was previously doing.

"You're gonna give me white hairs someday."

After an hour or so, he found a rose scented one, with a touch of red fruits and something we just couldn't find out, but it smelled rich and not cloying at all. I bought three big ones, called 'Hidden Place', which was really weird, but it amused us, so he more than agreed it was the perfect scent. Jaebeom also bought some new toys for his cats and we played at a lucky prize machine that had cat hats inside of balls. We spent a good money buying fruit hats for all his cats, but at the end, we were happy and he was more than satisfied, like a proud dad.

I decided to treat him with a drink, but I forbid him to drink coffee that late, so I just stopped at a bubble tea to buy him something more calming.

"That's child's drink..." He whined openly.

"Don't be like this, okay? You will thank me before you close your eyes to sleep tonight."

And so we returned home. I left everything in my house and it was about eight and a half when I returned to his so we could have a slice of the cake waiting for us. He made a chocolate cover and more tea. We sat more than comfortably, even if his mother was already home and sleeping. Our low voices made our hearts beat faster. It was like a Mission Impossible to prepare everything in complete silence, mostly when we kept teasing each other.

We ate as we opened the hats for the cats and now they were running or froze in the empty living
room, all five together like a fruit salad. I took a million pictures in my phone, even ones with Jaebeom holding them on his lap, laughing like he was about to die, like a proud dad. Scenes making me truly feel as if I was part of something.

We said our goodbyes like one and a half hour later and after too much teasing that kept me more fifteen minutes at his deck with him, I got back home, taking it as the end of the day when he texted me a goodnight.

*And what a long ass day.*

*Wished the day after was just as good.*

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Chapter End Notes

We got some Jackbum here hehe hope you all liked. I'll be answering your comments gradually and I'm happy to announce I'm already writing that plot about cat!beom and the story already has a name and a bright future. I won't be spending too much time on it though because I really wanna keep the pace here and not torture you guys. Once again, I'm sorry for the inconvenience. Hope things get better and that you're all doing good :) Remember to stay healthy and to never be afraid of your own mind <3
It was a regular Tuesday. Everything was going as normal as ever. We had the same classes; we saw the same people and we almost ate the same things at our same table in our same hour lunch.

Everything was the same, except that Jinyoung was avoiding me.

Not *ignoring* me, no, that was different. Ignoring was more like not seeing someone, almost like an unconscious event.

He was just making some effort to not be whenever I was or to talk to the same people I was talking in the moment. He was never there when I looked for him, and most surprisingly, he didn't seem angry at all.

*Avoidant.*

The first thing I did was talk to my personal therapist, who also seemed to be surprised; -Mark, of course.

He was as frustrated as me when analyzing Jinyoung's regular face whenever I was around, but still, making some effort to not deal with me.

"If I was you, I'd talk to him right now. This reaction might be worse than confronting you, trust me. It's never a good sign when the other person gives up on arguing." He nodded at me, speaking as if he was a licensed therapist. He just had the guts.

But that wasn't the only weird thing going on about that day, because apparently, Jaebeom was just fine when we got out of our houses this morning, but now he acted and behaved like he could kill anyone passing in front of him. An anger episode, that was what I though. But when he was angry because of his mental illness, he would just walk around looking like a UFC dude, the double of his regular size – as illusion liked to play. He also would pick up a fight with a rock, only needing it to be on his way.

I tried to talk to him, even knowing a talk could make angry people worse, but I just couldn't help it.

"Leave me alone, Jackson. I'm not good for you today." Was all he said as he dodged me coldly in the corridor. I just stood there with my face blank and my brain working as if I was Sherlock Homes, but I was just too stupid to understand.

"I'll talk to him." I said now, to Mark in front of me, as we stopped by a corner in the campus. The boys left just a couple of minutes before and now it was just me, Jinyoung and Jaebeom at the UNI, both having acting classes.

"Good luck. Talk to you later." He weirdly nodded again, leaving to the opposite side that I had to go.

When opening the theater pushing door, I saw all of them chatting around the huge space. Jaebeom sitting at the right side with a group of known faces, younger and older boys and Jinyoung on the left side, laughing at something a younger boy said to a group of five people.
"Can I talk to you for a moment?" I interrupted, making him eye me for the first time that day.

There it was. The anger. The burning glow inside his eyes.

I know it’s wrong, but I felt relief at his eyebrows rising. He stood up and we walked a little bit far from everyone.

"What?" Was all he said, not even a little bit into the conversation.

"Are you okay?" I know, it was pathetic, but he was the one overreacting since the last time we talked, and it kind of freaked everyone at the table out.

He placed his hands on his pockets and stared somewhere at the top of my head, signal that whatever he was saying right now, it was a lie. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Are you sure?" I cut the bullshit, pushing his acting against an imaginary wall. He sighed, rolling his eyes.

"Jackson, I'll be honest with you," He made a pause and I was really hopping for him to be. "I'm crazy mad with you. But not only this, I'm mad in a way I can't even measure, like... It's deep in my heart right now, it hurts." His eyes were glowing, and something didn't feel right inside me. "You changed. Since that day we went to the club, you are a different person and this person's been growing inside of you, it's kind of pushing me away. I don't know what to say to you. Things are changing, someone’s been in your head constantly," He shrugged, a disapproval expression on his face.

If by 'someone' he meant Jaebeom, this argument made sense, although I was the same as ever, but yeah, being reluctant wasn't part of a make up conversation.

"Jinyoung, just don't-" I pressed my temples with my fingers. "If that’s about what happened in the table; you know that idea was absurd, you seriously considered breaking into a hospital room...? Like...?" I opened my arms, feeling frustrated and not knowing how to express it.

"Yeah, but you agreed when Jaebeom spoke the same idea, except that he was even more tricky!" His cheeks were reddening. "And this entire situation is not about that and you know it!" When he said 'this', he made gestures to represent me and him and the 'that' got stuck in the whole Yugyeom idea.

"Are you kidding me? I know you are better than this, Jinyoung, you don't fool me." I made my best not to shout or raise my voice, not really being into an audience watching us curiously. "Besides... This is not the main problem here; we both know you were the one to incentive me to be friends with him right at the beginning! I did nothing without your consent AND instigation, even though I never NEEDED IT." I felt like my blood was boiling, my stomach turning upside down. "Now tell me what happened for you to follow this kid's absurdity so blindly! What is going on that you are not telling me?!" I crossed my arms.

"I was just making myself sure back there! I knew it was going to happen anyway, with or without my 'instigation'! If Yugyeom-ah didn't dare to use the terms 'break into it', your hyung would never come up with his idea!" I could see he was also containing himself but doing better than I was.

"Jinyoung, I don't care about who's idea it was, this whole situation actually still makes me really nervous and I just wanted you to know that... Just stop being obsessive and controlling! You can't possibly know everything! You have no idea how I feel! Your jealousy and obsession for control is killing our relationship!" I finally said it, and god, it felt great, as if for the first-time things were
getting fair. I was almost shouting, but finally letting it out. His eyes instantly watered and now tears were falling; he didn't even need to blink. They were fat and shiny.

"We can't have this conversation here, I don't know how you're doing so good right now, usually you just want to kill me and scream, I'm really seeing a change in you." I confessed, because it was amazing that he was even listening, without fighting me or just walking away. "Just..." I took a deep breath, now kind of feeling the waves of emotions he was liberating towards me. "Just please, don't cry, it breaks my heart when you cry." I went to him, drying his tears with the sleeves of my white shirt. He just let me, looking at my face as if he was lost. Suddenly he released a small grin, sort of pained and ironic.

"I'm sorry, Jackson. I'm so sorry for everything. Sorry for not being perfect. For being this fucked up human being. I can't fight it anymore." And he broke down, tears falling off his face a stream. I guided him out and held his body in my arms. Yes, it was a little dramatic and now I wonder how someone like me stood by such thing for so long. I'm the type of person who doesn't know how to deal with emotional responses and reactions in all, but fuck... He was my boyfriend. I needed to learn to behave on these situations.

"It's okay, you are doing great, I'm really proud of you, you have no idea how proud I am." And it was true. It was the best reaction ever, even if dramatic, almost as if it wasn't even him. He was just emotional and lost, but he was doing fine, not wanting to murder me or something like it.

"Stop..." He begged, hiding his face in his hands and now he was sobbing in the corridor. We were alone and the afternoon had a strong, bright and warm sunlight. "I don't deserve these words." And again, with the drama thing, but yeah, fine. I could deal with this form of expression better than with unexplained aggressive sex.

"Baby, it's okay." I hugged his entire body and even though he was taller than me, I was bigger than him, so my embrace was involving his sobbing structure. "Why are you crying so much? I've never seen you like that..." I confessed, half scared and half suspicious.

"Please, forgive me..." He said again, hiding in my arms. His crying could be scenic, but he could never fake tremble the way he was doing just for the show.

"Stop, Jinyoung-ah, you're scaring me..."

"Just forgive me, Jackson..." He said between hiccups, struggling to breath. "Just say you forgive me... I'm a shitty person... It's just that... There is so much going on right now, the boys, the project, you, me... I can't deal with everything on my own and my mind is doing the perfect job to sabotage myself, making me do disgusting things... I've been doing it all wrong, completely out of control..." He released a huge imaginary weight on top of himself and I just kind of felt worried. Worried that maybe his parents were asking for too much or that his non-diagnosed OCD was giving him panic attacks whenever he couldn't be perfect. It just hurt me to see him like that, knowing he wasn't a bad person and he just tried to move one step ahead of me to protect me.

"I have nothing to forgive you about, baby... You are the best boyfriend I could ever ask for. But we need to find a balance between my independence and your control. For the sake of our relationship..."

*But there was something wrong.*
Finally, Jinyoung decided to skip his acting class to go home and relax, finish the written project and give himself some time. I got home after he took his bus and now, I was finishing the details with Bambam about the shooting of our practice scene tomorrow. If it all went okay, we would repeat it with a little bit more of adrenaline on the next weekend, at the hospital. Jinyoung and I decided that there was still a lot to talk about in our relationship but having so many things to do and a lot of group conversation, we figured it wasn't a priority. We could live with it for now.

Everything was just fine, except for Jaebeom, who was barely talking at our group chat and he never answered my message when I asked if he was needing anything.

I was mesmerized by how much someone could change in less than twenty-four hours.

Finishing to get ready to work out, I left the house, getting to the garage, but finding him positioning his bike in the backside of his house.

"Are you going or coming back?" I asked, but I knew he was coming back, just by the heavy sweat running down his red face and torso.

"Coming." Was all he said, not even looking in my direction.

Okay, maybe I was trying too hard, but that was me. I was insisting and a lot impatient when it was about other people's reactions. I just needed him to give me a thumbs up and a smile.

Just kidding, I needed him to prove me he was alright. I was never going to leave him alone.

But with that, he just ran to his house as if it represented shelter. As if I wasn't laying on his bed and petting his cats just yesterday. As if I've never seen him cooking for us, ramyun or cake or whatever he wanted to.

Weird, but yeah. I can deal with this too.

So, I just went to the gym and I worked my muscles out till they were begging for mercy. That was when I knew my head was back at the top of my body and not wondering what who and who was thinking or doing. I had my problems to take care too and right now, as I had about two months left in college, I needed to find something to do and somewhere to go that would give me experience and make me make some money.

Alright, Jackson, look at you. Look at the worried person you became. So responsible and correct. So exigent. Working your body out for not an apparent reason.

Just to be pretty.

Well, I considered myself pretty and yeah, people in Korea liked pretty people, so what?

"I don't care about what other people think." Jaebeom's voice in a memory of yesterday popped in my head.

How did he managed to be so perfect? He was so everything that everyone wanted: to be with or just to be.

I parked my car back at the garage and went inside, taking a shower and checking my phone once I considered it was going to be a busy day the next day.

If I was begging for a miracle at Jinyoung's house, no one needed to know.
"So just pay attention for when I say: 'He's my brother, can you please give us a moment-'. That is when I'll be directing myself to Youngjae. Bambam must capture his expression in the best way because until there, he doesn't know his best friend has a brother." My boyfriend was currently frying his last living brain cells.

"I know, I know, babe... Bambam and I know what to do." I whined for the third time. Jinyoung was a crazy perfectionist, he just couldn't leave us alone for a second. Somehow, he managed to speak at everyone at the same time, like he was the actual boss, but still, never rude. Petty? Yeah, a lot, but never rude.

"Okay, I trust you. Let's do this." He murmured, defeated, eyes lost.

Well, of course, he insisted to direct us and memorize his lines at the same time- fucking crazy.

But still very sexy.

"You look so good doing this, y'know?" I murmured, holding my phone with the clapperboard opened as an app. He stared me in the eyes, surprised, zero expression from down his nose. "Actor Park Jinyoung." I smirked, eyeing from his eyes to his lips, letting him know what I wanted to do. The boys were too busy minding their own business and his parents were not home for now.

"Stop, I can't do this right now-" His ears turned into the lightest shade of red, as his high cheeks.

"Just gimme a kiss real quick-" I interrupted his missing bravery.

"No, Jackson! -" I pulled him by the hand, but I didn't have to put too much to it, his body coming in my direction as he melted in my arms. "The others will stare at us..." He whispered intimately close; mouth even closer to my face as I felt his warm breath coming out.

"We are no secret to them." And I made sure he knew exactly who I meant when I said 'them'. He blinked twice, gaze deep into my eyes as if we didn't have to say a word, and honestly, it wasn't necessary. "Kiss me." I whispered.

He bonded his right arm around my neck and with the left he held my chin with his warm, sweating fingers, coming close and closing the space between our hot mouths; an open kiss, but not too deep. The feeling of his body against a sensitive part of mine was liberating dopamine in my organism, I just didn't know where; it made no difference. He forced my lips open and put himself in between them, but never touching with his tongue. I sighed, feeling my limbs going numb. With a lot of reluctance, I let him go, finding his eyes already open, even if it was too soon to do it. He smiled just for me almost in a motherly way, but there was something else in his eyes, something weird that was never there before. I have been seeing this thing quite often and I try to read his mind every time, also failing every time.

"We are ready!" I hear Yugyeom's voice shout and all the boys stop murmuring to get in their positions. I look behind for a second and no one is really paying attention to us, but they are not so distracted either.

"Okay, let's do this." I smiled and he copied, walking away from me. "Guys, get in your positions!
Yugyeom-" I directed myself at the boy with the mushroom hair, making me a face of indifference when looking back. "You stand by Jaebeom. Your character is currently checking at Jaebeom's state, Youngjae, you know what to do. Hyung," I looked at Jaebeom, who paid attention like a kid. He nodded. "Just lay there and pretend that you're dying." I joked, seeing him smirking and doing as I said. "Yugyeom, don't forget to actually write something when you are checking-"

"I know what I have to do." He replied, bored. I glanced at him sideways, a reminder that I had to keep it cool.

"And I'm the director, so it's my job to remind you of your job." I cut. "Bambam, are we good to go?" I didn't even give him the opportunity to retort.

"Neng!" Bambam replied as if he was startled, but I didn't had time for it.

"Then let's do it, guys! Just remind yourselves who are out of the scene to stay quiet." I warned. Mark was now holding my phone, waiting for me to give the sign. Bambam had a focus on the others and I was standing in the perfect place to focus in Jaebeom and Youngjae, sat up in a chair by the sofa.

Yugyeom and Jinyoung were supposed to come from the kitchen as if they were getting into Jaebeom's suite in the hospital. Pressing the 'record' and turning the microphone on, I gave Mark the signal, not expecting it to be the best scene ever, but at least having a good idea of how to adapt to their styles.

"Action!" He marked on my phone, stepping away.

Four hours later, with the amateurs tired - including me, of course -, I noticed a lot of things about the guys that I never did before, starting by Bambam and Mark: They were extremely smart. Like...

For real.

Mark gave the best ideas and he helped with the angles, whenever I felt there was something wrong. He would always change it a bit in a way that would make it look indubitably better. Mark had that aesthetically pleasing concept on how to film, the instincts that lead us to the right way. He was a designer, after all.

On the other hand, Bambam was conscious about the shadows and lights, changing the ambiance by lighting up a lamp somewhere or turning off, and as much as it seemed really stupid, this gave us a good training time for what could happen in the hospital. He wrote "extra lights" on his list of things to take to the actual hospital scene.

Youngjae was spontaneous all the time and seemed more like the sun in our group, but I was shocked with his ability to look sad, miserable, almost depressed, which was perfect for Jaebeom's scene. He was almost as convincing as Jinyoung and this 'almost' it's only here because Jinyoung managed to cry in two scenes that we liked to call "For Real", as scenes we would take more seriously and re-do them taking in consideration the observations we did on each other.
Well, what to say about my boyfriend? He was born for acting. He could cry, beg, be in pain and miserable, all at the same time. Jinyoung had the longest and toughest lines in every scene he appeared for a reason. He gave the words a meaning and made us believe what he was expressing.

Jaebeom had only one scene that afternoon that needed for him to speak. All he had to do was deny Jinyoung's presence in the room and turn away, kind of hiding his face and well, look unapproachable was the best thing he could do, he just had to stay still and be tense, so yeah; from all of the boys, he was the one who less surprised me – although he was the one to fill me with proud.

Yugyeom was the opposite of himself, being the third or disputing the second place with Youngjae in the list of those who surprised me. Yugyeom was fifty percent of the time annoying and the other fifty percent was on point for the acting. His voice would sound more serious and his face would get much more dramatic, as if his thing was 'act or die'. The way his doctor character looked at Jaebeom's brother, in this case, Jinyoung, was mesmerizing. He was passionate and complex every time he explained Jaebeom's situation. He was good.

"Kid was good, after all."

"Alright, guys. I think that's it for today." I interrupted as Jinyoung and Bambam were hearing Mark's suggestions in poses and as Youngjae truly praised Yugyeom's new talent. Jaebeom just stood still in the couch. They all looked at me for a moment and the younger ones clapped excitedly.

It was just pointless now, since Jinyoung's parents and his sister arrived home and found a lot of guys playing with some cameras and posing artificially. It was hard not to get annoyed by it and after what looked like twenty tries, they were exhausted.

"Thank God." Jaebeom stood up, taking his things. "When will we attempt the real scene?" He was barely heard, but Youngjae and I just paid attention, until I remembered something.

"Yah! Guys, wait, I have a warning!" I shouted, making them all look at me, but Bambam didn't stop talking. "As you all know, Mark won a internship for when he finishes his course and if you still had not praised him, you should do it right now..." All of them waved and stammered like animals, except for Jinyoung and Jaebeom, who just smiled and in Jinyoung's case, side-hugged our friend.

"And thinking of that, Mark wants to make a meeting with all of us to celebrate at the balcony of his building this Saturday!"

Bambam and Yugyeom went crazy, finding an excuse to drink without the cops knowing. Youngjae just went loud and I shouted anything that came into my mind.

"So, you guys are warned... I'll be heading the decoration and the things to eat, as I'm your hyung, but I need someone to share the beverage price with our Mark-hyung... So..." I explained, hoping for the least of politeness.

"I can share with you, Markeu." Jinyoung raised his hand, smiling like a prince charming.

"I won't be able to go, Mark, but I hope you all have fun." Jaebeom just cut everyone's cheerfulness, picking up his backpack and putting his phone inside his pocket, but not only that, he also denied himself to call Mark his hyung, which was shocking.

"What? Why, hyung?" Youngjae was surprisingly the first to protest and I could say Jaebeom was also surprised, as his eyebrows raised. Jinyoung had a contained sly smile and Mark just had no idea what to do.

I stared at him anyways, making him notice me and roll his eyes, frustrated.
"Jaebeom, please... I want you to go... It's our first party together..." He nodded, seeming to be slowly convinced of his own words.

"Oh, please, I'm dying to see you drunk..." Incapable of being less than extra, Bambam externalized his thoughts.

"Come on, hyung..." Yugyeom pleaded. "It'll be fun..." It was almost a whine coming out of his pouty lips. Yugyeom was too young to drink, but Jaebeom’s presence supposedly made him more comfortable to break such rule. I just stared back at the older Korean in time to see him throwing his head back and whine like a kid, after looking at Yugyeom suspiciously.

"Pretty please?" I went to him, putting my hands together and pouting excessively. He stared at me back, lips forming a straight line.

"Alright, but I'll be leaving early!" But no one heard the final words, being the 'alright' the most important.

So, still in the party craft mood, we said our goodbyes to Jinyoung and went our own ways.

Bambam with Yugyeom in his motorcycle, Youngjae being led by Mark and me and Jaebeom walking to the bus stop that I knew so well from every time Jinyoung guided me and then sucked my lips - and other things - before the bus arrived, but right now, we were completely silent.

I didn't know what to say. For the time he avoided me and the boys, I though he was mad at us for some reason and somehow, I knew I was right. I just didn't know which one of us.

I just remained silent. I let him climb on the bus first and sit in the middle by the window, just to head to the back and sit in the outer bank.

Of course it was weird, since sharing the bus sits was our thing even when he was stressed, but now I just...

I was just a big piece of shit, not wanting to take responsibility for his sudden humor change, stepping away like the idiot who could not stand an extra emotional roller coaster that was not mine.

Climbing down the bus, he waited for me outside, arms crossed as if I had disappointed him. He just stared at me for a couple of seconds and I could see the fight between two killing forces inside his eyes.

"I'm not mad at you." Was everything he said, serious and cutting.

I released the air from my lungs, feeling lost in the middle of something. "Okay...?" It wasn't a hundred percent affirmative or questioning. I just had no idea what was going on, but I was happy that he bothered to make it clear.

"So, you don't have to avoid me," He stared at every inch of my body, from my toes to my eyes. I felt intimidated, so I returned to the seven-minutes-walk. "And also, stop it. Don't start being paranoid with things you don't understand." He sounded as if he knew what created life on Earth.

"Jaebeom, what I'm doing is not avoiding you." I made sure he looked straight into my eyes as I said that, and he did, following me to our respective houses.

"Giving you space is what I'm actually doing right now." It was the right thing to do, of course. To give more space, so then I could run against the wall he kept around himself with more impulse and strength than the last time and succeed to pass through it.
"You don't have... To do this." He seemed reluctant, hands now on his pockets as we walked side by side. Such a casual thing between us now. "I don't it like when you step back." My brain froze, my hands were static, and I suddenly had no idea how to walk in a straight line anymore. As much as it sounded unnatural and uncommon coming out of his mouth, it also sounded precious and weird to me, it made me cringe and inhale at the same time. It made me imagine things and I hated it... I hated that I imagined things so easily.

"What-, why?" My voice failed at the end, so I cleared my throat. I just wanted to go around jumping and doing backflips until I would eventually fall in a wrong way, break my neck and fucking die.

"Because when you're away from me, you get too vulnerable to intrusive ideas..." My chin dropped and I turned my face to the opposite side that he was, trying to hide a clearly weird smile forced to get out. "Your head can get full of absurdities and you lose sense with reality."

What the fuck? What was this nonsense he was into right now? Was it a prank?

I turned my frowned face back at him, eyeing as he stared at the passing concrete ground. "Jaebeom, what the f-"

"Wae?" He suddenly interrupted me with a whine, the question leaving me even more confused. "Why do you insist in not calling me hyung?" He was paying attention to me, as if he was confessing something absurd that deserved to make my world stop, but for some reason it just kept spinning even faster for me now. My pulse was doing the perfect job to show me that I was about to have a heart attack.

We had minutes of silence. He resumed to stare at the ground. I felt my cheeks burning, so I wandered at the dark sky on the horizon, trying to calm my heart down to properly comprehend. I had to say it. "Just make things easier for me, okay? I don't know if you know it, but I'm kind of dumb, I'm never good at solving problems in the regular, rational way and I was never praised like the other kids for not having this traditional way of thinking, okay? I'm fucking emotional and constantly confused and I'm really worried about a lot of things right now, I already have a lot of theories in my mind, so please, just-"

"Don't push me away." He cut me short, as if it was simple. As if his words didn't need any other explanation. As if this solved all his mysteries and my problems. As if he knew that that was exactly what Mark asked for me to do. To stay away from him for a while. "Leave it to me... And don't let yourself be fooled." He concluded, killing me slowly.

I never thought I was going to die out of this.

I thought I was going to surrender to the most delicious kinds of foods in the entire world, those deep fried, and then have a heart attack. I thought I was going to be bitten by a specific kind of venomous spider and pass away slowly and in pain. I thought I was going to react against an armed crazy assaulter and die from a bullet in my head just because I bought a new phone like a month ago and I haven't paid even the half of it for him to stole it from me.

I had ridiculous ideas on how my heart was going to beat strongly in my chest for a moment, just to stop right after, once and for all, but Im Jaebeom was never in my plans, nor his cliché words about his inner wishes.

There was nothing I could say back, apparently. I went deep down in my brain, but I couldn't find a single word in there.

Automatically walking, we got to his house, which made me stop my moves, not really seeing
I'm so confused." I murmured, out of filter.

*Hopeless. As always.*

He smiled.

I'm sure I scared the shit out of him, just because I stood there, staring.

"I know. But don't worry. I'm doing fine, just know that. There's nothing you can do to change people's behavior." He raised his eyebrows, looking down and up to me again. "You just can change yours... And hope it's enough for you to be happy." He nodded, as if it was all going to be good, but no, I was processing everything really slow. "I gotta go now." He shrugged, taking his keys out of his pocket. "Don't think too much. Just go home, take a shower and drink some tea before you sleep. I'll see you tomorrow." Shrugging again, he smiled weakly, raising one single eyebrow as he turned his back at me and walked away.

In his way up, I managed to wake up in time to nod back when he waved a hand to me.

*There's nothing you can do to change people's behavior*, interesting.

*He was talking about Jinyoung, but how much he knew about him? What was the situation?*

*It was going to be a long night.*

"Gaga! Do I really need to call you every single day?!" My mother screamed behind the door, failing miserably to scare me out of a dream.

Yes, because I had a poor night of sleep, so waking up was easy to me. So easy that I was ready, and I had twenty-five minutes left. I started to get ready so early that no one even saw me in the house, not even my dad that barely sleeps, ever.

I had plenty of time to think and I concluded that: Whatever it was that Jaebeom was hiding, was directly connected with what Jinyoung was going through.

Taking in consideration they were connected, Jinyoung making that clear every single time, I just needed to figure out what was behind Jinyoung's intense jealousy and Jaebeom's faithful hate whenever we were together.

My theory was that Jaebeom knew something I didn't. What other reason he would have to be so concerned about me pushing him away? Why would he want to stand by me? What would he ever get with that?

"*Leave it to me and don't let yourself be fooled;*," he said.

Fooled by who? Park Jinyoung?

What could Jinyoung ever do to me, besides be extremely protective? Why would he ever want to do something against me anyways?

Then there was Jinyoung's side and his new persona and his empty words. The guy who would
listen and say what was - apparently - inside his heart, who would apologize for being who he was, the person who would not get in my pants as a way to discount all his anger anymore.

Who was this guy? Why was him much better to me than the previous one?

Was the glow in his eyes pure, fake emotion, same that he used to cry on dramatic scenes or was it for real, but just different?

I was willing to explore Jinyoung's new personality and find out.

So we returned to the zero mark, at the beginning of the problem. How could Jaebeom and Jinyoung be connected if I was pretty sure they never even talked to each other without using our project as a reason?

Time flew through me and I decided to head downstairs and prepare some tea the first class. A couple of minutes later we were leaving and Jaebeom was customarily waiting for us outside. He was wearing a sweater and for the first time, I noticed the heavy clouds in the deep grey sky.

A beautiful day, at least.

"Morning, Jaebeom." My mother was pretty used to the few words every morning, so she started to say the same thing everyday with the same smile.

He just smiled and nodded. I cut the gaze and looked at somewhere else, whispering a morning, not really wanting to be heard. I could feel his eyes on me as we got in the car, dodging only if objects interrupted his sight; the car itself, the sits, our sit belts. I rested my head back and held the thermos bottle using both of my hands, lost in my endless thoughts. As we arrived in school, I took the money from my mother's hand and waved them goodbye, not looking back.

I wanted it to rain so much...

It gave me the impression that the cold-water drops could ease the restlessness inside my head and right now I wasn't even thinking too much, I was just feeling.

But thinking and feeling were not so different from one another. Both kept me awake at night.

That thing under my nose. I felt it like the animals feel when a storm is coming or when a wise native chief felt a war approaching and everyone started to get ready to fi-

"...son..." I heard, turning my eyes to where it sounded and Jaebeom was still walking by my side.

"What?" I asked, not really into bigger words today.

"Why do you have to react to everything so much?" He had a minimalistic smile on his dry pale lips and his face expressed nothing less than a caring concern, as in a way a dad would look at his son.

I sighed audibly, not really into it. Not at all. So suddenly, we were talking about feelings, huh?

"I wonder how you know so much about the way I feel, but yet you have no idea how it really feels like." And for someone that wasn't into it at all, it was the best answer I could give.

"It's easy. When it comes to your feelings, well, you're right, everyone can read it in your face. You keep your goddamn heart in your sleeve. But when it comes to feel exactly what you feel... Hm..."

He hummed, looking away. "I can't. I have this thick, rocky wall around me. I can't feel what comes from outside, but I can guarantee you, what comes from inside of me is just as painful." I shivered at what I felt it were honest words. It was the twenty-one century and people were often shit and they lied just for fun or just to hurt you, but from time to time we were able to find someone willing to truly open up to us. There he was. "It's not my choice, though. I've always been like this. I don't
know how to be something else." Ugh, fuck you, Jaebeom... For giving me this piece of your mind. I hate it so much that I like you. It's deeper than I thought.

"I'm sorry, then." I sighed again, more than knowing that everything alive had its own burden, that everyone had weights to carry, and for that we needed to be understanding. "I believe letting something out is as hard as trying to let something in, then." We stopped by a corner in the campus, kind of far from the busy areas.

"Aish, Jackson. You hit me exactly on the right spot. I don't know how you always do that..." He joked, but I knew it was real. He just wanted to make it sound like it wasn't painful at all or it wasn't serious, afraid to talk feelings. Its okay, not everyone likes to swim deep. It's just a different nature.

I just felt that enormous urge to hug him, but I didn't want to cross the line, so I just let it aside. I was afraid of never going to be able to stop if I hugged him just once.

"It seems like we got a lot to learn with each other then. I need to give you a heart and you need to protect mine." I joked too, trying to reach the same vibe, but I knew I was too emotional for that.

"Maybe I should steal yours, then. And never give you back." He crossed his arms and faced the grass underneath us. I gulped. "Sounds fair to me." He then turned his body to me, still with his arms crossed, but he wasn't looking at me and neither I was looking at him.

"I think you would freeze my heart out, so no thanks." It was a murmur. He now stared at me.

"What? You think I'm that cold? What makes you think that?" Now he was grinning, and it was too hard for me not to follow him, so my lips spread out. He seemed intrigued, offended.

"You're too chic and sexy." I laughed now, looking at him and noticing how he was having fun at my statements.

The mood was a lot better for him now, but inside of me there was still a lot going on.

"I don't wanna talk hearts ever again with you. It's such a cliché." He shrugged, going back to stare at the students passing by.

"So chic and sexy..." He laughed openly and I followed. My bitterness flying away in a minute or two. Suddenly, I was just being myself.

"You have no idea of the power you hold, Jackson-ah." We were in a good humor now. I felt thin drops of water in my face, almost as if it was an illusion. "You're a mood-maker." He confessed, looking at me again, and god... Fucking Koreans with their intense gazes deep in other people's eyes... My body made its job and a shiver ran through it, out of control. I couldn't even look away, because yeah, it had me fucking trapped. I was useless. The color in his eyes was so deep that I couldn't tell if they were black or just a deep brown. My mouth went as dry as my lips and I made them wet again in a mania. He opened his mouth just a little bit, as if releasing a deep, hot breath, really slow.

They say if you can hold a look for more than two seconds with someone else...

Well... It doesn't matter.

In a way or another, this became something natural to us.

"My body is divided between saying 'thank you' and 'I know' to you right now." I dodged again, feeling good and complete even if I was anxious. The raindrops were now rarer, but thicker, making
my hair wet.

"Come, we will get sick." He came to me and wrapped an arm around my waist. His fingers pressed against my right side and I felt ticklish, releasing the air from my lungs silently, afraid of being caught in the discomfort he made me feel, only to make me feel at home right after. A cold breeze fought against our bodies, but the way he kept me in his arms was more than enough to keep me warm inside.

Walking in silence for a minute, having my left side hidden on his right, I decided it would never kill me to ask. I used the excuse of having the feeling that I was going to need to stay away from him for a while, so I could focus more on Jinyoung and be more rational over my actions.

"Do you have anything against hugs?" Great, Jackson, you never failed to be a weirdo and you just proved yourself now. I cringed really hard, but I had to contain myself.

"Uh..." He took his right hand to his nape, making his body step away from mine. "I'm not that affectionate, actually."

Right, Jaebeom was the kind of person that you could never point the good things he did, not to scare him away whenever he felt like doing. It was a subconscious process.

"Or maybe he was pretty aware of how avoidant he was, but that was okay too. I had no intentions to fight."

"I know. It was just a silly idea, sorry." I got back, testing him, challenging to get over himself. My job was to give him a heart, right? So I had the arduous job to kick his fucking walls down.

"It's okay, you have nothing to be sorry about..." He seemed to be so unsure that it almost sounded like a lie.

We made a weird silence after a couple of seconds, only to hear the first signal warning us that we had like three to five minutes till the first class. Our classes were in the same building, so we had to go upstairs together. I made the first move, passing through him and as we got covered, the pouring rain started, making some students run and some open their umbrellas. Going up till the third floor in silence, but surrounded by a lot of noise, I smiled goodbye to him, but he was expressionless, holding his right backpack strap absentmindedly, as he watched me getting inside, stone-frozen.

It was lunch time and we were sat like this at the rounded table: Jinyoung, me, Jaebeom, Youngjae, Mark, Bambam and Yugyeom, right beside my boyfriend.

Jackson, are you jealous?

Hell no.

Automatically, Jaebeom seemed to always be by my side, no matter the moment, but I noticed Youngjae's new interest on him. It looked like there was something similar between them two and their similarities brought them closer. Mark was also chill, but he had a dismissive glare whenever it was about Yugyeom and I wondered if it was because of me. Damn, my obsession with being the sun of our group. Of course Yugyeom was bothered. Bambam, on the other hand, was pretty approachable and the maknaes seemed to get along well.

"I think we should try this Friday." Bambam and his useless opinions.

"Absolutely not, we have dance practice." Yugyeom protested, elbowing him.
"Saturday we have our meeting in my house." Mark remembered.

"We could do it in the morning..." Youngjae suggested.

"It's impossible. I have to get things ready at Mark's apartment." I also remembered.

"What about Sunday? We can make some use of our "hangovered" faces, it'll be easier to pretend that I'm sick. It fits way better, since I can actually drink until I pass out." Jaebeom made the table silent and I saw the look in Jinyoung's eyes, dodging and making another face - that wouldn't show how satisfied I was with Jaebeom's opinion - before he could catch me.

"Hyung, how can you be so smart?" Someone else made the honors and this someone was no one other than Choi Youngjae, who was much braver than a week ago. I was so proud of him, Jesus Christ...

Mark embraced him with a smile and the entire table focused on his spirituous laugh, changing the mood.

"It's nothing, really." Jaebeom said, but I knew it was out of education. He loved when people appreciated something that he put a lot of effort to solve.

"I think is perfect, I can already picture your faces going straight to the hospital right in the next morning..." Bambam laughed off too, but I just stood quiet.

Jinyoung held my hand under the table and when I looked at his face, he had no specific emotions coming out.

"Great, now I'll have to drink less." Yugyeom implied, rolling his eyes.

"That's a blessing, actually, since no one will have to look after your ass in your hangover." Jaebeom said it like he was shooting against him without looking. I swear I had stars in my eyes, so I closed them, holding my laugh, but failing and coughing.

"Hyung..." He whined in response.

"It's a deal, then. I'm glad we figured this out right now, so we can get properly ready. Don't forget to dress for your character or at least, take his clothes with you and change in the Sunday morning. Those who are going to act this day have to be ready." I organized. The others just affirmed.

"Do you have a medical coat? You'll need it..." Jinyoung spoke with Yugyeom and they got into a conversation between them.

Now it was about time till we were challenging the authorities at the hospital. About time till our lives were over.

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Here's another chapter guys. I'm sorry that it took too long, I shall give you no excuses, so I just apologize sincerely.

My grandmother is kind of doing well; we all know depression is not something that can
be cured as quick as a flu, but we just gotta keep trying everyday and that she is. So thank you for your prayers and wishes, she needs it.
Hope you enjoyed this chapter and I got the rest of this story in a line, so don't worry, it will continue - I'm just not so sure when I'll be coming back.
Hopefully in less than a month.
Love you all and I wish you the best!

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