I wanna give you tender love

I can’t stop writing Chanyeol and Baekhyun, help me.

Or don’t, because these two are adorable

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130-: Chanyeol and Baekhyun shared the same crazy. (Criminal AU prequel)
“Can’t sleep?”

Chanyeol’s neck popped with how fast he was turning his head to look at Baekhyun, the smaller form drowned in pajamas and droopy eyed as if he had just woken up.

“Am I… not allowed to be out so late?” Chanyeol wondered, closing the book in his lap and moving as if to run back to his room.

Baekhyun giggled softly, leaning against the stair rail, “Calm down, babe, inside is fine, so long as you aren’t caught doing something bad like say… sneaking off into someone’s room.”

Chanyeol blushed furiously at his tease and watched Baekhyun's back as he walked to the open kitchen to dig in the fridge.

“Oh, reading with the lights off - the worst you could be caught doing! Automatic expulsion!” Baekhyun added with a cute chuckle, pulling two cups from the cabinet and his glass jug of milk.

Chanyeol laughed deeply at that, opting to settle down and ignore the furious flush down the side of his neck.

“Lucky for you, I happen to be able to fix that.” Baekhyun purred, grabbing both glasses and nodding his head at a lamp in the corner, “Magic trick!” He laughed as the light flickered on,
illuminating the corner of the couch, plopping down close to Chanyeol and forcing the other to take the second cup of milk.

“Very… beautiful, you - the trick... I mean- your mutation, beautiful.” Chanyeol groaned aloud at how stupid he sounded, resting his elbow on the couch and shielding his temple in embarrassment.

Baekhyun only laughed, pulling his knees to his chest and cuddling his cup to his chin, “Thank you, I hear you have fire manipulation, strong mutation.”

“Not very… practical, or useful for anything but violence.” Chanyeol shrugged, he honestly didn’t even care for milk, but Baekhyun seemed to like it so much he took a small drink before placing his cup on the table in front of him to not seem rude.

“That’s not true.” The smaller disagreed as he rubbed his eye, his contacts protesting still being in so late, “What if… I need you to… make s’mores - very handy, and I have a sweet tooth.”

Baekhyun's smile was beaming, and so cute Chanyeol laughed along with him. “Violence and s’mores, duly noted.” He went along.

Another thing about the light bearer, it seemed, was that he did not seem to really have a concept of personal space, as Baekhyun's hip was nearly right up against his and the smaller was leaning slightly towards him like he was going to rest on his shoulder, but hadn’t quite touched him yet.

Chanyeol would have been completely fine with it, he couldn’t recall the last time he had a pretty boy rest on him, or even show attention to him as much as Baekhyun had in the day he had known the other mutant.

The other mutants were widely accepting also, even touchy and teasing as soon as they had met, so Chanyeol wondered if it was a mutant thing or if it was simply a family dynamic as they wanted him to feel safe.

Either way, it worked.

“Insomnia?” Baekhyun was suddenly leaning very close to his face as he plucked the book off his lap, skimming the back cover.

Chanyeol held his breath in surprise at the puff of warm breath on his cheek as Baekhyun turned to face towards him more.

“Me too, I don’t sleep very well sometimes.” Baekhyun added, still reading, “Scary world.”

“Scary… world?” Chanyeol repeated, more confused than anything, “And… I just have trouble in… this environment, it’s very… different than before.”

“Solitary huh?” Baekhyun smirked, laying his book back in his lap, “I like to eavesdrop, you’ll catch on soon, don’t worry, Chanyeol.”

“Huh?” Chanyeol snorted at his proud smirk and shook his head, “My powers mutated… I nearly caught the store I was in on fire at the time, I volunteered to go in solitary until I could get my powers calm.”

“And how’d that work out for you?”

Chanyeol looked sheepish and shrugged slightly, “I mean… Junmyeon said we had an emotions and control teacher here, and that when classes began he would focus more closely with me.”
“Yifan.” Baekhyun must have really liked the man to be smiling so happily, “Yifan is the best - if anyone can reach you it’s Luhan or Yifan, but I try to keep people out of my head, so if you don’t want to be prodded at - steer clear of Luhan.”

“Mind reader?”

“Telepath.” Baekhyun nodded, leaning forward to set his glass down, eyeing Chanyeol's still full one. “He’s always been that way, since I met him, digging where he doesn’t belong.”

“Aren’t the best people like that?” Chanyeol asked.

Baekhyun hummed in acknowledgement, nodding. “You going to drink that?”

“Not much of a milk fan.”

The light bearer only grinned, snatching the cup before smirking to himself as he took a sip before playfully wiggling his brows at Chanyeol. “Lucky you because I am!”

Chanyeol chuckled, shaking his head before furrowing his brows and looking concerned, “Hey…. is your eye okay? It’s all red…”

Baekhyun was jumping up almost immediately, backing away before laughing to play it off, “It’s a bit late for me - I should get some rest, you too.”

The other mutant blankly nodded, still looking concerned.

“Also, Chanyeol.” Baekhyun clung to his cup with one hand and licked his lips before giggling, “It’s almost like we’ve kissed, huh?” He teased, shaking the cup.

Chanyeol blushed quickly, and he wasn’t sure Baekhyun saw, but the light bearer was already up the stairs and the fire manipulator's heart was racing at amazing speeds.

Chanyeol decided then and there that Byun Baekhyun was a tease, but he could see why the others were so quick to try to earn his attention, because he decided he wanted the attention if it meant he got to see the pretty smiles from him.

Chapter End Notes

Basically Baekhyun in this has a light mutation, but it makes his eyes bright blue so he wears contacts to hide them, because he hates them and used to be bullied for them! In the teacher version of this it will explain a bit more, I just couldn’t choose if Chanyeol should be a student or a teacher, so there’s drabbles for both!
Earlier in the day, Chanyeol had made a mistake; Baekhyun had asked him with wide puppy dog eyes and a pretty pout if he would go outside and play with him, but it had been pouring rain, and while Chanyeol was immune to cold weather, Baekhyun very much was not. He didn't like when Chanyeol pointed it out, and the fire bearer had gotten loads of whines from his new friends for rejecting Baekhyun.

Now, Chanyeol realized this was probably creepy, but he didn’t really know how to apologize. How much creepier would it be to walk up behind him and blurt, ‘Yeah… sorry about rejecting you, I had no idea that you were asking me out. I think you’re beautiful and I’ve been watching you for twenty minutes.’ Definitely much more creepy.

But Baekhyun was beautiful and that was a fact, anyone could see it.

His gift was just as beautiful though.

That was probably how Chanyeol had found himself stuck, leaning over the back of the leather couch in the library and watching Baekhyun lean out the window and create his own stars since the rain was pouring too hard for them to be seen.

“Will you be standing there all night?”

Chanyeol gulped and laughed awkwardly as Baekhyun stopped and suddenly turned around, face pink from the cold flowing from the open window.

“I mean, you can if you'd like, but i was just finished.”

Chanyeol found himself shaking his head and walking around the couch, “You should be careful, it's… freezing out.” He mustered up, walking over to the chair Baekhyun sat in intending to shut the window.

“Oh yes.” Baekhyun drawled, “Since we can't all run as hot as you do, and since you're so concerned about the weather, right?”

Chanyeol laughed off his blush and shrugged, completely leaning over the chair Baekhyun sat on to close the window, well aware Baekhyun could probably feel his body heat. “Just.. concerned for you.”

“Are you flirting with me?” The light bearer smirked, eyeing Chanyeol's jaw as he locked the window. “Reject me then flirt with me - mixed signals, babe.”

“I… didn't mean to reject you.” Chanyeol sat back with a sigh and froze when he realized their compromising position, how Baekhyun's pretty smirk was right in front of his face, “Uh… i'm sorry, about that - about rejecting you i mean. I didn't intend.. I mean I think only an idiot would
Baekhyun was silent for a minute before he was laughing and grabbing onto the plaid overlay Chanyeol was wearing, “You think i'm pretty.”

“I mean… i'm not blind.” Chanyeol flustered, unsure how Baekhyun wasn't the slightest bit bothered at being so close to him, “And… you're nice, and funny.”

“You totally like me.” Baekhyun accused with a smile, watching Chanyeol's eyes shake as he tried to figure out what to do, “That's fine, because I totally like you, we're even.”

It didn't help Chanyeol's awkward flustering at all, he could only laugh with a pretty red blush and try to pry Baekhyun's fingers off so he could sit back and breathe, because Baekhyun was too distracting. “You should... be careful, my mutation isn't well controlled when i'm emotional.”

Baekhyun ooed, and if possible, got even closer to Chanyeol's face, “I make you emotional?”

“God, Baekhyun.” Chanyeol mumbled, successfully removing the sticky fingers and taking a seat on the coffee table across from him instead, “I'll accidentally burn you one day, be careful.”

“I don't think that's true at all.” Baekhyun pouted, crossing his arms over his chest, “I don't think you could hurt a fly.”

“I almost killed people my first mutation, Baekhyun, that's how uncontrolled I am.”

“Then own that, don't just pretend to be some... quiet book lover, be strong, Chanyeol. I saw the younger ones picking on you just this morning - don't take that. Sure, they're only playing, but if you're offended then do something. Take action.”

“Baekhyun.” Chanyeol smiled and chewed the inside of his cheek, “I won't use my gift to threaten others.”

“Why not? I use mine to blind Jongdae for annoying me all the time.”

It was just a joke, Chanyeol could tell by the way Baekhyun tried to hide his smile behind his palm, and he snorted. “Is that right? Using your gift for evil.”

“Extreme evil.” Baekhyun giggled, and Chanyeol thought the crinkle by his eyes was far prettier up close, “Like... changing channels when Sehun is watching it.”

Now, they were both laughing, and Chanyeol really liked to watch Baekhyun laugh, the cute weakness he got because he found himself hilarious.

“Alright, little monster.” Chanyeol laughed once more because Baekhyun's was so pretty, “It's late, we should go to bed.”

Baekhyun was pouting quickly, climbing off the chair as Chanyeol stood up, “Chanyeol, we have to meet here at noon tomorrow.”

Chanyeol gulped at the thin fingers wrapping around his wrist, Baekhyun's arm worming around his and pressing his hip into Chanyeol's, “Why?”

“I have got permission to drive us to town.” Baekhyun grinned up at him, “And! I have money to buy you clothes! We should get a few coats for the others as well, it's a date!”

Before Chanyeol could even formulate words, probably a horrible attempt at flirting back,
Baekhyun was sweetly squeezing his arm and then he was literally gone, nowhere to be seen.

Chanyeol decided to head to bed because he had no idea how, but he had apparently scored himself a date.
“No, it's freezing.” Luhan growled, grabbing Baekhyun's arm and pulling him back into his office, “Baekhyun, no, don't act like this.”

“It's a date!” Baekhyun stomped his foot and pouted as he watched Luhan grab his own black coat from his chair and walk back over to him.

The corner of the elders mouth twitched in annoyance at the exclamation, and he sent Baekhyun a stern look, pulling the collar of Baekhyun's V cut button down, “And this is too much skin - you can look nice without being freezing, now put this on and do not argue or i'll call the entire thing off.”

“You can't do that.” Baekhyun huffed, opening his arms for Luhan to place the coat on him, “It's Minseok’s car - not yours.”

“Don't test me, Baek.”

Baekhyun only frowned, “It's only to get new clothes, Luhannie, you know that.”

The elder sighed, resting his forehead on the crown of Baekhyun's hair, wrapping his arms tight around his shoulders, “I know love, it's just… unsettling knowing you're growing up so soon.”

“You're only ten years older, don't act as if I'm a child.” Baekhyun whined into his arm.

“That is… quite a difference, darling, it's hard not to see you as the pale racoon scrambling for my bread.”

Baekhyun blushed at that, releasing an annoyed whine as he squeezed Luhans waist, “You never let me breathe.”

Snorting, Luhan shook his head and pressed a kiss to his temple, “I'm afraid to lose you, so don't stay gone too long.”

“Afraid I might run off?” Baekhyun teased, making his way towards the doorway when Luhan released him.

“Always, love. Drive safe.”

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“So… do you know how to drive?”

Baekhyun internally smacked himself for sounding ridiculous. He was usually good at flirting, but the body heat pooling off Chanyeol was enough to have his heart racing.

“I do.” Chanyeol smiled and seemed relatively unphased as he messed with the radio, “It's been… quite a long time since i've driven.”

“Oh, good. I hate driving, next time - you drive.”

“There is already a next time?” Baekhyun spared a look at Chanyeol before gulping and wondering why today was the day the other decided to not play the blushing schoolboy. “We haven't spoken five sentences to each other, but you are already saying next time, I wonder if you find me that…
attractive.”

His words had Baekhyun snorting, giggling at how odd Chanyeol sounded saying that, “Who told you how to flirt, it's horrible!”

It was partially a lie as the words were cringy, but he didn't mind coming from Chanyeol - if only the other had not sounded so uncomfortable.

“Jongin…”

“As expected, but you should know there's a reason I have not fallen for his charms.” Baekhyun teased, taking his tongue between his teeth. “Just be yourself, I would like that much better.”

Chanyeol made an embarrassed noise and Baekhyun laughed under his breath, “Don't worry about it, handsome.”

“You should really… stop doing that.”

“Hm? What?” Baekhyun mumbled.

“Stop making my heart race, Baekhyun.” Chanyeol ordered.

Immediately Baekhyun was bursting into a surprised laughter, “That's way better!”

The rest of the drive was mainly full of music with Chanyeol's quiet questions about the town they were in.

And Baekhyun was quick and happy to answer all his questions, mainly because he liked the deep acknowledging hum he got in response.

“Chanyeollie, we should get you tight shirts.” Baekhyun beamed, skipping over to grab Chanyeol's arm, he was still so warm even though it was freezing Baekhyun's nose already.

Chanyeol hummed and only ducked his head shyly as Baekhyun forced his arm around the smallers shoulders, “Why do you think that?”

Baekhyun's smile was innocent and sweet as he wrapped his arm around Chanyeol's waist as the other opened the mall door, “Because i think you'd look really good.”

“I find myself thinking that you're purposely teasing me now.”

Baekhyun only grinned, scurrying over to the first store he saw, “Maybe I am!”

Chanyeol groaned and shoved his hands into his pockets, chasing off after the smaller.

He had a feeling he'd be chasing after Baekhyun a lot.

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“Try this!” Baekhyun was too sweet to even look at things for himself even though Chanyeol was over trying on clothes.

“Baek, I-”

“I'm tired of hearing that.” The smaller smiled and turned to give him a huge smile, wide eyes innocent, “Can you call me something sweeter? I'll give you suggestions, handsome.”
Adjusting the armful of clothes onto one arm, Chanyeol shook his head and ran his thumb over Baekhyun's cheek, “You're already sweet enough.”

Baekhyun giggled a pleased noise, standing on his toes to help carry some of the clothes, “I really like this, don't ever be shy with me again!” He demanded cutely.

“Okay, I’m not shy - I was the new kid.” Chanyeol rolled his eyes playfully, “And you are… intimidating.”

“Me!” Baekhyun squealed in playful offense as they walked towards the check out, “You’re like three of me, and I’m intimidating!”

“You told me that we technically kissed the first time we really spoke, that was definitely intimidating, not everyone can have that confidence, sunshine.”

“Oh! Got you!” Baekhyun giggled and blinked up at him prettily, “Sunshine - I like it, much better than Baek this, Baekhyun that, blah, blah, so boring!”

Chanyeol was sure he looked all kinds of embarrassed, but Baekhyun really seemed to like any sort of affection.

“You’re so strange.”

“You’re strange!” The smaller whined, lips pulled into a pink smile, “You’re lucky I like strange Mr. Red hair.”

“Fuck, you’re going to be the death of me.” Chanyeol snorted, wrapping his arm around the back of Baekhyun's neck and going silent as he watched the smaller buy the clothes.

Chanyeol had gone on plenty of dates before, had done plenty of things, but something about Byun Baekhyun was like a bug drawn to light - comparing himself to a bug wasn’t exactly flattering, but Baekhyun was literally light, so there wasn’t a better comparison.

Honestly, Chanyeol had even slept with plenty of people back in high school, and even though Baekhyun seemed extremely confident and absolutely seductive, he knew the light bearer wasn’t truly as he made himself seem.

“Hungry! Hungry!” Baekhyun smiled, tugging on Chanyeol's sleeve and grabbing as many bags as he could hold.

Chanyeol snorted and was grabbing the bags right from his soft palms, “Let’s go to the food court then. Who should I thank for all the clothes, Luhan?”

“Yup!” Baekhyun chirped, taking off a good foot in front of Chanyeol as a head start because the taller mutant had much longer legs than him.

Chanyeol sniggered and shifted all of the bags to one hand to grab the arm of Baekhyun's coat to keep him from running off.

“What are we eating, Baek?”

Baekhyun hummed and bounced on his feet for a second, “Fries.”

“You aren’t just eating fries, you’re so small, you’re getting a meal.” Chanyeol scolded, placing a cautious hand on Baekhyun's waist, “Order food, little light.”
The excited squeal Baekhyun gave was a tell all for how happy the nickname had him.

“Hold my hand.”

Baekhyun hummed at Chanyeol, putting away his wallet and grabbing the bag of food and the drink, “What was that?”

Chanyeol flushed and looked over his shoulder, holding bags on one hand and holding the other out towards him. “Hold my hand, I’m getting jealous.”

The light bearer snorted at his admission, looking around and seeing absolutely nobody looking in their direction, but the blush on Chanyeol's neck told of the man’s intention.

“Jealous? Of yourself? You're the only one looking at me, sweetheart.” Baekhyun smiled and intertwined his empty hand with Chanyeol's.

He didn't take Chanyeol as the jealous type anyways, the large man didn't even bat an eye at him unless Baekhyun had to annoy him for it, usually.

But he definitely liked how cute Chanyeol looked.

Baekhyun knew Chanyeol must have much experience with relationships based on the others' pure confidence sometimes, but something about how fast he was to flush when Baekhyun looked at him made the light bearer extremely proud.

“You know, you’re really making me feel extremely awkward.”

“Why?” Baekhyun pouted and took his seat across from the other, placing the bag of food between them.

Chanyeol smirked and Baekhyun had never seen that look before on his face, “I've had plenty of relationships, but you… you don’t make this easy for me at all.”

“Maybe it’s a mutant thing.” Baekhyun mumbled under his breath, almost a shy tone as he placed their milkshake between them.

“I think it’s a Baekhyun thing, not all… mutants are so cute.”

Baekhyun ducked behind his hair then, eating his french fries with a small, nervous laugh, and Chanyeol all out grinned at the reaction, maybe it wasn’t so hard to fluster the smaller, he only needed to search for the right words.

Laughing softly, Chanyeol took a drink of their milkshake and shook his head, studying the other. Based on what he had heard from the others, Baekhyun was the type to rile people up, but not the type to actively seek them like this.

And, based on what Chanyeol himself had witnessed, Baekhyun had many opportunities to date, or at least to have affection given to him.

He kind of didn’t want to ask Baekhyun why he chose him, because maybe the smaller would take it back, but he theorized that it had something to do with their mutations.

It was a cute thought, that Baekhyun created light, and in a way so did Chanyeol, but the overall
truth of the attraction was that Chanyeol thought Baekhyun was gorgeous, and adorable; Baekhyun had been overly vocal about his attraction to Chanyeol too, so that wasn’t even a question.

“Hey.” Baekhyun murmured, a smirk playing on his lips as if he had never been embarrassed in the first place as he rested the single straw on his bottom lip, “It’s like we’re kissing again.”

Chanyeol, now that he was much more used to Baekhyun's antics, would not allow himself to be flustered by the same tease.

Plus, now he was sure Baekhyun was at least more interested in him than the usual flirting Baekhyun gave about, after all it was the light bearer that had asked, or more like demanded, they go on a date - so that was reassuring Chanyeol.

“If you want a kiss that’s all you need to say.”

Baekhyun's cheeks turned blood red and Chanyeol felt the heat crawl up his neck even though normally he’d be smirking at receiving such a cute reaction.

“I-I take it back, go back to stuttering!” Baekhyun whined, shrugging off his jacket because he suddenly felt very hot.

“I don’t know, I think I like to be on equal fields.” Chanyeol laughed and tried to keep eyes on Baekhyun's face even though the paleness of his exposed chest had been distracting all day, “I told you I wasn’t shy, but caught off guard, and sometimes your expressions are very cute, I can’t help it.”

Baekhyun squeaked quietly and Chanyeol’s point was immediately proven, “You’re embarrassing me.”

“You like it.” Chanyeol sniggered, grabbing a napkin and leaning over to wipe the corner of his mouth, “One minute you talk about kissing and the next you’re like this, it’s endearing.”

“You’re endearing.” Baekhyun huffed with a pout, “You’re the same.”

“I have experience, sunshine, but you completely seem innocent - what if I really kissed you, what would you do?”

Baekhyun flustered instantly and Chanyeol didn’t laugh only because a fond smile was what automatically came to his lips.

“You’re confusing.” Baekhyun finally spat, bottom lip poking out, “I think I like you reading books and quiet better.”

“You’re a horrible liar.” Chanyeol shook his head and started clearing their trash, “But, it is getting late, so we should go before we get in trouble.”

“I never get in trouble.” Baekhyun claimed, already standing to his feet, “Everyone loves me. I just do what I like.”

“So I’ve heard.” The other mutant drawled, reaching over to grab the discarded coat from the back of Baekhyun's chair as the other tossed their trash, “But, you’ll listen to me and put this on before you freeze.”

The smile on Baekhyun's face was so bright Chanyeol almost wondered if he was using his gift.
Training days were the worst.

Baekhyun was extremely biased though because he was way ahead of everyone else, and therefore thought him doing the same training at this point was child’s play.

But Luhan didn’t think so, hence the reason he was running around the courtyard in icy temperatures, lungs burning.

“L-Lu!” Baekhyun cried as the professor waved him to keep going, breath a foggy white as he panted.

“No.” Luhan gave him a warning look, timer in his hand as he watched the newer students, “If they have to, so do you.”

“Come on!” Chanyeol laughed and Baekhyun was half tempted to trip him, growing annoyed as his playful overlapping.

If it wasn’t so fucking cold the light bearer was willing to bet they would be even, but as it was Chanyeol's body heat was treating the cold as if just a normal sunny day in the park, running with ease.

“It’s not so hard, little light, keep it up!”

Baekhyun really was going to trip him the next time he lapped him; he was sure of it.

“Go, Baekhyun.” Minseok added, “It’s not that bad.”

“Says you!” Sehun puffed behind Baekhyun, “Your gift is literally ice! We aren’t gifted to withstand the cold!”

“Stop hanging out with Baekhyun so much, he’s turning you snappy.” Luhan scolded.

Baekhyun laughed breathlessly at that, pulling the black hood over his red ears and jogging on.

He heard loud footsteps beside him and smirked, running his tongue along his teeth before turning around and grabbing Chanyeol's arm, “Stop playing!”

The taller one laughed, “Chill a bit, sunlight!” and tugged Baekhyun's hood.

The move caught Baekhyun off guard, hands finding purchase against Chanyeol's chest before making a scared noise as he slipped on the grass, tumbling down directly on top of the other.

Baekhyun didn’t register how they landed until a warm breath hit his lips and he gulped, lips brushing against Chanyeol's before they met eyes.

“I’m sorry.” Chanyeol whispered against his lips, splayed out with Baekhyun across his chest.

Baekhyun panted slightly, still tired from the run before he was laughing, relaxing, “Is that my first kiss?”
Chanyeol’s eyes suddenly went mischievous, “I thought we discussed this.” He cooed, “If you wanted a kiss all you had to do was ask - no need to be tackling me, beautiful.”

Then, he was surging up to capture Baekhyun's mouth with his, a soft press of their lips, and the light bearer could hardly control the tips of his fingers lighting up a pretty blue.

“Hey! Hey, hey!”

A hand was suddenly grabbing Baekhyun's arm and pulling him away, “Luhan!” He whined.

“Inappropriate.” The elder hissed, brushing off Baekhyun's hoodie, “Two more laps just for that - you know better, Chanyeol also! Keep your hands to yourself.”

“This is so unfair.” Baekhyun pursed his lips and crossed his arms, “I just had my first kiss, be happy for me.” He whispered under his breath.

Luhan clenched his jaw, “I am very happy, my love.”

“You don’t seem it.” Baekhyun called out.

“Perhaps we should let the reasoning go.” Yifan muttered, walking up beside the two and laying a palm between Baekhyun's shoulder blades.

Baekhyun turned to look at him at his unhappy tone, but only found the man dressed head to toe in black, classic Yifan with a blank expression.

“The reason is unimportant, Baekhyun, but please continue on your run and we can discuss later.”

The light bearer clenched his hands and huffed, turning to continue his run and unsure of what exactly it was he had done to create such a tense atmosphere.

Honestly, he was too angry to care.

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“I’ll be starting personal training tomorrow.”

Baekhyun hummed, sending Chanyeol a smile, looking up at the fire bearer with a cute smile, “Is that so?”

“Mhm.” Chanyeol moved a little and his bed squeaked, “Yes, Yifan left me a note on my door earlier.”

The smaller giggled, sitting up and moving to throw his knee over one of Chanyeol's thighs, palms trailing the others collarbones, “I’m happy.”

“I can tell.” Chanyeol snorted, cupping Baekhyun's cheek to press a kiss to the opposite cheek, “You always have a… glow when you’re this happy, it’s beautiful. You’re beautiful.”

Baekhyun felt himself deflate a bit.

Of course he would be seen as beautiful when he hadn’t shown his most horrifying part of his mutation. The part that people claimed gave them nightmares of haunting blue, glowing eyes.

Chanyeol’s fingers trailed over the side of his neck comfortingly, and Baekhyun mostly forgot about the thought in his mind telling him to let the other know.
Soft kisses pressing to the side of his jaw, and a large hand holding his cheek still had him forgetting rather fast.

“Kiss me.” Baekhyun murmured, his voice a fond sigh as he leaned towards Chanyeol, hands moving to hold his shoulders, “I’m asking you to kiss me.”

“All you have to do is ask, baby.” Chanyeol swooned, pressing a chaste kiss to the center of Baekhyun's mouth.

The light bearer smiled between the presses of Chanyeol's lips against his mouth.

Baekhyun was still upset over the overreaction from both of his eldest friends, but honestly he was relaxed when Chanyeol was with him, warm even when it was freezing, and sweet even when Baekhyun was moody.

“You know.” Chanyeol mumbled, pressing another kiss to the corner of Baekhyun's lips before running his palm down the back of the smallers neck to rest partially under the edge of the neck opening of his shirt. “I believe I know the reason those two were so upset earlier.”

Baekhyun only smiled droopy-eyed and nodded for him to continue, pressing his own sweet kiss to Chanyeol's jaw.

“Isn’t it obvious, you are wanted, sunlight,” Chanyeol sighed due to Baekhyun's shy kisses.

Baekhyun made a confused noise before laughing to himself, shaking his head and laying his cheekbone on Chanyeol's collarbone.

He had never considered the thought before, that Yifan and Luhan could have feelings for him - especially not Luhan whom he had met only as a child and clung to forever.

Yifan… he could understand why Chanyeol thought that. He was hard to read most of the time, but not when it was just him and Baekhyun.

They shared many things, many ideas and secrets, but Yifan had never mentioned such a thing as feelings towards him.

And Baekhyun wouldn’t really know what to say if he did.

Both Luhan and Yifan had ten years on him, so it was unlikely such a thing could be true.

“You’re cute.” Baekhyun giggled in reply, running his nose along Chanyeol's, “Adorable.”

“Adorable.” Chanyeol scoffed playfully, pinching Baekhyun's chin between two fingers to press his mouth to the smallers pretty smile, “You’re fucking adorable, hm? So innocent.”

Baekhyun pouted slightly at that, scooting closer and cupping behind Chanyeol's head, “Not innocent.”

Chanyeol could tell Baekhyun didn’t want to be at all, always pushing for more, teasing.

He was a teenager after all, both of them only eighteen, but Baekhyun was so under experienced, and Chanyeol wouldn’t risk doing anything else that required his full attention and emotions until he had them in check.

He already had to use half of his concentration to ensure he didn’t burn anyone on a regular basis.
Chanyeol could risk burning furniture or objects occasionally, but not Baekhyun. He couldn’t hurt him.

“I won’t touch you until I have myself under control.”

Baekhyun pulled away from his lips almost immediately, sitting back on Chanyeol’s thigh with a furrow in his brow. “You’re not… doing anything I’m not asking for.”

“Sunshine.” Chanyeol tsked and grabbed Baekhyun's arm as the smaller scoffed in disbelief and climbed off his lap, “I refuse to risk touching you - just wait, Baekhyun. We only just kissed, we have all the time in the world.”

“Do we?” Baekhyun asked, “We’re mutants, we don’t have the same lifespan as normal humans, have you never considered that? Why else would the government give permission for Luhan to run this school? We’re fully under their will - if they wanted we could be scooped up and taken away.”

“Baekhyun, look at me.” Chanyeol sighed, standing up to pull the smaller to his chest, “I wouldn’t let that happen to you, okay?”

Baekhyun scoffed, pressing his forehead into Chanyeol’s collarbone, “I don’t think you understand the things that can happen to mutants like us, a horrible genetic abnormality - variation by generation.”

“Is that what you think?” Chanyeol whispered, taking a seat on his bed and pulling Baekhyun to stand between his legs, looking up at the smaller, “What has happened to you, beautiful?”

“Not today.” The light bearer sighed, pressing a kiss to Chanyeol's forehead and reaching over his shoulder to collect his book from the end of the bed. “I’ll see you tomorrow, let me know how the first day goes.”

“Wait.” The taller requested, wrapping his arms around Baekhyun's hips and pressing a kiss to his jaw, “We’re okay, right?”

“Of course.” Baekhyun smiled, capturing Chanyeol's mouth in a soft kiss before separating himself and going towards the door, “I’ll see you later, handsome.”

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“Cerebro should be able to test sooner than expected, Junmyeon said he was making last minute repairs.”

Yifan raised a brow at Luhan’s words, leaning over to pour himself a glass of wine, “And what, my friend, is that for again, it seems I am out of the loop.”

“Well, you have been gone quite a bit.” Luhan drawled, accepting his glass across the coffee table, “It’s a machine that will enhance my telepathy, I can search for mutants like us.”

Yifan found his brows pulling together, “Why would you want to do that? Round us up, easy access for the government to experiment on, eliminated.”

“You always did have a rather dark outlook, we need more than five students for a school, Yifan.” Luhan commented, “I suppose that’s where Baekhyun gets it, please do start being careful of what you say, he’s young and absorbs others ideas.”

Yifan laughed before scoffing and crossing his legs, throwing his arms across the couch, “You tell
me not to be impressionistic, but you still fire your own beliefs at him anyways - You and I both
know Baekhyun is young, of course we do, if he wasn’t then he wouldn’t be scurrying off with
another teen at the moment, but he is. But he is also smart, and can form his own opinions and
ideas.”

“Don’t play that card.” Luhan argued, “We aren’t discussing the elephant in the room, but the truth
is at least my ideas are forward thinking. I understand your suffering, you know I do, and I do his
also, but not moving on from it is what keeps your mind blocked.”

“I always told you not to do that to me.”

Luhan sighed and rested his elbow on the arm of his chair, “You worry me sometimes, and
truthfully I am sometimes worried for Baekhyun in your care, he looks up to you an awful lot.”

“He does you also, but you don’t…. say the things that he wishes, Luhan.” Yifan uncrossed his
legs and leaned over to pour more alcohol in his glass and rolled his eyes at Luhan’s warning
glance, “To come off as ignorant is one thing, but to make his… discomfort with his appearance
seem belittled is another. It’s not a problem, and you do not need to remind him that it is a genetic
mutation - that implies that it cannot be changed-“

“And it cannot.” Luhan cut in defensively.

“It cannot, but his ideas can. Hell, just tell him he’s beautiful, tell him to be himself rather than
hide, call him out on it, just don’t turn it into a mutation lesson.”

“You know, I absolutely hate when you try and tell me what to do, I’ve known Baekhyun much
longer than you. And we are closer.”

Yifan snickered behind his glass, downing it before shaking his head and setting the glass on the
table, reaching for his coat, “I understand that, but it hardly matters when the truth is he is much
too young and neither of us can have him. Good night, Luhan, and try to be a bit easier on that red
head, I think Baekhyun likes him quite a lot.”

Chapter End Notes

Mutant AU with Teacher Chanyeol and Student Baek will be posted next!
The Story (X-Men AU)

Chapter Notes

Chanyeol is a professor in these ones!

Baekhyun never did like humanity.

Humans didn't like difference. They claimed to like those that were unique, those that were different, but that was a lie.

To humans, there was such a thing as being too different, and that was a fault in itself.

The X- gene was too much of a difference, apparently.

And it wasn't as if mutants wanted to be born this way, to be odd or strange, some being given powers that grow and increase as they age and strengthen.

But, some mutants had it worse than others. Some had tails and horns, some had gills and wings, and some, like Baekhyun, had too visible abnormalities.

He had never asked for his eyes to glow a brilliant blue, but as soon as he had turned seven years old, they appeared - along with his gift.

It hadn't been too bad at first, children were unable to understand the implications of such an odd appearance, but it didn't take very long for adults to rub off on them, for the ridicule to begin - and never end.

Perhaps that's why he thought humans so pathetic, because they were so easily swayed in order to fit in, so quick to absorb what others thought, unable to have independent thoughts because they wanted to fit in so badly.

Nobody could understand wanting to fit in as badly as Baekhyun could.

His family couldn't understand, they hid him away as if an animal, not a child, and humans couldn't understand, stared at him as if he was a freak - and not a normal, average child like everyone else,
he was a freak.
And that was unacceptable to humans.

Baekhyun did feel guilty about doing this, about sneaking and stealing from humans, but it wasn't like he had much of a choice, and he did think to a certain degree that they could spare something after treating him so poorly.

Especially whatever spoiled child was so lucky to live in this mansion. He had spent a whole ten minutes trying to figure out how to find his way to the kitchen.

“Excuse me.” Baekhyun nearly jumped out of his skin, glowing eyes turning to stare at the child standing in the doorway, well older than his young twelve years.

There was no misinterpreting how Baekhyun had been caught, a milk glass open in his hand and a bag of bread tucked under his arm, bare feet freezing on the marble floor with the fridge wide open.

“I didn't mean to scare you, darling. I was just getting a snack.” The man was now walking towards him, nonchalant as he grabbed the fridge door, looking through the fridge, “I'll make you hot chocolate.” He added, dark black hair bouncing as he gently grabbed the bottle from Baekhyun's hand.

Baekhyun furrowed his brows, confused. “You’re not scared of me?”

“I always believed I couldn't be the only one in the world.” The man smiled, standing a good few inches over Baekhyun was a pleasing grin, “The only one person who was different. And here you are, love.”

Blinking his shining eyes, Baekhyun took a step back, spine hitting the edge of the granite countertop as he watched the other dig through cabinets.

“Lu Han.” The elder added with a smile, a glass in his hand that he turned to offer to Baekhyun.

“Byun Baekhyun.” He whispered, accepting the offer instantly, confused as he climbed onto a stool.

“Take whatever you want, we have lots of food. You don't have to steal.” Luhan murmured, eying Baekhyun before meeting his bright blue eyes with nothing but a fond smile, “In fact, you never have to steal again.”

~~~SIX YEARS LATER~~~

October 9th, 1983

Baekhyun waved off the third person to offer him a drink, arm wrapping around Luhans and resting against his shoulder, “Lu, now can we get back? This place is giving me the creeps.”

“Darling, it's probably that pretty blue showing through the boring brown contacts, you always do look brilliant when your variation is brought to life.”

Baekhyun scoffed at that, turning to grab his coat, annoyed because he always knew Luhan sought opportunities to bring it up. “I can't stand you sometimes.” He hissed.
Luhan sighed, throwing a few bills onto the bar counter and hurrying along after Baekhyun.

“Baek!” The elder sighed, shaking his head and running up to the younger to grab his arm, “Baek, mutant and proud, right? Stop acting out like this when I simply mention them.”

“I don't want to hear your speech again!” Baekhyun growled, yanking his arm out of Luhans and shoving his hands in his pockets, “That's only for mutations that are pretty - or invisible ones like yours. But if you're a freak, you better hide.”

Sighing, Luhan tossed an arm around Baekhyun's shoulder, pulling the smaller into his side and steering him towards the car, “I keep telling you, if only you showed up for classes and would get to see others powers and mutations - they're all beautiful. Mutation took us from a single-celled organism to being the dominant form of reproductive life. Infinite forms of variation with one mutation, darling.”

Baekhyun absolutely hated when Luhan tried to teach him, but the elder was trying to cheer him up in his own way - even if he was horrible at it and often made it sound like a scolding rather than a simple, ‘You're beautiful.’

“Perhaps I would show up when we have more than ten students, all of which are boring, Luhan.”

“Name one of them.” Luhan called out, squeezing his shoulder and waiting a few seconds for a response, “See, you're too busy running off to even speak to them. Being my dearest friend is not going to keep you out of trouble much longer, I cannot keep overlooking punishing you, darling.”

Baekhyun pouted, bottom lip coming to stick out in a face he knew Luhan was weak for, “I get stressed, Luhan, you know I don't handle being trapped for too long.”

Luhan resisted the urge to give in and shook his head, fishing for car keys out of his coat pocket, “The other teachers are not as forgiving, Junmyeon suggested baring your windows even.”

Baekhyun huffed at the news, “Will Chanyeol be back home yet? I want to speak to him.”

The elder pursed his lips as he walked over to the passenger door to open it for Baekhyun, leaning over the side of the car, “I don't believe so, love, I think he mentioned having to meet up with someone.”

“Chanyeol always does this.” The younger's whole face dropped as he turned his body away to wait for Luhan to drive off.

Luhan hopped into the driver's seat and tensed when he noticed Baekhyun still pouting, upset over such a small thing as Chanyeol not being there when they arrived home. He could never understand the younger's infatuation with the fire manipulator, but then again, he barely understood Baekhyun in general - such a shame when they have been together so long.

“Don't fret.” The elder cooed, reaching over to come through Baekhyun's long black locks, “I am still here, darling. Always here for you.”

“Will you give me your last soda when we get back?” Baekhyun asked with pouting eyes.

Luhan cursed before laughing and shaking his head as he turned to begin driving, “Since when have you realized I was weak for you, my little light bearer?”

“Since you let me steal your milk.”
The mansion had come such a long way since Baekhyun had broken in years prior.

It was no longer the two of them and a handful of maids, but a university for mutants of all ages.

A sign on the gate promoted it as so, but not many people were open to the thought of the school. In the beginning stages it had been a horror show, humans were cruel, and many wanted to turn blind eyes to mutants as if they didn't exist - but should a mutant exist they were considered monstrous.

A reason Baekhyun was overly fond of the brown shaded contact lenses that covered, for the most part, and Luhan absolutely hated them, had tried to throw them away on multiple occasions when it was just them - but it wasn't anymore, it wasn't just them.

Luhan was responsible for many people now, many mutants.

The youngest was as young as age sixteen mutated with the power of air manipulation, his name is Sehun, and Baekhyun had been lying about not knowing anything of the other students - he knew quite a lot actually, but that could be attributed to the fact that he was good at sneaking and Luhan was not good at security, so Baekhyun had known that Sehun had been sent here when his powers manifested and he had nearly choked his elder brother by stealing his air.

Baekhyun knew a lot more than people gave him credit for.

Like how he knew tonight Junmyeon, Minseok, and Yixing were bringing in a new student. He hadn't gotten around to eavesdropping on their conversations enough to know a gift, or try to bribe them to let him come along, but he knew this one was bound to raise some hell.

All he had heard was that after an incident, the person had been placed in solitary confinement due to the uncontrollable nature of the power mutated.

Baekhyun was expecting something grand, one hell of a strong mutant if they had gotten themselves arrested, and if the government was willing to release the person into the schools care only to rid themselves of the prisoner.

He was excited to know what was in store.

“Baekhyun, hey!”

Smiling politely, Baekhyun was walking around the island, fingers still somewhat frozen from the cold air outside as he snatched the candy right out of Jongin's hand, raising a playful brow at the teenager, “What’s up, little demon?”

“Play nice.” Luhan growled, bumping Baekhyun's hip as he slid past him up the stairs. Probably to go to bed like the old man Baekhyun teased him to be.

Jongin only grinned, the teleporter nothing but attention seeking as he smirked at Baekhyun, “Was just wondering if you would be learning my name today.”

Baekhyun snickered, handing the candy bar back with his fresh bite out of the chocolate, “Nice try, sweetheart, try again tomorrow - maybe show me something new that will really wow me.” He teased.

He knew everyone's names, especially the youngest two as they tried to impress more often than
not, and Baekhyun knew he spurred their interest on more by adding too it, but there wasn't much else to do here - especially if Luhan had been serious about the elders locking him down.

In the blind of an eye, Jongin was standing in front of him, a proud grin on his face at Baekhyun's gasp of surprise. “What about now, wowed yet?”

Baekhyun resisted the urge to laugh and smirked, “The three moments of no movement right before let me know your emotional control needs a little work - you should pay more attention to Chanyeol, then lets try this all again, it's been really fun, honey.”

He heard the other mutants laughing at Jongin immediately, and chuckled to himself, patting Jongin's shoulder to let the other know he was only teasing as he stepped past the living room where the other handful of students were lounging around.

“No hard feelings, Jonginnie.” Baekhyun added as he stepped up the stairs, sparing a wink at the second youngest at his shocked face.

“Told you he fucking knew it!”

“Fuck, Jongdae, you owe me a burger!”

Baekhyun snorted at the group's exclamations and traveled up the steps to his room.

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Looking at himself in the mirror wasn't that hard when he was wearing contacts, but as soon as they were out he was vulnerable, the sounds of chanting about his soul stealing eyes ringing in his head.

He was nothing but a revolting demon trapped in an almost human-like body, and it was nothing but horrifying. Not only to him, but to humans when they witnessed the attention stealing blue glow.

His own parents found him to be some sort of demon even before he had grown into his element and really understood his mutation, he was only twelve years old then.

And he was merely seven when he had come to realize that he was different, and he didn't want to be.

The children in school called him a witch, probably words their parents had called him, but what Baekhyun's mutation was was not witchery at all, but light.

The manipulation of all kinds of light, radio waves, gamma rays, visible light, any sort of electromagnetic light waves that he could steal energy from he could use as he wanted, and it was a skill he was proud to have mastered quickly.

Maybe, in a different life he would have appreciated how useful his mutation was, how he could make himself seem invisible in a room full of people by bouncing light how he saw fit, or how he could simply create calming little universes of lights - his own pretty pastime. But he couldn't with this bright blue blaring back at him, or the occasional glow to his skin.

Baekhyun wanted to be beautiful. Unapologetically and savagely beautiful, the undeniable kind that left others intimidated, but he couldn't, and that in itself was unfair.

Luhan told him since he was a child that such an extreme variation should never be covered, but showed off, that it was proof of the strengths in which mutants can grow to evolve. Baekhyun
thought it was a fancy way of telling Baekhyun to accept himself, but it was too hard. Especially when he knew Luhan to be digging in his head much too often despite the elder having promised he wouldn't.

With Chanyeol it was much easier, but not enough that Baekhyun could show himself to anyone outside of rooms. The elder was always fast to tell him the beauty of the blue rings surrounding his pupils, to wonder if Baekhyun hid from himself or society - Baekhyun never truly had an answer for him, but the fire manipulator didn't ever ask for one.

Baekhyun was sure that his fellow students knew something was up with the contacts, as he and Luhan had gotten into loud, screaming arguments about them before, but he was careful not to let himself be seen in such a way.

Blue was a comforting color in itself, but when it glowed it was much too extreme, and when it was bouncing off his skin when he got emotionally worked up, then it was blinding.

But when it was just him, laying down on his bed now, it was beautiful.

He only needed to raise a palm up these days, between his fingers a glitter of blue light, and then another, and another, before he deemed his little world enough and relaxed to lay back and watch them twirl around.

Light was magical, sometimes.

It was a shame he kept most of it in the dark, but then again, somethings aren't meant to be for everyone.

Just as he was debating if it was time to rest or not, he heard the sound of a car pulling up and was jumping to his feet, assuming it to be Chanyeol finally home.

So, he pushed open his window and had a beaming grin as he used his gift to brighten up the lamp post near the car. Chanyeol loved when he used his mutation, spouting praises as soon as he had the teenager in a hug, but this wasn’t Chanyeol and his smile dimmed a bit.

Instead, it was Junmyeon opening the back seat of the black car and Baekhyun swore he saw Minseok squint towards his window with a warning look at the suddenly bright lamp post - probably afraid Baekhyun would burn the bulb again.

But Baekhyun wasn’t focusing that hard on it, instead, he was watching the top of a head of black hair climb out of the car, covered in an orange jumpsuit.

Black wasn’t a color Baekhyun thought was very pretty, it was not bright, too dull on the eyes, but it was doing it's job of making him curious.

He was large, way larger than all three of the professors escorting him inside, but Baekhyun hadn’t gotten a face to the name with the bad view he had from the high window.

He was tempted to climb downstairs and introduce himself almost immediately, clear the curiosity in his chest, but he looked at the clicking clock on his wall that read 11:15, and he decided he probably shouldn’t piss Luhan off too much tonight.

Baekhyun could just piss Luhan off tomorrow.
Baekhyun was on a mission.

Well, kind of two missions. One, to ignore Luhan the entire day until the elder gave him more money so he could buy winter clothes - Luhan had tried to bribe him by saying he would earn the money by going to class, and Baekhyun would admit to being spoiled since he knew how rich Luhan was, so he promptly threw a fit.

Plus, Luhan didn’t seem too happy when Baekhyun had blabbed how Chanyeol would take him winter shopping if he were here, so he was also ignoring Luhan so he wouldn’t feel too guilty upsetting the elder.

Now, his second mission was to meet the new kid.

He had heard Zitao and Jongdae blabbering earlier that the new kid had a criminal record, and was not the arsonist they had heard about - Baekhyun was heated that the two had managed to learn more about the new kid than he had yet.

So, now he was tucking in his blue striped sweater into his black high waisted jeans to run downstairs, pink lollipop between his lips because he may, or may not, have snuck into Yixings office on his angry march out of Luhans room this morning.

The healer was too sweet anyways, he would probably only offer more if Baekhyun confessed to stealing one.

“Kris! You have to walk around the mansion, it’s really cool during winter!”

Baekhyun laughed at the excited tone Sehun was ranting in, no doubt this Kris would soon be annoyed with the youngest.

Sehun was very sweet, especially to Baekhyun, but he did have a talkative streak.

“Hey, Baek, candy so early?” Jongin cooed excitedly, turning on his stool to look at the newcomer with a smirk.

Baekhyun snorted, deciding to spare the younger anymore teasing as he pulled the lollipop from the inside of his cheek, making his way over to lean his elbows on the counter, “Never too early for candy, Nini.”

With that, he was turning to look at the man, an immediate pleased smile coming to his face, because this man was attractive.

Round, wide brown eyes, black hair falling over his brows as he stared at Baekhyun at his closeness.

Baekhyun only tilted his head slightly, licking over his strawberry flavored lips. “Kris, huh?”

It wasn’t really a question, but Baekhyun pressed his lollipop to his lips as he waited for the man to respond.

The man smirked, fitting for his face.

“Yes... you are?”
“Oh, Baekhyun, hi, handsome.” Baekhyun smiled, resting his cheek on his palm and twirling the lollipop stick between his fingers, “Want some?” He added, holding out his candy and licking his mouth.

“Hey, you never want to share with me.” He heard a Jongin whine beside him.

Baekhyun sniggered, eyeing turning to acknowledge Jongin, “Get a few years older, sweetheart, then try again.”

He was then sending a sweet, innocent smile to Kris as he popped his candy back into his mouth and traveled out the front door.

Sehun whistled as soon Baekhyun was gone, groaning and pressing his forehead on the counter. “Fuck, do you have any idea how hard it is to get his attention! And here you are all… this and wow Byun Baekhyun says your name two seconds in!”

The new student sniggered, pulling at the plaid over shirt he was given, “I’m… sorry?”

“You should be!” Zitao laughed from the living room next door, “He only just said Jongin’s name yesterday - and he’s been here an entire four months! Baekhyun is a whole lot of… sass in a pretty little body.”

“Why don’t you just… ask him to say your names?” Kris drawled, the question must have been stupid because as soon as he said it the handful of other students were laughing.

“Oh, hothead.” Jongdae snickered, “The prince doesn’t work that way, you have to play until he notices - I mean, he only gives attention when he feels like it.”

Kris chuckled feeling a laugh bubble up because Baekhyun was undeniably beautiful.

“What’s his mutation?”

“Light.” Kyungsoo answered, pushing his glasses up his nose and reaching over the island for his water, “Quite pretty, he uses it a lot outside, so if you catch him just tell him it’s beautiful - Professor Luhan encourages us to encourage each other.”

“Luhan… the owner?” Kris asked.

“Yes, him and Baekhyun started this all, well, more so Chanyeol and Luhan, but Baekhyun was sort of… adopted into Luhan’s family. And Chanyeol was a family friend - anyways, just ask Baekhyun, even Professor Lu, they’re both very open to their experiences and what not.”

Kris raised a brow at that, but merely shrugged, turning to look out the kitchen window, “Uh… is he… allowed to be doing that?”

At once, the others were turning to look out the window at Baekhyun sitting on the edge of a cement block beside the driveway, at least double the small mutant's size.

“Yeah… he does what he wants to, the Professors how easy on him, had a rough life and all.” Sehun smirked, turning to look at Kris, “Real pretty sight though, but don’t get a crush, pretty sure he’s got a thing for Chanyeol.”

“Real pretty.” Kris echoed with an uninterested shrug.

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Baekhyun hated that he had to sit through this, or he at least usually hated family meals when Chanyeol wasn’t here to bear the pain with him.

The elder would always look just as pained as him until Luhan had to call them both out.

And Baekhyun very much wanted Chanyeol to be here and share half his pain.

“Baek, what are you thinking about so intently?” Luhan called from the other end, a warning in his voice and Baekhyun knew it was because the elder thought he never socialized, which was only what Baekhyun led him to believe.

“I was wondering if you had the landline number of where Chanyeol is, I want to know when he’ll be back, but I assume you already know that based on that hand on your temple and the headache you are bound to receive any moment.”

Luhan sighed, dropping his hand from his face with a guilty look, “What else do you need, darling?”

Baekhyun snorted at the annoyed words, pushing his plate away to smirk and nod towards Kris, “Where’d you find handsome over here?”

All at once the youngest two were snorting and Kris only smirked and rolled his eyes at the light bearers antics.

“Baekhyun.” Luhan started firmly with a tick in his lip, “Let’s speak in private if you want to behave like this.”

Baekhyun shrugged before sighing and standing up to follow Luhan’s heated footsteps into the study beside the dining room.

The Professor turned to him with crossed arms and Baekhyun nearly stomped at the scolding look he was given. “Look, I know you miss Chanyeol, but he will be back soon enough, so you need to stop being inappropriate and teaching the younger children to act immaturely since you are the oldest student, Baekhyun.”

“Teaching?” Baekhyun laughed and shook his head, throwing himself down onto the leather couch, “We’re not children - all of us are teenagers, Lu.”

Luhan sighed, rubbing his temple and taking a seat beside Baekhyun's head, “What's your issue? I know you want to discuss with Chanyeol, but I’m here now, and he is not, darling.”

The light bearer pouted his lips, pulling his knees up and scooting to rest his cheek on Luhan’s thigh, “Would you date me?”

Luhan flustered, looking down at Baekhyun's side profile in shock, “A-Any young person would be lucky to have you. You are stunning.”

“Like... with my eyes...” Baekhyun added, resting his palms under his cheek.

“I don't know what's gotten into you lately. You're awfully concerned with your looks.” Luhan muttered, combing through Baekhyun's hair softly.

Sighing, Baekhyun should have expected an answer like this, for Luhan to push off what he was looking for.
“One of the most spectacular things is that my mutation allows me to read your mind.” Luhan added, “And you, my precious darling, are beautiful. If I looked like you I wouldn’t change a thing.”

“Well, why do I feel as though that’s the kindest thing you’ve said to me since I was twelve and fell from a tree.” Baekhyun laughed tiredly.

Luhan snickered, shaking his head and combing his fingers softly across the soft skin of Baekhyun's temple. “I did tell you that it was much too high.”
Baekhyun was sick and tired of waiting for Chanyeol’s call, of course he was happy to keep messing with maknaes, but it was never quite as fun.

But when he finally, finally got in contact with Chanyeol, he was pouty and it was obvious.

“Oh, listen up, little star. If you don’t stop with the short answers and the pout I know you have on that fucking adorable face I won’t be back soon!”

Baekhyun knew it was an empty threat, but he stomped angrily anyways, hand tangling on the cord as he leaned against the kitchen wall and watched the others - who were watching him interestedly.

“That’s so unfair! You called only to harass me! I’ve been waiting a week, and you left without saying goodbye, Chan!”

Chanyeol sighed deep into the receiver and Baekhyun knew he felt guilty over the last part, “Baekhyun, lovely, you know I have things to attend to, I hate it just as much as you do - if not more. I swear if I come back and my room is ransacked again, I will not be as forgiving as last time.”

“Well maybe you should start saying goodbye!” Baekhyun whined defensively.

“Stop leaving so much and I wouldn’t have to spend hours searching for you just to give up.”

Now, it was Baekhyun’s turn to feel guilty. “Okay, Chanyeol.”

“Okay? That’s it? No fight left in you, little star? Not even a scream of defense? Are you growing up so soon? I’m sure Luhan must be throwing a fit at the idea.”

Baekhyun heard Chanyeol laugh a few times and couldn’t help a quiet chuckle, “Me and Lu are fighting currently! I told him I wanted to buy clothes before classes started again and he was much too stingy! I only wanted to buy the younger ones clothes!”

“Ahh, why are you pretending to be so sweet? if I didn’t know any better I would think my sweet star was developing a crush, shall I be worried? Shall Luhan and I have a talk with him? Nobody is good enough for our light bearer, not you, lovely.”

Baekhyun threw a hand over his mouth to stifle his giggles, but supposed Chanyeol heard them any way at the deep chuckle on the other end, “You’ll scare them away!”

“I believe that’s the point, darling Baekhyun.”

“You can’t scare off all my friends.” The light bearer pouted, annoyed Luhan hadn’t installed the telephone in his room like Baekhyun wanted so he couldn’t gush all to Chanyeol. “When will you be back? I miss you.”

“And I, you.” Chanyeol cooed, “Not too long, maybe a few days max, get along with the others and play nicely, you can be overbearing to new people.”

“But not to you!”

“Never to me, sweet star. Not one second.” Chanyeol assured.
“And, I’ll tell you what, let Luhan know I said that you can have access to Minseok’s car while I’m away - take yourself and the others to get some things, Luhan won’t resist if you ask him for funds for the others. Last I spoke to him he said the new kid had little to nothing.”

It was true, Kris seemed to be re-wearing the same black shirt and switching between plaid overlays the past week, and Baekhyun was beginning to feel horrible he couldn’t offer anything to fit when he heard the other up washing his clothes very late since he had no alternatives.

Surely Chanyeol had some that could make due until then, Baekhyun could go grab them after this call, and suddenly was kicking himself for not thinking sooner.

“You’re my favorite.”

“I don’t want to come back and hear any differently, lovely. Now, I’ll need to go now, but I’ll speak to you again within the next few days if I cannot catch a train sooner.”

“Be safe.” Baekhyun chewed the inside of his cheek, “Miss you.”

“Miss you, beautiful, I’ll see you soon. And I expect a big hug and something fresh to eat, lovely.”

“Cookies, got it.” Baekhyun giggled.

“Of course, your favorite.” Chanyeol teased, “Anything you like I will also, but get some sleep, I can tell in your voice you are tired. Now I must go, speak soon, my star.”

Baekhyun listened to the phone beep for a good few seconds even after Chanyeol had hung up.

Sighing, he hung the phone before crossing his arms and shaking his head, walking over to plop directly next to Jongin on the couch.

The second youngest was immediately patting his lap and Baekhyun only snorted before turning his head the other way.

“What’s the deal?” Kyungsoo sighed and Baekhyun felt a hand pat his ankle.

Turning his head to look at the television, Baekhyun puffed his lips out, “Chanyeol will be gone longer.”

“Ow, fuck!” Zitao suddenly growled, shoving Jongdae’s hand off his leg and cupping his ankle, “What the fuck, Dae!”

Baekhyun stifled a laugh and felt much better at Jongdae’s sheepish grin, “Sorry, Tao. Accident.”

“Cool it, sparky.” Baekhyun snickered at the children’s antics.

“Why must you embarrass me with that old nickname, hot stuff?”

Baekhyun burst into laughter at Jongdae’s nickname for him before shaking his head and picking at the work hem on his dark washed jeans, “Don’t lie, sparky, you like it.”

Jongdae made a strangled noise in response, and Baekhyun laughed to himself again, opting to lean his elbow on the arm of the couch and sigh.

“Geez Baek, I can’t imagine how horrible a date you would be.”

Baekhyun frowned even though he knew the teen was only joking with him.
Was it because he liked to flirt every once in a while? It was clear he was mostly a tease, and playing around though.

God, he really missed Chanyeol and the red mess of hair on his head.

Luhan sighed and rubbed his temple as he sorted through applications.

It seemed many did not understand what ‘School for Gifted’ meant, and assumed it to be a private institution for those with skills.

Not a single mutant in the pile, and his head was pounding against his ears, he wasn’t sure what was left to do.

Of course, Baekhyun had the best timing, the small teenager pulling his khaki colored pants up as he turned to shut the door before pulling on his black turtle neck in what Luhan knew to be a nervous action.

His headache was slowly receding just looking at Baekhyun, body relaxing as he tossed the last paper onto his coffee table and patted his lap.

“Good timing, love, I was just about to look for you.”

Baekhyun hummed, turning to lay on his back and force Luhan’s hand into his hair, a small pout on his lips that made the telepath frown.

“What happened now? I thought you were speaking to Chanyeol? There’s no way he has pissed you off.”

“He had to go.” Baekhyun pouted, wrapping his fingers in Luhan’s button down, “Is it because I can be overbearing? Do you think I would be an annoying date?”

“No.” Luhan said instantly, a frown on his lips at the information, “Of course not, there is no reason one would find you annoying- I suppose it’s not best to tell you now that you shouldn’t focus on those sort of things, darling. Focus on schoolwork and your powers.”

It was completely biased of him to tell Baekhyun that considering the emotions he had to shove back, focusing on the fact that the younger was much younger than him, “Who are you thinking of anyways, I thought you didn’t have an interest in befriending any of them? You claimed that I would be forever your only friend.”

Baekhyun giggled at the tap on his nose, “I am your only friend also.”

“Thank you for that.”

“I may have an interest....” Baekhyun added uncharacteristically shy, “But he doesn’t have an interest, I suppose that’s okay considering the younger ones are always trying to hound me, but… it’s not bec-”

“It’s not because of your looks, I don’t want to hear it, you’re beautiful. And even with contacts on that doesn’t change, although you know my stance on such trivial things.”

Baekhyun pouted, but otherwise didn’t respond, only pressing his cheek closer into Luhan’s stomach and whining when he stopped playing with his hair.
“You know.” Luhan muttered after a few moments, “We’ve gotten many applications.”

“Oh!” Baekhyun was popping up and reaching for the papers until Luhan smacked his hand away with a growl how he needed to stop being so nosy as he was only a student.

“They are humans, the other professors and I have been discussing whether to expand and allow humans as diversity - to create equal opportunities and right-”

“What?” Baekhyun's face was contorted into disbelief as he sat up and scooted to the corner of the couch, “You must be kidding.”

“Baekhyun.” Luhan sighed, grabbing his hand, “I know you have been wronged in the past, but time changes, not everyone can be hated without second thought.”

“No, just humans.” Baekhyun argued, “I cannot picture a single human being kind to me before I placed these plastic pieces in my eyes - so tell me, Luhan, explain to me how they could be any different, could they accept any of us?”

“We stand for peace and equality, we aren’t trying to be discriminatory, mutants and normal humans will be the same.”

“Chanyeol says peace isn’t an option.” Baekhyun spat.

Luhan curled his lip up at that, shaking his head, “You shouldn’t listen to him so often, his views are skewed also. The both of you have had horrific things happen at the hands of humans, but that doesn’t erase the changes humans have made to accept us more in recent years.”

“Recent years.” Baekhyun scoffed, “Just last year someone painted our gate - that hardly counts as a good change for mutants.”

“Well, there will always be exceptions to controversy.”

“You know, Luhan, I used to think it's gonna be you and me against the world. But no matter how bad the world gets, you don't wanna be against it do you? You want to be part of it.” Baekhyun muttered, hands clenched, even the one Luhan was holding onto.

But Baekhyun wasn’t wrong, he usually wasn’t - sure he could be dramatic and irrational, but even then he had points that Luhan was welcome to consider.

This time though, they wouldn’t be able to come to a compromise and they both knew so.

So instead Luhan was reaching out to push the messy waves off Baekhyun's forehead, “What did you need, love? I’ll be happy to get it for you.”

“Minseok said I could use his car to buy the others clothes. Yifan has nothing. And… and I was hoping…”

“Aish, why must you always try and make yourself seem selfish at first? You should have told me the other day that was what you wanted.” Luhan rolled his eyes and stood to his feet to go to his desk, “My darling, you always cause fights and continue to pretend to be a spoiled brat - you and I know that is untrue.”

Baekhyun giggled, pulling his sleeves over his palms and watching Luhan search for his wallet, “It’s fun.”
“It’s fun.” Luhan mocked, snatching his leather wallet and digging into it, “You are so extraordinarily annoying sometimes, did you know?”

“You love me.”

“That is undeniable.” The elder smiled as he walked back over, holding out a handful of bills and pinching Baekhyun’s cheek, “You know the rules, darling, and don’t take Jongdae again, he’s too hard to control. But, I suggest you go tomorrow, it’s getting pretty dark out.”
Flooding Feelings (X-Men AU)

Baekhyun was exhausted, angry they had to train in the rain, but it suddenly didn’t seem so bad anymore, he seemed to be getting unexpected gifts.

Such as the tall, hovering man leaning over the island counter talking to Luhan.

Baekhyun didn’t even give two fucks about whatever they were talking about as he released an excited squeal and was dropping some of the shopping bags by the stairs before launching himself into Chanyeol’s back.

“I guess I did tell you to ready a big hug for me, although you were hours late for my arrival.”

The light bearer only laughed as Chanyeol turned around to hug him to his chest, “I was out!”

“Well thank you, I hadn’t realized.” Chanyeol rolled his eyes sarcastically, earning a rather weak stomp on his shoe, “Yeah, yeah, be a brat.”

“Spend time with me!” Baekhyun demanded with a pout, hair falling into his eyes in a way too irresistible for Chanyeol to handle.

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Baekhyun hummed to Chanyeol’s words that he truthfully wasn’t listening much too, only picking through the pile of snacks the elder had brought back with him.

“You know, Luhan told me you had been asking for me quite a bit, lovely.”

The younger sighed and turned around to walk towards the couch Chanyeol was seated on, newspaper in the man’s hands.

“I was… feeling a bit upset, with all the newcomers and… you know Luhan means well, but always seems to say the worst things.”

Chanyeol shook his head sympathetically and smiled as Baekhyun laid himself across his hip, “There is nothing to be said other than that you are a masterpiece, is that what you wish to hear?”

Baekhyun smiled softly, tilting his head to rest against Chanyeol’s shoulder, “I’m sleepy. Will you read to me?”

“I suppose since you ask so nicely.” Chanyeol teased, pressing his chin to the crown of Baekhyun's head, “But only if you take out those silly contacts first, otherwise I refuse.”

“Then I won’t be able to go back to my room.”

“You don’t hide perfection, little star.” Chanyeol replied, draping an arm across Baekhyun's chest, “But, I guess the world might not be quite ready to see what you have to offer, are they?”

“And what is it I can offer?” The younger whispered, closing his eyes and listening to Chanyeol’s soft breathing, “A show?”

“In a sense…” The elder hummed, “A show of strength, of beauty. I won’t spout nonsense about your variation, that’s Luhan’s job, but I want you by my side. Will you be, Baekhyun? By my side to showcase us mutants one day?”
“We are similar, are we not?” Baekhyun asked, “Me, you, and Luhan, or me and you?”

“Do you believe Luhan is similar to us, my star? Do we share the same… ideas?”

“I used to think so.”

Chanyeol only hummed in response, pressing a soft kiss to Baekhyun’s cheek, “Don’t fall asleep with those in, lovely, they’ll ruin those pretty eyes.”

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Baekhyun didn’t like to listen most of the time, but he listened to Chanyeol, always.

And the older man was always happy to see the eighteen year old, always excited to have him near - but it seemed inappropriate at times, his affection for the smaller.

Like now, Baekhyun asleep on his chest, curled up in an uncomfortable looking way on the sofa, it hardly mattered though because Baekhyun was likely to not care a smidge about his discomfort so long as he was with Chanyeol.

That thought only made the discomfort settle in the professors chest, because he was overly aware that their bond was inappropriate considering the ten year age gap between the two of them - it wasn’t like they had done anything inappropriate, of course not, but... the feelings were there, and they were too obvious for it not to be known between them.

Baekhyun was legal, and Chanyeol was also aware of that, but he didn’t want the smaller to be obligated to love him back or to feel coerced.

He just wanted to be with Baekhyun always, no matter in what context, even if it was simply like this.

Simply hidden affection and his fingers combing through the smaller’s hair, thumb running over the shell of Baekhyuns ear gently.

Baekhyun whined quietly then, half asleep as he moved his legs to try and stretch, but opening his eyes when he realized he didn’t have room to do so, blinking the blaring blue multiple times to try and be aware of his surroundings.

The blue truly was astounding - an entire masterpiece in one small mutant, Chanyeol only wished Baekhyun would see it the same way.

“I’ll take you to bed, beautiful.” He whispered, standing up to pick the smaller up, “Just go to bed, my light.”

“I... nightmare.” Baekhyun muttered, almost so quiet it wasn’t heard.

Chanyeol sighed and knew of Baekhyuns trauma, a trauma they shared at the hands of judgement for the unknown, humans were disgusting, and the fire bearer could care less about the scars across his skin, but cared extremely about Baekhyuns unseen scars. Mental ones could be the worst. “Will we be speaking tonight, Baekhyun?”

He saw Baekhyun chew his lip tiredly, and didn’t have to think about walking to his own bed and laying the small mutant down, “I suppose not, little star. Rest up, my sweet mutant.”

He walked around the room to close the curtains and then to pull off his shirt, feeling Baekhyuns
eyes into his scarred back, but it hardly mattered when everyone knew of them to exist.

“Chanyeol.”

“Yes, lovely?” He cooed, laying down on the other side of the bed, Baekhyuns eyes seemed brighter than normal - always did when they were together.

“I love you.”

Chanyeol smiled and opened his arm, “And I, you.”

They both knew, it was only a matter of time before the dam would break and they’d have to face the flood.
“I’ve been waiting an hour!” Baekhyun cried, dropping the book onto Chanyeol’s side table and pushing the sheet off his sleep shirt, “You took much too long.”

“Lovely, you know that I hate to see those things, take them off.” Chanyeol sighed, tossing the hand mirror off his dresser to the bed before undoing his tie.

Baekhyun pouted before reaching out for the mirror, moving to sit on the side of the bed to drop his contacts in the trash beneath the side table.

“Did you have a nice day today? I suppose my overreaction this morning was due to a conversation Luhan and I had to have, all is okay, my star.” Chanyeol cooed, digging through his dresser.

“It was okay.” Baekhyun sighed, sliding back into the bed and pulling the covers up to his chin, “All finished, don’t kick me out!”

Chanyeol laughed at the snobby order, unbuttoning the top few buttons of his shirt before turning to look down at Baekhyun, “There they are, exquisite.”

He leaned down to press a kiss to the smaller’s temple before going back to finding pajamas, “I’m sorry, but I’m much too tired tonight to read to you, Baekhyun. What is it that you wanted other than to show me your beauty - which I see is still superior than others.”

Baekhyun giggled at that, shaking his head and adjusting the pillow under his cheek. “Just to talk.”

The elder smiled gently, taking a seat on the edge of the bed and laying his pajamas on the end of the bed, “Go ahead, let’s talk before you fall asleep and I have to carry you to your room.”

“I just… wanted to ask you something… but… you don’t have to answer and if it’s too person-“

“Lovely.” Chanyeol laughed and placed a hand on Baekhyun hair, “Just spit it out, I’m sure there are many things you’ve said or asked that have been much worse.”

“Would… if… the chance was given, would you sleep with me? I’m just… I’m wondering.”

Chanyeol nearly blacked out, he swore so. “Baekhyun… Baekhyun, you shouldn’t ask such things, I’m much too old for you, please don’t speak so… vulgarly.”

“I wasn’t… I just wanted to know - it’s not that I’m… not enough, right? I was… just, you know, asking.” Baekhyun whispered shyly.

“I won’t answer you - now you should go to bed, run off, pretty.”

Baekhyun pouted, but received a kiss to his hair that calmed his annoyance before he was sulking his way back to his room.

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Part of it was just because he had insomnia, but part of it was just because he wasn’t comfortable alone sometimes, and he knew the elder was the same way.

But Baekhyun liked to sleep in either Chanyeol or Luhan’s room - but Luhan had a habit of calling him a child when he did such things, and Baekhyun hated it, but Chanyeol never said a thing, only
smiled and allowed him to do whatever he wanted.

Which was why Baekhyun was sneaking his way back to the elders room with messy hair and a glass of milk in his hands.

But as soon as he was standing outside the door he heard thrashing and nearly dropped his cup, scrambling to open the door.

“Chanyeol, Yeol, hey.”

He set his cup down carefully before worriedly grabbing Chanyeol’s hands, the elder waking with a gasp at the skin contact, flinching slightly.

“It’s me. It’s just me.” Baekhyun soothed, sitting up on his knees at the edge of the bed to pull the blankets off Chanyeol’s chest, “Hey, nightmare again, you’re okay.”

Chanyeol released a deep breath before throwing an arm over his eyes, feeling the skin damp with sweat. “You should be asleep, you don’t have to deal with me.”

“Of course I do.” Baekhyun laughed softly, laying down and pressing his chest into Chanyeol’s side, “You’re my favorite, remember? If you have to deal with this then so do I.”

“Baekhyun.” Chanyeol laughed breathily, blindly lifting the blanket, “It’s my story to recall, you know we don’t discuss this.”

“I know.” Baekhyun murmured, throwing his arms around Chanyeol’s waist and pressing his cheek into his ribs, “But I still hate it.”

Chanyeol smiled with closed eyes, fingers moving to comb down the messy waves on the back of Baekhyun's head. “Go back to sleep.”

“Not until you do.” Baekhyun disagreed, “I’ll show you something nice, do you want to see?”

“When do I ever deny you?”

At the confirmation, Baekhyun giggled and raised his hand, separating his fingers and creating a ribbon of light blue light around his fingers that weaved in between each of them.

“I just figured out how to multitask, I can be invisible and create these sorts of lights now.” He explained softly, “Still not very grand, but—“

“It’s just as I expected.” Chanyeol whispered, reaching out to touch the lights, they didn’t feel like anything, but Baekhyun had always explained it as energy; as a feeling. “You’re amazing.”

Baekhyun only smiled, sending the ribbon to Chanyeol’s hand instead, eyes focusing on keeping them afloat as it wasn’t as easy on someone else.

“Now.” The elder curled his fingers around Baekhyun's, “I will rest, and so will you.”

“Bossy.” Baekhyun whispered, letting the lights blink out.

“At least I do it out of care, my star. Sleep well.” Chanyeol laughed softly, running his opposite hand over Baekhyun's spine.
Baekhyun was frankly becoming annoyed. It had been years him and Chanyeol had been running circles around each other, so obvious it was unnecessary to pretend anymore.

Especially because he had heard Jongdae telling Sehun and Jongin it was a useless effort to continue flirting with him when he was obviously Chanyeol’s.

It sounded nice to be referred to as the professors, even nicer when he considered the thought that perhaps everyone knew of their affections for each other.

And Baekhyun was just so tired of being... not rejected, but pushed off when Chanyeol deemed their relationship too close or when he was jealous.

He just wanted the man to face the facts - that Baekhyun was willing to give himself to him, had been for so long.

So he was taking a huge risk, a grand one.

Baekhyun didn’t get nervous, ever, but he was now.

It wasn’t as if he hadn’t been in Chanyeol’s room before, quite the opposite as he tended to sneak in on the regular, but he had never climbed into Chanyeol’s been like this, never an obvious offering for the man to have him, skin bare for him to see, sheets pulled up to his waist shyly because he was afraid tonight would be the day he got rejected.

But when Chanyeol walked in, instead of being surprised, he merely smiled and shook his head like he had been expecting as much, and Baekhyun pouted.

“I guess I should have assumed it would come to this after your inquiring, beauty.” Chanyeol cooed, back facing him as he pulled off his watch at his dresser.

Baekhyun frowned, “I... you are not surprised?”

“Oh. I am.” Chanyeol smiled to himself, “Very surprised, but I’m offended at the same time. How dare you come into my bed not being yourself? I only like you, Baekhyun. I don’t care for those fake recreations you try to play off to everyone else.”

“I am me.”

“Try again.” He turned around to raise a brow, placing hands on the footboard of his bed to look at the smooth skin of Baekhyuns shoulders and chest, untouched by any. “One more try, my dear.”

Baekhyun frowned and pointed to the dresser, holding the blanket over himself as he moved towards the side of the bed, “Please, pass it over.”

“So shy now? You and shy do not fit, lovely.” Chanyeol teased, grabbing the requested mirror, “You came to my bed to sleep with me and you’re shy about removing those awful contacts, you should have expected I’d ask you to, beautiful.”

“Will you be sleeping with me?”

“Hm.” The man mused, stepping away from the bed to pull off his button down, only a tank top beneath, “What are your intentions, Baekhyun?”

“I want to lose my virginity.” The teen answered quietly, rubbing his glowing eyes and turning a soft pink at his nudeness versus Chanyeol seemingly unphased, pulling the sheets up his chin
nervously.

“No, what are your intentions after this, my love? Will we play cat and mouse again? I’m sorry, but I cannot taste your lips and pretend to be nothing.”

“Will you kiss me?”

Chanyeol didn’t have to think, leaning over the side of the bed with his shirt falling to the floor to cup Baekhyun’s cheek, running his thumb beneath his lip, “Of course I will kiss you.”

Baekhyun smiled and Chanyeol had no choice but to press their lips together for a soft kiss, only a peck with mouths slightly open in order to taste the other, his hand trailing over the soft skin of the smaller’s neck before pulling away to finish changing.

“Chanyeol...” Baekhyun whispered, giggling slightly and cheeks turning pink, “Will you sleep with me?”

“I will sleep with you.” Chanyeol agreed, “But we will not have sex.”

Baekhyun frowned deeply, “Why is that? I am offering myself to you.”

“Because,” The elder drawled, turning to tug slightly at the sheets and proving his point at how Baekhyun got wide eyed and held it tight, “You are not comfortable with yourself, it’s inappropriate at the moment, I want you to love yourself before I can make love to you, my star.”

Baekhyun sighed, looking sad, but otherwise didn’t complain, just laying back against the mattress and watching Chanyeol.

“But, I have tasted you, and you know what that means, my sweet?”

“What?”

Chanyeol grinned at Baekhyun’s interested tone, “It means we are each other’s, me and you, together. I’ve come to the conclusion that should you come to me first it is out of pure love, am I right? It was hard, Baekhyun, to try and convince myself that my affections for you were inappropriate because they feel so right.”

“That’s ridiculous.” Baekhyun scoffed brattily, “Ten years is not so much; I am legal, and have been in love with you years, ever since I saw you walk into Luhan’s home.”

The fire bearer smiled reminiscently, unsure when his protective affection for the smaller turned into such love, but didn’t want to think too much when he had such a beautiful sight in his bed. “Luhan will be upset. His affections have not always been so appropriate, lovely.”

“Luhan and I never have seen eye to eye.” Baekhyun mumbled, blanket under his chin and giving a pretty smile when Chanyeol climbed into bed and pulled his cloth covered form closer. “He believes in humans, I cannot.”

“One day,” Chanyeol muttered, pushing Baekhyun’s hair from his face and pressing a kiss to his forehead. “I will make it a safe place for you - we will be in charge, we will be powerful. Mutants were born to be strong, just look at you, lovely, such a strong gift and we are using it to take lights out; what a shame, my star.”

“What is your vision?” Baekhyun asked excitedly, throwing a bare leg across Chanyeol’s beneath the blankets and shuddering when the man cupped his thigh softly, fingers not straying too far.
The fire bearer laughed before turning and trapping Baekhyun beneath his chest, getting a happy laugh into his jaw, “Me and you, Baekhyun. We will show them that we are not to be ridiculed. We will help other mutants, save them from the harsh hands of humanity and raise them as our own family - brothers. A brotherhood of mutants.”

Baekhyun smiled fondly, cupping behind a Chanyeol’s ear to pull him closer, lips brushing. “Kiss me?”

So Chanyeol did, fingers lingering along Baekhyuns skin and only pulling away centimeters to feel the soft puff of breath panted against his lips and to stare at the endless blue glowing with adoration for him.

“I love you.” He murmured, pressing another kiss to the corner of Baekhyuns mouth, gentle and fond. “I will keep you safe. Always, my star. There will never be a moment you should be afraid.”

“I will always follow you, my love.” Baekhyun whispered, fingers running over the raised skin on the back of his lover, tucking his face into Chanyeol’s shoulder and pressing a kiss there. “I was made to love you forever.”

“And I, you. My beautiful light.”
Park Chanyeol sat in the corner of his room, if you could call it that much - more of a closet, he mused.

His large form practically took up the entire space, head almost hitting the ceiling when he stood up straight.

Honestly, he would rather stay in his small living quarters than face the devils outside his door, his aunt and uncle and demon of a cousin; he’d definitely rather stay cramped.

Unfortunately, things the past sixteen years never seemed to go in his favor, they hadn’t for as long as he could remember.

“Wake up! Get on with it!”

He sighed, running a hand through his mess of brown locks and dragging his palm down his face.

He couldn’t wait until he was old enough to leave, but he had nowhere to go.

He never had anywhere to go.

As a baby, he had been left with his aunt and uncle, parents having been killed in a car crash.

They never seemed too fond of speaking of his parents, he rarely heard much in the past sixteen years.
Chanyeol slowly walked out his creaking door, back popping when he stood up straight with a slight ache in his back.

“It’s my precious boy’s birthday, oh, my dear boy!”

He curled his lip up and shook his head as he walked towards the kitchen, already knowing his schedule.

“Youngjae! My dear baby, growing up!”

Chanyeol felt the need to vomit.

He heard the familiar angry screech from the teenager, wanting to roll his eyes but not wanting the consequences if he should get caught doing so. “Why are there so little gifts? Why! Why, mother!”

Scoffing under his breath, Chanyeol busied himself pouring milk into glasses.

“I want something really special for my boy, hear me?”

“Yes, aunt Jisoo.”

She humphed an accepting noise, eyeing what he was doing before pursing her lips, “We might have to limit your meals again, seems you're gaining too much weight. We cannot afford to feed the entire neighborhood you know.”

“Of course.” Chanyeol replied, but his words were sour.

He wanted to point out the irony of her words when her and his uncle neared extraordinary sizes, eating much, much more than him. Youngjae himself seemed to be double Chanyeol’s waist size.

It was truthfully a wonder how Chanyeol ended up growing so well under these conditions.

“Mother! I want my mail! I probably received my allowance!”

An allowance Chanyeol knew wasn’t for Youngjae, but him. He only started suspecting so when he realized his birth mother’s name had been attached to the mail, but it wasn’t like he had much of a say anyways - never did.

“Have the boy do it!” His uncle called.

Chanyeol was glad to get out of the house, dropping what he was doing if only a few moments to breathe.

It seemed today was a very special day though, extremely so.

He honestly didn’t care about the money, didn’t care about the neglect or abuse; he just cared about making it through the day, finding something small to make him even the smallest bit happier.

And he suddenly felt very happy, he never got mail, but today was different.

In fine cursive handwriting ‘Mr. Park Chanyeol’ sat on a small square envelope. He laughed to himself, grabbing the rest of the mail in his grip before making his way into the house, tossing the others mail on the table and looping a finger under the bright red wax stamp holding it sealed.

“Hey! It’s my birthday, that must be mine!”
And suddenly the envelope was out of his reach, and he had never felt so angry before, he normally wouldn’t dare to say a word against Youngjae, but to hell with it. “That’s mine! It has my name on it!”

If he cared enough he would have been embarrassed at how childlike he sounded, the slight whine in his tone, but he was just pissed.

“Bring it here, son.” He heard his fat, coward of an uncle order, already leaning across to snatch it from his son's hands.

Chanyeol crossed his arms in anger, but couldn’t help sighing in defeat.

He watched his uncle's face go from annoyed, to confused, to shocked, within seconds before he was smirking and tearing the paper.

“Hey, that's mine!” Chanyeol cried, reaching out to try to grab the envelope, but it was far too late, it had already been torn to shreds, floating onto the table top.

“What are you talking about, boy?” Jisoo cried, sending a slap to his shoulder, “Go make my precious boy food!”

Chanyeol clenched his jaw, but turned and did it anyway.

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Baekhyun giggled and leaned into Jongdae’s side, wrapping his arm right around his friends. “Dae! Finally! I’ve been waiting all summer to come back here, it was so boring!”

His friend snickered, tugging on the collar of his uniform before pinching his side, “I can tell! Both you, and your owl look like you’ve eaten all the honey dukes!”

The smaller pouted at that, delivering a hit to Jongdae’s side when the brunette cackled, releasing his friend's arm to cross his arms and pout. “Don’t call my owl fat! At least mine doesn’t look like a toad!”

Jongdae screeched in annoyance, wrapping his arms tight around his mangy looking cat seated in his lap, leaning against the train compartment door. “You look like a toad!”

“You’re just jealous that nobody asked you to the ball last year!”

Baekhyun cried a triumphant noise when Jongdae flared but otherwise didn’t respond, accomplished with his win.

It was true though, Baekhyun seemed to have a way with charming others quickly; Kyungsoo from a year lower often tried to say he used a love charm, which wasn’t the case at all.

If it were, then how could Baekhyun still feel so lonely even with all his admirers?

Sure, he had plenty of choices, but… he didn’t really feel all that wanted, didn't really feel like anyone was right for him.

Perhaps it came with the separation of his parents, father imprisoned in Azkaban and mother turning into a shrewd of a woman, never even at home anymore.

That was fine, he preferred it that way anyways.
Or that’s what he told himself.

“Baek!”

He placed a huge smile on his face as Yixing opened the door, the dreamy-eyed teenager always lost in his own world, Baekhyun was somewhat envious of his expressions. “Xing! Want some honey dukes?” He laughed, pulling a handful of candy from his pocket.

“You’re going to make me puke.” Jongdae commented with a groan, but when Baekhyun shook a box of jelly beans at him, he accepted with a kitten lipped grin.

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Chanyeol pursed his lips at the havoc on the floor above his room, Youngjae and his stupid antics. The round teenager always going out of his way to make life more hellish for him, not that it really seemed all that possible.

It had been an entire week since Youngjae birthday, but the teen acted like everyday was his birthday anyways, the screaming and whining - a spoiled brat really.

He couldn’t really claim it was unfair, while it was, that the stuck up brat was treated so much better than him - he was their real son after all.

Chanyeol just didn’t know what was so horrible about his parents that made his aunt and uncle hate them so much.

It was unreasonably hatred considering both of them had been dead this long, and still they held such contempt for them.

He couldn’t really understand when he didn’t know much more than what his parents looked like. A single photo he had of them hidden under his pillow just in case.

He had it since he was a baby, and honestly had no idea how it had lasted so long when he remembered countless times his aunt and uncle tried to get rid of it.

“It’s been a good day!”

Chanyeol snickered under his breath as he opened his bedroom door, walking out to get a glass of water.

As he walked into the kitchen he could hear his aunt and uncle talking, but his eyes caught something white, sitting in the window sill.

“Of course, my dear! Not one of those foul letters!” His uncle cried.

Chanyeol would be rolling his eyes because he knew they had been throwing away his letters, had he not been so shocked.

Sitting on the window completely still was a white owl, snow white, holding a letter.

As quietly as he could he pushed the window up, keeping his actions smooth and slow as to not scare the animal. “Hello,” He whispered, “You’re beautiful.”

He didn’t know why it wasn’t running away, but he carefully accepted the letter from the bird and still stayed staring, because the owl hadn’t moved an inch like it was waiting for it’s treat.
Chanyeol had no idea what owls ate, but was scared that if he turned his back to the bird it would fly away, so he was probably an idiot for trying to pet an owl - but the owl still hadn’t moved, chirping a low noise that sounded happy.

Not that he was a bird expert - not at all, he was just hoping not to lose a finger.

“What’s your name?” He cooed, birds usually felt silky, smooth, but this bird was so fluffy, so soft like a kitten.

Again, the owl chirped a noise, leaning into his hand before it was suddenly flapping its wings frantically.

Chanyeol had no idea if he scared it or not, but the owl suddenly flew in and he cursed himself internally, “No! No, no, you can’t be here.” He cried quietly, trying to shoo the bird back out.

The owl wasn’t having it at all though, only hopping around on top of the fridge.

“Please- please, I’ll… i’ll take you with me, we can be friends!”

It sounded ridiculous as this was simply an owl, not a person, but it cooed a noise as it turned back towards him, flying off the fridge right on his shoulder, and he was shocked.

He hadn’t really thought this through because this was a full sized owl and to get to his room he needed to pass by the living room that his uncle and aunt were in.

“Okay.” He whispered, carefully grabbing the owl in his hands, it didn’t even move, only chirping more loudly, “Shh, sh. We have to be quiet.” He explained, nervous as he used his sweater to hide the bird under his arm, holding the letter between two fingers.

“Sh. Please.” He added, walking out to the hallway.

He got merely feet into the living room, his fast footsteps not seeming to make a difference as he was spotted.

“Boy. What are you doing?” His aunt demanded, “What's that in your hand, give it over!”

Chanyeol momentarily thought she was talking about the owl, and clenched his jaw as he turned his arm that held the bird more away from her. “Nothing.”

“Nothing!” His uncle mocked, “We can see the paper! Pass it over!”

Oh. That was much better than losing his new friend, but he still felt it wasn’t fair, it was clearly his. “No, it’s mine.”

His aunt cackled and he only tightened his shoulders up when she reached for it. “Stop!” Chanyeol demanded, pulling his hand away, “It’s mine!”

It felt like everything was happening all at once, his aunt was slapping across his cheek at his attitude and snatching the letter, but as soon as she touched the paper chaos reigned.

The owl in his arm started shrieking like it had been harmed, flapping its wings and bolting out of Chanyeol's grip, then the fire in the fireplace was dying down to nothing - no smoke, no flame, no ash - nothing.

Then the letters came, soaring in as if someone was pouring them down the chimney, but they were coming so quickly, so fast it made him laugh, not even flinching as the owl flew around, only
beaming at his aunts screeching.

He reached down to grab an envelope from the floor then, smiling because it seemed his aunt and uncle were busy drowning in the flying envelopes to do a damn thing.

“Dear, Mr. Park.”

Chanyeol jumped feet back, tripping over the rug when the front door burst open, unaffected by the owl screeching and flying at the man walking in.

“Ah! Our Baekhyun has been looking everywhere for you!” The man chirped, uncaring at all that he was a good eight feet tall, blocking the doorway and humongous, coddling the owl as if he hadn’t just invaded their home.

“This is a home invasion!” His aunt screamed beneath the pile of letters.

The man only shrugged, smiling to himself as he looked around, eyes meeting Chanyeol’s as the teen cowered on the floor in confusion.

“Well, what a handsome lad! Your parents would be so proud, Park!”

Chanyeol scrunched his nose up in confusion, cautiously accepting the man’s huge hand - Chanyeol was a large teenager, but this man was some sort of giant.

“Who… who are you?”

“Rubeus Hagrid. Keeper of keys and grounds at Hogwarts. Course, you'll know all about Hogwarts.” He chuckled, delivering an admittedly hard hit to his side that had Chanyeol laughing awkwardly and pretending it didn’t hurt as bad as it had.

“Well, read on, sport!” Hagrid encouraged.

“We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts' School of Witchcraft and Wizardry…” Chanyeol read, frowning and flinching in surprise when the owl jumped onto his arm.

“He’ll not be going! We swore when we took him in we'd put an end to this rubbish!” His uncle cried, red faced.

“You knew? You knew all along and you never told me?” Chanyeol growled, petting over the owls back when it rubbed up on his cheek.

His aunt looked positively pissed, “Of course we knew. My perfect sister being who she was. Oh, my mother and father were so proud the day she got her letter. We have a witch in the family. Isn't it wonderful? I was the only one to see her for what she was. A freak! And then she met that Park, and then she had you, and I knew you’d be just the same, just as strange, just as … abnormal. And then, if you please, she went and got herself blown up! And we got landed with you.”

“Witch? Blown up? You told me my parents died in a car crash!”

“Two of the strongest wizards we’ve ever had!” Hagrid cackled, “No way, son!”

“He's going to the finest school of witchcraft and wizardry in the world, and he'll be under the greatest headmaster Hogwarts' has ever seen: Albus Dumbledore.” Hagrid added, patting Chanyeol's arm, “Grab your things, boy.”
“This is an outrage!” His uncle cried.

“Unless you’d like to stay of course.” The giant laughed.

Chanyeol didn’t need to think twice.

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“All students must be equipped with one standard size two pewter cauldron and may bring if they desire either an owl, a cat or a toad. Can we find all this in here?” Chanyeol asked, awkwardly balancing the owl on his shoulder

“If you know where to go.” Hagrid assured, reaching out to grab the owl and getting an annoyed squawk, “Ah, your owner has been going crazy looking for you!”

Chanyeol frowned slightly, “I… I thought I could keep him…”

Hagrid chuckled and pushed him towards an alleyway, “His owner would go insane! Although this cute little thing really seems to like you, huh, Coconut!”

“Coconut..” Chanyeol snickered, “What kind of name is that?”

“His owner… really likes food.”

Chanyeol only laughed softly, wringing the list between his hands and frowning as they started walking into a store, “The Leaky Cauldron? But… I have no money.”

“Well that's why we're going to Diagon Alley.”

“Hagrid… that still…” He trailed off as Hagrid stopped at a brick wall, tapping his umbrella on the withering brick and watching it move, he gawked as it opened up to an entire new area, people wandering around laughing loudly.

Hagrid chuckled at his expression, pushing him towards the busy street, “First - to your bank.”

“I don’t have a bank.” Chanyeol argued, still awestruck as he looked around.

“You, son.” Hagrid laughed, “Are the richest teenager alive.”

The last thing Chanyeol expected this week was to have a few dollars to his name, let alone a vault filled with gold.

Chapter End Notes

Me: casually drabbling everything I can think of
Chanyeol was very happy with the animal he had chosen, a tan owl that had immediately rubbed up against the pretty white one, and he felt too bad to separate them, so he got him.

The wand he was destined to have was made from Phoenix tail feathers, the shopkeeper told him the only other replica of such a wand had... well, been the reason for the slight scar across his collarbone, one he tried to hide.

That hadn’t been reassuring at all, especially not when the shopkeeper refused to speak of it altogether.

“Hagrid.” He murmured, pulling his knees up and looking outside the moving train, “That shopkeeper, he mentioned anoth-“

“We can not speak of it.” Hagrid muttered apologetically, “I cannot.”

“Why not?” Chanyeol demanded, “My parents had been… killed, haven’t they? That’s why my aunt and uncle refused to tell me?”

The giant sighed so loud Chanyeol felt bad raising his voice, but Hagrid only clasped his hands together. “We… we are not allowed to speak of the man, Chanyeol. But… but…”

“Tell me.” Chanyeol demanded impatiently, “Hagrid, it was my family.”

“It was dark times, Chanyeol, dark times. Voldemort started to gather some followers, he brought them over to the dark side. Anyone that stood up to him ended up dead. Your parents fought against him, but nobody lived once he decided to kill them...”

“Nobody...not one. Except you.” He added after a moment, “That’s why you're famous, kid. That’s why everybody knows your name. You’re the boy who lived.”

“I’m… i’m just me.” Chanyeol whispered, rubbing his clammy palms on his pants nervously.

“Lucky for you.” Hagrid mustered up, “Most students are already in their assigned rooms, but you get a private boat ride.” He stood up and opened the train door.

Chanyeol laughed nervously, “B..Boat?”

Hagrid didn’t answer, only waving his arm out towards the windows.

And in the distance, a castle stood surrounded by sea, the train coming to a haunt abruptly.

“Hogwarts, son.”
“Humor me!” Baekhyun whined, throwing his silver wand into the air and catching it, “Dae, You're the worst roommate!”

“At least we're aren't getting the new kid.” Jongdae snickered, throwing his damp towel on Baekhyun's bed just because he knew how badly the teen hated it, “Just you and me as normal - fine by me! Sehun gets the new kid, said that Dumbledore was guessing his house so soon, I’m curious. ”

“Sehunnie is too shy to talk to you because you’re annoying!” Baekhyun cried, kicking the towel off his red blanket, “My owl is missing, and you muggle born cannot humor me! Tell me a joke!”

“You know I despise that name.”

Baekhyun sat up with a sigh, rolling over into his stomach to frown apologetically, “I’m sorry. You know I get testy before the year starts.”

His friend shrugged it off immediately, but Baekhyun still felt bad about pointing out something he didn’t need to.

After all, being a muggle born was much better than being the spawn of two death eaters.

“Here.” He whispered, sitting up and reaching for his chest at the end of his bed, “You can steal from my stash - I won’t say a word, swear!”

Jongdae laughed once before full on cackling as he walked over to dig in the chest, “Baek, how do you always have so much candy? How do you even sneak it past the paintings?”

“Lots of practice.” Baekhyun giggled, wiggling his brows, “Us Griffindors have to look out for each other.”

“Because sugar cures all?” Jongdae remarked sarcastically.

Baekhyun nodded seriously before placing a pout on his lips, “Wait, wait! Not those ones! I love chocolate frogs, you know that!”

“You said you wouldn’t say anything! My choice!”

“I lied!”

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Hogwarts was… well, it was a lot.

Chanyeol barely got out of the house to go to school, much less see something so extraordinary.

“Come along!” Hagrid cried out, grabbing his arms so tight he cringed, trying to look around the castle. There weren’t many people here at all, barely any, probably because it seemed so late out, but a few similarly dressed students looked at him curiously as the giant dragged him around.

He didn’t mind the uniforms so much, he really didn’t find it in him to care at all when the castle was so beautiful.

He was snapped out of it only when Hagrid was throwing him into a room full of wandering eyes, a cafeteria it seemed, filled to the brim with students.
“Park Chanyeol, Professor McGonagill.” Hagrid boomed, voice echoing.

Chanyeol flinched slightly at the sound, watching Coconut fly off of Hagrid shoulder with a screech, chancing a glimpse at his own, still unnamed, owl just to make sure he wasn’t as scared as Chanyeol felt.

“Park?”

“The Park Chanyeol?”

“But… You-Know-Who-“

“Silence!”

The woman was older, but she silenced the four tables of students like second nature, “Had Dumbledore been informed of his arrival?” She asked, beaoning Chanyeol with a curl of her finger.

He took a deep breath, setting his suitcase on the ground and pulling at his sleeves, he never minded being so large before - but now he just wished he wasn’t so he could hide, sure his ears were bright red.

“He knows all.” Is all Hagrid replied before he was grabbing Chanyeol's bags from the ground and spinning on his heels to leave.

Chanyeol wanted to pass out.

“Welcome to Hogwarts. Now, Park Chanyeol.” The woman didn’t seem mean per say, but her putting all these eyes on him felt nerve racking as she placed a hand on his arm to pull him up a few steps to a chair at the front of the room. “You need to be sorted into a house, we will assume you need to learn a lot. The houses are Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, and Slytherin. Now, while you are here, your house will be like your family. Your triumphs will earn you house points. Any rule breaking, and you will lose points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the house cup.”

He nodded slightly, gulping and laying his palms over his lap. Cautiously, he looked around the room and saw mostly excited, even awed looks, but a table of students all dressed in green looked to be cackling, a boy with slicked back golden hair smirking at his misery. Chanyeol hated him already.

“Now. Sorting.” Professor McGonagill explained, grabbing a hat from a metal box. “As you can see at the tables, all houses are connected to a color and a sign. You can see the plaques on the walls.”

Chanyeol had already noticed, but he was sure that she was only talking to try and calm his nerves because he was being watched like a hawk by all these other students.

She placed the hat on his head quickly and he jumped a few feet when he heard mumbled talking, “Hmm...difficult, very difficult. Plenty of courage I see, not a bad mind, either. There's talent, oh yes, and a thirst to prove yourself. But where to put you?”

Chanyeol gulped when he looked around and the few students with the golden haired boy were dressed in green, laughing and mocking his reaction.

“Not Slytherin. Not Slytherin.” He requested.
“Not Slytherin, eh? Are you sure? You could be great, you know. It's all here in your head. And Slytherin will help you on your way to greatness! There's no doubt about that! No?”

“No, please.” Chanyeol murmured adamantly.

“Then, I suppose… Gryffindor!”

He didn’t really know what was happening, but a table of all red was suddenly standing with huge cheers as if they had won something extraordinary.

“Go to your new house.” The Professor requested, patting his arm.

Chanyeol blushed and grinned shyly as those dresses in red patted him, spilling congratulations and excitement.

“We got Park! We got Park!”

An arm was wrapping around his wrist and pulling him to a spare seat, the man had a huge grin and rugged until Chanyeol had no choice but to follow. “Kim Jongdae, nice to meet you!”

Chanyeol nodded, feeling his ears ring from the cheers and climbing onto the bench, “Hello.”

He suddenly had an entire armful of Coconut again, the owl hopping right across from him and making him burst into laughter as she nearly spilled a bowl of food.

“As expected.” Came a soothing voice making Chanyeol peek up.

The teenager was beautiful, he felt himself flush all the way down his chest at the pretty brown eyes and puppy like expression of excitement. “That you’re Gryffindor, I mean.”

“You’re scaring him, Baekhyun.” Jongdae mused beside Chanyeol, digging into his plate of food.

“Why’s… what’s that supposed to mean?” Chanyeol asked softly, connecting the clingy owl to the pretty student across from him.

Baekhyun giggled and Chanyeol was ready to call it a night because he really wasn’t ready to hear such a cute noise. “Your parents… they were Gryffindor too, silly. As expected you would be.”

Chanyeol gulped, and nodded, reaching across the table with Coconut resting on his hand, “Your… your owl has been following me a long time now, you must have missed her.”

“Coconut does what she likes. Although, she doesn’t like others too much.” Baekhyun commented, tilting his head not dissimilar to a puppy as he accepted his owl. “You must be something, Park Chanyeol.”

“She… Uh- she..”

“Dude.” Jongdae whispered into Chanyeol's arm, “Good luck.”

Chanyeol had no idea what the man was wishing him luck for, but Baekhyun was still beaming prettily, looking as if he was absorbing all of the light because he radiated beauty.

He straightened up and scratched at his collarbone absently, “What… kind of name is Coconut anyways?”

And Baekhyun threw his entire body into the side of a smaller teenager, getting a narrow eyed
glare, but Chanyeol only cared that he had gotten such a reaction. “I like food!”

Chanyeol wanted to say, ‘so I’ve heard,’ but he was way too tongue twisted at the sight that all he could do was nod lamely, “Me too.”

“We - I-“ Baekhyun was so cute flustered and Chanyeol was sure his face was turning red from Jongdae’s laughing, “Can I name yours!” The smaller finally spluttered out.

Chanyeol was much too enamored by the sight of Baekhyun flustering to himself, excited at even the possibility of choosing his owls name, he only nodded.

Baekhyun squealed a noise that had so many students turning to watch as he leaned almost completely over the table, looking so much like a cute puppy Chanyeol was sure the smaller was going to be the death of him. “Okay! What… what about chocolate! What… how about Sandy? Coco? Wha-“

“Baekhyun.” Jongdae groaned, shoving the students shoulder across the table, Chanyeol really didn’t like how much distance it put back between them, “You’re scaring Sehun, stop.” He laughed, pointing to the skinny teenager beside Baekhyun.

Sehun only looked confused, not scared, but Baekhyun didn’t seem to care at all, only moving around in his seat instead, “What about Honey?”

Chanyeol didn’t even care if he never left this table, he just wanted to look at Baekhyun all day.

Chapter End Notes

These Harry Potter Drabbles are all connected, just at different time periods! If you guys decide you want me to combine them into a book of their own, let me know, but it’s so fun to write so far!

Also, Hogwarts in this is more like a high school- college environment, not for children!
“Chan!”

Chanyeol just about rolled off his bed with how shocked he was, pulling the blanket up his bare chest and groaning as he laid back down, “Baek, I told you to knock.”

Baekhyun only laughed a cute sound and was jumping on his bed, hair bouncing up in messy waves as he beamed sweetly. “Morning.”

Chanyeol still wasn’t used to his cuteness, not after all these months. If anything, he would consider himself fully whipped for the smaller teenager - actually, that was a fact - it seemed everyone knew so except Baekhyun himself.

His obliviousness really didn’t help Chanyeol grow a pair in order to ask him out, and all of Baekhyun's admirers really set his hair ablaze.

And Baekhyun always seemed so flirtatious, so sweet to everyone it was hard to decipher what was going on.

Sweet even to stupid Luhan - the golden haired snake along with his two friends Yifan and Zitao, the rudest of serpents from day one.

That was something Chanyeol liked to avoid as he had only recently learned of Baekhyun and Luhans past relationship, and it didn’t make him feel better at all even if Baekhyun was whining curses about the Slytherins.

“Do you want some candy?”

Chanyeol snorted, peeking his eyes out of his blanket, “Why are you here so early? And… why are you eating candy, you’ll get sick.”

Baekhyun pouted his lips and Chanyeol really wanted to kiss him. “Do you think…. would Cookie like them?”

“Don’t feed my owl candy.” Chanyeol groaned, sitting up to grab the box of candy from Baekhyun's hand, “Stop eating so much candy.”

“It’s how I’m so sweet!” Baekhyun cried, “That’s what Jun said, and he’s Ravenclaw - so he knows all!”

Chanyeol resisted the urge to roll his eyes because he wasn’t sure if Junmyeon said it to flirt, or just to get Baekhyun off his back - he much preferred the second option. “Baekhyun. Stop invading other houses' floors, you’ll make us lose points.”

“Oh, please.” The smaller smirked, “I’m like a fox, super fast!”

“Whatever you say.” Chanyeol drawled, setting the box back in Baekhyun's lap and leaning against the headboard with a yawn.

Baekhyun, as usual, seemed more than happy to have candy in his hands, and Chanyeol had no
idea why the smaller liked to invade his space so much when half the time Baekhyun only played
with his owl, or sat in silence - not that he minded.

“Does this hurt?”

Chanyeol held his breath when Baekhyun’s fingertip came to run across his scarred collarbone,
suppressing a shudder. “Sometimes it stings; Dumbledore said it was part of the curse Voldemort
tried to use.”

Baekhyun flinched at rapid speeds at the dark sorcerer's name, and Chanyeol really didn’t care
much for walking around issues like everyone in Hogwarts seemed to do, with more information
on the dark wizard he just hated him more.

Like how he had successfully murdered hufflepuff Jongin’s family with an unspeakable curse, or
how strongly he hated human born wizards and witches - but Baekhyun especially hated when
Chanyeol mentioned him, everyone did really.

It was very odd considering their friends were pretty used to it except Baekhyun - who Chanyeol
had leached onto all the time - they would even have conversations every once in a while to explain
things to Chanyeol, but Baekhyun never once uttered a thing.

He had half a mind to ask Minseok or Kyungsoo, Ravenclaws, about his behavior, but it seemed
unfair to go behind Baekhyun's back.

“Okay… I just… I wanted to see you before potions.” Baekhyun whispered quietly, sliding off the
bed. It was so easy to tell when the smaller's mood had been down, his light seemed to dull.

“Wait, Baek.” Chanyeol called, watching the little teen grab the door and turn to look over his
shoulder at him. He felt the pressure then, the need to cheer Baekhyun up because he hated to see
him so dark, “Cookie and Coconut can play for just a little while we’re in class, okay?”

Baekhyun beamed quickly, changing moods immediately and Chanyeol released a breath he hadn’t
known he was holding. “Yay! Coconut loves you, Chanyeol.”

Chanyeol wished Baekhyun loved him too.

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They had a new Defense of the Dark Arts teacher this year, an arrogant, pretty boy with a book -
apparently he was famous.

Chanyeol had no clue who he was, but he had been over excited when he walked into the
professor's class.

“Isn’t he so lovely?” Chanyeol heard two girls talking in front of him and scrunched up his nose,
turning around to Sehun beside him with a disgruntled look making the shy teenager laugh.

“I don’t find him so attractive.” He heard Baekhyun and Jongdae talking behind him, “More of an
uptight show off if you ask me.”

“Probably has something to do with him not being an evil snake? Not attractive enough for you,
Baek?”

Chanyeol was turning around in his seat immediately, “Don't joke like that, Baekhyun hates it.” He
ordered defensively to Jongdae.
Baekhyun ducked his head, scratching at his cheek uncomfortably at the joke, even more so uncomfortable when across the aisle Luhan sent him a smirk, probably having heard Jongdae’s loud mouth.

“Slytherins are meant to be cunning - it doesn’t mean they’re evil.” Kyungsoo muttered behind Baekhyun, fixing his glasses.

Chanyeol could really not care less about the Ravenclaws’ words, he had yet to find one good Slytherin to befriend.

“Sure, because it isn’t a fact most of them follow the Dark Arts eventually; Azkaban is where all of them belong.” Jongin murmured beside Kyungsoo, the hufflepuff was hardly outspoken, but very much so about Slytherins - probably because of all the torment they got from them.

Baekhyun slammed his book shut then, and Chanyeol only had time to look at him concerned before the smaller was getting out of his seat.

“Baekhyun…” He tried to call, looking more concerned than their friends as he moved across the aisle to take a seat, surprisingly, directly beside Wu Yifan, one of Luhan’s most loyal puppets.

Baekhyun avoided his friends' eyes, focusing on reopening his book as the professor readied their lesson for the day.

“Switch me.” He heard demanded and sighed deeply as Yifan was moving seats to sit beside Zitao.

“Don’t speak to me, Luhan.” He demanded, running his finger across the corner of his book.

Said Slytherin only smiled cockily, sending a mocking look over Baekhyun's shoulder towards the Gryffindors' friends, “Just looking at you, my love.”

Baekhyun gulped, turning his head to look up at him, it was undeniable that Luhan was handsome - but his dark attitude didn’t have any redeemable qualities. “Please. Let’s not do this today, I’m not feeling well.”

If there was one thing Luhan could relate to him about, it was the pressure put on the both of them, regardless that Baekhyun's parents believed his placement in Gryffindor to be a grave mistake.

Luhan’s eyes softened, and he nodded swiftly, “You know I always have time to speak to you, darling.”

The Gryffindor pursed his lips, Luhan’s sweetness to him didn’t make up for his sourness and bullying of his friends, so Baekhyun only fiddled with his wand as he felt Chanyeol's stare into his temple.

“Alright class!”

Chanyeol furrowed his brows at the chirping noises and the rattling of metal as Professor Lee placed a large cloth covered thing on the table in front of the room. “It is my job to arm you against the foulest creatures known to wizardkind! You may find yourself facing your own worst fears in this room. Know only that no harm can befall you whilst I am here!”

“I must ask you not to scream. It might provoke them.” He added, whipping off the cover. Inside are a bunch of bright blue, squealing creatures, eight inches tall, with pointed faces and wings, they rattled the bars and pulled bizarre faces at the students.
Chanyeol turned to spare a look with Baekhyun but saw the smaller looking amazed at the creatures, obviously having no clue what they were as Chanyeol didn’t either.

“Cornish pixies?” Minseok called from the back of the room, the Ravenclaw standing on his toes to see better.

In front of Baekhyun, Zitao scoffed, sharing a chuckle with a few other Slytherins.

“Laugh if you will, Mr. Huang, but pixies can be devilishly tricky little blighters. Let’s see what you make of them now!”

Before anyone could prepare, the Professor was flinging the cage door open and the pixies rocketed out, causing chaos.

Some immediately began shredding books, breaking ink bottles on students, spraying ink at them.

“Get off! Get off!”

Chanyeol freaked out trying to get two to get off Sehun’s cloak through all the chaos, students scrambling and screaming.

“Come on now, round them up, round them up. They're only pixies.” The teacher drawled, pointing his wand at them, “Peskipiski Pesternomi!”

It had absolutely no effect, and the professor was scrambling to the door along with most of the students.

Just as Chanyeol freed Sehun and was pushing the younger towards the door, he heard a screeching scream. “Help! Ow! It hurts!”

He spun on his heels and saw Jongdae and Junmyeon frantically trying to swat at a few pixies tugging on Baekhyun's hair and ears, the smaller looked near tears.

“Baek!” He called, eyes wide and nearly plowing a handful of Slytherins over as they ran for the door and blocked his path, “Hold still! Hold still!”

“Immobilus!” Chanyeol heard called and turned to nod thankfully at Yixing who smiled dazed and turned to walk out of the classroom as if he hadn't just frozen all the pixies in the air.

“Ow!” Baekhyun cried again, Chanyeol couldn't take it and pushed through Jongdae and Junmyeon to cup his chin to look him over.

The cute teenager had tiny scratches all over his ears and around his hairline, so thin they must have stung terribly, his face bright red and eyes looking glassy.

“I got him.” Chanyeol muttered to their two friends, “I got him - I’ll take him to the infirmary, swear.”

Jongdae smirked at him while Junmyeon just looked confused as Jongdae grabbed his sleeve to pull him out of the classroom.

“You’re okay, Baekhyun, it’s just scratches.” Chanyeol assured, grabbing the smaller's palm and pulling him with him. “It’s not terrible, right? Is it too painful?”

Baekhyun sniffed, but hadn’t shed any tears yet - thank god because Chanyeol didn’t think his heart could take it - picking at a hole in his shirt as Chanyeol pulled on his hand out the hallway,
“My mother is going to be upset I’ll have to ask for a new uniform; this is the third one this year.”

Chanyeol frowned, releasing Baekhyun's hand with the intention of wrapping the smaller under his arm, but Baekhyun looked up at him fearfully, grabbing onto his arm tightly and leaning into his side. “I’ll give you money, Baek, if you’re that afraid to ask her.”

“It’s alright.” Baekhyun whispered, but sounded like it was anything but alright, scratching at a mark on his cheek. “I can… go to the infirmary alone, you have Quidditch practice.”

He had honestly forgotten all about it until Baekhyun mentioned it right now, “I’ll walk you and be a few moments late, it’s not a big deal - then, tonight we can go get you a new uniform.”

Baekhyun opened his mouth to respond, but only sighed and pressed his cheek into Chanyeol's arm.

Chanyeol had half a thought to press a kiss to his hair, but wasn’t willing to lose this moment.

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Chanyeol was a few moments late to practice, earning the most scowling glare from Jongdae and a soft reassuring look from Sehun.

But it seemed something was amiss, because their team leader Shin Wonho was red in the face angry squaring off against Slytherin captain Son Hyunwoo, “I, Professor Severus Snape, do hereby give the Slytherin team permission to practice today, owing to the need to train their new Seeker.”

Wonho paused reading the note, “You've got a new Seeker? Who?”

Chanyeol frowned until Hyunwoo was pulling someone from the back of the group, “Luhan?” He growled.

Said stuck up Slytherin merely smirked, “That's right. And that's not all that's new this year.”

One of the Slytherins was holding up a brand new broomstick, Chanyeol's jaw dropped.

“Those are Nimbus Two Thousand Ones.” He heard Sehun gawk.

“A generous gift from Luhan’s father.” Hyunwoo explained simply.

“That's right, Oh. You see, unlike some, my father can afford to buy the best.” Luhan smirked, tugging on the old, faded cloak Sehun wore.

Chanyeol clenched his jaw and tugged the younger boy behind him.

“At least no one on the Gryffindor team had to buy their way in. They got in on pure talent!” Jongdae snarled, looking near feral as he stepped in front of Chanyeol and Sehun.

Luhan curled his lips, “No one asked your opinion, you filthy little Mudblood!”

Chanyeol hadn’t ever heard such a term before, but the entire team - both of them - went silent.

Then, Taehyung and Jungkook of the Gryffindor team went flying for Luhan’s throat, getting held back by Wonho. “Save it for the match.”

“That’s why Baekhyun hates you!” Sehun cried, looking so angry for the small, shy boy that
usually didn’t say much at all, “Stuck up serpent!”

“Let’s go.” Chanyeol muttered, wrapping an arm around Jongdae’s shoulder and grabbing Sehun's cloak, “I believe practice is done today.”

“Run away, as usual, Park.” He heard Luhan sneer, but he was honestly too angry to deal with him today.

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Chanyeol was slightly jealous of Jongdae, because he shared a room with Baekhyun, he had been friends with him so long, and he didn’t get nervous about being so close to the smaller when Baekhyun was much too adorable for his own good.

Or, he was just jealous it wasn’t him laying across Baekhyun's lap getting his hair combed from his face by Baekhyun's adorable puffy faced look he had after just waking up - at least he no longer was scratched up.

“What will someone explain, or will the three of you sit in silence after waking me up so rudely?” Baekhyun mumbled.

Chanyeol shrugged, moving to sit on the chest at the end of his bed and laying his cheek on his palm, “Luhan called Dae something… I’m not sure what it was.”

“He called me a Mudblood.” Jongdae whispered.

Baekhyun gasped quietly, sitting up to blink at Sehun and Chanyeol as if he heard wrong, “He did not.”

“It means dirty blood. Mudblood is a really bad name for someone who was Muggle-born. Someone with non-magic parents. Someone like me.” Jongdae continued, usual smile gone as he pressed his cheek into Baekhyun's blankets.

“It’s not a term used in everyday conversation.” Sehun added uncomfortably.

Baekhyun licked his lip at Chanyeol's lost expression, “There are some wizards who think they’re better than everyone else because they're what people call pureblood. Like Luhan’s family, Yifan’s… mine.”

Chanyeol furrowed his brows and found that the conversation was always over when Baekhyun mentioned his own family. “That’s disgusting.”

Baekhyun smiled softly, nodding his head and running his fingers so gently over Jongdae’s hair Chanyeol couldn’t help being a bit envious of their relationship, “You have so much to learn, Chan, but most of it… is not pleasant.”

Chanyeol had already learned so much from his friends, but he had a feeling it was never going to be everything.

Chapter End Notes
I’m addicted to writing this Harry Potter AU, I might just have to make it into its own book/collection.
Baekhyun knew that he shouldn’t be out so late, knew it was past his last lesson - well past time to
go to class, but it honestly hadn’t been his fault.

Well… that was debatable.

He was trying to convince himself it wasn’t his fault - because it wasn’t! He hadn’t asked to fall
asleep in the library, and he hadn’t asked Minseok to ditch him and leave him sleeping there!

On the other hand, it was kind of his fault he had snuck out to go hang out the night before with
Jongdae, Sehun, and the shy boys brothers, which he had many of, their flying car was so cool!
Too cool to pass up!

It hadn’t been good on his sleep schedule, as evident.

He was just lucky he hadn’t seen any prefects running around as he held his cloak to his chest and
speed walked towards the Gryffindor dorms.

Before he could turn the corner to walk towards the stairs an arm was shooting out and pressing
against his mouth to muffle his surprised squeal, pulling him into a doorway and pressing him into
the wall.

“Calm down, Baekhyun.”

He frowned and frantically hit at the Slytherins side when the hand was pulled off his mouth,
“What the hell, Lu? I could have stunned you!” He hissed, heart racing.

Luhan only laughed quietly, pressed into Baekhyun's front in the tight space. “I just wanted to see
you.”

“What are you doing not in class?”

“Late night walk, gets a bit stuffy with snakes.”

Baekhyun giggled softly, laying his head back against the wall with a relieved sigh, fingers fiddling
with Luhan’s cloak before he caught himself and was laying a palm against the Slytherins chest to
push him back out of his space a small bit. “I hate you at the moment.”

“Ah, Don't be like this.” Luhan cooed, resting on his elbow beside Baekhyun's head and lingering
his fingertips over the Gryffindors curls, “It’s just us, sweetheart.”

“You know I hate when you pick on my friends.” Baekhyun grumbled, looking more of an upset
puppy as he stared up at Luhan.

“And,” Luhan drawled, laying his opposite hand over the side of Baekhyun's cheek, “You know I
cannot help small jabs, personality differences, you thought it was attractive once.”

Baekhyun's heart pumped painfully at the reminder; he and Luhan had been good together once, a
popular couple only months before Chanyeol came.

It wasn’t the famous Park’s arrival that split them, they had been long apart before then, it was
their families.
They were too similar - came from families that both believed in the highest of pure blood power, the darkest of crafts, but Baekhyun… had been put in Gryffindor, a shame to his entire family lineage.

Luhan’s family was not accepting of this, and Baekhyun's father had sent him the worst of howlers when he had heard from Azkaban, his mother refused so much as to be home when he was there, just sending money here and there - but he had liked Luhan once.

It was a huge shame Luhan had changed so drastically to fulfill his family's beliefs, to make them proud, and he knew that's all Luhan ever wanted - but Baekhyun didn’t.

He did the opposite, made friends with Muggles and Mudbloods - a Park, the biggest of betrayals. But they were such good people, he didn’t care what was expected of him; at least he had loyal friends above all.

“I thought your passion was attractive, not your attitude and beliefs. You’ve been brainwashed by your father.” He muttered without heat, curling his fingers around Luhan’s wrist.

“You pretend we are different. You used to understand us once - me and you don’t have choices, Baekhyun.” Luhan whispered, eyes looking apologetic as if he had to point something out Baekhyun didn’t know. Of course Baekhyun knew.

Baekhyun closed his eyes with a sigh, “I don’t want to talk of this right now.”

He knew it was coming, knew Luhan must have found him mainly for this, but the mouth pressing against his wasn't unexpected, but familiar and sweet - so unlike what others thought of the Slytherin Prince.

But Luhan was in love with him, and Baekhyun only felt guilty because he wasn’t in love with Luhan anymore, hadn’t been in months.

“Lu…” He whispered, warning as he gently pushed Luhan away so there were centimeters between them, “I can’t, please stop doing this… you know, you already know.”

And Luhan’s mouth was turning into a scowl then, anger seeping into his expression, “It’s Park, isn’t it? Ever since he came-“

“Stop.” Baekhyun scoffed and was tugging his cloak tighter, and stepping out into the hallway with angry steps, “Not everything is about Chanyeol! Maybe it is about you, consider that you ignorant serpent!”

“We’re slurring now, are we?” Luhan growled, crossing his arms, “Then I suppose I should call you a Veela whore - isn’t that right?”

Baekhyun gawked before his eyes were flooding with tears and Luhan immediately looked sorry, reaching out towards him. “Love. I apologize - I’m so sorry, sweet dove.”

The Gryffindor merely sniffed, expression nothing but devastated as a few tears fell.

Everyone thought him to be a Veela at first, a mystifying, beautiful creature that enchanted people to their doom, and Baekhyun hated it - Luhan knew he hated to be called as such, especially paired with being called a whore - he never asked for the attention, it was given.

“You really are your father - foul mouthed prick!” He called once more, ignoring Luhan’s begging of his name and storming down the corridor, tears dripping off his chin.
He wasn’t even sure what it was that had him so upset, the name calling, Luhan pointing out facts, that Luhan had changed so much, or if he had just realized Luhan was right to blame Chanyeol.

Because it was Chanyeol’s fault he couldn’t love Luhan anymore, aside from the Slytherins blatant disrespect of his friends.

Baekhyun very much wanted Chanyeol’s attention, and wanted all of it, all the time. He was enamored and enchanted - along with a lot of the students, but the difference was he was so close to Chanyeol.

He knew so much about him, had seen him in the midst of nightmares, crying and sick.

All these months he had been blinded by Chanyeol and no longer was able to give others a second glimpse.

“Baek, hey!” He heard hissed as he continued down the hall and quickly wiped his face as he turned to acknowledge the familiar voice.

He frowned and scattered towards Jongdae and Chanyeol, “What are you two doing?”

At his voice, Chanyeol turned around, expression becoming curious and pained as he eyed Baekhyun's face, but he was too distracted to question him right now, only placing his hand on the smallers shoulder, “I keep… hearing something.”

Just then, more whispers filled Chanyeol's ears and he tilted his head closer, “Kill… time to kill… blood… kill.”

“It’s going to kill something.” He flustered, taking off down the hall.

Baekhyun groaned when Jongdae followed, “Guys! I hate running!” He whined, following quickly.

Neither listened, of course, but after scattering threw a few hallways, Chanyeol dashed madly up the stairs, three steps at a time until he stopped at an archway, the voice was silent suddenly.

“I- oh my god!” Baekhyun panted quietly, running into Chanyeol's back and curling fingers tight into his friends sleeve, leaning his body weight on him, “Chan, please stop.”

Chanyeol only gulped, pulling Baekhyun under his arm and into his side as he pointed at the wall, sharing wide eyes with Jongdae.

Written on the wall in clear blood, dripping and fresh, “THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS HAS BEEN OPENED
ENEMIES OF THE HEIR... BEWARE.” Chanyeol whispered.

Baekhyun whimpered as he turned to look, beneath the words a bloody mess of fur, “W-What-“

“That’s Mr. Filch’s cat. Mrs. Norris.” Jongdae gulped.

Chanyeol frowned in confusion and disgust, cupping Baekhyun's head to pull him closer to his chest at the smallers scared noise. “Look at that. Have you ever seen spiders act like that?” He pointed out, a line of spiders scurrying up the wall and trying to get out through a crack in the glass window above.

Jongdae shuttered, “I… I hate spiders.”

They fell into silence, then moments later chattering was heard as classes began to pour out into the
hallway attempting to go to their dorms for the night.

But they were stopped when they saw the bloodied wall and the three standing before it.

Luhan cackled before pushing forward, eying the wall, before he grinned nastily, “Enemies of the heir, beware! You'll be next, Mudbloods!”

Chanyeol felt Baekhyun stiffen, and the smaller was turning out of his arms to send a withering glare as he reached for Jongdae’s hand, “Leave it, Luhan.”

The Slytherin Prince clenched his jaw, and many of the students looked between Baekhyun and Luhan as if they were about to witness the fight of a lifetime, but Luhan only spared Baekhyun a grimace and spun on his heels to walk away.

On the opposite side of the hallway, loud footsteps were heard as a group of professors marched towards the crowd. They read the wall before Dumbledore's face noticeably darkens.

“Everyone will proceed to their dormitories immediately.” He requested, turning to look at Chanyeol, Baekhyun, and Jongdae, “Except you three.”

Jongdae groaned beside Baekhyun as the professors turned judgmental eyes on them.

Baekhyun really wasn’t in the mood for this, so it seemed a fountain of tears was in order.
moves (Harry Potter AU)

“At least Mrs. Norris was only petrified, right?” Chanyeol asked, “They said she would be okay.”

Baekhyun nodded in agreement, face red as he wiped at the tear stains on his face, nose bright red from all his crocodile tears as he walked over to his dresser.

“You said you heard voices?” Jongdae asked, cuddling under his blankets across the room, “And then the cat ended up petrified - not good, Yeol.”

Nodding in agreement, Baekhyun reached down for the bottom of his shirt to change and Chanyeol immediately - and with red cheeks - turned his head to the side, leaning back against Baekhyun’s headboard, “I mean… yeah, and nobody else seemed to hear it. Should I have.. told Dumbledore?”

Jongdae cackled to himself, “Hearing voices in the wizarding world isn’t good, dude.”

Chanyeol blushed deeper and fiddled nervously as Baekhyun pulled his blankets back on the side of his bed, “You sleeping here?”

“I- is… I’m worried about you.” Chanyeol flustered an excuse.

Baekhyun only laughed quietly, face dimly lit by the lantern on his side table as Jongdae turned his out across the room with a tired groan. “You can… sleep here, with me.”

Chanyeol accepted with pink ears, fiddling to get under the blankets and turning to face Baekhyun, eying him carefully.

Jongdae was very obviously trying to sleep across the room, and while Chanyeol’s excuse was his worry, it was also true - Baekhyun had already ran into them looking as if he had cried, so of course he was worried.

“Are you okay?” He whispered as quietly as he could.

Baekhyun smiled, eyes drooping tiredly as he tucked his hands under his cheek, “Of course.”

Chanyeol smiled shyly and scooted a bit closer, knees bumping Baekhyun’s, “You… had you been crying before you saw us? When… when me and Dae were looking around?”

Baekhyun’s smile dropped and Chanyeol felt terrible, reaching out to brush an eyelash off his cheekbone apologetically. “Can.. you not tell anyone this? A secret, just between you and I?”

“Anything.” He answered immediately, gulping when Baekhyun was removing his hand from his cheek and simply holding his palm on the mattress between them.

“Well… I… Luhan has been… he wants me to be with him again.”

Chanyeol felt like his chest was on fire at the admission, debating on removing his hand from Baekhyun because it suddenly felt inappropriate.

And it was unfair of him to hold any anger for Baekhyun because he didn’t have the right to be jealous, the cold hard truth was that Baekhyun wasn’t his, and it hurt more to even acknowledge that fact.

But he did feel slightly angry with Baekhyun - for making him like him so much, for having such
sweet smiles and always caring for him. It had only been six months, but Baekhyun had taught him so much - along with their other friends - and he didn’t feel left out at all in their group of friends when some had been together a lifetime.

Maybe it was his own mistake to fall for a person so wanted.

“I..” Baekhyun mustered up a few moments later, eyeing Chanyeol's face like he was searching for something, he licked his lips nervously and clutched Chanyeol's hand tighter, “He kissed me, and we got in an argument.”

Chanyeol wanted to scream ‘why would you tell me that!’ ‘Are you purposely making me jealous?’ but he had absolutely no room to be so angry with Baekhyun when the smaller didn’t know a thing of the affection he held for him.

But god was he so jealous, burning with rage as he looked at Baekhyun's pretty pink lips, slightly blotchy from all the chewing he did at them.

His expression must have looked dulled because when he met Baekhyun's eyes the smaller one looked upset too, Chanyeol just didn’t know what about. “What about?” Chanyeol stumbled out, trying to keep his jealousy at bay.

“You.” Baekhyun muttered, getting a surprised look from Chanyeol before he shook his head sheepishly, “Amongst other things, we… we never really saw things eye to eye.” He added.

Chanyeol really didn’t know a thing about Baekhyun and Luhan’s relationship, all he really knew was that when Baekhyun was around they were all a lot less likely to get into a fight with him and his snakes - though they sometimes still tended to.

He just couldn’t really picture them together at all.

Baekhyun was so sweet and Luhan was the devil.

“He.. called me a Veela whore; I… really despise being called a Veela.”

“What’s that?”

Baekhyun sighed, “It’s… they’re creatures that can charm others, beauty incomparable, skin that shines like the moon and lights up rooms. They hypnotize people.”

The beauty and adoration certainly fit Baekhyun because he was both the most gorgeous thing Chanyeol had ever seen, and definitely was adored by many. But he also wasn’t some sort of being that enchants others.

“You’re not that.” Chanyeol whispered, “and you’re not a whore - definitely not, okay? You’re my best friend, also Dae and Sehun, but let’s forget about them.”

Baekhyun felt both upset and happy at his words, because he wanted to be close to Chanyeol - but didn’t want to be only his best friend.

So he just laughed softly, slightly wavering as he moved closer, so close his nose brushed Chanyeol’s and he, very carefully, pressed his nose against Chanyeol’s in a butterfly kiss, “You’re my best friend too.”

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“According to legend, Slytherin had built a hidden chamber in this castle, known as the Chamber of Secrets. Shortly before departing, he sealed it until that time when his own true heir returned to the school. The heir alone would be able to open the Chamber of Secrets and unleash the horror within, and by so doing, purge the school of all those who, in Slytherin’s view, were unworthy to study magic.”

Chanyeol peered across the table at that, watching Kyungsoo speak to Professor McGonagall. His ears only focused on the word Chamber.

It seemed his friends overheard too, because they were setting their wands down and focusing some attention on the Professor and student.

“Muggle-borns?” The small Ravenclaw asked, and Chanyeol swore he got louder, like he was fishing for them to hear.

Professor McGonagall hummed a confirmation, and Kyungsoo continued, “Professor, what exactly does legend tell us lies within the Chamber?”

“The Chamber is said to be home to something which the heir of Slytherin alone can control. It is said to be home... to a monster.” She answered cautiously.

Chanyeol heard Baekhyun shift and turned to follow where the smaller was looking, and saw Luhan smirking, shifting in his seat with a smile to himself.

“It’s not him.” Baekhyun mumbled, beginning to collect his things after the professor muttered a dismissal. “Chan, I swear it's not; he just likes to play it up.”

“He's the Heir.” Chanyeol sighed, leaning on their table on his elbow, “Baekhyun, he's the Heir of Slytherin.”

“Plus.” Sehun whispered as he walked over holding his books, ducking his head shyly and moving closer to let people pass him by, “he’s the only one that hates muggle borns so much.”

Baekhyun pursed his lips when Jongdae burst over to them, “He also threatened me, ‘you’ll be next mudbloods.’”

“Listen.” Baekhyun growled firmly, pushing out his chair and grabbing his books, “I’m telling you, it’s not Luhan.”

“Consider this.” Chanyeol muttered carefully, laying a hand on the small of Baekhyun's back as they walked into the corridor, “Maybe.. your feelings are holding back judgement.”

Baekhyun spun on his heels so quickly Chanyeol knocked right into him, the smaller staring up at him, face merely an inch from Chanyeol's skin. “What feelings?” He spat quietly, adjusting his books into one arm and grabbing Chanyeol sweater, “Tell me, Chanyeol. I’m unaware of what feelings you’re talking about.”

Chanyeol swallowed hard, realizing his mistake and gently brushing the hair of Baekhyun's cheek, “I just meant..”

“I know what you meant.” Baekhyun growled, “But you’re blind if you think I feel for him anymore.” He admitted harshly, dropping Chanyeol's sweater. “See me when you want to be reasonable.”

And then the smaller was stomping off, and Chanyeol leaned against the wall with a heavy breath,
sending Sehun and Jongdae a wide eyed look.

Jongdae snickered, whistling slowly, “Told you months ago you should just ask him out.”

“Baek… likes to play push and pull.” Sehun added with a cute laugh, “Man, you’re not going to get anywhere if you can’t handle it.”

“What… what did I even do?” Chanyeol flustered, feeling like he just ran a mile.

“I don’t know, Yeol.” Jongdae answered sympathetically, grabbing Chanyeol's sweater collar like he was trying to help him get air, “Baekhyun is hard to read, but if you’re blunt with him he’ll be straightforward with you.”

“I don’t know what to do.” Chanyeol cried.

“Just… ask him out.” Sehun suggested quietly.

Chanyeol internally cried, because they made it sound so easy.

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Chanyeol finally grew the balls to go talk to Baekhyun, and he had been feeling so jealous lately it was unreal, but it was so hard not to be when the smaller was sitting on a bench watching him all Quidditch practice and getting all over Yixings space.

The dreamy eyed hufflepuff sure was handsome even if he was pretty odd, and nobody was immune to Baekhyun's charm.

So him having to watch Baekhyun laughing at the handsome man’s jokes all practice was torture, but he did feel slightly relieved Yixing had left a while ago, running off into his own world.

“Baek, hey.”

Chanyeol furrowed his brows and squinted in disbelief as his team captain smirked and beat him to hang over the rails of the bleachers.

“Hello.” He heard Baekhyun reply giggly, and knew it was just the smaller's personality but found his hands clenching as he leaned down to mess with his duffel bag, pretending not to be listening.

“Hey, so, I’d like it if you would wear my number for the match on Thursday. It’s against Slytherin after all, and I think if someone as beautiful as you wore my number it would motivate me to do well.” Wonho explained confidently.

Chanyeol was pissed because his captain was actually a very nice man, attractive, and a few years older, not to mention the confidence that he approached Baekhyun with.

He peeked through his hair as he grabbed his water bottle from his bag, watching Baekhyun fiddle with the edge of the notebook in his lap before he was chewing his lip in thought.

Chanyeol gulped when they locked eyes for a moment, quickly looking away to pull his duffle bag on his shoulder.

“I’m sorry.” He heard Baekhyun's melodic voice, “Truly. But… I’m- I am waiting for someone else’s number, I’m truly sorry. I’m really flattered, Wonho.”

“No problem!” The captain sounded unaffected, and Chanyeol had no idea how when Baekhyun
just rejected him, he truly was too nice. “I’ll see you around, maybe next time?”

He didn’t hear Baekhyun’s response, but heard Wonho leave and sighed as he held his duffle bag at his hip and walked through the grass, “Why didn’t you accept?”

“Why were you eavesdropping?” Baekhyun shot back, moving down a bleacher to be closer as Chanyeol placed his elbows on the protective bar.

“I’m really sorry - about earlier, I mean. I didn’t… I just meant that maybe you weren’t positive. But I see that you were, and I trust you, Baekhyun. So, I believe you.”

Baekhyun smiled easier then, it was obvious in the way it lit up the entire field, jumping to his feet with a beam and leaning way too close to Chanyeol for the other to want anything but to kiss him. “It’s okay, I don’t like him.”

“So you keep saying.” Chanyeol teased, repeating to himself not to do anything friendship ruining as he tucked Baekhyun's curl behind his ear.

“I don’t.” God, Baekhyun really shouldn’t pout so close to his face, it was dangerous. “Really. I swear.”

“It’s none of my business anyways.” Chanyeol admitted reluctantly, chest hurting at his own words.

Baekhyun was usually easy to read, but Chanyeol didn’t know what to make of the small annoyed kink in his lip as he plopped back down onto a bench, pulling his cloak over his palms at a cool breeze. “Right.”

He didn’t know how, but it suddenly felt a bit awkward because Baekhyun's word had an almost angry edge, and the smaller was sniffing from the cold as he turned to collect his supplies.

“Why do you like to watch practice? You should study in the library with the others, it’s way too cold, Baek.” He worried softly, pushing his duffle bag between the bars and climbing into the bleachers.

Baekhyun shrugged slightly, but avoided Chanyeol's eyes when the other reached down to help pick up his things.

“I… I get bored… without you, so I come watch.”

“You come watch me?” Chanyeol gawked, confused because it wasn’t something very… platonic to do.

Baekhyun had a small blush on his face when Chanyeol looked up at him at his lack of response, and he had no idea what was happening right now.

Chanyeol never had experience with relationships, much less with flirting or anything of the such, so he didn’t know how to read Baekhyun - even less because he was almost positive that the smaller treated him the same as everyone else.

“No…” Chanyeol's voice came out way higher than he meant for it too, and he gulped, “Do… you, maybe, of course you don’t have to, want to wear my… number? I-I have a sweater that has the number. It’s your choice, of course! I mean… fuck, I’m stupid - forget I said anything, I forgot you told Wonho you were waiting-“
“- for someone else to ask me.” Baekhyun interrupted quietly, head tilted down so Chanyeol couldn’t read him as he shoved his pens into a pouch. “Yes.”

“What?”

“My answer.” Baekhyun mumbled, tilting his head up to look at Chanyeol with a huge smile, “Is yes, I want to wear yours.”

“Oh, really? Re-I’ll get my sweater right now-“ Chanyeol was too flustered and worked up, he spun around to find his duffle and promptly hit his knee on a metal bleacher, groaning in pain and embarrassment.

But Baekhyun was giggling his heart out, so he didn’t feel too embarrassed after all.
“Chan! Go! Chanyeol!”

“God, are you two dating already? Please just go for it.” Minseok groaned, shoving Baekhyun's shoulder.

The smaller huffed, turning around in his crowded seat with a pout, “He hasn’t asked me!”

“Chanyeol is oblivious.” Jongin added with a laugh, leaning hazardously over the rails until Junmyeon pulled his shoulder back earning a glare.

“It’s really.. very obvious.” Yixing commented with a smile, “I heard Slytherins speaking of it out in the forest.”

Baekhyun frowned at that, but was distracted by the crowd roaring, quickly forgetting what he was going to say and leaning over the edge with a scream, pulling his - Chanyeol’s - sweater off his palms.

The material was much too big for him, the sweater falling basically to his knees and he had yet to see Chanyeol due to them practicing before the match, but he thought he looked pretty cute in the material, and was curious of what Chanyeol’s thoughts would be.

“Go Dae! Yay!” Their group cheered as Jongdae grabbed the bludger.

It was hardly a fair match, and Gryffindor was frankly fucked.

It was completely unfair as Slytherin had brand new broomsticks, ones that flew miles faster than normal.

Baekhyun looked over Kyungsoo's head with a frown he shared with Hagrid a few seats down, the giant looked extremely disgruntled as he looked through his binoculars.

Chanyeol huffed, holding the edge of his broom in the middle of the field, looking around with searching eyes for the snitch.

Just overhead, Luhan zoomed over, stopping by with a smirk, “You good, Park?” He mocked, pointing at the board, “Sore loser?”

Chanyeol went to respond when he heard a high pitched cheer out of nowhere for him, “You look much more upset than me, Baekhyun sure looks good in my number, care to see?”

Luhan’s mouth curled up in anger.

But he didn’t have time to respond when a bludger was flying right towards them - or towards Chanyeol's head.

“Yeol! Move!” He heard Sehun yell.

Chanyeol barely swung his broom out in time, breathing hard in confusion as the bludger literally flew back towards him at dangerous speeds.
Jongdae and Taehyung whizzed past him and hit the bludger, but it came right at him again - scared and confused, Chanyeol jetted off.

“Chanyeol has a rogue bludger!” Hagrid cried, “Look! It's been tampered with!”

Baekhyun cried out as the bludger nearly sent Chanyeol eight stories down, accepting the binoculars his friends passed down anxiously.

“Training for the ballet, Park?” Luhan teased, flying beside Chanyeol and coming to a stop at least ten stories up in the air, smirking.

Chanyeol glanced at his sneering face, but inches above Luhan’s left ear was the golden snitch.

He charged forward quickly, so fast Luhan gulped and swung out of the way, watching a Chanyeol before realizing and following in pursuit.

They both raced downward, following the snitch down into the trench beneath the stadium seats, shoulder to shoulder as they raced.

But, behind them, the bludger was still following Chanyeol, slamming into the wooden beams of the stadium seats and shattering them.

Luhan sneered and rammed into the side of Chanyeol's broom, throwing Chanyeol off balance, but makes the mistake of not looking forward and rams into a beam, tumbling down into the sand with a groan.

Chanyeol laughed in disbelief, continuing on, closing on the Snitch, fingertips only inches from catching it... when the rogue bludger smashes into his arm and he screamed out, arm on fire as he loses his balance and nearly flies off his broom.

He hears the crowd screaming in concern, but steadies himself and snatched the snitch with his good arm, but his broom can’t handle the shifting weight and he goes flying into the sand, head slamming painfully with a sick thud.

Wincing, Chanyeol blinked the black out of his vision just to see the bludger coming towards him, he groans and rolled away just as it hit the ground like a hammer, inches from him.

“Finite Incantatem!”

Baekhyun didn’t even have time to spare Kyungsoo a thankful look for his spell that stopped the bludger in the air, only running across the field to Chanyeol's side. “Chan! Let me see! Oh god, oh god!”

Chanyeol groaned in pain when Baekhyun pulled him into his back, the smaller frantically brushing the hair from his face, fingers all over his skin.

“His arm is broken!” Hagrid cried as the group made it over.

“It’s okay, don’t look. It’s okay.” Baekhyun didn’t sound reassuring in the slightest, but Chanyeol’s head felt like jelly and he was more than happy to just continue staring at Baekhyun until he passed out - was it possible to look so pretty from every angle?

“It’s okay, Chan. Just a bit broken. It’s okay.”
Chanyeol wanted to laugh, but his vision was going black, and the last thing he thought was that Baekhyun looked really good in his clothes.

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"Are you alright?" Baekhyun asked softly.

"Why aren't you with your lover boy?" Luhan spat, tugging at the bandage around his head.

Baekhyun pursed his lips before crossing his arms, "I'll see him in a moment."

Luhan rolled his eyes, but still looked pretty dazed from his fall as he laid back in his cot, "I thought things weren't always about Park."

This is what he got for trying to be kind, Baekhyun realized, "Nevermind then. I guess I don't want to be kind to you."

And Luhan didn't speak another word when Baekhyun turned to walk out from his curtains, nodding slightly at Yifan and Zitao that they could go see their friend.

It was a shame, really, that they had such awful people to look up to, because Baekhyun remembered Yifan to be extremely kind despite never talking, and Zitao was incredibly funny - it was just horrible they couldn't see things in any other light than how they had been taught.

Baekhyun scratched at his hand, feeling slightly guilty even though he owed Luhan nothing, going to pull back the curtains on the other side of the room to step inside.

"But you won! So that's amazing!" He heard the end of Sehun's rant, and laughed.

"You guys… mind?" Baekhyun asked quietly, motioning towards the curtain while all their friends huddled around Chanyeol.

The other still looked extremely confused, but he didn't look harmed in the slightest.

"Go at it, tiger." Jongdae cooed, wiggling his brows.

Baekhyun flushed and hit his arm as he ran out behind Jongin, pulling the curtain shut even though he was sure the group was leaving the infirmary already.

"Pomfrey made me drink so nasty shit." Baekhyun giggled at Chanyeol's disgusted face as he took a seat on the side of his cot, "It was so gross, Baek, really."

"But you're healed now." The smaller pointed out with a small smile, cattily rapping his fingers across Chanyeol's wrist.

"I am." Chanyeol agreed before frowning, "But I still have to stay here for the night."

"You do." Baekhyun smiled apologetically, "It's okay though. There's not much to do now, I'll just be putting your sweater in your room and going to bed."

"No, keep it."

Baekhyun raised his brows in surprise and confusion.

"I mean…" Chanyeol trailed off, "I mean, can you wear it… to all my matches? I just think… you look really nice, like this." He explained with a pink tint, pulling at Baekhyun's sleeve.
Smiling shyly and happily, Baekhyun nodded, pressing his hands between his knees and trying not to do something embarrassing like wiggle excitedly. “Of course - yes.”

“Of course.” Chanyeol mimicked with a relieved breath, relaxing easier.

Baekhyun just smiled prettily before he was laughing under his breath and raising a hand to run through his hair, “You did really well.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, I’m really… proud.”

Chanyeol went to respond when Madame Pomfrey was heard kicking Yifan and Zitao out for the night.

Baekhyun's expression mimicked Chanyeol's frown as he scooted off the cot before leaning over and fixing Chanyeol's pillows, “I’ll see you tomorrow morning.”

“Okay.” Chanyeol agreed reluctantly.

“Goodnight.” Baekhyun whispered, but his fingers on Chanyeol's cheek left the other speechless, even more speechless when he leaned down and pressed a firm kiss to Chanyeol's temple, gentle, but hard enough that it was obvious he wanted Chanyeol to feel it. “Don’t worry me so much, please.”

Chanyeol looked ridiculous as he nodded, mouth slightly open in shock, but Baekhyun only giggled again and turned to leave.

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Chanyeol was lying asleep when he heard muffled talking and reached up to rub the sleep from his eyes, sitting up on his elbow.

The light from a lantern lit up behind his curtain.

“What happened?” He heard the healer gasp.

“There’s been another attack.” Chanyeol rolled into his side to look through the crack between curtains, Dumbledore's figure with his back towards him laying down a small figure on a cot, the figure laying petrified.

He didn’t know much about the youngest class below theirs, only a handful of them due to Sehun's younger brother being in age 15 class, but he knew this one - Jimin, a sweet kid that likes to hang around some older boys Yoongi and Hoseok.

“What does this mean, Albus?” McGonagill wondered and Chanyeol furrowed his brows as he stared at Dumbledore's back.

“It means our students are in great danger, Minerva. This child was fortunate. He should surely be dead if not for me finding him soon after.”

“What should I tell the staff?”

Chanyeol had never heard Dumbledore sound so disappointed, “Tell them the truth. Tell them Hogwarts is no longer safe. Tell them it's as we feared. The Chamber of Secrets is indeed open,
again.”

Chapter End Notes

I love this AU so much!
“So you’re telling us…” Junmyeon whispered, “That the Chamber has been opened before?”

Chanyeol nodded, wide eyed and grabbing the edge of the sink, “Guys, it got Jimin, who is to say it won’t come after one of us?”

“Woah, woah, woah!” Minseok cried, shaking his head, “We’re not Gryffindors don’t tie us in on your plans - I think we’d be better off in the library.”

Junmyeon and Kyungsoo nodded, both in agreement with their fellow Ravenclaw, and when Chanyeol turned to their Hufflepuff friends Jongin just smiled shyly and Yixing looked like he had more pressing concerns going on inside his head - ones only he could see, apparently.

“Sorry, Yeol.” Jongin mumbled, “Xing and I are loyal… but… we aren’t brave, we can help any other way though.”

Chanyeol, again, sighed as he turned on the tap, “That's fine, thank you. If you find anything important in the library just let me know.” He requested, splashing some water onto his face.

“Of course.” Kyungsoo replied softly, “We’ll figure something out, don’t worry.” He added as he, the Ravenclaws, and Hufflepuffs left the restroom.

It was hard not to worry, not when so much was going on, and Chanyeol felt responsible - he didn’t know how or why, but he felt something bad was happening and he needed to stop it.

The Gryffindor in him, he mused internally.

“Chan.”

He chewed his lip and accepted the dry rag from Baekhyun's hand, feeling the smaller's body heat as he leaned against his side.

“Maybe… we can figure something out, we can plan to sneak out and look around.” Baekhyun added, tilting his head cutely to make sure he had Chanyeol's attention.

“Why here?”

“Nobody comes to this bathroom.” Jongdae called, voice slightly echoing from it being the four Gryffindors only.

“Why?” Chanyeol repeated, looking around confused - it looked just like a normal restroom, nothing out of the ordinary.

Baekhyun suddenly laughed beside him, and Chanyeol raised a brow at his giggling.

“Moaning Myrtle.” Sehun sighed like he was extremely disgruntled.

“Who’s Moaning Myrtle?”

All at once, a loud squeal of a girl came from the wall as a ghostly figure flew around the room.

God, Chanyeol hated the ghosts for always doing stuff like this - headless Nick’s jokes were so old now.
“I'm Moaning Myrtle. I wouldn't expect you to know me. Who would ever talk about fat, ugly, miserable, moping, moaning Myrtle?”

Then, she was disappearing with sobs, right into the wall.

“She's a little sensitive.” Jongdae snorted at Chanyeol's shocked face.

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“Gather round! Gather round! Can everyone see me? Can you all hear me?”

Chanyeol pursed his lips as students pushed at him and his friends, throwing an arm out in front of Baekhyun for the smaller wouldn't go head first into the dueling table.

“Excellent. In light of the dark events of recent weeks, Professor Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little Dueling Club, to train you all up in case you ever need to defend yourselves as I myself have done on countless occasions -- for full details, see my published works.”

Baekhyun giggled into his hand at Professor Lee’s bragging, turning to send a cute smile to Chanyeol.

Chanyeol laughed too, but mainly because Baekhyun looked so cute, not really having to do with anything else other than how fond he was of the small wizard.

“Professor is something, isn't he? Awfully brave chap!”

Baekhyun giggled at the Hufflepuffs and was suddenly leaning back into Chanyeol's side without even glimpsing at the taller.

Chanyeol had no idea what to do with his hands and probably looked ridiculous hovering them over Baekhyun's hip.

“Let me introduce my assistant Professor Snape. He has sportingly agreed to help me with a short demonstration. Now I don't want any of you youngsters to worry. You'll still have your Potions Master when I'm through with him, never fear!”

Chanyeol snorted as Snape begrudgingly climbed onto the dueling table, looking as expressionless as ever.

Lee and Snape faced each other and bowed. They turned, walked ten paces, then poised their wands like swords.

“As you can see, we are holding our wands in the accepted combative position. On the count of three, we will cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming to kill, of course.” Lee continued. “One-two-three --“

“Expelliarmus!” Snape called quickly. A dazzling flash of bright red burst forth and blasted Lee off his feet and into the wall behind.

Baekhyun was snickering so loud Chanyeol had half a thought to ask if he was sane, Lee looked like he had taken quite a hit.

A moment later, Lee was rising uneasily, now and in sight as he straightened out his robe and cleared his throat, “As you can see that was a disarming spell, very handy. Now, shall we have a
volunteer pair?"

Chanyeol saw his eyes flick to him and was immediately trying to hide behind Baekhyun - as if possible.

“Let’s have a volunteer pair. Park, Byun, how about you?”

He felt Baekhyun stiffen and was happy to know that his friend didn’t want to fight him either, but Chanyeol’s stomach twisted at even the thought of hitting Baekhyun with a spell to cause harm.

“Might I suggest someone from my own house. Luhan, perhaps.” Snape interrupted, “House matches, of course, it’s not really a fight if it’s friendly fire.”

“Very well.” Lee muttered, kneeling down in front of Baekhyun and Chanyeol, “Byun or Park? Which one?”

Baekhyun stepped forward slightly and the students started ooing as if it was a couples fight if he went against Luhan.

Luhan was already on the stage, and furrowed his brows with a small shake of his head at Baekhyun, minuscule, but a handful of students cooed at the two of them anyways.

Baekhyun pursed his lips at the students, but didn’t have anything to say when Chanyeol was pushing him to the side and climbing the stage.

The students got pretty silent then, either at the annoyed look on Chanyeol’s face from their cooing of Luhan and Baekhyun, or just because it was a Park fighting the Heir of Slytherin.

Baekhyun gulped and turned to find Sehun’s arm to hold onto.

Luhan raised a menacing brow at Chanyeol, and Chanyeol only flickered his eyes back to Baekhyun, a silent and jealous understanding - neither of them wanted Baekhyun to be hurt, but this seemed like a jealous match anyways, like they were fighting for him.

Grudgingly, they bowed to each other.

“Scared, Park?” Luhan growled.

“You wish.”

Professor Lee cleared his throat off to the side, “Wands at the ready! When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponent -- only to disarm. We don’t want any accidents. One, two --“

Luhan surged forward with a jump, blasting a bright white light that knocked Chanyeol off his feet.

“That’s cheating, Luhan!” Baekhyun hissed from the side.

Chanyeol jumped to his feet, pointing his wand, “Rictusempra!”

A jet of silver hit Luhan dead in the stomach, the Slytherin doubled over with a wheezing cough.

“I said disarm only!” Lee cried.

“Serpensortia!” Luhan yelled.

From the tip of Luhan’s wand a long black snake slithered across the table, Baekhyun gawked and
caught Professor Snape's amused smile. “Cheating!”

The snake slithered along the side of the stage, hissing at students until it came face to face with Jungkook, the Gryffindor going wide eyed and freezing as others start screaming at the snake hissing.

“Leave him!” Chanyeol hissed, kneeling down towards the snake, “Leave him!”

“Leave him!”

The snake hovered a moment more, then miraculously slumped to the floor.

Chanyeol blinked, as if coming out of a trance, grins curiously at the snake.

Then he realized the silence and was standing up to look around at the gawking faces, Luhan looked shocked while his friends looked awed and confused.

He locked eyes with Professor Snape but he only looked calculating, processing.

“Chanyeol.” A hand was tugging at his pant leg, voice almost a whisper, “Come on. Move.”

Chanyeol didn’t know why everyone moved out of his way like they did, like they were afraid.

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“You're a Parselmouth! Why didn't you tell us?”

“I didn’t know - wait… what am I?” Chanyeol answered, turning to send Jongdae a confused look across the room.

“You can talk to snakes.” Baekhyun replied, waving at Sehun as the younger left the room.

“Oh. Cool.”

“Not cool.” Baekhyun argued as Jongdae cried out in frustration across the room. “It’s not good, Yeol.”

Chanyeol frowned, but not objecting at all as Baekhyun grabbed his chin for his attention, “Why not?”

Baekhyun blushed slightly as he pulled his hand away, rolling on his heels as he moved to stand in front of Chanyeol who was seated on his bed, laying a cautious hand on the teens knee, “There’s a reason the symbol of Slytherin house is a serpent. Salazar Slytherin was a Parselmouth. He could talk to snakes too.”

Chanyeol chewed the inside of his cheek, unsure of how to feel.

Slytherin was a clever house, it wasn’t the house itself that was rotten, it was the students and staff that ran it that seemed so… snake like, untrustworthy.

Snape gave him bad vibes from the beginning, and Luhan and his followers weren’t much to give him a good impression, but he tried not to be too vicious about Slytherins, not when Baekhyun seemed oddly defensive of them.

He shouldn’t generalize, but it was hard not to.
“Slytherin house founder wasn’t that nice, I suppose.” Chanyeol said quietly, more of a question, and Baekhyun nodded, fingers tightening on Chanyeol's slacks.

He only nodded, raising a hand to run through the hair on Baekhyun's temple, “Okay.”

“The school might… think you’re related or something.” Baekhyun whispered, sounding and looking concerned as he leaned into Chanyeol's hand.

“I’m not.”

“You could be.” The smaller argued, moving his palms to Chanyeol's shoulders, thumb brushing the ugly white scar across his collarbone, “Chan, be careful.”

It was impossible to focus on things when Baekhyun was so beautiful, and sounded so concerned for him, looked at him like he was afraid.

Chanyeol had no idea what Baekhyun felt for him, but knew exactly what he felt for Baekhyun, and it was so painfully strong.

“You too.” He requested, wrapping his arms around Baekhyun's waist and pulling him into a hug. It was much too close to be platonic, Baekhyun's inner thigh pressing into his knee as he tried to get as close to Chanyeol as possible, nearly straddling the others seated form.

Baekhyun also always smelled sweet, like his personality, but also somewhat fiery, it was soothing.

“Promise me you’'ll be safe.” Baekhyun muffled into his sweater, breath hot on his neck.

“If you are, I will be.”

He felt Baekhyun relax more against him and held him tighter, so tight the smaller stood on his toes.

“Ah!” Jongdae cried across the room, “You two are fucking disgusting! I’m going to go to Sehun’s dorm!”

Chanyeol just laughed, not letting Baekhyun go for a second.
See You (ABO/ Mafia AU)

Chapter Summary

Chanyeol was the only alpha Baekhyun ever wanted, even if he was in charge of a city.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Implied rape, implied assault, kidnapping, violence, neglect... Uh, it’s very sad.

The full story for these drabbles is out now! Titled: Even when morning comes!

The world wasn’t a good place for omegas.

But Chanyeol was a good alpha.

Chanyeol was a good mate, and was a good alpha.

He would never stand for this.

And Baekhyun just missed him so much.

Baekhyun knew better than to have gone outside without one of his pack's alphas scenting him, especially with the pack rivalries going on in the city, but it was a small slip up.

But the consequences were grand.

It had been days, weeks, or months since he had been snatched off the street, he didn’t even have a
concept of time anymore.

Not after the first day he had been tossed into a locked bathroom, it was dirty, filthy inside with no windows.

Not after the second day when they touched him the first time.

Or even after the following days of being beat, of being forced to mate.

Baekhyun just really wanted Chanyeol back, and he couldn’t hold out hope any longer, not when his bones protested against his skin, or when his eye was so bruised there really was no point in keeping them open.

It would just be the same routine anyways.

The same alphas coming in to toss him around, the same betas to deal him out like he was a gift - like he was an object to be given as they pleased.

Chanyeol would tell him he wasn’t - his mate would never let Baekhyun be shared, he had shown so a million times.

Shown his possessiveness by biting into the throats of alphas who dared to try and pull Baekhyun from Chanyeol’s side.

Shown his love by not allowing Baekhyun to be dealt with as an object even if getting rid of him could have helped with the pack rivalries going on in the city.

Exo had too many omegas - they had Luhan, Kyungsoo, Yixing, Zitao, and then… they had Baekhyun.

Baekhyun never knew an alpha staked a claim on him, not until he and Chanyeol had long been… in love.

It sounded so romantic to say things like that, because for an omega love was an unrealistic standard in a mating.

But that’s what happened.

Baekhyun knew he was in love with Chanyeol the moment the alpha saved him from an assault in an alleyway, knew that when Chanyeol had asked if he was okay while covered in another alphas blood that he was in love.

No alpha had ever asked if he was okay in his life.

And it wasn’t starting now.

Still, it seemed that only his pack would be asking if he was okay.

In hindsight, he should have expected things to be like this.

Chanyeol was powerful, he was ruling a city, so of course taking Baekhyun would be the easiest and best way to hit Exo pack the hardest.

Today, something was wrong though. Or right.

Baekhyun laid on the towel on the floor and he knew that once the light flicked on in the other
room that he should prepare to be forced to his weak, bruised knees - or to protect his head as best he could.

But the bathroom door wasn’t unlocking, and he couldn’t hear very much going on in the other room.

It sounded like running around, frantic running, but no talking.

It was extremely odd considering usually his captor pack liked to be loud and keep him up until Baekhyun passed out on his own, exhausted.

He shivered as he pulled his bloodied towel around his nude and broken body, scooting as silently as he could to press his ear to the door.

Again, nothing but angry footsteps and panicked sounds.

Baekhyun's mouth pulled in confusion, wincing as he flattened his expression out as the cut on his mouth was only just healing and he couldn’t afford to pull it open again.

Not when his body had many worse injuries that needed to be focused on.

Just as he was going to lay back down in the bathtub, hoping to huddle together and get warm - he heard a bang, too loud of a noise and he briefly registered that the glass on the bathroom mirror shook along with the noise.

The front door being slammed open, he concluded.

And then he heard screaming, growling, and he shivered out of fear now even if he was growing used to the sound of alphas fighting - usually over who got him next.

But this didn't sound like the fighting he was used to, and he wasn’t in the middle of it, being tugged and thrown around like a doll.

So it wasn’t about him directly, it wasn’t about who was mating him next.

And for some reason that scared him more - because he had no idea what they were going to do with him when they went out of what he was used to.

The beatings were fine, the ridicule was fine, and he was well used to being mated - but he didn’t know these noises, he didn’t know what was happening and that wasn’t fine.

Maybe it was finally time for him to die, and he both welcomed and didn’t want it.

Because he just wanted to see Chanyeol once more even if the alpha was disgusted by him.

At least he knew his mate wouldn’t hit him.

He wouldn’t insult him.

He would just… show it on his face.

Baekhyun knew how bad he looked; he wasn’t pretty anymore, his skin wasn’t smooth and untouched except for the marks he welcomed Chanyeol to place lovingly on him.

No. No more than a few inches were pale, skin colored before the rest was coated in black and blue, and his hair was patchy, face swollen, his wrist was oddly angled but it had been an injury
too old it didn’t even hurt anymore.

How he wished the only mark on him was the claim on his neck, but the mocking replicas of attempting to overdo Chanyeol were still fresh, refreshed everyday to see if Chanyeol finally was letting go of his claim on Baekhyun after all these months.

But so far he hadn’t, and the thought used to give Baekhyun hope because Chanyeol still wanted him even though they all knew what he would be subjected to.

Now it scared Baekhyun because he wasn’t what Chanyeol would remember.

He wasn’t all happy smiles and a pretty pink to his cheeks.

Baekhyun was a dead person, barely breathing, every breath he took sounded like it took four times the amount of energy to release.

But that was a lie too - it took ten times his energy to simply breathe, and even more than that to move more than a foot distance.

His mind had mostly blocked out the screaming from next door, or it was because he was wavering back and forth in and out of consciousness anyways.

Either way, when the bathroom door was rammed into and the wood was cracking open, Baekhyun barely got the whine out of his throat as he leaned his head against the dirty porcelain tub.

He knew asking for a break was worthless, it truly had no meaning - as all of his words did, but he felt too bad today.

He knew if they wanted to keep him as a pet then he needed to either rest or eat something - and neither of those were going to happen and he knew it - but if they took him today he was going to die.

There was no other meaning to how shaky and stuttering his breathing was, or how even moving his arm to rest on his lap felt like he had run weeks. He was dying.

“Baekhyun- oh, oh my god.”

Baekhyun wanted to smile, sure this must be an illusion, because there was no way that their youngest alpha was standing in front of him.

“Ho-holy, oh fuck.” Sehun whispered, not taking his eyes away from Baekhyun but at the same time moving his hand to cover his nose and trying to avoid looking around at the conditions his older pack member was in.

“Sehun? Got him?”

“He's dying..”

Yifan frowned and wiped his gun on his jeans before pushing Sehun more into the room, “Wha-“

Baekhyun's eyes slipped shut, and it wasn’t reassuring at all, but even less so when he smiled and his teeth were bloody, bones sticking out and skin covered in red blood and nude body in various colored bruises. “Alpha.” He whispered, sure it was a dream.

But if it were a dream then Chanyeol should be here too.
“Fuck, g-go tell Minseok to start the car - start it now!”

“Baek-Baekhyun were going t-to take you home,” Yifan added, kneeling down and stepping over glass on the ground, unable to keep the tears filling his eyes as he looked around the bathroom.

The light was blinking out, almost dead and leaving the tiny bathroom in almost pitch black, but still he could see everything, eyes looking around clinically.

It was just blood.

Blood, so much blood.

And it was so small, too small for even Baekhyun who was absolutely tiny.

Yifan couldn't even bring himself to really look over Baekhyun as he picked up his body, the omega didn’t even seem to be awake anymore, and he was unrecognizable except for the fruity scent he gave off.

Truthfully, nobody was even sure if they should bring Baekhyun to Chanyeol like this.

They hadn’t expected to find Baekhyun out of the blue, and they hadn’t expected it to be this bad. Giving Chanyeol back his dying mate didn’t seem as good a gift as they originally thought.
You’ll Leave (ABO/Mafia AU)

Chapter Summary

Chanyeol would rather hear that Baekhyun hates him than to never hear his voice again.

Chapter Notes

Warning: alcoholism, implied self harm(ish?)

Chanyeol sniffed, nose itching from the stinging smell but he ignored it as usual, bringing his glass of alcohol to his lips.

It was a huge shame that his body burned off the alcohol faster than he’d like.

He wished it would numb him for longer than it did.

Chanyeol wanted to numb the pain, but he didn’t want to forget completely.

He couldn’t live not seeing Baekhyun everywhere he looked, but it was killing him all the same.

He was in charge of the pack, he was in charge of people’s lives, and he should be less emotional - more competent, but there was a reason he had put Yifan in charge.

Because he couldn’t tell what was real or not anymore, and he truly didn’t want to.

It made it easier when he was laying in bed with a bottle of alcohol if he saw Baekhyun laying beside him, leaning up on his elbow and sending him the sweetest of smiles, “I love you, alpha.” He always said, without a doubt.

But when Chanyeol went to touch him, he was gone.

Because he was never there.

Just like when he tried to work, on the rare occasion, he swore he would see his mate sitting on the edge of his desk, one of Chanyeol’s sweaters falling off his shoulder and innocently reaching his hands out.

But when Chanyeol went to place him in his lap, wanting to be able to press his nose into Baekhyun’s cheek and read over his shoulder, hand running over his mate’s thigh until the omega went back to bed.

He never got that far because he was only reaching for air in the first place.

It was getting so bad it was making him angry because it seemed so real, and at the same time like he was being mocked.
He screamed, he cried, and he threw things at the illusion, because it wasn’t Baekhyun - it wasn’t his mate, but it should be.

It should be Baekhyun they blinked groggily at Chanyeol until he was being picked up, coddled until he was awake enough to kiss the alpha all on his own.

It should be Baekhyun that peeked around corners, that squealed and bounced on his feet like an adorable child when he saw Chanyeol after not seeing him for a few hours.

It should be his little omega mate that was beautiful beyond belief, that draped himself all over Chanyeol's back and kissed at his shoulder until he convinced the alpha to come to bed with him because they both knew Baekhyun didn’t like to sleep alone.

But it wasn’t.

And Chanyeol was unstable.

He’d never hurt Baekhyun, but the illusion was hurting him, was messing with him so much because it all felt so real - he could smell the fruitiness lingering around even though Baekhyun’s scent had long left, he could feel the warmth of the omega touching his hand, brushing his hair from his face.

So real that when Chanyeol was screaming and crying, breaking down drunkenly and he threw his glass bottle at the illusion, he screamed in pain because he’d never harm Baekhyun, he was apologizing to the air when the pack came to check on him, and that’s also how they left him - left him kneeling on the ground with his face bright red and sobbing apologies to nothing.

Because even Chanyeol knew it wasn’t really Baekhyun, so there was no point in trying to explain it to their leader.

Chanyeol sighed, and wasn’t surprised at all as he leaned against his desk chair, eyes half lidded and throat burning with the sting of alcohol. “What are you doing to me?”

“Playing, alpha!” And Baekhyun's voice sounded tingling, sending chills down his spine as it always did, “Almost done and then we can hang it up!”

Chanyeol knew he was losing his mind, but he would much rather lose it while imagining Baekhyun than anyone else.

He just wanted to lose it faster, wished he could pretend to completely believe this was Baekhyun laying on his stomach, kicking his feet in the air with paint splattered on his round cheek, mouth pulled into a focused look at the canvas in front of his face.

“Where would we place it, my love? Our walls here are too full, perhaps we need another room. Another home.”

Baekhyun giggled, and Chanyeol closed his eyes to try and remember the noise.

“Let’s live on the moon, maybe then I can finally go outside.”

It was a joke between them - or it used to be - that they could go somewhere far enough that Baekhyun wouldn't have to be scared to walk even next door to the pack house.

But it wasn’t very funny now.
Not at all.

“Absolutely not.” Chanyeol threw his eyes open and it was only him, by himself, as he expected.

“You never leave my side.” He whispered, cursing as he reached for his bottle of whiskey and it toppled off his desk to the floor, he just watched it pour into the carpet, dropping his face onto his palm, “Don't leave my side, Baekhyun.”

He wished the illusion would come back and say something Baekhyun like, maybe an, “I only feel safe with you, Chanyeol.” “I want you to hold me, alpha.” “Why would I be anywhere else?”

At this point, he’d even prefer to hear Baekhyun's angry screeching, throwing a tantrum and threatening to leave him as he had done once before when he thought Chanyeol to be unloyal.

Of course they loved each other way too much, and Chanyeol had never been unloyal to him, but Baekhyun screaming that he hated him was still the worst thing he’d ever heard in his life.

And he’d even prefer that over nothing at all.
Chapter Summary

Chanyeol just wants to drink until he can’t see straight, and Baekhyun just wants to know how long he’s been gone.

Chanyeol hadn’t heard anything from his pack today.

It was odd considering that they usually came to make sure he ate meals, just stopped by to invade his home even if he yelled at them to leave him alone.

He didn’t want to be alone anyways, but he’d much rather get drunk by himself than have his pack members raid all the alcohol in his cabinets and force it down the drain.

As if that would stop him from going around the corner and buying more, buying three times as much as they dumped.

He usually drank more than half of it by the time they came back to take it away from him again anyways.

He had tried to call Yifan, he didn’t answer, and then he tried Luhan, Sehun, and Minseok, he even peeked out his window to see if maybe someone was outside, but the car wasn’t there, so he assumed they were out on a job.

Something Chanyeol wasn’t comfortable to do even if Yifan hadn’t taken his keys to his gun locker.

It looks like today would just be a day he tried to get drunk enough that Baekhyun stayed.

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When Baekhyun blinked his eyes open it was in pain and with a light blinding him as it shined right into his face making him groan a dry whine, one that hurt his throat.

“Fuck. Sorry, sorry.” Yixing said quickly, reaching up to turn off the light in the middle of the car, “I was… just sewing you up. How… how do you-“

“Ah, fuck.” Yifan mumbled from the driver seat, “Traffic. At least you got some more time to look him over.”

“Baek.”

Baekhyun was really happy to see them, even if he didn’t show it or even bother opening his eyes, he didn’t have the strength to do anything other than whatever his pack was doing.

“Baekhyun, am I holding you too tight?” Kyungsoo tried again, using one hand to push the messy, disgustingly greasy locks from Baekhyun's forehead, eyes wide and frantic at the omegas' lack of response.
The Baekhyun they knew liked to talk, liked nothing more than to make everyone else happy, so it was hard to understand Baekhyun unless he was verbally explaining.

“You have to hold him tight,” Minseok argued, leaning over the passenger seat to look where they had pulled all the seats down to make sure Baekhyun could lay flat, but even with the good hour Yixing had tried to fix Baekhyun up before the omega woke, he didn’t look any better. “Make sure he doesn’t move too much.”

As if he could move at all, Baekhyun wanted to say, and if his mouth wasn’t so dry he would tell them where he was hurting the most.

But he couldn’t, and he mostly settled on squinting even though it was dark now, still brighter than he was used to.

They looked different than Baekhyun remembered, thinner, older, but he didn’t want them to see him like this - didn’t want them to look at him so… disgusted, worried, concerned.

“Le-lets… does anyone have anything to eat?” Yixing worried as he laid his palm down on Baekhyun's sternum, all his bones could be felt - and probably seen once the bruises healed - but the omegas skin was damp with sweat despite him being freezing cold and only a bloody towel draped over his front for a bit of privacy.

Even the towel seemed to cover almost all of Baekhyun, he wasn’t nearly the healthily tanned omega they remembered.

“I… I have candy - here, I don’t- I-I..”

“Anything is fine.” Yixing said immediately, accepting the sucker from Junmyeon who looked more shaky than anything, “Just give him something. Lit-literally anything is better than this.” He stumbled, grabbing the side of Baekhyun's cheek and rubbing his jaw, “Huh, sweetheart? Anything is good?”

Baekhyun didn’t really need to give a response, only kicking his cracked lips and opening his mouth a tiny bit, his stomach already cramped up just at the sugar touching his tongue, like it was preparing itself for food it desperately needed.

“Fuck. I-I just can't believe he's been here this whole goddamn time.” Yifan growled in the driver's seat, hitting his palm against the steering wheel aggressively, and his scent of anger caused Baekhyun's head to lull to the side and his thin hand to drop on his ear, panting at the little energy he used up with such a small action.

“You're scaring him, roll your window down.” Zitao ordered his mate, and Yifan didn’t need to be told twice.

“Thanks to Jooheon for hacking the cameras on the east side, we’ll have to explain our reasoning later, but I don’t.. don't think it matters as our alliance with Jihoon will be done when Chanyeol learns Baekhyun was found in their territory… l-like this.”

Baekhyun was dozing off, but Sehun's words appealed to him, well, not the words - just the name. He nearly choked if Jongin hadn’t reached out to grab the stick of the sucker in his mouth, crying a noise so loud it hurt his own head - and throat - but he didn’t really care.

“Sh, sh. Baekhyun, quiet. You're going to hurt yourself.” Luhan demanded immediately, pushing Sehun out of his way to crawl down on the floorboard to touch Baekhyun's shoulder and sort of
hold him down - sort of because it wasn’t a challenge at all - “We know, we’re taking you to Chanyeol, silly. Getting you to your mate, just calm down.”

Baekhyun wanted to smile at the admission and the old nickname, but settled on listening and letting his eyes roam around the top of the car.

Through the window in the roof he saw a bit of white building up on the glass and frowned.

He couldn’t remember when he was taken, but it definitely wasn’t snowing when he was.
Chapter Summary

Chanyeol can’t believe his eyes, and Baekhyun really wants to be held tighter.

Chapter Notes

Warning: a bit of aggression(?), V sad and you will cry in joy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their home looked normal from the outside.

Baekhyun felt better just seeing it, his throat was still sore so he hadn’t said a word and had only rested the car ride and ate way more candy than his stomach wanted.

Usually, when snow started falling they would have Christmas lights up by now, or at least a few window decorations, it was funny because he remembered explaining to Chanyeol that even though he was a pack leader didn’t mean they couldn’t have holidays.

But, it seemed they didn’t feel very motivated while Baekhyun was gone, because he didn’t see a sign of any holiday decorations even though their block was brightly lit.

“I’m sorry.” Sehun cringed at Baekhyun's pained grunt as he was lifted up in a cradle, shivering from the snow falling on his mostly bare skin.

They had tried to dress him up with their own clothes, but after throwing a sweater on him, it was pointless when they realized he was cold from the inside, too malnourished to create his own body heat.

So clothing was pointless until he could hold his heat in.

Baekhyun's spine pressed almost like a knife into Sehun’s forearm, and the youngest alpha felt his lip shake, and wasn’t surprised at all when he saw Yifan run a worried hand over Baekhyun's calf down to his foot, the bottoms of his feet were all cut up, and he was all bone - Baekhyun didn’t even turn to look at Yifan at his touch almost like he didn’t feel it at all, but Sehun felt him tense up the smallest bit even if he only rolled his head onto his own shoulder.

“No.” Yixing called in a hushed whisper as everyone started towards Chanyeol's house. “No. It’s too much, just Sehun and Yifan.”

“Yi-“

“Just us.” Yifan agreed quickly, shaking his head at Jongdae. “We… I’m sure we can see them in a bit. Chanyeol… he's not going to hurt him.”

“That’s not what I’m worried about and you know it,” Jongdae argued, but otherwise only sighed
and trudged through the frozen grass towards their house next door.

Baekhyun was curious about what they were talking about, but was much more interested in looking at their yard, their house.

He could see the lights on all over the house and thought it was funny because he knew Chanyeol’s habit was usually to go everywhere in the dark - it was usually Baekhyun that had a habit of forgetting to turn lights off.

Just like the mail, Baekhyun was usually the one that brought it in while his alpha watched carefully from the window or doorway, waiting for Baekhyun to come running back inside and waiting for Chanyeol to look at him fondly even for such a simple task.

And the alpha always did.

Always complimented him.

Baekhyun really wanted to hear it again and threw his limp arm out, his sweater sleeve falling past his fingers so he opted to only shake his hand slightly to gain the alphas attention, interrupting them convincing the others to go home.

“What?” Yifan’s voice went from ordering to soft really fast, “Are you hurting? Fuck. He’s probably freezing and we’re fucking idiots with a naked fuck-“

Baekhyun whimpered again, and all his noises sounded slightly cut off with dryness.

“Oh.” Sehun mumbled over his head and took a few steps towards the mailbox, sending Yifan an equally as confused look as Baekhyun started trying to pull at the metal opening with his fingers covered in fabric.

It really was ridiculous just standing here with a rare, and nearly nude omega, already weak and battered, just standing on a nearly dark yard and letting him pull at the mailbox with his nose turning red and toes turning blue from the cold.

“Baek, just let me-“ Yifan tried because Baekhyun was so weak, he could barely even raise his arm long enough to try to give a good pull at the mailbox, let alone had the strength to open it.

But Baekhyun scrunched his nose and gave such an angry noise when Yifan reached out to try and help that it broke the scab on his lip, a drop of blood falling onto his chin but the omega didn’t even seem like he felt it while Yifan backed off wide eyed and guilty.

They obviously couldn’t just stand out here forever, and they could see their pack standing in the doorway next door probably wondering what the hell they were doing, so Sehun discreetly turned Baekhyun away for a small bit, turning to fake cough into his shoulder and shoot Yifan a look and a slight head nod.

Yifan quickly pulled the metal opening so it wasn’t so tightly shut - even though it wasn’t at all - and backed off.

To say Baekhyun was sad when he opened it was an understatement, because it was empty.

He immediately looked near tears, and neither Sehun nor Yifan knew why the hell mail was so important to him when just hours before he smelled like death.

But Yifan shook his head before the tears could fall and was frantically kicking snow off the grass.
around the mailbox and kneeling down to grab the newspaper in the plastic bag that they knew Chanyeol never cared to grab. “Here! Here, all better, it’s okay.”

The bag was soaking wet, freezing cold and giving it to Baekhyun who was probably even colder than the snow was a horrible idea, but nobody could stand the omegas tears even before he was so… vulnerable, it wasn’t even possible to do so when Baekhyun looked up at him with a black eye and his brow was split, a small trail of blood from his lip just drying on his chin. He was beaten raw, and there was no way his pack could see him crying over something so simple when he literally looked like he was hit by a car.

But what had happened to Baekhyun was worse than a car accident, so even then it felt unfair to belittle his injuries.

“Ready?” Sehun asked quietly, chewing his lip, and feeling horrible when it occurred to him that holding Baekhyun didn’t feel like holding much more than a child because he was so light. “It’s time you see Chanyeol, Baek.”

Baekhyun only looked like he was half paying attention, dirty nails scratching at the wet newspaper bag almost in a petting motion, and that in itself was so concerning. But, he tried to give a smile, the usual boxiness of it obstructed by his swollen face and his teeth were still slightly bloody that Yifan only cringed and Sehun was just happy when Baekhyun went back to staring at the front door as it got closer.

As soon as Yifan typed the code into the electronic door lock Baekhyun perked up and was glad his nose was no longer messed up and he could smell how strongly their home smelled of Chanyeol.

But it was different now.

The home was messy, boxes and papers everywhere, it looked like every single electronic in the house was sitting on the coffee table and opened to different security camera footage.

Chanyeol had been looking for him.

Baekhyun felt really good about that even if the air smelled slightly bitter, a mixing of anger and guilt, followed by the potent scent of alcohol the further upstairs Sehun walked.

The home was so unkept, and it was so different to how well Chanyeol usually cleaned up after himself - and Baekhyun.

It was just bottles everywhere, things Baekhyun didn’t have enough focus to read, and it didn’t smell terrible, but it definitely was covering up the scent of spices and dominance Chanyeol radiated.

“Chanyeol.”

Baekhyun hadn’t even realized when Sehun had carried him into Chanyeol's office, maybe he passed out for a moment because his head did feel awfully groggy.

“Chanyeol, man,” Yifan sighed and Baekhyun stared at his back all the way until his eyes were caught on Chanyeol's back, the same broad back he remembered only he was hunched over his desk chair and facing the wall, dark brown hair grown out so long it touched the back of his neck. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“Don’t touch me,” Chanyeol growled, and Baekhyun watched his mate try to swat at Yifan as the
other took the alcohol from his hand, “Stop! I’m waiting for Baekhyun! Stop, give it- I need it!”

“Chanyeol, we have Baekhyun,” Sehun shook his head, sighing into Baekhyun's hair and shifting the omega awkwardly in his arms as he watched Chanyeol's back too, the man still refusing to do much but stare at the wall.

“He comes when I’m alone, get out!”

Baekhyun tensed at the yell, moving his mouth to make a noise but couldn’t form anything.

“He-get out! G-get out! I need B-Baekhyun! Leave!”

Yifan grabbed the side of Chanyeol's desk chair and turned it around, not even flinching as Chanyeol snarled at him and reached for the bottle in his other hand. “There’s Baekhyun. He’s real this time.”

Chanyeol snarled louder before even looking where Yifan was pointing, angrily moving to shove things off his desk that loudly toppled to the floor because even if he was raging drunk he’d never hurt his pack members.

“Chanyeol.” Sehun added, looking slightly afraid as he knelt down to place Baekhyun on the floor, knowing that him holding the omega while he was in such a bad condition would probably not be the first thing Chanyeol wanted to see. “Here is Baekhyun. He’s all yours, Yeol.”

Sehun backed off a few feet towards the door as Chanyeol looked at him red eyed and pissed off.

But then the alpha flicked eyes down to the carpeted floor, taking a deep breath and leaning back against his chair before closing his eyes tighter, “Stop! Stop! W-Why, why he’s never- it’s not real.”

“He’s real, Chanyeol.”

“Why would he come to me like this!” Chanyeol was sobbing now, and leaning over to press his hands over his eyes, “They neve- I never see him like this! Stop it! What’d you do! Why would you show me this!”

Chanyeol started yanking at his hair and Baekhyun widened his eyes because he couldn’t move, and he couldn’t help, he could only hold himself in a ball and press his cheek tiredly into his knee and watch.

And even then, he was happy to see Chanyeol even if it was like this - deranged and feral.

“It’s Baekhyun!” Yifan yelled, grabbing Chanyeol's arm and pulling him to stand up, “That's your mate so take care of him! Take care of him, Chanyeol!”

Baekhyun felt both tired and excited as Chanyeol was forced closer, eyes bobbing open and closed because he was safe now, he didn’t even need to try to stay awake when all his senses were telling him that his mate was here to take care of him now.

“Sh-sh- why, why, why..” Chanyeol dropped to his knees a good few feet away and Yifan merely shook his head at Sehun and started towards the door.

There wasn’t much more he or Sehun could do anyways.

“Why… why, yo-you’re supposed to- to… why do you come to me looking like this?”
Baekhyun didn’t know what Chanyeol was talking about, but he smiled despite the iron taste in his mouth, moving his cheek over his knee in a scenting motion, “A-Alpha.” He cooed as best he could in a strangled tone, trying to explain himself.

But Chanyeol just continued staring at him, face bright red and covered in tears and Baekhyun could now see the darkness around his eyes and cheeks, could barely smell Chanyeol over all the alcohol.

His mate looked almost mad, almost angry, hands curled into fists as he just stared at all the injuries on Baekhyun's face. “Why would you show me this? Don’t come to me like this- I-just… just do something nice, d.. go run around and play, don’t show me this.”

Baekhyun couldn't make too many expressions right now, but if he could he would be confused. Instead, he reached between his thighs and stomach and Shakily pulled out the newspaper, wrist straining as he reached out to place it on the floor, rolling onto his side slightly and he saw Chanyeol flinch back and watch Baekhyun's thin legs uncurl to try and catch himself.

But Chanyeol tore his eyes away quickly, like he didn’t want to acknowledge the clear torture in front of his face, he just grabbed the newspaper before frowning and Baekhyun was too tired to read his expression.

“It’s real?”

“I c-can touch it? It’s real?”

Baekhyun whimpered as his shoulder popped when he tried to sit back up, and red eyes were on him quickly, watching him shake just trying to stay sitting up without the support of holding his knees close.

And then Chanyeol's face was contorting painfully, sudden realization falling over his features as he caught the fruitiness off of the newspaper, “My baby? I-it’s real? You're real?”

The omega screeched, and it sounded both painful and pained, even though he only meant it as a confirmation, as a hold me sort of noise.

It worked though, and Chanyeol was reaching out to grab him before he face planted and sobbing into his skin, pressing his nose into Baekhyun's temple and the omega would never tell him how his grip was hurting him because of all his injuries, he’d happily be in more pain if Chanyeol was simply holding him again.

“S-Sh, my baby, m-my baby. Baby. Baekhyun, my pretty mate.” Chanyeol sobbed into his face, pressing his lips wetly to anywhere he could reach, and Baekhyun was too exhausted to do anything but whine and accept the attention with droopy eyes and mouth slightly open in a small smile.

Chanyeol kissed at him anywhere he could, even at his parted lips and when he pulled back they both had bloodied lips, but it wasn’t time for the alpha to acknowledge them yet, too caught up in trying to make sure this was Baekhyun that his mind wasn’t fully catching up with the state his mate was in.

But it would, eventually.

“You're not leaving my side, do you hear me?” Chanyeol cried, pressing kisses to his dirty hair with every word, “Stay with me, don’t y-you can’t leave me again. My omega, you're mine - don’t go, Baekhyun. Don’t go again.”
“A-Alpha,” Baekhyun whimpered, his hand shooting out only to motion towards the long forgotten newspaper on the ground, obviously teetering on consciousness as Chanyeol's arm around his back was the only thing keeping the omega sitting up.

Chanyeol sniffed before chuckling loudly, another wave of tears kissing his lips, “Ah, I know, my love. My mate, so beautiful. So sweet.”

“So sweet, sunshine.” Chanyeol croaked and Baekhyun closed his eyes and his head rolled back and his mate only moved to hold the back of his neck even though it was obvious Baekhyun was out like a light, “Sh, my baby. My lovely boy.” He continued, other hand shaking as he brushed Baekhyun's hair back and kissed his forehead, rocking them together and petting Baekhyun's hair.

“I missed you so much, so much, Baekhyun. Sh, sh, got you. I got you, alpha has you.” Chanyeol whispered, hand running over Baekhyun's neck and kissing at his face, “Did you miss me? I love you, I love you. You don't go anywhere alone, Baekhyun. Alpha missed you, m-missed-Baekhyun, Baekhyun, don't leave me, I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

Chapter End Notes

This turned into a whole ass story, and I’m cryin like what the hell did I do, but it fills my soul, okay?
Loved You (ABO/Mafia AU)

Chapter Summary

Baekhyun needs rest, and Chanyeol needs to prove himself a better mate.

Chanyeol didn’t know how long he sat there cradling his mate, whispering his affection into Baekhyun's skin.

But he could only pretend for so long.

Could only pretend that the iron he tasted on his mouth wasn’t his mates blood.

That they weren’t bruises on Baekhyun's face, but simply… simply shadows cast from the odd angle of the lights in the corners of the rooms.

That Baekhyun's nose wasn’t swollen and his bones weren’t sticking out so much they felt like needles poking Chanyeol's skin.

No. This was just Baekhyun and he - he was beautiful and his curls were always messy, they always fell wildly.

It wasn’t because blood, oil, and dirt were matting them down at odd angles.

Chanyeol couldn't pretend any longer, but he was sure it had been a good few hours Baekhyun had been passed out - Chanyeol preferred to think he was asleep, laying at his chest because he always used to do that, never liked to be anywhere but curled up at the alphas chest.

“Clean you up, my love.” He cooed, and he knew Baekhyun had been long out - but he still spoke to him for hours, asked questions he knew wouldn’t be answered.

Because Chanyeol felt better just holding him, talking to him because at least this Baekhyun couldn't go anywhere.

He was touching him and still Baekhyun was here, relying on Chanyeol to take care of him.

“Get you to bed and rest up, beauty.” He whispered, sniffing slightly and it wasn’t because of the blood covering Baekhyun, but just because he could smell the alcohol blending in with the fruity scent Baekhyun was struggling to give off - and he was momentarily disgusted that he caused his mates scent to be covered.

Chanyeol always drank, always had a few drinks with Baekhyun resting on his lap and cooing about what he did that day, or telling a wild dream he had.

But never was it so bad he had to struggle to find the sweetness being overpowered by it - he was disgusted by himself.

He laid Baekhyun at the end of their bed, it looked so unused, and wavered on his feet as he peeked at the connecting bathroom door, debating because what if he looked away and even this Baekhyun was gone?
They’d all leave him.

“You have to stay,” Chanyeol murmured, combing over Baekhyun's face, “Baby. Stay right here, don’t move.”

Baekhyun was in no condition to move at all, and the rational part of the alphas brain wanted to point out that it physically wasn’t possible for his mate to do much other than rest when he was so thin and so, so beaten up.

Chanyeol hadn’t even removed his sweater yet, but the damage was obvious.

They all knew what would happen should a lone omega be found in public, they all knew that even getting Baekhyun back alive was a feat in itself.

And Exo had dealt with a lot of these cases before, many times had people that owed them tried to sell their omegas to them, but it was different because this was Baekhyun.

Baekhyun who was sweet to literally everyone and innocent.

He used to not even understand why alphas tried to make him stray from public routes, used to be excited to try and help people that were very obviously trying to trick the little omega off the sidewalks.

Because that’s the world they lived in.

Because it was a hard world for what little omegas were left and Baekhyun used to not understand that before he met Chanyeol.

And the alpha had to teach him everything, tried to teach him self defense, tried to teach him when an alpha had bad intentions.

Chanyeol's mistake was falling in love with the omega, fully aware that Baekhyun was not cruel enough to help him rule a business.

They killed people, they hurt people, and even when Baekhyun had found out he was so kind and said he didn’t care because he knew the pack, knew they weren’t as the media portrayed them to be.

But even then, Exo didn’t hurt omegas. They had many more omegas than most packs, and perhaps that is why they are the strongest pack, but the weakest at the same time.

Chanyeol just really wished, really, really wished he had left Baekhyun alone when he found him in that alleyway.

He could have killed that alpha and left, walked Baekhyun home silently and then never looked back.

But he couldn’t.

Not when Baekhyun was so innocent and had been so kind to him even after witnessing Chanyeol attack the alpha. Not when he had eyes that enchanting and a smile so pure that Chanyeol felt sinful even looking at it too long.

Baekhyun had been his addiction from the first day, and Chanyeol was bad about listening to others’ advice - even if his own pack had warned him many times not to bring the poor omega in.
Chanyeol was overconfident and that’s why Baekhyun ended up like this. He was too confident his mate knew better than to go outside, and he was too confident that only walking next door to the pack house wouldn’t be a big deal.

He, as someone who grew up in the criminal world, should have known so much better.

“Wish you would sing me a song right about now.” Chanyeol mumbled, laying his damp rag down on the bed and fumbling with the end of the sweater, “Hear that pretty little voice for real. It’s been so long.”

He sucked in a breath and pulled the sweater off Baekhyun's head carefully, moving his mate around gently to ensure he wasn’t jostling and creating more injuries.

Because Baekhyun already had too many, he was already colored in a way Chanyeol had only seen on the pretty paintings his mate made - not on a person's skin.

“B-been three months, twelve days, and- I-I think seven hours, I have a timer somewhere.” He ranted as a distraction as he took the warm towel to Baekhyun's skin, “Since you called and said you were walking next door. I’m always walking you, Baekhyun. You don’t step outside that door alone ever again, baby.”

“Fuck.” Chanyeol sniffed and placed one hand beside Baekhyun's arm to hold himself up as he watched his own tears fall onto the purple on Baekhyun's collarbone, “Not you, not you, not you. Can’t be you, can’t happen to you. Baekhyun, you’re okay. You’re okay,” He sounded begging, and he pretty much was as he dropped the towel completely to run his hand over the protruding bones sticking out on his mates body.

Baekhyun used to be thin. Years ago, when they had only started dating, but he was never this thin. He never looked so sick even when Chanyeol could remember thinking Baekhyun was too small when they first mated.

Could remember how shy Baekhyun was about having sex for the first time until Chanyeol promised that they would mate soon, so they would be together forever, and Baekhyun had really wanted forever with Chanyeol.

And Chanyeol had really wanted forever with Baekhyun.

And that hadn’t changed.

The bite permanent above his right collarbone was proof that they were together forever, they had to be unless Chanyeol chose to give him up, and then it would fade away.

But he couldn’t ever do that. Would never want to let his omega go when Baekhyun was a dream. An illusion that ran up and down the hallway until Chanyeol came out to give him attention or offer him to join him.

A fox that snuck out of bed just to sneak downstairs and eat all the ice cream just because he wanted Chanyeol to coddle him if he whined about a stomach ache.

The small little omega that years prior looked at him like he was a hero - not a criminal and not with fear in his eyes - and Chanyeol hadn’t ever seen anyone look at him like that before.

There was no way he’d let his claim leave.
Not even when all the bites healing over Baekhyun's body tried to force him to.

They were red, and they were scabbed over, never to leave a scar on Baekhyun because he wasn’t their omega to take.

But Chanyeol didn’t want to see them at all, was growling and crying at the same time because he hated himself for making Baekhyun go through this.

He gulped and shook his head because he didn’t deserve to cry.

He didn’t deserve to just sit here and cry about his own guilt when Baekhyun was the one in pain, when he was the one that had been stolen away and subjected to torture that Chanyeol didn’t even want to know about - but needed to.

So, he didn’t deserve to get the easy way out either and shoved the damp rag off the bed and instead pulled a pillow to rest under Baekhyun's head because he would be laying here a while.

Chanyeol cried silently and knelt down to start cleaning at Baekhyun's wounds, it would take a while for them to close, he knew that even with his saliva it would take a while.

But he was going to sit here all night until they were gone.
Baekhyun is overexcited, and Chanyeol needs to face the truth - Baekhyun isn’t the same.

Baekhyun couldn’t remember the last time he woke up in so much pain.

It was odd because after the first few beatings or so he had just felt numb to all of his injuries.

He smacked his lips and was surprised to find they didn’t taste iron like anymore, but like some kind of vegetable, like sodium.

It had been so long since he tasted anything but blood or old bread.

Even longer since he was wearing clothes, covered in a huge hoodie and sweatpants, both of which seemed to be Chanyeol's because as Baekhyun ran his hand down his stomach to feel them he felt how tight the draw string was pulled.

Baekhyun wasn’t sure this had been real, but all of these things pointed that it was, and as he sat up his damp hair hit his ears and he was relieved when he went to scratch at his scalp and it didn’t feel disgusting anymore, but clean and the strands softly curling up.

Almost like they had never been so dirty in the first place when Baekhyun knew it must have taken his mate forever to scrub him so clean.

Speaking of Chanyeol, Baekhyun wanted nothing more than to go find him, he ran his tongue across his lip and wasn’t surprised it was almost repaired because he also didn’t feel the tight pulling on his skin from the scabs beneath his clothes either.

He was curious and once he found some balance - much more than he had the last time he remembered standing - he turned to the body mirror on the closet door and gawked at himself.

He was unrecognizable.

Baekhyun grabbed them hem of the hoodie and pulled it up to his chest, his skin still black and blue, purple and yellow, different stages of healing, but his stomach was caving in and the sweatpants - even though tied as tight as Chanyeol physically could have made them go - hung loosely around his protruding hip bones.

He’d never seen himself look so disgusting, always forced himself not to use the mirror in that filthy bathroom because it only made him want to puke.

No wonder Chanyeol wasn’t beside him when he woke up, he wouldn’t want to sleep beside himself either.

But, even if his mate was disgusted with him, Baekhyun wanted to see him.

So, he stumbled shakily out their bedroom door and felt his entire body calm down a bit when he
heard Chanyeol talking.

Probably to himself, because Baekhyun always liked that adorable habit, but possibly on the phone with Yifan.

He was sure they had a lot to talk about.

Either way, that was his mate and he had the right to interrupt him; just wanted Chanyeol to hold him, feed him, tell him that he was sweet, because the alpha only ever had nice things to say to him, even when they argued.

Baekhyun was honestly having a hard time. His legs didn’t want to walk, his spine sore from standing upright so long, and his knees locked up everytime he took a step down the stairs, having to take an equally painful breath in because his heart raced at the effort he was using.

But the omega was determined, and after everything he had gone through this felt like a breeze.

“Baby.”

But it all felt worth it even if he had to hold the wall and take a handful of breaths.

“Fuck, Baek. What are you doing, baby? I was just getting you more food, lay down. Lay down, my love.”

Baekhyun panted into Chanyeol's shoulder when the alpha was picking him up, nuzzling into his collar with a bunch of deep breaths, mostly because he just wanted to smell his mate.

“Please just sit still, little one. You’re going to hurt yourself,” Chanyeol worried louder, pressing his lips to Baekhyun's temple as he knelt down to try and set the omega on the couch.

Baekhyun wasn’t having that at all though, he grunted in displeasure, pressing his nose into Chanyeol's jaw and squealed a sharp noise as his thin limbs tightened around his mate.

Chanyeol, red eyed from lack of sleep - and now red eyed in anger at how scared Baekhyun was - clicked his tongue before opting to just take a seat himself, leaving the omega to find comfort in his skin because it was obvious he didn’t want to be separated. “Sh, my love. Alpha was just getting you more food, aren't you thirsty? I woke you up and fed you soup a while ago, darling. You don’t remember?”

That explained the saltiness on his tongue, Baekhyun realized, but his throat still felt itched raw, and he wanted nothing more than to have Chanyeol fix it like the alpha had done to his open wounds.

But Chanyeol couldn't, Baekhyun knew that.

Instead, he shook his head, sitting back on Chanyeol's knees to press their noses together, he tried to give a small purr to at least give Chanyeol some sort of reaction, but it lasted only a second before the sound was off and Baekhyun opted to stop.

He wasn’t sure why his throat hurt this bad, but figured it was likely rubbed raw due to his own screaming.

Because he might not have fought back after a while, but he still begged.

“That’s okay, alpha will just have to feed you again, and again, and again.” Chanyeol whispered,
running his hand over Baekhyun's arm and curling his hand entirely over the thinness of his mate's wrist, bringing it to his mouth to press a kiss to his palm. “I love you, beautiful. Love you.”

Baekhyun wanted to say it back, but substituted by pressing his nose back into Chanyeol's cheek, rubbing his pale skin to the alphas.

And Chanyeol just laughed watery, moving his opposite hand to the back of Baekhyun's head to cup his curls and pull him closer, “I know, omega. Love you too, sweet boy. My sweet mate.”

Surprising the alpha, Baekhyun hissed, nails moving to curl into Chanyeol's shoulder and he was in tears, just silent tears falling down his hollow cheeks.

“What? Baby, sh, hey. What? I said something? What’s I say?” The alpha worried because Baekhyun's entire body had gone limp and he was just digging his nails into Chanyeol's skin like he was going to scratch him - but was holding back. “Baekhyun, my love. I-I don’t know, I don’t know, I won’t say it again.”

Baekhyun whimpered and brought his hand to his ear, scratching around the area before his nails were dragging down his neck, landing on his claim.

The skin he had dragged against was red, and Chanyeol would have stopped him sooner, but Baekhyun was obviously trying to tell him something, so he allowed it.

And when Baekhyun scratched at the pretty scar Chanyeol grabbed his hand and it wasn’t hard to figure out what set him off, but the alpha had to keep the anger swallowed because it would scare his mate.

“Won’t call you that again, sweetheart.” Chanyeol promised, but his eyes were glossy because Baekhyun always liked to be called omega by him. Omega mate, my pretty omega, anything of the form.

But not anymore.

“Hm? You’re just my sweet boy.” Chanyeol murmured, holding Baekhyun's hands in his and pressing his lips to his mate's black eye carefully, without too much pressure, “My sweet baby who alpha loves very much. Very, very much.”

Baekhyun sniffled, and Chanyeol always hated it, had killed people for even making the omega tear up, but Baekhyun pulled his lips into a smile, nodding and licking at a tear falling at the corner of his lip.

“There’s my sunshine,” Chanyeol cooed, pulling Baekhyun to rest under his chin and cringing as he looked around and noticed how horrible the house looked.

It suddenly looked way worse than he remembered it to be.

“H-hi.”

And Chanyeol was the one sniffing and pressing kisses to Baekhyun's cheek, nosing at his skin. “Hi, baby. Hi, good morning. Good morning, darling.” He sighed into Baekhyun's jaw, “Is it a good morning, Baekhyun?”

Baekhyun cleared his throat and the sound was so dry Chanyeol cupped the side of his neck, blind on his own tears, and busied himself making sure Baekhyun's skin was well loved, “Yes.”
Chapter Summary

Baekhyun is very different. But that’s okay, because Chanyeol is going to learn how to take care of him all over again.

Baekhyun was never shy.

It was one of the reasons Chanyeol had been so intrigued by him when they met, because usually omegas were soft spoken, even shaky when speaking to Alphas - for good reason - but Baekhyun never was.

Baekhyun was always a loud burst of sunshine, excited to say whatever was on his mind even if it was irrelevant and completely childish.

Chanyeol was used to him running around the house and invading anywhere he could get into - sometimes getting on his nerves, but Baekhyun was too cute to say no to.

Baekhyun didn’t do much more of that anymore, couldn't really.

He mostly just kept to himself, slinking downstairs and trying to be quiet - not that it really worked because Chanyeol was always listening in for his footsteps - waiting for Chanyeol to acknowledge him and invite him over rather than tossing himself all over his mate like he used to.

Used to wake Chanyeol up just to tell him the most ridiculous of dreams he had, used to have no boundaries and, more than once, had made the alpha almost burn down the kitchen because Baekhyun demanded a lot of love, and a lot of attention.

But not so much anymore.

That was still okay.

It was still okay, even if it was different, because Chanyeol loved him, and Baekhyun was healing everyday.

Just the day before Baekhyun felt good enough to wave out the window to their pack, and it was a big deal, a huge deal, because Jongin had tried to come check on him a few days after his arrival and it hadn’t been pretty.

The omega had literally screamed, like he didn't recognize Jongin at all despite the alpha having helped save him only days before.

But it was a blood curdling scream, one that was so loud Chanyeol had jumped out of the shower he was in at the time and ran - nude - downstairs to grab Baekhyun.

It was simply Jongin, standing there holding a package of flowers and a nicely wrapped gift, in tears and shifting on his feet unsure what to do - or say.

Their own pack wouldn’t ever hurt Baekhyun, let alone the younger alphas that had grown used to
the omega treating them like his own puppies.

Because that’s what Baekhyun did, he always wanted to care for everyone, especially the younger members.

And it wasn’t like Jongin had startled Baekhyun.

The door lock was loud, there was no way Baekhyun hadn’t heard him coming.

But Jongin had scared Baekhyun, even if he had literally done nothing. Just his scent was enough to scare the omega.

And that was probably why Chanyeol thought it was a good choice when Jongin just set the gifts down and ran out, crying.

Because it took him a good hour or two to snap Baekhyun out of his sobs and quiet whispers to give him the gifts.

Baekhyun really liked the hoodie they had gotten him, and Chanyeol kept finding him wearing it everywhere.

Even in the oddest of places, and in the oddest of positions, but he tried not to freak out, and not to cry because it wasn’t his place to be more than angry when his mate was so… so… different.

Yixing, their certified doctor, kept wanting to come check on Baekhyun, but the truth was even Chanyeol couldn't get close to Baekhyun sometimes.

It hadn’t been nearly long enough for him to see anyone else; sometimes the omega lashed out at even his mate for the simplest of things like Chanyeol trying to dress him - which was routine the past two weeks because Baekhyun otherwise wouldn’t dress himself, and Chanyeol just felt more mad when he saw how thin his mate was - couldn't afford to scare Baekhyun with the scent of him being so livid.

But most of the time Chanyeol was just scared. Scared because Baekhyun was so different, and he still loved him so much, but he wasn’t used to this.

Wasn’t used to waking up with the omega completely gone, and Baekhyun kept going to the exact same place.

“Baekhyun,” Chanyeol called, pressing his temple against the wall as he sat on the floor, “Baekhyun, baby. Alpha is here for you, you can come out.”

Yifan had explained the conditions Baekhyun was found in, and had explained much more than Chanyeol wanted to hear, but not enough at all at the same time.

“I’m opening the door, okay? It’s just me, and I’m opening it.”

He heard Baekhyun shuffling around inside and at this point he wondered if he just needed to take the hall closet door off, even if it would be a huge eyesore, because Baekhyun shouldn't be cramming himself inside a small space like this.

First it was the bathroom, but it seemed Baekhyun didn’t find it small enough, and then it was the spare room, but the omega obviously hadn’t found comfort in that either.

So it had been the tiny broom closet ever since.
“Hey,” Chanyeol soothed tiredly, “Did you have a nightmare? You should have woken me up, my darling. Just wake me up, sweet boy, and we can talk whenever you want.”

It was pretty dark in the hallway, but he knew turning on the light would scare Baekhyun much more and send him in a panic, but even in the dark he could make out the tears all over his mate's face and hear his ragged breathing.

“Come, my mate. My precious mate, lets see you, hm?”

Baekhyun loved attention even when he was afraid, even if he mistook Chanyeol's scent for a common alpha as he had Jongin, so he shuffled slightly closer, sitting on his bottom just outside the doorway, hands between his thighs and leaning forward in a rocking motion.

“Hello, gorgeous.” The alpha swooned, reaching out to brush his thumb on the tear tracks on Baekhyun's cheeks, “Do you want to talk, darling? Or should we get some more sleep?”

The omega didn’t talk that much these days, even less about anything important that Chanyeol really needed to, but didn’t want to, know.

But that was still okay, because the alpha was trying his best to understand without knowing everything.

Because he still loved Baekhyun.

“Ouch,” Chanyeol snapped his head up from watching Baekhyun mess with his own fingers instantly, searching his mate for an injury, “Alpha, ouch.”

Chanyeol couldn't find any. “Okay. Okay, come here, baby.” He cooed, patting his lap, and Baekhyun was crawling onto his thighs, hands wringing at his pajama shirt uncomfortably.

“Are you hungry?” The alpha wondered, concluding it was something to do with Baekhyun's stomach only because he was wringing his hands there, “Hungry? Did you scratch yourself? What’s wrong?”

Baekhyun slumped over onto his chest, scenting at Chanyeol's collarbone, and it was sweet, but it wasn’t answering anything.

“Baekhyun,” Chanyeol purred, kissing around his hair for his sweetness, “Where does it hurt? If you’re in pain we need to get you some medicine; you can take some more painkillers.”

“Hurts,” The omega agreed, muffling his tired voice in Chanyeol's neck before hissing like he was in a bunch of pain, “Chanyeol. H-Hurts, hurts.”

There was nothing off about him though, he didn’t smell like blood, and he didn’t even smell like he was in pain, but if Baekhyun said he was hurting obviously something was wrong and Chanyeol needed to fix it for his mate right this instant because the omega did not deserve any pain at all.

He ran his palm down Baekhyun's back, and as he laid a hand on his mate's tailbone the omega yelped in his ear and Chanyeol was going to kill anyone that walked by their home unless it was their pack members.

“Ow, ow, ow. No more, no more, ow.”

“Sh. No more, baby.” Chanyeol agreed, pressing his lips into Baekhyun's forehead, “Nobody will touch you again. You’re just mine, just mine, and even I won’t touch you, my mate. Huh? You
always wanted to be mine? And I always wanted to be yours, and that’s how it is, Baekhyun.”

Baekhyun still didn’t smell like he was in pain, but he was sitting on Chanyeol's thigh uncomfortably like he was in pain, angling his hips out to ease pressure and let the warmth of Chanyeol's hand calm this pain he so frantically claimed to have.

The alpha didn’t know very much about pain unless it was physical, but Baekhyun must know about many more types of pain than Chanyeol even knew existed.
Chapter Summary

Baekhyun is a bit too much, but he’s always himself. Even when he’s not.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sometimes things didn’t seem all that bad.

Even though the hard truth was Baekhyun wasn’t okay, and he wouldn’t be for a long time; sometimes things were relatively okay.

“What are you doing?”

Chanyeol laughed, leaning against the doorway with crossed arms, but his amusement was mainly being used to cover the happy tears he felt building up.

“Alpha!” Baekhyun continued jumping on the middle of the bed as if his legs weren’t merely toothpicks and he wasn’t doing something completely odd. “Can see Kyungsoo - outside window!”

Again, that explained nothing, but Chanyeol snickered anyways. “You’re going to get tired any second now, beautiful. Why are you jumping on the bed?”

Not only jumping on the bed, but flinging crumbs from the package of crackers he had in his grip, the television turned on and volume up, but Baekhyun wasn’t focusing on anything, not even at how close he was getting to the edge -

Chanyeol reached out to snatch the omega around the waist just as he saw Baekhyun's foot get dangerously close and his mate squealed, but it wasn’t a scared or surprised one that he had heard more often than not.

It was happy, and giggily, and Chanyeol hadn’t heard Baekhyun make such a noise in a long, long time, so he laughed too.

He laughed and threw his mate over his shoulder and began carrying him down the stairs.

Baekhyun squealed and wiggled, but his giggling gave away how very happy he was, and Chanyeol wasn’t about to let this rare moment go to waste.

“You little demon! Made such a big mess for me to clean up!” He teased, carefully pulling Baekhyun off his shoulder and into his arms.

It was reassuring when his mate was immediately wrapping his legs around Chanyeol's hips, not wanting the alpha to put him down.

“Are you going to help me clean up, crazy?” Chanyeol continued, dropping into the recliner and looking at Baekhyun through half lidded eyes, smiling.
“No.” The omega claimed, giggling and Chanyeol hadn’t even noticed he dropped his package of crackers, and it was probably another mess that needed to be cleaned up, but to hell with it right now. “Alpha job.”

“Alphas job?” Chanyeol chuckled, but he knew Baekhyun was right, he always cleaned up his messes for him, and that wasn’t about to stop now.

Now he just loved to see the cute, confident grin his mate had and the playful twinkle in his eye, even if his temple was grotesquely yellow, and beneath his eyes was hollowed out. “Alpha job to clean up after me! My mate does it always.”

“You’re right. Of course you’re right, my Baekhyunnie is always right.” Chanyeol swooned quickly, smiling as Baekhyun placed his hands on his face without any doubt or fear.

“Always give kisses for hard work,” Baekhyun added with the cutest scrunched nose beam as he leaned over to press a loud kiss to Chanyeol’s cheek.

Really, anything Baekhyun did right now that wasn’t concerning, Chanyeol considered the cutest thing; Baekhyun in general had a lot of cuteness to show.

“Mhm. Thank you, sweetheart. Always such a good little mate, my love. Will you tell me good job, too? After I clean up the mess my baby created? How messy, darling!”

Baekhyun threw his head back with a burst of laughter as Chanyeol tapped his nose playfully, and the alpha ran his hand over his neck immediately, rarely getting to see his mate display it so vulnerably.

“Sorry, alpha!”

They both knew Baekhyun was not sorry at all, very much not sorry, but his very fake pout was adorable too, and Chanyeol was weak for it even if he knew it was fake.

“It's okay.” Chanyeol hummed, running his thumb over Baekhyun's lip and nearly crying when his mate pressed a cute kiss to his thumb, “My mate does whatever he wants. You do whatever you want, beautiful, and I’ll always come clean it up for you. Always did, remember?”

Baekhyun wasn’t messy per say. He usually was really good about cleaning up his things, but he, just like a lot of omegas, tended to focus on only one thing at a time, so if he got distracted while doing something usually that was where the messes came from.

Just like the splatters of white paint on the grey walls by the front door because it apparently never occurred to Baekhyun that he would get paint all over the house if he walked around covered in it himself.

It’s okay though, because Chanyeol was never mad about it. Especially not when he got to see Baekhyun's wide eyed pout and got coddled with affection before the omega would tell him what he did.

In fact, Chanyeol really liked those sort of things now - the paint splattered mistakes, the fingerprints of paint randomly spread around, even the way their bedroom mirror had a crack in the corner because Baekhyun thought he would be creative and try to use it as a stand for his canvas when it was blatantly obvious their mirror was not strong enough for all the pressure the omega put on it.

That was fine. More than fine actually, because Baekhyun did it, and Chanyeol loved everything
the omega did, even if it was annoying or even childish, because it gave him something to remember when Baekhyun had been gone.

“Give alpha lots of kisses, and say sorry, and it’s okay.” Baekhyun mumbled into Chanyeol's shirt, and the alpha sighed more shaky than he wanted as his mate curled arms around his neck and kissed rather wetly at his face.

“It’s okay, baby.” Chanyeol echoed, holding down the edge of Baekhyun's sweater when the omega wiggled around to get more comfortable pressed against him. “Anything you do is okay, as long as you just sit with me, Baekhyun. Just stay with me and everything is fine, darling.”

“Don’t want to go,” Baekhyun whispered so close to Chanyeol's ear it felt like some sort of secret, but it was no secret at all.

Chanyeol never wanted him to go either.

“Sing to me?” Chanyeol asked, pressing his chin to Baekhyun's hair and looking at the pile of empty glass bottles he needed to take down to the trash, but he had been putting it off for two weeks.

Because he didn’t want to leave Baekhyun alone at all, and he got anxious just having his mate out of sight.

Scared he’d see him again, but it wouldn’t be him. Or scared of not seeing him again, and he didn’t know which one was worse.

All he knew was he didn’t need to get drunk to see Baekhyun right now, because his mate was whispering some song into his ear, and Chanyeol didn’t even know if the omega was singing something real or made up.

But he didn’t care.

Because the illusion of Baekhyun never sang, even when he begged to hear it.

Chapter End Notes

Fuck, am I the only one that cries with this AU?
For You (ABO/Mafia AU)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Baekhyun didn’t feel that good today.

He woke up in a bad mood, and Chanyeol wasn’t there and that made his mood a million times worse.

He just felt… different. He didn’t feel very happy or cheery at all.

Instead, he just felt gross, and he itched his skin until it was red and knew that he needed to stop or Chanyeol would be worried about the red marks on his chest.

He didn’t want to worry his mate at all, but he didn’t know what was wrong with him.

Well, a lot was wrong with him, but not when he had Chanyeol around.

That was over stretching, and he knew it, because his mate didn’t know anything at all, even if he pretended to know.

But Baekhyun had sat on the stairs and listened in on his and Yifan’s secret meetings and he had a lot to say about them.

His room at the other place wasn’t really that bad whatsoever, and he wanted to cut in the moment Yifan described the place, because it really wasn’t that bad at all.

But, Baekhyun didn’t want to have to explain himself.

Because the blood all over the room was from him, but it wasn’t as bad as Yifan had claimed, he would know as he had tried to clean up the room when it was three times worse than the splatter that was left.

The light that casted dimly on the ceiling was broken only because Baekhyun had broken it himself.

Because he was tired of seeing himself, and because if it was darker in his room then he could see the light pour under the door from the room over and he knew when they were coming.

Baekhyun had a lot of explanations for a lot of things, but he didn’t even want to have to tell Chanyeol them.

Didn’t want to confirm what he knew Chanyeol already knew.

After all, Baekhyun was an omega, and his mate had tried so many times to explain the dangers to him.

But Baekhyun used to be ignorant, and he truthfully was selfish, and thought himself to be the most protected omega ever with Chanyeol as his mate.

Chanyeol, while powerful, was not some god though, and Baekhyun overestimated his influence, because it had been the alphas power that had gotten him taken in the first place.
Not that it was Chanyeol's fault, and Baekhyun would never even dare to think so, but it was… because he was an omega, and wasn’t careful enough, and that’s just what happens to omegas that aren’t careful.

He used to think it was crude of Chanyeol to explain things in such a haunting, but blatant sort of way, used to not want to hear one of his scolding speeches.

But he really wished he listened now.

“What are you doing, Baek?”

Baekhyun hadn’t seen any of the pack members so close in so long, and he felt really bad about how quickly he was moving to press his back against the wall and straightening out his spine.

“So it’s like this now?” Sehun wondered, clicking his tongue, and internally Baekhyun knew the alpha already had a mate, that he wasn’t going to try anything.

But some of the alphas that had pinned him to the ground had also smelled like they had mates, and that still hadn’t stopped them from making him feel nothing more than an object, a toy.

He knew Sehun. He knew Sehun, he knew this alpha.

That’s the only reason he wasn’t screaming right now and making Chanyeol rush back in, because he knew the alpha probably left the back door open, even during his “secret” meetings, to listen for him.

“I’m not going to touch you, Baekhyun.” Sehun said, “I’m not going to rape you, d-don’t look at me like that.”

Baekhyun used to think the youngest alphas’ straightforward personality was funny, but not right now when he was trying his best to go around what was obvious and being forced up his throat.

That he had been raped.

Many, many times he had been forced to submit for someone that was not his own mate.

That he had been beaten to near death, and somewhat wished they could have hit a little harder.

Baekhyun knew it must have been Chanyeol's strength in his claim that kept him alive so long, because after the first week he had long given up.

“God. S-can’t you just see me? Just.. just close your eyes, Baekhyun. It’s just me! It’s just me, and I just wa.. I just wanted you to talk to me, because I missed you. Okay? Okay, I missed you, we all missed you and want to see you.”

Baekhyun knew that years ago, when he and Chanyeol first started seeing each other, that Sehun looked up to him a lot.

It was probably because at the time he had only been a child, had only been about thirteen, and it was unfair to treat him like this when he had known all of them for so long.

“Baekhyun, please. I’m not- I’m not going to hurt you.”

And Baekhyun was always weak for the alphas crying, because it went against everything they were - to cry for an omega - but they were family, and Baekhyun loved Sehun like he was his own child ever since he was a puppy.
Sehun used to skip up to him with a handful of toys to ask him to play, used to fight with Chanyeol that Baekhyun was going to be his mate when he was older, and they thought it was really funny when Sehun mated with Luhan once he was of age.

Seeing Sehun only made Baekhyun feel worse, because he wanted to be able to talk to him, but the truth was he was an alpha - and he smelled like an alpha.

He didn’t feel any better about the smell than he did when Jongin came to see him weeks before.

“Sehun,” Baekhyun was wondering when they’d figure out the youngest snuck off from their meeting, “You're not supposed to be in here.” Chanyeol growled, but he wasn’t mad, mostly scolding.

“I just.. I jus-“

“Let’s go home,” Yifan ordered, not stepping into the room and Baekhyun was thankful for it even if he knew the alpha was staring at him, “You're scaring him, Sehun. It’s not your fault, but you can’t just come see him. Not anymore.”

Not anymore, Baekhyun wanted to cry at the words, but his heart was racing too fast.

“Please,” Chanyeol whispered, and Sehun was walking out on his own accord, because it was obvious Baekhyun was absolutely terrified, pressing himself into the wall and wrapping his paint covered hands all around his knees.

Chanyeol didn’t speak up for a good few minutes, not until a good five minutes after they heard the front door shut.

Baekhyun just watched him clean up his mess of brushes from the rug, and eyed the new stains that were entirely his fault for just dropping the coated brushes carelessly onto the striped rug.

“Looks like you’re almost out of colors, I’ll get you some more.” Chanyeol whispered, and Baekhyun was pretty sure he was just avoiding talking about it, and he appreciated that. “Need some more black and some red, we’ll just get you a bunch more. I’ll order you some more, baby.”

Baekhyun didn’t respond, but his arms loosened around himself a tiny bit.

“What were you making?” Chanyeol asked, carefully pulling up the thick canvas paper from the ground and moving to put it in the window to dry. “It’s very… very…”

“It’s ugly,” The omega mumbled, leaning forward to help clean up his mess even though he was just getting more paint everywhere.

“I wouldn’t say… it’s ugly, it’s just… it-“

“It’s supposed to be.” Baekhyun shrugged, tossing his dirty brushes into a plastic cup, “Supposed to be ugly, Chanyeol.”

“Okay, I wasn’t sure what to say,” Chanyeol tried to joke, and Baekhyun’s lip twitched up a little, but he otherwise didn’t give a reaction as Chanyeol took a seat on the rug and began closing and putting Baekhyun's paints back into the chest at the end of the bed.

“Did you… you hear all of it?”

“A bit,” Chanyeol answered quietly, leaning his elbow on the open chest to watch Baekhyun
carefully, “Sehun loves you, he’d never hurt you.”

Baekhyun knew that.

But it was too much to suddenly try and throw himself back into the pack and try to pretend he didn’t want to bang his head against the wall to try and forget his own memories.

“Alphas--”

“No.” Chanyeol tried.

“- always.”

“Stop, Baekhyun.” The alpha requested, and he was already crying, but Baekhyun wasn’t scared of Chanyeol even if he told him no, “Please- please don’t, please don’t, Baekhyun.”

“I’m an omega, do you want a try?” Baekhyun laughed dryly, sitting back on his heels to angrily push the pile he had nicely created towards his chest before he growled and it was painful as he threw the brushes across the room, “Do you want to? Do you want to! I said stop! I said stop!”

“Stop it!”

Baekhyun hissed, screaming as he realized he broke one of his brushes, but his fight was gone as Chanyeol pulled his back to his chest, shushing him.

“Stop, stop, I love you. I love you. I love you, stop.” The alpha cried, kissing at his temple even as Baekhyun scratched at his arm, angry, but not trying to leave. “Sh, no more. Please. Please I can’t hear it, B-Baekhyun.”

“Crying, crying, crying.” Baekhyun tsked, but his head went limp as he dropped it down to stare at his own lap. “Don’t care about crying - a-alphas don't care about crying. Do you want to hit me? Hit him, it’s okay, it’s okay - he can take it, it’s okay.”

“It’s not okay.” Chanyeol growled, clenching his jaw, but otherwise only holding Baekhyun to him, “It’s not okay. Alphas don’t hit omegas, we don’t. Good alphas don’t. Sh, Baekhyun. Baby, I’m not going to hit you. Nobody is going to hit you or touch you.”

Baekhyun sniffed, rolling the handle of his broken brush between his fingers, “… it’s okay,” He whispered before dropping the broken wood and curling his paint covered hand around Chanyeol's wrist, watching the black spread all over his alphas skin. “I can take it.”

“I love you. I love you. I hear you, Baekhyun.”

_Even if I don’t want to._

Chapter End Notes

There’s now a full story based on this universe! Please check it out!
Baekhyun accepted (Survival AU/ Krisbaek)

Chapter Summary

A possible route (among many) that could have happened should Yixing had not
interrupted, taken from Ch 65. (Survival AU Drabble)

Chapter Notes

For those that read it, you know Survival is a complicated story, but I had so many
paths I considered for CH 65 and Yifan’s admission, here’s just one.

“Everyone gets confused sometimes, but sometimes you reach the maximum amount of shit you
can take, and you explode. Frankly, I could give two fucks about that, he was an entitled prick. If
someone wants to kiss you then they should just say so, like I am.”

Baekhyun gasped under his breath, fingers tightening around Yifan’s arms.

His eyes flickered to the man’s lips and as soon as they did, Yifan took a step closer, and
Baekhyun's heels hit the wall as he was backed into it, picture frames on the wall digging into his
spine.

“I… Uh…”

Yifan’s smile was gentle as he placed a palm beside Baekhyun's head and his thumb ran over the
curve of his jaw, “Am I making you uncomfortable?”

Baekhyun licked his lips nervously, shaking his head no and Yifan took that as an okay to press
closer, his bare waist burning hot through the smaller’s shirt as their chests pressed together.

“It’s your choice, I’d never force you to do anything you didn’t want to, Baekhyun.” Yifan
whispered, breath fanning the younger’s forehead and Baekhyun gulped.

He truthfully hadn’t a clue, mind racing, but it didn’t feel wrong.

He trusted Yifan wouldn't hurt him in any way.

“Of course, if you wanted I’d already be on the floor with a busted lip, but… you haven’t done
that. You haven’t and I want to know why, sweetheart. Tell me no and I’ll turn around and walk
you home, won’t ask you again.”

“I… don’t know.” Baekhyun mumbled, it sounded breathier than needed and he went to move his
limply hanging arms from his sides intending to grab Yifan’s shirt - but he wasn’t wearing one, so
his hands only came to touch the man’s bare ribs.

He felt more than saw Yifan shudder and felt the blood rush to his face and ducked his head shyly.
“Do you remember when you were sick?” Yifan whispered suddenly, forehead pressing into the crown of Baekhyun's head and neither of them pulled away.

Baekhyun hadn’t pushed him away or even looked uncomfortable, just confused.

“When you were sick was the first time I had a bit of doubt, because you were dying - and I couldn’t take it, nobody could. I walked on the fence hours in the sun until I couldn’t take it, then I went to see Taeyong, and you know what he told me?”

“What?”

Yifan chuckled, and it rumbled against Baekhyun's chest, “He told me that I did a shitty job protecting everyone, and I know he was a little shit back then, rude and impulsive, but… he was only talking about you—”

“He…” Baekhyun whispered, moving his head back to rest against the wall again, “He didn’t understand.”

“No.” Yifan disagreed softly, “He did understand, more than we thought, and he was right. I did a shitty job protecting you, and I went to Yixing that night, I said that you had to live and there was no other option - for yourself, for Taeyong, for.. Chanyeol, Kyungsoo, Jongin - hell, everyone wanted you to live, we were scared.

And then, he laughed and said that you were dying and there wasn’t anything left, that you were bleeding from your nose and spasming, I collapsed on the spot, Baekhyun. Because I failed you, and you trusted me, and I did a shitty job.”

“It was a virus.” Baekhyun muttered, shaking his head with a furrow in his brow, “It was uncontrollable, nobody was at fault.”

“That’s not…” Yifan murmured, sighing, “That’s not my point, I just… that's when I realized too, that something was different - and it wasn’t right, I had no right to be so afraid for you when we were nothing, nothing but family, and I didn’t… Yixing cleared things up, he always knew things before I did, and he was fine with it - understood, he said he felt similarly so he didn’t think I could control it.”

“You never seemed that way, just protective.”

The leader laughed, surging closer so close his foot rested between Baekhyun's and Baekhyun straightened up against the wall with surprised eyes, unreasonable considering they were already chest to chest. “I tried, really did, to hide it. But I knew others noticed, I knew everyone noticed - you didn’t. It was a bit discouraging, but I expected as much, I can’t have you even if I wanted to.”

Baekhyun stiffened at the tone, because it wasn’t sad, if anything it was just matter of fact, but it was sad, it did make his chest hurt.

Because Yifan deserved to have someone just as much, if not more, than a lot of other people.

Plus, Baekhyun had already made up his mind, Yifan just hadn’t given him enough time to respond before his almost nervous ranting.

“Are you going to kiss me or walk me home?”

The man reeled back in surprise, chocolate eyes meeting Baekhyun's, confused.
“Hyung,” Baekhyun whispered softly before he surged into his toes and rested their noses together, “Will you or not?”

The leader swallowed hard and his hand on the wall came to Baekhyun's cheek, brushing his finger over the younger's skin before leaning down and testingly leaving his lips only a small gap away, giving Baekhyun a chance to stop him.

But the smaller didn't, one of his hands trailed up Yifan’s chest to the fine hair on his jaw, breathing gently against the man’s face.

Yifan blinked, eyes searching Baekhyun's. “You're beautiful, really.” He whispered before closing the distance with a simple press of their lips, chaste but warm and meaningful.

Baekhyun sighed into his mouth before parting his lips and bringing Yifan’s face closer to his, lips meeting with soft, skin tingling popping noises between them.

There was nothing lustful about it, nothing deeply sexual or seductive even thought they were both pressed together in what could be sexual.

It was all gentle.

A kiss saying to be careful outside the walls today.

Another for time lost between them.

Even more to make up for apologies Yifan felt needed to be given as Baekhyun was his responsibility - along with so many other people.

Baekhyun's eyes opened, nose brushing Yifan’s and watched the other man’s eyes open moments later, keeping their close proximity.

The younger brushed his fingertip over the leader's cheek before his eyes caught the sparkling on his hand.

Yifan obviously knew what he was looking at and the sigh that fell from his mouth was pitiful and painful. “It’s okay,” He cooed, “I’ll talk to them, they won’t be mad at you.”

“It was my choice,” Baekhyun murmured, focusing on the cold metal, but it didn’t seem to fill him with any reassurance anymore. “Soulmates can grow apart, you told me that before.”

“I’m not trying to ruin anything.” Yifan admitted apologetically, “But they already.. knew, and... I didn’t hide it. I never did, Baekhyun.”

Baekhyun nodded slightly, throwing his arms around Yifan’s shoulders and digging his cheek into his collarbone, “They won’t be mad, I just confirmed.. what they already thought.”

“But I love them, Yifan.” He added under his breath, voice not apologetic, but sad, “That doesn’t mean I don’t want you.”

The leader released a heavy breath at the admission and pulled Baekhyun away from the wall in a tight hug, “Then you tell them that. They love you, they’ll listen. It was only a kiss, doesn’t have to mean anything.”

“But it did.”

“But it did,” Yifan echoed.
An angel (DDLB/Mafia AU)

Chapter Summary

Chanyeol stole an angel, and is adamant he’s not attached.
Even if Baekhyun is attached to him and he loves it.

Chapter Notes

Warning:
Baekhyun is 19, Chanyeol is 28
Although neither are apparent in this part, but just a thing to consider!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Baekhyun had been found in a raid.

It was ironic, Chanyeol mused, that he entered in order to steal a billion dollar diamond, but instead came out with ten locked safes - unable to be blown up or else the contents inside risked being damaged - three safe codes, and the gorgeous son of a criminal jeweler.

The diamond was in one of these safes his crew had been working, unsuccessfully, for weeks to get cracked open, but Chanyeol had done the dirty work - he had Junmyeon and Kris to do the hard, thoughtful work like that for him.

But, even if a month had passed, there was one thing the mafia boss could not understand.

Sure, Chanyeol was cruel, and, sure, he was a vicious, impulsive, antisocial “psycho” as the news claimed, but he would never treat his own child - not that he had any - as Baekhyun had been treated.
Baekhyun, who was clearly a legal adult, his hips and attractive features that Chanyeol were silently obsessed with could vouch for that, but he didn’t... act so.

Part of it, Yixing assumed, was probably due to the dark room he had been found in, dressed only in a long sweater while hiding behind a pile of stuffed animals and his name in stickers on the door.

And that was the only way they had known his name in the first place, because of the stickers on the door.

Because Baekhyun didn’t talk. He hadn’t spoken a word the entire month he had been here - saved as Chanyeol claimed.

He only claimed he saved the smaller because, originally, he had been ready to have Sehun send a bullet into the head of whoever was behind that chained and locked up door - having burst it down only looking for the diamonds, but found a gem - but, after a moment of consideration as Chanyeol squinted into the darkness, he couldn’t just leave a beauty like that all alone. Not after having killed the boy's entire family.

It was clear Baekhyun's father knew something was... odd about Baekhyun, as Baekhyun was the most innocent thing Chanyeol had ever seen considering his family’s deep part of the criminal underground - it made sense that his father had guards blocking the hallway - because Chanyeol just wanted to lock him right back up, only this time to actually protect the small man, not to make him lonely.

And it was clear that Baekhyun was very lonely, and very naive, because all Chanyeol had to do was tilt his head and purr, “I’m not going to hurt you, baby. We’re going to be good friends,” and then Baekhyun had been attached to him ever since.

Baekhyun, although innocent, did seem like he knew a lot though, he didn’t even flinch when he stepped barefoot through the blood of his own guards and even tugged Chanyeol's arm in order to make him wait for him as he ran across his room to grab a small teddy bear.

Even when they crossed where his father's body lay by the front door Chanyeol didn’t even hear a peep out of the smaller, only Baekhyun holding his bear up to show Chanyeol as if he hadn’t noticed already.

Baekhyun was adorable and all, tugging even Chanyeol's heartstrings even though he was a wanted criminal and was known to have murderous rage, but that wasn’t why Chanyeol took him originally.

Originally, it was because he had to be worth something, someone had to pay good money for Baekhyun and that must be the reason he was all locked up.

People would pay billions for the last living Byun, because Baekhyun could be the key for earning a lot of support and alliances.

Chanyeol hadn’t told anyone he decided to keep the boy yet though, because he knew at least a few of his crew would have issues with that.

Some of them were horrible to the boy, and definitely not the most trusting of someone related to an enemy even though Baekhyun was obviously not much more than a pretty thing to look at.

And, not that Chanyeol felt obligated to protect Baekhyun, because he most definitely only sought out his company because it calmed him down and he liked to obsess over the smaller's pretty face,
but when he asked Baekhyun who made him cry Baekhyun didn’t even bother trying to write who it was and only shrugged before going back to whatever it was he was doing before.

Chanyeol didn’t know what he felt, all he knew was he shouldn’t feel it.

“I see, baby. It’s very lovely.” He crooned, leaning back against the seat he was in at the head of the table and watching Baekhyun pull the drawing back to his chest with an accomplished grin.

He really was adorable, Chanyeol mused, downing a huge gulp of tequila and turning to wave at a maid to give him more.

Baekhyun made a noise in his throat and Chanyeol hummed in response as the smaller needily continued the noise for attention. “What is it, Baekhyun?”

The smaller smiled so pretty with canines pressing into his lip as he pushed a new paper over.

‘More white things?’ It read in sharp black crayon.

Chanyeol snorted, “If I get you more things, what will I get, pretty boy? Why do you like white so much anyway? I think pink would look so pretty on your head, let’s dress you in all pink.”

Baekhyun pouted his lip out and Chanyeol took way too much enjoyment from the slight whine and bounce of the fluff of white hair on the smallers head as angrily scribbled something.

‘White is for angels!’ Followed by a frowning face and Baekhyun sitting back on his heels to cross his arms in a tantrum.

The boss looked too fond and he knew it, and was glad it was still too early for anyone else to be up or he knew they would point it out and he would either have to kill them - and he very much was not in the mood - or would have to get worked up into a violent rage and ignore Baekhyun the rest of the day to cover it up - and he felt like doing that even less.

“You want to be an angel?” Chanyeol asked, raising a brow.

Baekhyun softened his pout and nodded, leaning across the table to drag his cloud printed fluffy blanket over - and Chanyeol was sort of pissed the boy liked it so much when Minseok bought him things for his unknowingly long term stay - rubbing the softness on his cheek before pointing at himself with a tired nod.

Chanyeol hummed, standing from his chair and feeling proud about Baekhyun's immediate wide eyes as he started getting afraid Chanyeol was leaving, “If you want to go to bed then hurry it up, angel.”

Baekhyun scurried before latching onto Chanyeol's shirt as the boss nodded at maids to clean up the smallers mess.

Chapter End Notes

Someone requested a daddy/little story a while back, I can’t remember what story the comment was on, but... finally started a Drabble similar! Let me know if y’all want more!
My baby (DDLB/Mafia AU)

Chapter Summary

Chanyeol just wants to be Baekhyun’s daddy, and the smaller definitely is not opposed to it.

Baekhyun bounced around like a beam of light, and it was becoming too apparent of how fond Chanyeol was of the smaller, because he liked to watch him, liked to just watch the wiggle of his hips when he danced around even if the room was full of gangsters.

Liked to see Baekhyun's head popping up when he heard Chanyeol's name or even just his voice.

Liked to know Baekhyun was within his view even if he was adamant he didn’t give a fuck about the smaller when people asked.

But this, this was unacceptable.

“Found him at the backdoor - trying to escape!”

Chanyeol uncrossed his legs and leaned over his knees from the chair he was sat in to contain himself.

Because Baekhyun was sobbing, crying as Soojin - one of Chanyeol's most trusted men - threw the little one to the ground.

His knees hit the tile floor and it echoed off the walls, followed immediately by Baekhyun's ear piercing sobs, and Chanyeol knew the smaller would have a bruise on his shorts covered legs that matched the slight red mark to the boys cheek.

You can’t show.

You can’t show.

You can’t, Chanyeol repeated, but he never was known to have the best temper and he already felt his jaw clenching unwillingly, even more so when more of his crew started filling in to see what the ruckus was about.

If Baekhyun was going to be injured, it wasn’t going to be by one of his men, it was going to be by Chanyeol - under his orders.

And something deep in the bosses chest told him he wouldn’t ever order for something like that to happen.

“And what exactly,” He sucked in a deeper breath as he tried to stay nonchalant, “Would he be doing that for? Huh? Where would he even go?”

“The bitch was running off, maybe to an informant to tell them our plans.” Soojin argued.

And, maybe, if it were weeks prior - before Chanyeol was genuinely interested in Baekhyun - he
would have believed his henchmen.

But, unfortunately for Soojin, Chanyeol happened to have heard from his even more trusted henchmen - no, dare Chanyeol consider his friend - Jongin, that Soojin had been seen bullying and harassing Baekhyun.

Bullying wasn’t something Chanyeol could give fucks about, if his crew wanted to fight then they could shoot each other for all he cared, and Baekhyun was a man and should be able to handle a few words.

But, the problem was Baekhyun very much wasn’t a man - he wasn’t someone Chanyeol would ever think to do a thing, plus, Baekhyun didn’t even speak.

So, it was weaker on Soojin and whomever else was bullying Baekhyun for even choosing him to ridicule.

“It’s time to sell him off, boss.” Another guard argued in Soojin favor.

Chanyeol laughed, cackling to himself as he tilted his head down in order to pinch the bridge of his nose.

He heard everyone still, only heard Baekhyun sniffling, and knew they were afraid - they should be, because Chanyeol hardly laughed unless it was sarcastic or unless something genuinely pissed him off. And this was both.

He was already fed up it was closing in on one and a half months they hadn’t opened half of the safes, and the ones they had opened were full of other jewels - but not the ones Chanyeol had been looking for- he had let Baekhyun have first pick before waving his hand as a free for all at the rest, because he didn’t give a fuck about more than securing that huge diamond.

Plus, Baekhyun looked really gorgeous running around in jewels, almost like he was made to be so elegant. Chanyeol needed a good hit in the head and was debating on asking Kyungsoo to concuss him because he really needed to fucking cut it out.

All Chanyeol did was raise his head and send Zitao a sharp expression and the man was shooting Soojin point blank, the sound bouncing louder and he was surprised more that Baekhyun stopped crying almost immediately at the sound, like it relieved him.

“Now.” Chanyeol narrowed his eyes as he looked around, “Anyone else have something they want to say? Speak up now.”

Nobody would, he figured as much, because he had a hand twitching towards the knife shoved in his pocket and had his favorite assassins at his fingertips.

Chanyeol was ill tempered, and everyone in this god forsaken city knew it.

“Baekhyun is mine now,” He added simply, “I have plans for him, so unless someone wants to question me, then get the fuck out or speak up and die.”

There weren’t many options Chanyeol had to give, and he certainly wasn’t surprised at all when feet shuffled in a rush towards the double doors, but he was surprised at Jongdae's approving nod to his choice as he shut both of the double doors with an echo.

Chanyeol didn’t need anyone’s approval to do what he wanted, but it certainly felt good to have his ten longest friends’ loyalty and respect.
“Come here, baby.” Chanyeol ordered simply, “Grab a paper from the table so we can speak, angel face.”

He didn’t need to turn to look over his shoulder when Baekhyun scurried to do as requested, and was even less surprised when the smaller was coming to stand in front of the huge chair, shuffling in his spot with his head down and a marker and notebook in his hands.

“Do you want to sit with me?”

He barely saw Baekhyun nod, but when he leaned back the smaller was immediately crawling up and taking a seat on his thigh, sitting sideways and spreading his legs across Chanyeol's lap and leaning his shoulder against the man’s chest.

“Poor baby, was he so mean to you?” Chanyeol asked, pulling Baekhyun closer and discreetly pointing at the body he would later order someone to dispose of, but for now it was mostly just to be ignored.

Baekhyun sniffled and nodded, raising his face to reveal his pink tinted face and puffy eyes, the side of his cheek was bright red and Chanyeol knew it would later bruise.

Chanyeol tsked at it, shaking his head in disapproval as he raised his hand to cup over the heated area, Baekhyun didn’t even flinch even if it did sting and leaned into it more and sucking his lip into his mouth, “You should tell me when people are being mean to you, that way I can take care of it sooner.” He both scolded and worried.

The smaller nodded and Chanyeol sighed as he moved to comb over Baekhyun's hair, albeit a bit awkwardly.

Chanyeol was unfamiliar with giving such gentle touches, and felt on more than one occasion his affection was not as gentle as he meant it to be when he spotted Baekhyun with red fingerprints on his arms, but he was unfamiliar with his own strength.

And he needed to control it.

Baekhyun turned open the notebook and Chanyeol looked around a bit as the smaller scribbled something down before tapping his arm.

‘Didn’t try to escape, wanted to see butterflies in the garden, I’m sorry.’

“Of course you didn’t.” Chanyeol cooed, trailing his fingers down Baekhyun's cheek to pinch his chin in his fingers, “Because you want to stay with me, don't you? Because you want to be my little angel, right?”

Baekhyun blushed and nodded quickly, moving to scribble more, ‘Baby too?’

“You want to be my baby?” Chanyeol chuckled, arms coming to enclose around Baekhyun tighter, and the younger smelled faintly like vanilla, Chanyeol was obsessed.

“You can be my angel and my baby,” He growled, a mix of a purr and a demand as he watched Baekhyun nod frantically, the smallers eyes watering like he was really happy.

Baekhyun sniffed more and Chanyeol cooed as he scratched at the smallers scalp carefully, but Baekhyun only nodded again before pulling one of his legs up and pointing to his leg with a pout and frowning.
His knee had a scratch on it and was purpling before Chanyeol's eyes.

“My baby boy,” Chanyeol soothed, “What should I do, baby? Daddy can kiss it better and take you to the garden for a little bit.”

Baekhyun giggled under his breath and Chanyeol smirked as the smaller brought his hands up to cover his mouth.

He decided Baekhyun really liked to be his baby, and deserved a few kisses to his bruised knee.
Chapter Summary

Chanyeol accidentally pisses Baekhyun off a great deal, but at least it ends up being in his favor.

Even if he had really been looking forward to getting laid.

Baekhyun was really excited.

His newest friend, Kyungsoo, had kicked the chefs out and helped Baekhyun make cookies all on his own - well, sort of on his own.

Either way, Baekhyun really wanted to go show Chanyeol even if it was really late and he knew his daddy had been out all day.

Because he hadn’t seen him all day! All day, and that was forever long!

He had just heard his guard for today, Sehun, talking to someone and said Chanyeol had arrived home twenty minutes ago, so he was very excited even if he might be scolded for being out past bedtime - but he had to make sure the cookies were cooled off for daddy or else he would get really burned and Baekhyun learned the hard way to let them cool off!

“He’s with a whore again.”

“Ones from the brothel!?“

“Maybe a strip club,” He heard cackled. “Wish he’d share after.”

“Bet it was just another bitch wanting a taste, probably go brag about it too! God, people must be fucking crazy to want to get that close to Chanyeol.”

Baekhyun frowned at the muffled voices for saying Chanyeol's name because he knew very well that his daddy didn’t like anything but boss or sir unless it was from his daddy’s very close friends.

Plus, it didn’t sound like they were saying very nice things either, if they were laughing at his daddy then Baekhyun was obligated to get them in trouble, he decided to himself.

But, for now he only pouted and continued up the stairs with his plate and hurried towards Chanyeol's room that was across from his own.

As he approached he frowned at the noises from the outside, the sound of muffled moans and growling deep groans.

What if Chanyeol was hurt?

Baekhyun knew Chanyeol didn’t mind if he popped in sometimes, so he carefully pushed the door open, noises getting louder as he had it all the way open.

It was brightly lit for it being so late, but Baekhyun didn’t care about that right now.
What he cared about was the scene of Chanyeol over the top of a woman, his bare back coated in sweat and hand wrapped around the woman’s throat.

Baekhyun wouldn’t be too concerned about the sight of it wasn’t for the fact that they were both naked, and Chanyeol was fucking her, and he suddenly felt like he had been thrown into a wall.

He sniffed and dropped the glass plate onto the floor to grab his chest with both hands, and only then did the woman stop her muffled moans and Chanyeol stop thrusting to turn towards the doorway, alerted.

“Baekhyun?” Chanyeol whispered, eyes capturing Baekhyun shuffling in the doorway and he hadn’t ever seen the smaller look so upset, “Why are you out of bed?”

Baekhyun screeched an angry sound and moved to run over towards Chanyeol, so the man was immediately removing himself from the woman as he heard the sound of Baekhyun running through glass, noticing the pile on the ground.

Baekhyun only continued like he was screaming at Chanyeol, but it was mostly just tears and angry grunts as he started hitting at Chanyeol's back.

“Woah, what are you doing? What the hell are you doing?” Chanyeol cried, turning to jump off the bed and pick Baekhyun right up to start soothing him.

Baekhyun really loved to be carried around when he was upset, so Chanyeol tried to calm him with coos and a soft hand over his spine, but the smaller was inconsolable, even if he slightly relaxed in Chanyeol's grip.

“You have a kid?” The girl asked as she sat up on the bed, bare body on show, and she suddenly didn’t look appealing at all, and Chanyeol would normally feel ashamed, caught coddling Baekhyun like this, but really didn’t care.

“Oh, he’s very much not a kid, are we adding someone else?” She smirked, rolling onto her stomach seductively to examine Baekhyun over Chanyeol's shoulder.

Chanyeol stiffened, and her idea of a threesome was very much something that he would have loved months ago, but picturing someone else touching Baekhyun was not something he could stomach at all. In fact, it pissed him off more than he could verbalize.

So, instead he curled his lip up and kicked at her clothes on the floor, “Get the fuck out.”

“What!”

“I said get the fuck out!” Chanyeol yelled over her offended noises, “Go ask someone else to fuck you, get out!”

The look she sent to him was one of utter offense, but Chanyeol merely sent her a scolding expression and pointed towards the door again, no more warnings.

She looked fearful then, and Chanyeol had half a mind to ask what the fuck she had been expecting, a five course meal on her way out and a pile of love notes? From a renowned criminal? Hell no, she was more likely to be given a used bullet and a thanks for the fuck, stuffed in a van to be dropped back off where Chanyeol found her.

Chanyeol turned to set Baekhyun on the bed, and was even more pissed off at the bedroom door slamming so hard that it vibrated his paintings on the walls.
“Sh, sh. Let me see your feet.” He worried, kneeling beside the bed to pull Baekhyun towards the end.

But, Baekhyun yanked away from him and Chanyeol was beyond frustrated at his sudden attitude. “Hey! Are you going to be a bad boy?” He scolded. “Bad boys don’t get any attention and they get sent to their rooms until they get told to come out, if you keep this up then daddy is not going to be very nice, will you be bad?”

Baekhyun turned his chin up towards him and Chanyeol growled under his breath as he pulled the smaller's ankles back towards the end of the bed, holding both ankles still in his hand as he stood up to scold Baekhyun when the smaller kept kicking at him, “Very bad. You’ve been very bad. It’s past bedtime and now you’re over here trying to hurt daddy for trying to help you? That’s a very naughty boy.”

Chanyeol raised a brow when Baekhyun calmed down a little more, watching the younger huff and sniff at the same time before he processed Chanyeol's words and started crying more silently, shaking his head.

“No? You’re not a bad boy?”

Baekhyun nodded as his lips trembled and he brought his hands under his chin where he was laid out flat on the bed.

“Really?” Chanyeol said, releasing his ankles only to move back and inspect the younger's feet, “Because that was very bad. You hurt my feelings, Baekhyun. You’re lucky there’s no glass in your feet or else I’d put you in timeout for the entire night, you need to stay still and think about how to say sorry.”

Chanyeol sighed to himself and turned to walk towards his bathroom just to grab his robe, hearing Baekhyun's hiccups start up as he got a bit further away, but he let the younger sniff a minute longer as he tied it around his waist.

Normally he would be even more livid he got cockblocked and no longer was having sex because since Baekhyun had been here has been the longest he had gone without sex - so when a woman offered, of course he was going to accept and take out his sexual frustration on her - Baekhyun was too fucking cute and Chanyeol was thoroughly pissed he couldn’t ruin the smaller.

But, he was more relieved Baekhyun was okay now.

“Did you figure it out?” He asked, pulling the top, dirty blankets off the bed just because he very much did not want Baekhyun touching where that woman was.

Baekhyun nodded and wiped his eyes harshly with his palms as Chanyeol climbed into the bed and tsked at his painful looking action, gently grabbing Baekhyun's fingers from his face.

“I’m sure you’re very sorry for being up so late, it looks like it made you very grumpy, you must be so tired.” Chanyeol cooed, thumb wiping at the corner of Baekhyun's eye where it was now red from his rubbing. “Are you going to say sorry?”

Baekhyun puffed out his lips and nodded before moving to throw his arms around Chanyeol's neck, the elder sighed contently and hummed as he pulled Baekhyun closer, “I know. I know, you must have missed me. I’m sorry too, I thought you must be off in dreamland or else daddy would have gone to tell you goodnight.”

The younger whined a noise that told Chanyeol he very much missed him, and Chanyeol felt even
worse as he cooed and played with Baekhyun's hair.

Then, Baekhyun pulled back the smallest bit to press a shy peck to Chanyeol's cheek, and the man laughed, but it was more surprising than anything.

“Ah, my sweet boy.” He praised with a wide grin, “Daddy feels really bad for leaving you today also, so I’ll treat my baby really special tomorrow.”

Baekhyun giggled and Chanyeol was even more surprised when he leaned up more to kiss at the corner of his mouth, and then pecking directly on the center of his lips, noses pressing together slightly awkwardly.

“You don’t have to do that,” Chanyeol whispered, lips only a centimeter away from Baekhyun's, “You... I’ll take care of you, you don’t... you don’t have to do that. I didn’t... Baekhyun, I didn’t take you here for you to do this for me. You can be with who you want.”

Baekhyun frowned, not understanding because who else would he want?

He only wanted to sit on daddy’s lap and color for him, and he was very, very angry his daddy went to find someone else.

Baekhyun only wanted daddy to be with him - him only and to buy him lots of pretty things and love him a lot and a lot!

So, Baekhyun leaned forward to kiss again at Chanyeol's lips, fingers moving to push the robe slightly open and ignoring Chanyeol's deep breath as he placed his hand over the man’s heart, kissing again at Chanyeol's lips since he wasn’t responding.

And Chanyeol wasn’t responding not because he didn’t like it - of course not, he had fucking craved Baekhyun, but he also didn’t want the younger to feel obligated in anyway just because he had stolen him away and gave him a better life - he was just shocked.

Truthfully, nobody had ever even got this close to Chanyeol in order to place such a gentle touch on him, or even to trace the scars that littered his skin as Baekhyun was doing.

He had sex a lot, he fucked a lot of people, and had definitely allowed them to please him, but none of that was ever purely innocent and none of those times had Chanyeol allowed more touch than needed.

If they were fucking then he had the upper hand and they were ordered not to touch, and if they were sucking his dick that’s purely all they were allowed to do, he didn’t kiss strangers, and he certainly didn’t let hands wander his skin.

Because that was intimate, and he never craved that.

Not before anyway, but Baekhyun made a lot of things not make sense anymore.

Chanyeol growled in his throat and cupped behind Baekhyun's ear to press their mouths together harder, instantly pressing his tongue to the seam of Baekhyun's lips because he craved to taste him.

And Baekhyun allowed it with a small laugh, simply opening his mouth wide and Chanyeol pressed his thumb into his jaw to silently tell him to keep it open as he licked inside nastily.

He briefly realized for someone so seemingly innocent Baekhyun knew how to kiss awfully well, but that thought only had him growling more into his mouth and biting down on Baekhyun's lip
almost like a silent punishment.

But Baekhyun only whimpered more needily, voluntarily falling backwards into the bed when Chanyeol pushed him back with their lips still connected and panting, and Chanyeol was curious exactly what was hidden under all the innocence as Baekhyun lifted his hips up to press into Chanyeol's like second nature.

It was only pissing Chanyeol off the more he analyzed and making his possessive kisses trail down Baekhyun's neck to suck purple into his skin, lasting marks.

“D-Daddy..”

Chanyeol sucked harsher onto his pulse before pulling back with a small laugh and disbelieving smile as he hovered over Baekhyun, eyeing the younger panting and pink faced for air and lips swollen, a small bit of drool dripping from the corner of his lips.

“What was that?”

“Daddy!” Baekhyun whined again, but his voice was raspy from underuse, and sounded a bit painful, but Chanyeol was positive that it was the most beautiful thing he had ever heard.

“Oh, fuck.” Chanyeol was now fully turned on, but knew Baekhyun must be exhausted as it was way past his bedtime, and he already looked sleepily dazed.

“My baby, my good boy.” He swooned, moving to swipe his thumb over the combination of saliva pouring from Baekhyun's lip when the younger caught his thumb between his lips, immediately sucking and eyes bobbing more.

Chanyeol cursed under his breath once more, pressing his thumb down on Baekhyun's tongue and getting a muffled whine for forcing the younger to stop his suckling, quickly removing the pressure to allow it to continue.

He very much wanted Baekhyun to try to talk some more, to attempt to put his suckling tongue to a much better use, but only smiled and moved to curl at the smaller side to press a few kisses into his temple.

“He very much wanted Baekhyun to try to talk some more, to attempt to put his suckling tongue to a much better use, but only smiled and moved to curl at the smaller side to press a few kisses into his temple.

“Did so good, baby boy. My good angel is so good for daddy,” Chanyeol whispered into Baekhyun's ear, having a bit of a struggle to allow Baekhyun to keep his hand to himself and trying to reach behind him for the blankets.

It was worth it when Baekhyun hummed around his finger and brought both hands up to hold onto Chanyeol's wrist to ensure he kept his hand in place, scooting back more against Chanyeol's chest to lay comfortably.

Chanyeol had no idea how he was going to sleep with Baekhyun's plush ass pressed into his erection and the younger suckling away at his thumb like the sweetest candy he'd ever tasted, but he supposed he would have to get used to it.

“Goodnight, baby. Daddy will spend a lot more time with you tomorrow, all the time in the world.”
Baekhyun just wants kisses, Chanyeol originally tried to keep a bit of his hidden fondness by setting rules, but it all goes downhill at the sign of his baby’s tears.

Chanyeol continued on as if nothing was amiss, except a few things were blaringly different.

Instead of Baekhyun usually across the room coloring or dressing up his teddy bear with things Chanyeol blatantly denied buying for him, he now sat in his own chair at Chanyeol's side, or preferably in his lap.

And instead of the innocent pajamas Baekhyun was known to dress up in, Chanyeol now insured he dressed up the little princess how he deserved - usually in something baby blue or light pink, just because Chanyeol was in love with the way they reflected off Baekhyun's white hair.

He knew his crew had many questions, but his true friends only spared glances at Chanyeol with raised brows and knew they approved, well, that much was obvious because he had even caught Luhan - arguably his most emotionless hitman - cooing at Baekhyun and asking about his drawings.

It filled Chanyeol with a deep sense of something… proud, finally he had something to be proud of and Baekhyun deserved for people to fawn over him.

His little baby who stole everyone’s hearts - well, Chanyeol and his closest friends simply because the boss wouldn’t allow anyone else close enough, even on the rare occasion he had to switch up who guards Baekhyun he ordered them to stay feet apart.

But, the biggest change was Baekhyun's squealing of daddy, all the time, anywhere, but only ever if Chanyeol was near - and only ever to Chanyeol.

Baekhyun only cooed that specific word to Chanyeol, and it felt fucking fantastic.

Of course Chanyeol wished he would say more, wished Baekhyun would speak more - just to him - but daddy was fine too, and it was really cute watching the others try and convince Baekhyun to talk to them.

Even if it was a simple question like ‘who is Chanyeol?’ Baekhyun refused to answer aloud and would scribble it out with a big smile; it spurred Chanyeol's possessiveness on and led to him smirking winningly everytime one of his friends pursed their lips in annoyance.

But, Baekhyun was too goddamn cute to ever fault for things, so they only scolded Chanyeol for not trying to teach Baekhyun to be more social - and Chanyeol didn’t really need to because Baekhyun was a doll, but the boss ignored them by pointing out that it was his fucking baby and he could do whatever he damn well pleased with Baekhyun and to get back to work on those safes.

“Daddy?”

Chanyeol turned to acknowledge Baekhyun quickly, head snapping up and he noticed Kyungsoo's
turn up at the same moment and sent the man a scolding look for reacting to Baekhyun's soft voice, Kyungsoo only snorted silently.

“What are you doing, princess?” Chanyeol asked deeply, tossing his papers to the side and moving to the edge of his seat in order to grab Baekhyun's hips through the pretty lavender dress he was wearing, pulling him to stand between his legs.

Baekhyun started wringing his fingers together nervously and Chanyeol shook his head as he grabbed them and then tapped Baekhyun's chin impatiently.

The smaller simply got teary eyed and pouted his lips, and Chanyeol sighed.

“You know we don’t do kisses unless it’s in daddy’s room or baby’s room.” Chanyeol scolded under his breath, and he knew it was a horrible rule, but he still needed to somewhat place a wall between them, especially during the day when he had so many people going through the mansion - he couldn’t look too weak.

Baekhyun started crying immediately, and Chanyeol clenched his jaw in anger with himself as he pulled the smaller closer with arms wrapped around his hips in order to let the baby cry into his shoulder.

“God, Chanyeol,” Kyungsoo drawled across the room, “Just fucking kiss the boy already. There’s a line of people waiting to have him and you don’t even share,” He smirked mischievously.

Chanyeol clicked his tongue and tossed his head to the side in an obviously irritated sense, and was weighing their friendship and how easy it would be to shoot him right now, “You touch him I’ll rip your goddamn tongue out!”

“Hey, not my fault you don’t fuck him. Just give him a pacifier or something, do you know how many guards we had to escort out when Baekhyun starts sucking on things?”

Chanyeol was standing up instantly, at his words, but also at the sudden stillness Baekhyun had, “I want a fucking list - nobody in this fucking house gets to see Baekhyun if the risk of them touching him is high, he’s mine.”

Kyungsoo was obviously just overly amused at this point, but Chanyeol looked well past the line of when to stop teasing, so he simply nodded his head.

“Sh, baby. I think it’s nap time, yeah? Daddy will put you down for a nap.”

“Daddy!” Baekhyun wailed, tears pressing into Chanyeol's shirt as the man soothed his dress down.

“I know. I know, I thought we’d see if you could skip a nap today, but it doesn’t look that way, baby. It’s okay my little angel, we can put you to bed.” Chanyeol murmured, sending a nod of his head towards Kris and Junmyeon as he walked past the safe rooms, only four left, but it was taking way too long.

“Daddy, d-daddy,” Baekhyun whined, fingers moving to press against his lips and Chanyeol only cooed at him, patting his bottom as he made his way to Baekhyun's room.

Baekhyun's room was mainly just a pink and white mess of toys and a pretty little princess bed, but it was only used for nap time, because he deserved to sleep with Chanyeol much more. “Daddy...”

“Daddy knows, baby boy,” Chanyeol soothed, laying Baekhyun down on his front and
immediately moving to undo Baekhyun's dress, smiling at how Baekhyun was immediately more relaxed as he started pulling the dress from his body, poor baby was so tired and Chanyeol regretted not just giving him his kisses, fuck it was so obvious he was obsessed with the baby anyway.

Baekhyun was so gorgeous in general, but Chanyeol loved his naked body, so pure and milky, innocent and only for him to see.

He gently turned Baekhyun onto his side before climbing into the bed in order to put the baby to sleep, petting Baekhyun's ear as he laid his other palm over the baby’s stomach, “Sleepy time, Baekhyun. It’s time for bed so daddy can work.”

Baekhyun grunted an annoyed noise, teary eyes flicking to Chanyeol's as he worked his naked leg between Chanyeol's, nude body pressing closer to the man’s and Chanyeol had to bite his lip to restrain himself as the baby pressed his small, soft length into his hip.

“So grumpy,” He chirped, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's forehead, “Daddy is very sorry for being so mean to his baby, okay? Daddy was too mean to you today?”

Baekhyun nodded quickly, pressing his chin into Chanyeol's collarbone to pout his lips with a whimper.

This time Chanyeol was immediately surging down to kiss his mouth, sucking on Baekhyun's bottom lip to swell it up before kissing at the spot.

Baekhyun puffed out a softer, calmer breath and Chanyeol smiled as he moved his face to peck the baby’s cheek in order to hear the excited squeak Baekhyun gave.

“I always forget,” Chanyeol drewled, kissing a hickey below Baekhyun's ear and trailing his hand to rest over the curve of Baekhyun's ass to massage the soft skin, “Baby needs lots of kisses throughout the day. Let’s get rid of that rule, what do you think?”

“Daddy! Daddy,” Baekhyun made a kissy noise and smiled excitedly as he showed off all his pearly teeth.

Chanyeol sniggered and licking over the corner of Baekhyun's mouth to collect the small bit of saliva shining on his lip, “So happy? Hm, daddy likes a happy baby. And daddy likes baby’s kisses too.”

In response Baekhyun squealed softly before sticking his tongue out with a whine.

Chanyeol supposed it was his fault for making Baekhyun want such dirty kisses, but his baby was naughty when he wanted to be.
Best Baby (DDLB/Mafia AU)

Chapter Summary

Chanyeol learns Baekhyun knows more than anyone ever thought, and is overwhelmingly proud of his baby.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Oh, thank you, what a sweet little boy.”

Chanyeol pursed his lips and knew he had absolutely no reason to be jealous of Baekhyun sparkling as he bounced around to give out pictures, but he was.

It was only Chanyeol's longest friends after all, just them working on the safes as Chanyeol was completely fed up and truthfully was only in this room to sit, watch, and put more pressure on them - although he was positive they didn’t really care about his scowl.

Baekhyun, being the pretty princess he was, was coloring pictures on his own but was quickly getting tired and running around for praise in his long pink sweater dress, passing out drawings.

Chanyeol let him do as he liked, because he knew these men wouldn’t take advantage of the baby, but was overly jealous at how happy Baekhyun got for others' attention.

“You ask Chanyeol, and then maybe later I can teach you some other things, sweet pea, maybe how to make a bracelet and you can make so many pretty things,” Yixing promised, Chanyeol merely rolled his eyes because he was becoming worked up over Baekhyun's excited noises.

Plus, he wasn’t sure that was a good idea as Baekhyun did have a tendency to lose things, not that a beaded bracelet would matter, but he knew the baby would be really upset if he lost it.

He watched Baekhyun clap a handful of times and giggle as Yixing patted his hair before turning around to rush across the room, back to his blanketed pile of toys in order to start scribbling some more and hug his bear into his lap.

Chanyeol could offer Baekhyun the small white board he had gotten the smaller that was sitting right beside him, but knew the baby was likely just drawing more pictures.

“Man, this is some fucking bullshit!” He heard Junmyeon yell impatiently.

“It really shouldn't be this hard,” Chanyeol commented, “Son if a bitch did not need to have so many goddamn safes - why the fuck would he do that .”

“Was a jeweler after all, got a few thousand dollar necklaces from the last one cracked open,” Sehun shrugged.

Chanyeol knew that some of the things in the other safes were very expensive and could go for a lot - Baekhyun alone probably had close to a million dollars worth of jewels Chanyeol thought would look gorgeous on him - but he didn’t give a fuck about those, he had an important buyer
waiting for that diamond.

As he turned to acknowledge a servant that was bringing food into the room, he heard the sound of beeping.

“Hey! No, don’t touch that you little shit!”

Chanyeol jumped to his feet immediately, watching one of his guards named Hosung shove Baekhyun's hand away so harshly the baby almost fell right on his bottom, he didn’t fall but Chanyeol heard the tell all of hiccups starting up.

“You wanna do that again?” Chanyeol growled, walking over to grab Baekhyun up around the waist, turning to the five guards that he couldn’t give two fucks about.

“Huh? You wanna run that by me again?” He spat, watching Hosung clench his jaw in anger.

The guard didn’t respond, not that Chanyeol expected him to, but as the boss looked at the guards, analyzing firmly he noticed a few of them trailing eyes over the milky legs on display from how Chanyeol was holding Baekhyun up, making the sweater ride up to the baby’s thighs.

Now, Chanyeol wasn’t a killer for no good reason, so he wouldn’t kill the man just for looking - Baekhyun was a fucking angel, and that was obvious - but he did find humor in the idea because none of these men would ever have the right to touch Baekhyun as he did.

So, he milked it.

“Are you okay?” Chanyeol soothed, turning Baekhyun around in his arms and the baby immediately wrapped legs around his hips so Chanyeol laid his palms directly where Baekhyun’s dress rode up, where his nude ass peeked through the smallest bit.

The younger nodded, pouting to himself, and Chanyeol smirked as he saw the guards looking over Baekhyun as Chanyeol's fingers dipped between the smallers thighs.

“That’s what I thought, my baby is not a crybaby, hm. What do good boys get?”

Baekhyun squealed and sat back to face Chanyeol with an open mouth, lips already slickened with his own saliva.

Chanyeol growled to himself and leaned over to lick over Baekhyun's tongue, filthy and so hot he heard someone groan, and had no idea who, but hoped they enjoyed the show because Baekhyun was his.

“That’s a good boy,” He praised, Baekhyun smacked his lips like he had just tasted the best thing ever before giggling and moving to curl his fingers in Chanyeol’s hair and nuzzling under his chin.

He didn’t bother to spare anyone a glance, “Get back to work.” He barked, turning to walk back to the couch he was at that was beside Baekhyun's toys.

Chanyeol heard people clearing throats and going back to work, but was only focused on seating Baekhyun carelessly over the warmth of his slack covered length, mainly because he knew Baekhyun liked to be seated at his hips, and what better place to set him but where he deserved to be seated?

Plus, Chanyeol sort of wanted a reason to punish Baekhyun if he wiggled too much, even though he had never forced the smaller to do sexual things Chanyeol was a very horny man and this helped
him not take Baekhyun as they didn't do much sexual things but petting, he was becoming impatient.

“You want a drink?”

Baekhyun nodded and leaned behind him to grab his white board, Chanyeol hummed and turned to grab the sippy cup to give to the baby, “Don't spill this time, daddy won't have time to give you another bath, so the maids would have to do it.”

The baby pouted his lips at that, giving a quick head shake no, and Chanyeol laughed as he knew how much Baekhyun hated when Chanyeol couldn’t find time to bathe him.

“Hm, my little angel, you've been so curious today, huh? Touching all the safes, sticking your cute little nose where it doesn’t belong.” Chanyeol playfully scolded, reaching over the sippy cup that Baekhyun was sucking away at to tap his nose.

Baekhyun's eyes crinkled with his giggle as he pulled the cup from his lips, smacking them slightly and hazarding dropping his cup onto the sofa in order to open the cap for his white board marker.

Chanyeol merely ran his thumb over the leftover milk on Baekhyun's soft lip to press it back into his baby’s mouth, internally groaning at how Baekhyun immediately sucked loudly at his finger, tongue flicking to clean it off without so much as looking away from his writing, his baby was so good.

And he deserved to know as much, so Chanyeol cooed at him and leaned forward to kiss his ear, earning a delighted giggle and teeth scraping his finger as Baekhyun pulled back to muffle a, “Daddy!”

He had no idea how he originally didn’t spare Baekhyun a glance, because now it was nearly impossible for Chanyeol to feel calm if Baekhyun wasn’t in sight.

The little one licked over his fingers once more and Chanyeol hummed to himself as he pulled his hand away only to rub his damp fingertips over Baekhyun's cheek.

The baby giggled to himself again and turned around his white board to Chanyeol.

Chanyeol raised a brow for a moment at the picture; it was a mix of drawings of hearts and daddy written but to the side was a small picture of a lock and beside it a four number combination and a balloon.

“Hm?” He tilted his head and patted Baekhyun's bottom, “What's it mean, baby? It's very pretty, I'm very happy, but I don’t understand, angel.”

Baekhyun pouted his lips at him, turning the board back to face himself to draw some more, and Chanyeol felt apologetic for upsetting the baby, but they did have some miscommunication due to Baekhyun not speaking.

“Daddy.”

Again, it was the same thing, only this time Baekhyun drew an arrow from the numbers to the lock and beside the numbers was a cake on it and the balloon was still sitting there.

Chanyeol frowned, listening to Baekhyun whine to himself and the baby tossed the white board to the side in order to start getting worked up.
Then, Chanyeol gawked and was standing up immediately, picking Baekhyun up onto his hip even with the baby starting a tantrum as he usually did when ignored.

“My baby, so smart. My smart baby.” Chanyeol began with a huge grin, pushing his way right through to the safes.

“Everyone back off.” He ordered then, setting Baekhyun to his feet and kneeling to cup his face.

“Chanyeol were almost done, swear-“

Chanyeol didn’t care to listen to Kris and ran his thumbs over Baekhyun’s cheeks, “My good boy, you know the code? Of course you do, and it’s my baby’s birthday too, daddy will give you a huge celebration on your birthday, promise!”

Baekhyun instantly started bouncing on his feet, leading Chanyeol to turn the smaller around and pulling his hips back into his shoulder. “Now, do you know which one it goes to? Three choices, baby boy. Show daddy how smart you are.”

Baekhyun giggled and Chanyeol patted his bottom as he stood up, stepping back a little to watch Baekhyun start looking at the safes.

“Man. You sure about this?” Jongdae asked.

Chanyeol merely shrugged, “Baekhyun knows more than we think he does. I would know.” He answered, crouching down to rest with his elbows on his knees and analyzing Baekhyun’s every move because there was a lot of powerful equipment over there and Baekhyun was a curious one.

But, the little one didn’t touch them at all, only whining to himself with his sweater was snagged on something and Chanyeol would need to buy him a new one with the tiny rip it now had, but it was worth it when Baekhyun finally chose one after a good five minutes of looking at all of them.

“What if he uses up the last chances?” Junmyeon worried.

“We have three chances left, he can use one.” Chanyeol growled, getting annoyed at all the questioning even if it was reasonable considering they only got five chances or the safes wouldn’t open ever again - they’d have no choice but to explode them and hope nothing was ruined.

He had full faith in Baekhyun though, so when he heard the baby pressing buttons and everyone else held their breath he only hummed encouragingly. “Daddy will buy you something really special even if that doesn’t open up, promise, baby boy. We’ll do something really special.”

Baekhyun squealed to himself even though his back was to Chanyeol and as he hit the final button, a loud beep was heard before the sound of metal grinding and Chanyeol couldn’t have felt more proud.

“That’s daddys boy, that’s my princess. Come here! Come to daddy!” He exclaimed as his crew started running disbelievingly towards the now open safe.

Baekhyun giggled and ran full speed into Chanyeol, almost knocking him down if the man hadn’t already been expecting as much and was prepared to scoop up the smaller as soon as he was close, bouncing him excitedly.

“You just made daddy very, very fucking proud.” Chanyeol growled, one hand combing Baekhyun's bangs from his forehead, other holding the younger's ass on his front, “So goddamn proud, baby. Gonna get you everything you want.”
The baby beamed, whispering of daddy a million times under his breath happily as Chanyeol pulled him in to tuck him tightly to his chest.

“Yixing, Luhan, I want that diamond shipped out by tomorrow, my crew has first dibs on whatever else is in there. Don’t disturb us for the rest of the night. I think my baby just did us a great favor.” Chanyeol ordered in a firm tone as he started towards the door.

“Because my baby is the fucking best, huh?” Chanyeol added under his breath as he started climbing the stairs intending on spoiling Baekhyun rotten, “Daddy’s most loyal boy. Daddy’s favorite. Who’s daddy’s favorite?”

Baekhyun was practically glowing as he sat back in Chanyeol's arms to point to himself and wiggle around.

“That’s right,” Chanyeol snarled as he laid Baekhyun down on his own bed, tugging the smaller sweater dress over his naked lower body, “And my favorite boy gets everything he wants. You don’t even know what a big helper you were, angel. Daddy is going to give you lots of kisses and toys.”

Baekhyun only made grabby hands for him with a huge grin, so Chanyeol was pretty sure Baekhyun really had no idea how much help he was.

Chapter End Notes

Apparently AO3 did something so some people may not be getting email notifications for when I update? I haven’t been getting any emails for comments! I’m so sad!
You’re Mine (DDLB/Mafia AU)

Chapter Summary

Chanyeol attempts to get some information out of Baekhyun, but is distracted by how pretty he is.

“What will we be doing today, my baby?” Chanyeol wondered, laying a hand on Baekhyun's naked hip so the smaller stayed still as he chose a dress from the pile Baekhyun demanded he choose from.

As expected, Baekhyun only shrugged with his fingers sticking out of his peachy lips and Chanyeol momentarily let his thoughts drift to how it was possible his baby could fit so many in, what else could fit in there, surely his -

It was unfair of him to think this way when Baekhyun barely even seemed to be interested in him sexually, but, on the other hand, his baby had gotten quite upset and angry when Chanyeol was caught fucking that girl.

God, now he just felt blue balled as it had been nearly a month since then and he hadn’t gotten more than his own hand and Baekhyun accidentally petting or rutting against him until he was hard.

Chanyeol wasn’t sure how much Baekhyun knew, so he tried to keep his fondness and sexual urges separate from his baby - although it was mostly useless since Baekhyun walking innocence that begged Chanyeol to fuck him.

The boss knew he wasn’t alone in that thought, so he had been very meticulous when choosing who watches Baekhyun while he is away.

“Can you tell daddy something else today? Hm? I’m in the mood to see if my baby can talk some more.” Chanyeol cooed, pulling Baekhyun under his arms to sit up and dressing him in a pastel blue, long sleeve dress.

Chanyeol much preferred Baekhyun in pretty little gowns, but after the first time his princess tripped over it he had immediately tossed them from his closet.

When Baekhyun's fluffy head of hair popped out from the collar he only giggled and leaned forward for a kiss.

Chanyeol, of course, was only a man and couldn’t resist nibbling at those peachy lips softly, taking a seat at the end of his bed.

“You ignoring daddy?” He teased, sitting back on his palms as Baekhyun pulled back and started standing on the bed with a cute wiggle of a dance and a small bounce.

He watched a moment longer, just because Baekhyun was a sight to behold before smirking and sighing dramatically as he leaned back on his palms, “Guess daddy will just go then - I’m a very important man, you know.”
Baekhyun turned to him immediately, alerted and dropped to his knees to crawl back into his lap making Chanyeol chuckle.

"Daddy!" He whined, wrapping his arms around Chanyeol's neck and kissing at his jaw needily with a few whimpers.

Chanyeol hummed and took Baekhyun being distracted in order to tie the dresses ribbon around the baby’s back, “You're a very lucky baby to be able to see me so much, everyday. You sleep in my bed, daddy gives you kisses and he doesn’t give anyone kisses, I buy you so many things - what is so enchanting about you, angel? Hm? Daddy will kill anyone who touches you, you know that?”

Baekhyun only scrunched his nose up in an excited, tell all look of happiness and hummed under his breath randomly, as if he hadn’t listened to Chanyeol’s words at all - but the man knew he had, because Baekhyun listened well most of the time.

“No answer?” Chanyeol mused, flipping Baekhyun over to lay beneath him, and the baby seemed to like that even more if his pretty grin was anything to go by. "Daddy treats you so special and you have no answers to my questions? What should I do with you, baby boy?"

Baekhyun laughed squealingly, puckering his lips for kisses and Chanyeol sighed, briefly wondering if the baby just wanted kisses for everything - but he still gave him kisses anyways.

“Serious time, baby boy.” Chanyeol mumbled against Baekhyun's mouth before sitting back on his knees and turning to stretch his bare torso out and reach for a white board and a cigar.

He felt Baekhyun touching his muscled waist curiously and groaned under his breath when the baby pressed a wet kiss to his hip, god he definitely needed a smoke before he did something horrible.

“You're going to tell daddy a really nice story, okay?” Chanyeol requested, moving off the bed and watching Baekhyun sit up with a pout at him walking away. “Daddy wants to know about you, pretty boy. Story time.”

There was no room for Baekhyun to argue, not even as he flopped back on the bed in a tantrum as Chanyeol placed the pen and board beside him.

He saw Baekhyun peek at him to see if his fit was working and Chanyeol only raised a brow as he moved to sit across the room in a huge chair and lit his cigar, “Get to it, angel. You know daddy is in no mood when he’s smoking, we’re not pushing it off again.”

Baekhyun humphed before rolling onto his front to press his cheek in the silky black sheets, watching Chanyeol click his tongue and eye his milky legs because he knew his daddy liked to see him spread on their bed.

But, instead of taking it back like Baekhyun expected, Chanyeol only took a drag of his cigar and tapped his foot impatiently on the carpet.

Baekhyun frowned and angrily turned to toss the cap to the pen across the room before scribbling very mad, ‘Daddy mean!’ In sloppy, hastily written handwriting before turning it to Chanyeol.

But, his daddy only chuckled and Baekhyun whined as he started erasing it to do as Chanyeol said because he knew he was pushing it when Chanyeol didn’t immediately take back what made Baekhyun angry.

“You're being very pushy today, Baekhyun. I don't think I can baby you if you keep being so
mean, not listening. I’ll have to assume you want to be a big boy,” Chanyeol mused, bringing his cigar to his mouth and watching Baekhyun pout harder and shake his head as he continued writing, “No? If you continue then I’ll just call you Baekhyun all day, no being carried, no pretty clothes, you’ll just be treated normally - like you aren’t my special boy, and you very much know you are, and daddy cares about you a lot, so it’s very rude not to answer. You know daddy does so much for his baby, right? I’ve killed almost five guards now for speaking rudely of you, my baby. Don’t you know how important you are to me?”

Baekhyun laughed, and Chanyeol smiled as he turned to put out his cigar in the ashtray to his right.

It was an odd feeling Baekhyun gave him, and the man truthfully wasn’t even sure what to call it.

“Daddy cares about you so much,” Chanyeol cooed as he stood back up with a sigh, sitting at the end of the bed and laying a palm over the curve of Baekhyun's ass, “Daddy's little boy, right angel?”

“Daddy,” Baekhyun blushed, dipping his head and sitting up to throw himself at Chanyeol's chest, “Daddy, me.”

“That's a good boy,” Chanyeol smiled and brought Baekhyun's face up to his, “Let’s use your words for daddy now, okay? You sound so pretty. So pretty, my little princess.”

“Daddy me, daddy me!” Baekhyun squealed, dropping his knees on either side of Chanyeol's hips in order to curl up at the man’s chest.

“That's right I’m your daddy,” Chanyeol growled, curling a hand in Baekhyun's hair to tilt his head back and pressing his mouth right on his baby’s lips, “You're mine. And you’re going to be mine forever. I’ll kill anyone that touches you, angel.”

Baekhyun giggled and it was much too pretty for Chanyeol not to kiss him.

As he turned to press Baekhyun into the bed, the whiteboard toppled off the bed; and with it, Baekhyun's story.
Chanyeol had no idea how the fuck this happened.

One second he was shouting over Baekhyun's shoulder for his fucking guards to leave them the fuck alone, and the next his baby was whining in his lap and climbing all over to try and get Chanyeol's attention - as if he hadn’t already had it.

“Daddy, d-daddy, daddy!”

Baekhyun whimpered and moved to straddle one of his thighs, and Chanyeol looked at him in concern, immediately shoving Baekhyun's toys off his lap to make room for the smaller to come closer.

“Sh, what’s wrong?” He fussed, cupping Baekhyun's face in both hands, “Baby boy, what’s wrong? Daddy can’t help unless you use your words.”

The smaller whined louder, eyes shaking as he tried to figure out how to verbalize what he wanted.

Chanyeol only furrowed his brows in more worry and leaned forward to kiss Baekhyun's lips in hopes it would calm him down a little.

It did, to a small degree, but now he was more worried about how fast Baekhyun was trying to shove his tongue into his mouth, it was unlike him to want such dirty kisses before Chanyeol was offering.

But, Chanyeol didn’t have any qualms with sucking Baekhyun's tongue, flicking his over the inside of the smallers mouth and humming at the strawberry candy taste from his baby’s sucker he had eaten earlier.

Baekhyun still didn’t stop his whining though, instead he pulled away with a surprising amount of spit hanging from his bottom lip and searched for Chanyeol's fingers before raising them to his mouth and sucking on them.

Chanyeol was growing used to Baekhyun doing such things, especially when he was tired, but his baby still whined, still whimpered like something was wrong and he was concerned.

“Baby, sh. Do you need to go to bed? Maybe a bath? What’s wrong?”

“T-Touch!” Baekhyun muffled around his finger, Chanyeol couldn’t really understand and got a huge annoyed sound from Baekhyun when he pulled his finger away, “Again, baby, what was that?”

Instead of a simple repeat, Baekhyun gave a dry sob, “Hand… touch! Daddy!”

“What?” Chanyeol whispered more to himself than anything and started petting Baekhyun's hair
from his face, “Baby... I... I don’t know, my love. I’m sorry, I don’t know.”

Baekhyun went limp, pressing his forehead down on Chanyeol's chest when suddenly he puffed out a breath, “Daddy, girl, touch! My daddy!”

It had been so long since then that it took Chanyeol a good minute to connect the dots before he chuckled and ran a hand over Baekhyun's spine, “Don't worry, daddy isn’t going to go have sex again, no need to worry, baby boy.”

Baekhyun pouted his lips and nodded, but went back to whimpering and running his lips across Chanyeol's jaw, “Daddy, me.”

“Mhm.” Chanyeol mumbled, closing his eyes for a moment as Baekhyun trailed his wet lips across his cheek.

“Daddy - me too! Daddy me!”

Chanyeol nearly knocked Baekhyun off his lap with how fast he was flinching in shock when he felt a hand cup over his dick.

“Holy fuck,” He groaned, it’d been so long since he had anyone touching him that he could’ve gotten hard immediately, “Fuck, do you even know what you’re doing? Baekhyun, look at me, look at me right now.” He ordered.

Baekhyun nodded quickly, but didn’t release his firm grip on Chanyeol's slowly hardening erection, not that the man was going to make him.

“Baby,” Chanyeol drawled, stroking Baekhyun's cheek down to tap his chin, “You want to be with daddy like this? Like that girl?”

Baekhyun whimpered, so Chanyeol took that as a good sign.

“Mm,” He moaned under his breath, eyes not leaving Baekhyun's for a second, “You want daddy's cock? Want daddy to fuck you, baby boy? Fuck your little hole?”

“Daddy..” The smaller mumbled, fingers squeezing almost painfully around Chanyeol's erection.

“Oh god, I won’t do that though,” Chanyeol claimed, Baekhyun started sniffing as he thought he was being rejected, but Chanyeol merely snatched around the nape of his neck with a growl to bring their faces closer, “Daddy won’t fuck you because you’re my precious boy. Daddy will treat his baby really good, stretch your little hole lovingly, hm? What do you say?”

“Please, daddy.”

“Good boy, that's a good boy.” He cooed, tucking the tip of his finger into the corner of Baekhyun's mouth, “You ever done this before? Probably not because my baby is so pure, my pretty little boy could never be so naughty.”

Baekhyun flushed shamefully, reluctantly nodding and Chanyeol's eyes widened with surprise, “You’ve fucked before? You let someone fuck your little hole? Before daddy?” He tsked, but felt more possessive than scolding.

”Bad?”

“Oh it’s very bad,” Chanyeol growled, “I’ll want to hear all about how naughty you’ve been, but
He quickly pushed, more like moved, Baekhyun onto the floor, “- punishment for getting me so worked up, angel.” He motioned to his straining erection pressing against his slacks and raised a brow, dropping his head onto his palm with a bored expression.

Baekhyun squealed, and Chanyeol wasn’t ready to have a possessive fit as he watched the smaller settle on his knees and place his nose into his slacks.

But he internally was.

He couldn’t really complain right now though when Baekhyun's small fingers were feeling around for his zipper and the small pool of drool on his pants let him know he was about to get the messiest blow job of a lifetime.

“Impatient,” Chanyeol scolded, shooing Baekhyun's fingers off in order to undo his slacks and shift them and his boxers down his thighs, he tutted when Baekhyun yipped and made a move to grab his erection so fast.

“Calm down a little,” He requested, languidly stroking his erection to lessen the throbbing, “Sit down on your bottom, get comfortable, baby. You might be there awhile if you keep getting so excited, you wouldn’t want to hurt daddy, would you?”

“No!” Baekhyun cried dramatically, shuffling so close his cheek rested on Chanyeol's bare thigh and the man was surprised he had enough patience to look at him rather than the cock right in front of his face.

“My good boy, be really careful, okay? Really easy. Daddy will take care of you after if you’re good. Have you ever done this before?”

Baekhyun nodded, and Chanyeol gritted his teeth but shook it off as the smaller continued, “... Daddy, more..”

He snickered, but nodded at Baekhyun's wide eyes at his locked eyes on his leaking erection, “Yes. Daddy is big, so take it easy okay? Don’t wanna hurt that pretty little mouth.”

Baekhyun gulped and Chanyeol swore he felt more drool fall onto his thigh, but he only smirked and stroked himself once more before letting his erection fall against his navel, holding the edge of his shirt up. “It’s yours, baby. Treat daddy like a prize.”

“Mine!”

Chanyeol never imagined how Baekhyun would look holding his cock, but fuck was it a good sight as his erection was nearly the size of the smallers face and Baekhyun held it in both hands like it was a gift, nuzzling his cheek against it and pressing his wet lips around Chanyeol's balls.

Baekhyun really was a fucking angel.

“Suck. If you don’t you're going to miss out on all the tasty stuff, my love.” Chanyeol murmured, throwing his head back against the chair and eyes never leaving Baekhyun even for a second.

His baby gasped like that was horrible, and didn’t wait a second to wrap his pink lips around his leaking head, suckling and pressing his pointed tongue frantically over the head that Chanyeol hissed in surprise, but quickly groaned and reached out to brush Baekhyun's bangs back and guide him a little more.

“Fuck. So pretty, so beautiful. My goddamn baby, my baby and his gorgeous mouth, so good,
Baekhyun. Daddy is going to treat you so well after this, whatever you want.”

Baekhyun gulped and Chanyeol’s erection wasn’t even halfway inside the smaller’s mouth, but his eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head because he hadn’t gotten such a good blow job in so long - hadn’t ever gotten one so wet and eager.

“God, whatever you want, baby. If you keep sucking daddys dick like this I’ll be on my knees for you,” Chanyeol promised, delirious on how warm Baekhyun's throat was, how the smaller was trying to suck the life out of him, “Fuck. Fuck.” He grabbed the back of Baekhyun's head and thrusted slightly, hearing the smaller gag and cooing as he pulled Baekhyun off and had to force him to breath, an entire string of saliva connecting Baekhyun to his erection, and the smaller actually growled at him for taking him off even though he was breathless and red faced.

“Fuck,” Chanyeol whispered, leaning down only to kiss Baekhyun's mouth, wet with spit and precum and Baekhyun seemed a little less mad when Chanyeol spit in his mouth, adding to the mess. “You love daddys cock? Want to suck it all day, don’t you? Your pretty pink cock must be leaking, baby boy.”

Baekhyun nodded in a breathy agreement and Chanyeol hummed, moving his ankle to rest between his baby’s thighs and sitting back, “Do what you want, my love. If you cum now then daddy will just have to touch you another time, angel.”

His baby whimpered as he thrusted his hips into Chanyeol's ankle, moving closer in order to press his heated cock and relieve pressure as he dove back onto Chanyeol's red erection.

Baekhyun was just so fucking good, an all out princess and goddess and this was the last straw for Chanyeol, the absolute last straw, there was no turning back now - Baekhyun belonged to him, belonged in his bed and in his arms, deserved to get kisses and a hard cock up his tight hole, anything he damn well pleased.

And Chanyeol was going to ensure that would happen, was going to coddle the absolute shit out of his baby until he annoyed Baekhyun, and even then wouldn't stop.

“Just a bit more, I know, I know you must be getting tired.” He crooned, petting Baekhyun's cheek as the smaller opted to lay his head down on his thigh and suckle his tip all the while cradling what he wasn’t constantly trying to shove down his throat.

“Daddy is going to give you so many kisses, baby. Soon you can have my cum all over your pretty face, in your pretty mouth, wherever you want it.”

Just as Baekhyun started to suck more enthusiastically the lounge door was swinging open, and Chanyeol was ready to snarl and point his gun at the newcomer, but instead smirked lazily, brushing Baekhyun's hair back and clenching it in his fist earning a muffled moan.

The woman in the doorway was a constant bore, she worked for a rival group, but also seemed to want something more from Chanyeol ever since he fucked her over a year ago.

He couldn’t blame her - he took pride in his cock, but she wanted more than a few fucks, and Chanyeol was definitely not willing even if her pussy was admittedly good.

“Need something, Jinhee?”

She looked flabbergasted, and based on her boobs spilling from her top and her skirt that barely covered anything, Chanyeol assumed she was here for a good fuck.
Baekhyun whined and tried to turn around to look, but Chanyeol merely cooed and stroked his cheek with his thumb and the smaller was forgetting they had company immediately.

“I-I… what the hell, Chanyeol!”

Chanyeol raised a brow because never in a million years would he have allowed her to call him that, “Watch your tone!” He snarled, annoyed she caused Baekhyun to whimper, “Say what you need and get the fuck out - can’t you tell I’m busy!”

She flicked her eyes to Baekhyun and stomped like an angered child, but not nearly as cute as his baby.

Chanyeol only ignored her to look at Baekhyun through hooded eyes, hips rolling slightly, “That's it baby, that's it. Fuck, yes.” He groaned deeply as he came into Baekhyun's eager mouth, giving only a second before having to pry the smaller off and reaching between his legs to pull his baby up into his arms, “Good boy. That’s a good boy, let me see.”

Baekhyun looked extremely happy opening his mouth to show off, splatters of white all over his tongue and lips, Chanyeol was so fucking proud.

“My sexy boy, swallow that.” He ordered, setting Baekhyun on the side of his chair to pull his pants back up.

His eyes caught the woman’s heels and he laughed as he stood up, immediately turning to swing Baekhyun onto his hip, getting a squealing moan from the smaller and Chanyeol could feel through his shirt and Baekhyun's dress just how much his baby was leaking. “Oh. You’re still here? I have a baby to go eat out, so I gotta go.”

She gawked and her mouth kept opening and closing but Chanyeol only ignored it to pet over Baekhyun's ass in order to calm him down a small bit with his impatient rutting.

“You should make an appointment next time. Maybe you can properly meet my boy then.” Chanyeol added.
“Daddy!” Baekhyun chirped, sitting up on his elbow to tug Chanyeol's pant leg from where he laid down on the floor on a blanket surrounded by toys.

Chanyeol pulled away from his conversation to lean down and accept the drawing, combing Baekhyun's hair as he continued speaking to Yixing across the room.

Baekhyun giggled and leaned up into his hand more, practically purring as he kicked his feet and grabbed a new marker.

He glanced up at the double doors opening and quickly looked away from the newcomers, dropping his gaze down onto his pictures and slightly scooting more towards Chanyeol's chair.

Those guards were a bunch of big meanies.

Baekhyun didn’t like them one bit!

They took his pretty drawings away and called him very mean names his first month here and he was super upset his daddy was too busy to be with him then.

In fact, his daddy didn’t really like him back then either and that made Baekhyun very sad because he loved his daddy lots and lots since day one!

It was okay now though because daddy promised not to give special hugs and kisses to anyone else! Or to touch or even say nice things to anyone but him!

With a firm nod to himself, Baekhyun was standing up, straightening out his tiny pink shorts and climbing up the side of Chanyeol's chair with a few quiet huffs at the effort, but it was worth it to seat himself on his daddy’s thigh and lean back against his shoulder with a pout.

Chanyeol instantly wrapped an arm around his hips and laid a palm over his exposed thigh, covering a large area of his skin and Baekhyun giggled and went to bring his fingers to his lips but heard daddy tsk without looking more than a second and pouted as he dropped his fingers into his lap to wait for his daddy to be done talking.

Because it was a very big mean thing to interrupt, Baekhyun learned - but he still found himself interrupting more than he should, and it was okay because daddy didn’t seem to mind at all.

“Don’t put your hands in your mouth, there's marker on them.” Chanyeol scolded and Baekhyun blushed when he realized he had been trying to go against daddy, he didn’t mean too! Really!

“Mwah!” Baekhyun giggled, pressing his lips to Chanyeol's cheek.

Chanyeol’s scolding expression softened and he laughed under his breath as he pulled his baby to rest under his chin, humming deep in his throat just because he knew Baekhyun was amazed with
the vibrations.

Baekhyun hummed a purr like noise and nuzzled into Chanyeol's pulse, pressing his cheek into his daddy’s throat as he spoke over his shoulder, eyes closing contently as he wormed his knees into his chest and balled up so Chanyeol could hold all of him.

“Excuse me - yeah, bring us a plate of cookies.”

Baekhyun squealed an excited noise, pecking up at Chanyeol's words and pressing a big kiss to his neck.

He heard someone scoff and frowned to himself, pressing his chin into Chanyeol's shoulder as he eyed the guards standing on the back wall.

He made eye contact with Hosung and stuck his tongue out at him, the man looked very mad and Baekhyun giggled to himself.

“Daddy has to go somewhere tomorrow, did you hear that, princess?”

Baekhyun's teary eyes were overtaking his giggles instantly as Chanyeol pulled his face out of his arm to look at him. “Daddy no.”

“No?” Chanyeol crooned, brushing the hair out of his eyes, “I have to go, baby boy. Don’t worry, it’s only for an hour or two. Tonight we can order you all kinds of toys so you have something to look forward to, okay?”

Baekhyun pouted his lips and shook his head no once more, “Stay, daddy.”

Chanyeol sighed against his cheek, hand moving down his back to pat his bottom and nodding at the maid as she came to place a plate of cookies down, wondering what the hell Baekhyun was doing to him - but here he was, in front of a few of his crew, just loving on him.

At this point it was pointless to do anything but show everyone that Baekhyun was not to be fucked with, and his affection showed that, and Chanyeol wasn’t about to push him away every time someone walked in, that was incredibly rude.

“Here.” He murmured, grabbing a cookie to press to Baekhyun's lips, “You be a good boy and maybe daddy will be back before you know it, hm?”

Baekhyun obediently nodded, grasping the treat and throwing his cheek down on Chanyeol's collarbone with an angry humph, his daddy merely cooed at him and pet his cheek.

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Chanyeol was back early.

He was back really early with an entire bag of new clothes and toys for his baby that he had sent his team out to get while he was at the meeting.

Chanyeol had a headache just from the pure bullshit he had to put up with and was definitely looking forward to seeing Baekhyun after a long day.

After all, he had only gotten to see the baby this morning to press a kiss to his cheek and tuck him in a little more; Chanyeol was in need of his baby’s attention, like a drug he kept going back for more.
That was okay because Baekhyun deserved it.

He climbed the stairs as he undid the top few of his shirt buttons, breathing easier the closer he got up the stairs.

As he turned to go down the hallway he furrowed his brow at the sound of commotion, like something far away being thrown, then it stopped.

It wasn’t uncommon for someone to be upset or argue in his mansion, his ten closest friends lived here too, and most of them were couples so they argued - it was just odd to hear it so early in the morning.

Chanyeol continued on, but raised a brow at the sight of a few guards in front of Baekhyun's door.

Of course he assigned guards - but they weren’t to stand in front of the door like that, not blocking it like that because Chanyeol would never trap Baekhyun in.

“Oh - sir, sir, hi.”

“Y...You’re home early.”

Chanyeol clicked his tongue and tilted his head as he set the bag on the ground, making a show of being quiet and staring at the two men as he walked back and forth in front of his bedroom door that was directly in front of Baekhyun's.

He eyed them down and watched them sweat nervously, they were up to something.

“Where’s my boy?” Chanyeol asked nonchalantly, tucking his thumbs into his belt beside his gun just to watch them get more nervous.

“Uh - Hosung took him to the pool, said… said the boy wanted to go.” One of them stumbled.

Chanyeol hummed as it seemed it could have been a valid answer, but there was one problem.

“Funny.” He drawled, “Baekhyun can’t swim - he’s scared of pools.”

It took only a second for both of their eyes to widen and Chanyeol pursed his lips and curiously tilted his head.

Then, abruptly he heard Baekhyun's shrill scream, “Daddy only! No! No, no, no!”

One of the guards turned to run and Chanyeol was already on them with his gun, he shot the runner in the back and heard him scream and then forced his gun into the forehead of the one still sweating in front of the door with raised hands, looking near tears. “You think you can fool me, huh! You think I’m some idiot!”

“No, no- sir, n-“

Chanyeol pulled the trigger and shoved him to the side.

There was no lock on Baekhyun's door, no lock because he had been afraid the smaller would accidentally lock himself in and not know how to get out - or worse, think Chanyeol locked him in a dark room again.

And Chanyeol would never do that to him.
But something was blocking the door, not strong enough to stop Chanyeol but plenty strong that it took him a good few shoves before the door was finally shoving open and Baekhyun's sobbing became louder, ringing in his ears.

“-shut the fuck up! Dumb bitch, stop moving!”

Never in a million years would Chanyeol have allowed this, Hosung pinning Baekhyun down to the bed and his baby’s pajama shirt ripped open in the front, down to his belly button as he hit at the man and screamed sobs, but Hosung still continued holding him down.

Chanyeol was seeing red.

“You having fun!” He cried, grabbing the guard by the back of the shirt and slamming him down into the carpet, straddling his chest and holding hands over Hosung's throat, “You having fun with my things, huh! I don’t fucking share you coward!”

“You like trying to harass defenseless people? Hit me, do it - fight me, pin me down!” Chanyeol ordered, removing his hands to place up in the air mockingly as Hosung struggled to breath, “That’s what I thought, cowardly. You can put hands on my baby but not me, you’re nothing but a rat.”

“He -“ Hosung sucked in a breath and Chanyeol laughed and patted his cheek menacingly, “-seduced me-“

Chanyeol had heard enough and grabbed the man by the hair, smashing his head into the floor and watching the pink rug start turning red - Hosung wasn’t dead, he didn’t deserve to die so easily, he would be knocked out hours though and concussed, an open wound on his head that Chanyeol would let simmer as Hosung was locked up in the basement.

“D-Daddy! Ow, owy - Daddy! Mean, ow!”

Chanyeol didn’t know if Baekhyun had been crying for him this whole time because his mind had been clouded, but he was getting off the body to snatch up Baekhyun instantly, smearing blood over the smaller's spine and he hated how red looked on Baekhyun. “Sh, I know. I know, I’m sorry, so sorry, baby boy.”

And he was - so, extremely sorry, because he should have expected something like this to happen.

He stood up and cradled Baekhyun carefully, feeling more pained at the youngers wheezing sobs into his arm, and all he could do was coo and bounce him as he walked into his own room - Baekhyun certainly was no stranger to bodies or violence, but Chanyeol still preferred if he was far away from it.

“My good boy, you okay?” Chanyeol murmured, walking into his connecting bathroom and leaning over to start a bath, setting Baekhyun to his feet between his legs, and the smaller immediately was crouching down onto his knees because his legs wouldn’t hold him up and Chanyeol felt a pang of guilt.

“Let daddy see, my sweet angel.” He cooed, tilting Baekhyun's chin up to look him over.

Baekhyun's hiccuped into his hands and Chanyeol had never felt quite as angry as he did while he looked over the smaller.

It was obvious Hosungs intent, the way Baekhyun's shirt had been torn and his pajama pants were hanging loosely off his hip, red hand marks around his forearms and a bunch of red, splotchy marks
over his naked chest presumably from Hosung holding him in place. At least Baekhyun wasn’t bruised, and for that Chanyeol was relieved, but it didn’t make up for how scared his baby was.

“Daddy is here.” He promised, pulling Baekhyun's hips so they were pressed together, chin resting on his baby’s hair and messing with the water temperature, “I know, baby, it must have been so scary, but daddy isn’t going to ever leave you with strangers again. He’ll be much more careful. Sh, oh, my love~“

His heart pounded at Baekhyun's sniffling and he quickly pulled away a little to press their faces together, “Daddy loves you, baby. So don’t cry when I’m here to protect you. I’m here to watch over my baby, sh. Just relax.”

“So mean.”

“I know.” Chanyeol sighed, kissing Baekhyun's tear stained cheek and turning off the water, shuffling back a little just to start undressing the smaller, “But that’s okay because I’ll only ever let nice people near my baby to play, hm? What do you think? Next time you can play toys with Minseok or Luhan - you can choose who you play with, baby.”

Baekhyun's bottom lip stuck out as he nodded, obviously happier with that idea, arms raising so Chanyeol could pull of what was left of his shirt.

“My good boy,” Chanyeol praised, lifting Baekhyun's hips up to slide off his bottoms, pressing a playful kiss to his stomach, “My little angel, right? Who’s my little boy?”

“Me.” The younger sniffled, accepting Chanyeol's arm to balance as he climbed into the tub.

“That’s right, my princess. Daddy’s boy only, and you must have did so good, I’m so proud of you.”

Baekhyun brought hands up to wipe his tears and looked to be becoming much more cheerful at all the attention, “I - yell, say daddy only!” He exclaimed, nodding his head to himself.

“I know, daddy heard you and got rid of those nasty guards to save his princess.”

Baekhyun giggled softly at that, wet fingers reaching out to hold onto Chanyeol's shirt when the man started cleaning off the blood he had accidentally gotten on Baekhyun's back, “Duck?”

Chanyeol gasped in fake surprise, “How could daddy forget your duck? Oh no! You have to yell at me now for forgetting!”

The smaller only squealed on laughter despite his puffy face and splashed water around as he kicked his legs happily, “No yell! Love daddy!”

“I love you too, baby bear.”
Chapter Summary

Neither of them need to change for the other.

“Do I really need to spell it out for you? Huh?”

Baekhyun's head snapped up to watch Chanyeol yelling, his daddy must have been in a very bad mood today and it made him very sad because daddy deserved to be in a good mood.

“I said west side faction only - you can’t get that through your fucking head? What use are you then if not to sell those fucking drugs?”

“Hey sweetheart.”

Baekhyun smiled nicely, tearing his eyes away from Chanyeol in order to look at Jongin.

“Do you want to go outside? Chanyeol isn’t in the best mood today, you must be scared.”

Pouting his lip, he shook his head. It was ridiculous to think Baekhyun might be scared of Chanyeol - even if the man was on a rampage today, drunk and waving around his gun like it was nothing.

He didn’t scare Baekhyun at all even if he was throwing threats around like nothing.

Baekhyun turned to his coloring book and ripped out a page, smiling with all teeth as he offered it to Jongin.

“Oh?” The man mused, laughing softly and reaching out to pet Baekhyun's hair, “Thank you. How pretty, I’ll put it in mine and Kyungsoo's room and it will look really nice.”

Baekhyun giggled, nodding frantically.

He didn’t find any of these people that scary at all - it must be so weird because he heard some maids talking all about how scary they were, all about how Kyungsoo could easily snap a neck.

How weird! He giggled, he didn’t think Soo was all that scary!

Even Jongin wasn’t scary even though he had knives tucked all around his belt, those maids must be really mean liars!

“- goddamn son of a bitch!”

Baekhyun startled at the sound of a gun going off, but it was mostly because he had been unprepared.

Something must have been very wrong today because this was the forth staff member he had shot and usually it was only one or sometimes two, plus Chanyeol wasn’t usually this aggressive.

“You sure you don’t want to play outside? Tao is out there and can play with you.” Jongin offered
wearily, side eyeing Chanyeol across the room as the man cursed loudly.

Baekhyun shook his head and turned to grab his bear from beside him, climbing to his feet when Jongin grabbed his sleeve gently, “That’s not a good idea, sweetie. Chanyeol is known to lash out.”

He turned his nose up at the warning because his daddy wouldn’t ever hurt him! That’s stupid! Instead he held his bear in one hand and started walking over to Chanyeol, “Daddy.” He cooed, bouncing on his bare feet and waiting for Chanyeol to acknowledge him.

Chanyeol took awhile to do so, busy leaning over his seat to pour himself - more like spilling - a glass of alcohol. “Jongin, have someone dispose of that,” He then ordered before finally looking at Baekhyun, leaning on his knees, “Come here.”

Baekhyun did so happily, skipping his way over with arms up and his bear barely held in his fingers. “Daddy, hi!”

Chanyeol was breathing really loud, Baekhyun noticed, along with his eyes being glossy and he wondered if his daddy had too much gross juice and should stop.

“Hello, gorgeous.” His daddy crooned, using one hand to push up the back of Baekhyun's crop top and spreading his palm across the expansion of his spine, “You look beautiful today, did I tell you so already?”

Baekhyun took his tongue between his teeth in a laugh and reached out to set his bear on Chanyeol's seat, still bouncing to get up, “For you!”

“Oh thank you,” Chanyeol whispered, reaching out to pull Baekhyun over his thigh, “My sweet boy, I feel better already, princess.”

He peeked up at the admission, wiggling a bit uncomfortably as his jeans rubbed against his legs, Baekhyun knew he should have asked his daddy for something softer, but his daddy told him he looked really sexy in his orange, flower printed crop top and jeans.

Sometimes Baekhyun wondered if his daddy didn’t like how he was, how he acted, but Baekhyun… didn’t know if it would be better if he tried to act bigger.

Maybe it would be easier on his daddy, and maybe they could have a normal, grown up relationship like he saw with his daddy’s friends.

Baekhyun wanted to try soon, but was nervous.

“Now. What do you say about hiding away for the rest of the night?” Chanyeol added, interrupting Baekhyun's thoughts, “I’m in such a bad mood, I can only stand to see my baby right now.”

“Daddy… can kisses?”

“Of course,” His daddy answered with lips pressed to Baekhyun's temple and fingers dipping below Baekhyun's waistband go run over his soft hip.

“And… and baby special love?”

“We can do that, angel.” Chanyeol hummed, cupping the back of his head and kissing Baekhyun's cheek, “Daddy can touch you, baby, if that’s what you’re in the mood for.”
Baekhyun beamed, arms moving to wrap around Chanyeol's neck and sitting up off of Chanyeol's thigh impatiently, “Want daddy.” He cooed, fingers curling into his daddy’s shirt collar.

Chanyeol made a noise that sounded vaguely like an actual animal's growl before cupping around the side of Baekhyun's neck, laying his palm over his pulse and pulling their faces together.

“You can have me, baby.”

Baekhyun giggled and rubbed their noses together.

See! Daddy would never hurt him!

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Chanyeol had gotten up early today, he hadn’t been happy to leave his baby laying in bed with his fingers near his lips, cutely cuddled into his side and whining in his sleep when Chanyeol got up to leave and tug the blankets over Baekhyun's naked back.

But he had some important things to do, and now that he was finished he was just waiting at the dining table for Baekhyun to wake up for breakfast.

For his baby to come down with his beautiful, puffy eyes and bed head that Chanyeol wanted to soothe down as he kissed the tiredness from Baekhyun's mouth.

He had tried to deny it for so long, for way longer than was physically possible - but he loved Baekhyun.

Chanyeol never thought he’d ever use the L word in his life, ever, but he knew that was the only probable option to explain how he felt about Baekhyun.

His pretty baby that was now over an hour past when he normally would be coming down, and Chanyeol was debating on going up stairs to see if something was wrong, if Baekhyun had come down with something or was in a bad mood, because that was the only thing he could think of to explain his baby being up so late.

Baekhyun liked to be on a particular schedule, and if Chanyeol messed it up then his baby was all kinds of confused, scared and worried.

Chanyeol worried about things like that - about Baekhyun missing days and being manipulated amongst other things, because he was pretty sure it was because of how long Baekhyun must have been locked up, he didn’t even know how long exactly, but it must have been very long.

“Hey.”

Chanyeol turned to look around his chair and instantly smiled at Baekhyun, but his smile wavered as he eyed the smaller outfit with a raised brow.

Baekhyun was dressed in just one of Chanyeol's button downs - but that wasn’t what was odd - what was odd was the pair of black slacks he wore with the dark purple shirt tucked into the front, black socks that were obviously too big for his feet.

He looked cute, even the back of his shirt hung over his bottom and it was adorable that he tried to look so grown up, but it wasn’t Baekhyun.

“Hey, baby. Good morning, my love.” Chanyeol swooned, standing up to open his arm, expecting
Baekhyun to come running.

And the smaller perked up with puffy eyes like he was going to before stopping himself and carefully walking across with false calmness, “I didn’t have nice shoes.”

Chanyeol frowned because Baekhyun’s voice didn’t even sound the same, he stumbled like he wasn’t used to full sentences and even though his baby was wrapping his arms around his waist in a hug it didn’t feel quite right.

“Daddy will have to take care of that then.”

He didn’t hear Baekhyun respond and pressed a kiss to his temple before moving to sit back down at the table, grasping his baby’s fingertips intending to pull him into his chair with him, but Baekhyun was letting go and moving to sit to his right - in his own chair.

Chanyeol actually laughed under his breath this time because Baekhyun looked so awkward sitting by himself and not curled up into a ball or on his knees to reach over the table.

“I asked them to make your favorite for breakfast, beautiful.” Chanyeol hummed, pressing his cheek on his palm and didn’t feel hungry now - now he was amused and trying to see what Baekhyun was up to.

“Thank you.”

“I know how much you like French toast, baby boy.” He added, leaning over his seat to push Baekhyun's sleeve up automatically when the smaller reached over the table.

But Baekhyun pulled his arm back and blushed as he hurried to do it for himself and Chanyeol scowled, knowing he was going to grow tired of this quickly.

“What do you want to do today, Baekhyun? We can watch movies if you wish. Daddy already did his work for the day.”

He saw Baekhyun's lip twitch down at the use of his name, not a pet name and Chanyeol was sure this was going to blow over soon too, because his baby had an even shorter temper than him.

“That… it- it’s okay. Yes.”

Chanyeol hummed, eyes never leaving Baekhyun and his hair stood up because Baekhyun was never this talkative, but his baby sounded really confused and was taking a while as he thought over responses, it was sad, but Chanyeol was also intrigued.

“Since you want to talk so much today,” Chanyeol murmured, itching to reach out and rub the syrup that was now sticking to Baekhyun's cheek, but he kept his hands to himself. “Tell me some things I wish to know, my love.”

Baekhyun's eyes widened, and Chanyeol recognized it as panic in his expression and was debating taking it back.

“I love you.”

But he smiled instead, reaching out to curl his hand around Baekhyun's fingers in order to press a kiss to his knuckles because he hadn’t heard Baekhyun ever say such a thing, only variations of, “Daddy love!” “Love daddy!”
Those were equally as sweet and Chanyeol knew he loved him, but Baekhyun didn’t need to… be an adult for him to love him back, even if he liked to hear him talking so much and thought he was adorable trying to do normal things without help. “I love you, angel.”

“I- Uh… um…”

“Take your time, baby boy, daddy is listening.”

He felt Baekhyun squeeze his hand and wondered why Baekhyun was putting himself through this when his baby was perfect already, but just stayed silent, bringing his knuckles back to his mouth for a few more kisses.

“Thank you,” Baekhyun whispered again.

Chanyeol tilted his head, thumb running over Baekhyun's knuckles, “There’s nothing to thank me for, baby.”

“I- alone,” Baekhyun pulled his hand away to tug at the collar of his button down even though it was already hanging off of his shoulders loosely purely because Chanyeol was much bigger than him, “In room, locked in. So... so thank you, I- I like it here more. No... no more need to.. to learn from guards.”

“Baby,” Chanyeol sighed, leaning over in his seat to undo the first few buttons of the shirt just because he thought it would calm Baekhyun down, “I won’t ever lock you up, of course.. I want to know things, I want to know why someone would ever hide you away, my love, because you’re an absolute angel. But that’s not my business, and I think we’re way past that, so it doesn’t matter anymore.”

“My fault,” Baekhyun whispered, “I... alone, in house... so, so... talk to guards, make them... them like me too, my... dad... didn’t like it - put me up and no talking.”

Chanyeol’s eyes widened, and he knew Baekhyun hadn’t been as innocent as what was he expected, but he still was shocked.

He didn’t understand if Baekhyun meant his father didn’t like him seducing guards for attention, of course he wanted anyone’s attention, Baekhyun was like a bee to a flower for any sort of attention, even if it's bad.

It was concerning because Chanyeol could picture Baekhyun being coerced into doing things in order for those guards to pay attention to him, probably sexual favors.

What bullshit, his baby didn’t need to do things he didn’t want to just for attention.

“Did you want to, Baekhyun?” Chanyeol hissed, “Or did you just want to be friends?”

“I... we-we we’re friends, want to make them happy.”

“You were used, baby,” Chanyeol argued, softer as he cupped Baekhyun's cheek, “Right? You know that friends wouldn’t make you feel like you needed to do things for them.”

Baekhyun chewed his lip, eyes shaking and Chanyeol sighed because it was obvious, even if his baby didn’t admit so he had been manipulated.

“Chanyeol-“
Now he was fed up, completely fed up and was standing from his chair with a squeal of the chair against the tile. “No. You don’t say that.”

Chanyeol had no reason to sound so upset, but this was Baekhyun - but he wasn’t acting like Baekhyun and he hated it.

“It’s daddy, and you’re my baby, my precious baby.” He added, pulling Baekhyun's chair back and leaning over the side, “Right? Daddy loves you. Daddy takes care of you, and I’m tired of whatever.. this is, baby. I want you to be comfortable and yourself, but you sound so uncomfortable baby.”

“I… I am.” Baekhyun argued, but Chanyeol could see the tell all of his eyes watering. “Want… to be big for you.”

“No. I want my baby, I don’t want this, Baekhyun.” Chanyeol addressed, turning and starting towards the double doors, “If I wanted someone who was grown I would have them. But I want you, and I want to take care of you, I love you normally, you don’t need to change.”

Chanyeol really felt so upset, and it was unreasonable considering Baekhyun wanted to do so for him.

But had he ever asked Baekhyun to be anything but himself?

Had he ever even hinted that he wished Baekhyun was more grown?

He felt horrible, because he must have for Baekhyun to want to change like this, and him not calling Chanyeol daddy felt like a stab, like he had done something wrong like asking Baekhyun to change.

“No!”

He heard Baekhyun's steps and braced himself for the impact, unsurprised but relieved when the smaller latched onto his waist, “Daddy no.”

Chanyeol inhaled deeply with relief before dropping down into a crouch and Baekhyun instantly was moving to come between his legs with watering eyes and his lip sucked between his teeth, fingers tangling in Chanyeol's hair.

“I love you, you don’t need to change. It was cute at first, but I don’t ever want to hear you not being your sweet self, baby.” Chanyeol explained, grasping Baekhyun's cheeks in both hands, “You are my lover, Baekhyun. And you can call me my name, but you don’t want to, right? I know you too well, angel, I know you don’t like it.”

He waited for Baekhyun's tiny whimper of agreement to pass before pulling him into a hug, “I’m not mad at you, I really thought it was cute you’d do this for me, but it’s not you, and I only like you, beautiful, okay? Just stay yourself.”

“‘kay daddy.”

Chanyeol smiled, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's shoulder and wrapping an arm around the back of his legs as he stood up, “Kay, and now we’re going to change you into your favorite pajamas and daddy is going to force you to watch all kinds of cute movies with him.” He teased, spanking Baekhyun's bottom playfully.
Baekhyun sat up with a laugh, quietly laying his palm over his mouth as he looked at Chanyeol’s sleeping face.

He reached out to touch the red strands in awe, his daddy was so handsome.

And his!

Smiling to himself at the thought, Baekhyun was gently moving the blankets down his hips to get more room to move before carefully moving to straddle Chanyeol's hips.

He thought that alone would be enough for Chanyeol to wake up, but his daddy only scrunched his face up when he didn’t feel Baekhyun beside him anymore.

Baekhyun pouted his lips and laid his chest down to rest on Chanyeol’s, resting his chin on his lovers chest and twisting some red strands in his fingers.

After a few minutes being cuddled together, and the added pressure of Baekhyun sitting on his hips, Chanyeol's eyes popped open.

Baekhyun beamed instantly, sitting up fast and pressing a kiss straight to the middle of Chanyeol's mouth, “Hi, daddy.”

“Baby,” Chanyeol greeted groggily, but still having enough energy to form a smile and bring a hand up to the back of Baekhyun's head to kiss his lips a few more times.

His baby hummed excitedly, wiggling his foot against the blanket comfortably.

“Good morning, my love.” Chanyeol added a few kisses later, his smile pressed to Baekhyun's as his hands drifted down the smaller's naked back to sit on his hips.

“Love you!” Baekhyun chirped with a giggle, nuzzling his face cutely into Chanyeol's cheek.

Chanyeol sighed contently, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's nose and pulling the blanket more up Baekhyun's back, “Must be a very good morning to wake up like this, beautiful. Love you too, baby.”

The younger laughed melodically, playfully plopping himself off of Chanyeol's hips and onto the mattress, letting his happiness be known with a few giggles and tangling his fingers in his own hair.

Chanyeol snickered, but felt overwhelmingly fond of the sight; Baekhyun all spread out on their bed and happy, hair sticking up wildly and lips swollen.

He turned to roll onto his front too, hands moving to spread Baekhyun's legs to situate in between them, running his palms over his baby’s smooth thighs until they rested on Baekhyun's ribs, massaging gently, “My baby, in such a good mood this morning.”

Beaming, Baekhyun wiggled his hips until his naked front was pressed into Chanyeol's boxers, patting his own hair back from his face and Chanyeol groaned, unsure if Baekhyun even knew
how good he looked - he probably didn’t, so it was his job to tell the smaller.

“Daddy…” Baekhyun smiled.

“My pretty boy,” Chanyeol chided, leaning down with his elbows beside Baekhyun's face, “You feeling playful? It’s rare my little angel is up this early.”

“Kisses?” The smaller asked, smiling as he realized he was being praised and wrapping his legs on the outside of Chanyeol's needily, “Touch and kiss, daddy. Please.”

“Well how can I say no when you’re being so sweet?” Chanyeol asked dramatically, already moving to climb off the bed only to go to his side table - he heard Baekhyun laughing excitedly and blankets rustling as the little one kicked them away.

“Daddy! Daddy!”

He snorted under his breath, grabbing the bottle of lube and snickering when he noticed Baekhyun had already sat himself up obediently, hands in his lap. If he were a puppy Chanyeol knew he’d be wagging. “Wow, impatient this morning.”

“Daddy, off.” Baekhyun whined, pointing at Chanyeol's boxers with a huge pout.

“What do you say?”

“Please!” The younger chirped.

Chanyeol grinned, tossing the bottle on the end of the bed, “Since you insist!” He teased, but was already getting turned on, “Come here, on your tummy, baby.”

Baekhyun crawled over, laying himself on the end of the bed with his chin under his palm, smile much cuter than it needed to be considering what they were doing.

“Hm, my pretty princess,” Chanyeol purred, stepping out of his boxers and walking towards the end of the bed, Baekhyun immediately went to reach for his length until Chanyeol tsked and swatted his bottom, “Did daddy say you could? I was planning on playing with you first, baby. Is that a no?”

“Umm…. both?” Baekhyun proposed, lifting himself so he was on his knees and forearms, “Want to give kisses,” He added, hand opening and closing towards just where Chanyeol was out of reach.

Chanyeol frowned under his breath, kneeling down to cup Baekhyun's chin and kiss his lips even though he very much knew that wasn’t what the smaller was asking for.

Baekhyun always liked kisses of any sort though, so he lit up with a giggle that vibrated Chanyeol's lips, “Love, love, love!”

He laughed against Baekhyun's mouth before pulling away to pet his bangs from his skin, “I know, baby. Daddy loves you too.”

Chanyeol leaned over to grab the lube, stepping closer to the edge of the bed, “Now, you can play with daddy, but if you move too much I could hurt you, and you know I won’t have that, so keep still while I prepare you.”

Truthfully, Baekhyun was probably still stretched from the previous night, but his lover was very tiny so Chanyeol still worried.
Plus, Baekhyun was always excited to be loved.

“Easy.” Chanyeol chuckled at Baekhyun surging forward to wrap a hand around his length, whining for him to come closer.

Chanyeol did, thighs pressing into the mattress as he trailed a wet hand down Baekhyun's spine to circle his hole, it was still stretched - as expected - but not nearly as much as Chanyeol wanted it to be.

It was funny, Chanyeol mused because before when he had sex it was all about him - he used to be selfish, and truthfully didn’t care about whether his partner got off or not - but, now he didn’t even find himself trying to instruct Baekhyun how to suck his dick or stroke him, he just let the smaller have his fun and took his time making sure Baekhyun felt good.

And he did, Chanyeol could feel his lovers muffled moans around his length, and it was so fucking good - as Baekhyun was - but he liked to focus on his baby’s pleasure more, carefully sliding his middle finger into his heat and pressing on his prostate instantly because Baekhyun was a squealer - which used to annoy Chanyeol about his partners, but as usual Baekhyun seemed to change his mind.

“Fuck, baby. So good.” He purred, other hand running down the back of Baekhyun's neck, “Must taste so good for my baby to always want daddy's cock. You're worse than me, my love.”

Baekhyun's lips pulled off with a popping noise and Chanyeol groaned, adding another finger quickly and catching the smaller off guard who whimpered a needy noise against the side of his length, tongue coming out in a pant.

“D-Daddy!”

Chanyeol couldn't take it, impatient when it came to Baekhyun begging and was moving his hand only to grab Baekhyun's hips and flip him over, wrapping his lubed fingers around his baby’s small cock and pressing himself to Baekhyun's thigh, “God, so good, angel. Feels so good? Want daddy to play with your tiny cock? It’s so cute, princess.”

Baekhyun squeaked, the cutest of pleasure expressions on his face as he reached down to still Chanyeol's hand with a pant, “Daddy! Too much! Too.. want daddy!”

Who was Chanyeol to deny him? Especially when he was flushed so hotly down his chest and writhing.

“You’re so hot, how the fuck? I should punish you for this, Baekhyun.” Chanyeol growled, grabbing more lube to add to his cock until it dripped, because he wasn’t willing to hurt Baekhyun.

“Bad boy?”

“You’re a naughty boy,” Chanyeol corrected, raising Baekhyun's ankle over his hip and lining his cock up, “A good boy, but naughty for daddy, hm? Tell me.”

The way Baekhyun arched when he inserted his length only made Chanyeol proud, proud his baby could take all of him so easily and still press back against him instantly, rolling his hips in an attempt for more.

“Daddy’s bad boy! Dirty, dirty!”

“That’s right,” Chanyeol praised, hands moving to lift Baekhyun's hips up and off the bed, holding
him up and Baekhyun's toes curled up and he squealed high pitched at the new angle. “Because I know my baby will be crying in a minute for me to fill him with my cum, right? Baby wants daddy’s seed, and then we’ll let it sit a while, that way my beautiful boy can be proud to carry daddy around with him - because you should be, you’re the only one, baby. Daddy only cums inside you.”

“N-gh! Want! Want, d-daddy, please!”

Chanyeol never denied Baekhyun a thing.

Chapter End Notes

Out of Drabble ideas so here’s smut instead lmaooo
Chanyeol sighed and rubbed his temple as he glanced through the glass backdoors and saw Baekhyun standing outback playing in the garden.

He wanted to go join the smaller, to at least sit out there to watch him play around, but he was way behind on paperwork - and he wouldn’t ever blame that on Baekhyun, but Chanyeol did tend to overlook the pile of papers in favor of seeing his lover instead.

Again, but that wasn’t Baekhyun's fault.

Chanyeol concluded nothing could ever be Baekhyun's fault because he was absolutely enamored with the younger.

“Explain this to me?” He asked, head hurting too bad to understand what he was reading as he passed it towards Junmyeon.

The other accepted the paper and leaned on the side of the table, “Well…” He hummed and took a moment to read before handing it back, “The East side wants your alliance for more members, they want your permission to use our people.”

Chanyeol frowned, “Isn’t Hyunwoo the leader of that side?”

“Yeah,” He heard Jongdae call across the room.

“Isn’t he also known to backstab? He tried to kill Jiyong because he didn’t want to back pay the crew he borrowed.” Chanyeol drawled.

Nobody replied this time and Chanyeol rolled his eyes and moved onto the next paper.

“Hey, anyone watching Baek out there?” Minseok asked, opening the curtains more.

“He’s fine, just running around.” Chanyeol answered offhandedly, speed reading.

“Still don’t understand it,” Jongin laughed, “You and him…” He snickered, “Really, it’s just surprising.”

The others started laughing and Chanyeol didn’t say anything because he didn’t want to give them the time of day, truthfully didn’t care.

“Really!” Zitao chuckled, “He's so sweet, put flowers in the hallway the other day for everyone to see. And here’s Chanyeol sorting contracts for shootouts.”

“This one is for killing a child rapist - here, Lu can have it.” Chanyeol cut in, holding the paper out blindly for someone to take.

He heard Luhan and Kyungsoo fighting over it momentarily and rolled his eyes. They always did fight over those ones.

“Parent paying?”
Chanyeol hummed and shrugged, “Don't know, you kill the fucker and I’ll pay you either way. Spare the mother some pain.” He answered, sighing as he threw down the stack to stretch.

Kyungsoo smirked, “You’d give us money either way, don’t act so tough.”

“I can still shoot you,” The boss warned, but they laughed because they knew it was a lie.

Chanyeol stood from his seat with a sigh, intending on walking into the kitchen to get a drink but a cry rang out, one he was overly familiar with and he spun towards the glass doors in a flash.

“Da-Daddy!” Baekhyun cried in the doorway holding his hand up, teary eyed with a wilting flower tucked behind his ear.

“What happened?” He growled, speed walking over to pick him up onto his hip, “What the fuck happened?”

Baekhyun whimpered, raising his palm up and showing a bright red bump in the middle of his palm, “Owy! H-Hurts.”

Chanyeol’s brow twitched in irritation at the bee sting and was dropping Baekhyun's bottom on the table to grab his hand, “What the fuck.” He whispered angrily before cupping Baekhyun's face to kiss his teary cheek, “We’re going to get those flowers sprayed, baby. Daddy will make sure there’s no more bees to hurt you.”

His baby nodded, bottom lip sticking out and holding his palm up sadly to look at it, “So mean.”

“That’s right, bees are fucking rude.” Chanyeol hissed before stepping back with an angry scowl. “Yixing, need you to get the stinger out.” He requested the medic.

Yixing would have helped anyways, but he was grabbing a med kit faster because of how irrationally pissed Chanyeol looked.

“Daddy,” Baekhyun pouted, “It’s owy.”

“Sh, I know, baby boy,” Chanyeol soothed, kissing Baekhyun's hair and fixing the flower behind his ear, “You look so pretty today, did daddy tell you? My gorgeous angel.” He praised, distracting the smaller who giggled despite his tears and blushed cutely, blinking up at Chanyeol through his hair.

“Pretty for daddy,” Baekhyun blushed, starting to kick his legs back and forth, ignoring even as Yixing grabbed his hand to work on it. “Daddy likes?”

“Daddy likes anything you do or wear,” Chanyeol cooed, fingers holding Baekhyun's face away from seeing his palm, “Daddys little flower.”

Baekhyun squealed an excited, happy noise, legs swinging out to wrap around Chanyeol's thighs and cutely nuzzling into his side.

“Ouch!” He squeaked a second later, pulling his face back with an angry pout to look at Yixing, “Xi, not nice!”

“Ah, I’m sorry, sweet pea.” The medic murmured, placing a bandaid on Baekhyun's palm because he knew the smaller would likely rub the ointment he placed on it if not. “But look, you got a glittery band aid, so pretty, puppy.” He added, pulling Baekhyun's dress more over his thigh before walking away.
Baekhyun gasped, all pain forgotten as he flattened his palm out to show off his new sparkly silver band aid.

“Very nice, Baek.” Chanyeol heard Luhan throw out to please the smaller amongst other comments and Baekhyun giggled, turning to look up at Chanyeol wide eyed.

“Daddy hear that?”

“I did,” Chanyeol chuckled, hands going under Baekhyun's arms to pick him back up again, “Although daddy prefers gold for his princess.”

Baekhyun scrunched his nose up in a giggle, pressing his nose into Chanyeol's cheek in a sweet needy motion.

The elder merely hummed at his neediness and patted his bottom as he started towards the door, “I think that’s enough play time today, let’s play inside now.”

“Dance?” Baekhyun wondered, wiggling slightly in his example as if Chanyeol wouldn’t understand.

Chanyeol always understood though, but Baekhyun's wiggly dance was cute too.

“You can dance, baby boy. Daddy will take you upstairs.” He promised, pressing a fleeting kiss to his baby’s mouth when Baekhyun pouted his lips for one.

Baekhyun screeched in excitement, going so limp Chanyeol had to adjust an arm out to grab his back or else he'd be slipping right out of his grip. “You little weirdo.” He laughed, only making Baekhyun giggle more to himself when Chanyeol had to rearrange his hold.

“God you’re so whipped,” He heard Kris comment, amused.

Chanyeol ignored it.

“Daddy’s silly boy!” The little one cried happily, hand coming all up into Chanyeol's face and the boss just smiled at him before coming to his senses and turning to look around the room.

“Not a word,” He ordered, “I’ll still shoot you guys.”

Chapter End Notes

FINALLY had another idea for a drabble!
“I know, my love. I know, we’re going inside, princess.”

Baekhyun only cried breathily some more, hands rubbing his eyes.

Chanyeol grimaced and could only kiss his hair and gently bounce him as he carried him back inside.

His baby had gotten sick. At first it started out as the younger complaining of his sides hurting before a small cough started, and quickly it led to Baekhyun not wanting to eat, and chills - Chanyeol rushed him to the hospital when he first threw up and started crying about it hurting.

And his poor baby, very sick baby, had gotten in very fast thanks to his daddy's… convincing ways, and only had to wait a few minutes.

Still, those few minutes had Chanyeol on edge and glaring threateningly at anyone who stared at Baekhyun a little too long.

They could stare at him all they wanted, fearful stares he was used to, but the moment they eyed Baekhyun judgementally… well, they were lucky Chanyeol was more worried about his baby than concerned about shooting up the place.

Anyway, Baekhyun had very acute pneumonia, and Chanyeol learned that his poor baby probably had a very weak immune system due to having been locked inside so long and a combination of lacking vitamins.

Baekhyun was very mad about the cocktail of vitamins the doctors had given him, and even more upset when Chanyeol told him he’d have to play easy for a while until he finished all his prescribed medicine.

Things just weren’t looking up for his baby today, and Chanyeol felt terrible about it.

“S’ tired!” The little one wailed into his shirt, fingers pressing near his mouth and Chanyeol was glad he had the foresight to have Baekhyun wash his hands before they left the hospital because the smaller had touched a lot of things.

“Daddy knows, daddy knows.” He whispered, lifting Baekhyun higher onto his side and rocking him when the smaller rested against his shoulder with a few whimpers. “Sh, go to sleep. Get some rest, daddy has you.”

“What’d they say?” Junmyeon asked worriedly, turning the corner to grab one of Baekhyun’s bears off the floor before Chanyeol stepped on it, “The others are worried, they want me to update them,” He added, shaking his phone.

“Pneumonia, very acute, we caught it just in time - Sh, baby I know, just go to sleep - and he had to get some medicine, a few shots, he’s having a very bad day. Huh, baby? You want to say hi?” Chanyeol soothed, turning slightly so Baekhyun could see Junmyeon.

“ ‘I’ Baekhyun hiccuped, giving a teary, very unhappy and fake smile.

“Oh, poor baby,” Junmyeon sighed, “You get some sleep and we’re going to get you your favorite soup for dinner, sweetheart.”
Baekhyun nodded, lips still poking out sadly and Chanyeol sighed as he felt the smaller move around to shove his hands between his stomach and Chanyeol's chest in a sleepy position.

“Okay, thank you,” Chanyeol nodded to Junmyeon, “We are going to lay down an-“

“T’ank you.”

“Sweet baby.” Chanyeol crooned at Baekhyun's tired mimicking, patting his back, and just opted to nod at Junmyeon instead, going upstairs faster because it was obvious how tired the smaller was.

He wasn’t even sure Baekhyun was awake anymore by the time Chanyeol was getting to their room, holding the younger on his side and carefully pulling back their blankets and rearranging Baekhyun's teddy bears to their bedtime spot on the floor.

But he was, Chanyeol set him down in bed and was quickly unzipping Baekhyun's jacket - a very unpretty outfit, as Baekhyun had deemed when he first saw it, because it was one that was originally bought before Chanyeol knew what he liked.

Now, Chanyeol felt bad even giving such boyish and plain things to him at first - even if they were expensive - because he knew Baekhyun so well now and him in a plain grey sweatpant and jacket set did not mix.

But it was the first outfit Chanyeol had seen in his rush to get the smaller to the hospital when Baekhyun was puking and crying that his belly hurt.

“Sh, close your eyes.” Chanyeol soothed, running his thumb over the corner of Baekhyun's eye quickly before going back to unraveling his baby’s arms from the jacket, “Daddy has you, princess. Just sleep.”

“Daddy..” Baekhyun whimpered, eyes droopy.

Chanyeol felt his chest ache and pressed a kiss to the band aid on Baekhyun's shoulder softly before reaching to pull off his sweatpants, “My poor baby, daddy is going to take better care of you, angel. Promise.”

It’s not that he felt guilty per say, because he hadn’t known Baekhyun would be so susceptible to germs, but now that he did he was going to take more extreme precautions.

The first being limiting those who enter the mansion, because Chanyeol originally didn’t care how many of his crew came in and out, but he had been cutting down inside staff ever since Baekhyun's attack anyways.

But, someone’s germs must have gotten to Baekhyun, and it would be smarter to limit germs by limited people with access to the mansion such as guards or informants than to have to limit where Baekhyun goes in his own damn house.

No, Chanyeol wouldn’t have that at all because as far as he was concerned this entire house was Baekhyuns just as much as his.

Maybe he’d have to ask their friends, and close crew, to use hand sanitizers as they enter from missions to, or to shower before seeing Baekhyun, because they also lived here.

Chanyeol was also just panicking because he never got sick, it was rare, so it scared him so much that Baekhyun had suddenly fallen so sick. So he was also getting carried away.
“You going to have sweet dreams, baby?” He asked softly, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's ankle before moving the covers over him and climbing onto the bed to wrap the smaller up tightly into his warm chest.

Baekhyun nodded tiredly, relaxing more and huffing a hot breath into Chanyeol's chest.

“I’m sure it’s going to be really nice, angel. All about puppies and candy, and all cute things like you said last time.”

“T.. Teddy bear,” Baekhyun muffled, barely even awake.

Chanyeol laughed quietly, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's wrist when the smaller moved his hand to rest near Chanyeol's ear, rubbing red strands between his fingers. “Of course there’s teddy bears, my baby’s favorite, and daddy’s going to get you even more when you get better, very big and pretty ones.”
“Did you take your medicine?”

Baekhyun nodded into his shoulder and Chanyeol tsked before cooing and spreading his legs to pull his baby closer, hand moving to pat Baekhyun's tailbone softly, “Good baby, my sweet boy.”

In response the younger sighed a hot breath against his shoulder, hand coming to his mouth and Chanyeol could hear him whining to himself and reached behind Baekhyun's knees to pull him to straddle his lap.

His baby huffed into his neck, throwing his face into his skin like it had taken him a lot of effort despite the fact it hadn’t taken any from him.

“I know, princess, you still don’t feel well, the doctor did say it would take a few days before you’d start to feel better.”

“’kay.”

“But you can do it because you’re my strong baby.”

He felt more than heard Baekhyun giggle, fingers damp with his own saliva coming to touch Chanyeol's ears and head, wherever Baekhyun wanted to feel.

“No p’air.”

Chanyeol stifled a laugh but kissed Baekhyun's shoulder through his sweater because he knew the smaller wasn’t kidding, “It is no fair, but sometimes baby’s get sick and that’s why daddy hasn’t left to do any work in case my baby needs me, right? Because babies are more important to daddy.”

Baekhyun sat back on his thigh with a mean pout, face flushed from just waking up, “Just baby.”

The boss laughed fondly, shaking his head to kiss Baekhyun's temple, “Daddy was just trying to make a point, it’s just baby, not babies. Daddy apologizes, pretty boy.”

Baekhyun humphed and Chanyeol did feel amused that the smaller had enough energy to be jealous, but had sat at the end of their bed sobbing when Chanyeol didn’t feed him fast enough, then crying more for cuddles.

The boss merely kissed his skin though, nuzzling into the area to rest his lips against his smooth, but slightly feverish cheek when he heard his phone vibrate against their side table, knew it must have been his phone because Baekhyun huffed an angry breath into his neck that he was known to do when he thought he was going to lose his daddy’s attention.

Chanyeol didn’t need to look at his phone to know what it said though, having told his crew to text only when things were ready, and nothing more.

“Have you checked the playroom today?” He cooed, pulling Baekhyun back to pet the hair from his face with a concerned hum at his lovers pink cheeks.

“No, daddy.” Baekhyun whispered, limply pressing his cheek into Chanyeol's palm.
The boss pursed his lips as he brushed his thumb over Baekhyun's cheek, "That's okay, we're going to check right now, daddy got you very special surprises."

The smaller perked up at that, fingers twirling into Chanyeol's shirt and latching on tightly. "'pecial?"

"Very special." Chanyeol assured, standing to his feet and pulling Baekhyun's night shirt over his bottom before opening their bedroom door.

"Mhmp, hi." He heard Baekhyun mumble into his shoulder, but didn't bother turning to see who it was as he walked across the hall to Baekhyun's door that was now labeled as the playroom and covered in stickers.

"Close your eyes," Chanyeol requested, and knew Baekhyun would listen because he was a very good boy, kneeling down to set the smaller to his feet and straightening out his nightshirt again before resting his hands on his baby's hips, "Okay, take it easy because baby might throw up if too excited and we don't want that."

"Okay daddy," His baby chirped, hands covering his eyes.

Chanyeol grinned at the instant reply and kissed where his shirt dropped down his chest softly before spinning Baekhyun around, "Okay, you can open, beautiful."

It took the smaller a good minute to form a reaction, but as was usual with his baby's reactions, it was worth it when Baekhyun started a tiny bounce in place before turning to look over his shoulder for Chanyeol's approval.

Which was given without a second thought, spurring the little one to run towards his surprise.

It wasn't much of a surprise anyways, because Chanyeol had promised Baekhyun teddy bears.

But, the smaller was probably excited at the size, because not an expense was spared for his baby who was now jumping all over the giant white bear that was taking over an entire corner of the room where Baekhyun's dresser used to sit - it was empty since all his clothes were now moved across the hall anyways.

"Do you like it, baby boy?" Chanyeol asked, leaning elbows on his knees to search Baekhyun for an answer.

Baekhyun wasn't hard to read at all though and was turning around to flop down on the bears stomach, looking ridiculously tiny on top of it, and beaming with his arms straight out, "Daddy!"

Chanyeol snickered and had half a mind to wonder if he should lock the door because he wouldn't ever live it down getting caught cuddling on a gigantic teddy bear that had hearts on the bottom of it's paws.

But, to hell with it, and he was doing so anyways.

"What are you going to name him, princess?"

"Um..." Baekhyun pouted into Chanyeol's cheek in thought, fingers reaching over the man's head to pet the bear's face, "Channie!" He giggled, wiggling to press his nose to Chanyeol's, "Like daddy!"

Chanyeol would never admit how good it felt to be compared to a fucking teddy bear, not unless
Baekhyun wanted him to at least.

Chapter End Notes

Send ideas my way, also... angst next in this au...
Daddy was very sad today.

Well, his friend Nini said that he was very busy and stressed out, and Baekhyun didn’t like that one bit.

In fact, he was very upset that his daddy wasn’t paying any attention to him, but he looked really tired and just kept calling people and looking through papers, it was so sad!

Baekhyun just wanted his daddy to feel better so they could go play because he was bored of sitting here coloring, it wasn’t any fun if his daddy didn’t tell him how much he liked them.

And he had brought them to his daddy several times, holding it up and bouncing on his feet, but all he got was a shush and Chanyeol turning the other way in his chair or telling him to wait until he was done on the phone.

But he was always on the phone today, it was so boring.

Baekhyun decided that since his daddy was sad that he had to cheer him up. It was his job to make sure daddy was happy!

So, he was running from the garden back up into the study his daddy was in to exchange the flowers for new ones because Baekhyun couldn't believe that he had forgotten to change them out! That must be why his daddy was so upset.

He carried the new vase up the stairs carefully, water dripping down the sides because flowers needed fresh water, duh!

He giggled to himself and turned the corner back to the study, but pouted when he realized it was closed now, how rude.

Baekhyun humphed and stomped his sock covered foot before putting the vase in the crook of his arm and maneuvering to open the door up, turning the knob. “Daddy, hi! Flower-“

He stepped into the room and tried to hold out the vase to show Chanyeol but his hands slipped on the wet side of the smooth vase and it fell to the floor with a loud shatter, so loud Baekhyun squealed in surprise and pressed his palms over his ears.

“What the hell, Baekhyun!”

Baekhyun jumped again and whimpered at the tone and Chanyeol slammed his phone down to walk over with a scowl. “What the actual fuck, Baekhyun! This isn’t time to play!” He yelled, grabbing Baekhyun's arm.

“D-Daddy… I… flower…” Baekhyun cried, pointing to the floor and sniffling.

“I don’t fucking care about your flowers,” Chanyeol hissed.

Baekhyun frowned at him, tears falling down his face because his daddy never yelled at him, “You.. mean!” He yelled.
“Go play in the other room,” The other ordered, tone final and leaving Baekhyun with no doubt that Chanyeol was absolutely pissed off and wanted nothing to do with him right now.

“No.” The smaller huffed, lip trembling as he turned his back to Chanyeol with an angry stomp.

“Baekhyun,” Chanyeol growled, his boots stomping over the glass when he walked closer to grab Baekhyun's shoulder. “You’re being obnoxious, go away so I can actually get some shit done.”

Baekhyun gasped at him, turning to fix an angry pout and flooding eyes at him, it took Chanyeol a second to even recognize what he said but Baekhyun was already yanking his arm away and running down the hall crying.

He didn’t have time to deal with this.

Chanyeol rubbed his temple and knew he should run after the smaller and apologize, but he had far more pressing things to get done and moved to step outside the doorway, “I need a maid up here! And someone else go find Baekhyun!”

He sighed and clenched his jaw again, “And nobody fucking bother me!”

He slammed the door.

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Baekhyun was really angry.

His daddy yelled at him and he hadn’t said sorry at all or even come to see him! It was so very mean.

Instead, he was on the floor of a spare room and flopped on his back with arms crossed because he was more angry he had nothing to do in here and it must have been forever he was in here.

He didn’t like to be alone, his daddy knew that, and it was so scary when Chanyeol yelled at him. Chanyeol was scary, Baekhyun was wrong.

And that made him cry even more because he didn’t want his daddy to scare him or yell at him.

Sure, he had to go in time out before, he had to be a good boy and say sorry for doing bad things, but Chanyeol always made sure he knew what he did bad so he didn’t do it again and was always really nice to him about it even if Baekhyun was being bratty.

But this time Baekhyun didn’t know why Chanyeol was so mad because his daddy wasn’t here to tell him he was bad, he only yelled at him and grabbed his arm too hard and it really hurt okay!

So mean.

Chanyeol didn't like when he was a big boy, and now he didn’t like when he wasn’t, and Baekhyun didn’t know what to do because that just meant his daddy didn’t like him anymore.

He sniffled more at the thought and pulled his knees close to his chest as he rolled into his side, fingers touching his lips and crying harder because he wanted to take a nap but didn’t like to be alone, it was too scary.

The door creaked open the smallest bit and Baekhyun turned onto the other side hopefully, but it was just Sehun and he sighed, dropping his cheek back onto the carpet.
Chapter End Notes

What happens next?
“You’re not supposed to be on the floor, sweetheart.” The man drawled, walking over to kneel on the floor and rub Baekhyun's back, “You’re going to get sick and you hate that, Baekhyun.”

Baekhyun really did hate that and sat up to make grabby hands at him instantly.

“Ah, you’re so light, we need to give you lots of candies, hm?” Sehun crooned playfully, setting him at the end of the bed and fixing the bottom of his pajama pants that had rolled up.

Baekhyun just sniffled in reply, and the assassin shook his head and patted his arm awkwardly.

“Don’t cry, you know I can't handle crying. I don’t know how to take care of you, I should get Luhan.”

Baekhyun whined when he went to leave, snatching his sleeve and yanking until Sehun reluctantly came back and let the smaller cry into his shirt.

He cringed at the sound of Baekhyun's sniffing and had a moment to consider going to get his lover again, but the smaller's grabby hands were surprisingly strong, and he felt really bad leaving him to cry alone when it took forever to find Baekhyun anyways.

Soon, Chanyeol would come storming down to fix his mistake anyways, Sehun hoped.

“Look, Baek. You’re cute, really, but Chanyeol is a mafia leader,” Sehun began, patting his hair, “You and him don’t mix, you’re sensitive, he’s rude, and he’s always been like that. So I’m just saying to consider that things can’t always be how you want them. Chanyeol doesn’t do relationships and nobody knows what the hell you two are doing, but I feel really bad seeing you cry so I’m just not going to sugarcoat it, got it?”

It sounded really mean and Sehun instantly grimaced, “We just worry about you, okay? That’s all.” He added, fully knowing he had zero room to talk when he killed people for a living, but Baekhyun was really nice, and it seemed everyone was home more since he got here.

“D-Daddy love m-me.” The smaller hiccuped defensively, not removing his face from where he was crying.

Sehun didn’t know what to say to him, because they truthfully didn’t know much other than what Chanyeol showed or bragged about. “I don’t… I’ll admit we’ve never seen him actively be with someone this long, or treat them like he does you, but… I… don’t know if it’s love, Baekhyun. I don’t know if Chanyeol can even feel that-

“Nice to know that’s what you think of me.”

Sehun sighed and shook his head, turning to look at Chanyeol in the doorway, “Well? What do you expect, Yeol? When we created this group we didn’t… know you’d turn out like this, you’re… just… you’ve changed, man. We don’t work for you, we’re friends who work together, but you think we do and you keep to yourself - look, you’ve even scared Baekhyun, this isn’t you.”

Baekhyun pulled his head out of Sehun's arm to peek and saw Chanyeol run a hand through his hair anxiously, looking both surprised and apologetic.
“Look, I’ll come talk to you guys, all of you after I speak to Baekhyun, okay, man? Is that cool? I just… Baekhyun…” Chanyeol trailed off, vaguely motioning towards the smaller.

Sehun could see how worried he was and felt a bit surprised, but nodded, detangling Baekhyun’s fingers from his shirt, “I’ll just be down the hall, Baek, if you get scared then you just yell.” He soothed when Baekhyun whimpered.

The smaller sent a teary faced frown his way, crossing his arms around himself and leaning over his lap sadly, pressing his cheek into his knees.

“Man,” Sehun clicked his tongue and sent Chanyeol a disappointed look, “To us? Fine, but… Baekhyun? Really?”

Chanyeol didn’t respond, because he didn’t have anything to defend himself with and nodded with gritted teeth, shutting the door when Sehun walked out before sighing and sliding his back down the door until he was sitting on the floor with knees bent and elbows resting on top, “Baby, you want to come tell me what happened?”

Baekhyun huffed and turned his head the other way to look at the door but was still hiding in his legs.

“Daddy is really sorry, Baekhyun. You should come say just why you’re upset and daddy will listen, angel.”

“D… Daddy scary,” The smaller whimpered.

Chanyeol flinched at that, gulping and licking his lips nervous, “I know, baby. I know, I scared you, but I’m not going to scare you now. Now… now, daddy is the one in time out so you have to come and tell him why he’s wrong so he doesn’t scare his baby again.”

Baekhyun pouted his lips and nodded, sliding off the edge of the bed to slowly walk over with his fingers twisting his shirt around.

“I try bring daddy flowers,” Baekhyun huffed with a few tears dropping off his chin when he crossed his arms over his shirt and stood between Chanyeol’s knees, “So mean to me! Accident, daddy!”

“Sh, I know,” Chanyeol soothed, reaching out to grab Baekhyun’s hand and started moving his sleeve, “Where at, baby? I’m so sorry, daddy will try to calm down because he doesn’t want you to go away at all; I want you to stay right here, baby boy.”

Baekhyun's bottom lip poked out as he nodded, sitting on his heels and holding his arms crossed to his chest, “You said go away, it’s not nice! And grab me, it hurt!”

“Oh, sweet boy, I didn’t mean to, daddy is so sorry.” Chanyeol’s face dropped as he gently grabbed Baekhyun's hand and started moving his sleeve, “Where at, baby? I’m so sorry, daddy will try to calm down because he doesn’t want you to go away at all; I want you to stay right here, baby boy.”

The smaller nodded, his tears dropping onto his shirt as he moved to point at his arm. “So scary, daddy grabbed me and mad, scary.”

Chanyeol felt his eyes water and turned to press a handful of kisses where Baekhyun pointed, the area wasn’t even red, not even bruised so Baekhyun probably hadn’t even felt a thing, but Chanyeol couldn't control his own strength sometimes, so if Baekhyun said it hurt then he was assuming the worst and that he had hurt him.
“Just w-wanted to play.”

“Oh, my love, I know, you’re so sweet,” He cooed, shifting Baekhyun into his lap and letting him rest on his chest when it was obvious the smaller was tired, “Daddy loves you, I love you, don’t ever think otherwise. And you know daddy is really busy, but that’s not and excuse for being so aggressive, I’ll work on it, baby, so I won’t scare you again, because that’s the last thing I want.”

Baekhyun's fingers enclosed in Chanyeol’s sleeve as he nodded, cheek rubbing against the man’s collarbone as he moved his feet more into Chanyeol's lap, “Please don’t.”

“I-I won’t, I won’t, angel. Daddy said he’d take care of you, and… I’m going to, okay? I promise, baby, I promise.”

“Tired, daddy.”

Chanyeol smiled, pressing a bunch of kisses to Baekhyuns hair as he stood up, “Daddy will put you to bed, sweet boy.”

Chapter End Notes

Back to the age warp next~~~~~
This was the last thing Chanyeol thought would be happening today.

Today, he was just planning on running his fucking company because that was his job, and if you wanted shit done right then you need to do it yourself.

So he was, until his brother burst in with the most concerning sound Chanyeol had ever heard.

Because Jongin very much did not have a child, the man was an alpha and his mate hadn’t even hit a heat yet, so why the fuck was his brother bringing a screaming baby into his house?

Chanyeol had a lot of questions, ones that were only becoming more urgent the more the baby screamed.

“What the fuck-“

“Found him outside!” His brother yelled over him, holding the baby out of Chanyeol's view wrapped up in his coat and Chanyeol could only see the smallest of little pink toes peeking out.
“He- He's an omega, I panicked! Do I call the police? What do I do, Chanyeol? Kyungsoo is still trying to reach maturity, we can’t take care of him!”

Chanyeol’s jaw set in annoyance because the baby was still wailing, and he growled and reluctantly put his arms out.

At age twenty four he really shouldn't have to still make up for his brothers mistakes when Jongin was only staying twenty because his mate, Kyungsoo had yet to reach maturity.

With double the aging rate for mates that have met it would not be much longer, but Chanyeol still hated that Jongin’s aging stopped while Kyungsoo could catch up.

What a hassle. But that was life.

“Give it and call the fucking police, why the fuck would you bring me this thing?” Chanyeol snarled.

Jongin nodded, wide eyed and frantic, “He was just sitting in the park outside, in the rain, Yeol. It was so sad and he was crying so much… I didn’t know what to do…”

His brother was still talking, Chanyeol registered as much, but as he accepted the baby in his arms his face slowly relaxed.

He moved the coat out of the baby’s face and almost instantly had the urge to pass out, but in a good way, a disbelieving way.

Instead, Chanyeol fell to his knees.

The baby was wailing, kicking and flailing his arms, bare skin pink everywhere Chanyeol could see.

His little button nose was bright red and tears streamed all over his face, a full head of soaking wet black curls on his head and when Chanyeol locked eyes on the baby’s sparkling, chocolate brown, tearfilled ones.

It was all over.

Mate, mate, mate, mate - it was a chant inside his chest, yelling at him.

“Shh, Shh, Shh, it’s okay.” He hushed, beginning to bounce his arm, “Shh, sweetheart, don’t cry. Don’t cry, puppy. Sh.”

Chanyeol’s mind was clouded and everything in him told him that this baby needed to be calm, that his priority was to take care of him, and he continued shushing long after the baby was quiet and opening and closing his red hands.

The baby was an omega, that much was obvious with how small he was, not a newborn, probably at least a year old if Chanyeol had to guess, but so small, and so afraid.

He smelt like vanilla, and Chanyeol was instantly pulling him higher into his neck to purr because an alphas purr was all calming, and rare.

“-s, right outside, the address is-“

Chanyeol hissed, jumping around as fast as he could to snatch Jongin's phone and tossing it onto the ground. “Omegas mine.”
“What?” Jongin’s brows pulled together, “You just said-“

“I said,” Chanyeol growled, grabbing his brother's collar, “He’s mine.” He said more firmly.

Slowly, Jongin nodded, eyes wide and confused as he knelt down to collect his phone cautiously, “Okay. Okay, but… you… you never wanted a mate, and you got a baby, that’s going to hold your age for so long...”

“I know,” Chanyeol hissed firmly, but instantly was moving to coo at the baby’s sniffing, “I don’t care, he’s mine. I’ll take care of him now.”

Jongin stared at him surprised and Chanyeol clenched his jaw, “Make yourself useful and go get me shit, okay? My wallet is on the kitchen counter. You’re the one that did this, so go get supplies.”

“But he’s your mate, you should thank me.” Jongin sounded cocky and any other time Chanyeol would just kick him out of his house and tell him to leave him alone.

But he was right. “Thank you,” He gritted out, “And I’m sorry for breaking your phone, buy a new one while you’re out.”

“Buying Soo one too!”

Chanyeol had more than enough money, so he only rolled his eyes and walked towards the couch, ignoring Jongin's content humming as the man snatched his wallet and Chanyeol's keys, and walked out the door with only a glance to see if Chanyeol was going to scold him for stealing his car.

He wasn’t, Jongin stole his things more than a lot anyways.

“Let’s see, let’s see, little one.” Chanyeol crooned, kneeling beside the couch and setting the naked baby down.

The baby’s eyes were wide open, but he was pretty quiet.

Chanyeol pulled the coat away and grabbed a fluffy blanket from the back of the couch, starting to dry the baby’s hair when the baby moved his foot and he heard a quiet jangling noise.

He probably hadn’t heard a thing over the baby’s crying, so he frowned as he pulled the thin metal tag that was loosely hanging on the baby’s ankle.

“Baekhyun…” He murmured, reading, “You’re… over one? But you’re so little, baby.” He added, running his thumb over the name tag to remove the rain, Baekhyun was around a year and a half already.

Before Chanyeol knew it the baby would be three, then five, aging double since they met.

And Chanyeol would remain the same until Baekhyun had his first heat.

Things would change.

“Can you talk yet?” He asked softly, wrapping up the naked baby and briefly hoping that Baekhyun could wait until he had diapers before peeing all over him, but that also wasn’t his main concern right now; right now he was concerned that the baby’s face was all red and his little toes and fingers were so cold.
How dare someone just leave his mate out there?

Rationally, he recognized that Baekhyun was extremely tiny, so there was either something wrong with him such as being the weakest of his siblings, or his parents couldn’t afford to take care of him.

Either option was devastating, but now that he was warming up, Baekhyun didn’t seem to care at all that a stranger was holding him.

But, then again, Chanyeol would have different reactions, because even as a baby Baekhyun should be able to tell what they were, or at least feel relaxed with him.

“I wonder if you can walk, honeybee?” Chanyeol cooed, resting his cheek on his own arm and grabbing Baekhyun's little hands to hold between one of his and warm up. “I guess I’ll have to wait and see, hm? See if you’re super smart too. You must be in order to cry, cry, cry so long, hm? That rain probably scared you so much.”

At this point he was babbling nonsense, but he surprised himself because he hadn’t ever taken care of a baby before, but he felt like he knew for the most part what Baekhyun needed. Instantly he knew what the baby wanted.

“You want to sleep, baby omega? Close those eyes, puppy, and alpha will have food for you when you wake up,” Chanyeol swooned, using his opposite hand to pet the baby’s chest.

Baekhyun's mouth opened and squealed a loud noise, a happy, promising noise and Chanyeol’s heart jumped at the sound of pure happiness and the few tiny, tiny teeth sparkling as Baekhyun threw his arms down again with a giggly squeal.

Having a mate didn’t seem so bad at all.

Maybe the age cycle was worth it, he mused.

Baekhyun started babbling tiny cooes and Chanyeol changed his mind - it was definitely worth it.

“You like that, Baekhyun? I like food too, promise I’ll take care of you, sunshine.”

Chapter End Notes

In case it wasn’t explained well enough, basically if the age difference between mates is too much, the older person will stop aging until the younger one catches up and reaches maturity (in an omega case, a heat) and the younger will age at double or more the rate of normal.

Chanyeol hated the idea until now.

It’s odd, I know, but I thought it was cute!
“Oh, thank you, baby.” Chanyeol cooed, reaching down and accepting the cracker into his hand.

Baekhyun giggled, standing up from his crawling position and grabbing the side of Chanyeol’s desk chair with crumb covered fingers.

The alpha grinned and instantly was picking up the baby to stand in his lap instead, tiny fingers going to tug on his hair and Chanyeol found out the past two weeks that Baekhyun was all about his scent as he was the baby’s.

It was just so calming, and the baby was really adorable rolling around through his things, crawling wherever his little arms and legs could go.

He was just adorable in general, and Chanyeol felt it was entirely unfair to his heart.

“Shouldn’t he walk by now?”

Chanyeol didn’t spare Minseok more than a glare as he turned his desk chair around and gave Baekhyun back his cracker he had long forgotten about.

The baby squealed like it was the best thing he’d ever seen, and immediately was plopping down on his bottom to chew at it.

“He’s okay,” Yifan said defensively, throwing a palm up towards Chanyeol like he was scared the man was ready to lose his mind.

Maybe he would have, in the past, but Chanyeol had mellowed out quite a bit since Baekhyun arrived, even his friends had noticed as much, and practically invaded his house to come see the baby when they heard.

And, as he expected and hated, they fell for his cute scrunched nose grin instantly, and decided to continue coming over to steal his time with Baekhyun.

Not that Chanyeol had much room to whine about it when Baekhyun lived with him, was his future mate, and loved him already.

Well, he was a ball of sunshine and just liked anyone in general.

Still, Chanyeol claimed Baekhyun loved him the most, and nobody refuted his claim.

“I had Yixing check him the next morning he was here,” Chanyeol murmured softly, leaning over his chair to set Baekhyun back down and patting his little back. “He’s healthy other than… you know, small. He eats like a monster, sleeps throughout the night, and really doesn’t fuss that much.. Yixing said physically he was healthy too.”

Minseok hummed in response, jingling a toy for the baby’s attention, which Baekhyun gave with a quiet gasp and tried his hardest to crawl as fast as he could and grabbed the side of the couch to pull up on with wobbly legs.

Perhaps Chanyeol was just a worry wart now, but he hated watching Baekhyun pull up just
because he worried about his tiny legs and if he fell down.

It was irrational, and he couldn’t help it.

“Sehun said he was really smart.”

Chanyeol’s smile widened at Yifan’s words and he laughed, “Baekhyunnie, who takes care of you, honeybee?”

The baby pulled the toy away from his face at his name, instantly beaming with a boxy, almost toothless grin, “Loel! Loely, Loely, Loel!” He clapped his hands together and raised his arms up in the air as if he wasn’t already sitting on Minseok’s lap.

“That’s right,” Chanyeol cooed, jumping to his feet to steal the baby right from Minseok's lap, “That’s right, smart omega! The smartest omega!”

He heard Minseok huff at that and only smiled harder because Baekhyun kicked his legs so excitedly his pajama pants slipped down to cover his toes and even then kept screeching his excitement.

“Zitao is adamant he’s going to say his name first at this rate, but I’m positive it’s going to be Jongin,” Yifan added, staring at Chanyeol holding the baby as if something strange.

And it was strange, especially from Chanyeol who was labeled cold hearted in the latest collection of rich bachelors.

They aren’t wrong, but they weren't right either.

It just took the right person to set him straight, and that much was obvious.

“Oh, yes, I see, I see!” The alpha continued, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's little fingers when the baby held his hand up like Chanyeol should be amazed at the tiny crumbs on his hand.

“Are you going to put him in school? He’d have to go through the advancement programs to keep on track with his aging.”

That did catch Chanyeol's attention, mainly because he hadn’t thought that far yet. “Uh… I mean, obviously, but not until next year, he’d be about three or four then, he has a lot of catching up to do in the meantime. He hasn’t even tried to walk yet, and he’s a year and a half.”

Yifan pressed his lips together and sent Minseok a silent head nod, asking if he wanted to go because it was obvious that Chanyeol was upset with the question.

They couldn’t blame him, he had just got Baekhyun and they were already harassing him about his plans for the omega, it wasn’t fair to try and force Chanyeol into spending time away from him yet.

“Hey man, we’re going to head out.” Minseok muttered.

Chanyeol blinked away from Baekhyun then, turning the baby around so his back pressed to his chest instead and grabbing his little hand, “Say bye bye, puppy, remember? We learned this the other day.”

“Buh- bye!” Baekhyun squeaked, quickly distracted at Chanyeol mimicking a wave with his little hand.
He was cute, very, very cute.

“Bye bye, Baekhyunnie.” Minseok grinned, walking over to pinch his fellow omegas cheek just because Baekhyun instantly tried to teeth on his finger. He laughed, rubbing some crumbs off his cheek, “Take your time to grow, you’re much sweeter than Luhan was.”

“Don’t think Chanyeol could handle it if he stayed a baby forever,” Yifan snorted before waving at the baby, “We’ll see you soon, Baek.”

Chanyeol chose to ignore that comment, one because he wasn’t sure it was completely true because he loved Baekhyun already, but it would be very… frustrating to take care of a baby forever and stay so young.

It’d be shitty trying to be a mean CEO when you stay twenty four forever.

“Nap time? Nap time, puppy?” Chanyeol asked, turning Baekhyun around to face him once again and walking towards his room.

God, he had never been happier to have chosen a studio apartment rather than the two story he had been eyeing; he couldn’t imagine Baekhyun falling down the stairs, he nearly had a heart attack everytime the baby did anything without the added fear of a serious fall.

Baekhyun smiled so wide Chanyeol could see the slight redness of his gums on the top where a tooth was slowly coming in, then the baby dropped his head onto Chanyeol’s chest and giggled.

Chanyeol sighed a fake, exasperated noise, “Fine, fine, just because you’ve been so good today, I’ll take a nap with you.”

It was a complete lie considering Baekhyun now thought Chanyeol had to let him sleep nap times away in his bed and not his crib next door, and Chanyeol hadn’t once corrected him, only giving in dramatically everytime Baekhyun made grabby hands at him around this time of day.

“Yeah, I know, baby omega, I’m working on it!” He added, playfully growling a soft noise at Baekhyun for his whining and trying to kick his socks off.

Baekhyun just thought his growling was really funny these days and Chanyeol should be offended because he knew it was really scary, but Baekhyun didn’t seem to think so at all.

Chanyeol tossed off the tiny socks to the floor before laying down on his back and within a second Baekhyun was crawling his way up his side to plop himself right down on his chest, covering the entire area from Chanyeol's collarbone down to his stomach.

He smiled, laying a large palm across the baby’s back and patting.

Baekhyun huffed a few seconds later, and Chanyeol's smile was huge at his pouting, even with his eyes closed he didn’t need to ask what the baby was fussy over.

He started purring and Baekhyun was instantly curling his fingers into his shirt and dozing away

Chapter End Notes

(@wolfie let me know if there are specific scenes you are looking for! I’m loving this
universe!!!
The only thing about suddenly having a baby to look out for now was that Chanyeol didn’t have a lot of time to work.

He hadn’t gone to his office in over a month now just because he quickly learned Baekhyun didn’t like new things, not at all.

Chanyeol and Jongin had tried to take him to the park just a few days prior and the baby screamed bloody murder the entire time they tried to see if he wanted to play on things.

He was nervous in different places, and even more scared if they tried to set him down for even a second in public.

It both broke Chanyeol’s heart and made him want to break someone’s face for causing his anxiety. Because the poor baby was scared they’d leave him somewhere, just like his parents had, and that wasn’t okay at all.

And Chanyeol was afraid that Baekhyun's anxiety wouldn’t leave as he grew simply because he was going to grow so quickly, the chance he would lose all his younger memories was low when he’d be fully grown in max nine years, but that was also Chanyeol estimating Baekhyun would reach maturity around the time he was matured at an eighteen year olds level.

It could be much sooner than that. Most omegas had their first heat around a sixteen year or maturity scale.

Age wasn’t much more than used to estimate, it was all about how advanced they grew, learned, and matured because it was different for everyone.

Either way, Chanyeol hoped he wouldn’t be so scared as he got older.

But, in the meantime, Chanyeol refused to hire a babysitter to take care of Baekhyun because he was paranoid about strangers in his home, even if he did have cameras, and he didn’t want to miss anytime because he already felt Baekhyun was growing like a weed.

So, instead, Chanyeol did what he could from home in his study.

It seemed tonight he wasn’t going to get much done though, because as he was sending out a few mass emails, he heard the baby monitor make a tiny noise that wasn’t soft snoring, and then a second, louder hiccup, and it took less than a minute for it to be all out war and Baekhyun's scared wailing coming through.

Chanyeol jumped to his feet more out of instinct than fear, because his mate was upset, but rationally he knew Baekhyun just had a nightmare.

Either way, he was going down the hall immediately, walking towards Baekhyun's cracked bedroom door and pushing it open the rest of the way. “Hi, sweet omega.” He greeted, squinting because he felt it was extra dark in here tonight.

Baekhyun stood in his crib, hands holding the edge and nose barley peeking over the top of it as he sniffled, but calmed down and raised one arm up when Chanyeol was close enough.
“I see,” Chanyeol muttered raspily from it being so late, lifting the baby onto his side and was quickly greeted by Baekhyun shoving his runny nose into his neck. “I see, baby, your night light went out; don’t worry, alpha will get you a brand new one.”

The baby hiccuped and Chanyeol cooed at him, beginning to pat his back as he carried him into the kitchen. “I’ll get you your favorite, sweetheart, my Baekhyunnie loves forests these days, so I’ll get you a really pretty tree one, my love.”

Baekhyun wiped his runny nose into Chanyeol’s shirt before placing his fingers in his mouth so the alpha took it as a good sign, pressing a kiss to his forehead and grabbing a sippy cup from the dishwasher, “Yeol is making you warm milk, honeybee, just calm down and relax,” He requested, holding the baby with one hand and the other juggling around the pediasure.

Not that he was becoming overly confident or thought he deserved the best alpha award or anything but he thought he was getting pretty good at multitasking.

It also just helped that Baekhyun was so little and he could hold the baby up with just one hand or his arm if the little one wasn’t being too wiggly.

“You want to tell me something, hm? Give alpha a big smile or are we grumpy face tonight?” He teased, shaking up the cup.

“Miwk.”

“So impatient.” Chanyeol snorted as Baekhyun sat back to put both hands out for his cup, “You don’t even care that alpha was so, so busy and my Baekhyunnie cried and I came super fast.”

Baekhyun only grabbed his cup in both hands and was instantly leaning back to sip at his milk, so Chanyeol knew he didn’t feel bad even a small bit, as expected of a spoiled little baby.

“Ugh, I feel like you’re getting so big,” He muttered, scratching Baekhyun's back soothingly as he walked back to the nursery, walking over to the bean bag in the corner and Baekhyun babbled something around his drink and Chanyeol snickered as he took a seat and got comfortable.

“You’re so spoiled, maybe alpha does need to let you cry it out sometimes.” Chanyeol mused as Baekhyun grunted an annoyed noise as he twisted around to how he wanted to lay in the crook of Chanyeol's arm, cheek pressing to the alphas' side. “But, you know I wouldn’t do that, so I guess you’re just going to be a brat.”

Baekhyun dropped his cup into the side of the bean bag after a few more gulps, belly full and eyes droopy as he tossed a tiny leg onto Chanyeol's stomach.

The alpha smiled tiredly, resting his palm on his leg and patting his little ankle. “Night, baby omega.”

“Mwah…” The baby pouted his lips and tried his best to give an angry look, but it looked more bobbing eyed than anything.

But, Chanyeol leaned down to kiss his hair anyways, he really didn’t care if Baekhyun turned out a spoiled brat or not, because he was going to be his spoiled brat. “Mwah, mwah, there, bedtime.” He cooed, dramatically making kissing sounds as he pressed lips to the baby’s hair.

Baekhyun giggled tiredly.

Chanyeol wondered if he did deserve the alpha of the year award, because Baekhyun was really
happy.
Clarification (ABO/Age Warp)

Chanyeol was pissed, because he knew Baekhyun was on a tight schedule, but he needed to go to his office.

So, he was dressing the baby up carefully and trying his best not to wake him up so early or Baekhyun would have to have an early nap, then wouldn’t sleep through the night and, fuck, being in charge of a baby was so stressful.

“Sh, sh,” He whispered, cringing at how loud the car beeped as it unlocked as he tried to handle a baby in one arm, a diaper bag over his shoulder and his keys in the opposite hand and attempting not to let them jangle too much.

Chanyeol was struggling, and that much was obvious, he didn’t need the added stress of noticing a light flash somewhere near him, he only gritted his teeth and ignored it to set the bag and keys down and kneel down to open the backseat and put Baekhyun in his car seat.

But, as he expected, as soon as he was laying the baby down Baekhyun's eyes were popping open wide and instantly springing with tears, fussing loud and kicking his onesie covered toes everywhere.

“Sh, no, no, it’s just me. It’s just Chanyeol, hm? See? See, it’s me.” Chanyeol soothed, petting Baekhyun's temple but the baby was inconsolable, confused and tired, fingers moving to yank on his seatbelt and wailing.

Any other time Chanyeol would have had him out instantly, but he really didn’t have an option and tossed the diaper bag into the floorboard and shut the door to run into the driver's seat.

Baekhyun wasn’t really a fussy baby, he truly didn’t have that many fits, but he was spoiled and thought if he cried hard enough Chanyeol would do what he wanted - because that’s what he had done this far, and that was the alphas fault.

So he screamed and screamed, cried over all of Chanyeol's cooing and murmuring that he was okay and to please stop.

“Baekhyun!” He finally hissed once a headache was starting to set in, not a yell, but the growl carried with it had Baekhyun startling and blinking wide eyed. “Stop crying, you’re confused, I know, and you’re tired. But I’m right here, so calm down. We’re just going to stop by my work okay? Really fast and then you’ll get your breakfast, and we’ll nap all day.”

“Ss…sweep!”

Chanyeol tried to keep his firm voice, he really did, but he glanced in the mirror and Baekhyun's face was tear stained as he reached for his toes and curled them angrily.

That was also Chanyeol's mistake because he knew the baby was a little weirdo and hated to sleep with his toes covered, probably because Baekhyun had a habit of curling them up in everything while he tried to get comfortable. It was adorable, and Chanyeol found it really cute, but it hadn’t exactly been a priority when he was trying to get the baby dressed.

“Up! U-Up!” Baekhyun opened and closed his hands towards the front of the car.

Chanyeol sighed, calming down more as he reached one hand back to quickly pinch Baekhyun's
toes through his blue, sheep printed onesie. “Sh, baby, just one more minute and then you can come out.”

The baby started crying again, but not as loud and Chanyeol felt bad he was so relieved by that.

Either way, he tried to be as fast as he could, but safe, to get to his company building.

It was a normal time for people to be up and about, nearing eight, so Chanyeol could tell the moment Baekhyun started to calm down, sniffling and looking through the windows.

He wished Baekhyun would be one of those babies that went to sleep in the car, but his baby seemed to like to look outside much more, forcing his eyes to not miss a thing.

“S-s-ky!” Baekhyun squealed high pitched, and Chanyeol smiled at the noise as he pulled into the parking garage, “Yeah? The sky is changing colors to tell you ‘good morning, Baekhyunnie, have a good day.’”

Chanyeol felt his ears burn as he registered how absolutely cringy he sounded, but it hardly mattered when Baekhyun giggled, “Bue… Pink!”

It wasn’t pink, but Chanyeol would let him believe whatever he wanted as long as he was happy.

“Okay, okay, time to come out.” He cooed, unbuckling himself and quickly running around the car.

Baekhyun was in such a better mood now that he had time to relax, greeting Chanyeol with arms out and a teary faced beam, one that Chanyeol was elated to see and pressed a kiss to his cheek and a murmur about him being cute as he picked him and his bag up.

“Loel, miwk?” The baby turned his all the way to dip his face to meet Chanyeol's.

The alpha laughed, pulling his head closer to kiss at his forehead so he could actually see where he was walking. “Just a minute, sweetheart, you have to give Chanyeollie a moment to get where he’s going!” He chided playfully.

Baekhyun giggled, bending his knees and curling into his own little ball in Chanyeol's arm, rubbing his covered toes all over the man’s side, “Diapy?”

“You need a diaper change?” Chanyeol worried, pulling the company door open, “Aish, you faker I know that smile.” He added as he glanced at the impish grin spread across Baekhyun's chubby cheeks.

The baby squealed on his giggle.

Chanyeol only rolled his eyes playfully at that, patting his bottom just to check and make sure, but Baekhyun was a little liar and he was fine.

“Me-“

Chanyeol couldn't hear what Baekhyun was muffling into his collar, confused and slightly angry as he walked into the first floor of his building and a bunch of his employees were just standing and looking up towards the televisions in the waiting room. “Excuse me?” He boomed.

The first to jump out of their shocked state was his assistant, a pretty beta girl that Chanyeol knew pressed more than she needed to because he’d never sleep with one of his employees, “Mister
Park! Good morning!"

“What the hell is going on? Is Minseok in?”

“Loel…” Baekhyun whined at his lack of attention, unused to not having it.

“Sh, baby, just a second,” Chanyeol whispered, pressing his chin to Baekhyun’s little shoulder and sending his assistant a narrowed expression, “Well? Why’s everyone just standing around?”

Without a word she turned to point at the television.

It was running a bunch of clips of him no more than an hour before, running in and out of his house with baby things that he had been putting in his trunk to send to Jongin later today, and then finally a handful of him carrying Baekhyun outside, captioned that he had a mystery child and Chanyeol was disgusted at even the thought.

“What the fuck?” He boomed, bouncing Baekhyun over his shoulder so the smaller was more entertained with wiggling than his yelling, “I need you to get a statement out there, now. Clarifying that this is my fucking mate - not my son- oh, actually add in there to stay off my fucking property or I’ll sue.”

“Loely! Miwk!”

Chanyeol’s anger was only sated at Baekhyun’s whining that he was hungry because the baby called everything edible milk.

He quickly was adjusting Baekhyun in a cradling position and laying a palm on the baby’s belly to soothe him a little longer all the while he nodded his head at a man in the corner of the room - he really didn’t take the time to learn any names other than his assistants, so he had no idea. “You. Go get us some breakfast, my mate is hungry.”
“- Den! Den, go.. go, go, go, go!”

Chanyeol grinned and shook his head fondly, “Yeah? Where were you going, baby? You running away?” He asked, laying a palm on Baekhyun's stomach to hold him still as he reached for a diaper beside the crib.

The baby nodded with wide eyes, “ ‘side! Wow! Den woah!”

“Wow!” The alpha chided, “You went outside? To see the flowers? Or to see the sky, my love?”

Baekhyun shrugged slightly, attempting to be sly and worm an arm out of his shirt, but Chanyeol caught his escape and rolled his eyes, strapping the baby’s diaper shut before pulling his tiny pants up and grabbing under his arms, “You little monster.”

The omega giggled, squealing in such a high pitched way that Chanyeol had seen people cringe at the noise, but he was so used to it now that he loved it because it let him know he was doing really well and Baekhyun was happy.

“Okay my little worm,” Chanyeol cooed, kissing Baekhyun's palm when the baby threw it out towards him, “Let’s go out, puppy.”

“ ‘side?”

The alpha laughed because Baekhyun tilted his head so far to the side he looked like a literal puppy, and because he had told the baby not even five minutes before they were going out.

“Yes, sweetheart, Chanyeollie is taking you to eat with Nini, remember? My Baekhyunnie cried and cried that he missed Nini, so alpha called him and here we are.”

Chanyeol set him on the floor and carefully walked over to kneel down and start packing a diaper bag, not that he thought Baekhyun would really need anything for a short walk to a diner around the corner, but he learned the hard way to always be prepared when Baekhyun had last been at his office and came down with very bad tummy ache.

He hadn’t ever had to deal with Baekhyun not feeling good this far, so he promptly overreacted and called Yixing, who then said, “Yeol, baby’s get stomach aches too.”

Chanyeol didn’t regret it, but knew to be more cautious because he was tired of his asshole friends making so much fun of him.

It wasn’t his fault he worried if Baekhyun so much as didn’t wake up at a normal time, he had no clue about baby’s so he had so many questions.

The only reason he had survived this long is probably because they were mates, and Chanyeol could usually pick up on Baekhyuns needs quickly.

“Chan! Faw pease!”

“Only if you walk over here, baby.” Chanyeol agreed, turning around towards the baby.
Baekhyun pouted his lips at the suggestion and Chanyeol felt a little bad and sighed, scooting closer on his knees to grab under Baekhyun's arms and stand him up; at least the baby started bouncing right away, and Yixing was adamant Baekhyun could walk because he had all the strength, he just didn’t want to.

So Chanyeol was trying to get him in the habit of at least trying, even if the baby’s balance wasn’t that great being so little.

“You want to be a big boy, Baekhyunnie? Walk around just like me and we can play together and so many more things if you walk.”

The baby nodded before laughing and going limp, Chanyeol had to hold his back because Baekhyun was a squirming little thing. “Pay… bear!”

Chanyeol could point out that they played bears all the time, but that would ruin his point. “That’s right, baby, so give me a few good steps and we can play the falling game after we go eat.”

“‘tay!”

The alpha grinned, moving his hold to the tips of Baekhyun's hands that grasped around his pointer fingers. “Okay, I’m going to let go and you have to give me really big steps, Baekhyunnie!”

Baekhyun beamed, squealing to himself and Chanyeol too that as a good sign and let go of his hands, gently prying off the omega from holding his fingers and watching carefully to make sure Baekhyun didn’t fit teetering backwards instead.

He wobbled for a second, looking panicked and scared before he took a tiny step forward, and then oooed to himself amongst his own babbles before his eyes went back to Chanyeol and he cried such a high pitched excited noise Chanyeol’s ears actually hurt.

But not that much, and it wasn’t nearly as important as Baekhyun waddling a little more before giggling like he was so excited.

“Loel!”

“I know, baby! I’m so proud, come here! Come on, come to alpha!” Chanyeol chirped, wiggling his fingers for Baekhyun's attention because the baby was much more focused on staring at his legs and woahing to himself.

Baekhyun's hands scrunched together beneath his chin and he did a tiny shake of his fists and it was so cute Chanyeol literally almost cried, but the baby was screeching and taking a big step but his own excitement had his legs giving out and he went falling into Chanyeol’s chest in laughter.

“That’s my good boy! My smart omega! Chanyeollie is so proud of you! So proud of you, honeybee!” Chanyeol cooed, nuzzling into Baekhyun's temple and pressing kisses to the baby’s soft cheek.

“So many big steps, Baekhyun! Such a strong boy, you made me really happy!” He added, grabbing Baekhyun's hand and shaking it playfully in the air.

Baekhyun lit up under attention, so he continued his high pitched squealing as his hair bounced over his eyes and his nose scrunched up, “Faw pease!”

Chanyeol chuckled because he should have known he was being played, but grabbed the baby to turn and set him on the bean bag and opened his arms, “Okay! Just for a little, but you have to
Chanyeol laughed and caught him when he fell forwards, and didn’t even care to correct Baekhyun's numbers right now.

“More, more, please!”

“Just a few more, because little Baekhyunnie is so nice! Knows how to ask nicely, and makes Chanyeollie really proud!”

Chapter End Notes

Then: I’ll just write a few drabbles in this universe
Me now: *writes all the way until Baekhyun is ten
“Come here you wiggle worm!” Chanyeol cried, tossing the towel over Baekhyun's face so the baby couldn't run out of the bathroom door, and the omega squealed laughter as he grabbed him to pull his diaper covered bottom back into the bathroom.

“You are a demon,” He chided, moving the towel to hold Baekhyun still under one arm and the other grabbing his clothes, all the while the recently walking baby tried to climb over his arm all giggly.

“Loel!” Baekhyun pouted, but it was more laughter than actual irritation, “Wun fast!”

“You can run in a second, alpha has things to do which means Baekhyunnie has things to do and needs big boy clothes, right?”

Baekhyun stomped his little foot for a second, and Chanyeol didn’t really have time for him to have another tantrum this morning and sent him a stern look.

The baby tossed his arms up with a tiny sniff, and Chanyeol recognized it as a fake one so he only continued to dress him up, taking his time buttoning up the overalls as punishment for being a brat.

“How?”

Of course, Chanyeol was putty for Baekhyun even when he was bratty and sighed, standing with the baby on his chest.

He really was prepared for Baekhyun to have really fast growth spurts, but even now, months later, the baby was still little despite Yixing estimating his maturity to be over two.

“I’m not mad, honeybee, but you need to listen because I’m an adult right now, and you’re a baby, you’ll understand more when you go to school soon.”

“How?” Baekhyun tried again, snuggling his nose into Chanyeol's shoulder and squeezing around his neck.

Chanyeol laughed, wrapping his arms to gently squeeze the baby back, “Okay, okay you hug monster, go pick out some snacks for the car ride,” He requested, setting Baekhyun to his little boot covered feet and patting his bottom.

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Chanyeol didn’t take Baekhyun out often.

In general, since the baby hated it, neither of them had been getting out often at all.

But, it seemed okay now.

Because Luhan, Yifan’s mate, wasn't much more mature than Baekhyun.

Well, he was estimated to be around seven or so, which was a big jump between him and the obvious fact Baekhyun was a baby still, but Chanyeol's mate was really smart, and he understood a lot even if he didn’t talk that much at the moment.

That was fine because Chanyeol usually spoke enough for both of them.
Now, they were having lunch with a few of their friends, because Chanyeol had to sign a car trading deal at this same restaurant and he needed someone to keep an eye on Baekhyun without the baby know that he was being babysat or he’d probably start asking why Chanyeol left him.

And that wasn’t even a choice or idea.

So, Chanyeol rented out a private room in the back of the restaurant so Luhan and Baekhyun could play and momentarily wished he could have just done this back at his office, but coming in with a baby to try and negotiate a deal didn’t really look the hardest, even if Kyungsoo had mused maybe Baekhyun would help with his cute grin.

Baekhyun probably could, but Chanyeol had at least some manly pride to keep and using his mate for work didn't feel right.

“No, no!” Baekhyun squealed, using all his strength from where he and Luhan were on the floor and dragging his diaper back towards himself, “Mine!”

“Baek doesn’t want to share!” Luhan whined.

“Baekhyun, share.” Chanyeol tapped his foot, reaching over to shove Jongdae when he looked at him with a snotty smirk.

It only took one second for Baekhyun's face to contort into a fully fledged pout before he was whimpering and running over to the opposite side of the booth Chanyeol was on and grabbing Kyungsoo's jeans to get up.

“Soo Soo!”

Kyungsoo laughed, leaning over to pick Baekhyun up and set him between him and Jongin so he wasn’t near the edge. The baby plopped down between them and crossed his arms before glaring at Chanyeol through his hair across the table.

It wasn’t intimidating at all considering he was a baby, and he looked tinier between Jongin and Kyungsoo - even if the latter was only about grown to the size of sixteen years and was small himself.

“Oh! Someone is in trouble!” Jongdae cackled, elbowing Chanyeol who only rolled his eyes.

“Baekhyun, if you keep being bad then we’re going to have to assume you’re being spoiled and we’re not going to have story time later at all.” He warned.

“No, not story time!” He heard Yifan tease and fixed him with an even more annoyed look before looking back at Baekhyun.

Baekhyun humphed, chin wobbly as he turned to grab Jongin's arm to hide his face under, one eye peeking out to see if Chanyeol was feeling bad or not.

Chanyeol was, but he had perfected the craft of not showing anything on his face, at least in public. “That’s not going to work.”

His phone vibrated before he could get another word in and he sighed, placing his jacket down and moving out of the booth, “I’ll be back in a few, if he starts fussing just give him his cup from the bag, he’s not really big on juice recently, so just the milk and it’s -”

“Chanyeol,” Minseok laughed, “We know.”
He laughed awkwardly and nodded, going towards the door when Baekhyun whined, and he should have expected as much.

“He’s just going to be really fast, sweetheart.” Jongin cooed, grabbing the back of Baekhyun's overalls in case the baby lost his balance standing on the booth with teary eyes.

“Loely! Loel!”

Chanyeol sighed and knew he should walk out now while he had the chance, but it felt all sort of wrong when Baekhyun was crying and begging him not to.

Baekhyun was a baby though, and he didn’t understand that Chanyeol would be right back and rationally Chanyeol knew he only way to teach him would be to just go for it and let him cry it out for a bit, but his mate wasn’t comfortable, so Chanyeol's hair was standing up and his chest burned at the knowledge.

“I can play with you!” Luhan laughed, and Chanyeol could hear him shaking one of Baekhyun's toys around, but that only made the baby more upset when he realized they were just trying to calm him down and trick him.

So, as expected, Baekhyun started full on sobs and Chanyeol hated to see it even if they were crocodile tears and was walking over to grab him instantly, patting his back and tucking his head into his neck so Baekhyun would smell him and calm down.

“Fine, fine, you can come, Baekhyun. You can stay with me.”

“God, you're ridiculous,” Yifan commented. “Your mate is going to be a brat and it will be your fault.”

He should consider listening to Yifan, because he was the only one of his friends who had a mate that was pretty young, even if they hadn’t met when Luhan was a mere baby, but Chanyeol wasn’t going to.

He rolled his eyes and started towards the door, because he truthfully didn’t give a fuck as long as Baekhyun felt comfortable.

“Stay Loely,” Baekhyun blinked up at him with teary eyes, little hand pressing into Chanyeol's chest so he could sit back.

The alpha smiled, internally knowing he was being a pushover, “Yeol always comes back for you, puppy.”
Tantrums (ABO/Age Warp)

Baekhyun was so big it made Chanyeol pretty upset.

And, now his baby was in school, and he would be for a while.

It was stressful because he just wanted Baekhyun to stay tiny forever.

But, it hadn’t changed that much about them at all. Really, not at all.

“Yeol!”

Chanyeol laughed and dropped his suitcase on the floor to prepare for the small form running at him, sweeping Baekhyun up with a playful groan, “Hey, puppy, did you have a good day at school?”

Baekhyun rubbed his cheek over Chanyeol’s shoulder like he couldn’t help trying to get rid of the various smells the alpha had taken in through this day at work before wrapping his arms tightly around Chanyeol's neck and little legs going around his waist. “Learned status, Yeollie!”

The alpha hummed, pressing a kiss to his head and sending a grin at Yixing, “Thank you.”

“Do it everyday, Chanyeol, you know I don’t mind picking him up and seeing him for awhile.” The other commented with a shrug as he gathered his things.

“Chan!” Baekhyun whined with a tiny scrunched nose, “You please listen!”

“Aish, I’m listening,” Chanyeol soothed quickly, playfully dropping Baekhyun onto the couch and turning to walk into the kitchen fully knowing the smaller would be running in here any moment to latch back on.

And after a few breathy laughs, he was proven right when Baekhyun skipped in to grab his leg.

“See you guys later!”

“Bye, Xing!” Chanyeol replied, unsurprised Baekhyun didn’t say a thing because the little one was always distracted easily and right now he was busy bouncing at his feet and yanking on his slacks.

“You know bout omega?”

Chanyeol looked down at Baekhyun curiously and laid a palm on his head to gently shift him a bit so he could get to the fridge, “What about omegas, baby?”

Baekhyun giggled, pearly teeth on show and Chanyeol was always confused how it was possible to have the sweetest smile in the world, “Me! I omega! You are big one!”

The alpha snickered loudly, reaching down to pick Baekhyun up and set him on the counter before turning to look in the fridge for something for dinner, one hand holding the little ones thighs down on the marble. “You are an omega, so smart, pup, and I’m an alpha, can you say that?”

“... a.. alpha!”

Close enough, Chanyeol grinned. “That’s right, my smart boy, that’s what they told you at school today?”
“Yup!” Baekhyun barked, swinging his legs back and forth before giggling to himself, “Can have babies, Yeol! Just me!”

Chanyeol instantly growled, hissing and pulling back from the fridge, “You are a baby, Baekhyun. Don’t say things like that again. You can tell me the stuff you learned, but you’re a child, don’t say things like that.”

He knew it was rude and that Baekhyun was only a child and children daydreamed, but his skin burned at the thought because Baekhyun was only a *child*, and he didn’t fully even understand anything yet.

Baekhyun didn’t even understand who Chanyeol was to him, and he wouldn’t for a long time, because he was a *child*, and Chanyeol wanted to keep it that way for a long time, even if that was unreasonable.

“So mean,” The child mumbled, dropping his little chin to his chest and Chanyeol instantly felt bad because there were a million of other ways he could have said that. “I grow fast.”

But Baekhyun was barely estimated to be five, and it had taken him over a year to get this far, so Chanyeol worried.

Things couldn’t change this fast.

“I know you grew fast,” He sighed, petting Baekhyun's hair apologetically, “But you don’t know everything, sweetheart. You don’t even know why you grow fast, you don’t know a lot of things because you’re young, and we’re going to teach you things slowly.”

“You’re not my dad!”

Chanyeol flinched, and it wasn’t like he was trying to have Baekhyun see him that way, but things worked in stages when a mate was met so young.

Of course Baekhyun had tried to call him as such when he was younger, and was really adamant about it, but Chanyeol was quick to correct him that he was just *Chanyeol*, not dad.

He raised Baekhyun, he put all the time and care into it, so of course it hurt for Baekhyun to say that even if he was very much right.

But Baekhyun didn’t understand that Chanyeol was to be his future mate, and it was something that even went over Chanyeol's head most of the time because he wasn’t thinking of the future; he was thinking about now and what to pack for Baekhyun's lunch tomorrow, or debating if Baekhyun's best friend Sehun could come stay the night like the little one had been asking.

Chanyeol didn’t want to think about how fast things would change and the shifting stages, because right now he was being parental, that was the stage he was going through, and it would be for a long, long time.

So Baekhyun really hurt his feelings.

“I’m not your dad,” Chanyeol agreed softly, picking Baekhyun off the counter and setting him on the floor, “I’m ordering food, I don’t feel like cooking, go play please.”

He was trying to brush Baekhyun off, it was obvious, because even if it was his mate it didn’t mean he didn’t get frustrated with the smaller.
“Chan…”

He ignored him in favor of putting back the meat he had pulled out and walking around the counter to sit on the couch and pull out his phone.

Chanyeol never wanted a break from raising Baekhyun, but sometimes he did just want to go out and do the things he used to be able to before he had been handed a drenched baby and everything dropped through the floor for the baby.

And he’d never regret that, but raising a child was hard, and he couldn’t imagine how much harder it would be if Baekhyun didn’t age so fast, if he aged normally Chanyeol was certain he’d have a heart attack by the time Baekhyun was walking purely because the baby used to bonk into things so much.

“Channie…”

Chanyeol sighed, looking up from his lap where Baekhyun stood with his droopy eyes staring at him and shuffling in place with hands wringing his shirt.

“Sorry, I was mean “

“You were mean,” Chanyeol whispered, rubbing his temple before leaning over his lap to get closer, “You can’t say such rude things, Baekhyun. They really hurt my feelings, and I’ve taken care of you so long, you know I’m in charge when you’re young. You’re a child, you might be so smart, baby, but you’re young, you’re not mature or old enough to decide for yourself things, so I’m in charge for now.”

Baekhyun looked more teary at the scolding, but Chanyeol appreciates that he was slowly getting over his phase of bursting into tears at the first thing that inconveniences him. “S-Sorry, I'll listen to Channie.”

Chanyeol sighed in relief, but his chest still hurt and it would for a while. “Thank you,” He whispered, wiping Baekhyun's nose on his button down before patting his lap, “Come here, honeybee.”

The tiny omega climbed over instantly, seating himself sideways in Chanyeol's lap, and briefly the alpha remembered not too long ago Baekhyun used to be able to just spread entirely across his chest, but now he was too big for that, “You know I just love you, Baekhyun, and I want what’s best for you, even if it might feel unfair.”

“Love you.”

Chanyeol smiled, and felt lighter as he pressed a kiss to Baekhyun's curls and grabbed his phone again. “I know, baby, now what do you want to eat?”
“Yeollie?”

Chanyeol hummed, tapping his pen on the dining room table.

Baekhyun shuffled slightly before dragging his backpack over, “What are you doing?”

“Work, sweet boy.” The alpha answered without looking up, “What are you doing, baby? Playing? Did you want my phone to call Sehun?”

Recently, they had been on a playdate with Sehun, but with Baekhyun growing so fast, he was recently upset having been taken out of the younger classes and into the higher level, approximately about a seven year olds level, and Chanyeol felt terrible Baekhyun lost his only friend in his class - even if he got to see him on the playground.

So, he had asked permission from Sehun's parents to take them out to ice cream, and on the way he got a call from Junmyeon who wanted to see Baekhyun and congratulate his advancement, but it turns out Sehun was his mate too.

That relieved Chanyeol because now Junmyeon currently had the youngest, even if he wouldn’t have to do the toddler and baby steps Chanyeol did, but it called for a very awkward explanation to Sehun’s parents.

They were really excited after though, and Chanyeol had always felt bad for the five year old because his family wasn’t from the best parts, they were pretty poor, so Chanyeol never denied Baekhyun's request if he could ask for Sehun to come visit.

Chanyeol was pretty sure his parents always said yes only because it was one less mouth to feed for the day, at least now he wouldn’t have to worry as much when Junmyeon would never allow the little boy to so much as have his stomach rumble.

“Chanyeollie.”

The alpha sighed, clicking his pen a few times before setting it down and looking up at Baekhyun, “Yes, baby.”

“i made you… this at school today.”

Chanyeol smiled and pushed his chair back a little to give Baekhyun his attention.

The omega still didn’t look very happy even with his attention which was rare because Baekhyun was a beam of sunshine when people so much as paid attention to him.

So Chanyeol patted his lap, “Let’s see, Baekhyunnie.”

Baekhyun walked over, his fluffy head of hair blocking his eyes and it made Chanyeol tsk and internally remind himself to get him in for another haircut.

Baekhyun climbed to sit on his knee before opening up his construction paper, “It’s me and you, and Nini, Soo, Fan.. all of us, lots of us, look even Sehun but he’s not going to be little for long.”

“No he's not, sweetheart,” Chanyeol agreed, rubbing Baekhyun's spine as he pointed at his picture.
Chanyeol had stacks and stacks of Baekhyun's old pictures already, safely boxed up and put away, he thought the young omega was done with coloring, but it didn’t appear so.

“IT’s very pretty, sunshine, I’m very proud. Did you do your homework already?” He pressed a kiss to Baekhyun's cheek before resting his chin on the child’s shoulder and putting the picture safely on the dining table.

“Yes.”

Chanyeol grinned, because he never really had to get on Baekhyun about doing it, he usually just did things quickly and then ran around to play. “Good boy, what do you want for dinner tonight, my love? You feel like pasta?”

“Yeol..”

The alpha frowned at his tone, “What's wrong?” He worried, rubbing his thumb over Baekhyun's cheek and then shifting the child to turn towards him a little more so he could see his face.

“A.. A boy at school called me a mean name today.”

Chanyeol furrowed his brows instantly, “What? Who? What’d they say? Was it a bad word?”

Baekhyun shook his head, and Chanyeol could tell how upset he was in the way he tugged on the bottom of his shirt. “He said I was ugly cause I said I only wanted to play with Sehun, and said I shouldn’t play with babies because I was big now.”

“You are not ugly,” Chanyeol hissed, pulling Baekhyun's head under his chin in fear the waterworks would start coming, “You're very cute, Baekhyun. You're not ugly at all, he’s a bully, you know what that is?”

“What?”

“It’s someone that says mean things because it makes them feel better about themselves. It’s just rude and you never say mean stuff to people because then it hurts their feelings, just like you feel right now. It’s a lie, you’re a very, very cute and handsome boy.”

Baekhyun whined a noise that had Chanyeol's hand stilling in his hair before growling slowly as the omega looked at him teary eyed.

He had no idea Baekhyun cared so much about these things, usually the omega was nothing but a ball of sunshine and rainbows, occasionally throwing fits, but otherwise he was very good.

So, to put it lightly, Chanyeol was pissed.

“I-I want people to like m-me.”

“Sh, baby, everyone likes you.” He began, wrapping both arms around Baekhyun's shoulders and petting the back of his head, “Everyone loves you, my little honeybee. I love you, and I think you’re the most handsome ever, you don’t need to be friends with people that say mean things to you.”

“Hm?” Chanyeol cooed when he got no response, “What are you thinking in this pretty little head, Baekhyun? I can’t read you all the time, little omega.”

Instead of responding quickly, Baekhyun pulled his feet up to rest on Chanyeol's opposite thigh,
dropping his cheek into the alphas’ collarbone and rubbing his nose. “Can we watch a movie before bed tonight?”

Chanyeol chuckled, nuzzling his face into the smaller's curls to search for the familiar calming scent of vanilla Baekhyun gave off, “Only if you promise me that you’ll tell me when you feel upset about these sort of things, okay? Have you been upset all day?”

“... maybe.”

“Well,” Chanyeol clicked his tongue and grabbed one of Baekhyun's fingers to look at the marker stains, “Then maybe next time tell me sooner so we can talk about it earlier. There’s no reason for you to be upset all by yourself, Baekhyun, that’s why I’m here, so I can take care of you.”

Baekhyun gave a small nod before turning to wrap his arms around Chanyeol's neck, “Can you carry me?”

The alpha grinned because it had been a while since he had been able to carry the child around, Baekhyun was adamant he was a big boy ever since the first few weeks of school, but Chanyeol was pretty sure he was just embarrassed that Chanyeol coddled him in public.

Even though Baekhyun never complained about it at home, the child whined and turned red eared when Chanyeol picked him up from school if he got off early.

“I can always carry you,” He assured, “Even if you’re a big boy, I can carry you, sweetheart.”

“I.. don’t want to be a big boy at home, just want to be Baekhyun.”

Chanyeol wanted to frown because Baekhyun was really sensitive, but he was slowly growing out of clinging, so he knew that the omega must have been really hurt by that kid’s words.

“You don’t have to be anything but Baekhyun, and I’ll still love you, honeybee. Just be Baekhyun.”
“Mama Park!”

The alpha hissed and grabbed the bag from Baekhyun's fingers before the younger could drop it and go running off, watching Baekhyun run into Chanyeol’s mothers arms.

“Look at you!” Chanyeol's mother swooned, cupping Baekhyun's face between her palms, “Wow, you’re huge! Getting so handsome too, Chanyeol will have to keep an eye out for your admirers!”

Chanyeol growled at her, “Mom.”

She only grinned and grabbed Baekhyun's hand, “Lets go check the flowers, I’ve heard you’ve been obsessed with flowers lately.”

He heard the beginning of Baekhyun saying something else and sighed as he turned to walk into the dining room, sending Jongin and Kyungsoo a strained smile and overlooking his father as he added his box of cookies to the full table.

“He’s gotten so big.”

Chanyeol’s shoulders tensed and he hummed in response to his father, moving instantly to the alcohol beside Jongin because he wouldn’t survive staying the night at his parents if not.

“We’ve prepared you two rooms up the stairs, of course between them is Jongin and his mates.”

“Kyungsoo,” Jongin muttered defensively.

Their father hummed.

“Why two? I told you one would be fine.” Chanyeol asked, getting hit in the arm by Kyungsoo for starting more drama, “There's no need to have your maids work extra.” He added with a snarl, taking a seat at the opposite end of the table from his father and ignoring his brother's warning look.

“It’s inappropriate to have an unmated pair-“

“Baekhyun is a child,” Chanyeol hissed in disgust, “You must be sick to even think anything about that.”

“Well,” His father drawled, “I’ve never seen an age difference quite like that before, so the universe must be sick to force that on my son.”

Chanyeol heaved, and Kyungsoo laid a hand on his shoulder, but it didn’t help at all because his father was an arrogant prick, stuck in his own ideas.

He was disgusting and this was why he and Jongin never visited.

At least he had spared his little brother the ridicule, because when Jongin met Kyungsoo, Kyungsoo had only been fourteen, so Jongin had to wait a little while in order to mate with him and their father despised the age halt it placed on Jongin because his brother had to be twenty for two
years, until Kyungsoo had matured into a heat, and his father said it caused Chanyeol's brother to become immature, and lessened his sense of responsibility.

It was a bullshit lie. And even if it were true, it hardly mattered because his father was more disgusted by his and Baekhyun's age difference.

It wasn’t an odd thing, just rare for them to be so extremely far in age, and Chanyeol had gotten his fair share of disgusted and concerned looks when he said who Baekhyun was to him, like when he signed Baekhyun up for school and registered under his future mate - the staff had been shocked, but after he explained the circumstances they were absolutely delightful.

But his father had no reason to concern himself in it, because Chanyeol was well above Jongin's age and a self made CEO in car trade and manufacturing companies, it was much more personal than just Chanyeol's mated status.

It was a number of things, probably the main being that Chanyeol refused to give his father part of his stock share because he had been under his parents care when the company started; his father claimed the money used in order for Chanyeol to start the business was his money, which was also a lie because Chanyeol worked his ass of all throughout his teenage years to fund his business with his closest friends such as Yifan, Jongdae, Minseok, Junmyeon, even Yixing despite the man deciding medical practice was his choice.

But his father had no reason to concern himself in it, because Chanyeol was well above Jongin's age and a self made CEO in car trade and manufacturing companies, it was much more personal than just Chanyeol's mated status.

Even then, Yixing had a part in the stock solely because Chanyeol thought he deserved as much - his father didn’t.

Plus, it didn’t help that when his father kicked Jongin out for his “reckless immaturity” that he had instantly taken his brother in and gave him a job, got him on his feet, and his father had scolded Chanyeol for sheltering and giving him easy money.

Which was true, but Jongin worked hard too, and was he just to leave his brother on the streets simply because he was fated to someone much younger than him?

Chanyeol used to be immature about mating, used to never want it and to continue his luxurious life without being tied down, but he understood so much more now.

And it wasn’t a choice at all, and even when he had been arrogant and selfish he recognized that Jongin hadn’t done a thing but choose his mate - the most important option, and Chanyeol also understood that.

Because there was no situation ever in which he wouldn’t defend or protect Baekhyun.

“The universe must be sick to force us to be born with your name.” Chanyeol shot back, lifting his brow as his glass touched his lips.

He heard Jongin snort, and Kyungsoo's panic was obvious, but Chanyeol only smirked and watched his fathers face go fury red.

“Careful, son, you’re in my household.” He warned.

Chanyeol chuckled, “We came to see mom, never would it be for you, remember that. Plus, you’re the one attacking a child.”

“A child that is an omega to be mates-“

“He’s a kid,” Chanyeol's hand hit the table and the food on top clanked around in their bowls and
plates, “You’re a sick, sick man if you think I’d for one second ever look at Baekhyun as anything but a child right now. He’s barely aged to ten, and I’ve raised him years, father, since he was a baby. There’s nothing I feel other than he’s a child that I raise and protect.”

“And will eventual-“

“For fucks sake!” Jongin yelled in Chanyeol's defense, “Baekhyun is matured to adolescence, who the fuck cares he’ll eventually be with Chanyeol! He’s a kid, and all he likes right now is flowers and to sing songs in the car! You obviously don’t understand the progression of stages!

Of course I didn’t see Kyungsoo as anything but a child when he was fourteen, that’s how it is! Things change and progress, but don’t you ever accuse Chanyeol of something so sick! He’s raising Baekhyun much better than you ever raised us, if you can even consider it that!”

It went silent after that, and Chanyeol sent Jongin a thankful head nod - not because he wouldn’t have been able to handle it - but because he wouldn’t have been able to continue in his seat if he needed to say more.

A giggle echoed down the marble and Chanyeol instantly felt more relaxed as he leaned back against his chair and laid his alcohol down.

“I brought flowers! Mom said I can bring them!” Baekhyun chirped, and Chanyeol's eyes were flickering to him as soon as he was in his sight.

The smaller was bouncing around so much his shiny curls were every which way, and his Christmas sweater dangled past his fingertips as he started his round around the table.

“Soo!” He cried, placing a flower beside the omegas plate and another for Jongin, working around the table to set one beside Chanyeol's fathers plate before smiling wide and grabbing the side of the wooden chair for acknowledgement, “Papa Park!”

Chanyeol felt horrible because Baekhyun didn’t know, but he wasn’t stupid.

Their father never so much as acknowledged him more than needed, and looked physically pained when Baekhyun came to him for attention.

It wasn’t his fault, and his father shouldn’t treat it as such, especially when Chanyeol's mother loved Baekhyun, always wanted to babysit him or ask for him to stay with her for a while.

Chanyeol told her not unless she'd come to their home instead, solely because his father ignored Baekhyun, and that wasn’t fair when the omega was a child looking for praise all the time.

Chanyeol knew his mother as a sweet woman, it was unfair how cruel his father was, and he never hesitated to share his feelings about his mistreatment of her. She was lonely, and he knew Baekhyun was good at filling that gap.

“Baekhyun, come sit down, honeybee.” Chanyeol requested because it was obvious Baekhyun wouldn’t be finding whatever softness he had been waiting for from Chanyeol's father.

Baekhyun listened though, and Chanyeol didn’t see his sunshine dim at all by the rejection, only a beaming smile as he climbed into the seat beside Chanyeol and reached over to lay a blue flower on the back of his hand, “Mom said to give Chanyeol the prettiest one, you love white.”

Chanyeol's chest hurt as it was filled with too much fondness, reaching over to grab Baekhyun's arm and roll up his sleeve so he could actually eat, “I do, sunshine, you must know me so well.”
“Did you pack your bag, baby?” Chanyeol cooed, sitting on the edge of the bed and shaking Baekhyun's arm gently.

The younger moaned tiredly, hand coming up to rub the sleep from his eyes, “Yes.”

“Good boy,” The alpha chirped, leaning over to press a kiss to Baekhyun's cheek and standing up to walk over to the younger's duffle bag and adding a few stray toys to the bag.

Chanyeol had been respectful and had them sleep in separate rooms which wasn’t a problem, they had separate rooms at their house anyways, but he still needed to go wake up Baekhyun even if he saw the disgruntled look from his father when he entered the room.

Fuck him.

He waited a moment to listen and see if Baekhyun would be getting up from bed, but didn’t hear a thing which was odd because the omega was usually very good about getting up quickly.

“We’re going to go soon, Baek, aren’t you going to get ready? Want me to pick something out for you to wear?” Chanyeol wondered, back turned towards the omega.

“Chanyeol?”

“Yes, puppy?”

“Why does papa hate me?”

Chanyeol’s heart dropped and he froze, he didn’t know what to tell Baekhyun, because the smaller was so sensitive and he didn’t understand much about what was going on.

He had come home from school only a few weeks prior asking why he always had to switch classes so much and get new teachers, and Chanyeol said it’s because he’s special and that’s why he was in a class with only special kids.

Baekhyun didn’t believe him, but Chanyeol didn’t know what else to say to explain his aging.

It wasn’t that he was keeping Baekhyun in the dark, it was just that he felt he was still too young and wouldn’t understand what a mate was yet - plus, school would eventually teach him these things… along with mates, mating, heats, all things Chanyeol considered sensitive topics for young Baekhyun right now.

“He doesn’t hate you, puppy.” Chanyeol assured, an outfit in his hand as he walked back over to sit on the bed and place it beside Baekhyun's head before combing his hair with his fingers, “Nobody could hate you, sweetheart, but you know me and him don’t get along.”

“Why is he mean to me? Am I too loud?” Baekhyun pulled the blanket to his nose and Chanyeol frowned instantly.

Because he hated to see Baekhyun upset in general, but even more so over something he couldn’t control or fix.

“No, no you’re not too loud, you’re just right, you’re perfect and very good, he’s just mean. He’s mean to alpha too and even Nini, so don’t be so upset.”

“I…” The omega frowned and Chanyeol pulled the blanket down in order to see his face, scared he
would be crying, “I… Just want him to be nice to me.”

“Oh, Baekhyun,” Chanyeol sighed, wrapping his arms around Baekhyun's small upper body to pick him up and pull him into his arms.

He kept getting told by his friends Baekhyun was way too big to be carrying or holding like a baby, but Chanyeol knew he wasn’t ever going to stop doing so.

“Sh, it’s not your fault, he’s just a very mean and grumpy old man. Don’t cry over him. Sometimes people are just mean, and they don’t have a reason to be so mean.”

“Bu… but.. mama said that… that it’s because I’m little.”

Chanyeol internally growled, but externally he only pressed his chin to Baekhyun's hair and rocked him some more, exasperated with his mother even though he knew she had good intentions.

But she didn’t have the right to go telling Baekhyun things that could possibly hurt his feelings, even if it was the truth, and Chanyeol knew his mother hated to lie.

“I love you, and that’s why he’s so mean, okay? Because I love you more than I love him and I choose you. And I’ll choose you everytime, that’s the reason, sunshine.”

“Not fair,” Baekhyun sniffled, wrapping his arms around Chanyeol’s waist with a huff, “Can… love everyone.”

Chanyeol laughed, but it was a sad one because he didn’t know how to tell Baekhyun to be realistic, that you couldn’t love everyone all the time, and that there were deeper issues other than the fact that Chanyeol did choose him over his fathers approval, just like Jongin.

Only Chanyeol was self-sufficient, and Jongin had only been a student when Chanyeol took him in.

Things weren’t fair sometimes, and Baekhyun needed to know as much.

“Do you remember when you were a very tiny baby?” Chanyeol asked, fingers skimming Baekhyun's ear as he tried to fix his messy curls, “And Jongin gave you to me?”

“I.. just ‘member.. I was cold, and my mommy didn’t want me anymore.”

Chanyeol cringed, but he didn’t know if Baekhyun actually knew that’s what happened or if that’s just what the little one assumed. Maybe he’d never know for certain.

“Your mommy must have had a very good reason, and she must have been so sad to have to give such a good baby away, but you’re here with me now, so it’s okay now, sweet omega.

But the point is that wasn’t very fair to you, was it? You were so little and didn’t have a choice, and that’s not fair, but sometimes things are just not fair, baby, and I wish they were and I wish we could know why your mommy did that, but we don’t, we can’t, and that’s not fair either.”

Baekhyun nodded with a small sniffle, a few more tears falling down his cheeks and Chanyeol had enough of the sight, his heart couldn’t handle Baekhyun crying over his father, someone who didn’t deserve to affect the little ones feelings at all.

“Come on, sweetheart, no more crying,” He cooed, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's round cheek before smiling and biting at his cheek playfully, “No more or i’ll bite you up!” He growled.

Baekhyun giggled and started wiggling to try to get away and Chanyeol only squeezed harder,
nuzzling into his chubby cheek and snapping his teeth.

“Yeollie!” The younger squealed, flopping around in his attempt to escape, kicking the blankets.

Chanyeol burst into laughter after a few more minutes, only stopping because Baekhyun's face was bright red and the younger one needed to get some air.

“Okay, my sweet boy,” He murmured, fixing Baekhyun's shirt from it's rustled up position from his struggling, “If you hurry up and get showered and dressed quickly then alpha will get you a treat on the way home.”

Chapter End Notes

Me: I’ll just do a few Drabbles to see if can even work with the prompt
Also me: tries to keep it random fluff but ends up adding deeper plots and angst anyways
“Chan?”

Chanyeol grinned and walked through the front door, setting the bag of takeout on the coffee table and petting Baekhyun's hair before kneeling to kiss his temple, “I’m sorry I took so long, sweetheart. I know you don’t like to be home alone.”

“It’s okay..” Baekhyun shrugged slightly and Chanyeol thought it was cute the way his button nose was slightly pink after he showered, damp hair slowly curling up. “I don’t mind now that I’m bigger.”

The alpha hummed in reply, walking into the kitchen to grab two sodas and could hear the teenager digging in the bag of food already, “Did you decide if you wanted to go to your school dance? I have time Friday and can take you shopping if you want, Baek.”

Originally, Chanyeol had been slightly put off when Baekhyun came back home from school a week before and said that they were having a dance, but after Yixing last had a checkup and Baekhyun was growing like a small weed, it was time to let him have some more freedom.

It just hurt because only a few years before the omega had been bouncing around and climbing up the side of anywhere he could.

But, there was no denying that Baekhyun was getting older, and with that came the sad truth that Baekhyun would be maturing soon enough.

Chanyeol didn’t ask Yixing for too many details these days, because that was Baekhyun's business, but he was going through puberty and with a teenager came a lot of changes.

He wasn’t as clingy anymore, and that was probably Chanyeol's least favorite thing because he knew Baekhyun as someone that relied on him for a lot of his attention.

Not so much anymore because the omega had a lot of friends and spent a lot of time in his room now.

Chanyeol knew what being a teenager was like and was really glad Baekhyun didn’t really have that bad of an attitude, but he still tried to give him a lot of space, never going in his room without knocking, always making sure to double check and make sure Baekhyun wasn’t in the bathroom before barging in - just things he never had to think about in the past he did now.

Because Baekhyun very much didn’t look like a child anymore, even if he occasionally acted like one.

Of course, Baekhyun was still small, he’d always be small which was expected of an omega, but he was really growing, had grown so much and it was scary because Chanyeol was torn between not wanting things to change and wanting them to change faster.

Because it would be a lie if he hadn’t started to notice that Baekhyun had grown into his beauty.

Chanyeol was always biased in claiming Baekhyun was a beautiful child, and a beautiful baby, but now he was a teenager and was becoming more and more into an adult every day.

It was so scary, because Chanyeol wasn’t ready for Baekhyun to be anything more than his omega
that greeted him with excited smiles and that had boxes of old baby things shoved into the top of his closet due to him growing so quickly.

Chanyeol nearly had an aneurism when Baekhyun suggested donating those things, even if he knew they didn’t need them.

He just wanted a little more time.

“A… Actually, Chanyeol… a… a kid in my class asked me to go with him on a date instead.”

The alpha felt like he short circuited and his head instantly cranked up to look at Baekhyun, “What’d you say?”

Baekhyun scratched at his arms and Chanyeol wanted to tell him there was no reason to be nervous, that he could do whatever he wanted, but felt it was harder to read the omega these days because they weren’t as close recently. “I… said I’d have to ask you if it’s okay.”

“If that’s what you want then it’s okay, sweetheart.” Chanyeol murmured softly, passing Baekhyun a soda across the coffee table. “I can pick you up and drop you off, it’s no problem, Baek.”

“I just…” The omega whispered, pulling his legs into his chest and pressing his chin into his knee as he fixed Chanyeol with a begging stare for help, “Just… do you think… that my mate will be mad? If… if I do that? I… don’t want them to be mad if I went on a date with someone, what if I meet them and they’re mad?”

Chanyeol found his brows pulling together in confusion because Baekhyun should have been taught by now what was going on, the omega wasn’t stupid and should have connected the dots by now.

But Baekhyun never really asked, so Chanyeol never really told.

It didn’t make sense because surely Baekhyun knew by now, Chanyeol had read the academic syllabus’ everytime the omega brought a new one and knew that they should have gone over this already.

He just always assumed Baekhyun had been taught recently all about it, but the omega never came home and asked him a thing.

“Baekhyun,” Chanyeol had the words on the tip of his tongue, and Baekhyun's eyes flickered to his and he had a droopy eyed look of sadness.

Chanyeol couldn't do it.

“Of course they wouldn’t be mad at you,” He said instead, flattening out his slacks before standing back up and he suddenly didn’t feel all that hungry and instead walked around the couch to kiss Baekhyun's hair, “Let me know if you need a ride, I have some stuff to get done.” He added, walking down the hall.

He was a coward and knew it.

But he felt it was too early for him to start this, too early for these feelings to erupt.

As he walked out, Baekhyun sighed and grabbed his phone off the coffee table, opening up the messenger to Sehun and he really only had one thing to say.
‘Didn’t work, thanks for the idea anyway.’

Only seconds later Sehun replied, ‘I’m really sorry, Baek…. maybe just tell him.’

Baekhyun flopped down onto the couch with a sigh, tossing his arm across his eyes, wishing he could just mature sooner.
“Chanyeol!” Baekhyun smiled and turned to the front door with a big grin, “I made cookies! I asked Soo which ones and he s-“

“Baekhyun, I’m sorry but slow down, I have a really bad headache.”

The omega deflated before quickly playing it off and turning to open the kitchen cabinet and digging through the medicine, “We have medicine, Chan, here, I’ll find it-“

“Don’t worry about it,” The alpha murmured with a hand on his temple, “I have some in the study, I have work to do anyways. If you want to get something to eat the keys and my wallet I’m leaving on the coffee table.”

Baekhyun's smile dulled and he slowly shut the cabinet before turning around and awkwardly tugging his sleeves, “You… you’re not going to try a cookie? I… made them really special, Chanyeol, I spent a long time icing them… a-at least look at them? Maybe.. just.. jus-“

Chanyeol’s phone went off then and the alpha growled as he pulled it out and started towards the hallway before spinning around quickly to face Baekhyun, “I’m sorry, I don’t have time, Baekhyun.”

“Okay,” The omega whispered, hearing Chanyeol walk down the hall and he turned to grab the biggest cookie to look at, mouth contorted in a frown.

It wasn’t that Chanyeol being busy was really an issue, but Baekhyun was slowly growing tired of beating around the bush.

Especially when Chanyeol just called him Baekhyun all the time, even just Baek; it was his name and it shouldn’t make him as upset as it did, but what happened to baby?

What happened to honeybee or sunshine?

He felt like he hadn’t heard them since he was a child, and it didn’t feel good at all when Chanyeol wasn’t paying attention to him.

Baekhyun sighed and looked at the cookie, a special one he had placed on the very top so Chanyeol couldn't miss it.

A bunch of tiny hearts and in the middle just read one word, but it was more of a confession Baekhyun than had the nerve to say.

Mates.

He broke it in half before taking a grumbling bite and pushing the rest of the other, blank cookies away before taking a seat on the kitchen floor.

Well, that was a bust, he sighed.

“So much for mates, hm?” Baekhyun whispered, resting his cheekbone on the side of the cabinet, “I’ll always be a kid.”
Later that night, long after Chanyeol had overworked himself, he woke up at his desk and groaned, back popping when he stood up.

It must have been very late, but god he was starving having been out hours, now it was well past midnight.

He stumbled into the living room groggily and was surprised when he found all of the lights still on and Baekhyun passed out on the couch, Chanyeol's keys and a half eaten burger sitting on the table.

Baekhyun expressed his hatred for this couch multiple times, saying it was ugly and uncomfortable, Chanyeol never agreed with that and reminded Baekhyun it was his fault there were food stains on it, to which the omega whined that he had been a baby and Chanyeol couldn’t hold that against him.

It was just so unlike Baekhyun to want to sleep anywhere but his own room.

Chanyeol just laughed under his breath and ran fingers over Baekhyun's cheek before grabbing the old food and going back over to the kitchen.

He found a surprise waiting there too with the mess of frosting all over the island, but couldn’t really be upset when Baekhyun never usually forgot to clean up his messes and even cleaned up Chanyeol's time and time again.

“What is going on with you lately, honeybee?” Chanyeol mused under his breath, grabbing the trash and sweeping it off into the trash can.

He then grabbed the dirty dishes and quietly laid them in the sink before turning around with a guilty frown and looking at the plate of cookies.

It was really sweet of Baekhyun because usually Chanyeol had to bug the omega to make him cookies when he wanted them, or bribe him when he was being a little shit.

He hadn’t meant to seem so rude, but he had a lot of shit going on at the office and it wasn’t like he could just push it off to anyone else when it was his business. He knew Minseok regretted handing off the hard customer to him in the first place, and frankly Chanyeol was ready just to say a big fuck you next time they called because he was tired of trying to work out a deal.

Chanyeol reached out to an already broken half of a cookie with a raise of his brow at the ‘es’ iced on it before shrugging and taking a bite as he shut off the light and walked into the living room.

He quickly finished the cookie before carefully working an arm under Baekhyun's knees and the other under his shoulders to pick him up.

“Sh, got you, baby, just going to take you to your room.”

Baekhyun stirred for only a second before his head lulled into Chanyeol's chest and he took a deep breath before relaxing and purring.

Chanyeol tried to be silent and it seemed to work as he got Baekhyun into his room quickly and still asleep, laying him down to pull the blankets back and then tucking them under the omegas chin.
He took one more second to see him, briefly musing again what was up with Baekhyun when the omega sniffed at his hand when he pet his hair back from his face.

Probably a growth spurt, Chanyeol assumed, leaning down to press a feather-like kiss to Baekhyun's hair.

“I wonder what I smell like to you, my love,” Chanyeol whispered before sitting back and reluctantly standing up, flicking on the tiny night light by the door on the way out despite the fact he knew Baekhyun didn’t use it at all.

But the teenager still had yet to get rid of it, so that was a good sign.

Baekhyun rustled around as his bedroom door shut before popping his eyes open and rolling onto his side to curl into a ball with a faint blush.

“Trees,” He answered.

Chapter End Notes

This prompt is nearly done, only three more chs! Then, idk what prompt to do next maybe I’ll google some
Chanyeol had no idea what happened, but Baekhyun had to be picked up from school.

He had been at work when he got a call from the omega, and it sounded like he was really upset, but Chanyeol had been right about to go into a meeting that he had already rescheduled multiple times, so he called Jongin and asked him to pick up the omega.

Baekhyun didn’t respond to his text letting him know Jongin was getting him, but saw it was read and felt horrible for being unable to go, but Baekhyun also wouldn’t answer if it was urgent or not, so Chanyeol assumed not.

It could have just been that he and Sehun had gotten into an argument as Baekhyun had called him to pick him up for as little things as that he was hungry and didn’t want school food.

And sometimes Chanyeol did fall for it if he wasn’t busy.

Either way, this time he couldn’t, and he felt so terrible that he made sure to stop and get Baekhyun’s favorite candy from the corner store on the way home.

Just as he walked in the door he heard a door down the hall slam and assumed Baekhyun must have just gotten home too.

“Baek! I’m back!”

No response.

“Baekhyun, I brought those gummy things you like!”

Chanyeol sighed when he didn’t hear a thing, walking down the hall to Baekhyun’s door and knocking, “Hey, sweetheart, I don’t know if you heard me, I brought candy.”

It was a lie as he knew Baekhyun was finely attuned to his voice, it was really hard to miss.

The alpha didn’t hear a thing and pressed his ear to the door only to have his heart sink at the sniffling muffled from inside.

He reached for the doorknob but it was locked.

“Baek, sweetheart, let me in. I can hear you crying, Baekhyun.”

It sounded like the crying got a little softer and Baekhyun was probably just hiding his face in something to disguise it.

“Look, I’m really sorry I couldn’t come get you; you know I had a really big meeting today, baby. I’m sorry.”

Chanyeol sighed and chewed his lip as he slid down the door, the package in his hand rustling, “Sunshine, please stop crying, you can come talk to me. I don’t know what’s wrong unless we tal-“

“Go away!”
Ouch, Chanyeol flinched and dropped his forehead on his knee. “Baekhyun, sweet omega, ple-“

“Go away, Chanyeol!”

The alpha sighed in desperation but stood up and dropped the candy outside the door before walking away.

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Baekhyun couldn't sleep, and he was sure Chanyeol wasn’t any better because the alphas room was just on the other side of the wall and he could hear him walking around.

So, he sighed and climbed out of bed, eyes dry and itching as he wiped his nose and walked into the hallway.

When he opened the bedroom door he saw a side table light on and Chanyeol was sitting up against his headboard on his phone but as soon as he saw Baekhyun looked so relieved.

“Chanyeol?”

“Come here, Baekhyun.” The alpha offered instantly, placing his phone on his side table before pushing his blanket back.

Baekhyun shuffled in place before accepting and sitting in the bed, back to the headboard and pulling the blanket up his waist.

“I’m sorry… for yelling.”

“I’m sorry for not picking you up,” Chanyeol said softly, grabbing Baekhyun's fingers to pull into his lap, “You were really upset, and I didn’t know, baby. If I would have known I would have come to get you, you know that.”

“I… don’t want to go to school anymore.”

The alpha frowned in concern, “You love school, Baekhyun, and you only have a few months left, sweet boy, you don’t want to go anymore?”

Baekhyun sucked in his lip, chewing slightly as he clenched the blanket between his fingers, “Don’t… be mad, okay?”

Chanyeol nodded with a concerned expression, rubbing his thumb across Baekhyun's palm gently.

“People we’re picking on Sehun because.. he’s growing really big for an omega, and I yelled at them, they didn’t like that and Cela called me an omega whore and I stomped on her foot and she’s an alpha so… I’m just…”

“How dare she? I’m going to go to the school and report this first thing, Baekhyun.” Chanyeol growled, releasing Baekhyun's hand in order to clench his fists tightly, “That’s just plain disrespectful and rude, and I’m going to have a talk with the principal, I won’t stand for this, Baekhyun! Just because you’re an omega doesn’t mean she can say that - or that you need to be afraid! A real alpha wouldn’t even think about saying something like tha-“

Baekhyun interrupted him by leaning over to place his head on Chanyeol's lap, pressing his knees into the alphas leg and draping his ankle over the top of Chanyeol's beneath the blanket. “Hold me.”
“What?”

“I said.. if you could hold me?” The omega propped his cheek up on Chanyeol’s hip to look up at him, “Please?”

Chanyeol's entire body sagged, all tensions releasing as he started petting Baekhyun's hair, lingering his fingers when they brushed the omegas forehead, “Of course, honeybee."

Baekhyun swallowed hard before looking down at the geometric print of Chanyeol's bedset to avoid his eyes, “Can… I sleep with you tonight?”

“When have I ever told you no, Baekhyun.”

Chapter End Notes

I think I might have a small Drabble series next? Abo baeks pack gets attacked by EXO and he’s taken as a prize (and chanyeols mate) idk, I’m running dry here guys!
Chanyeol knew Baekhyun had been acting weird, he had for a while, but recently it was messing with the alpha because it was doing something very weird and unfair to his chest.

And if he didn’t know better he’d be sure Baekhyun was testing his limits, pushing.

“Hey, Baekhyun, which cake do you want for your graduation? Yifan sent me a list for you to pick from and pictures!” Chanyeol called, leaning back in the lounge chair and laying his temple on the hand not scrolling through his phone.

“Oh!” He heard Baekhyun chirp and within seconds the omega was slinking his way into the living room, “I love cake!”

Chanyeol snorted, “I know, baby.” He cooed, holding his phone out towards him.

Baekhyun beamed at the nickname and Chanyeol didn't seem to notice the slight flush that took over his face.

With a nervous intake of breath, Baekhyun walked over to remove Chanyeol's arm from the man’s lap and was replacing it with himself, seating himself partially on the arm of the chair and the alphas thigh.

“What are you doing?” Chanyeol whispered, more to himself although it was a serious question towards Baekhyun.

Because Baekhyun was no longer a child who could crawl into his lap to play, barely even a teenager anymore as he was nearly done with school and the only thing left to do was for him to take the final step and wait for heat to come, mature fully, and then Chanyeol too would start aging again.

Chanyeol truthfully never had any issues with the halt, but he was slightly peeved that Jongin was so much closer to his age now.

How annoying.

But, the alpha was much more nervous because he hadn’t figured out what to do in order to win Baekhyun over… romantically. It was so stressful because he didn’t even think the omega showed any signs he was even aware of anything, not even that… Chanyeol was an alpha or his mate.

And Chanyeol really wanted Baekhyun to see him as such.

He had a lot of work cut out for him in the near future.

“Baek, what are you-“ Chanyeol shuffled a little in an attempt to scoot over, but Baekhyun was leaning across his lap and grabbing his wrist instead of the phone to pull into his thigh, encasing the alphas hand with his own to look at the phone.

“Chan, you really like chocolate cake, we should get that one.”

Chanyeol instantly forgot what he was wide eyed about, “It’s for you, Baek, your choice.”

Baekhyun shifted the smallest bit to lean back against Chanyeol’s chest and pull his legs off into the alphas lap to and the alpha gulped.
When Baekhyun was younger he hadn’t felt like much more than the tiniest bit of weight letting Chanyeol know he was there, but now he could very much tell the omega was seated in his lap, the constant pressure, shifting around, the heavy scent of vanilla when Baekhyun moved the smallest bit.

Baekhyun turned to look at him over his shoulder and if Chanyeol didn’t know any better he would assume it was a flirty look.

He needed to go. But he didn’t want to.

“What… are you doing?” Chanyeol whispered again, voice wavering.

The omega smiled, turning to wrap his arms around Chanyeol's neck in a seemingly innocent hug, which would have been innocent if it wasn’t for Baekhyun's chest pressing into his side and Chanyeol didn’t know where to put his hands because it seemed much more inappropriate now.

Him and Baekhyun didn’t usually touch this much, certainly not like this because the omega was huge, and grown, and beautiful, and it hurt Chanyeol's chest-

“Just love you, Chanyeol.”

Chanyeol hissed and needed to leave because he was afraid, and it was unfair of Baekhyun to mess with him when he had no idea of what it did to him.

He shifted Baekhyun off into the arm of the chair and was speed walking into his room with a hand running through his hair anxiously.

Baekhyun's eyes watered at the clear rejection, how much clearer could he get?

Always a kid, always a baby, never an omega.

Much less Chanyeol's mate.

He huffed and curled up into the side of the chair.
Baekhyun clutched the bag of food in his fist and he hoped Chanyeol wouldn't be too busy because usually people had to make an appointment to see the alpha around this time.

But, he also wasn’t just a random person, and that’s what gave him confidence to burst into the office, pulling out the keycard on his set of keys in order to open the door past just the normal lobby.

He saw a few people waiting glare around him for cutting them, and grinned childishly at them.

Of course they’d learn who he was soon enough, he mused, because with the flashing outside he was sure the press liked his growth.

Baekhyun liked it too, and wouldn’t lie and say he wasn’t overly confident.

“Is Chanyeol busy?”

“Mr. Park,” The assistant corrected instantly, and Baekhyun scowled because Sihee was a bitch and always had been, always pretending to forget who he was, “Is busy, yes.”

“Well, Mr. Park,” Baekhyun growled, pressing his elbows into the desk to lean closer to her, “Will be busy having lunch with his mate.”

She instantly sent him a disgusted look at the term and Baekhyun would have done a victory dance if he wasn’t trying to attempt to be nice about this.

“You’re a child,” Sihee spat, challenging.

Baekhyun clenched his jaw, “And yet, you’ve still never been able to fuck him, hm? Tell me about that, honey.” He tossed his cheek onto his unused hand and faked a yawn, “I have time.”

Baekhyun really tried to be nice to her, truly, but he really hadn’t been able to stop himself ever since he was younger and Minseok had dropped him off and he was greeted with the sight of the woman laying hands on Chanyeol's chest with a flimsy excuse of straightening out his jacket, and the omega was positive if he hadn’t ran over to attach to Chanyeol's side that the bitch would have tried something more.

Unacceptable because Baekhyun was the only person that should even be standing so close to Chanyeol.

But, Sihee never gave up, so Baekhyun never stopped warning either.

“Bitch,” She sneered and Baekhyun beamed, pulling away from the desk to walk towards Chanyeol’s door, “Maybe stop trying to fuck my mate, you old hag.”

He then turned to pull open the door, walking down a small hallway before popping into the office.

Lying bitch, he internally scoffed as he noticed Chanyeol was only signing papers, one hand writing and the other yanking on his tie irritatedly, Baekhyun rolled his eyes at that because Chanyeol hated ties but still continued torturing himself.

Baekhyun was pretty sure Chanyeol only wore them because when he was little he told the alpha they looked cool.
“Chanyeol, hi.”

The alpha hummed and Baekhyun assumed he probably smelled him walk in since he wasn’t surprised, “You got out early? Just a week left, Baekhyun.”

Baekhyun smiled and skipped to the table, ignoring the seat on the opposite side to place the bag directly over the papers Chanyeol was reading and sitting on the edge of the desk. “Stop working, lunch time.”

“You're my favorite.” The alpha responded, moving the bag to start cleaning his desk up before looking at Baekhyun, then frowning, “Are you wearing makeup?”

“Do you like it?” Baekhyun beamed.

Chanyeol did, very much so, but was way too distracted by the pink tint of Baekhyun's lips and the light ring of black around chocolate eyes, but it was too much. “You're prettier without it, sweetheart,” He answered.

It wasn’t exactly the response Baekhyun was looking for, but he beamed at the compliment anyways, standing up to worm his way into Chanyeol’s lap, forcing his way into the alphas arms and tucking his head under Chanyeol's chin to rub his cheek into the alphas shirt.

“What are you doing to me?” He swore he heard Chanyeol whisper, but ignored it in favor of pressing his lips to the alphas pulse and Chanyeol stiffened up instantly.

But, he didn’t have time to either push Baekhyun off or find his words before Sihee was walking in with a fresh plate of food, “Mr. Park! Your lunch is here!”

Baekhyun turned towards her with a scowl, adjusting himself to sit less appropriately on Chanyeol's lap.

“Thank you, but as you can see, Baekhyun brought me food.”

Baekhyun whined at his name being used, he just wanted to hear something sweeter, but Chanyeol rarely said much more than sweetheart and that didn’t cause his heart to race like the other options did.

It just made him feel like a child.

He heard Sihee mustering up something else to interrupt with, but Baekhyun was feeling testy and pissed off, he curled fingers into Chanyeol's tie, beginning to undo it because he knew the alpha hated it, and whimpered, sticking his lip out dramatically. “Alpha.” He whined, pressing his temple on Chanyeol's collarbone.

The alpha literally vibrated with a purr before Chanyeol was aware they had company, “Leave,” He ordered his assistant without a second thought before attempting to calm the fuck down.

But there was no reason for Baekhyun to refer to him like that. Only one.

“Baekhyun….” He whispered, arm wrapping across Baekhyun's back, “Do you even know what that means? You can’t just say that.”

It was flirtatious. It was an endearment only meant for couples, and Chanyeol's entire body was singing because not only had Baekhyun said it but had whined it, whimpered along to ensure it was heard.
Baekhyun knew, he had to know. Chanyeol’s ears reddened because he was a fucking idiot and the omega probably always knew.

He assumed he hadn’t because he didn’t show anything romantic towards him - but he was wrong, and he had known this whole time, of course he did.

“Alpha,” Baekhyun repeated, nuzzling into Chanyeol’s jaw, “Pay attention to me from now on.”

Sure, he always referred to himself when Baekhyun was younger as his status, because he constantly wanted to ensure Baekhyun would see him as that rather than a parent, but now it was way different.

Because Baekhyun wasn’t acknowledging it in that way, but as in Chanyeol was an alpha - that he saw him as an alpha, his alpha.

Shit it felt good, but Chanyeol felt worse at how Baekhyun was having to beg for attention, and he knew for a fact he didn’t not give him attention, he did.

Just not the kind Baekhyun was seeking.

“Baekhyun…”

“I know, Chanyeol,” Baekhyun hissed, pulling his face back and looking both angry and teary eyed, “I’ve known! You think I wouldn’t understand? That I’d assume I just grew like this for no reason? You look the same as you did when I was a child, it’s always been you, there’s no other person that has stopped aging. God, I’m… I’m so tired of you treating me like a baby! I haven’t been in a long time, I’m reaching heat soon! I’m not.. apologizing for yelling also, so don’t tell me to! I’m so mad-“

Chanyeol grimaced before petting Baekhyun's hair behind his ear, “Sh, sh, you're my baby, you’ll always be my baby, it’s just not the same. Stop, please. I’m listening now.”

Baekhyun huffed and leaned forward to press his forehead into Chanyeol’s jaw, “Stop seeing me as a kid.”

Chanyeol couldn't deny that he had, for the longest time he did, so he only wrapped his arms around Baekhyun tighter, less afraid of how inappropriate it seemed because Baekhyun was right, he wasn’t a child anymore.

He debated what to do now, what to say in order to calm Baekhyun down, but he wasn’t as confident as Yifan who had just flat out kissed Luhan when he couldn’t control it anymore, and he hadn’t had a huge advantage like his other friends who had met their mates at decent age gaps.

And Baekhyun wasn’t like Luhan or Kyungsoo, not like any of his friends' omegas.

He was just Baekhyun, and that was Chanyeol's favorite thing, but also such a scary thing.

Because he loved him so much, and didn’t want to fuck anything up.

“You’re not a child, not anymore.” He whispered into Baekhyun's hair, tilting his head down in order to rest his lips on the omegas forehead, “How could I not see that? You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen, my love. My favorite person, and I do love you, and you are my mate.”

Baekhyun looked back up with a shy grin, “Will you treat me like a mate now?”
Chanyeol wanted to laugh, because it sounded like a ridiculous question, but Baekhyun looked at him like he had been waiting a very long time for this moment, ironic when Chanyeol felt like puking because he had no way to run around the change and force himself to go hide in his room and watch their old home videos of Baekhyun toddling around and screaming songs with no real lyrics.

He couldn’t try to pretend things were like they were back then, not when the meaning of everything changed and Chanyeol always thought the transition would be a rough move, and would flip everything upside down.

But it wasn’t, and it was easy, because the love just changed, and with it everything else over time.

“I waited eight years for this, baby. When is your heat?”
“Baekhyun!”

Chanyeol waited a second for a response and heard the faintest of calls back from down to hall. He snorted and followed the noise to the cracked bathroom door, pushing it open quietly and was greeted with Baekhyun sitting on the counter, face pressed close to the mirror with makeup in his hand.

“How many times have I told you?” Chanyeol growled exasperatedly, working his arm to wrap around Baekhyun's waist and his palm to rub against his stomach, “Do I need to repeat myself?”

“That tone used to be so annoying,” Baekhyun laughed, looking at him through the mirror for a second before continuing with his eyeliner.

“And now?”

“Now it’s pretty hot, wanna boss me around some more?”

Chanyeol cackled, kissing his shoulder before grabbing Baekhyun's hand and getting an annoyed huff, “No more makeup. I’ll throw it away again, I swear.”

“Yeol!” Baekhyun whined, “Just let me finish the other eye! You know you like it.”

He did like it, but so did a lot of people.

Baekhyun had grown into such a mature omega it was not even funny or remotely what Chanyeol has expected.

As soon as Baekhyun's heat had passed Chanyeol really noticed how matured the omega had gotten, the curve of his hips and pout of his lips were completely enchanting and Chanyeol encouraged him to do whatever he liked.

But Baekhyun's new obsession was makeup, he wanted to go to beauty school and that was perfectly amazing, Chanyeol already enrolled him, but the more Baekhyun learned the less Chanyeol liked makeup because he wanted nobody’s eyes on his mate but his own.

And it was impossible when Baekhyun glittered his eyes and tinted his lips, when he lined the pretty, chocolate eyes with colors and brought so much attention to them.

It made him look older, fiercer, and Chanyeol did like it, thought it was extremely attractive and that he looked insanely gorgeous, but Baekhyun softer was also just as pretty.

The youthful look that he had when bare faced was just as if not more attractive and adorable.

Chanyeol was also just biased because he preferred Baekhyun as himself. (And also didn't want to have to cause a scene if Baekhyun has too many hormones thrown at him.)

It was hard to have such an attractive mate, but Baekhyun whined that things went both ways too, that Chanyeol had people that flirted with him and tried to daze him with scents too.
The truth was Chanyeol never noticed because his nose was always filled with vanilla. He could pick Baekhyun's scent out in a crowd, it was that easy.

But Baekhyun always was a possessive little monster, even as a child he was angry without Chanyeol’s attention, wailing for it when he was in meetings or not playing with him.

“You got me, get your pretty face downstairs when you’re finished.” Chanyeol sighed, kissing Baekhyun's ear as he stepped back.

He licked his lips as he eyed Baekhyun's back before smirking and rolling his eyes on the way out, “Also. Please put on some clothes, babe. I’m going to get arrested for fighting if people look at you too long tonight, I’m not in the mood to play games.”

“Oh, but I love games!” Baekhyun pouted, turning around on the counter in his underwear to show off the glossy tint on his lips, “Play games with me, alpha!”

Chanyeol’s hair stood up on the back of his neck and he heard Baekhyun's teasing laugh.

It was unfair to be played like a fiddle, but Baekhyun knew how to pluck his strings just the right way.

“We don’t have enough time right now, but we can play after dinner, baby.” He cooed, plans to leave the rooms changed when Baekhyun hopped off the counter and was walking over with a boxy grin.

“How rude,” Baekhyun sighed, wrapping his arms beneath Chanyeol’s coat and pressing his curls into his chest, “Can’t we just cancel, Yeollie?”

All residing sexual tension was instantly gone at the softness of his voice and as Chanyeol cupped the back of his head to comb through soft curls, closing his eyes and resting his forehead on Baekhyun’s head.

Baekhyun was still so hard to read sometimes, one second he was being a seductive little omega and the next crawling into his space for attention, demanding all of it with soft whimpers that still sounded exactly as Chanyeol remembered them to be when he was only a puppy.

Things changed a lot, things certainly changed in their relationship that was very much romantic and sexual, but it never lost the trust that had been built, the bond they had formed for years.

Baekhyun still trusted him to take care of him, still had puppy-like tendencies that sent Chanyeol back decades to when he crawled around on onesie covered limbs with pink cheeks and a bright smile, ‘Loely! Up, pease!’

He did miss it, because everything seemed easier back then. The love he had for Baekhyun was so simple to separate and place in a category, and now there was so many different types of love he had for the omega that sometimes things got out of hand.

Sometimes he did seem more parental than he meant to, and sometimes he did scold Baekhyun more than needed.

Because for years it had been that way, so it was difficult to decide when and how to phrase things because Baekhyun despised being seen as a child, would always notice when Chanyeol was in an odd mood because he claimed the alpha didn’t treat him like a mate those days, that they were mates now and Chanyeol shouldn't be afraid to touch him just because he felt guilty or weird about how things had changed.
“We can't, honeybee, we cancelled the last few times.” Chanyeol murmured, pecking Baekhyun's brow and grabbing his chin softly, “You love seeing the others anyways, my love.”

“I do,” Baekhyun agreed, “Just don’t like when they baby me too much. I’m not a baby anymore. Jongin is really bad about it, Yixing too.”

Chanyeol laughed, leaning down to kiss his lips chastely, “You're my baby.”

Baekhyun smiled against his lips, nipping his bottom lip before pulling back with a smirk, “I am, but next time you tell me what to do I’ll kick you out of our room.”

The alpha shook his head fondly, giving a small roll of his eyes, “You ask me to boss you around, don’t act so innocent.”

“Heat sex doesn’t count and you know it!” Baekhyun whined into his chest.

Chapter End Notes

Since everyone had so much to say about this story, here’s an extra.

Hope you guys are enjoying the newest story.
Today was a normal day.

Well, it seemed that way.

Baekhyun was the youngest omega in his pack, and had the duty of collecting fruit and herbs from the forest in the morning.

He really didn’t mind, but he would much rather be taking care of the puppies or allowed to venture further than the river.

Plus, it would be nice if he was allowed to sleep in every once in a while, just as the others were allowed to do, but he knew that as the youngest, and without a heat so far, it was the least he could do to support the pack.

It also didn’t help that the last time he had tried he had gotten his scruff yanked and scolded.

He carried his basket towards the meeting circle, a grass covered area covered in sand where the hunters were already getting ready for the day, betas and alphas messing with their spears and speaking of plans of where to attack and hunt.

As soon as Baekhyun was coming over, the crowd went pretty quiet to watch him take a seat and start picking stems from his berries.

He blushed and quickly looked away when he spared the group a glance.

Baekhyun knew he was wanted, most omegas were, but as the youngest he was still relatively innocent because he hadn’t gotten a heat cycle yet. So, many were hoping to woo him in hope of being who he asked for to help.

But, Baekhyun knew he didn’t want any of these alphas or betas to help him. He wanted his mate, whom he hadn’t met yet.

It wasn’t that he was a prude, he experimented in the past, more often than he preferred to brag about - he was curious and wanted, of course he had his pick of pack members to mess around with - but he wasn’t anywhere near close to many of his older omega brothers and sisters that were
known to take others even when mated.

As an omega, many didn’t care to tell a matured omega no to their needs, even if it was their own mate, Baekhyun didn’t like that very much, he couldn’t understand how an omega wouldn’t be satisfied with who was fated to them.

But, not many cared of mates these days, Baekhyun was a daydreamer.

“Pretty, can I help you here? Would you like an alphas help?”

Baekhyun chewed his lip, looking up at the head warrior, known to be the best hunter. Hyungmin was a handsome alpha, a very wanted one that focused more on his job than play.

Baekhyun was often told he should be honored to be looked at by the warriors and hunters, that he was so lucky to have their attention.

“I think it’s a simple task, alpha. I can do it fast enough alone, thank you.” Baekhyun murmured, tilting his head in a flirtatious way.

The alpha looked him over and Baekhyun would be lying if he said he hadn’t turned his head the slightest bit more to earn more attention.

“A simple task that looks much too boring for someone so enchanting, omega. We should have you doing much more exciting work.” He heard one of the hunters coo.

Baekhyun giggled at the attention, because he wasn’t an idiot and he did like to play around and tease.

He adjusted the leather hide around his front and heard an alpha throw an approving purr at him and preened, crossing his legs excitedly.

“Baekhyun, you shouldn’t tease,” Hyungmin smiled, grasping his chin between his fingers, “You’ll have to choose one day, omega, and I hope to be on your list. If only you’d accept courting gifts.”

The omega only laughed though, tilting his head down and nosing the alphas fingers in acknowledgement and going back to destemming the fruit for the puppies.

It was true, Baekhyun tended to reject anyone’s gifts, regardless of their status or level in the pack.

He even rejected the head alphas son, and the chief of hunter's daughter.

Baekhyun was adamant on ignoring gifts, or even sometimes bringing them back to their owners, thanking them but unable to accept even the prettiest of gifts.

Because none of them were his mate, they didn’t have the right scents, didn’t carry the same heat he had heard mates give off.

It was disappointing for him too.

“Alpha, I can assure you that should I have a choice that isn’t of-“

He was cut off by a scream and the warriors were all at once jumping off.

“Attack! Invasion from the south!”

Baekhyun looked around wide eyed because he hadn’t a clue what was going on, Hyungmin was
grabbing his berry stained hand and pulling him to his feet with a feral growl. “Omega, get to the hut!” He ordered.

“Alpha! Wha-“

“Baekhyun, go!” The alpha ordered again before he was lunging out at their attackers.

Baekhyun stood frozen, unable to do anything but whimper and wrap his arms around his bare chest because he hadn’t a clue what was happening, all he knew was his pack was yelling and people were screaming and crying, he was scared.

“Baekhyun!” He heard the omega mother yelling and it snapped him out of it, taking off in a sprint towards the hut when a growl stopped him in place.

The beta had short, cropped hair and a neck adorned in animal teeth, a sign of his strength and Baekhyun screamed, running in the other direction when the beta jumped onto his back, placing a hand on the nape of his neck to hold him down, “Still omega! I don’t want to hurt you!”

Baekhyun cried harder, whimpering into the dirt and trying to kick out at his attacker despite it doing nothing and the beta only continued to growl warnings.

“Stop this madness! Stop!”

It was rare for the head alpha to come out, much less in times of danger as he was an older man, no longer the infamous warrior he once was.

Baekhyun screeched to try and earn his attention.

He earned it and his head alpha looked at him sympathetically, “Release my omega.” He ordered simply.

Baekhyun was surprised when the beta did, releasing him into the grass but not straying too far.

He rolled onto his side with a scared noise, pulling his knees to his chest and looking around.

The invaders were few and far in between, alphas, betas, and even omegas dressed in threatening bones and faces smeared in animal blood - signs of war, vengeance.

Baekhyun had no idea what was happening, all he knew was he was afraid.

“Now, send your leader!” The chief barked, stepping to the head alphas side.

The leader was the tallest one, covered in Baekhyun's pack members blood and teeth stained red, “Your warriors overstepped on our territory four nights ago. A pup was injured in the attack.”

Baekhyun gasped and heard other pack members do so too. To injure a puppy was despicable - he hadn’t heard a thing about said event.

“And how do you know it was us? As far as we are concerned, you entered our land in a full fledged and unprovoked attack, alpha.”

The alpha snarled at his leader, and Baekhyun whined, tucking his face in his knees in fear of meeting these savages eyes. “Your warriors intended on hunting in our land, without permission, and proceeded to shoot and nearly kill a pup, we have proof.”

At that Baekhyun peeked up again and saw a lithe omega step forward, in his hand an arrow with
blood stains all the way to it's feathered end.

It was theirs, the blue birds the feathers were plucked from were home to this area of the forest only.

Baekhyun's shaky hand covered his mouth and his eyes flicked around the invaders when a loud snarl cut him off, and his entire body shook.

But not with fear.

His eyes locked onto an alpha standing tall in the back, now pushing through when two others grabbed him to still him.

His black hair was full, and as dark as the night, face painted in an array of blood and black coal, around his neck a show of trophies, impressive amounts and if Baekhyun had to guess he was a prized alpha.

Handsome, prized, and his mate.

Mate.

He could smell the sugary scent from where he sat yards away and his entire body lulled to the side, falling onto the grass and writhing near the attacking betas foot, but, surprisingly the beta only knelt down to lay a hand on his shoulder in an unhelpful attempt to soothe him.

But Baekhyun couldn't be soothed, not when the scent was so far but so close, and he didn’t want it closer.

This alpha attacked his pack, it was wrong.

“I see we have a predicament.” The head alpha drawled, “It seems one of my omegas has taken to your alpha, we only have a few options.”

“We could take your pack, we’ve proven as much in only moments.” Yifan hissed, a foot away from the head alpha and chief without fear. “We came to seek revenge, but now we’ll accept the omega as a prize. Proof of your incompetence, but proof of our strength. Accept or don’t.”

“Head-“

The chief raised a hand towards Hyungmin, silencing him.

“And what if we do not accept?” The head alpha asked.

Yifan chuckled darkly, “More bloodshed. Crimes against pups are not taken lightly in our pack.”

There was no other choice, it was obvious.

“It’s our youngest, can you choose another?” The omega mother begged, “Please. He's our youngest, an unmatured omega needs special care.”

Chanyeol snarled at her and Baekhyun's answering whine was enough of an answer.

“There would be no better home than with his mate, rest assured.” Yifan promised the omega mother, bowing his head respectfully despite blood soaking his body. “He will have a home.”
Baekhyun had no idea when exactly he passed out, probably somewhere between whining in the grass uncontrollably and when the alpha touched his skin to pick him up with a soothing purr.

Either way, when he awoke it was in a hut, in a warm pile of cloth, a wooden bowl of torn meat to his right and a fire warming his feet.

Baekhyun sat up with a deep inhale and was instantly made aware of whose home it was.

He took a moment to look around and was shocked at how different this hut was to one of his packs.

It was larger, it didn’t only have a bed, but towards one side another room with no leather separating so Baekhyun could see right in and noticed the array of wooden bowls and larger ones full of water and various foods, he wondered if omegas brought them for the alpha as gifts.

His pack also had never learned how to build indoor fires, their huts weren’t developed enough and Baekhyun furrowed his brows in confusion at the hole in the ceiling smoke rose out of, surely such a hole would be freezing during winter?

Baekhyun's stomach growled and he refused to eat what was provided, only standing up and touching the wooden sculptures and bones hanging on the walls interestedly.

The hut was very beautiful, Baekhyun was jealous that such a place existed and he hadn’t ever seen it.

“The pups made those for me, gifts for bringing large hunts.”

Baekhyun jumped, turning to press his back into the wall and eyeing the alpha suspiciously as he walked in with another bowl.

“My name is Chanyeol, chief of warriors and hunters, I already know who you are. Baekhyun, untitled omega.”

The omega hated the way his body shivered when the alpha said his name, but he remained silent as he watched the alpha set the bowl beside the bed of cloth before looking at the bowl of meat and frowning, “You haven’t touched your food? You must be starving, I made sure no bones were in the way so you could eat quickly, I brought you fresh water.”

Baekhyun turned his head away, turning to stare at the wall instead.

“I see,” Chanyeol sighed, disappointed, “We are mates, omega, and the least I can do is make sure you’re being well fed, even if you’re upset. I promise the food and water are clean.”

“We aren’t mates,” Baekhyun forced out, unable to look at the alpha, “We are strangers. You attacked my pack.”

“Your pack attacked us.”

Baekhyun had to force himself not to submit because his body wanted to badly, all his being telling him just to listen and forgive, forget. “You killed my people.”

“You’re one of us now,” Chanyeol argued.
“No I’m not!” Baekhyun screamed, turning to glare at the alpha, “I’m not! You stole me away, without choice! I want you to leave!”

The alpha flinched, and Baekhyun had never seen an alpha look so upset, but Chanyeol looked so devastated that Baekhyun had to dig his nails into his own skin to prevent himself from taking it back.

“I understand,” Chanyeol whispered, “But, still, I’m only asking that you take care of yourself. I’ll have an omega bring your meals from now on, Baekhyun. My hut is yours.”

Baekhyun gulped when the alpha actually stood up, eyeing his large form and getting his eyes caught on the odd black on the alphas skin, a tiger, a bear, odd engraved animals and signs.

He was curious, but not enough to ask.

“I will come in periodically to start the fire again, and see if there’s anything else you need-”

“I only need you to leave.” Baekhyun spat.

Chanyeol nodded passively, but felt his entire face fell further, “Of course, omega.”

The alpha left, and Baekhyun sagged in relief when the leather flapped closed, climbing back into the bed with a growl, unable to stop himself from downing the water.

He gulped and tossed the bowl onto the floor before wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and staring at the wall to his left interestedly.

On this wall was a painting, he knew that crushed flowers and herbs could give brilliant colors, but he’d never seen a picture so vibrant.

It was simple, just a wolf and a human on a mountain, a familiar scene based on a story Baekhyun had grown up hearing.

One about the olden days in which they used to have the power to shift.

The wolf fell in love with a human and in the end decided to stay in his form the rest of his life, as generations continued the wolves later lost the ability to shift altogether.

It was a sad, yet powerful tale, and Baekhyun was surprised this pack seemed to know it when he always assumed it was native to his pack.

Baekhyun heard his stomach growl again and huffed, grabbing a handful of meat to chew on as he touched the bedding curiously, looking at the bottoms of the pelts and raising a brow at how carefully they had been cut.

One of them was even a foxes fur, and he had heard hunters speak of how fast the creatures were and hard to find.

All of the pelts were such fine quality, carefully cleaned and separated from their hosts, Baekhyun was impressed because even he didn’t have that steady of a hand.

He blindly reached into the bowl of meat and frowned when what he grabbed didn't feel the same, turning to grab the bowl with a confused expression.

At the bottom of the bowl sat a solid pink wildflower, slightly crushed from all the pressure that had been on it.
Baekhyun's heart jumped, he chewed his lip and set the bowl down as he twisted the stem between his fingers.

After a moment of deliberation, he threw it in the fire.
Hiding (ABO/Pack)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Baekhyun was hiding out in here.

He knew days were passing and he was so bored, but he busied by sitting beside the doorway and listening to the chatter outside and occasionally sneaking a peek.

It seemed this pack was rather large, not small at all as Baekhyun had assumed because they had let omegas be warriors.

They just let the omegas do whatever task they liked based on what he could hear.

But, usually he just listened to people’s curiosity. Hearing them ask about him, when the new omega would be coming out, why he still hadn’t been seen, asking about what he looked like and his scent.

His scent was of wildflowers, Baekhyun knew as much, but all they smelled was probably the sugary honey scent of Chanyeol.

Baekhyun had found himself multiple times pressing the bedding to his nose, sleeping peaceful nights when the scent protected him, but he never allowed himself anything else, even if the scent gave him rather needy responses too.

Everytime Chanyeol came in, it was when he was asleep, and Baekhyun had woken up multiple times to watch the drawings on the alphas' back move as he added wood into the fire for him to stay warm.

No, the alpha killed his people, Baekhyun always scolded himself when he considered asking the alpha to stay with him, to scent his cloth to revive the sweet scent.

They had stolen him, and Baekhyun couldn't possibly forgive them for it, he repeated.

Even if something in his chest was aching and begging him to forgive and accept.

He was so far in his own thoughts he didn’t hear steps approaching, the leather hanging in the doorway nearly smacking him in the face of he hadn’t jumped back with a whine.

The intruder turned to look at him confused before laughing, “Baekhyunnie, maybe next time don’t just sit in the doorway.”

Baekhyun scowled at the man, climbing back over into the bed and watching the beta set the food down carefully before grabbing it to pull into his lap.

“You know you can go out there, right? Everyone would love to see you.”

Minseok was a rather kind beta, and Baekhyun found it strange that he was in charge of the omegas being a beta, but the man also tended to blabber and had explained that it was because he was the oldest and most parental of the pack.

Baekhyun hadn’t asked, but he just tended to pretend to ignore the beta anyways, ever since day one when he had started delivering his food.
“My mate is looking forward to seeing you, he's a beta, the entire pack is excited actually.”

Baekhyun stared at him as he shoved a piece of chicken in his mouth.

“Our older omegas are teaching our youngest, Taemin, how to create more coverings, you look like you know how to make them well, and could use a new one.”

Baekhyun blushed and shifted awkwardly as he looked down at his leather covering. It was dirty and scratched up from his rough handling, and the grass stains were much too old to even attempt to try and scrub out at this point.

“What did you do there? You look more of a healer type, but my omegas have been saying you look way more like a gatherer. You’ve seen them, Luhan was the doe eyed blonde one, and Kyungsoo is a bit on the smaller side, he looks like an owl, but his mate gets mad when we make fun of him with that.”

He did recall seeing the two omegas, Luhan being the one with the arrow, looking extremely upset. He wondered why, but didn’t care enough to involve himself in past events.

“I… berries.” Baekhyun whispered, ducking his head to eat another mouthful.

Minseok beamed at him, having not even heard his voice yet, “You sound just as pretty as you look. They were right, you are a gatherer! Ah, now they’re going to be all over me for winning!”

Baekhyun giggled before whimpering as something stabbed at his cheek, whining as he reached into his mouth and pulled out a slightly bloodied bone, instantly placing it in his bowl and grabbing the outside of his cheek.

“Holy shit, I’m so sorry,” The beta cried, grabbing Baekhyun's hand apologetically, “I had one of the omegas debone it, but I must have missed some, fuck this is why Chanyeol needs to do it.”

Baekhyun wouldn’t admit so, but the whimper falling from his lips was more for the alpha than the stinging scratch on the inside of his mouth.

“I can bring the healer in, I’ll be right back.”

He nodded at Minseok, and it truthfully hurt pretty bad, but Baekhyun also had no point of reference as the most pain he had ever been in was a wasp sting and splinters.

Omegas just weren’t cut out for physical pain, or at least that’s what Baekhyun had always been told.

“-splintered off into his mouth, Chanyeol is going to kill me, Xing.”

Baekhyun hadn’t seen the healer before, and was even more surprised that it was an omega, because he hadn’t ever seen an omega healer, not one that smelled so soothing either.

“Oh, he is just beautiful. Chanyeol is lucky.”

Baekhyun ignored that mostly because he was busy staring at the deep dimples in the man’s cheeks, “Now, open your mouth, let me see, sweet pea.”

“This is Yixing, our healer.” Minseok rolled his eyes as Baekhyun listened to the healer because his mouth stung.

Baekhyun whined and nearly bit down when the healer pressed some sort of leaf into his cheek,
wanting to spit out the bitterness as soon as Yixing pulled his hand away.

“Don’t, it will stop the pain, it will numb the area. Just take a nap, omega. Rest, this must be stressful for you.”

Baekhyun had no idea what he did to deserve them being so nice to him, especially when he hissed and growled at Minseok for days straight.

But he wouldn’t deny it felt nice.

Chapter End Notes

A bit of soft Chanyeol’s reaction to his boo boo next?

Also, none of my other stories will be updated today most likely.
Baekhyun had just woken up from a nap, messing with a string of shells that Minseok claimed a beta puppy named Zitao made for him, it was pretty, and he had been really happy when given the item.

The leathers shifted and Baekhyun stiffened as he heard the tell all heavy footsteps walk in, quickly rolling onto his other side and pretending not to notice.

“I can hear you playing with something.”

Baekhyun only pulled the furs up to his waist and ignored Chanyeol's deep voice sending goosebumps down his back.

The alpha sighed, moving to start stoking the fire, “I brought you a new covering, I heard you needed one.”

“I also heard you were injured today, I’d like to check but I know you’d never allow that, so at least tell me so I can get some rest tonight,” Chanyeol requested.

Baekhyun frowned and pressed his cheek down onto the back of his hands, listening.

“I have a big hunt tomorrow, we’re going after a bear, so I need a lot of rest, Baekhyun. I’m only asking that you tell me you’re okay, because you know if not I’ll be pacing outside the hut all night without sleep.”

The omega kicked his foot out before rolling over onto the other side and meeting Chanyeol's eyes.

The alpha looked honest, like he was extremely concerned.

Baekhyun furrowed his brows at the look because he knew mates were supposed to be concerned with the others health, but he hadn’t ever heard of an alpha physically unable to rest or anything of the sort because the other was in pain.

He felt bad, and he also was worried the alpha would get injured if not well rested.

A bear was strong, a hit to the head was enough to take years of memories out of an alphas head, Baekhyun had heard rumors of similar things happening.

Baekhyun licked his lips before opening his mouth wide.

The alpha instantly relaxed, shuffling the closest he had ever been to Baekhyun unless the omega was asleep, sitting on his knees. “Can I touch? I can’t see well.”

Baekhyun gave him a tiny nod.

The sigh that passed Chanyeol's lips when he grabbed Baekhyun's cheek to turn his head towards the light could have been the cause of the whimper that passed Baekhyun's throat, or it was the skin contact in general, he couldn’t be sure when Chanyeol was hooking a finger into his lip to hold his mouth open and looking so concerned.
Baekhyun's tongue accidentally brushed the alphas finger and it was enough for Chanyeol to pull his hand back, looking slightly apologetic for getting carried away. “I’m sorry, I was concerned, it looks painful.”

It wasn’t really painful anymore, more of a scratch, but Baekhyun really hated the taste of blood and he kept tasting it every once in a while.

“I’ll bring you soft things until- I mean I’ll send soft foods until it heals, and I’ll make sure to pick the bones out personally, I’m worried about how flat your teeth are, you must not have grown up hunting much or at all.”

Chanyeol was right, but Baekhyun was slightly embarrassed at him picking up such things just from his teeth shapes, he blushed and laid back down on the bedding.

“Minseok told me you spoke to him today, thank you, he was really happy.” The alpha started up again and Baekhyun felt like telling him to leave, but didn’t because just him sitting so close, yet so far from the bedding was rescentsing everything, and he feared he wouldn’t sleep once the scent faded.

Briefly, he wondered how and where Chanyeol was sleeping in general, but forced himself to ignore his worry.

“Our injured alpha, Sehun, he’s about fifteen now, he’s been asking about yo-“

“The arrow?” Baekhyun sat up on his elbow.

Chanyeol licked his lips and tore his eyes away from the omegas smooth and revealed skin that was shown as the bedding moved, “Yes. He was fishing when it occurred, I had never seen a sight so gruesome before, our river ran red for days until a storm wiped it clean. He’s still bed resting.”

Baekhyun's heart sank because he couldn’t even imagine the sight of them finding a puppy being so badly injured in a bed of water that could have easily washed him away. “Is… he…”

“He’ll be fine,” The alpha soothed, a sort of clicking in his throat that had Baekhyun's muscles relaxing, “His leg… is not very good now, but the arrow hit him in the calf, straight through, a second in the ribs. They must have noticed it wasn’t an animal and fled, cowardly.”

Baekhyun normally would take offense to such statements about his pack, but even he couldn’t defend against such brutal crime, much less towards a puppy.

Maybe he needed to go see this little alpha soon, but at the same time he felt it would be wrong to do so, a betrayal towards his pack.

But they hadn’t denied the attack in the first place, only covered it up, and that didn’t sit well with Baekhyun at all.

Instead, he didn’t respond to Chanyeol and rolled onto his other side, giving the alpha his back instead and cringing at the disappointed noise he got from the alpha when he realized his time was up, and Baekhyun wanted him to leave.

“I know… you don’t need or want me, Baekhyun,” Chanyeol whispered, heartbreakingly and Baekhyun squeezed his eyes shut. “But… just… just allow me to see you a bit longer, please. You don’t need to talk, and you don’t need to look at me, I just want to smell you and look at you.”

“… okay,” He said under his breath, bringing a fur up to cover his face.
Baekhyun felt a finger drift along his spine then and touching wasn’t mentioned, but he didn’t stop Chanyeol from laying a full, warm and calloused palm on his back before it was abruptly taking itself away and a fur was being pulled up his back instead.

“So beautiful,” He heard, barely a whisper before Baekhyun heard receding footsteps out the hut.

Baekhyun lied and said he didn’t miss the warmth Chanyeol gave.

Chapter End Notes

HELLO I NEED YOU GUYS TO PUT YOUR FAVORITE ENDEARMENTS IN THE COMMENTS BC IM OUT OF ONES FOR CHANYEOL TO USE
This wasn’t exactly his choice, more of mother nature’s choice to force him outside the hut.

Because Baekhyun felt disgusting and was in need of a bath, and he learned the giant bowl of water in the next room over was for bathing, so that was what he had been using, but now the water was too dirty, and Minseok had said in order for it to be drained he needed to go outside the hut to drain it and then refill it with clean river water.

It sounded like so much work, and the only time Baekhyun had even gone from the hut was to sneak into the forest behind it to go about his business when he was positive nobody was around.

Even then, he hadn’t taken time to look around and explore at all.

But, that sounded like so much work, way too much for him to do - but he had no choice, and he was taking a deep breath, dressed in his new covering and walking outside into the sun.

The new covering was beautiful, a whitish tan color and so beautifully skinned like the bedding Baekhyun was now obsessed with.

He noticed now his skin was much paler than normal. Probably from spending almost two and a half weeks hidden, but Baekhyun just felt awkward now because everyone was staring at him, and he realized he didn’t know the way.

He looked around a little at all the staring eyes and saw Minseok, about to approach him when he noticed the beta he was latched into and scowled.

Stupid beta that had pinned him to the ground.

At least he looked far less threatening without bones and paintings, more childish than Baekhyun recalled with tiger-like lips.

“Omega! Chiefs omega!”

He jumped at the omega bouncing towards him, and bowed a few times at a few pack members who instantly started regarding him with gawked expressions and bows.

“Cheif ‘mega?”

Baekhyun's mouth was instantly pulling into a grin at the puppy skipping over, probably only about five or so years old, a huge pretty smile on his face and a handful of flowers as he nakedly ran over.

He knelt down to the puppy immediately, because he was adorable.

“Cheif ‘mega flow’r, here go!” The puppy cried, pressing the flowers into Baekhyun's chest.

Baekhyun beamed, sniffing slightly, an omega puppy. He wasn’t surprised when the pup radiated such sweet energy. “Oh, thank you, what’s your name? You want to put them in my hair?” He cooed, ducking his head towards the pups level.
The noise he got was more of a screech than anything, “Tae! Name is Tae, can make lots of things now, you know?”

Baekhyun giggled at his excitement and didn’t say a word when the puppy yanked his hair too hard in his excitement to thread flowers into his curls.

“Taemin, you’re too much.”

Baekhyun glanced up at the omega that had first called him chiefs omega and was immediately reminded he shouldn’t be so relaxed.

“Lu lu! My friend!” Taemin cried in defense when the older omega pulled him back.

“You’re supposed to be learning right now, I’m sure you can have plenty of play time with your friend after.”

Baekhyun licked his lips nervously and climbed to his feet, eyeing the scars and carvings in this omegas skin. He was a warrior, but his face was so pretty Baekhyun hadn’t ever seen anything like it, and he could recall the omega taking down alphas in the invasion.

He should definitely be afraid of this omega.

“Hello, my name is Luhan. I don’t think I really… need to introduce you to the pack though.” Luhan said a bit awkwardly.

Baekhyun laughed, crossing his arms and gulping, “I just… I need more… more, new bathing water… I don’t know where the river is or the buckets to bring it back.”

Luhan’s eyes widened slightly, “That’s… not usually something omegas do, it’s really heavy to bring that much water back.”

“I… have nothing better to do,” Baekhyun mumbled.

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Chanyeol grunted under his breath, muscles tensed and strained as he carried the last log over to the pile before wiping the sweat off his forehead and looking up to fix Kyungsoo with a glare, “Why do you need these again?”

“Fixing the bridge over the river, don’t look so bothered.” The omega ordered, rolling his eyes and smirking at the alphas irritation.

“Hey, isn’t that your mate?”

Chanyeol frowned at Jongin before turning around and shocking himself at Baekhyun and Luhan standing across the river, both filling buckets of water and laughing at something.

He hadn’t ever seen Baekhyun smile before, let alone laugh, and it was downright painfully beautiful.

It didn’t help that even yards away he could see even the smallest of details on his mates face, even down to the scrunch of his nose when he laughed.

Baekhyun was really a sight to behold, adorable with randomly colored flowers barely hanging on in his hair, a few flying off with the breeze.
Chanyeol felt like he couldn’t stand up anymore and had to turn to grab the pile of logs in order to not collapse.

“Really lucky man, better keep an eye out for the unmated ones. Yixing said his pack didn’t care for mates, they just mate randomly.”

Chanyeol couldn’t help scowling at his head alpha even if he was right, and it would explain a lot of Baekhyun's anger towards him, but the omega hadn’t really said anything about not wanting a mate.

Only about his overwhelming and painful hatred about Chanyeol killing and attacking some of his pack.

But, the alpha couldn’t exactly take that back.

He watched Luhan start dragging his bucket of water away easily and couldn’t help the small chuckle when Baekhyun tried to lift his from the river and couldn’t even get it out.

“I’ll be back,” Chanyeol stated, climbing over the wood to get towards the river and ignoring his packs sly comments as he trudged easily through the water.

Baekhyun was huffing by the time Chanyeol got on his side of the river, and it was so cute the alpha took a second just to look at him before clearing his throat, “You need help?”

He expected Baekhyun to downright scream at him again when they locked eyes, saw the omegas eyes waver in thought before he nodded slightly, “It’s going too fast, the water is too strong.”

The current was strong today, but not by that much, Chanyeol just fixed a grin on his face and purposely brushed his arm against Baekhyun's when he grabbed the handle of the bucket, yanking it out of the water.

Standing so close, Chanyeol could really tell how small the omega was, they hadn't ever stood chest to chest before, it was always Baekhyun standing on one end of the hut or laying down.

But god his mate was tiny and adorable, barely reaching his shoulders and kept sniffing.

Chanyeol hoped it was because he liked his scent, but couldn’t be positive.

“What do you need water for?”

“Bath..” The omega whispered, stepping back and pointing towards the huts.

“You should have told me, I’ll make sure to start checking from now on.”

Baekhyun didn’t respond, and Chanyeol started chewing the inside of his cheek disappointed as he assumed the omega was done talking already, but it wasn’t unexpected.

He shifted the bucket to one hand and sighed, turning to walk towards the hut, and was surprised when Baekhyun started walking beside him, not close, but within reach.

“What are you doing with the wood? I… was curious.”

Chanyeol had half a mind to ask if he was watching him, if he liked what he saw because he would give a show of strength if that was Baekhyun's attraction, and he had a lot of muscles to show off, he was proud of his form.
And Baekhyun should definitely be proud of his own, Chanyeol mused, trailing his eyes over his mate's lithe form when the omega walked a bit ahead of him. Pale, thin legs covered from mid thigh up and from his navel up was bare.

Beautiful.

“We’re rebuilding the bridge to make it easier for the pups to cross and not have to worry as much about them getting pulled in by the current.”

The smallest of smiles was on Baekhyun's face when he turned to look over his shoulder.

Chanyeol didn’t even care that they were done talking for the day, because that was enough of a prize for an entire week.

At least he learned a few things.

Baekhyun was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, loved flowers, and really liked to hear about puppies.

Chapter End Notes

Did you notice that I started writing the next short story? (Read story description for info) What do you think of the concept?

Please do continue with suggestions though, I write so fast by the time I’m actually posting the stories they’ve already been completed!!
It was a cloudy day today, Baekhyun was worried that it was going to begin storming as he really didn’t like to hear it.

But, that wasn’t what surprised him the most.

What surprised him the most was the quiet cursing and then a sudden figure fighting through the leather curtains.

Baekhyun pulled the furs to his lap in surprise at the figure coming in, leaning on a wooden staff and instantly was jumping to his feet to help when the figure wobbled.

“Fuck, finally.”

This close Baekhyun could smell that this alpha was young, and he instantly knew who it was when his eyes caught the bandage wrapped around his leg and recognized that the staff was for balance, helping the pup to sit on the edge of his bedding.

Sehun was much… bigger than he expected, if Baekhyun smelled the familiar musky scent fully grown alphas had, he would have assumed him to be an adult, but he didn’t smell that at all.

“God, I’ve been asking for weeks for someone to help me over here!”

Baekhyun frowned, he recalled Minseok saying weeks prior that Sehun wanted to meet him, but never went because he had forgotten.

The young alpha sniffed then and Baekhyun climbed to the opposite side of the bed awkwardly, “Hi.”

“You’re not mated yet? Is that why Chanyeol hasn’t seen me in a while?”

Baekhyun felt guilty, because he didn’t know he was keeping Chanyeol away. “I… I don’t know why he wouldn’t go see you anyways.”

“Because that huge idiot thinks I’ll feel bad for him or something, he’s my brother, you know?”

He didn’t know that at all, so he only furrowed his brows.

“Our mom was killed in a hunting attack too, that’s why we were so upset about this. I don’t know, I just wanted to meet you.” Sehun admitted nonchalantly, picking at the side of a cloth, “You’re pretty though, so I’m really happy for him. He’s a good alpha, I’ll be big like him.”

“You’re already big,” Baekhyun mumbled, unsure of what to tell the pup.

Sehun laughed, and even that didn’t sound much like an excited puppy, just normal, grown. “You mind if I…” He motioned to the bedding and Baekhyun nodded quickly, shoving some more pelts at him.

The alpha started propping his leg up on it, and Baekhyun cringed. “It helps with the swelling.”

“Your ribs okay?” Baekhyun asked softly.

“ Barely a skim, it’s mainly my legs. It’s really fucked.” The pup said bluntly.
Baekhyun really liked Sehun already, but couldn’t help feeling guilty even though he hadn’t been the one attacking him.

But Baekhyun still holding onto his old pack felt like he had a hand in the pups injuries.

“I’m lucky that Luhan still wants to mate me when I come of age, we’re mates, but I’m really… it’s not very good to be a handicapped alpha.”

Baekhyun had never heard of an omega so much older being promised to an alpha so young, but, then again Luhan didn’t seem that much of a normal omega - only a few of the omegas here matched what Baekhyun would consider an average omega.

“Head alpha is force mating you two?”

Sehun cackled, “Yifan? Hell no, his mate Yixing would lose his mind if he started regulating matings. No, Luhan is actually my mate, but.. you know, we can’t actually mate until I’m of age. That’s okay though, because Luhan agreed to wait.”

Baekhyun felt so out of the loop because he also hadn’t a clue Yixing was the head alphas mate, let alone that it was possible to meet their mate so young.

God, things were so different here.

The pup plopped down to lay on his back and Baekhyun couldn't help reaching over to carefully lift Sehun's ankle and add another fur to raise it a little higher, earning a hidden grin from the alpha.

“Do you want to know something? I was… I never told anyone because I was.. worried.” Sehun spoke up.

Baekhyun chewed his lip, eying the red pooling through the alphas cloth bandage before giving a small nod and climbing to his feet intending to get some fresh water to clean it up with.

It was the least he could do when the bleeding was probably from Sehun’s journey over here anyways.

“When… when I was on the river I yelled out that I was there when I heard footsteps. They shot anyway.”

Baekhyun's shoulder stiffened and he nearly dropped the bowl of water.

There was no reason that they would voluntarily shoot when told it was another wolf, much less a pup.

Unless...

Baekhyun gasped and rushed back over to kneel beside Sehun's leg and unwrapping the bandage. “Shit, I’m sorry,” He apologized when the alpha hissed.

“It’s… pretty gross, doesn’t hurt that bad.” Sehun threw out, and Baekhyun knew it was a lie.

He knew so because the skin was turning blackish and oozing where the arrow had gone through.

It had been nearly two months since Baekhyun had been taken, longer since Sehun's injury and it should have long been closed up by now.
But it wasn’t.

Baekhyun knew why.

“I need to get Chanyeol,” He said hurriedly, jumping up, “I-I’ll be back. Stay still.” He ordered, bursting through the hut and into the storm outside.

It wasn’t quite raining yet, but it was so windy Baekhyun nearly fell over, looking around the center square wildly.

His eyes fell on the head hut and just outside the door he couldn’t ever miss the gorgeous engravings across the alphas back.

Baekhyun ran, ran so fast he went slamming into Chanyeol’s back, wrapping his arms tightly around him and whimpering.

Chanyeol turned around instantly, looking at him in fear and not even considering anything but Baekhyun was crying and his teeth were chattering, lifting him up with a growl and forgetting everything prior.

“Alpha. Alpha! Chanyeol!” Baekhyun gasped for breath, choking on the wind and having no choice but to press his face closer to the alphas so he could hear him, “Tried… t-tryed to kill him! Need a gingko plant! C-Chanyeol!”

“Sh, what? What are you talking about, baby, calm down.” The alpha cooed, petting Baekhyun's back to warm him up and already marching towards the hut and out of the cold.

Baekhyun's throat made a pained noise when he sobbed, “I’m sorry, I.. I was wrong, need to cure Sehun, we need to. And I know how.”
Sehun had wolfsbane poisoning.

Baekhyun knew what it was because his pack used it in war combat, and he hadn’t known it was a substance banned in many packs, even during wolf wars, so it only made him feel worse when Yifan explained as much.

The cold, hard truth was that his pack had intentionally tried to start a war by poisoning a healthy pup.

Maybe for their land, maybe for their homes or omegas. Baekhyun didn’t know because he was just an omega - he hadn’t been let in on any plans of the sort.

But it explained so much.

Like how unshocked his head alpha had been at their invasion.

How shocked his warriors had been when they were defeated easily by so little people - and omegas.

They must have expected an easy victory, or at least for it to take longer for their arrow to be traced back.

Baekhyun only knew what he knew, and that was Sehun was now healing after Baekhyun forced his way into the healer hut until he found the herb he needed and wrapped Sehun's leg up with it inside.

The sigh the alpha gave was one of relief, and Baekhyun knew it was working.

He saw the pack look at him so proudly, and they shouldn’t have. Because he had been wrong this whole time.

It had been his packs fault and he was the invader, not them.

The guilt he had mainly projected in his adamant need to make sure Sehun was fine and healing correctly, giving details to Yifan over even the most stupid of things because he didn’t know what was helpful or not - he didn’t even know what the leader planned to do with the information given.

Baekhyun felt even worse when he couldn’t give straight answers because he was out of the loop back in his old pack, he truthfully didn’t know much, he hadn’t been in on plans.

Baekhyun regretted so much, and didn’t know how to go about it.

But there was one thing he needed to do first, apologize.

He did to Sehun and the pack about a million times, and everytime they just brushed it off, not blaming him even though Baekhyun should have realized sooner - should have checked on Sehun sooner.

It was his mates little brother for fucks sake and Baekhyun hadn’t helped at all until now, months later.

The most important person that deserved an apology was undoubtedly Chanyeol.
Baekhyun said such horrible things to him, and hadn’t meant them at all. He had only been scared, terrified.

But now he knew that this pack was so much better. They had so many opportunities for their members, from pups to elderly all around - they could do anything regardless of their status and Baekhyun hadn’t ever seen such a thing before.

And they had equal rations, ensured food to all, not dismissing and ranking those who deserved it most as Baekhyun had been used to seeing.

The homes were well built and the same - not even the alphas hut was wealthier or any bigger than the others.

Fair. That’s how Baekhyun would describe this place.

Forgiving was how he would describe the people.

“Fuck, sorry.”

Baekhyun startled out of his thoughts and sat up in bed, watching Chanyeol bend down to pick up the log he had just dropped.

“It’s okay, I wasn’t sleeping.” Baekhyun answered softly, sitting up and eyeing the beads of rain on Chanyeol's skin.

Even a week after beginning Sehun's healing and spilling all he knew, Baekhyun didn’t know how to approach Chanyeol at all, especially when the alpha still kept his distance.

Which also was Baekhyun's fault.

“Wh.. where do you sleep now?” Baekhyun asked, shivering and turning to grab a cloth to wrap around his shoulders.

None of the bedding smelled like Chanyeol anymore and Baekhyun was having a very hard time sleeping ever since he noticed.

“The breeding huts, until the next omega goes into heat, then… I’ll figure it out.”

That didn’t sit well with Baekhyun at all, regardless that Chanyeol didn’t smell like a heated omega - not like he had been around any omegas at all - but those huts were homes to unmated omegas to take care of their own heats, not for an unmated alpha to live.

“Chanyeol.”

“Hm?” The alpha hummed, tossing the logs into the fire and turning to pull the furs over Baekhyun's feet.

The omega blushed at the move before smacking his lips together once and deciding to just put it all out there, “The bedding doesn’t smell like you anymore, can you scent it for me?”

Chanyeol reeled back in surprise and Baekhyun almost thought he was going to say no until he was moving towards where Baekhyun's head would lay once he laid back down, carefully grabbing the edge of a fur.

Baekhyun's eyes didn’t leave him for even a second. Watching the alpha rub the fur to his neck before reaching out for another.
Baekhyun shoved the one in his lap at him and saw the alphas nose flare as he took in his scent.

“Alpha?”

“Yeah?”

Chewing his lip, Baekhyun laid down again and shivered as he waited for the alpha to finish scenting the pelt, but Chanyeol seemed to be trying to make sure it stuck, maybe trying to make sure it stuck to Baekhyun's skin.

“Can you stay here again, with me?”

The smile that spread across Chanyeol's face made Baekhyun's heart race, even more so when the alpha spread the pelt carefully back over him and moved to climb into the huge pile, “Can… is it okay if we touch?”

“Can you scent me?”

“Is this a dream?” Chanyeol mumbled, sounding so confused Baekhyun's chest filled with guilt and he reached out to touch a black carving on the alphas forearm, they were really beautiful and Baekhyun wanted some one day.

The alphas large palm splayed over his shoulder, trailing over his collarbone before resting at his neck, running his thumb back and forth over Baekhyun's jaw.

Baekhyun sniffed, eyes falling closed in a sleepy trance just at how calming and strong Chanyeol's scent was when it was on his skin, but opening his eyes to scoot slightly closer, “I'm sorry.”

“It’s okay.” Chanyeol cooed softly, lingering fingers over Baekhyun's ear and touching wherever he felt confident enough to leave his scent.

“No. It’s not,” The omega argued, “I was… horrible to you, I cursed at you and lied to you, I threw away your gifts, that’s not fair. And I’m really sorry.”

Chanyeol really couldn't care less when his fingers were touching soft skin, but when he said as much Baekhyun reached up to grab his wrist, stilling his movements. “I always wanted a mate, and I’m truly sorry, alpha. You are my mate and I want you. And I want you to love me too.”

Baekhyun's eyes were watering with sincerity and Chanyeol's heart burst along with a slight purr from his chest, one Baekhyun replied to instantly, shuffling closer to brush their noses together.

“I want you,” Chanyeol whispered, running his fingertips over the corner of Baekhyun's eye, watching the dozy way the omega took a second to try and stay awake, “I’ve always wanted you.”

Slowly, Chanyeol sat up to brush his lips across Baekhyun's cheek, listening for the omega to see if he reacted as instinctually to him as he did for him when so close.

He did, Baekhyun's leg kicked out to wrap around Chanyeol's thigh and he chirped a slight puppy like noise even while nearing sleep.

Chanyeol smiled into his cheek, pressing his lips to his cheekbone, “Please don’t get rid of my gifts this time.”
Baekhyun was really happy.

Before when he was with the pack he felt the need to distance himself, the constant pressure hanging over his head.

He always thought by accepting Chanyeol's pack it would be a betrayal to his born one.

But now he didn’t really care.

How could he stand by his pack fully knowing they were aware of trying to kill a pup? Even if the pup in question hadn’t been his mates brother, Baekhyun wouldn’t stand with them knowing it was all intentional.

To shoot at an adult was horrible on it's own, but an unarmed, retreating pup was downright atrocious.

Baekhyun was more relieved now.

Maybe it had to do with the shelled bracelet he wore or the flower behind his ear though.

Before, in his born pack, he had been offered much wealthier gifts. Jewels, gold, even once the promise of being mated to a leader, but Baekhyun didn’t need any of that.

What use did he have for jewelry? What did he need gold or diamonds for anyways?

Shells and multicolored rocks were much more meaningful, the time taken to string them and careful hands taking the time to place holes in them without cracking them said a lot.

And he never was interested in leading.

Chanyeol was a chief, but Baekhyun had learned here that the position mainly meant he trained the hunters and warriors - he wasn’t truly their leader, he didn’t tell them what to do.

Baekhyun needed a mate that had time to spare for him anyways, leaders were often busy, even though he did see Yifan out working himself much less than he saw his old pack leaders doing so.

He slowly realized how positions of power differed between packs.

And one was the clear winner.

“Don’t you look radiant? Glowing with happiness?”

Baekhyun blushed and turned to elbow Junmyeon.

The alpha only grinned and watched Baekhyun grab his bowl of water from the river, “Really though, you look really happy. Chanyeol does too, it's about time.”

“Don’t you have someplace to be?” Baekhyun pouted.

Junmyeon snickered and turned to walk back towards the pack, leaving Baekhyun kneeling over and pulling his bowl out of the water before grabbing from the stack of dirty bandages and beginning to scrub the cloth in the bowl.
Sehun’s injury was healing so well that he was now able to go without the cloth coverings, the outside skin just looking near fully closed up, and Yixing predicted if they continued both covering the injury and feeding the alpha tea that he would heal fully.

Baekhyun really, really hoped so.

He was so distracted cleaning the cloth he didn’t realize footsteps were approaching until it was much too late and arms were already wrapping around his hips and lifting him up.

With one inhale Baekhyun knew who it was and squealed, wiggling in an attempt to turn around.

Chanyeol laughed deeply in his ear, kissing the nape of his neck before setting him back down and petting Baekhyun's hair and fixing the flower behind his ear, “You like them?”

Baekhyun giggled and chewed in his bottom lip as he wrapped his arms around the alphas waist, pressing his chest flush to the alphas, “I do. Do I look pretty?”

“Absolutely beautiful,” Chanyeol cooed, tapping his fingers under Baekhyun's jaw, “But you already know that, cub.”

Smiling, the omega pressed his forehead into Chanyeol’s chest with a fake whine, “Cold, alpha.”

It got the desired response though, Chanyeol's arms encasing his shoulders and the alpha tucking his face into the back of Baekhyun's neck protectively, “Alpha should take you inside, hm? It’s going to storm again soon, baby. You could get hurt or sick.”

His voice echoed into Baekhyun's ear because of the way he was wrapped around the omega and Baekhyun shivered, pressing his front flush into Chanyeol's, “I should be heated soon.”

Chanyeol’s growl was loud and so intense Baekhyun whimpered needily and could feel how much warmer the alpha physically got just at the words. “Alpha will take care of you then, my sweet flower, I’ll be really easy with my virgin omega.”

Baekhyun blushed into Chanyeol's skin, but he should have assumed his mate could smell as much; because sex carried a certain smell, and even if it had been months Chanyeol would probably be able to decipher an unfamiliar scent mixed in with Baekhyun's.

“Chanyeol,” Baekhyun purred, trailing his cold fingers up to the alphas neck and standing on his toes in order to even semi be able to reach the alphas face.

He would normally ask to be picked up, but given the hardness pressing into his hip he knew the position would lead to much more public displays other than just plain affection.

“So sweet, my pretty rose,” Chanyeol chirped, leaning down slightly to Baekhyun's level and bumping their noses affectionately.

Baekhyun smiled and surged closer to kiss the alphas mouth, fingers lingering around Chanyeol's ear and jaw as the alpha quickly acted to lick between his lips, pressing them so close to each other that any small movement caused a groan from the alpha.

Baekhyun wished they weren’t in public, regardless that only a few members were standing around due to the storm approaching rapidly, Chanyeol's hardness was hot even through both of their coverings.

Just as his opposite hand rested teasingly over the alphas hip a trickle of cold water fell on
Baekhyun's hair and he gasped into Chanyeol's mouth before all out screeching and giggling, “Cold!”

Chanyeol’s laugh was deep, and Baekhyun considered it his favorite noise, “Come here, sunlight,” he chuckled, scooping Baekhyun's legs into his arms.

Baekhyun laughed, reaching up to push the hair from Chanyeol's face as it got weighed down by the rain and blocked his eyes. “So cold, alpha!” He exclaimed, mainly just teasing as the rain poured rapidly.

Chanyeol reached their hut rapidly and Baekhyun was sure it was due to his whining because the first thing the alpha did was toss him into the pelts and cup his face in his hands to look him over.

The omega giggled and Chanyeol nipped at his jaw playfully, rolling his eyes and turning to walk into the next room.

Baekhyun watched the drops on Chanyeol's back enchanted, his alpha was truly handsome, and he never imagined his mate ending up looking like this.

He continued looking even as the alpha untied his covering, watching Chanyeol move around naked to find dry cloth and new coverings.

Nakedness wasn’t really seen as sexual or anything of the sort, at least not if it was platonic.

But what Baekhyun felt looking at his mate was very much not platonic.

With a small shiver, because he truly was cold now that the fire wasn’t lit because Baekhyun didn't spend nearly as much time in here as he did before, but there was no way he would send Chanyeol out into the storm just to get more wood.

“Chanyeol?” Baekhyun asked, untying his pelt and tossing it off the bedding because it was soaked through, “Alpha, can we cuddle? It’s really cold now, really this time.”

“Just a moment, baby, I’m looking-“

Chanyeol cut himself off with a slight groan as he looked over and noticed Baekhyun uncovered and his length resting against his navel. “Okay.” He agreed quickly.

Baekhyun giggled at how fast he was agreeing, putting his arms out for the alpha to come to him and instantly arching into Chanyeol’s chest and tangling his fingers in his mate's hair as he was situated between the alphas legs.

It took only a second before Baekhyun was pressing purring kisses into Chanyeol's mouth, fingers moving around whatever skin he could reach.

He knew they couldn’t officially mate yet even if he wanted to because he hadn’t been through a heat and couldn’t produce slick yet, so he settled for reaching between Chanyeol's legs and running his fingers over the alphas length, moaning quietly at the size.

“Naughty,” Chanyeol grunted, pulling away from Baekhyun's lips to lick at his jaw sweetly before nipping at the area until it reddened.

Baekhyun moaned a needy noise, pulling back to adjust himself to lay between the alphas legs on his stomach.
“Oh, fuck, you're going to smell so good.” The alpha approved, hand petting down Baekhyun's spine towards his entrance, but unable to push inside in fear he’d hurt the unprepared omega despite Baekhyun's whimper that made him really want to. “Alpha will make sure your heat is really good, flower.”

Baekhyun knew he would, and really wished it would come right now, but knew it wasn’t.

Instead he whined into Chanyeol's navel, licking at his chiseled skin to press his lips to the tip of the alphas erection, bucking his hips once he got a taste.

“My little omega, so good, alpha will taste you once you’re done, baby.”

Baekhyun's toes curled at the promise, sucking his cheeks in as he wrapped his lips tightly around the alphas dripping head, suctioning tightly until Chanyeol bucked his hips and his length hit the back of Baekhyun's throat causing the omega to whimper and vibrate against him.

He felt a finger circle his entrance and squealed, never having felt hands on himself before.

He had pleasured and experimented with alphas and betas before, but never once was it in the area Chanyeol was intent on touching, Baekhyun never allowed it even when really caught up.

It was for his mate only.

Chanyeol must have figured out as much because he was suddenly growling really loud and flipping Baekhyun onto his back, turning the omega around like a ragdoll and instantly grabbing Baekhyun's spread legs to hold him up before dipping down and licking over his hole.

Baekhyun writhed, both shocked and shivering in pleasure as the alphas tongue flicked over such a foreign place, hand shaking as he reached between his legs to hold Chanyeol's hair.

“So tight, so tight, Baekhyun. Must be for me, right baby?”

The smirk Chanyeol sent from between his legs was much too knowing and so attractive Baekhyun's throat hurt with the moan he got out, rolling his hips when Chanyeol kissed his erection sweetly. “Y-you! Only, only! Never touched, alpha, for you! My mate!”

Chanyeol purred, teeth scraping Baekhyun's inner thigh before kissing between his legs again, “Right answer, beautiful.”
Baekhyun giggled, scrunching his shoulders up and laughing as he threw his face into Chanyeol's hair, “Alpha, tickles.”

Said alpha pressed a wet kiss to his collarbone once more, scraping his teeth over the skin softly before smiling and cupping Baekhyun's face to press a loud kiss to his lips.

The omega wiggled in excitement, licking the corner of Chanyeol's mouth like a puppy and pulling away to curl into his chest, grabbing the alphas arm to pull around himself.

Chanyeol laughed, inhaling into Baekhyun's temple and rocking the omega slightly, “What do you want alpha to hunt you tomorrow, my omega? What do you feel like?”

The weather hadn’t been all that great, so Baekhyun was a bit worried about Chanyeol going in the hunting group.

But, as chief he was needed, and they were admittedly running out of meat having been mostly inside for four days in a row.

At this point the entire hut smelled of their mixed scents, and Baekhyun hadn’t mentioned a thing, but he was almost positive that all their playful and experimental touching was bringing his heat on.

He could feel a small tingle simmering in his abdomen and was finely attuned to Chanyeol right now, so much so that Baekhyun was wide awake if the alpha so much as removed his arm from around the omega when they slept.

“Whatever is fine with you, my alpha.”

Chanyeol hummed into his hair, nuzzling into his ear.

Baekhyun just went back to tracing his fingers over the drawings on Chanyeol's skin and the tiny scars he had only recently been a fan of once he learned they were from animals.

He assumed so, but just the fact they weren’t from other wolves attacks showed how strong his alpha was.

Bears, mountain lions, and even wilder animals because Chanyeol said they had moved around land so much, he’d fought panthers and tigers, Baekhyun was really proud.

And very much obsessed with his mate.

“These… things,” Baekhyun mumbled, rubbing over a black tribal looking pattern that wrapped around Chanyeol's arm, “So pretty, makes you look really strong.”

“Threatening too? Hm?” Chanyeol cooed, fishing for compliments as he gently laid Baekhyun down in the bedding to carefully, and without too much weight, rest on Baekhyun's collarbones.

The omega instantly started tracing the larger engravings on his back, relaxing Chanyeol who closed his eyes and was content to lay there and let Baekhyun do as he wanted. “Very. My alpha is so big, strong. Really proud, I have a warrior.”

Chanyeol peeked his eyes open at that, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's skin before settling down,
“It’s only fair a warrior gets such a soft skinned omega, so smooth, my rose.”

Baekhyun giggled, tilting his head up to nuzzle into Chanyeol's hair fondly, “Only alpha can mark my skin.”

“They're called tattoos, made from different plants and placed into carved scars to darken them. The wolf on my shoulder is the first one, alphas get it once they hit maturity and can form a knot. Sehun will earn one soon.”

Baekhyun blushed, chewing his lip and petting over Chanyeol hair to calm himself from overthinking when Chanyeol was only mentioning his knot, but it was hard not to think about it when he had experienced seeing it first hand - although still sad he hadn’t taken it yet.

“We earn them, that's why some people have very little, or none at all, some just can’t handle the pain, and that’s okay. I have the most right now, but Jongin says one day he will outnumber me.”

“What’s this one?” Baekhyun wondered, tapping his fingers over a tree on the alphas side.

Chanyeol didn’t even need to see to know which one it was. “Hunting squirrels and chipmunks, it’s an older one.”

“What comes next? It looks like you have so many hunting ones, my alpha.”

Chanyeol purred at the affectionate title, rubbing his cheek over Baekhyun's sternum sweetly before humming and nosing at his chest. “To claim a true mate, it will go over my chest.”

“What will it be?” Baekhyun crooned excitedly, wiggling until he was able to force himself lower beneath the alpha to lick at Chanyeol's cheek, letting the alphas head rest on his shoulder as he sweetly cleaned and kissed at his face.

“Your favorite thing,” Chanyeol whispered, smiling with his eyes closed at the affection, “Flowers, because you love them so much.”

Baekhyun's heart pounded, “I don’t suppose you could put yourself on your heart, because you’re my favorite thing.”

The alpha chuckled, eyes popping open to stare at Baekhyun's fond smile, “I love you. You're my favorite thing.”

“I love you,” The omega breathed easily, accepting the kiss to his nose. “My mate.”

They hadn’t said these words before, but it didn’t feel like that big of a confession.

Because they both knew.

Baekhyun knew Chanyeol loved him the moment the alpha picked him up from the grass when he was writhing for his mate the moment they locked eyes.

And he hoped Chanyeol believed his love for him now, because Baekhyun too knew he had loved the alpha the moment he awoke in his home, despite pretending not to for so long.

“Oh your favorite thing, besides me, is hunting, alpha.”

“I do love hunting, beautiful.” Chanyeol agreed, nosing at Baekhyun's jaw to silently ask the omega to tilt his head out of his way.
Baekhyun did, tossing his head back with a silent moan as the alpha latched onto his pulse, licking from the edge of his jaw down to his collarbone with a few restraining growls.

“Chanyeol.” Baekhyun purred, scratching down the alphas spine when he sat up, cupping Baekhyun's face and wandering hands across the omegas skin in an attempt to claim it as his.

Baekhyun was his, and Chanyeol's skin was Baekhyun's too.

“My heat will be coming sooner than expected. I can feel it, it burns.”

The noise Chanyeol made was unlike any snarl Baekhyun had heard and so loud they were lucky the thunder was booming, not that either of them would truly care, “I can smell it. Fuck, I can smell it, Baekhyun.”

Baekhyun whimpered and raised his hips to buck into the alphas thigh, “A-Alpha, Chan.. Chanyeol, it burns.”

“I got you, sh, I have you, baby, relax.” The alpha soothed, trailing his hand beneath the blanket to Baekhyun's spread legs.

His omega was wet.

Chanyeol’s eyes turned black when he brought his hand back, showing Baekhyun who whined louder, starting to pant heatedly. “My mate, my mate, mine. Mine.”

Baekhyun wailed as his entire body lit up, sitting up to lick the smallest bit of his slick from Chanyeol's finger before becoming even more heated at the sweet smelling promise, “Knot. Please, ngh, please, please.”

Chanyeol didn’t need to have Baekhyun beg in order to claim what was rightfully his.
Baekhyun's heat lasted three long days.

And when they finally came out it was covered in love bites and scratches, mostly Chanyeol, and congratulated with a loud celebratory feast.

That was nice, it felt good to be so accepted.

Kyungsoo even made sure to tell Baekhyun how extremely jealous he was that his heats would be falling during the colder months, that his fell during the summer, and Baekhyun couldn't even imagine because he was exhausted and he felt he had sweat off at least ten pounds.

A heat was no joke, and while it was all fun and games in the moment, the in between gasps of reality spoke of a growling stomach and parched throat.

Chanyeol tried to force him to eat and drink between gaps, but it usually only lasted a few mouthfuls before his skin was tingling and his sticky body was begging for a knot again, screaming out for his mate to properly mate him and pup him.

Still, even after experiencing a heat, he couldn’t understand the appeal of anyone accepting anyone but their proper mate.

Baekhyun had quite literally forgotten his own name in the midst of it all, Chanyeol's was the only thing on his tongue when he clenched his shaking thighs around the alphas hips.

Perhaps it had something to do with the fact his mate was just so good, and did such a great job of breaking his heat and caring for him that he didn’t want another.

But he was positive it just went against everything in his body to ever consider another, even if he preferred sex much more when not heated, crying, and drooling for a knot.

Baekhyun thought he must have done something embarrassing during it all, but he couldn’t remember some moments, but Chanyeol assured he looked absolutely beautiful the whole time and had done nothing that didn’t have Chanyeol proud of him and his sensitivity to him.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Baekhyun glanced up at Jongin before giving a stiff and nervous nod.

He loved Chanyeol, and he wasn’t regretting a thing.

They were mated now.

They’d soon have pups if they were lucky.

Baekhyun really, really wanted to give Chanyeol something special too.

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“Alpha?” Baekhyun peeked into the weapons hut and spotted Chanyeol leaning over a bench and cleaning his spear, “Alpha, I wanted to wish you luck and good health.”

Chanyeol turned to look over his shoulder with a smile, placing his spear down and offering his hand towards Baekhyun, “Come to me, my sweet flower.”
Baekhyun giggled and ran over, skidding to an abrupt stop to stand between Chanyeol's legs with a pink flush, dropping his arms around the alphas shoulders in a hug.

Chanyeol was leaving for a day, but not for a normal day trip.

But to overthrow or otherwise seek repayment from Baekhyun's old pack for attempting to start war with them.

Baekhyun wasn’t overly concerned when all of their best warriors were going to.

Especially not when he knew first hand how great of fighters they were.

But, he still wanted to wish his mate luck and safety, ensure that Baekhyun's scent was enough courage Chanyeol needed to continue fighting even if injured.

“You smell a bit odd, cub.” The alpha commented, scrunching his nose up slightly and pressing his cheek to Baekhyun's hipbone, sniffing a bit more.

Baekhyun giggled, “I just got a gift for you.”

“A gift?” Chanyeol pulled his head back with a grin before smirking and resting his chin on Baekhyun's stomach, soothing hands down Baekhyun's covering, “Is it you, my sunlight?”

The omega smiled, climbing to his knees and heard Chanyeol purr, making him laugh at the alphas' fast assumption he was about to be pleasured, which Baekhyun also wouldn't mind.

“You want to give alpha love before I go?” Chanyeol crooned.

Again, Baekhyun laughed, pressing his nose to Chanyeol's knee cutely before pushing his hair off the back of his neck and ducking his head, “I’ll get a haircut to show it off, but I wanted to hide it so I could surprise you.”

Chanyeol gasped, laying his hand on the back of Baekhyun's head to hold his hair out of the way.

It was tiny, but the skin was still a bright red, irritated. On the top of his spine sat a small bow, two arrows crossed over each other prettily.

It was small and beautiful, and very much Baekhyun.

“For my warrior, do you like it?” Baekhyun cooed, glancing up as best he could with Chanyeol's hand resting on the back of his neck.

“Baekhyun,” Chanyeol's nose scrunched up and Baekhyun recognized it as an attempt not to cry and was instantly sitting back on his heels and nosing at the alphas thigh soothingly, whimpering.

“Chanyeol, don't cry.”

The alpha swallowed hard and reached down to grab beneath Baekhyun's arms to yank him up into his lap, arm coming to wrap tightly around his hips and the other to the back of Baekhyun's head to press their foreheads together. “I love it.”

Baekhyun purred.

“It must have hurt my sensitive omega so much,” Chanyeol added, sniffling, “My poor cub, been through so much lately.”
It did hurt pretty bad, and took an extremely long time, but was completely worth it, and Baekhyun thought it was very beautiful, and meaningful for special events.

He could understand the marks in Chanyeol's skin so much more than before and he felt united.

“My next,” Baekhyun whispered, kissing the alpha's mouth loudly, “Will be for our children, but my alpha will do them for me next time.”

The tears he got from Chanyeol were more than enough to let him know his mate very much loved and approved of his choices.
Baekhyun loved pack celebrations, and this time around it was over the arrival of new members.

Some of his old pack had surrendered when they were given the choice, and the others remained, forever to hold the guilt for attempting to kill a child.

He didn’t even care to pretend not to leech onto his mate, he had to in order to ensure his unmated pack members knew Chanyeol was his.

Especially considering that the alpha was the epitome of a true warrior, wearing paint across his skin and his threatening bones and teeth, as was appropriate for the chief to welcome newcomers in.

But Baekhyun saw how fast people were drawn to him, so he was clingy.

Really clingy, but Chanyeol didn’t seem to care at all, drinking some sort of alcohol that he explained was made from berries and herbs and it somewhat stung Baekhyun's nose, but it stained Chanyeol's lips red and he found the sight enchanting.

“Why don’t you come on this side, my pup? Hm? Alpha can’t see you.”

Baekhyun squeaked when his mate's hand reached over to pinch his thigh, giggling into the back of Chanyeol's neck before walking around and taking a seat on his mate's knee.

Chanyeol instantly smoothed down his covering with his unoccupied hand and Baekhyun thought it was really sexy he was so adamant of Baekhyun being covered, especially around new people, when others were exposed.

“Did you get the luckiest, Baekhyun? It seems that way.” He heard one of his old omega sisters coo, and he smirked when Chanyeol bit at the back of his neck in a dominating way with a growl of approval of her praise, licking Baekhyun's tattoo.

Baekhyun knew his mate really liked how fast he had gone to ask Minseok to trim his mess of hair down in order to expose it, and was much more fond of shorter hair than he thought he would be.

Chanyeol had long enough hair for the both of them now, and Baekhyun found his alpha looked extremely attractive when looking so wild.

“I was blessed with the strongest warrior,” Baekhyun answered, eyes half lidded and turning to only focus on Chanyeol, nosing sweetly on his mate’s temple. “He took down an eagle right from the air, gave it to me as a gift.” He bragged, smiling at Chanyeol.

He heard the omega squeal and mumble a response that she needed to go tell the others, Baekhyun beamed.
He knew his mate was the epitome of an alpha mate, what others dreamed to have as Chanyeol was physically attractive, dominant, but was also kind and never overbearingly possessive of him, he was really just a pup for Baekhyun's affection.

“You’re gathering too much attention, Baekhyun, should we leave? I can only handle it for so long, my flower, if I see anymore eyes trailing you then I’ll assume confrontation is in order.”

Baekhyun knew he was wanted to, especially considering most of his packs warriors did end up surrendering in fear of their pack losing strength with the number of members that had accepted.

Hyungmin still hadn’t stopped, and the moment Baekhyun stepped out of his hut he saw the alpha look to him; but Baekhyun was already looking at Chanyeol, running to him.

Because he didn’t care for others attention anymore, even if he had once fed off of it.

“Did you know,” Baekhyun whispered into his cheek, watching the alpha bring his dark colored alcohol to his lips and looking over Baekhyun's shoulder, “In my old pack, it was common for an omega to have their pick, their mates allowed sexual gatherings, many omegas tried to have pups for many alphas.”

Chanyeol’s eyes flicked to him with something akin to fury, but he smiled, and Baekhyun leaned closer to collect a stray drop of the drink from the corner of his mate's lip. “Is that so?” He drawled, the hand wrapped around Baekhyun's back dipping fingers into the back of his pelt, “Is that what you wish, omega? To have many alphas? To be given to others and then handed back to me to be cared for? What is it, my mate?”

Baekhyun's throat gave a scratchy noise at the rawness of his mates tone, his breath catching as he pressed his face into Chanyeol's cheek, lips touching his skin, “Would you allow such a thing, alpha? To know I had other names on my tongue, tastes in my mouth? If I came back to kiss you, would it not be disgust that you felt, my love?”

Chanyeol growled, and Baekhyun shivered as he continued, “But then you would know, in the end, I could only be satisfied by you, my mate. No matter how many others I could seduce, no one would feel like you do, smell like you. I can’t even recall a voice here that could have me on my knees as yours does so easily, alpha. Would it be satisfying to you, Chanyeol, to know I was being fucked by others and still couldn’t be satisfied?”

“I'd much rather you be satisfied connected to my knot than have you tease others for something they can’t have.” The alpha commented, setting his bowl on the grass and curling a warning hand into the nape of his neck, tugging slightly.

Baekhyun whimpered, tossing his head back with a vibrating purr, “Careful, alpha, public matings will draw attention. I don’t suppose most of these hunters and warriors will be looking at you should we choose to continue, I’ve been told my slick could draw a crowd.”

Chanyeol’s chest rumbled as he dragged his teeth against Baekhyun's throat, “And who has told you that, omega? I don’t suppose you’ve been playing with others, what about your leering friend to the right, black eyes are being sent our way and I certainly hope not at you or I’ll have his head, tiny one.”

The omega laughed, a slight moan in his voice as Chanyeol's mouth pressed along his neck. He had noticed Hyungmin staring at Chanyeol jealously black eyed - he just hadn’t cared in the slightest. “Can you smell if I have? The last I recall was only hours before, but I believe the scent was honey like, maybe I’m wrong and you should check my loyalty.”
Chanyeol didn't need to check, but he inhaled into Baekhyun's jaw before releasing his hair and licking at his pulse, “Odd enough, it is honey like. Should I be surprised that my mate has only touched me? Should I praise you for staying loyal? Is it hard for you to only take my knot?”

Baekhyun giggled, a loud, enchanting noise as his body shuddered at their silliness with each other. Perhaps it was the whistling and dancing pack around them that called for such a playful mood, but it was fun.

And they both knew the fun and games were just that, games, because it wasn’t possible for Baekhyun to ever look at another person as he did Chanyeol, and his alpha did know that - despite the possessive gleam in his eyes at Baekhyun's teasing.

If he had a smidge of doubt he wouldn’t ever be going along with the omegas fun.

“Is it hard to only have my body, Chanyeol? Plenty of omegas for you, plenty of options for me, what do you say, my love?” He teased, running his fingertips beneath his mate's hair in order to touch the side of his ear, feeling the alpha shudder at the sweet touch. “Do you think any omegas here would be sweeter than me?”

“Can I not take a beta?”

“What a shock!” Baekhyun cried playfully, laughing into Chanyeol's cheek, “The alpha I know is very much addicted to an omegas scent, is he not?”

“Hmm,” Chanyeol mused, pretending to think.

Baekhyun chewed his lip and licked at his mates jaw before placing his mischievous smirk back, “Perhaps I’ll become a breeder, carry many-“

He was cut off on a squeal when Chanyeol pretended to push him off of his lap, holding Baekhyun dangling with his head near the grass, the omega clutching the alphas arm with playful apologies until the alpha was pulling him right side up and Baekhyun laughed breathless giggles into his chest.

“Are you done now?” Chanyeol cooed with a fond smile, petting his mates head so Baekhyun could take a moment to catch his breath, “So teasing today, you’re lucky I’m not sensitive, my rose.”

Baekhyun laughed, rubbing his cheek across Chanyeol's collarbones and uncaring of the coal that now covered his face from his warriors paint, sitting up straight to press a kiss to his mates stained lips and hold their faces close once Chanyeol cupped the back of his head to hold him there.

“It’s only fun to lie when my alpha plays too,” Baekhyun smiled, eyes half lidded.

“I believe you owe me many matings in order to calm the pain you’ve inflicted, Baekhyun,” Chanyeol joked, pressing his lips into a playful scowl.

The omega tittered, adjusting his legs to fall over the alphas thighs and straddle his mates hips, lifting himself to sit higher than the alpha as Chanyeol held the back of his thighs for support, pressing his lips to Baekhyun's chest that sat in front of him.

“Plenty of time for my alpha to brag to the pack of his new find,” Baekhyun answered, scratching down the back of Chanyeol's shoulders.
His mate chuckled before standing up, large hand splaying between Baekhyun's shoulder blades to hold him up even when he squeaked in surprise and wrapped his arms around Chanyeol's head. “I’m more possessive than you realize, beautiful. How can I not be when I have the finest omega?”
“Chanyeol!”

“Alpha!”

Baekhyun huffed, crossing his arms as a pout came on his lips, grabbing the pile of furs to his left and bracing himself as he climbed to his feet with a groan.

Carefully he held onto the covering around his shoulders before pushing through the curtains and exiting the hut, walking through the grass.

The sky was dark out, and Baekhyun knew his alpha would be scolding him once he made his way to him, but the omega was grumpy and frustrated at being ignored when his mate said he would be back quickly.

He spotted Chanyeol's back a ways away, pointing at something in the tree line with a group of hunters.

Pouting harder, Baekhyun stomped his way over.

As soon as he was close enough the entire group turned around, sniffing, and it made Baekhyun grin when Chanyeol was instantly fixing him with a scolding look and walking over to pull his fur over his body more, “What are you doing? You’re not supposed to be outside the hut at night, much less without me around.”

Baekhyun giggled because he always found his mate ridiculously adorable when possessive, “I am starving, you said you’d be back quickly - your fault, alpha.”

“Last I recalled, it takes two to create a pup,” Chanyeol shot back, cupping the underside of Baekhyun's rounded stomach and pressing their faces together in a show of possessiveness.

Baekhyun knew his mate was only being so clingy because of his new scent, the floral and sickly sweet scent of his pregnancy, it caused unmated alphas to seek him out, drawn to his fertile aroma and the roundness he had that proved him a worthy omega.

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He liked the attention, because Chanyeol didn’t and was forced to stick to him like glue, nearly losing his mind with snapping teeth when other alphas attempted to approach Baekhyun.

“We are starving, my warrior,” Baekhyun whined, pressing into Chanyeol's chest as much he could with the roundness of his stomach blocking him, “I don’t suppose you’d allow another alpha to serve us, but I see many suitors.”

His mate snarled into his hair causing Baekhyun to stiffen before quickly grinning and nosing at Chanyeol's collarbone.

“You say that again I might just send you to bed alone.”

Baekhyun knew that wouldn’t happen, so he laid his palms on Chanyeol's chest with a beaming smile, “Food please.”

His mate rolled his eyes and swept the omega up, Baekhyun's stomach so large the omega grunted at the sudden move, rubbing over his bump, “I think the pup will be soon, Chanyeol, can you smell
“The only thing I smell right now is lust in your direction,” His mate said through gritted teeth, hurrying to take Baekhyun back inside with sharp eyes. “Also, there were berries in the next room over, so I know you are only searching for my attention - you always have it, my impatient omega, so next time you venture out to tease maybe I won’t give you what you’re looking for.”

“Liar,” Baekhyun grinned, curling his toes into bedding as Chanyeol laid him down, rubbing his feet together cutely, “Will you give me a bath later?”

“It is past dark and you still want to stay up, this pup is doing odd things to my always sleepy omega,” Chanyeol smiled, sitting beside where Baekhyun laid and combing through his mates hair, “Of course I will bathe you, things are getting a bit too tough for you, my flower.”

It was true, Baekhyun was having trouble with easy and common tasks, usually becoming easily exhausted, but recently he had found himself highly energetic at the most inconvenient of times, often bombarding Chanyeol whenever possible - even when the alpha was sleeping.

But his warrior always fixed him with tired smiles and gave his attention anyway, so Baekhyun didn't think he cared much or at all.

“I couldn’t see to tie my covering this morning, so I just had to wait for Yixing to come check and ask him to help,” Baekhyun admitted softly, pulling Chanyeol's hand from his chest to lay over his stomach.

“My precious flower, so inconvenient for you. I am not sorry, nor do I apologize, but I do feel bad to have you bed resting so often. You know I worry an alpha won’t be able to stand the scent and will lunge, and you also know it is easier on the pup to relax.”

Baekhyun nodded, but he was really only listening to bit and pieces of what was being said since Chanyeol said these things so often, mainly about him being around other unmated wolves, and he did understand, but he also knew Chanyeol wouldn’t ever allow and alpha to lunge at him.

He did share a bit of worry at the idea though because it wouldn’t be the alphas fault, but instinct driven unmated alphas did have less control meaning if they lunged at him intending to mate him it would hurt the puppy a lot, the fall could potentially kill their unborn pup and the alpha wouldn’t even notice.

“I will stay inside more so long as my mate is here to care for me.” Baekhyun requested, tugging on Chanyeol's leather covering needily, “Now can you bathe me? Pup soothes better when I am in water. I think we might have a water baby. Good thing my mate can swim well, will be a good teacher.”

Chanyeol’s face when speaking of their pup was gorgeous, adoring, and nothing short of excited.

Baekhyun knew his mate would be an amazing father, even more so a good role model.

“Let’s get you to a bath then,” His mate cooed, gently scooping him up, “If our pup desires to swim maybe they will be a good gatherer too, like you.”
The crowned prince was tired of this old task.

Chanyeol hated to meet potential mates.

It wasn’t that the chosen omegas to be shown to him were particularly ugly or annoying - although sometimes they could be.

The issue was he already knew who his mate was.

The only thing stopping him from already having claimed said mate was the fact that the omega was not royal, and instead a peasant worker from the village.

Chanyeol had nothing against that despite his royal instincts to find such a fate disgusting, but he knew his father would.

Because Baekhyun was only a servant.

And Chanyeol hated to watch him work because an omega so attractive, innocent, and virginal shouldn't be doing such things as cleaning stables and rooms, bringing meals and struggling with heavy lifting tasks.

The worst part was Chanyeol had not told a soul about his predicament.

Ever since three years before when the omega had been arrested for stealing food from a trading post Chanyeol had kept the secret imprint to himself.

A hard, painful task.

He wished a lot of things could change.

The first being the obvious problem of royal laws, closely followed by his parents' blaring want of him to marry another royal's omega son or daughter.

Chanyeol had rejected every single prince or princess brought in from the other kingdoms, and even on a few occasions had gone into his room to find one of them waiting in his bed trying to seduce him.

He always called a maid to clean up his bedding of stray scents, worried that his imprint would be
the one to come clean his room the next morning, and even on one occasion he had called for a maid and Baekhyun had been the one to show up.

Chanyeol did not really speak to him much, preferred to watch because the omega was a shy little fox.

But, he did feel the need when Baekhyun came in, face dropping at the smell of an omega on Chanyeol’s bedding as he began to change it.

“Seduction, she is now in her own room,” Chanyeol recalled saying, on the opposite side of the bed and it was unheard of for him to help a servant.

But he tended to help Baekhyun, especially when the omega was teary eyed.

He knew Baekhyun had also known then.

Knew that the glossiness as he thought Chanyeol had chosen a mate was because he too was well aware of their predicament, but he did not say a thing.

And Chanyeol had not either. All he did was watch the servant take a seat on the carpet, nearly hyperventilating.

The alpha could not get the event out of his head because he had been a coward.

Allowing his imprint to stay crying on his floor as he changed his own bedding, without a word.

Because he did not want to give Baekhyun any false hope, and he did not truly know what he could say given their levels of power.

In which Baekhyun had none, and Chanyeol had it all.

Entirely unfair and long after the omega ran out crying, Chanyeol cried also, because it hurt so badly to see Baekhyun like that.

To see Baekhyun in general be ordered around and scolded, to hear whispers of suspicion how he had avoided being executed because it was a known fact he was a thief. And the other servants never let him forget it.

Chanyeol tried to interrupt when he heard their rumors, tried to stop the ridicule when he caught them cornering the omega, but he could not be there all of the time, and he could not be too suspicious.

Baekhyun nodded at him and thanked him sometimes, but it was never enough for the guilt not to add up in Chanyeol’s chest and to stop the aching for the servant.

They called Baekhyun atrocious names, going as far as to label him a runt, a whore, a mutt, truthfully anything terrible Chanyeol had overheard people whisper.

The truth was Chanyeol had requested his father allow Baekhyun to work off his punishment.

And he had, a year ago, and still Baekhyun accepted a position here despite all his ridicule. And Chanyeol felt overwhelmingly guilty to admit why he knew Baekhyun did it.

Because otherwise he would not be able to see Chanyeol again; the omega was content to stay abused and harassed if only to see him and Chanyeol had letters stacking up of apologies and words he wanted Baekhyun to hear.
Now, he was adding to his list because as he looked to his left, past his father's throne where the man was probably trying to convince him to accept the omega boy that had just come in, he could see Baekhyun through the window.

Small, thin, trimming the roses and Chanyeol thought he deserved so much more.

Holes in all his garments and his uniform sizes too large, around his wrist a thin leather band that claimed him as staff to the palace so he could get past guards.

The problem was Baekhyun was not staff, he was not some servant.

He was beautiful even covered in dirt and looking much younger than his already young twenty years.

It was just another burst of longing that filled Chanyeol, another letter for him to write that would go unread.
Today was a free day for Chanyeol, a rare one.

Usually he had tutors to come in, politics to listen to, swords to practice with, omegas to try and pretend to get along with.

He was so tired of it.

“Today, we can visit the horses, your father sai-“

“Today, I am doing what I wish. You can leave.” Chanyeol dismissed, setting his fork down and looking across the table with a raised, challenging brow, “You have the time to do whatever you please too. Go visit your mate in the village, I will send you with some gold to buy him something fancy.”

He was bribing and knew it, but it had the desired effect because his assistant, Junmyeon, only clicked his tongue and sighed.

Chanyeol used to never understand why the man decided to stay here, working with him ever since they were young, much like his tutors whom he would voluntarily admit to care dearly for.

They had mates down in the village, were blessed with the ability to go back and forth from the castle to visit if Chanyeol or another royal approved as much, but he could not understand the appeal of going days apart.

He wished his parents would allow families to stay here instead of just the single staff, it was so unfair to separate them, and god knew they had the room for them all.

They were selfish, egotistical, and stuck up. They covered their thrones in gold while people starved, having to steal to live.

Chanyeol hoped people did not see him as the same, even if he did feel overly entitled to a lot of things.

Being separate from his mate had taught him many things; patience, hope, how important it was to take advantage of things when offered to you.

To accept others into your heart because you never knew when you would not be able to see them any longer.

He saw Baekhyun usually everyday, and even then it was not enough, so he truly felt for his staff, even if his father called him childish and immature for giving them leaves and dismissing them whenever possible.

When he was young he did feel like the all deserving prince - to be king - that he was.

But time told him tales, and they were not ones he wished on anyone else, because they were painfully realistic and they made Chanyeol miss unrealistic fairy tales in which the prince always got their lover.

“I will be walking you out.” He added, climbing to his feet and nodding his head towards the double doors.
Junmyeon sighed again, deeper, but Chanyeol knew he was not going to reject the offer.

Chanyeol approached the double doors and the guards on either side looked at him wearily, but he crossed his arms and they opened the doors for them.

“I will be expecting you back no sooner than two days,” Chanyeol demanded, walking down the rose lines pathway to the tall, golden fences, ignoring the guards’ worried looks about him being so close to the exit of the palace grounds.

Chanyeol knew they worried he would take off, and maybe one day he would.

“My prince, just one day is much more than I need.”

The alpha prince pursed his lips at him, placing a hand on the golden fence and watching how twitchy the guards got when he pushed it open, he did enjoy messing with them. “Two at least, Sehun deserves your attention much more than I desire it. I am sure I can make excuses for three days if needed.”

He watched his assistant shuffle in thought before reluctantly sighing and walking outside the gate, Chanyeol held it shut and sent a sly grin to him from the other side.

“You know,” Junmyeon mumbled, giving a small smile, “You are not what everyone thinks, alpha prince.”

Chanyeol felt good about that, but smiled tensely, turning to walk back towards the palace and adjusting his blue sleeve cuffs on his wrists as an excuse to take his time outside.

He spotted Yifan, his combat teacher, training some new warriors to one side of the palace and turned to walk the other way, not wanting to be caught in the children’s admiring gazes and questions.

Chanyeol had nothing worth admiring.

Maybe wealth, status, power.

But he felt much less than any of those things, because none of them could provide him what he truly desired and needed.

At that thought, he released a heavy sigh, detouring down the hedges of flowers in an attempt to lose the guards he knew were trailing him.

It was not their fault, he knew his parents had strict rules for them involving him being outside the palace walls.

They too were afraid their only heir would leave, Chanyeol found it amusing they knew as much but still could not take the time to understand his disagreeing views.

“Oh,” He whispered, something soft crunching under his foot and he instantly stepped back before dropping his forehead on his palm.

A clumsy alpha, his mother always said.

Chanyeol knelt down to collect the now muddied… he truthfully was not sure what it was, it seemed to be a jacket, but it was well past when it needed to be thrown out.

“I.”
His eyes shot up and he instantly felt even worse at the small, red faced omega he was greeted with.

Fucking imbecile, he cursed himself internally.

“Apologies,” Chanyeol murmured, holding the jacket in one hand and watching Baekhyun instantly drop the shears in his hand to get to his knees to bow to him, so formal.

Chanyeol hated it.

“Don… there is no need,” He whispered, resting his elbows on his knees to duck his head lower in his attempt to catch the omegas eyes, but since Baekhyun was such a good servant he avoided looking at him longer than needed.

Chanyeol hated it.

“If it is you, there is no need.” The alpha tried once more.

Baekhyun shuddered and looked up to catch Chanyeol's eyes for only one second before shifting his stance to sit back and stare at his jacket rather than at the prince. “Tradition,” He whispered, voice shaking.

Chanyeol could not blame him for being so nervous when the most they spoke was hushed orders or thank you’s in passing. His chest stung.

“Tradition does not apply to you,” Chanyeol said under his breath, as much of a confession as he could give under their circumstance, placing the jacket on the ground between them, “I ruined it, I’ll be getting you a new one soon enough.”

“It is… it was ruined anyway, no need.”

The prince chewed his lip because Baekhyun would not meet his eyes and he could not, and would not, force him to do anything he did not want to.

“I see that, it is much too worn for you. Does it even hold warmth anymore?” Chanyeol joked lightheartedly.

He saw the corner of Baekhyun's mouth twitch and felt it was the best feeling he had in months.

“... sometimes, my prince.”

Chanyeol smiled and gave a small laugh before shaking his head, “Between you and I, it is Chanyeol.”

He had no idea what he was doing.

Everything he had built up the past three years was coming to an end, and Chanyeol only knew it as one thing.

He was exhausted, he was physically pained, and he was so sick of not seeing this omega.

Baekhyun smelled like fresh rain, and Chanyeol's body was so drawn to it. He could not continue this facade, and even if they met in private he needed to at least be able to see his mate.

Tired of running in circles of misery. So tired.
“Alpha princ-“

A gate slammed not too far away from the hedges they were knelt down in, and Chanyeol swallowed hard as Baekhyun snatched his jacket and started walking away, likely afraid.

“Omega, you do not need to turn back around,” He called lightly, watching Baekhyun stop in place, back to him, and Chanyeol had never even felt his own mates skin after so long, but in the sun he thought the omegas skin glimmered, “But you know, and I know. And that’s all who needs to know. I will not pretend anymore, I cannot rest or eat, I am in pain and I hope you are not.”

Baekhyun shifted slightly, Chanyeol was scared he would be walking away, but instead the omega was only kneeling down to set his jacket back on the grass, “I cannot sleep at night either, alpha.”

He walked away slowly, and Chanyeol was so relieved he nearly tripped to grab the jacket again, this time bringing it to his nose.

Maybe he could sleep with the scent of rain nearby.
Confess (ABO/Royal)

It took Chanyeol nearly a week to get a jacket for Baekhyun.

It was difficult because he could not exactly just excuse himself to go down to the village and shop, so he opted to do with what he had.

His clothing was much too flashy, way too obvious, but it was his only option unless he asked a servant to go out for him, but that felt much too impersonal, and the last thing he wanted Baekhyun to think was that he was distant towards him.

So, he spent the entire week removing the golden threads from one of his older jackets, replacing them with plain white and making sure to pay careful attention to anything that could be mistaken as royalty.

The fabric itself was thick, and that was obviously a sign it was expensive, but he was hoping Baekhyun would only use it for himself, and there was nothing he could really do about the overall quality of the coat, he had nothing cheaper looking.

Plus, he did want to ensure his mate was warm enough when need be.

He also knew he should not be doing this, it was late and Baekhyun could be asleep, but Chanyeol was roaming the halls to get into the servants wing anyway.

He had not ever been in this wing other than to call requests, but he knew which door was Baekhyun's, and the light was still on beneath it.

The appropriate thing to do when entering an Omegas room would be to knock, but the sound would be loud, so Chanyeol instead started cracking the door a small bit, “Hello?” He whispered under his breath.

He felt like a child playing hide and seek with his guards.

No friends, but back then it was okay because he was innocent and had not known any better than what life was.

“Come in.”

Chanyeol inhaled sharply as he squeezed through the door, the scent of rain was so strong his knees weakened, but he only pressed his back into the door once it was shut, turning to look around.

It was tiny.

Even for Baekhyun the space was small, and he should not have expected a servants quarters to be any differently when there were so many people in need of rooms.

But this was just inappropriate, regardless that there weren’t many things inside.

He was attempting to stay calm and keep an appropriate distance, but the room was so small Baekhyun was only steps away, drowned in a long, plain white sleep shirt and leaning over the small sink in the corner and seemingly washing his clothes.

Did he do this every night, Chanyeol wondered, washing his clothes in a loud sink instead of
making use of the machines Chanyeol knew were in the basement because on more than one occasion he had ventured down there to hide from his parents.

“There are washing devices in the basement,” He suggested softly.

The omega turned off the water, a flush in his cheeks he always seemed to have when near each other, wiping his damp hands on his sleep gown.

Chanyeol was honored Baekhyun trusted him enough to invite him in when he was so vulnerable looking.

“Not for a thief to use.”

Chanyeol frowned, giving a small shake of his head and wanting to take a seat on the cot Baekhyun was climbing into, but knew it would be inappropriate, he stood against the door still.

“Who said such things? They are for everyone to use. Stealing to feed an empty stomach is much different than snatching gold.”

Baekhyun blushed further, pulling his blanket into his lap and staring at his hands.

“And if you wanted to take gold, you would have done so. And if you wanted it, I would give it to you.” Chanyeol claimed bravely.

The omegas eyes shot to him, looking shocked and embarrassed at his proclamation, but he did not have anything to say to either stop Chanyeol's flirting or spur it on more. He just looked at him.

It was not a heated stare, but Chanyeol's hair stood on end anyway, pulling a quiet rumble from his chest before he snapped out of it and leaned over to set the jacket on the end of Baekhyun's cot - such a small excuse for a bed, and Chanyeol knew his own was large enough to hold both of them and then some, but he also knew it was a bad idea to hope too much.

“I would have washed my scent off, but me holding it would have only made it appear again.” Chanyeol murmured, “Or,” He mused, “Perhaps you will have a good night's rest.”

He always considered Baekhyun a shy omega, but now he was starting to realize perhaps it was only their unwelcoming predicament that made the omega so quiet, because it did not seem Baekhyun had any qualms with bringing the fabric to his nose and then shoving it beneath his pillow.

It was heartbreaking, sweet, and Chanyeol wished with everything that he could hold the omega, but he didn’t have permission and decided to keep his hands to himself wondering if maybe Baekhyun had been longing for him all this time also.

“Alph- Chanyeol,” Baekhyun corrected himself softly and Chanyeol shivered at his name falling from soft pink lips, “I may be killed if we continue.”

Chanyeol growled, having to clench his fists to keep the sound low and even enemies were aware of how bad a temper he could get when needed, but just those words had him redder than he could recall. “Not possible. I would never allow your execution, Baekhyun. Never, I do not care if all will be eventually told about us.”

“And what is… us?” The omega stuttered.

Chanyeol smiled, feeling his shoulders relax and taking a seat right where he was, on the floor with his back against the hard oak door, bending his knees because there was no space for his legs here.
“Can it be considered hidden love? Or is it only me that has been admiring so long? Of course, you already know the truth, unless you pretend not to feel our bond, my gem.”

Baekhyun flushed down his neck at the pet name, laying his cheek down on his cot and peering down at Chanyeol, chewing his cheek for a moment before licking his lips nervously. “How long can we hide, Chanyeol?”

“Just rest your pretty head, lovely. Your lover will take care of things in order for you to sleep well every night.”
Chanyeol was a man of strategy, he always considered himself wise and smart.

But, his dearest friends - his only friends - had made sure to help him once he revealed his situation to his trusted tutors.

They were all excited for him, with his language tutor, Luhan, proclaiming how obvious such an event was when Chanyeol stared out windows all through his lessons daydreaming.

That was not exactly accurate as Chanyeol mainly ignored his lessons because he had already mastered all that was being taught to him, even his tutors said so, it was his parents that claimed he was not good enough if he wished to rule one day.

Chanyeol had nothing to say about that.

But, because of his friends' adamant approval, they also developed ways to bring Baekhyun to him more often, giving them private chances to meet.

And everytime they did it felt more easy, their love felt easier to convey.

Baekhyun was much more than a peasant, Chanyeol had always thought so, but his mate wanted to learn so much.

Things he had not had the opportunity to learn, and more than once Chanyeol had been requesting Baekhyun to sit in on lessons to see how intent the omega was. Plus, his tutors looked much happier to have a student that actually cared and listened to them.

He liked to read despite his skills not being as strong as Chanyeol's, but him asking for help with words was only an endearing factor.

Chanyeol learned Baekhyun's mother died of a cold during winter three years before, which led to his mates thieving, but it was only ever for food.

And he admitted attempting to get a job, trying to help at trade stands and farms in exchange for food, but people did not care to have a peasant boy around unless they were perving alphas and Baekhyun was too afraid to accept positions or else he would be taken advantage of.

Chanyeol was proud of him, but also became more attached everytime Baekhyun took a brave step towards him or opened his mouth to speak.

He was playing a dangerous game, but he also planned on winning.

“Alpha, can you help me?”

Chanyeol has already been watching him from across the lessons room, watching the omega mouth words and holding the paper up to his face, tapping his foot against the leather couch.

He still recalled Baekhyun's face when he said he was welcome to sit down and relax when the omega stood awkwardly the first time he had been called in. Baekhyun was shocked he was even allowed on the furniture, and Chanyeol wanted to promise him much more than he could.

“What is a beau? I have never heard such a word.” The omega commented.
Chanyeol smiled, and he was not even sure Baekhyun entirely knew what he had given the omega to read as a lesson for the day, “It is you, my beloved. My lover.”

Baekhyun blushed and Chanyeol was getting fairly used to the sight, but it was never less heartwarming even if it was often shown. “Such an odd word.”

“Well, I suppose when writing that I was in an odd state of mind.”

It took Baekhyun a moment to process his words before dropping the letter and wrapping his arms around his waist, looking at Chanyeol through his hair shyly.

Chanyeol knew exactly why, because the words written in that were private confessions, and Baekhyun likely assumed it was just something from a book, something fake.

But it was very real.

A letter written three years prior to a lover he had not even spoken to.

Baekhyun had been dragged in with tear filled apologies for his offense, so obviously afraid, and it took one moment for Chanyeol to walk into the entryway demanding the omega be let go of.

Red marks marked Baekhyun's arm, proof how tightly the guard had dragged him in, and Chanyeol could not let an omega be in pain, still unknowing Baekhyun was his mate until a moment later they met eyes.

And it had both been his downfall and his rising.

“Are you intimidated now, my love? To know that was written only a day after our meeting. You were being trained by then, and I could see everything through these very windows,” Chanyeol hummed, pointing to the windows they were both avoiding being caught in, “I wondered then, did you think of me too? You can tell how often I thought of you and that is only one of many letters I have to give you. I had nothing I liked to do more than observe you, knowing we… were separated by walls.”

Baekhyun climbed off the couch loudly, heavy steps as he walked so close Chanyeol gasped because they normally did not come this close together.

The omega stopped directly in front of the chair Chanyeol was sat on, and he leaned over to give Baekhyun all the attention he deserved, knees brushing the omegas legs.

“I waited nights awake wondering if we could.. if we would ever… it was unrealistic, a dream. It is so cruel of fate to do this to us, and I did not blame you… but.. but-“

“No, you can.” Chanyeol shushed, grabbing Baekhyun's palm and instantly knowing such soft skin deserved to be worshiped, “You can blame whatever you want. For fate to do this to us is cruel, we can be together, hidden, until I become king then I will change things. Rules will be changed and it will be you seated beside me, beloved. There is not another person that can claim that throne, and that is a promise. I have refused others three years just to admire from afar, loyal to you, my precious pearl.”

The omega sniffled and Chanyeol could only press a light kiss to his fingertips, holding onto his promises.

“How does it feel, dearest?” He whispered, “It’s not ideal and I do not want you hidden anymore than you wish to be, but with time I will change things. For you, Baekhyun.”
Baekhyun whined a soft sob, nodding frantically with a few tears dripping off his jaw and Chanyeol stood to his feet to embrace the omega, pressing his face into the long locks of his mate's hair, having never gotten an opportunity such as this before.

It stung his chest how quickly Baekhyun latched into his button down, digging his nails into the fabric so tight they could tear the fabric and pressing his watery, rain scented tears into the light cloth.

Chanyeol would likely need to hide or do away with this shirt after to prevent too many questions, although him smelling of the omega would probably lead to people assuming them to be sleeping together, which was not looked down upon, but he would never add flames to the fires Baekhyun already received from his fellow servants.

The others would likely be overwhelmingly jealous should they play out the card that they were simply having sex since Chanyeol was known to refuse.

Baekhyun did not deserve anymore ridicule.

“Y-You will be my king.” Chanyeol heard the omega muffle into his shirt and smiled, pressing his lips to Baekhyun's ear, “You will join me.” He promised.
“Good morning, beloved.” Chanyeol cooed under his breath, walking around the side of the fountain in order to get to the garden Baekhyun was sitting in and ripping out weeds.

“I see, this must be why you did not show up for class. You do love politics.” He added gently, the cloth in his hand rustling as he knelt down beside the omega.

Baekhyun turned to him with sweat beading on his forehead and his skin reddened from the heat, “Apologies, Jinah noticed the garden was beginning to look a little unkempt. We did not have a good meeting this morning.”

Chanyeol scowled at the information. To him, the garden looked perfectly fine, the head servant was likely only making things harder on Baekhyun, but he did not really have any room to do anything or tell him to stop.

He wanted to help, but he truthfully had no clue how to garden, and if he went back into the palace dirtied it would be a red flag.

“Can you take a break, precious? I brought you lunch.” He asked instead, running his fingertips over the side of Baekhyun's cheek, “Although now I wish I had brought something that could cool you down, my love.” He said, watching the omega remove his gloves and a ring of red was seen around his wrists where hidden skin met uncovered, sunburned skin.

Baekhyun only grinned though, pressing a nervous, but loving hand to Chanyeol's knee, removing it as fast as it came.

Chanyeol wished he would initiate contact more often, but knew it must be a very surprising and nerve racking thing.

Baekhyun had told him his hands were too stained the first time Chanyeol gave him permission to touch him, and for that the alpha always felt pained because his mate was not dirty at all, even if he was of peasant blood - the crowned prince could not care less where he came from or who he was.

He was his mate now, and that was enough.

“I love your meals, although the other day we were given soup and fresh bread, it was a fine treat. We were shocked until we learned it was due to… more arriving suitors, that we would have extra work to go over.”

Chanyeol loved when Baekhyun was in the mood to talk, even if it was something as sad as being happy he got a full meal rather than measly scraped together ones.

“Do not be envious, beauty, I will be doing as I always do. Sit and reject, then proceed to avoid them the rest of their stay, coming to hide with my beautiful lover.” Chanyeol cooed, running his fingers through Baekhyun's long hair, watching him tear into his given food with quiet moans at the taste.

Chanyeol wanted to do more for him.
“I... was thinking,” The omega murmured, placing his cloth wrapped sandwich to the grass and turning to face Chanyeol shyly.

The prince instantly ran his fingers over the sunburn to his cheeks, wishing he had brought treatment also.

“What if... you accept one, it would be a good cover and... Chanyeol, we cannot hide forever. You can accept, become king and renounce the omega, then... if you want he or she can... be your concubine... so long as I will have your love...”

Chanyeol’s brows pulled together achingly, shaking his head and cupping his entire hand around Baekhyun's soft, but warmed cheek, “Never. I will not even consider it, Baekhyun. Just looking at you I can tell that is not what you want, it is not what I want, and I will not be bedding another just to cover our love. Not an option, I have space in my bed only for one, and it will not be a prestigious royal member but a beautiful, kind, and smart omega that owns my heart.”

Baekhyun's ears reddened and he turned his head to press the tiniest of kisses to the inside of Chanyeol's wrist, very obviously distraught at his own suggestion.

And the prince understood his plan, and it was a good one, but not fair.

“I will kiss you now, pearl.” Chanyeol whispered, watching Baekhyun for approval and just hearing the omegas breath catch, taking that as a good sign he leaned down to press a swift peck to his mouth.

They had never touched lips before. Baekhyun puffed a warm breath against his lips before pressing forward for more affection, more love and attention that Chanyeol gave in soft kisses to peach colored lips.

“Alpha,” Baekhyun breathed when they separated, licking his lips and smiling a secret grin, “Have you heard?”

Chanyeol hummed, pressing a rather sweet kiss to Baekhyun's ear and reaching over to press the omegas food back into his lap as a silent request he finish it.

“There are rumors you are having sexual issues and that is why you reject others advances, even the servants had heard it. They spoke of it during breakfast this morning.”

It was a big deal to have such a emasculating rumor, and Chanyeol was pissed, but it only lasted a moment before he heard a tiny giggle from Baekhyun and realized his mate must find it very entertaining.

“Let me tell you, giggling pup,” He purred sensually, pressing his chin into the omegas arm and eyeing his profile, “You are welcome to my bed, do you wish to prove those rumors wrong, my love? Request you to be my concubine and you would be permitted rights to my room, more time we would spend together. Perhaps you can tell others the truth of my uninterest is not because I cannot, but rather because I already have an omegas body in mind.”

Baekhyun burst into laughter that needed to be covered by his own palms, and Chanyeol laughed under his breath at the sight, proud of himself for gaining such a reaction.

They both knew Chanyeol would not do so anyways, In fear of disrespecting Baekhyun's body with the mixed outlooks on concubines, even if it would be true their relationship would be much easier.

The prince smiled into his arm, pressing a light kiss to Baekhyun's shoulder before standing to his
feet, “I need to go back, beloved. But I will come see you tonight, with something to calm your skin and something much more filling.”

The look Baekhyun sent to him was nothing short of grateful and loving. Chanyeol wished they could stay and play together longer, but he had places to be, meetings to hate being in.

So he pressed a palm to Baekhyun's head affectionately before turning to walk the path back.

“Chanyeol?” He heard the omega coo, a sort of sly tone that had Chanyeol turning around to see the look that matched it. “I do not believe you to have sexual issues, I can smell your fertility, and one day we will have a chance to be together, as true lovers. Many nights together, my alpha.”

Chanyeol beamed and knew Baekhyun saw their future together with such provocative promises falling from his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Hybrid au choices:

- Baekhyun adopts puppy! Chanyeol (or the opposite depending on what kind of dynamics y’all like)
- The human (whoever y’all vote for) finds the hybrid on the streets
- Any other suggestions will be looked at also!
Chanyeol was searching all over the halls for his lover, dipping into practically any room to see if the omega was cleaning inside.

He had been practically running from the neediness of the princess here to win his affections, she was much too confident.

She probably heard of his stiff rejections and had decided to try her best, and it showed.

Just during breakfast this morning she laid a palm high on his thigh, Chanyeol had promptly left the table, throwing his spoon down harshly to let his parents know just how angered he was at their pick.

His mother tried to scold him as he walked out, but he ignored it in favor of sending a scowl.

That was nothing compared to how strong the omega princess was with words, speaking blatant promises of sexual deeds she could give him when they had both been forced into a carriage together.

Chanyeol had crossed his legs and ignored her, looking out the window, and she must have thought he was attempting to hide his erection from her words because she had promptly gotten to her knees.

It definitely was not an erection he had, but pure disgust as he spat how whorish she was for someone supposed to be a royal. She just seemed to take his words as incentive to try harder, claiming she would whore for him if it was to his liking.

He nearly puked.

The prince was overall just angry she said such tainting things to him, his ears were full of lust, and his body was only filled for longing to find Baekhyun because it was the only way he knew he could calm down his hatred - to see his pure omega.

“Are you looking for something, alpha prince?”

Chanyeol frowned before turning to acknowledge the head servant.

Normally, he would continue walking and ignore her, but he had not seen Baekhyun all day and was worried.

“What you seen the small omega male, long brown hair, young?” He pretended not to know Baekhyun's name, giving the vaguest of descriptions that did no justice to the beauty his mate truly had.

But to give a full description labeling Baekhyun's eyes as sparkling chocolate and his face as heart shaped with pink, peach like lips would be obvious how much attention Chanyeol spent looking at him, which was a lot.

“Baekhyun? I am not positive, likely in the basement on break with the others, your highness. If
you needed help with something then I would be willing.”

Chanyeol scowled, annoyed, but quickly remembered just two weeks ago Baekhyun's skin sunburned as he watched his mate lather his exposed skin in cream to help it heal, all due to this wench claiming Baekhyun did jobs poorly.

“Actually, was it you that cleaned my study this morning?” Chanyeol asked, fully knowing it was because he had seen her walk out a while after he started his search.

“Yes, your highness!” She smiled flirtatiously, tilting her head to look up at him, Chanyeol internally growled at her bypassing tradition so easily and looking at him directly when it had taken weeks for Baekhyun to feel comfortable enough, “I can clean your room if you wish also.”

Chanyeol could tell by her tone she very much meant with him inside, rolling in a bed rather than any work to be done.

“Oh, great,” He mused, “Clean the whole wing while you are at it, I believe it looked underprepared last I walked through.” He ordered, walking down the stairs.

He heard her disbelievingly scoff and grinned to himself.

He trailed down towards the basements, a bit confused why the servants had their breaks down here, he had never heard of it before.

Usually he witnessed them speaking in the gardens, sitting near the water fountains, but now that he thought about it the past few days he had not seen any servants out and about as often.

“My prince,” A guard on the basement door greeted. “This is servants quarters for now, I am sure you did not want to involve yourself in their affairs.”

Chanyeol hated the way even guards looked down at the servants when he was positive at least a few had sexual relations with them, nobody should speak so crudely about their lover, even if it is just a sexual relationship, because they should be lucky to even have affection given in that form, regardless of being a servant.

“You are dismissed for the night.” He ordered.

“Sir, your father has pla-“

“I said go,” Chanyeol growled through his teeth, “What I do is my business, what you do shall be yours, now take advantage of the time off I so gratefully have given you.”

The guard looked at him wearily before giving a stiff nod and walking away, Chanyeol listened to the rubber boots clanking on the marble before sighing and pushing the basement door open.

The first thing he heard was laughing, a lot of laughing, and he nearly smiled because he did believe even servants should be allowed to have fun, but then he started picking up words, phrases hidden in the cackling.

“Fun to steal now?”

“Are you mute now, ugly omega?”

“To befriend you would be a death wish!”

“What say you now, Baekhyun? Our poor mutt?”
Chanyeol gasped in shock, peering over the rail and saw an unimaginable sight.

“Hey!” He boomed, storming down the stairs.

He would never allow such actions to happen to any single one of these servants, let alone the one being picked on his own mate.

His mate who was sitting on his knees, shirtless with the fabric lying in his lap, head down and skin on his back turning redder by the second in various hand shapes.

“What in the world is happening?” He snarled, making sure the noise echoed off the walls and only becoming angrier when the servants gave weak fearful whimpers.

“We were protecting the castle!” An older beta girl cried, literal tears falling down her face as she and the others climbed to their knees.

“Your highness, the thief smelled of you so we asked if he was stealing once more, but he denied the claim, despite having a pin on his shirt made of gold.”

Chanyeol snapped his teeth at the omega who spoke up, and he knew what broach she was speaking of because weeks prior he had given the pin to Baekhyun when the omegas apron strap had broke and he was afraid he would be late to the kitchen if he stopped to repair it.

Baekhyun was not stupid though, and ever since then he wore it on the inside of his clothes.

They must have stripped him to find something to ridicule him for, explaining his missing top.

“What makes you think any of you are fit to carry out punishments? Huh? From what I heard it sounded more of a game than actual punishing! I can confirm such a pin being on the omega due to me helping in an unruly situation and here I am to collect said pin again - and I find this? This torment!

I do not stand for this! You all are very lucky you are still under my fathers crown! If I was king all of your heads would be taken, perhaps if I request now, they would be, would you like that! I am not as cruel as my father, but I do not defend vicious attacks!”

He heard the servants screeching cries, whimpers of apology, but not one dared to speak up.

Chanyeol would not ever execute all of his staff over such an event, but he really wanted to, and feared his anger was so strong right now that if he looked at them again he would send them to the dungeon.

“All of you are to clear the halls! If I catch said events again, I will remove you from your jobs and send you walking pathetically to the village! Unpaid and without the palace’s blessing.”

God, he felt they all got off easy, but he truthfully only had one other option and that was to just say to hell with it and have them spend days in the dungeons without food.

He was being drastic and knew it.

The last servant ran out and Chanyeol walked over to collect the scrap of white fabric on the ground, but dropped it with a painful sigh at how torn it was, removing his own overcoat instead.

“Was I too easy, my love?” He crooned softly, walking over to kneel and drape his coat over Baekhyun's back.
The omega instantly was climbing into his lap, no longer crying but face soaked with drying tears.

“To treat you like this..” Chanyeol growled, arms encasing Baekhyun, “... say the word my dearest and all of them will be packing.” He added, petting the back of his mates hair.

Baekhyun dug his face into the crook of Chanyeol's neck, wettening his skin with his tears, “I... just wanted to be friends, Chanyeol.”

The alphas lip twitched in anger, swiftly grabbing under his mates hips to pick him up.

“What are you doing? We... going to get caught,” Baekhyun gasped, removing his head from his neck to stare at the side of his face nervously when Chanyeol started up the stairs.

“Halls are cleared. You are spending the night in my bed, I cannot be without you tonight.”

“I... trouble, alpha.”

“Sh, you would not be in trouble, I sent all servants to their quarters. No one will be checking in on you tonight, they are much too afraid to step out.” He soothed, laying a palm across Baekhyun's hip and pushing the door open with his foot.

His mate sighed, burying his face, afraid, into Chanyeol's shoulder, fingers clutching onto the alphas shirt for dear life as he was carried through the halls.

Chanyeol was right though, the halls were cleared and he wondered if the servants had screamed of him being red faced and that was why not even guards were around.

He supposed his hot head was useful at times like these because he made it to his room only having spotted his writing teacher, Kyungsoo, one time to which the beta looked at the person in his arms worriedly, but turned to mind his own business.

Chanyeol appreciated that.

“Why were you all down there, omega? I wondered why such a place was occupied, it is much too small.” He asked, placing Baekhyun on the end of his bed before walking to his wardrobe.

“The... king and queen said no servants were to be seen unless they are working while the princess is here, our breaks are regulated when guests arrive.”

The prince frowned, because it was entirely unreasonable, pulling a long silk shirt from his wardrobe to bring over to Baekhyun, “The new princess is a babbling whore, I doubt she would even notice if there were servants relaxing.”

He heard Baekhyun laugh a tiny bit at that and Chanyeol smiled, reaching toward the waistband of the omegas bottoms carefully, awaiting his approval.

Baekhyun gave it with his teeth sunk in his bottom lip and removed the coat from his shoulders.

They had never seen each other skin entirely before, Chanyeol had seen the smoothness of Baekhyun's upper body once when walking in on the smaller changing, and had felt as much skin as appropriate at the time, but he had never been blessed enough to witness him entirely.

“Do you need salve for your back?” Chanyeol asked, splaying a palm around his mates bare thigh, running his fingertips across the soft skin.

“No. They are not as bad as you think.”
Chanyeol begged to differ because the red splotches did not seem like nothing. But he only hummed, eyes trailing over his mate's nakedness a minute longer, watching Baekhyun fidget nervously under his stare.

“Beautiful, my queen,” Chanyeol finally spoke, running his hand over Baekhyun's navel where a thin trail of hair sat to hear his mate's shocked intake of breath before pulling away and rolling the silk shirt over Baekhyun's head.

“Chanyeol, will I see you also?”

The prince smiled at his pink face, watching Baekhyun pull the shirt over his nakedness shyly.

Chanyeol beamed fondly, “Of course, Baekhyun,” He answered, grabbing a pair of cotton pajama bottoms and walking back to his bed to remove his clothing for the omega to see.

He had never allowed eyes to see him so nude, the most was during training in which Yifan always had to ask him to place a top back on when people got too distracted.

“You can touch, I am all for you,” He added, grabbing Baekhyun's fingers and placing his palm flat on his chiseled chest.

It seemed so odd to be standing here nude when his mate sat on his knees and looked over his naked form, not sexually, but romantically appreciating.

It was calm and loving. Baekhyun was nervous when he ran his fingers lower, and Chanyeol was not ashamed at all about being flaccid when he knew his size was large either way, and Baekhyun had been too, and was still beautiful.

“Handsome,” His mate murmured, placing his palm on Chanyeol's hip, the inside of his wrist brushing sexual regions, but he only stared up at Chanyeol. “Come to bed, my prince.”

Chanyeol smiled, leaning down to press a gentle kiss to his mouth and sliding his bottoms on before doing as requested, instantly reaching out to pull his mate to his chest.

“I prefer to be here when you are, maybe I will not be able to sleep alone after this,” He admitted as Baekhyun shuffled around, tossing a bare leg in between Chanyeol's and resting on his stomach, half on the alpha.

“If only things could change sooner,” Baekhyun whispered, pressing a soft kiss to Chanyeol's collarbone, “In the meantime, we know our love is real, and it is enough.”

But, it did not feel fair, Chanyeol wanted to add.

But he did not, he just captured Baekhyun's lips again, and tried to convince himself he had waited three years to even just hold him, that he could wait longer to have him walk by his side.

It sounded like a lie even in his own head.

Chapter End Notes

Looks like puppy Baek it is! What adventures should they go on!
Love (ABO/Royal)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Son, today we have changed your political lesson to learn of ceremonial plans instead.” His father commented at the end of the table.

Chanyeol shot his narrowed eyes up to glare at him, “And why is that, father?”

He had been looking forward to leaving and running up to where his mate was still asleep in his bed, where Chanyeol had left him with a kiss to his hair and a note requesting he stay, that Chanyeol had taken care of his schedules for the day in order to give him another day to rest.

Thanks to his friends, Junmyeon had agreed to write a note in Baekhyun's place claiming the omega as sick and to leave him bed rested for the day.

Chanyeol had thought his day was clear too, knowing his political teacher would not tell if he did not show up for lessons today.

“Your father and I have..” His mother cleared her throat and Chanyeol raised a brow as he sat back against his chair and crossed his arms, knowing he was not going to like what he heard, “We arranged your ceremony to Mina, she was a good choice, Chanyeol.”

His head felt on fire, face slowly starting to turn red as he jumped up and shoved his plate off the table to go shattering on the ground, fixing a pointed finger at his parents, “That bitch was an air headed whore, and you must be deranged to think I would marry her!”

“You have no choice,” His father shrugged uninterestedly, “We have already approved the ceremony, you are unfit to choose we have decided, too picky and too hateful. To rule you must compromise.”

Chanyeol laughed, a disbelieving and harsh sound before he scoffed and felt his hands shake, “The only compromise I will be doing is placing poison in her wine if this continues.”

He heard the staff nearby gasp at his outright threat and watched his mother lay a shocked hand over her mouth.

“If I hear anymore of this talk, I will be starting a riot, father. I will kill her should you force the diseased whore on me again!” He barked, “Is it too harsh to allow my own choice? I will turn into a cruel shrewd if I do not have my way this time! I will not be backing down from choosing who shares my bed - my crown! It will not be an arrogant prostitute!”

“Watch your mouth!” His father screamed, finally showing any feeling, much more than Chanyeol had seen in a while, “You are making yourself look a fool! She is an heir to the frozen city in the East! An alliance like that could be monumental!”

Chanyeol’s mouth pulled in disgust as he started towards the door, “Who she is does not matter, she is still a leg spreading whore. I am warning you, should you not listen I will start a war.”

“If you do not listen you are no son of mine!”

Chanyeol laughed heartlessly and left the room.
“What will we do, my love? They will have our heads.” Baekhyun worried, petting the alphas' hair where he laid on his chest, large form home between the omegas' soft legs.

Chanyeol sighed, kissing Baekhyun's chin, “They will not kill me, I am the only heir, I only fear for you. But nothing will happen to you, your life is my priority more than my own.”

The omega pressed his lips together, leaning down to kiss his mates head, sighing a hot breath into his forehead before resting his nose against the full head of hair, “I am not afraid to die for you.”

“And you will not,” The alpha hissed, sitting up and laying his hands beside Baekhyun's head, holding himself up and kissing the tip of his nose, “You are not dying, Baekhyun. I will not allow it. If you go then I do too. They still are not aware of our relationship, you are safe for now. I just..”

“What is it?” Baekhyun whispered, tangling fingers into the back of Chanyeol's hair and kissing his cheek softly, “You look so in thought, share with your worried mate, alpha.”

Chanyeol chuckled quietly, running his thumb over the shell of Baekhyun's ear before pecking his mouth a few times, sitting back to look at the half lidded expression of love that greeted him, “I have a plan.”

“Will you share with the crowd, darling?”

Licking over his teeth, Chanyeol hummed and eyed Baekhyun a second longer, “We mate, then we run.” He whispered, “If we mate here, they will smell our bonding, realize what occurred, but by then we will be long gone, my pearl. I want my father to know he caused me to leave, to know I had planned on mating already, to realize my aggressive dismissal of his ridiculous alliance based marriage. I only want to marry you.”

He waited for Baekhyun to respond, watching the cogs turn as his mate looked around his face before gently pushing Chanyeol's shoulders to roll the alpha onto his back, climbing to straddle his hips.

“I love you.”

Chanyeol smiled, watching his mate unbutton the only cloth on his small form, the silk nightshirt being pushed off his shoulders, “I love you, my mate.”

Baekhyun smiled shyly this time, fingers undoing the buttons on Chanyeol's shirt when the alpha sat up, opting to yank the material over his own head, no time to waste before pulling the omega down to rest on his chest, licking his lips.

“Will you mate me for love, alpha?”

“Is there any other way to mate, lovely,” Chanyeol whispered into his mouth, “And when all is safe, we will be married.”

His mates eyes got slightly watery and Chanyeol cooed at him, gentle hands trailing down Baekhyun's spine, “I follow you, my dearest omega.”

“I follow you, my king.”

Chapter End Notes
I’m literally so far ahead of myself I’m already writing Chapter 93 so I’m just going to start posting and hoping people will comment their thoughts still
They left that night.

Chanyeol’s room covered in the scent of their mating, Baekhyun's tired, mated body only having got minimal rest when Chanyeol had dressed him up and collected all he could of gold and wealth.

More than enough for what he had planned, they would not be in the village long.

He ended up leaving with a sword to his belt, a bag on his back, carrying Baekhyun through the back exit, knowing it was the less likely area for guards to be.

There was only Yifan, and Chanyeol begged with his eyes for the man to ignore what he was witnessing.

“Kyungsoo is my secret also.” Was what the combat teacher said, moving to open the fence for Chanyeol all the while eyeing Baekhyun's sleeping back, not looking surprised, but somewhat interested, proud.

Chanyeol had been shocked at his admission because he knew his parents did not allow staff to mate each other. An unfair rule.

He was also glad Yifan did not put up a fight because Chanyeol would have killed him regardless of their friendship. He did not wish to, but to ensure his plan worked - he would.

Chanyeol walked all the miles towards the village, halfway there Baekhyun had woken up, asking to be set down and instead of being limp in his arms, held his hand tightly, looking afraid as he asked Chanyeol to explain what had happened while he was out.

“My love,” Chanyeol realized suddenly, turning to pull Baekhyun to a stop just outside the village. “I need you to disguise me, they might recognize.”

Baekhyun frowned at him, confused, “You rarely go to the village, darling, I do not think anyone will notice, not when it is so dark out.”

Chanyeol was adamant, and was reaching to his belt and removing his sword, kneeling, “Cut my hair, we need to be unrecognized at least for a few days.”

His mate was obviously concerned, but Chanyeol pulled his hips closer to kiss the center of his stomach, relaxing him, “I have never held a sword, Chanyeol.” The omega worried, accepting the weapon and holding it away from the alpha, “I could hurt you.”

“You will not.” He encouraged, grabbing Baekhyun's hand that held the sword tight between both of his, “Hold it like this, tight, take your time. I trust you, pearl. Just enough for it to seem different, you can fix it once we get into an inn and have access to some scissors.”

“Okay?” He added softly, squeezing Baekhyun's wrist, “You are my mate, and you can do it.”

The omega shifted on his feet before sucking in a deep breath, “I am a kings mate, I can do it.”

Chanyeol smiled and ducked his head as Baekhyun began to grab pieces in his palms.
“It looks good, beauty.” Chanyeol praised, holding a hand mirror up and looking at Baekhyun through it, “Of course you did well.”

They had made it to an inn, and Baekhyun had done a decent job with the sword, but now that he had cleaned it up with scissors it was much nicer.

Chanyeol had never pictured himself with such short hair before, but felt he looked much more threatening, good.

His mate leaned onto his shoulder, smiling at him through the mirror, “I do like it,” Baekhyun admitted, giggling when Chanyeol turned to kiss his cheekbone. “Very attractive.”

“Mhm,” Chanyeol agreed, setting the mirror down and turning to stand up, sitting down at the end of the bed and opening his arms.

Baekhyun practically came running into them, and Chanyeol felt similarly excited to know they could be together now, even with a dark cloud hanging over their heads menacingly with the unknown future.

Even if his plan went wrong, at least they had this time together.

“Will we visit the market tonight, my love?” The omega cooed, draping his arms over Chanyeol's wide shoulders and pressing his excited grin into his jaw.

Chanyeol laughed, petting down his cheek affectionately, “What is it you wished to have, Baekhyun? I will spoil you with sweets until those little teeth hurt.”

Baekhyun beamed at the tease, despite the fact Chanyeol was very much not kidding, “I only wanted you to try the street food. We might as well have fun together.. while we can.”

“I will make a deal with you,” The alpha began, messing with the back of Baekhyun's bottoms where his white cotton shirt was tucked into beige pants, “I will buy all that your heart - or stomach - desires, for only… five kisses.”

His mate threw his head back in a laugh before righting himself and beginning his array of kisses to Chanyeol's cheek. “Only five, easy!” Baekhyun giggled.

Chanyeol snorted, scratching his nails down Baekhyun's hips and giving a playful shake of his head, “I will just start making deals for everything then - for me to let you go costs ten kisses, then twenty before we leave for the market,” He teased.

Baekhyun laughed happily, “How many does it cost for you to tell me your plan?”

“I am afraid that is out of your price range,” Chanyeol joked.

The omega shook with laughter and Chanyeol had never seen such a sight before, not Baekhyun being so calm and relaxed, he always looked over his shoulder, stared at doors worriedly.

He understood the fear.

“How about this, my mate,” Baekhyun chirped, “Let us mate again before going to the village.”

It was Chanyeol's turn to burst into laughter, playfully pushing Baekhyun to climb into the bed, which the omega did happily, plopping down on his back and opening his arms wide towards the
prince.

“Sex fiend now are we?” Chanyeol crooned, fingers undoing Baekhyun's boots. “Is this how our time will be spent, beloved? Playing in bed?”

“Making up for lost time,” Baekhyun corrected softly, “To show love that has not been able to be shown for years, darling.”

Chanyeol’s heart jumped out of his chest before he gave a minimal nod, licking his lips and climbing atop the omega, “Never again to be apart, precious.”

Chapter End Notes

As per readers demand, another chapter ~~
It had been a number of days, three to be exact.

They were now coming back from getting breakfast at the market, Chanyeol's arm draped over the omegas shoulders, watching his mate take a large bite from his bread before humming and offering the alpha a bite.

“I like it,” Baekhyun smiled as Chanyeol grabbed his wrist in order to hold his hand steady as they traveled on towards their temporary home. “being with you.”

“Perhaps it is because we mate every night,” The alpha teased, licking his lips of the buttery outside of the bread and releasing Baekhyun's arm.

His mate started shaking with laughter and Chanyeol only added to it by playfully lifting him by his waist and carrying him a few feet before the omegas wiggling was out of control along with his giggles.

Chanyeol laughed into his cheek, placing him to his feet before adjusting Baekhyun's top and throwing his arm sweetly around the omegas waist, “What should we do today, pearl? We can walk around the outskirts? What do you-“

He was cut off by the sound of horses stomping through town followed by near silence from the chirping of the citizens.

It was something Chanyeol really liked about their time spent here in the village, that they always had some sort of noise going on, either people speaking or animals nearby, it was all so comforting compared to the deathly silence that usually went on in the palace.

“I want all homes searched!”

Chanyeol’s hair stood up, wide eyed as he turned to gently push Baekhyun under shadows, pressing his chest to the smallers and hiding their faces by pressing them together.

His mate's breath caught, eyes shooting to look at Chanyeol in fear, and the alpha shushed him under his breath, pressing his lips into Baekhyun's forehead softly, listening to the horses plowing through the nearly cleared streets as everyone stopped to stare.

It sounded like so many guards, Chanyeol cringed and tightened his hold on Baekhyun.

He had thought there would be more time, he had not considered what means would be taken in the palaces search for them.

He heard a citizen scream and heard crackling wood and the clanking of the guards outfits as they stormed into homes.

Guilt filled him.

“Stay behind me.” He ordered into Baekhyun's cheek, slowly releasing him.

The omegas eyes were teary as he grabbed Chanyeol's collar, terrified, “What are you doing?”

Chanyeol sighed, kissing his lips quickly, “Trust me, my love. Just trust me, okay?”
He did not wait for Baekhyun to nod, but felt it with the omega pressing into his spine when he
turned around, his mate's hands coming to wrap around his waist clinging.

Baekhyun was scared, and that alone made Chanyeol's skin crawl, but it added more disgust when
he turned around and noticed guards turning over a cart of fruit, the trading post owner only staring
with tears, unable to do anything.

“Looking for me!” He barked, taking a huge step forward and forcing himself not to react to
Baekhyun's whimper.

“Pathetic to torment citizens, is it not?” He growled.

Instantly, he had swords pointed his way, but he snarled and stepped back when they stepped
closer.

Chanyeol did not even have a weapon on him, but he saw some of them waver in their intensity,
like they were afraid of what he would do should they arrest him.

Good, because he would not allow it.

“We have been ordered to seize you, prince, and bring you home.” Chanyeol watched Yifan
remove his helmet and immediately smirked, because the look in the commander's eyes let him
know he was on his side, even more so when his eyes flickered to the omega crying into
Chanyeol's back.

“And on what ground? I have given up my position, as you can see.” Chanyeol mused, waving his
hands around to the gawking bystanders, they were all shocked considering Chanyeol had been
walking around here unnoticed for days. “And I do believe the palace owes this woman money in
exchange for ruining her hard earned fruit.” He added, watching Yifan's lip turn up slightly before
snapping his fingers at the guards who caused the incident.

“What is taking so long!”

Chanyeol sighed as Baekhyun's nails dug into his shirt at the voice.

The older man stormed out of the carriage and Chanyeol was not surprised in the least his father
was fully clothed in gold and wealth, flaunting for all of these poor people, disgusting.

“I will not be going, you said I was no son of yours, so I am not.”

His father's nose flared in fury, “You are now traveling with criminals, are you! Seducing someone
under the crown is a royal offense, whore!”

Chanyeol snapped, pulling Baekhyun around to his front and covering his head with his palms,
“Bold of you to assume it was not me that seduced him!” He snarled, “The truth in the matter is,
we are mates! We have been mates, and I will not stand for your tone, so refrain from calling him
such things when he will be the next queen!”

The audience looked more interested the more Chanyeol spoke, gawking in disbelief. Murmurs all
around.

“Certainly our prince has not chosen a peasant?”

“It seems that way!”
“The palace does not allow peasant rulers!”

“Impossible, the prince could not have taken a local!”

“The alpha prince will allow it!”

“Sh, my love,” Chanyeol whispered softly, protectively covering Baekhyun's back and head before resting his chin on the omega's hair and sending a scowl towards his speechless father, “I will not be allowing you to separate us. You will kill him, I know better than to trust you. So, if you wish him dead, then it will be both of us.”

Baekhyun's breath caught against his shirt and Chanyeol knew he was going to argue, so he continued petting his back, shushing under his breath in quiet reminders that he had things under control.

He truthfully did not anymore. His plan was long jumbled.

“You wench!”

Chanyeol growled and accidentally pushed Baekhyun to the dirt in his attempt to protect him, grabbing his father's wrist where the man had been running intending to strike his mate.

He felt something sting in his side and frowned, looking down to find a small blade sitting in his side where he had not grabbed his father's opposite hand.

His eyes flicked back to his father with a quiet laugh at the horror on his father's face. “Told you.”

“No! No!”

Chanyeol’s heart went out for Baekhyun's shrill scream sounding over citizens yelling, cries of treason as Chanyeol was next to rule.

He coughed slightly, taking a step back and ripping the knife from his side to toss on the ground.

His mate was right in front of him as he sat onto the ground, muscles straining as he held his hand over the blood gushing from his side.

“No! Chanyeol!”

Baekhyun ran his hands over the paling of his face before screaming and climbing onto his leg and adding his hands to the top of Chanyeol's blood soaked one, tears streaming down his neck. “My love, no, no, you promised.”

The alpha smiled, and the wound was mostly numb despite all the blood he could feel gushing from it, pressing his lips to Baekhyun's tear tasting mouth, “For you, anything.”

It only made the omega cry harder, wheezing before moving his bloody hands to grasp the back of Chanyeol's hair in an attempt to help him stay sitting up.

“Treason!”

“The king has attempted regicide!”

“Arrest him!”

“Sh, sh,” Baekhyun whispered as Chanyeol grunted when the omega shifted him to lay on the
ground, “Sh, it is peaceful, my love.” He cooed, resting his cheek down on the alpha chest, shaking, red coated hands removing Chanyeol's from the wound and replacing his hand with his own with more pressure, “Are you afraid?”

“To die?” The alpha coughed, teeth becoming red with blood, but his clouded mind still focused on Baekhyun despite the commotion around them and screaming of citizens in outrage. “So you can live? Never.”

“You are d.. dying,” The omega hiccuped, tilting his head up to press his lips to Chanyeol's chin, “And I still love you, even dead.”

Chanyeol grinned, giving a hazy eyed bloody smile before closing his eyes and furrowing his brows, “At least I died seeing you, the next queen.”

“Overthrown!”

“We call for a fair court!”

Yifan laughed and pushed through the crowd, grabbing the king's arm before the raging villagers had their way with him.

“What are you doing!” The king yelled as Yifan grabbed his wrists behind his back.

“The palace will be overrun within hours calling for your arrest,” The commander laughed, “Might as well do it now. I do hope you like the dungeon, our queen has spent many nights there in the past; thanks to you.”

“You serve me!”

“We serve the crown, and it is not you any longer.”
Baekhyun rolled out of bed, sighing as he collected his red and golden robe from the chest at the end of his bed.

He did not want to wake up today, but duty called and he did feel it would be extremely rude for the queen not to welcome new house guests.

He walked down the hall, bare feet loud against the marble as he traveled down the stairs.

The omega could see the light traveling across the marble and smiled as laughter filled his ears, walking carefully up behind the group gathered at the door, baskets of belongings settled around the entranceway.

“Hello,” He greeted softly, “I hope I have not missed too much.”

The group stilled and Baekhyun smiled kinder as they turned to look at him before frantically falling to their knees.

“Oh,” Baekhyun giggled and shook his head, “We do not do that here, there is no need,” He reasoned, lying his hand on the betas arm that was closest to him.

“Baekhyun does not believe in such things,” He heard Junmyeon muse and laughed.

“Sehun, it is perfectly fine!” Yifan snickered as the man jumped and looked at Baekhyun fearfully at Junmyeon’s use of his name, “Things have changed.”

“I hope you will enjoy the rooms I had cleaned for all of you,” The queen smiled, “I heard so much about you all, so I vaguely had them decorated to what I gathered, of course you are welcome to stay with your mates.”

“I…” A younger, shy looking alpha began and Baekhyun giggled, pulling his robe around his waist tighter. “We have no abilities to offer, but for you to accept all of our family so graciously is an honor and we will try our best to find useful ways to help around the palace.”

“Jongin, my dear brother,” Minseok rolled his eyes, “Our queen really does not have a care what we do.”

Baekhyun smiled reassuringly and reached out to grab the stair railing to point to his left, “I requested breakfast to be made for you all, unfortunately I have some other things to get done, so I do not have much time to learn about you all - but I will, in time, swear. I am positive you all just wish to spend time with your family anyway, so I will see you all in passing.”

“Yes, our queen is much too busy these days,” Kyungsoo crooned, hand grabbing onto his mate's coat, “We will request you for dinner soon, my queen.”

Smiling, Baekhyun gave a short nod of his head before losing his smile as soon as the group was traveling towards the dining area, walking down the halls into the throne room.

“Ah, my… queen - we were just finishing polish-“
He raised his hand with a slight furrowed brow, annoyed expression, “Please leave the room, I am much too exhausted to speak with you this morning.” He ordered the servants, sending Jinah a demanding look when she lingered a moment longer.

She did leave, and Baekhyun huffed as he fell down into his throne, closing his eyes and resting his hand on his temple.

The servants he had allowed to stay, but he still did find their overwhelming jealousy a tad annoying, if anything they should feel grateful he had not kicked them out as soon as the villagers had voted him in.

Perhaps he would ask the new council what they suggested of the servants slight disobedience.

Baekhyun did enjoy his creation, a council imposed of members of all walks of life, a farmer, a trader, a commander, a teacher, any walk of life was welcome to one plead their case of why they should be given a place in the council for royals to hear and evaluate an issue.

Originally, it had been a bit annoying trying to find representatives that could agree to having different statuses - the idea of alphas to be in charge was still a working issue - but he had eventually found perfect representatives.

In particular, he did enjoy hearing the farmer, Kim Taehyung, speak of his crops only because Baekhyun found it adorably odd that someone could be so excited over corn growth. He quite liked the omega.

“Feeling sick today, your majesty?”

“Tired.”

“Then you should rest up.”

“Maybe you should,” Baekhyun sighed, rubbing his closed eyes.

A laugh sounded, “I believe I have rested enough for years, perhaps it is your insatiability that is the cause of your fatigue.”

Giggles bubbled through his lips before Baekhyun was opening his arms needily, “You pretend not to be just as bad, my love.”

Chanyeol snickered and rolled his eyes playfully before lifting his mate only to take a seat and hold the omega in his lap, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's cheekbone and trailing his fingers down to the omegas ankle, chuckling at his bare feet. “You know, many find you strange, but I never have any excuses for your silliness, pearl.” He teased, pinching Baekhyun's toes.

The omega whined, kicking at his hand before twisting to face the alpha with pouting lips for a kiss, arms wrapping beneath Chanyeol's fine silk shirt.

The king kissed his pout multiple times, humming and feeling his mate's cold fingers linger over the faint scar in his side, “Maybe you are pregnant, it could explain your fatigue and neediness.”

Baekhyun giggled and shrugged slightly, pressing his lips to Chanyeol's collarbone before settling down and curling into a ball between the alphas legs, “Maybe. But maybe it is simply because I love you so much.”

“That could explain my neediness also.”
“You are always this way.”

“So are you, my mate, let us not pretend to have excuses for simply loving each other, hm?”

The queen grinned, nodding slightly and kissing the inside of Chanyeol's wrist when the alpha brushed the hair from his eyes.

“Did you see the mail, my queen?” Chanyeol asked softly, fingers calming on Baekhyun's temple, “Begging for your forgiveness, you would think they would give up by now and be grateful you had provided them at least a home, but they must miss wealth so much.”

Baekhyun hummed, “I suppose when you grow up with this much power you always expect to have it. Plus, the home I had chosen for them is proper enough. It is a spoiled thing for them to expect us to accept them into the palace again when they caused us such stress. Royal borns - disgusting.”

“Attacking me, beautiful.”

“Not you, my love.” The omega agreed, sweetly nosing along the inside of Chanyeol's wrist, “We would have been fine in a home much smaller than the one they were given, our children would have grown fine. I suppose it must be because we can love each other anywhere, they must only love each other under circumstances. I love you under all, my alpha.”

Chanyeol smiled into his hair, bringing Baekhyun's ear to rest over his chest to hear the racing of his heart.

Because his mates' words were the truth.

In death, Baekhyun had laid with him with tear filled eyes and sobs, but cooes and gentle kisses until Chanyeol could no longer open his eyes.

And when he did, it was to the ceiling of the infirmary, unknowing of how he survived.

He had spent weeks there, Baekhyun by his side every night and day, as long as he could also while taking care of changing rules and order that Chanyeol could not handle until healed.

The first time Chanyeol had gotten up was to surprise Baekhyun by showing up to his crowning, and the look of relief and pure excitement on his mate's face was enough for him to always make sure he was much more careful.

He could fool himself into believing Baekhyun would have been fine if he had died - he would have been a great ruler, that was perfectly true, and he would have been an astounding person.

But he would not have been happy, and that much had been obvious the moment Chanyeol woke up to his mates tears all over his clothes and skin.

Baekhyun never deserved to be so afraid ever again.

“Perhaps,” Chanyeol murmured, spreading his palm across the expanse of Baekhyun's side, “We should take you to visit our doctor, I have a good feeling.”

“Do you?” The omega whispered, turning his head to look up at Chanyeol tiredly, “Or are you only fibbing so you can trick me to bed and mate some more.”

“Good feeling,” The alpha cooed, kissing Baekhyun's forehead before smiling, “But we could
always mate some more before checking, higher chances if we do.”

Chapter End Notes

Did I have you for half of that? I couldn’t possibly kill Chanyeol!
They had been promised to each other from a young age.

Since pups they ran circles around each other, learning how to shift.

People would always look at them, knowing they belonged together, that the pair had to be mates and there was no other option.

It was puppy love, friendship.

Then, Chanyeol was said to be an alpha, and Baekhyun an omega months later.

It was still puppy love at that age, as children learning their places in a pack, as pups developing different skills.

Then, when Chanyeol had matured it was obvious things had been changing into a different light.

He no longer saw Baekhyun as a wandering puppy, as his best friend, as the white fluff ball that came running at his ankles full speed and gnawing at his leather bottoms when Chanyeol was trying to work - because that's what alphas did, they didn’t have time to play anymore.

But Chanyeol always gave in, always got scolded for not completing his duties because Baekhyun had a convincing grin and wild excuses of why they needed to go play right now.

The convincing grin of a puppy, unknowing of how things would advance. Unknowing for the longest time when Chanyeol's affection was no longer innocent.

Omegas tended to mature later, so Baekhyun liked to play much later in life than Chanyeol did, and his reluctant acceptance to forget about his tasks soon turned into snapping at Baekhyun to let him work.

To which the omega always whimpered, pouting and stomping before screaming that he wasn’t fun anymore and running off.

On those days, Chanyeol always went to apologize for being so rude, but Baekhyun was always forgiving and quick to accept so long as he promised they could play together again soon, pressing into his side and nuzzling his arm.

Chanyeol changed it all with a simple event.
He had been nervous, he had been scared, but the day Baekhyun had matured he waited outside his hut all day, being cooed at for his sweetness by the older pack members.

He waited until it was dark, until the sky was nearly pitch black.

Baekhyun stumbled out then, face flushed and hair sticking to his forehead, wearing a new fabric around his waist - a cotton covering, because he was an adult now.

Chanyeol thought he looked beautiful, and didn’t regret his back hurting from sitting outside the hut, because Baekhyun looked so relieved when he saw him through the dark.

“I slickened today, for the first time,” He whispered through the darkness, voice soft, excited, and walking over to sit directly in front of Chanyeol, eyes glittering, “I’m matured now.”

The alpha already knew that - had waited all his life for this day. He smiled, eyeing the beads of sweat on Baekhyun's skin before reaching behind him and grabbing at a string of beads, “For you, a gift. Congratulations, Baekhyun.”

Baekhyun giggled, leaning so close Chanyeol flinched back, “Put them in my hair for me. I won’t ever take them out!”

He remembered gulping back then, nervously, “You… aren’t supposed to be this close to me anymore, Baekhyun. The elders will not like two young, unmated wolves together without approv-“

“I know,” The omega interrupted, voice a sigh before he plopped down so his head rested on Chanyeol's lap, an innocent search for affection, “I don’t care, you’re my best friend.”

Chanyeol didn’t really care either and had clipped the beads into his white hair, combing the ends of the omegas hair down. “You’re my best friend too.”

Things changed faster then, at first it was small things, going against the rules of matured omegas and alphas to sneak into the woods, to climb trees and play.

Baekhyun liked to play chase, he loved to have Chanyeol sniff him out as he hid.

Chanyeol just really loved to see him happy.

It was rare Baekhyun wasn’t happy, he lit up everyone’s faces just with his own smile, a sneaky smile he did to avoid punishment and to sneak out past dark.

But, Chanyeol had only ever seen him cry twice in their entire lives.

The first was when the omega had slipped into the river when they were puppies, Chanyeol had fished him out, dragging him by his scruff back to the pack all the while squealing because Baekhyun had gotten hurt.

Then, it was when a puppy passed away.

Baekhyun was sensitive, and Chanyeol knew that he was sensible, the pup had been born sick, and when winter came even the warmest of alphas hadn’t been able to keep the pup warm enough to survive - and they had tried, tried hard.

Baekhyun sobbed silently, painfully, Chanyeol didn’t know what to do to comfort him then, so he only held him under his chin, hidden in the woods because he knew the omega well - and knew
exactly where he went to have time alone.

Hidden under trees with rain dripping through the leaves onto their skin they kissed for the first time, Baekhyun was crying and upset and Chanyeol didn’t have anything to say but hold him.

So they kissed, Baekhyun kissed him a first, and while surprised Chanyeol wasn’t one to deny the omega anything, certainly not something he wanted so badly too.

It was wet with tears and rain, both of them becoming colder the long they stayed out, but hardly cared.

“We can’t let our pups die,” Baekhyun requested against his mouth then, crying and teeth chattering, and Chanyeol should have figured the omega felt the same.

After all, since young they were attached, and since Chanyeol could remember Baekhyun never wanted him to play with anyone else.

Once maturity struck Chanyeol knew omegas and betas wanted his approval, his attention, but it was Baekhyun that monopolized it intentionally.

Not that Chanyeol really cared to spare anyone else a glance.

“Never,” He promised, catching Baekhyun's mouth in his own.

They never changed with each other, but time changed things for them, forced them to acknowledge their hidden - or not so hidden considering most of their pack were aware of their intentions to eventually mate - love.

Baekhyun was very tuned to scents, often picking up the smallest of smells on Chanyeol and questioning until he could narrow his curious head down on what it exactly was.

That was also how they became intimate so quickly, how Chanyeol would find himself enchanted by Baekhyun's chest painted pink and the heavy scent of slick in the air before they would kiss nakedly in the leaves, fingers wandering.

The omega didn’t like when he smelled of others, a dominant possessiveness Baekhyun shouldn't be compelled to have - but he did, and Chanyeol didn’t mind his jealousy if it ended with the omega laughing beneath him.

Sex wasn’t not allowed, infact, it was encouraged to promote healthy dynamics between statuses.

The first time touching became sex was on a day Baekhyun had clipped the beads high in his hair, dragging Chanyeol deep into the forest claiming to have found the perfect area to play chase in.

Chanyeol won in the end, he always did, pinning Baekhyun down in the grass and grinning at the shrieking of the omega, his prize was always a kiss.

A kiss that turned into more, with Baekhyun sitting on his lap and Chanyeol's fingers twisting the beads around as he scratched at the omegas scalp, other hand encouraging Baekhyun to roll their hips together.

“Take me,” Baekhyun pleaded on his tongue, and it wasn’t the first time Chanyeol heard him request something similar, always wanting them to have sex, but the truth was the alpha had been scared then, because he loved Baekhyun too much.
And he hadn’t requested their mating to be official yet.

“Alpha, please, p-please. It’s you.”

Chanyeol was only a man, and even more he wasn’t immune to Baekhyun's sweet smile even after living with it their entire lives, could even recall giving up all his favorite foods to the omega in the past due to said smile.

But it was mostly Baekhyun's words that swayed him; the slight pant to his tone, the light lick on his jaw, “Love you, please, Chanyeol. It needs to be you, just you.”

They did, and then again, and again, because Chanyeol loved him too, they passed days by daydreaming, speaking of their future.

Joking about their past.

Baekhyun used to bark and growl at the other puppies who tried to play with them, yipping and nipping at ones much bigger and older than them.

And Chanyeol used to scold him and squeak in a voice that was so different to the deep tone he had now about how Baekhyun was supposed to follow him into the woods and never go alone because it was dangerous.

They made promises about their future together; laying under the stars and Chanyeol always listened to Baekhyun's rambling about constellations, staring at the omegas profile and occasionally interrupting to sit up and kiss his mouth.

Chanyeol promised him a big hut, one that he could use to see the stars, and said that he would build it out in this very forest, in their favorite place.

As soon as he was eligible to ask for the elders approval.

He was now.

Chanyeol was now old enough to visit them on his own, having proven himself matured enough to request a mate, and now he was storming in.

He hadn’t spoken to Baekhyun about it yet, wanting it to be a surprise for the omega.

“Chanyeol.”

He looked up at the elders chairs with relieved sighs.

The elders had recently given their positions to their children, ones Chanyeol had grown up with so he was positive his request would be heard well and approved.

He missed the nervous way Yifan’s eyes shot across the room to look over his fellow leaders.

“Hello,” Chanyeol grinned, wide as he dropped down to his knees respectfully, bowing his head before taking a look around the five thrones, “I am sure you all know why I’m here. I finally passed the-”

“Chanyeol,” Luhan shifted in his seat awkwardly, the omega reaching over to grab Yifan’s wrist worriedly, his mate instantly grabbing his hand, “We can’t.”

The alphas face fell, confused as he sat back on his heels, “I’m afraid you don’t understand, I’m
“We know.” Yixing whispered, an apologetic look on his dimpled face that was usually reassuring, but the betas smile didn’t make Chanyeol feel good at all. “Honey, we can’t. It’s out of our hands.”

“Chanyeol,” Minseok murmured, patting his mate Junmyeons arm as he stood up to walk in front of Chanyeol, “Baekhyun has already been promised, he hasn’t told you?”

Chanyeol’s entire body froze, blood running cold as Minseok grabbed his palm, eyes shaking.

“Chanyeol, Baekhyun has known since he was a pup, you didn’t know? The elders have promised him to mate with the head alpha of the west in order to bring the packs together, we can’t override it. They arrive soon.”
Chanyeol never tended to cry, he also never tended to be hot headed.

But he was both right now.

He practically shoved through the curtains of the elders hut, nearly ripping the fabric right from the wood it was attached to as he stormed out.

Pack members watched in shock, as Chanyeol was known to be well tempered - or nobody had pissed him off before.

“Baekhyun,” He hissed under his breath as he noticed the omegas back.

The white haired omega was seated on a log with his back towards him, laughing at something with Jongdae, a younger beta.

Chanyeol scowled, tears dripping down his face as he ran over to grab Baekhyun's arm.

Instantly the omega burst into giggles, probably thinking Chanyeol was trying to sneak up on him, playfully hiding his face the other way.

“Baekhyun I need to talk to you.” He said firmly.

Again, Baekhyun giggled, and Jongdae stared at Chanyeol uneasily before shoving Baekhyun's arm, “Baek, he's serious.”

“Chanyeol is nev-” Baekhyun's words were cut off with his own gasp, reaching up to cup Chanyeol's face in his hands and jumping to his feet, “What happened? What’s wrong?”

Chanyeol’s jaw clenched beneath the omegas hands before he tore his gaze away and dropped his arm, “Follow me.”

He didn’t have the heart to play into Baekhyun's games right now, and really didn’t feel guilty at all when he brushed off the omegas hands from touching him.

He knew Baekhyun was probably worried, Chanyeol never cried, and the omega always liked to touch him, always wanting to hold his arm or hand, nuzzling into his side if they were in wolf forms.

But Chanyeol was so mad he couldn’t even stand to look at him right now.

The only thing he ever wanted was what was promised in this very forest, and as Chanyeol walked towards the clearing they usually met in, he only found a sob crumbling out of his mouth as he knelt over onto his knees to press his forehead in his palms, crouched right over an area where - not even a week ago - they had made love.

“Ch.. Chanyeol? You… you’re scaring me, alpha.”

The omegas hand came into contact with his shoulder and Chanyeol growled, hearing the gasp Baekhyun let out because he hadn’t ever had an ounce of aggression towards him.

“Ch-“
“Is this a joke?” Chanyeol's voice wasn’t much more than a whisper as he stood up, pressing his back into a tree defensively, “Tell me this is a joke.”

Baekhyun's mouth opened in fear as he walked over to press his chest to Chanyeol's, so close the alpha tossed his head back against the wood behind him with a painful sniff.

“My love,” The omega whispered, trailing his fingers over the side of Chanyeol's neck calmly, “Just smell me and calm down, you’re scaring me.”

Chanyeol nearly scoffed because Baekhyun wasn’t scared of anything, much less him.

He felt Baekhyun rest his head on his chest and shivered before pulling his face together and gently reaching down to hold the omegas hips, Baekhyun instantly smiled up at him sweetly, so pretty Chanyeol felt his chest weigh heavier as he soothed a hand down the omegas hipbone, “Give me a kiss.”

Baekhyun didn’t need to think twice at all, standing to his toes and familiarly tasting like juice the omegas were known to mix up.

Chanyeol felt the omega smile against his mouth and cried audibly, cupping Baekhyun's cheek to press a hard kiss onto his parted lips before pushing him away, “I can't even pretend.” He whispered, sliding down the tree uncaring if his back became all scratched up.

The omega whimpered, dropping down to his knees to curl all around Chanyeol.

Again, the alpha pushed him off, not too hard, but enough that Baekhyun should know to stop.

“Chanyeol,” Baekhyun's eyes filled with tears as he stopped trying to get close, curling his knees up to his chest and watching the alpha cry, “I love you, so everything is okay.”

This time, Chanyeol really scoffed, “Really now?” He cried, “Beca-Because guess what I was doing today, Baekhyun? Guess! Take a guess!”

Birds flew away from the trees at his yelling and Baekhyun's eyes widened, shaking his head the smallest bit and looking comparable to a newborn pup with the innocence he was giving off.

“Guess,” Chanyeol's eyes turned red as he shifted to sit on his knees and grab Baekhyun's cheek, still handling him gently despite his anger, “Come on, baby.” He added, sounding much more mocking than the endearment usually did.

A cry rumbled out of Baekhyun's mouth, grabbing Chanyeol's wrist and nuzzling into his palm in an attempt to calm him down, “Alpha, Yeol, calm, calm down.”

“I just heard,” Chanyeol's chest heaved, and he felt angry at himself for continuing to allow Baekhyun to sugar him up, but didn’t even attempt to remove his hand, “You were to be mated, did you know that? Hm? I wanted you to be my mate - went to ask for approval, just like we said!”

Baekhyun flinched like he was struck and ducked his head, avoiding Chanyeol's eyes.

The alphas face pulled together as his fingers came into his hair, “Fuck, it’s true…. it’s… it's true? It’s true! Was this all a game! I love you, I-I’ve loved you! What… I can’t look at you!”

Chanyeol climbed to his feet with a loud, painful cry, arm wrapping around his stomach because he was physically disgusted, but Baekhyun grabbed his ankle, wrapping arms around his calf.
He never wished to see Baekhyun cry, it was never something he wanted, and even now it didn’t make him feel better.

“I love you!” Baekhyun sobbed, pressing his cheek into Chanyeol's knee, “Alpha! P-please! I just love you.”

Laughing irritably, Chanyeol shook him off of his leg before dropping to his knees to push Baekhyun onto his back, climbing on top of him and the omega sniffed, wrapping around him tightly.

So instinctual Chanyeol was even more pained as Baekhyun arched into his chest when he brushed his lips by the omegas sensitive neck.

He pressed a kiss to his ear before chuckling tearfully as he grabbed Baekhyun's chin in his hand, “You only love me when you want to be fucked,” He spat, “Other than that, you fed me lies. You’re a liar, I should have known.”

He tried to pull back but Baekhyun was holding so tight that Chanyeol snarled into his ear, the omega instinctually whined, but otherwise started whimpering apologetic noises into his throat.

Chanyeol would never intentionally hurt Baekhyun, ever. He’d never lay a hand on him or even offend him, but his heart was broken right now and he felt Baekhyun had ruined everything he ever wanted, betrayed him.

“You told me,” He muttered, hands limp on his sides, sitting up as Baekhyun cried into his skin, “Tales of pups and a home, of love and endless affection. Promised me… so much, never intending to keep it, to pretend only for a while. Hours in the forest to play pretend, to give me… false hope, Baekhyun? Telling me children’s stories because you… you knew that’s what I wanted to hear, to say you would be mine. W-Why would you do this to me?”

“I…” Baekhyun wailed, clawing at his skin frantically and any other time Chanyeol would have instantly fell to his needs, but this wasn’t then, it was now.

And he was numb.

“… w-wanted to be happy! W… want you to be happy!”

“Do I look happy?” Chanyeol hissed, grabbing Baekhyun's face in both hands, “Do I look happy to you? You used me, you…” He trailed off with a hard swallow before fixing a firm expression on his face, “I prepared you for… him, huh?” He chuckled emptily, “Good. I hope you'll be a good mate to him.”

“Not like that!” The omega whispered, “It’s not, listen! Listen to me!”

Chanyeol didn't want to listen to much of anything at all, jaw clenched and eyes roaming over Baekhyun's face, hating how he still continuously wanted to wipe his tears away.

“E-Elders! Whe.. when I had first heat! I-I didn’t know they were serious, Chanyeol! We were kids! I-I didn’t understand, I… I forgot they even said I was… to be mated, I-“

“You forgot,” Chanyeol heard too much already, grabbing Baekhyun's wrists in an attempt to pull him off. “You forgot when you told me everyday of our future!” He yelled, “You forgot when you kissed me, begging for me?” The inhale he took was more of a wheeze as he pressed their noses together, “You forgot.. when I gave you everything I had, everything I am. You, baby, are a manipulative whore. Get off me.”
Baekhyun looked stunned, unmoving so Chanyeol took the chance to stand up, leaves crunching under his feet as he glanced up at the structure in the trees he had been in the middle of building them.

A tree inside their hut seemed a beautiful idea yesterday, picturing how cute it would be once he carved the trunk onto something more useful like a shelf or a water hole.

It sounded pathetic now.

“Ch… Chanyeol, I- I love you, I do. I love you, we… we can run away.”

“I love you,” Chanyeol murmured softly, running his hand over his forehead, “And I hate you, because I love you. I can’t stand to see you, Baekhyun.”

He heard the omega wail and leaves crackling, he glanced over his shoulder to see Baekhyun had thrown himself to the pile of leaves in a sob, such a childish tantrum that Chanyeol found himself fond for only a second before forcing himself to look away. “I won’t see you any longer, omega. I won’t care for you anymore, nor sneak away. I hope you’ll be okay, with him, and I hope you’ll be happy, but I can’t do this. You understand why, or you will, eventually.”

He felt a hand run against his ankle and sighed as he knelt down to acknowledge the omega.

“Kiss me,” Baekhyun sniffed, nosing at his cheek.

Chanyeol gulped, combing the fluffy white strands from Baekhyun's temple, listening to the chattering beads when he moved them around, tempted to remove the clip while he was at it.

It was a promise, one Baekhyun couldn't keep, but Chanyeol couldn't bring himself to do it.

He instead allowed Baekhyun to press their mouths together, letting the omega lick the tears from his cheek sweetly, sharing the same breath.

“Before you go,” Chanyeol whispered, eyes closed as he ran gentle fingers down the side of Baekhyun's neck, “Smile for me, baby bear. Once more so I can at least see your beauty this close.” He added, opening his eyes to face the omegas pained, begging ones.

He didn’t know what Baekhyun was begging him to do, there was no way Chanyeol could continue this under the knowledge he had been walked all over, tricked.

Baekhyun had used him knowingly, had given him years of lies only to have the truth forced down his throat like a hot iron.

“What if I don’t want to go?”

Chanyeol laughed this time, pressing a kiss to a freckle just above Baekhyun's lip and trying to imprint everything about the omega into his head.

It wasn’t like he would forget - he couldn’t - but it was hard to think he’d never be this close to him again.

“One more time?” Baekhyun added, spreading his own tears against Chanyeol's skin as he curled his fingers into the leather of the alphas bottoms, “Alpha, I love you. o-one more chance?”

“My pup,” Chanyeol crooned fondly, wiping a stray tear from Baekhyun's cheek, the omega cried harder, knowing the answer, “I’ve just learned sometimes we don’t get things we want. No matter
how much we want them, or… how much they want us.”
Ignore (ABO/Arranged)

It was so different.

Chanyeol was used to Baekhyun sneaking into his hut to curl up against him when he woke up, because the omega always whined about the shared omega hut.

But Chanyeol always knew it was simply because the omega wanted to be in his hut instead.

That didn’t happen anymore.

Well, it had happened once, the day after their tearful goodbye.

Chanyeol had politely carried a sleeping Baekhyun out and into his own hut despite not being allowed inside the omega hut.

But, Luhan had allowed him inside with a pitiful look, and Chanyeol didn’t mind that as much as he hated Baekhyun's swollen eyes.

But, he forced himself to ignore it.

He had been forcing himself to ignore many things truthfully the past two weeks as he and the others got to work building huts for the newly arriving pack.

People asked him occasionally why he wasn’t around Baekhyun, or why Baekhyun was following him around like he tended to do when they were pups, because a matured Baekhyun really didn’t seek out so much of his attention - because he usually didn’t need to work for it.

But, Chanyeol ignored that too.

It was impossible for him to ignore Baekhyun, it really was, but he found it much harder to attempt to brush off everything the omega was trying to do.

He needed to though, because Baekhyun was no longer his.

And everyone would soon know of the reason why once the elders announced as much.

Occasionally, he spoke to them about the newcomers, mainly because they liked Chanyeol's input since he was among the older of the alphas.

And honestly nobody really knew too much about the west pack, there were rumors of course, but even the elders that were still living said they hadn’t known much other than that the new head alpha would be coming to choose an omega.

Chanyeol had gotten his hopes high thinking he meant choose as in any of the omegas, not Baekhyun, but Yifan had reluctantly shot him down when he claimed Baekhyun was the one he had already chosen, that Chanyeol probably just didn’t remember the other pack visiting from when they were young.

He didn’t, because he and Baekhyun had been too busy chasing their tails in the forest before maturity.

According to Junmyeon though, Baekhyun had been excited to take on an important role and help the pack form an alliance.
Chanyeol was just sure it was unfair to ask a young omega permission for something so far in the future, as it was obvious Baekhyun no longer wanted the role.

“Chanyeol?”

He hummed, tapping his fingers along the structure he had recently put up, turning to acknowledge Kyungsoo, a younger omega. “Yes?”

The omega shifted on his feet shyly, Chanyeol laughed at his shyness, releasing the wood he was holding to give the omega his attention.

Kyungsoo was admittedly cute, a very sweet omega, but he just wasn’t Baekhyun.

“I was wondering if you’d like to.. to go to the-“

“Chanyeol!”

The alpha actually rolled his eyes because he thought it was pretty clear that Baekhyun needed to stop messing with his heart.

But, it seemed to have gone over the omegas head as Baekhyun came strolling over to grab onto his arm, holding on so tight that even when Chanyeol went to shake him off the omega only moved to press into his side.

“Chan! Oh, hi, Soo!”

“Kyungsoo and I were talking,” Chanyeol growled, prying Baekhyun's fingers off his arm, “So, if you’d le-“

“Oh, what about?” Baekhyun blinked innocently, sending Kyungsoo a pretty smile.

“I was just going to see if.. alpha would-“

Chanyeol knew Baekhyun didn’t like the use of his title coming from another omegas mouth because the omegas nails suddenly were embedded in his arm, “Oh! Can I join! I’d love to join!”

Kyungsoo shuffled awkwardly and Chanyeol sent him an apologetic look, “Sorry, I’ll be right back.” He promised, grabbing Baekhyun's wrist and pulling towards the treeline.

Frankly, Chanyeol was pissed.

Baekhyun had no right to be jealous or possessive of him - especially not considering he was the reason Chanyeol cried for the past two weeks.

“What the fuck are you doing?” He demanded, “That shit was cute when we were younger, maybe a month ago. Now. You have no right, Baekhyun. We’re nothing.”

The omega didn’t even seem like he heard a word of what Chanyeol was hissing, only sniffing at the alphas chest and looking confused.

“Hey, are you listening?” Chanyeol growled, grabbing Baekhyun's fingers from his chest where the omega was lingering them, “Stop it. You can’t… keep doing this to me.”

“Chanyeol?” Baekhyun whispered, face contorted in confusion as his nostrils flared, “You… smell so good, are you… what happened? Did you just do something?”
Annoyed, Chanyeol rolled his eyes, running a hand through his own hair, “Do you ever listen when I talk?”

Obviously, the omega wasn’t as Baekhyun released an almost moan like noise before pressing his nose into Chanyeol's ribs.

The alpha attempted to push Baekhyun back by his shoulders but the omega literally snarled at him, Chanyeol frowned in confusion.

Sure, Baekhyun was clingy, even more so recently, but he didn’t… get angry when Chanyeol wanted space, usually only pouting.

But Baekhyun was angry, very angry.

“I…” Baekhyun's lips brushed Chanyeol's collarbone, “... something’s wrong with me, I feel sick.”

Any other time Chanyeol would feel like Baekhyun was playing around, teasing, but the omega did look a little sick and continued to sniff at him with odd, nearly inappropriate noises.

“Ba-“

Chanyeol heard the sound of paws slamming against the dirt, many of them.

It was time.

“You need to leave me alone,” He breathed quickly, detaching Baekhyun's arms and ignoring the omegas' annoyed growls. “Stop, let me go.”

“Smell so good… alpha, smell so good,” Baekhyun whispered, nuzzling into Chanyeol's skin more despite the alpha holding his arms back.

Chanyeol sighed, figuring Baekhyun was being needy, grabbing his face in his palms and earning a cooing noise from the dazed looking omega, “Listen, baby, you need to listen to alpha now, okay?”

Baekhyun merely pressed his lips to his palm and Chanyeol's hair stood up at a loud howl - Junmyeon, calling for a meeting.

“Baekhyun, you need to leave me alone,” He ordered, kissing beneath the omegas eye swiftly before letting go, “Be a good omega, my love. Very good.”

Baekhyun squealed a whine when he walked away and Chanyeol forced himself to ignore it.
The new pack was weird.

Most of them weren’t that bad, he even found the new arrivals Sehun and Jongin to be extremely funny pups, but he absolutely hated the head alpha.

It was obvious they ruled things differently here versus in that pack.

As soon as Sojung came into their camp he was ordering around, demanding water and food, taking over their people as if they were his servants.

Chanyeol was also incredibly upset because of his treatment of Baekhyun.

The moment he had settled down after being pampered he was demanding his “promised mate.”

The elders had gotten Baekhyun and the reluctance was clear in their eyes the moment they began to take in the head alphas attitude.

Whatever he saw in Baekhyun must have been enough because he called the omega, “appealing enough,” with a shrug and it sent Chanyeol's hair standing up because it was undeniable that Baekhyun was a beautiful and worthy mate - he should feel lucky.

It was obvious he didn’t though, because he simply ordered Baekhyun into his lap and ignored the omega the rest of the time.

Chanyeol was more offended by Baekhyun's eyes staring at him than anything else.

The omega was usually the possessive one, and Chanyeol didn’t feel jealous per say, because it was obvious Baekhyun wanted to be nowhere near this alpha, but he was angry because he couldn’t do shit about it.

“Tell me about him,” Chanyeol grumbled, passing a bowl of water across to the new youngest alpha.

Sehun has not matured yet, but Chanyeol could tell it would be soon.

“Um,” The younger shrugged slightly, “Not much to say, I mean… he is what he is, and we have to follow him.”

“You’re in our pack now, it means you follow our elders. No one person makes demands.”

Sehun laughed and Chanyeol supposed he was right to laugh when the elders had yet to change Sojungs behavior at all and they had been here three days already.

Chanyeol just sighed and nodded, climbing over his log intending to go back to his hut, “Have a good night.”

He heard Sehun reply similarly, and waved his goodnights towards a group of omegas gathered in a circle.
He laughed when a few blushed and hurried to wave at him.

Considering his now uncertain future, he should probably start speaking to the new omegas and betas, but that thought was quickly forgotten as he remembered Baekhyun's smile.

Chanyeol huffed to himself as he walked into his hut, walking into the first room and removing his leather pants, grabbing a rag and dipping it in a bowl of water and wiping the sweat from his skin.

It only took a minute for him to hear a slight shuffle from the room over and he frowned, grabbing a dry cloth as he turned around, “What are you doing?”

“Resting.”

Chanyeol’s heart clenched and he shook his head, deciding to give it a moment as he searched through a pile of cloth for a comfortable covering to wear.

Not that it truly mattered when he knew Baekhyun had seen him as naked before.

But things were different now.

“You shouldn’t be sneaking into my hut, considering you are now… mated.”

“I’m hiding,” Baekhyun muttered, Chanyeol licked his lips before walking over and taking a seat on the edge of his bed to check on the omega.

He hadn’t seen Baekhyun this close in days, surprised by how tired the omega did look.

“Are you sick?” Chanyeol worried, laying a palm on Baekhyun's head and smiling painfully when the omega grabbed his wrist to hold and sniffed at his arm.

“I don’t know,” The omega whispered a few moments later, lips brushing Chanyeol's skin before releasing him to turn onto his side and lay his cheek on the alphas knee.

His face was much too close to naked regions, but Chanyeol was too worried about his paleness to think about how inappropriate it was.

“Have you gone to the healer?” Chanyeol asked, petting the hair from Baekhyun's cheek and smiling at the thin strand of beads still in his hair, “I’m worried about you.”

“I love you,” Baekhyun whispered, closing his eyes, exhausted.

Chanyeol forced himself not to repeat it, only gently shifting Baekhyun's head back onto the bed and kneeling beside the bed to check him, “Is he… treating you right?”

The omega laughed and it didn’t make Chanyeol feel good at all when Baekhyun's chocolate eyes snapped open, “I don’t think he even knows my name, only wants me to warm the bed for him.”

The alpha didn’t know by what means Baekhyun meant to warm a bed, but he hardly looked capable enough to have sex, looked more likely to pass out than anything.

“I know your name, Baekhyun,” Chanyeol couldn't help but whisper under his breath, pulling the blanket higher up the omegas side.

Baekhyun knew he’d never voluntarily kick him out of his room, much less so sick, and Chanyeol knew he should - this omega broke his heart.
But he also still had it and had yet to give it back to Chanyeol so the alpha could mend it.

“Should I praise you for that, my love? I would hope so considering I know every freckle you have.”

Chanyeol laughed, rubbing his thumb over Baekhyun's earlobe as he watched the omegas eyes twinkle with a bit of mischief.

He had seen the look plenty of times before, mostly ending in them sharing a bed or laid out in grass, but not this time.

Chanyeol couldn't even if Baekhyun wasn't sick.

“I praise you for everything, ‘it’s the least you could do, pup.” He cooed back, resting his cheek against his bed and pressing his nose to Baekhyun's, “You tell me if he’s not treating you well, Baekhyun.”

“Or what?” Baekhyun breathed against his mouth, pressing closer, “What can you do, Chanyeol? I’m his whore now.”

Chanyeol instantly winced, pressing a swift kiss to Baekhyun's cheek, “You are not a whore, I'm sorry. I misunderstood. You were young, they shouldn’t have expected you to understand back then.”

Baekhyun's lip trembled and Chanyeol tsked as the omegas tears started streaming onto the covers, “I-I ruined us. I-I’m so sorry, I love you, I-I want you, alpha. Want you.”

“Sh, sh.” Chanyeol whispered, gently running his thumb through Baekhyun's tears, not daring to kiss or lick them away even if he wanted to, and that alone must have made the omega cry harder, “I want you, but we can’t, and I’ll always love you. I always love you, my beautiful pup. Alpha will still play with you and chase you around, baby.”

The omega sniffed a wheeze like noise and Chanyeol found his own eyes tearing up as he stood up to climb into the bed on Baekhyun's other side - something he had been avoiding doing this entire time.

Baekhyun immediately was turning to curl up under his chin, pressing his body against Chanyeol's naked one.

“Always love you, remember?” Chanyeol murmured into his ear, “I promised you, puppy, promised that I’d always love you - and I do, I still do, and I can’t even convince myself I don’t.”

“I.. p-promised you, alpha! I p-promised so much!” Baekhyun wailed into his skin.

Chanyeol only continued to pet his hair and whisper sweet nothings into his skin, but never denying that Baekhyun hadn’t promised him the world.

Because he did.

And even if it wasn’t intentional, he broke Chanyeol's heart with all his empty promises.

Baekhyun spoke wild dreams, stories of happiness and liters and liters of children, a huge hut that spanned meters upon meters.

He had fantasy-like dreams, and the bounciness of a puppy who had gotten its first bite of meat, he
lived in a world of pure imagination.

But not anymore. Chanyeol wasn’t sure Baekhyun would again.

“Love me, I-I want you to love me.”

“I do. I do love you, baby, just get some sleep. You look like you need it.”

He knew Baekhyun was guilty, and Chanyeol also realized that the omega likely hadn’t meant to ruin his world, because Baekhyun was kind and sweet - and young Baekhyun was likely easily swayed by the thought of doing such a big favor and uniting packs.

But, none of that could really fix Chanyeol's broken heart, and he wasn’t sure he wanted it to be fixed, because holding Baekhyun still made his heart race.

Chapter End Notes

1. I’m still writing a Puppy! Baek hybrid story
2. If I do a Chanyeol one too what kind of hybrid would he be?
“Chanyeol, I need to speak to you.”

The alpha huffed, sitting up on his elbows and squinting across his hut, “Well? Come in.”

Yixing laughed under his breath, walking across the hut to take a seat at the end of Chanyeol's bed.

Chanyeol sighed and scooted to lean back against the wall, “Surprised you’re still awake,” He commented.

Yixing nodded slowly, picking at a string on the side of Chanyeol's blanket and the alpha eyed him strangely.

It really wasn’t like the beta to be out so late, much less to come into an unmated alphas hut - not that Chanyeol thought Yixing was trying to seduce him, the chances were slim to none, but it was just overall weird.

“As you know, the elder hut is near… the head alphas.”

Chanyeol’s shoulders stiffened at the mention and he regretted inviting the beta in, turning to lay on his side with a loud, displeased sigh, “I haven’t spoken to Baekhyun in weeks if that’s what you’re wondering.”

The beta frowned apologetically before shaking his head and patting Chanyeol's ankle through the blanket, “Actually, not about that… but… we, we hear some odd things so we just wanted to… I don’t know, we thought you’d like to know, if Baekhyun speaks to anyone it would be you.”

The alphas brows pulled together at the elder, “Baekhyun finds me when he wants to talk, I don’t find him. What.. what odd things?”

“Just..” Yixing shrugged slightly, obviously trying to play it off, but if he came to Chanyeol’s hut that was worrying enough for the alpha, “Some yelling, sometimes… look, don’t worry about it too much, okay?”

“Okay.” Chanyeol lied.

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He had pretty much forgotten about that conversation with Yixing, a week later he had much more to worry about.

Until he couldn’t forget his words.

Every month the pack had a feast together, and tonight was a feast celebrating their union, alcohol and meat for everyone to have.

But Chanyeol's eyes were focused directly across the table at Baekhyun even as people came by to affectionately praise him for the deers they were eating.

He had been truthful when telling Yixing that he hadn’t spoken to Baekhyun in a while, and
Chanyeol had been so busy trying to purposely distract himself that he hadn’t seen Baekhyun in a while.

He looked sicker than when Chanyeol had last seen him a month before, perched on the edge of Sojung’s chair uncomfortably and a hand thrown over his nose.

Chanyeol tilted his head, analyzing as he tried to consider why that could be.

Baekhyun loved deer, so that couldn’t be the issue, and Chanyeol knew the omega was no stranger to drinking and tripping over his feet until he was carried in his arms when drunk.

But Baekhyun wasn’t touching either of them, mainly just picking at the skin of a potato on his plate.

“Thank you, Chanyeol!”

Chanyeol flinched in surprise when lips came in contact with his cheek, blinking up at an omega girl that winked at him and giggled flirtatiously.

He pulled his brows together in surprise, but he shouldn’t really be when even when he was known to be Baekhyun’s future mate other omegas weren’t shy to occasionally test their luck.

The alpha really couldn’t be bothered to try and mess around now though, it’d be unfair to them and to himself.

He only looked across the table again and saw Baekhyun’s eyes flick away from him quickly, so he had seen, Chanyeol realized.

He looked away once more to smile and share a quick word with Junmyeon when the man walked by, traditionally pressing his forehead to the elders wrist until Junmyeon laughed and hit his arm for being so old fashioned.

His laughter only lasted a second though, because he was finely attuned to Baekhyun and anything he did, so even over the laughter and drunken singing he heard the gagging.

Baekhyun was leaned over the side of the chair and full on puking, Chanyeol climbed to his feet quickly, but Yifan grabbed his arm, “Chanyeol, stop.”

Chanyeol growled at him, and before he could yank his arm free from the other alphas Sojung was screaming, shoving Baekhyun off his lap and straight onto the ground, “Disgusting! What the fuck is wrong with you!”

“Stop! Stop!” Yifan hissed, grabbing his face, “Stop, we will talk later.”

Chanyeol’s eyes were flickering, he could feel it, but Yifan held his arms the entire time even as he watched over the elders shoulder Baekhyun being helped out by Jongdae.

“I’ll kill him,” Chanyeol hissed, watching Sojung coo for an omega girl to take Baekhyun's place, “Arrogant mutt.”

Yifan’s lip twitched up, but he only started dragging Chanyeol away from the table and outside where others were gathered around a fire, “Go. We will speak soon.”

Chanyeol didn’t need to be told twice although he was debating on running in to rip Sojung’s head from his body.
Unfortunately, he didn’t, he just tried to follow Baekhyun's scent which wasn’t hard considering he had been thrown into his own vomit.

Poor baby, Chanyeol sighed, rubbing at his chest as if it would calm his aching.

Baekhyun was a sweet omega even if he did sometimes have a snap to him, so Sojung really had a temper to get so angry at him when it seemed obvious to everyone that Baekhyun was very sick and had been for over a month.

Chanyeol had even noticed Baekhyun had begun to drag a blanket around his shoulders, odd when he knew the omega loved to bask in small coverings - although he had heard Baekhyun admit in the past it was for Chanyeol's attention.

He didn’t need to use his body in order to earn Chanyeol's attention, even if it was beautiful, because the alpha was always paying attention to him.

“Hey,” Chanyeol stopped and turned around to see Jongdae shifting on his feet, “Hope you don’t mind, he was pretty shaken, I put him in your hut.”

Chanyeol felt relieved at the information and sighed pleasantly, patting Jongdae’s arm, “No. That’s perfect, thank you.”

Jongdae grabbed his arm before he could speed off, “Chanyeol, I… I have a really bad feeling.”

The alpha licked his lips and gave a short nod, “Me too.” He admitted before walking quickly towards his hut.

Baekhyun was throwing up again by the time Chanyeol got into his hut, the omega sitting on the floor with Chanyeol's blanket around his shoulders and hunched over into a wooden bowl.

It sounded more painful because Baekhyun didn’t have anything on his stomach left to throw up, Chanyeol's chest raced because it wasn’t normal for the omega to get sick.

He could only remember the omega having food poisoning once before and it had been Zitao, a younger omegas fault for daring Baekhyun to eat a random plant.

“Baby bear,” Chanyeol sighed, grabbing a container of water and gently removing the bowl from Baekhyun's fingers, “My poor baby, drink this.” He requested, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's hair.

The omega coughed from drinking so fast, and as soon as he was finished Chanyeol was scooping him up and carrying him over to his bed.

Baekhyun grunted, “I stink,” He argued as Chanyeol laid him down, making sure the blanket was tightly around him.

“I really, really don’t care, Baekhyun. You know I don’t care, I want you where I know you’re safe and calm, you can be sick all you want and I’d never be mad at you for it.”

The omega sighed and Chanyeol instantly hated how relieved it sounded because Baekhyun shouldn’t have to be promised a calm environment when sick.

“I thought I told you to tell me if he’s treating you badly,” Chanyeol whispered, not scolding, but concerned as he walked over to the next room to grab a damp rag.

Baekhyun didn’t respond until he walked back over, watching Chanyeol push the blankets off his
legs and wiping him down. “I… didn’t want to bother you. It’s okay, we just… we fight, he gets mad if I don’t listen fast enough, and doesn’t like my attitude.”

“You have no attitude.”

“I do when I don’t want to do stuff.”

“What stuff?” Chanyeol mumbled, jaw clenched as he thought over possibilities.

Baekhyun laughed softly though, “Come here.”

Chanyeol did, jaw clenched as he carefully wiped Baekhyun's cheek and chin, moving to remove the blanket from Baekhyun's upper body to clean him when the omega stopped him with a gentle hand on his jaw.

“You’re my best friend.”

“You’re mine, always, Baekhyun,” Chanyeol soothed, leaning into the omegas palm, “I’m worried and I’m scared. Is he hurting you, baby?”

Baekhyun's eyes shook and Chanyeol was scared he was about to hear something horrible, but the omega shook his head, “No. But maybe he will.”

“Especially once he finds out,” Baekhyun added, tears falling from the corner of his eyes, but he smiled at Chanyeol, looking pained but smiling, “I love you so much.”

“Baek..” The alpha sighed, thumbs brushing the tears from Baekhyun's face, “Don't cry, baby, you know. You always know I don’t need to keep telling you.”

“Chanyeol,” Baekhyun sniffed, but he laughed and it was happy, grabbing the alphas shoulders as he sat up, “Alpha, I… I am pregnant.” He whispered, “It’s yours. I never let him touch me.”

Chanyeol felt he went into shock because at first he didn’t register anything Baekhyun said and only continued staring at him.

“He sleeps with other omegas because I refuse to even kiss him,” Baekhyun whispered, moving the blankets from his shoulders, “I’ve asked the others to make me a robe, something to cover this,” He added, bringing Chanyeol's palm to his stomach.

Only then did Chanyeol snap out of his haze, as his hand came in contact with Baekhyun's skin.

Because it wasn’t noticeable yet - not unless you knew Baekhyun's body like Chanyeol did, and in that case it was a huge difference from the smooth and flatness of the omegas abdomen normally.

Chanyeol would know considering how often they ran off to have sex.

“At least I can give you one thing I promised you.”

“Oh, baby,” Chanyeol cried, leaning over to press his forehead to Baekhyun's stomach, “My sweet pup, my baby.” He sobbed, pressing his lips down to the tiny bump.

It made so much sense; all of Baekhyuns sensitivity to his scent, the omegas aggression, his paleness. Chanyeol was so happy.

Baekhyun leaned over to press his face into the back of Chanyeol's neck too with a quiet, wet laugh.
“Alpha will take care of you,” Chanyeol continued, trailing his lips up Baekhyun's chest, “I love you, love you so much, love our pups so much. I love you.”

It was so much love he felt that Chanyeol couldn't even consider the reasons Baekhyun was hiding it for so long, only cooing and crying, pulling the omega down into his lap to wrap his arms tighter around him.


Baekhyun pouted his lips for a kiss and Chanyeol didn’t even care that minutes before the omega had been sick, only kissing him and pressing his tears into his cheek. “Scared, Yeol.”

“Sh, as long as I have you, you’re okay. You all are okay, baby, and you’re my mate when I have you. You’re mine when it’s just us.”

Chapter End Notes

Wolf hybrid Chanyeol?
Chanyeol was having a really hard time.

Of course he already was before learning of Baekhyun's pregnancy, but he was on edge every time he had to let the omega go back to Sojung.

But, they had a routine now, one that entailed sneaking away to the woods where Chanyeol was continuing to build their home with confidence.

Well, with hope, and Baekhyun had only gotten teary and pounced on him for kisses when he saw it, so that was a good sign.

They didn’t have much time together though, usually winging what little time they did have in between Sojung getting drunk or him taking another omega into their - supposed to be his and Baekhyun's - hut.

Baekhyun, while hating the man, did in a way feel inadequate, and it showed a lot, because he often came to Chanyeol with worrying stories and tales of their arguing, or of his disgust having to sleep in an unclean bed.

Forced to smell the disgusting scent of Sojungs precious sexual encounter.

Chanyeol’s heart went out to him, and more often than not he found the omega sleeping in his hut, and even a few times found him in the leaves, waiting for Chanyeol in the forest beneath the roof the alpha had just added.

He just wanted the best for Baekhyun, and Sojung wasn’t it.

“How long do you have tonight, my love?” He cooed, pressing a kiss beneath Baekhyun's ear, hand sprawled across the omegas stomach through his robe and the other between Baekhyun's fingers.

Sometimes it felt nothing really changed, not when it was just them sitting out here in the forest, not when Baekhyun pointed at stars he found beautiful, making up stories Chanyeol knew weren’t true at all.

“Hm, maybe a few more moments. We… got into it this morning; he believes as his mate I should be changing in front of him, but I told him he was disgusting, that I would play his show omega, but to even let him see me was enough for me to vomit.”

Chanyeol smiled against his neck, “My strong pup.” He praised, running his fingers over Baekhyun's sleeve where the omega was nervously fiddling with his robe.

He also knew Baekhyun was nervous about being stripped mainly because of his pregnancy, and he was showing quickly, it would be much too obvious that he was pregnant before Sojungs arrival.

“Chanyeol?”

“Yes, baby bear.” The alpha crooned softly, holding Baekhyun's robe shut in fear he’d get cold as
the omega shuffled around to face him.

The omega smiled at the endearment, chewing his lip before surging closer to press a sweet and gentle kiss to Chanyeol's lips.

Chanyeol hummed quietly, fingers petting over the back of Baekhyun's head and untangling some knots from the omega's hair.

Baekhyun pulled away and between their lips was a soft popping noise, Chanyeol grinned when he saw the fond smile the omega had, and he knew his weird little omega was oddly fond of such little things.

"Silly," Chanyeol laughed, kissing the corner of Baekhyun's lips loudly as a tease towards the omega.

Baekhyun giggled, fingers encasing Chanyeol's face between his palms and brushing their noses together, "You know only for you, my love," The omega teased, licking at Chanyeol's cheek sweetly before pressing his cheek down on the alpha's collarbone.

Chanyeol was pulling him closer, if ever possible, "I've been thinking of putting some lights out here for us," He whispered, "But maybe once our home is finished so it will be less noticeable."

The omega hummed against his skin before sitting back with the nervousness he had moments before he was distracted with sweet kisses, "Chan? If.. I tell you something, will you promise not to be too angry?"

Chanyeol frowned, kissing the side of Baekhyun's nose. "Of course, do you not feel well? The pups giving you trouble?"

Baekhyun smiled, knowing the alpha tended to worry, but shook his head and dropped his gaze into his lap, "I… you told me to tell you if I think I am being treated badly, and I-I got in a fight a few days ago with him, he wanted me to remove the beads from my hair. Called them childish, I… love them so I didn’t want to, he just.. grabbed me a little tight."

Chanyeol gulped, and he had promised so he hoped Baekhyun would ignore the red flickering in his eyes, "They were my gift to you, of course you want to keep them."

"Our… mating season gift," Baekhyun blushed and Chanyeol smiled slightly, combing the beads between his fingers, "Of course, baby, my mating gift to you. Fifteen year old me spent hours polishing those."

The omega laughed at him, cheeks pink and Chanyeol kissed his temple sweetly before grabbing Baekhyun's fingers, "Let me see, pup."

Baekhyun looked reluctant to show him, but nodded anyways and started rolling his sleeve up to his shoulder.

"I told him to leave me alone, and he grabbed me, like this," Baekhyun demonstrated, wrapping his fingers around Chanyeol's bicep, more like just resting his palm as he couldn’t wrap his fingers around it, "And pulled, my shoulder hurts a little."

A bruise was wrapped around Baekhyun's upper arm and Chanyeol wrapped his hand around it softly, easily, picturing how much force must have gone into it and how easy it could have been for Sojung to just rip Baekhyun's arm right out of socket if not careful.
It wasn’t okay, not at all.

Because an alpha was much stronger than an omega - especially Baekhyun who had thrown up so much the first few weeks of pregnancy that he was thinner than before, and only recently had his appetite back.

Chanyeol clicked his tongue and couldn’t help the erratic ticking of his head side to side as he tried to soothe his anger.

“It feels better when you’re around,”

It was such a lie, Chanyeol knew Baekhyun was only trying to calm him down, but the alpha was already pushing Baekhyun's robe from his shoulder and feeling over the joint, insanely worried.

This was days later and the bruise was dark, it was obviously a very harsh tug.

“Ow,” Baekhyun hissed and Chanyeol was positive he was going to lose his mind as he ran his thumb over a knot near the omegas armpit on the front of his shoulder.

“Fuck. Baekhyun,” Chanyeol whispered like a curse, gently grabbing under Baekhyun's arm and lifting his bicep up slowly.

“Sh, I know, I know, baby.” He soothed when the omega whimpered, the opposite hand holding Baekhyun's face into his neck and toying with his fluffy hair, “It will feel better if we stretch it a little. I know, pup.”

The good news was when Chanyeol got Baekhyun to lift his arm up all the way he didn’t hear any popping, so the arm hadn’t been out of socket, but it didn’t help that Baekhyun was sniffling cries into his skin.

Chanyeol hadn’t seen Baekhyun cry this much their entire lives as he did recently, and it was due to the pregnancy, but also the stress of their separation - Chanyeol knew, because he cried when alone too.

“I’m sorry, baby bear, it’s going to feel better tomorrow.” He promised, kissing Baekhyun's ear and carefully helping the omegas arm into his robe, “I have a meeting with the elders tomorrow, we’re going to do something. I’ll force them to listen.”

Baekhyun nodded, face pink from his almost silent tears and Chanyeol licked his cheek apologetically for causing him pain, but knew it was better to check and make sure than risk it healing deformed.

“You should just hide in my hut,” Chanyeol whispered, running fingers along the shell of Baekhyun's ear, “Just hide, my scent will cover your tracks.”

The omega sighed and Chanyeol also knew it was a stupid idea, but was so afraid of what could happen especially now that Baekhyun was admitting to being injured.

“Can you just love me here, now? I’ll tell you about the sky, Chanyeol. They say there was once a star named alpha and another, omega, and they have a long story together, do you want to hear?”

Chanyeol smiled adoringly, normally he’d have a snotty tease or make fun of Baekhyun's choice in names, how unoriginal.

But he only kissed Baekhyun's lips and helped him lay comfortably on his back in the grass to see
the stars before curling up at his side, resting an arm beneath the omegas head and the other across his stomach. “I always do like your fairytales.” He breathed.

“It all started when alpha blindly ran into a tree trunk because omega stunned him with a smile.”

“I believe I remember it quite differently. It all started when omega bit alphas tail because he wasn’t quite interested in playing chase yet.”

“It’s my story!” Baekhyun whined, biting at Chanyeol’s arm playfully.

Chapter End Notes

Do you guys want to read the wolf hybrid Chanyeol fic first or the puppy hybrid Baek one first? (The first has more plot/deeper story & the puppy one is more just... puppy Baek)
“Sehun? Jongin?” Chanyeol raised a confused brow as he walked into the elders hut, bowing at the five throned men before fixing confused looks at the two sitting on the floor, “Good… morning?”

“We asked them to come,” Minseok explained, straightening up in his seat, “We… gathered a lot of insight from them, we’ve been… in agreement about recent… activity, and of the west packs true colors.”

“So have I.” Chanyeol hummed, crossing his arms, “We need to do something.”

“What happens between a mated pair is not our business, Chanyeol.” Junmyeon frowned apologetically.

Chanyeol raised a brow and the elder looked at his lap, and Chanyeol knew he didn’t believe his own words, “They aren’t mated. They haven’t even had sex.” He argued.

“Ch-“

The alpha hated to hear his name sighed like that and was cutting Luhan off as fast as lightning, “It is my business!” He hissed, “Baekhyun is mine! He’s always been mine and he wants to be mine!”

The stares he was met with were nothing but pity and Chanyeol heaved as he tried to control his anger, but he saw Jongin flinch when he looked around and knew his eyes must be bright red.

“He is my business,” He whispered, softer, “Because he’s pregnant with my litter. He’s in danger and he’s carrying children, so tell me how the hell that’s not my business when his arm was nearly ripped off days ago!”

He didn’t even bother with their shocked gasps and shared looks of worry, only hissing his anger with teary, red eyes. “I held him, and he cried. If you don’t believe me - walk out there and ask him to raise his right arm high, he’ll flinch if he can even get it up, and if you remove his robe you’ll see a hand shaped bruise around his arm and a rounding stomach full of my pups!”

“Chanyeol,” Yifan whispered, “Please breathe.”

“You have a mate right beside you!” Chanyeol barked intensely, pointing at Luhan, “So don’t pretend to understand! My mate is being screamed at, harassed and bruised! Do something about it, to hell with this alliance! I don’t care what the previous elders wanted, you’re in charge now and I’m expecting you to do something to protect my family!

Baekhyun has been nothing but kind to all of you, we played together as children! We grew up together and if you do nothing then I’m gone, I’ll go rogue and not look back or hesitate to speak of the cruelty this pack as inflicted upon my mate.”

“Chanyeol. Alpha.”

Chanyeol hadn’t even realized when the elders were standing up, but Yixing was grabbing his wrist softly, carefully, watching his every move.
“We are trying to speak, please breathe for a moment so we can speak civilly.”

His body really didn’t want to relax, but Yixing was gentle as he pulled him towards a wooden stool, urging him into the seat.

Chanyeol knew they had always tended to treat them as puppies when they were younger, had always thought Baekhyun was cute for trailing Minseok for pets, but he really felt like a child now as all of them - including Sehun and Jongin - watched him in concern, like he was bound to blow up anytime.

“Okay,” A hand was placed on his shoulder and he relaxed a bit more purely because Luhan was an omega, and it was in his nature to be gentle, “We are listening, alpha, and we do care about each of you, so we need you to speak a little calmer. Explain a little better, we know it’s hard, especially for you.”

Chanyeol swallowed hard and started shaking his leg anxiously, “I only found out… a while ago, Baekhyun had been sick, and we were so worried, but he’s pregnant. I… started building our hut together, by the river in the woods… I.” He didn’t even really know what he was rambling anymore, but everything felt so important to tell.

“Congratulations.” Yifan said deeply, “Truly proud of you, Chanyeol. We will celebrate your pups into the pack warmly.”

His shoulders relaxed more, licking his lips nervously as he pushed the hair from his face, “Thank you… I… I’m ready to have them, if it’s with Baekhyun I’m ready. Always been ready.”

The looks he earned were even more guilty than the previous one and Chanyeol swallowed hard, “He told me yesterday, that days ago they had an argument - that they fight a lot - and Sojung nearly dislocated his arm. I haven’t gotten a chance to check it today, but yesterday it was pretty painful. He’s emotional, he’s even more sensitive than normal with the pups - which says a lot considering it’s Baekhyun who once yelled at a squirrel.”

The group laughed and Chanyeol felt his lips curl up the smallest bit at the memory before shaking his head, “I’m really afraid - he’s really afraid. He can’t sleep when their hut is always smelling of an unloyal mating, and he’s scared Sojung will find out and rid him of the pups. We’re afraid and don’t know what to do. I promised I would figure it out for him.”

It took a few minutes for him to get any response because it seemed the elders were calculating, but Sehun was quick to dash to Chanyeol's side, peeking at his profile, “Yeol, you should name one after me.”

Chanyeol chuckle and reached over to shove the boys shoulder, rolling his eyes.

“Sojung was always like this,” Jongin spoke up, and Chanyeol didn’t speak to him nearly as much as Sehun trailed him, but the barely matured alpha was sweet enough, “Even when we were pups he was aggressive and always threw the future head alpha card when we threatened to tell on him. His father wasn’t much different from what I remember, aggressive and unloyal.”

“Loyalty is a big deal here,” Chanyeol muttered, “To take a mate is a promise, it’s not a chore. Baekhyun hates him, but even then I can see… how upset he is that the alpha has others, and I suspect there’s more ridicule than what Baekhyun tells me. He knows there’s only so much I can hear; truthfully, he’s happy I even decided to hold off tearing Sojung apart long enough to speak to the elders.”
Jongin and Sehun stare at him wide eyed then, much more understanding of the reason Chanyeol was so intensely upset in Baekhyun's place.

Of course, they couldn’t possibly know to what extent Chanyeol was pissed unless they knew their history together - he suspected they did know based on their expressions.

“Chanyeol,” Yixing interrupted once more and Chanyeol didn’t know why, but he felt so relieved before the man even spoke again. “Yeol. We’ve… figured something out, but it’s not very orthodox.”

The alpha couldn’t give two fucks if it was the dumbest plan ever - at least it was something.

“If Sehun and Jongin can convince their more… trusting people of us to single handedly rule, then we will approve your mating with no other options. Baekhyun would claim he doesn’t like Sojung, would need to speak up about all of their questionable arguments, but we would let you both mate together with approval.”

“And if they cannot?” Chanyeol whispered.

Yifan shifted into his feet awkwardly before walking over to touch the side of Chanyeol's hair affectionately, “Then, you do what you need to, and we will… find ways not to kick you from the pack.”

The look in Yifan’s eye let him know he had their support.

In whatever he decided to do.

Chapter End Notes

1) Chanbaek au where they’re bad kids and drink smoke etc, and Chanyeol is a dick to Baekhyun and they break up and get back together or
2) same dynamics but Baekhyun is with someone else and Chanyeol helps him get together
Time passed quickly.

There was only so much Chanyeol could focus on, so he tried to live day by day and try not to get caught up attempting to read Jongin or Sehun’s lips when he saw them speaking to their own pack members.

He instead tried to help out where he could.

Hunting, fishing, building.

Checking on Baekhyun.

Things were getting rough, mainly because Chanyeol felt Baekhyun was speaking less and less every time they were together, less about Sojung and more about the pups.

That wasn’t the issue, Chanyeol didn’t care to hear about Sojung, but he did care about the bruising he noticed scattered along Baekhyun's hands, but when he asked the omega was always fast to sweet talk him.

And Chanyeol was always easy to fall for Baekhyun's spell.

Another issue was the obvious fact that Baekhyun's face was rounding and Chanyeol saw a slight wobble in his walk, he always paid attention to the omega so of course he’d notice first - but he was concerned when others would start to notice too.

And they were starting to.

“God. You’re so heavy already, stop eating.”

Chanyeol’s eyes narrowed across the fire, watching Sojung grab the bread from Baekhyun's hand.

If there was anything Baekhyun was extremely defensive over it would be puppies so Chanyeol wasn’t surprised when the omega was standing up angrily, earning a few heads turned his way.

His abandonment must not have sat well with Sojung because the alpha was standing up and yanking Baekhyun’s robe.

So much so that the omega wobbled and squeaked a surprised noise, using a hand to cover his now exposed chest.

“Where do you think you’re going!”

“Away!” Baekhyun screamed, and Chanyeol hadn’t ever seen him so mad before, couldn't even imagine how intense their arguments were because he really didn’t fight with the omega - never really did.

“You’re mine! You do what I say, when I say it!”

Chanyeol’s breath caught and saw the elders standing up intending to stop them, because that was
a huge thought that their pack didn’t share.

Omegas weren’t to be owned, they were to be cared for.

They didn’t need to abide by an alphas rules or order; maybe hundreds of years before, but never anymore.

Baekhyun didn’t like that either and his hand was coming out to smack the alpha in the face, and as someone whom the omega had accidentally roughed up in the past while playing, Chanyeol knew it didn’t hurt - especially not an alpha.

But Sojung roared, coming back at Baekhyun twice as hard, and Baekhyun fell to the dirt.

The crowd gasped and Chanyeol was snarling, so loud he saw Sojung notice him, gaze locked on him, but he was shoving people out of the way to crouch down and pick Baekhyun up.

The omega hid his face in his chest, embarrassed at his tears and Chanyeol knew if Baekhyun hated anything it was looking weak.

“It’s okay. I got you, sh, are you okay? Are you hurt?” He whispered, turning the way he came and this tone people made way for them, throwing out concerned questions.

“We don’t attack our mates.” He heard Yifan begin behind him, “We don’t lay hands on omegas.”

“We will have to discuss this. It’s against our morals.” He heard Luhan add.

Chanyeol felt Baekhyun nod slightly against his skin and wanted nothing more than to get him somewhere safer, quieter, to relax.

But, a growl cut him off, not one he could ignore even if he wanted to.

“I know your scent! You’re the one my bitch sneaks off to! Aren’t you! How does it feel to fuck my mate! To know he has been with me!”

Chanyeol’s hair stood up as he carefully set Baekhyun to his feet, wrapping arms around the omega to steady him, and laughed.

He laughed because it was so ironic Sojung assumed these things.

Especially when Baekhyun hadn’t ever been with anyone but Chanyeol. He remained only Chanyeol’s and it was likely the fact Baekhyun wouldn’t mate or have sex with Sojung that had the alpha raging.

Plus, Chanyeol did find the alpha cowardly when he knew Baekhyun must be drenched in his scent, but the alpha hadn’t ever once confronted him - maybe he confronted Baekhyun, and that thought didn’t stand well with Chanyeol at all.

In fact, he was over playing games.

“This omega,” Chanyeol corrected his derogatory insult and turned around, Baekhyun's head buried in his chest, “Has a name, a very beautiful name, and very much would prefer you’d use it, especially if you want to spread such blatant lies that he had touched you.”

Sojungs face turned red and Chanyeol nodded at Yifan to let him go; they were going to fight this out.
“The truth is,” Chanyeol smiled into Baekhyun’s hair, fingers gently loosening Baekhyun’s robe, “This omega is my mate, he’s mine and always has been. We even have… a litter growing to prove it.”

Shocked gasps rang around and Chanyeol smiled at the excitement he noticed from his pack, Jongdae looked ready to run over and coddle Baekhyun on the spot, and Chanyeol was proud when the older statuses sent him wide grins - because they had always known things would be this way.

Because Baekhyun was always with Chanyeol and the alpha was always with the omega - it only made sense.

“I don’t appreciate your blatant abuse,” Chanyeol hissed, pulling down the back of Baekhyun’s robe, revealing a few healing bruises - he heard Baekhyun gasp into his chest and knew the omega probably didn’t know he noticed them - “Of an omega in general - let alone a pregnant omega, my mate. What do you have to say? It’s against our code!”

He was getting more upset every second Sojung continued glaring at him, but remained stone cold and uncaring at people’s anger towards him.

Baekhyun whimpered into his chest, hands placed around Chanyeol’s ribs and he knew what was about to happen, Chanyeol did too.

“Kyungsoo,” Chanyeol requested, kissing Baekhyun’s hair and removing the omegas fingers attempting to place him somewhere safe.

He was met with a teary eyed, scared look, Baekhyun clutching onto his waist tighter, “No.”

“Baek-“

Chanyeol was cut off by a snarl and released one twice as angry when a large, black wolf lunged at them.

“He tried to hurt the omega!” He heard someone cry and didn’t have time to do anything but turn to shove Baekhyun into Jongin’s chest, the closest to them.

Then, he shifted.

It stung his joints a bit as they weren’t prone to shifting much anymore, but he stood tall, a sleek, brown wolf that instantly was walking in menacing circles around the black one.

“You tried to hurt him!” Chanyeol roared, snapping his teeth at him, “My mate! A pregnant omega!”

He saw Sojungs ear twitch and wasn’t surprised when the wolf swiped a paw out at him, Chanyeol snapped his teeth at it, unmoving when it came and the black wolf took it back quickly. “He was promised to me! He’s mine!”

Chanyeol would laugh if he could, but in this form it was more instinct than anything so when Sojung jumped at him, the brown wolf growled and was latching teeth into his arm, letting them both roll through the dirt.

He heard Sojung yelp but continued to bite harder until his mouth tasted like iron and then was kicking the other off when he felt blood dripping down his ear.
Chanyeol tried to flick his ear to get the blood away, having no idea why but he couldn’t feel anything, anger so intense.

“Did it feel good to assert dominance on someone so small?” He barked, showing off his red teeth and watching the limp Sojung had as they were compelled to circle each other.

He knew the others could hear everything they said, and it only made him want to call Sojung out more because the alpha had no room to deny when everything was so obvious.

“Angry an omega won’t sleep with you. Pathetic.”

Sojung lunged out, attaching his teeth into Chanyeol's hind leg with a growl and Chanyeol hissed, pressing his ears on his head because fuck, that did hurt, but he was snapping back quickly when he heard Baekhyun screaming and turned to bite at Sojungs cheek.

His teeth scraped the alphas face and he released Chanyeol's leg with a loud whimper, so loud Chanyeol thought he’d be submitting when he looked at him again and was missing a patch of fur, in his place just red, bloody flesh.

Chanyeol never thought it'd feel good to act so primal, but if anyone deserved it, Sojung did.

And he was losing.

“An alpha that can’t control an omega is nothing!”

Chanyeol ran his tongue across his teeth at that, because their views were so different, “Dominance isn’t control!” He argued, lowering his front paws to the grass, giving Sojung an opportunity to back down.

He should have expected as much, but the black wolf went running for his neck, his teeth scraped Chanyeol's shoulder before the brown wolf snapped out of it, instinctually turning to sink his teeth deep into Sojungs throat instead - taking the opportunity that the other alpha missed.

Chanyeol closed his eyes as he shook his head, unable to force himself to let go even as Sojung started whimpering and his kicking mellowed out.

He couldn’t let him live.

Not in the world Chanyeol pictured for his family.

“Chanyeol, he's gone. You can let go.” He heard Junmyeon said softly.

And it felt like all at once noises could be heard again, Chanyeol rolled onto his side with a huff, panting.

“Let me go! Let me go!”

Only a moment later he had Baekhyun at his side, face full of tears and pressing his lips to his muzzle. “Yo-you’re bleeding! Cha- alpha, you’re bleeding!”

Chanyeol chirped what he hoped was a reassuring sound, nosing along Baekhyun's stomach tiredly, “For you. For us.”

The omegas face pulled together more, and Chanyeol purred when Baekhyun was petting his ribs, carefully avoiding the blood matting into his fur, laying down on the blood stained dirt to curl under the alphas front paws.
“My alpha,” Baekhyun cried, head tucked protectively under Chanyeol's jaw on his throat.

The alpha knew he must have scared Baekhyun an awful lot, but the thought of even leaving him alone was enough for Chanyeol to ignore the pain of his injuries to clean Baekhyun's cheek sweetly, listening to the omega cry it out.

Baekhyun occasionally brought his hand to the side of Chanyeol's neck, scratching over his pulse.

“Baekhyun. We need to get him to a healer, sweetie.”

Chanyeol blinked groggily at Jongdae over Baekhyun's head, “Is it too bad?”

The beta grimaced, “Let's just see if you have an ear left.”

Chanyeol huffed, nosing Baekhyun's cheek before carefully standing on fours, yelping when he tried to put pressure down on his hind leg.

“Come on, Yeol. You did good,” Minseok urged him towards the healer.

The alpha gave what he hoped was a nod before turning to look over his shoulder where Baekhyun was now sitting on his bottom in a ring of Chanyeol's blood that stained the grass, not far behind him laid Sojung's body.

Baekhyun was always beautiful even with red, swollen eyes, puffy cheeks, robe rolled down past his shoulders and blood drying on his skin.

“I told you I'd take care of it, baby bear.”

Baekhyun smiled, a watery, sobbing beam and a palm resting over his stomach.

Chanyeol knew everything was worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Make sure to vote for future fics as I ask in the notes!
Chanyeol did have an ear.

It turned out the bite had taken a chunk of fur from behind his ear, not from it, which was good because he had no idea what he’d do if he couldn’t hear Baekhyun with both ears.

Besides that, his injuries had been minimal in comparison to Sojung’s body, and Chanyeol was even slightly surprised to hear nobody wanted to take responsibility for his corpse.

It was surprising as many omegas had sought for Baekhyun’s spot, but Chanyeol also recognized that his true self came to light in his final moments.

In a sign of good spirit, the elders had buried him although Luhan had been vocal about wanting nothing to do with it.

On the bright side, Chanyeol was pretty much healed.

Around his shoulder was a huge scar and his calf too, but he lived - and he won.

So there wasn’t much else to discuss.

“It’s unfair.”

Chanyeol hummed.

“Because now I can’t have you all to myself, it’s so unfair.”

The alpha snorted, taking a moment to look around the hut and standing up from where he had been carving shelves into the tree that ran through their home.

Baekhyun has been adamant about it, and Chanyeol never disagreed.

“What are you talking about, pup?” He smiled, walking over to their bed where Baekhyun was lying on his side and watching him.

Sometimes his leg stung when walking around, but it was okay to ignore it.

The omega pouted his lips out when he was close enough and Chanyeol smiled adoringly, kneeling down to the side of the bed and kissing his pout.

His hand drifted down Baekhyun’s swollen chest to the huge curve of his stomach, rubbing gently.

Baekhyun giggled against his mouth before sitting back and watching Chanyeol move to press a kiss to his stomach, “The other omegas always talk about how brave it was. They want you to father their pups.”

“Too bad,” Chanyeol said instantly, careful of applying too much pressure to Baekhyun’s swelling chest but wanting to soothe the soreness, “I have a mate and a litter soon, within the next week? Two weeks?”

“I think…” Baekhyun pursed his lips in thought, shivering when Chanyeol continued to touch his nude body, “Sooner. Days away.”
A beaming grin spread across the alphas face, prompting him to kiss Baekhyun's sternum and trailing his lips to the omegas jaw just to hear the content sigh he received.

“Infact.” He heard the omega add, the sound was mischievous, Chanyeol chuckled. “You should help me, alpha. We need to be sure I’m prepared or else it will hurt badly. The healer told me so.”

Chanyeol purred into his neck, carefully moving to climb into bed and instantly Baekhyun was a giggling mess and using his help to climb on top of him.

The omega always looked adorable when he assumed he got his way - which he usually did - face a pretty pink and placing his hands on Chanyeol’s chest to look down at him.

“You know, we are mates now.” Chanyeol began, trailing hands down Baekhyun's hips, “You don’t need excuses to seduce me into the forest as you once did, my pup. We’re already here.”

Baekhyun wiggled in excitement anyways, leaning back to place his hands on Chanyeol's bent knees, “Want to have sex, alpha - but it is also helpful, I swear the healer said so.” He pouted, stomach protruding outwards so far Chanyeol found the sight addicting.

“As if I would have said no anyways.”

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“You can’t sleep?”

Chanyeol smiled as he felt arms draped around his shoulders and a naked chest press into his back.

“Taemin won’t settle,” He whispered, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's wrist and lifting the puppy up for the omega to see, “At least Jisung and Yeri sleep all night.”

“Hey, cub, mommy and daddy want to sleep now.” Chanyeol laughed softly at Baekhyun's words whispered into his ear, “We can play tomorrow.”

“I even tried to place him near you to feed,” The alpha cooed, holding the white puppy under his chin, “He isn’t hungry, just wants attention.”

Baekhyun hummed, reaching out to pet over the pups back, getting excited squeaking in response.

He glanced at the nest to make sure the noise hadn’t woken up the grey colored little girl and their speckled coated runt. It didn’t, they both seemed to be in their own world with Yeri kicking his paws in dreamland and the snoring from Jisung.

“Let’s just take him to bed,” Baekhyun whispered, pressing a kiss below Chanyeol’s ear, “Maybe if we tell him a story.”

“What about, baby?” Chanyeol asked, turning his head to press a kiss to the corner of Baekhyun's lips.

The omega smiled, half lidded eyes as he kissed at his mates shoulder, lips running over the indented scars, “All about two best friends. One was adventurous and tugged the other around until they became friends.”

Chanyeol’s eyes lit up before he smiled and shook his head slightly, “And why exactly was this adventurous one always bothering the other? I’m sure he’d like to know.”

Baekhyun blushed, reaching over Chanyeol’s arm to scoop Taemin up between his palms before
giggling to himself and flashing the alpha a loving grin, “I had a good feeling about you, my love.”

“Hm. And that explains nearly ripping my tail off?”

“I always just love you a lot, Chanyeol.”
Baekhyun worked at the center for nearly five years now.

At first, it was because he needed volunteer credits in high school, but now it was all because he genuinely liked it.

He liked waking up in the morning and feeling like he was doing something.

He liked doing something about a cause he cared about.

He liked to see these hybrids get homes and the smile on their faces.

Baekhyun just loved the shelter. He loved working at the shelter and getting to see the cutest of hybrids everyday.

Even if he was only part time and his family strongly disapproved.

Even if he wasn’t really making enough to sustain an “adult life.”

He was getting along fine, it wasn’t Junmyeons fault the government didn’t provide enough funding to add another full time staff.

Baekhyun just liked to watch hybrids smile for the first time, to help children hybrids into the backyard and watch them see outside for the first time.

Even if it wasn’t always fun and games or hopeful recovery’s at the shelter.

He had seen a lot. He’d seen sweet, young kits pass away, they hadn’t been fast enough to save the poor litter.
He’d seen a deer hybrid come in with a missing antler, sobbing and bloodied - Luhan had made it fine, but it was the image that haunted him.

They’d saved so many hybrids, but sometimes it was too late, sometimes he felt they hadn’t done enough.

Like all of the breeding rings they’d exposed, the fighting rings that they had the hardest of time getting these hybrids ready for the world again.

The chances of them every being able to leave the shelter were slim to none after being in such situations, the trauma was too fresh.

So they had some permanent residents here, a few from the same fighting ring, some from breeding and animal trade, others with such severe fear and anxiety they couldn’t be promoted for adoption.

Baekhyun felt disgusted with humanity sometimes.

But, he’d never seen something like this.

Junmyeon and Minseok rarely called him so late, if ever.

So, of course he was throwing on his largest of pajamas and driving down to the shelter.

He hadn’t expected this though.

He expected maybe a bunny that couldn’t calm down, perhaps Yixing needed help checking on a new hybrid.

Well, he was sort of right.

As he jumped out of his car he could see all of the staff - and even a bear hybrid, Yifan, attempting to lead a large form inside.

Baekhyun couldn't see the hybrids face, but whatever breed he was was large, and nearly nude.

The street lights lit up the outside of the shelter and he could see only red, red dripping down the hybrids form and dried, darker areas across the hybrids skin down to the thin pair of boxers on his waist.

Baekhyun suspected seeing a tail, but really didn’t have time to look because the hybrid was flailing, barking, hissing, snarling, all sorts of noises and trying to claw out at those leading him inside.

He knew that the shelter legally had to use a leash on feral hybrids in fear of public safety, but wherever this hybrid came from must have been pure horror.

The hybrid just continued screaming, yelling, Baekhyun could hear the other staff cooing, trying to explain.

They recognized the hybrid as feral, Baekhyun recognized him as scared.

“Chanyeol! Chanyeol, we just need you to come in!” He heard Junmyeon cooing.

“We have food and water for you inside, sweetie!”
The door hit the wall harder when the staff tried to open it more, and the hybrid screeched, lashing out.

Baekhyun heard a yell, “Fuck! He bit me!”

The leash loosened and it gave the hybrid more room to move out into the side walk more, obviously unknowing Baekhyun was close, falling onto his bottom and scraping nails on the cement.

“Cha-“

Baekhyun raised a hand to Minseok in the doorway, a shushing action, “Let the leash go!”

His voice startled the hybrid more, who finally turned to look at him, scooting as far as he could.

“Baekhyun, we can't do that,” Yixing argued.

He knew they couldn’t, but Baekhyun was adamant, growling under his breath and walking in a huge circle around the hybrid to grab the chain from Yifan's hands, grumbling.

“Chanyeol? Is that your name?” He asked, keeping his voice soft and kneeling in the doorway, keeping a good distance between him and the hybrid.

At the new angle Baekhyun could see fear written all over the poor hybrids face, bruises all across his skin and panting, he could see the hybrids ribs sticking out with every huge breath he took.

Baekhyun suspected him to be some sort of dog hybrid, but one of his ears had a huge chunk missing and he was scared what else they’d see when they had the dirty hybrid cleaned off.

“Chanyeol, my name is Baekhyun,” He whispered, getting a disapproving hiss from his coworkers when he shuffled closer.

At this point the chain in his hand was just for show more than doing a thing, it was only an object.

“You’re afraid,” Baekhyun murmured, two wide eyes staring at him, and he considered them hauntingly beautiful.

They’d be simply enchanting if not so wide and fearful.

The hybrid growled at him, snapping his teeth when Baekhyun moved even closer, within a foot of him.

“You want to hurt me?” Baekhyun wondered, raising his palm towards the hybrid, “Do you?”

Chanyeol hissed a pained noise at him, and Baekhyun could see that despite his aggression, he didn’t want to.

“You can, if you want.”

“Baekhyun,” Minseok warned behind him

“Because I’m human,” Baekhyun whispered, “And you look like humans hurt you a lot, it’s only fair, right?”

Instead of making much more noise, the hybrid narrowed eyes on him with a grunting noise, neither aggressive or friendly, but it was something, and he looked to be calming down a bit more.
Baekhyun just held his hand up, fully knowing the hybrid wouldn’t be responding to it, but it was a sign of defeat, an offering.

The hybrid’s hair dripped something when he leaned forward to sniff at him, and Baekhyun wasn’t sure if it was water or blood because of all the curls coming down Chanyeol’s head, but it was concerning in itself how matted the hair was.

They’d have to just cut it all of, and that was assuming Chanyeol would let anyone close enough.

“Baekhyun, we need to sedate him.”

The hybrid snarled at that, yanking himself back down far that Baekhyun nearly face planted since he was holding the chain that was connected to Chanyeol, gasping.

“Sh, no, no, no!” He cried, raising his hands, “Sh, it’s okay! We’re not going to! We aren’t!”

Baekhyun yelled over his snarling, gently laying his hands out in front of him, “Look, look, see?”

He waited a moment to watch the wide eyes flicker to him before opening both palms and showing how loose he was holding the chain.

“Chanyeol. We have food,” Baekhyun whispered, “We have food and water and a bed, we can give you treatment for your… injuries. Do you think I’m lying to you?

If you don’t believe me then you can leave right now. I’m small, you could easily run away right now. Do you think I could stop you? Hybrids are so much stronger than humans.”

Baekhyun's heart was racing for a split second because the hybrid’s eyes wavered over the chain like he was going to run off.

But, Chanyeol only reached for the collar around his neck, curling dirty fingers around the leather, “Off.”

A shiver went up Baekhyun's spine because he had never heard a hybrid's voice so deep, and the wide eyed, puppy look on Chanyeol's face didn’t give way to such a deep tone either.

“Okay, sweetheart,” Baekhyun whispered, standing to his feet and keeping his hands in Chanyeol's view, “I'm going to undo it, is that okay?”

Chanyeol gave him the smallest of nods, but when Baekhyun stood up and walked to his side, reaching out to undo the clamp on the collar the hybrid breathed heavier.

Baekhyun thought it was in a mad way, but only saw Chanyeol's sniffing a lot.

This close he could see how dirty the hybrid was, let alone how malnourished and abused, it was so sad Baekhyun nearly cried, but he was mostly wondering how they had gotten Chanyeol collared in the first place when it was obvious he was aggressive.

“Are you going to eat well with us?” Baekhyun whispered softly, pretending to still be undoing the collar even though the truth was he was just trying to look at what injuries he could visually pick out to report to Yixing in case Chanyeol wouldn’t let them check. “I’ll even bring you something only for you tomorrow, not for the other hybrids. You can just have it for yourself only.”

He needed Chanyeol's trust, and the promise of food and water seemed much more of what the hybrid preferred as Baekhyun watched his uninjured ear twitch with interest even if he didn’t verbally reply.
Definitely a dog hybrid, Baekhyun mused, he had to be with his triangle shaped, black ears. Cute.

“Let’s get you to a bed, okay?” Baekhyun whispered, removing the leather and taking a big step back to show Chanyeol, “You can leave at any time, promise. Promise you, Chanyeol. At least rest some and eat before you go.”

It was a lie. They couldn’t voluntarily let him go, he would be put down if he acted so feral - and would have been if the shelter hadn’t gotten him in time - but if Chanyeol tried to leave it wasn’t like they could stop him.

Baekhyun only hoped he wouldn’t go in fear he’d be killed.

Hybrids had some rights, but a feral hybrid had little to none as soon as they injured or otherwise showed aggression towards a human.

He’d be killed and not one human would stand in his defense.

Hybrid lovers might as well be seen as hybrids themselves.

“You can shower and we can give you medicine.” Baekhyun cooed, dropping the collar and chain on the ground and pointing towards the shelter, “Or, you can stay out here and come in when you’re ready.”

He turned and started walking away, sending his coworkers in the doorway a warning look because they stared like he was insane.

But Baekhyun knew what he was doing. Or, he hoped he did.

“Where the hell did you find him?” Baekhyun asked under his breath, pushing them away from the doorway and into the infirmary just to the left where Yixing was preparing IV’s, the door wide open to the shelter behind them.

“Got a call from the police, when we arrived he was already sedated. I see why. His file… well, they’re going to send it to us soon.”

Baekhyun cringed, the only ever hybrid rescue the police had called them in for hadn’t been pretty, but luckily Sehun was young at the time, and the cat hybrid couldn’t remember the putrid conditions he had lived in back then, now he was spoiled rotten at Junmyeons house.

“Baek, we have to put him in solitary,” Junmyeon added softly, “I don’t think he can be with other hybrids.”

“He’s afraid already,” Baekhyun muttered defensively, solitary wasn’t the nicest of places, it was dull and he hated to send hybrids there, but Chanyeol was feral.

He was uncontrollable, Yifan’s wrapped hand said as much although the best hybrid was soft and likely wouldn’t hold a grudge about it at all.

“Yes, bu-“

Minseok shut his mouth as quickly as he could and Baekhyun was fast to spin around when he noticed the man eyeing over his shoulder.

Chanyeol in direct light was even worse than Baekhyun thought, standing mostly on one leg over the other and not one area of his body clear of dirt or blood, holding his arms to his chest.
defensively and his head down, towering.

Baekhyun was shocked by this hybrid again at his height.

“Food,” He grunted out.

“Okay, Chanyeol,” Baekhyun muttered glancing at his coworkers and nodding his head towards the hallway, “They’re going to get you food while a doctor looks you over, is that okay? You can just take a seat here.” He added, grabbing the rolling cot and bringing it closer to the doorway.

The hybrid snapped his head up to look at him, calculating, and Baekhyun gulped anxiously, maybe he had pushed too much.

But Chanyeol limped over, so close Baekhyun was surprised when the hybrid didn’t seem to notice or mind that he brushed roughly against Baekhyun as he moved to take a seat in front of the human, completely ignoring Yixing who was instantly and frantically gathering supplies.

“Your leg hurts?”

“Can’t feel it.”

Chanyeol stared a lot, Baekhyun realized, because the hybrid had yet to even acknowledge Yixing when the doctor was touching him with gloves hands, only watching Baekhyun with narrowed eyes.

It was so intense Baekhyun shuffled awkwardly, brushing some dirt from his shirt from Chanyeol's skin brushing him, “You’ll be safe here. Nobody will.. do this to you.”

“Humans,” The hybrid mumbled and dropped his gaze to watch Yixing wipe his arm with a cloth.

Baekhyun didn’t know if he was spitting it as an insult or if he was musing something, but he felt horrible anyways, just watching Yixing attempt to find where all the dried blood was from.

“No all humans are bad,” Baekhyun said, “We aren’t bad. We won’t hurt you.”

Chanyeol’s eyes said he didn’t believe him at all.

“I’ll show you, I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Decided to post the Chanyeol hybrid first because it has an actual story, the Baek one is more fluff

Also, I rarely ever write tormented Chanyeol, usually it’s Baekhyun. This story won’t be getting too deep into mental health or anything though, just their dynamics!
Options (Wolf! Hybrid)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It took two days for Chanyeol’s file to come in, and those two days the hybrid spent both days in solitary after they sent another hybrid in to give him his lunch and he was quick to lunge at them.

Jongin was a good sport though and had laughed off his scratched cheek when Yixing stitched it up.

He also refused anyone’s help.

Baekhyun had been going back and forth from the shelter even when it wasn’t his shift just because Chanyeol refused to accept anything other than what he brought.

So, for his first day he wouldn’t accept a lick of food Junmyeon or Minseok brought him, leaving it sitting.

They had no choice but to call Baekhyun in or else the hybrid was going to starve, but Chanyeol didn’t even seem like he felt his muscles weakening or anything because he continued to mess with things that were in the room, pushing the bed and bookshelf around, at one point standing on the table to look at the camera.

Yifan claimed bears similarly didn’t show weakness in new places and it led Baekhyun to believe he was a wild animal breed.

And he was right.

“He’s a red wolf, Baek.”

Baekhyun frowned and watched Junmyeon shove the file at him, “That's not possible they’re nearly extinct, and he’s not even red.”

“That’s what his blood work came back as.” His boss commented, “We can’t really argue with blood.”

Snickering, Baekhyun glanced at the file before shaking his head and looking at the cameras, laughing under his breath, “Do you know what he’s doing? Everytime I look he's just staring at the door.”

Junmyeon didn’t respond so Baekhyun turned around with a raised brow, “What?”

“He likes you a lot.”

“Not biting me hardly says he likes me,” Baekhyun snorted, rolling his eyes.

His boss shrugged, leaning over his desk, “I have a request, Baek.”

Baekhyun shrugged, giving a go for it hand movement before turning to look at the camera footage again.

“We know you’ve been wanting a full time position here for the past few years, and with us reaching maximum capacity soon we’re going to get more funding…”
Baekhyun perked up, turning to Junmyeon with an excited look.

“Baek, we need you to foster him, we would pay you full time wages, just until we can find another shelter suitable to his kind of… aggression.”

And instantly Baekhyun stiffened.

“Jun, my apartment is tiny,” Baekhyun murmured, “You know how it is, it’s small, much too small for him - and me. I don’t even know where I would put him—“

“It’s either that, he stays in solitary, or we have to transfer him and god knows what they’d do once they find out his breed. Minseok and I would take him, really, but with Sehun… it’s too risky. Just… look at his file, read through it. It even says in there that Chanyeol will be given funding due to the nature of his abuse, his guardian, you, would be in charge of it, even if it’s temporary.”

“Abuse?”

Baekhyun wasn’t stupid, he would have to be to pretend Chanyeol hadn’t been abused, but he just hated to hear things like this aloud.

Junmyeon sighed, tapping the manila folder, “Just read it. Then, let me know what you decide.”

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Baekhyun didn’t need to read it.

Well, he had opened it, read the first page in which it explained the grounds of a network of breeding plans, descriptions of horrid conditions and connections to dog fighting rings, actual dogs, not hybrids.

He couldn’t read much else.

He didn’t know whether Chanyeol was bred, he didn’t know if he had been in fighting rings, he didn’t know what the fuck happened other than that he was an endangered breed, he was abused, tortured.

And he was afraid.

Baekhyun didn’t want to know the exact details of his torment and he didn’t even care to listen when Minseok was talking on the phone to police and relaying that apparently all of the group of hybrid traffickers had been arrested and would be prosecuted, requesting the shelter send any evidence they had of said abuse.

Chanyeol’s trauma in itself should be proof enough, and Baekhyun himself probably looked insanely pissed when he spit that Minseok should just give him the fucking footage of Chanyeol’s arrival as proof of his trauma.

But, he also knew the more they had the better - and what they had wasn’t much.

It wasn’t more than what little could be caught on cameras when Yixing had dressed his wounds.

Baekhyun had been majorly concerned about the shaking way of Chanyeol’s hand when he moved his left one, but the wolf didn’t talk to them much, only stared when Baekhyun asked about it.

It didn’t seem to hurt him, but Yixing had suspected a lot of wrongly healed injuries on the wolf; none of them suggested an x-ray though in fear of Chanyeol flipping, and they had too many
visible wounds to care about first anyway.

“Hey?” Baekhyun cracked the door slightly and felt something pushed against it, frowning. “Hey, it’s me, sweetheart. I brought you dinner.”

He heard the sound of scraping and a second later he was able to push the door open and slip into the solid white room, shutting the door behind him and looking instantly at the hybrid that sat on the side of the cot, just a plain set of pajamas on him.

Baekhyun noticed the bookshelf moved beside the door and frowned when he realized Chanyeol probably blocked the door with it.

“You should be careful of heavy things, just until you heal.” He murmured softly, setting the plate of food on the side table.

Chanyeol didn’t instantly go for it though, not like Baekhyun had seen him do every other time he brought him meals.

Odd, Baekhyun mused, taking a seat on the dresser across the room.

Chanyeol was very handsome once cleaned up, and Baekhyun was even surprised he had allowed his hair to be cut down, but he was also sure it was more because it was so matted Yixing couldn’t stitch a wound beneath the mass.

It also probably hurt a lot, Baekhyun had no idea how this wolf stayed on his feet let alone fight when… like that.

People could accomplish impossible feats when pushed to the edge of death.

“Why do you smell like that?”

Baekhyun startled a little because Chanyeol didn’t usually talk during meals, and if he did it was small sentences or words, not much. “Like what?”

Chanyeol didn’t answer, looking down to pull at his sleeve.

With his head tilted at that angle Baekhyun could see the line of stitched up the back of his head and cringed, “Got your file today.”

It was the hybrids turn to stiffen, looking at Baekhyun out of the corner of his eye, almost afraid.

“Didn’t look at it much,” Baekhyun shrugged, scratching the inside of his wrist awkwardly, “It’s not really… my business, you know? You should have a bit of privacy.”

“What privacy?”

Baekhyun almost thought he was talking about the cameras in his room, but Chanyeol looked genuinely curious, both curious and confused.

“You can have secrets, Chanyeol,” He replied, “It doesn’t change anything… about how we see you, how we look at you. A file is a story, but it ends. It’s not accurate anyway, people don’t just end, they have more to say, more to tell. You’re a victim, and victims have a lot more to say other than what a piece of paper can tell us, you know?”

Chanyeol reached for his tray and Baekhyun figured they were done talking for now and couldn’t have that when he hadn’t gotten an answer yet, “Do you want to leave, Chanyeol?”
The hybrid always seemed like he wasn’t paying attention, but Baekhyun saw that he always looked at him when he spoke. “No.”

“Then…” Baekhyun shook his leg slightly, nervously, “Do you want to come stay with me?”

He was fixed with a blank, unreadable look.

“We… it’s not good for you to just stay in one room all the time. You need to relax, to not have to be led to the bathroom, to not have to be locked up. I won’t treat you… like a prisoner, you can do whatever you want as long as you let me know.”

“Like an owner.”

“No. Like I care about you,” Baekhyun corrected quickly, and it felt the right thing to do when Chanyeol’s definition of an owner was widely different to Baekhyun’s, “Like I don’t want you to get into trouble and have nowhere to go.”

“What if I leave?”

“Then… then you’re at least registered now so if you get in trouble you’ll be taken back here. And… and it’s your choice. If you run away, at least take food with you. Please.”

“Okay. I’ll go with you.”

Chapter End Notes

I added the next story prompt!

Don’t worry, Baek Hybrid will still come, I just started writing the high school/ toxic relationship (not between Chanbaek) and was in love with it already, so I want to finish it first!
Baekhyun would have taken Chanyeol to live with him even without the monetary advantages with it.

Truthfully, he would never wish it on a hybrid to be in solitary this long, and it had taken a week for them to get paperwork approved and situated.

So, Baekhyun could tell Chanyeol was anxious about leaving, a wild breed really shouldn’t be caged so long.

“I’m sorry. It’s really small, I know, but we can.. can go out and walk and do things to get fresh air.” Baekhyun cringed, setting down the duffle that had what little Chanyeol had been given inside.

Most of it consisted of older clothes from Sehun, Yifan, and Jongin, who was owned by one of their volunteers, Baekhyun probably had other things he could scrounge up too - hopefully.

“We can go out?”

Baekhyun watched Chanyeol instantly begin sniffing around, almost predatorily slinking around the living room and it wasn’t too dissimilar to the wolf going insane in the backseat of Baekhyun's car with sniffs.

Chanyeol was more of a puppy than a wolf.

“Of course.” He whispered, walking into the kitchen, almost instantly Chanyeol was behind him, keeping a good feet back but watching everything he was doing with curious and nervous eyes, “There’s a diner down the street. I think you’d really like it, I eat there every Saturday night. We can go… when you get a bit better.”

Baekhyun felt bad for not thinking straight and promising things for the future when he wasn’t even sure Chanyeol could spend one night here without attacking him - and even then Baekhyun couldn’t blame him after everything he had gone through.

“Okay.”

He raised a brow, surprised. “Okay.” He echoed, pulling open the pantry, “Here is all the snacks, dry food, stuff like that. You can always eat whatever you want or ask me to cook you -“

“I can cook.”

“Really?” Baekhyun babbled before widening his eyes and giving Chanyeol an apologetic look, “Sorry… I mean, it’s just.. you know… I don’t know, just forget it. I’m just excited because I’m a shitty cook.”

He didn’t know what he was expecting, but it wasn’t the chuckle he had heard.

Nobody had even seen Chanyeol so much as smile before, so a laugh was wishful thinking.

“One of my chores, to cook.” The wolf explained, “Not for us, of course, but masters were too strung out to lift a pan.”

Baekhyun visually flinched, but Chanyeol still has the smallest of smiles on his face, looking
embarrassed, so he smiled politely back, nodding.

“Well, you don’t need to cook... as a chore. You can just... do what you want.” Baekhyun cleared his throat awkwardly before sighing and leaning his palms on the counter behind him, “Look, I’m not sure how well we’re going to get along, how much you can... handle me in general, so don’t be scared to tell me to get off your back. I can be annoying and pushy, and I tend to be a little messy, so just let me know, okay? I’m not ever... going to get mad or anything. Plus, we’re going to spend a lot of time together now that I don’t really need to go into work... so...”

He waved his hand around nervously, feeling like he was out of breath before earning the tiniest of smiles from the hybrid, almost not there at all, “Okay.”

“Okay,” Baekhyun felt like they’d continue echoing each other forever, “So.. um.. there’s only one room, but I’ve already cleaned out some drawers for your things and.. what not and I’ll be taking the couch, so... I’ll show you to your new room.”

Chanyeol was easy going, really.

There wasn’t much Baekhyun noticed the first day other than a lot of shuffling going on in the bedroom at night, like the sound of pacing or restless dreams.

He didn’t feel all that comfortable enough to bring it up, only continuing to attempt to keep space between them because he was sort of nervous Chanyeol would flip a switch at any second.

But, then again, he really didn’t see the wolf show much aggression towards him at all, let alone attempt to hurt him.

Odd when even on their first meeting he was snapping teeth insanely towards the others.

Junmyeon always said Baekhyun was a hybrid person, and that’s what the human wrote it off to because it was true, usually even the most anxious of hybrids he could get to settle down.

“Good morning,” Baekhyun leaned forward to set his empty bowl of cereal on the island to give Chanyeol all his attention when the wolf walked in.

Chanyeol stumbled, tired and also slightly limping and Baekhyun was momentarily concerned before remembering Yixing had said it wasn’t broken, only sore and swollen.

The hybrid reached up to scratch his cheek, face turning a light pink when he realized he was sniffing up a storm before nodding at Baekhyun and dropping onto the couch in a ball.

Baekhyun had previously been sitting there and giggled when he saw the hybrid press his nose into the cushion. “You aren’t going to eat? I can make eggs.”

Chanyeol’s eyes popped over the back of the couch towards him, wide brown eyes literally like a puppys, ears twitching without a verbal response and Baekhyun took that as a ‘yes, I’m very hungry, please make me breakfast. You’re the best human ever.’

“I was thinking,” Baekhyun muttered, “We could order you some stuff today. I just think... it might be too much for us to go outside, but... if you prefer to go we can. I’m just...”

“Worried I’ll hurt someone.”

“No.” He disagreed quickly, “I’m worried it will be a lot for you, and I think we should bond first. But, I mean... whatever you want to do is fine, Chanyeol. I understand you might want to get some
“Bond?”

Baekhyun had no idea why, but Chanyeol sounded more emotionally invested than ever with just that question, usually his tone was sort of bland or scared, not usually holding anything but curiosity. “Yeah?” Baekhyun laughed, “Bonding, you know? Like getting to know each other more. It’s going to be so awkward between us if not.”

“Bond.” Chanyeol leaned over the back of the couch to place his chin over the edge, “Yes.”

“You like that?” Baekhyun cooed, unable to hold in the voice he normally used on the children or baby hybrids simply because Chanyeol looked really cute and sounded really happy, “You’re just a soft puppy underneath all those growls, aren’t you?”

He was only teasing, but Chanyeol’s reaction was to die for when he turned bright red and ducked back into the cushions.

“Cute,” Baekhyun smiled, “Your eggs are done, sweetheart. I’ll go change and then we can… I don’t know, what a movie or something?”

“Movie?” Chanyeol asked.

“I’ll show you when I get back,” The human crooned peeking over the back of the couch as he walked by, “Just eat breakfast, Chan, or else you’ll be skinny forever.”

He must not have liked that idea at all because the hybrid ran into the kitchen.
Chanyeol really was a puppy, Baekhyun found he liked having him around a lot more than he liked being alone.

But, there were some issues.

Baekhyun should have expected as much, but when the wolf finally got comfortable being so near him, the human was overly excited.

It was his own fault and Baekhyun would readily admit as much.

He shouldn’t have snuck up on him.

Baekhyun was an excitable person though and he was needy, too touchy.

So it was his fault Chanyeol was startled and scratched down his arm.

It really was, but it didn’t stop the wolf from instantly whimpering, screeching and curling up on the floor with his head in his knees.

All these weeks and Baekhyun always found a way to fuck shit up.

He hissed and held his arm to his chest, it wasn’t too bad, but it was beading with blood.

Baekhyun didn’t care about that right now though, he mostly cared that Chanyeol was crying and rocking into his knees, squeaking quiet apologies.

“Sh, Chanyeol, sweetheart.” Baekhyun soothed, dropping down to his knees, “It was an accident, only an accident.”

The wolf cried harder, shoulders shaking as he lifted his head to look at Baekhyun, face a bright red, “Hit me.”


Chanyeol really didn’t seem to like that though, digging his nails into his own legs until Baekhyun noticed and was grabbing his fingers in both hands, blocking his nails from scratching himself, “Chanyeol, stop! Stop, sh, puppy stop. Please. I don’t want you to hurt yourself.”

The hybrids hands went limp but his eyes watched the red welling to the surface of Baekhyun's inner forearm and he went stick still before yanking Baekhyun closer, the human gasping and chest hitting Chanyeol's knees but even then the hybrid just pulled him closer, wide eyed.

“Chanyeol!” Baekhyun cried, startled at suddenly being tossed around like this when Chanyeol was yanking his arm up to his face to look at.

“Dying…” Chanyeol murmured before a vibrating rumble tumbled from his chest and he was trapping Baekhyun's arm in his shirt, wrapping up his wound frantically, “Bad. Bad, bad, bad.”

“Chanyeol,” Baekhyun tried, laying his untrapped hand on Chanyeol's shoulder, but the hybrid
ignored him, “Chan!”

It got his attention and Baekhyun cupped his cheek, “Sh. It’s just a scratch, it’s tiny and it doesn’t hurt at all.”

It stung a bit, but that was beside the point.

“Fight before matches.. bad, no. Oh… oh no… you’re human… huma- no, bad, bad.”

Baekhyun startled when Chanyeol threw himself backwards still holding onto his arm, no choice but to go falling onto the hybrids chest, catching himself with his one good arm and still attempting to get the wolf to let him go smoothly.

But he was scared of making Chanyeol more upset.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay.”

He had only seen dog hybrids do so before, but he hoped the same idea would apply to Chanyeol, leaning down to press his face into Chanyeol's neck, forcing himself to calm down despite the hybrids anxiety being much more worrying.

Baekhyun pressed his face into Chanyeol's neck, breathing deeply and trapping both of Chanyeol's arms that held him between their chests, “Accident, Chanyeol. It’s okay.”

It took less than a second for the wolf to copy and dig his nose into Baekhyun's pulse, but the human could feel the racing of the hybrid's heart against his own chest, fingers coming up and skimming over Chanyeol's furry ear.

He quite liked the one that was less than half a pointed ear, because it showed that Chanyeol had gone through a lot.

The hybrid never admitted as much, but it was obvious that it’s jagged pattern was from it being bitten off, not cut or otherwise cropped purposely.

“Sh, pup, just calm down. It’s okay, I forgive you and it’s okay.”

“It’s okay,” Baekhyun soothed, scratching at the wolf’s fur, “Everything is okay, sweet wolf.”

Baekhyun's heart went out to Chanyeol who cried into his shirt, chest aching for the sweet wolf who only recently allowed him to even sit next to him without jumping away like a cat drenched in water.

“Sweetheart, it’s okay. Accidents happen, just yesterday I knocked over a shit ton of bowls, remember? I woke you up.”

He felt more than heard Chanyeol laugh into his shoulder and smiled, pressing his lips into Chanyeol's jaw, giggling.

He sat back the smallest bit, running his fingertips across Chanyeol's human ear, untouched skin that was soft and pink, much like the softness of the wolf’s neck, Baekhyun chose to overlook the tooth shaped scars that lined Chanyeol's shoulders.

“You think it’s funny? Huh?” He teased, tugging at a small curl on Chanyeol's temple, “That I’m so clumsy compared to you, big wolf?”

“Yes,” Chanyeol muffled, both hands still holding Baekhyun's arm down in his shirt, but grinning
with a full face of tears.

“I think it’s funny too,” Baekhyun laughed, shaking his head at himself and gently pulling his scratched arm from the uncomfortable position how Chanyeol had it laid. “I’m pretty clumsy, but you aren’t much better.”

Chanyeol wasn’t clumsy per say, more so he didn’t pay much attention, completely different to how narrow eyed and curious the wolf was the first week or so there.

Now he was like an entirely different person.

Well, so long as it was only around Baekhyun.

Junmyeon had tried to stop by and check on him a while back, about two weeks since Chanyeol moved in, and the wolf was unmoving and only gave nods and nervous expressions.

It was awkward, but not when it was just them.

“Sorry.”

“Sh, no,” Baekhyun scolded, sitting back on his heels and grabbing Chanyeol's hand to pull him up, “No. It wasn’t your fault.”

“I just…” the wolf gulped, shaking his head, “I don’t like blood… the… the sight, taste, when it’s my cause… I…I hurt everything.”

“I understand,” Baekhyun soothed, bringing Chanyeol's hand up to his cheek and forcing the hybrid to touch his face, “Look. You’re not hurting me now, see? You don’t hurt everything, sweetheart. You only think you do, but you don’t hurt me. You’re not hurting me.”

Chanyeol’s human ears turned pink and Baekhyun beamed, happy that once he released his hand that held Chanyeol's to his face the hybrid continued to leave it there, trailing his fingers down the side of Baekhyun's jaw to his pulse.

It was nearly intimate if Baekhyun didn’t know that Chanyeol was only curious and had never touched him much before; usually it was arms brushing or Baekhyun being too touchy, not really the opposite.

“I… I used to be a fighter,” Chanyeol's eyes snapped up to Baekhyun's face, watching him, “In the rings I was undefeated, won my masters a lot of money… but I didn’t… training was… it was…”

“Sweet wolf, I’m listening to you,” Baekhyun cooed, reaching out to touch Chanyeol's temple softly, the wolf instantly looked at the red across his forearm but it was long clotted already, barely much more than scanning over and an inch long.

“I killed… a lot of others,” Chanyeol gulped, “To… to- because they would have killed me, and I… didn’t have a choice, I had to. If not… if not I’d never get anything at all, and I was so hungry, and I just… wanted to sit in the sun not chained up or beaten. They’d have me run hours around a tire, betting when I’d pass out, and then… when I did I’d get in so much trouble if they lost their bets. More money wasted on me, less food for me to eat, more training I’d need to do.”

“I’d give…” Baekhyun whispered, a frown on his face as he touched small scars that were barely noticeable unless you looked hard enough, “Give all my money for you, Chanyeol. If you’re safe I’d give all my money, everything I have just to make sure you’re happy.”
He knew he sounded choked up, but Chanyeol looked much better at his words, leaning forward to brush his cheek against Baekhyun’s.

It was odd, Baekhyun didn’t really know what he was doing but let him do so anyways, lingering fingers over the soft fleshy scar he knew was hidden under a head of curls spanning from the crown of Chanyeol's head down to the nape of his neck.

Baekhyun wondered if they were sensitive, but the wolf didn’t really seem to notice he was touching all his scars at all.

“I didn’t want to breed,” Baekhyun heard in his ear, causing him to shiver at how close the wolf was, “My mate hadn’t been found yet, I didn’t want to touch the nearly dying hybrids they had agreed for me to breed.

We weren’t even… we weren’t compatible, I couldn’t mate a cat hybrid much less than I could a rabbit or a horse, I’m a wolf, I… it wouldn’t have worked. And I just… I let them out and we ran away, next thing I knew dogs were coming for me, biting at my legs and then… then the police were there. I think… I think someone got to the police, but.. but I know some didn’t make it. The dogs were so… I-I really hate dogs.”

“Attack dogs?”

“Maybe,” Chanyeol's voice was merely a whisper, mumbled into Baekhyun's shirt, “They… liked blood, were fed… blood, I don’t- I don’t want you to know.”

“That’s fine,” Baekhyun said instantly, shuffling to embrace Chanyeol closer to him, “That's fine, my handsome wolf, you can keep things to yourself. You can tell me whatever you want and that’s it, I don’t need to be in your business.”

Chanyeol didn’t respond immediately, but instead went limp in Baekhyun's hold, tilting his head to rest in the crook of the humans neck and wrapping his arms loosely around Baekhyun's waist like he wasn’t exactly sure what to do with them.

“Baekhyun?”

“Yes, Chanyeol?”

“I really like… to be with you, living with you. It’s a lot.. it’s better.”

Baekhyun smiled, trailing his hands up Chanyeol's back until he could cup the hybrid's face between his palms to press a kiss to his forehead, eyes glittering happily, “I love you here too, I think we’re going to be friends forever, huh?”

It was both hopeful and wishful thinking, a bit dramatic, but Chanyeol laughed so Baekhyun figured he liked the thought too.

Baekhyun would sleep on the couch forever if Chanyeol decided to stay with him that long.

Chapter End Notes

Lowkey tempted to spam post because I’m so excited for the highschool story, like I’ve never written them as teenagers but it’s so good
“Baek?”

The human startled, squinting at the shadow that was hovering above him before groaning and throwing his arm across his eyes, “Chan, you’re cute and all, but creeping up on me in the dark is really scary.”

“I.. I don’t like storms.”

Baekhyun peeked his eyes out from behind his arm, confused before barely catching the flash of lightning from the window of his apartment.

He could barely hear the thunder, but Chanyeol jumped so he was quickly reminded his hearing was much better than his human hearing.

“Can you come with me to the bedroom?”

“Oh, fuck.” Baekhyun mumbled, sitting up from his bed - aka couch - “Yes. Of course, Yup, I’m coming.” He mumbled tiredly, rubbing his eyes.

It only took another set of lightning and thunder for Chanyeol to be wrapping fingers around his wrist and pulling him up so fast Baekhyun fell into the hybrids chest with a squeak.

Chanyeol didn’t seem to notice nor care and was practically dragging Baekhyun down the hall.

“Hate it,” Chanyeol shivered, closing the door behind them and running into the bed, diving for the covers.

Baekhyun laughed quietly at his cuteness before clicking his tongue and moving to the opposite side of the bed.

As soon as he was laying down he sighed pleasantly, reminded how comfortable it was to sleep in his actual bed rather than the lumpy couch.

His back really liked it.

“Come here.”

He didn’t have time to respond because Chanyeol was yanking him closer, climbing to lay partially utop Baekhyun.

The human burst into giggles, “When did you get so touchy? My big pup.”

Chanyeol didn’t respond, only laying his chest down on top of Baekhyun and placing his cheek on the pillow beside the human's head, looking out the window.

“Protecting me, huh?” He teased, draping his arm around Chanyeol's hip, “My sweet boy.”

Baekhyun knew Chanyeol really liked to be praised, called sweet or otherwise anything cute and calm, but he had never felt the pur like noise of approval come from the wolf before.

And he lived for it.
“Handsome too, did you know? And getting so muscular, my hybrid.”

“Mine.”

“What?” Baekhyun giggled into Chanyeol's jaw, “Your what? Human? I do like when you talk more than one word grunts, puppy. You’re plenty capable of talking when you want to.”

Chanyeol growled into the pillow, muffling a response that Baekhyun couldn't even pick up.

“Weirdo,” The human teased softly, scratching at Chanyeol's shoulder, “Can’t hear you, big dog.”

“Not a dog.”

Baekhyun laughed harder because he knew Chanyeol got testy and had even whined before about being demoted to a dog, “I know, my big wolf, only a pouting puppy when he wants to be.”

Chanyeol huffed, but Baekhyun knew he really liked to be called a puppy, and it really fit him, especially the cute wiggling he did when really happy or when fresh from the shower like he wanted to shake off like a dog, but had more self control than that.

“I said,” Chanyeol leaned back to look at Baekhyun, “Said you’re mine because you’re mine.”

“Cute.” Baekhyun snickered, “But still doesn’t make sense, sweetheart.”

The hybrid flopped onto his back then, dramatic, but his arm was still wrapped around Baekhyun and pulling the human more into his side rather than just laying limply.

“You know.. I wasn’t going to go into the shelter.”

Baekhyun nearly laughed because that much was overly obvious, Chanyeol over a month ago couldn’t even look at humans without his breath catching.

“Really,” He added quietly, “I really wasn’t… really, I was going to kill them if they didn’t let go, Baek. I-I really was.”

“You were scared,” Baekhyun defended instantly, sitting up on his elbow.

“I was,” Chanyeol agreed, moving his palm to rest in the crook of Baekhyun's neck, and the human knew he had some fascination with his neck, but always found it adorable. “But I smelled you before I even turned around, I smelled you walking over and it was so…”

“Why do you smell like that?” Baekhyun whispered, remembering Chanyeol ask that exact thing to him, “What did you mean?”

The wolf slowly released him, climbing off the bed and Baekhyun sat up, confused, content to continue cuddling.

“Listen,” Chanyeol requested, Baekhyun saw his tail wrap around his own leg like he was afraid and frowned, concerned, “I can’t control it, and if you want me to leave I will. I-I’ll leave quickly, really… I do-“

“Chanyeol, it’s storming, don’t be crazy.” Baekhyun half teased and half cooed, “Come back to bed. You said you were scared of storms.”

Whatever Chanyeol was thinking must have been a lot scarier because he didn’t move an inch, hair standing up on his tail and ears twitching.
He didn’t say anything though, so Baekhyun went to roll off the bed, pulling the covers off his form when Chanyeol’s cleared his throat.

“You smell like baking.”

Baekhyun raised a brow because he didn’t think he smelled like that at all, “If anything I smell like I need a shower.” He joked.

“No, you don’t understand,” Chanyeol rushed out, “I… I really like the smell of… of sweets baking, I.. really, really like it, Baekhyun.”

Who doesn’t? Baekhyun wanted to come back with, but Chanyeol looked really concerned, shuffling closer to the door like he was ready to run off.

“You’re my mate, Baekhyun… I can smell it… on you, I can.. can pick it out, I was so.. scared because you’re human but I..”

“Isn’t that a shock,” Baekhyun whispered under his breath, attempting to keep his face clear of the shock he truly felt so Chanyeol wouldn’t take his wide eyed gawking badly.

Chanyeol gave an extremely stiff nod, taking a sidestep towards the door when the thunderstorm started going crazy outside and he flinched.

Baekhyun chewed his lip, and he didn’t truly know anything about hybrid mating - why would he? But Chanyeol was terrified.

“Just come to bed,” He requested, lifting the blanket and laying back down, “We can talk more tomorrow, Chanyeol.”

“You… you accept?”

Baekhyun laughed, “I’m single as fuck if you haven’t noticed, sweetheart. I sure as hell could use a bit of affection.”

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In hindsight Baekhyun should have researched before blatantly accepting Chanyeol as he did.

Because one, wolves mated for fucking life and Baekhyun hadn’t ever been in a relationship that lasted more than three hook ups and a handful of texts.

Two, Baekhyun had spoken to Junmyeon - completely freaking out - and the man had told him Chanyeol's odd behavior inside solitary made so much more sense.

A display of strength was all he could really do when having no one to go up against, so the wolf opted to nearly die from exhaustion to try and get Baekhyun's approval.

Instinctual, as obviously Baekhyun had no idea what he was doing, but still nearly killed him.

Three, Chanyeol was a fucking hybrid and Baekhyun had never been with a hybrid before, so he was scared of fucking up.

But, none of these things really swayed Baekhyun into regretting his choice.

Because Chanyeol was so happy, adorable, and he admittedly was Baekhyun's type. Especially now that he was gaining weight, muscles coming back in areas Baekhyun couldn't dream to have,
it was completely unfair that hybrids had such genetics.

And, Chanyeol was trying so hard, and it was so obvious.

“Made you breakfast! Baek, I made your favorite!”

Baekhyun startled, and on the bright side he had finally got back to sleeping in his bed, even if it was with a wolf piled on him at all times.

At least he’d never get cold, he mused.

“Sweet pup, bring yours too so we can eat together.” Baekhyun requested, grabbing the plate that was on his lap and leaning over to set his phone down on the side table.

It took Chanyeol only a second to be popping back in with a plate piled high with food, huge portions and the hybrid still looked shy about how much he ate, but Baekhyun thought it was kind of.. attractive.

“Do you want to go shopping later?” Baekhyun asked, scratching at Chanyeol's ear when the wolf climbed onto the bed to press against his side. “Minseok just told me that soon your check should be here, first settlement. It’s going to be a lot, we should get you some things.. see how you do outside.”

Baekhyun had yet to really take Chanyeol out - not because he didn’t offer - quite the opposite really, he offered a lot.

It was the hybrid that didn’t want to go out, but Baekhyun had a good feeling about this time. “We can hold hands, I’ll even take you to that diner I promised you about.”

Chanyeol looked less afraid then, licking his lips and tilting his head to look at Baekhyun.

“I know you want to,” Baekhyun teased, bopping Chanyeol's nose before grabbing the hybrid's hand, “I’ll even give you so many cuddles, even if we just step outside for one minute.”

He did worry about Chanyeol not getting out, he was a wolf breed after all but truly the wolf didn’t seem super upset about being inside, mostly just worried when Baekhyun had to leave on short trips.

The human would always find him lingering by the door for him even if it was only to check the mail.

“Look, even kisses,” He chirped, pressing a kiss to Chanyeol's scarred up knuckles.

The wolf practically lost functioning, eyes widening and nearly knocking his head on the wooden headboard when he frantically nodded.

Baekhyun giggled, releasing Chanyeol's palm, “Cute. If you finish all of that I’ll give you kisses all over that handsome face of yours too.”

Chanyeol never didn’t finish his food so it was a win-win challenge.
Anger (Wolf! Hybrid)

Bribing Chanyeol to come out really made Baekhyun feel guilty, so he tried to take it back just about a thousand times.

But, the wolf was adamant about wanting to go out too, blabbering some excuses about needing new clothes.

Baekhyun wasn’t sure if it was an excuse or not but he bought it anyways because Chanyeol's arms did look close to arguing with his sleeves.

And honestly Chanyeol was so good, he was handling everything so well and Baekhyun made sure to tell him every second, holding him close and the hybrid tucked into his neck to breathe him in when things got too much.

But he never told Baekhyun when things were too much, he just didn’t say a thing.

The human could tell though, could feel Chanyeol's nails pressing a bit too deep when the cashier handed their bags over with eyes flicking to look at Chanyeol.

People stared at the hybrid, Baekhyun wouldn’t deny that they did as Chanyeol was awfully hard to miss, but they tended to look at his ragged ear with worry and the scars that littered the wolf confused.

Funny, Baekhyun mused, that humans were blind to the abuse going on right under their noses until they were forced to see it, to witness Chanyeol cower into his neck when people made eye contact with him.

Pathetic that people will claim to stand for a cause, but do nothing to help.

“Now.” Baekhyun cooed, looping his arm through Chanyeol's, “Food! I’m starving. We can get it and take it home, I know you’ve done so much today, handsome.”

They really had only gone into two stores, barely down the street from their apartment, but for Chanyeol - who hadn’t really been to the city in his life - that was so much.

Baekhyun was really proud of him, and knew the shelter would be once they heard of his progress too.

“What do you say?” He asked, squeezing Chanyeol's arm, “My sweet wolf must be st-“

He was cut off when a hard shoulder knocked into Chanyeol, so rough that the hybrid hissed in pain, bumping Baekhyun out of the way with his arm around his humans waist protectively.

“Watch where you’re going, filth!”

Baekhyun wasn’t one for confrontation, not really, but he also never felt the need to speak up until Chanyeol exhaled shakily.

“Hey!” He yelled, releasing Chanyeol to stomp towards the figure with a pointed finger, “You watch where you’re going, asshole! You’re the one that ran into us!”

The man turned around and Baekhyun's nostrils flared with anger, “Wasn’t talking to you.”
“No?” Baekhyun hissed, “Talking to my boyfriend though, and I think you owe him a fucking apology!”

He was causing all sorts of scenes, screeching and getting closer, pointing his finger into the man’s jacket.

“Baek,” Chanyeol whispered behind him, a gentle hand tugging on the human’s coat, “It’s fine.”

“It’s not fine,” Baekhyun argued without even turning around, “It’s not fine, this fucking dick thinks it’s okay to go pushing people around! Get your head out of your ass, prick!”

“Whatever. Fucking hybrids bitch.”

Baekhyun hadn’t ever been called something so derogatory in his life; he was a privileged human that was pretty, smart, and didn’t really have to face the bullying and ridicule others did.

Holy shit was he mad, and he’d never hit anyone in his life, but he wanted to.

Even some onlookers gasped.

“What? Is that an insult?” Baekhyun laughed mockingly, “To care for hybrids is an insult? Pathetic. In my eyes I see you as less human than him, right? Because humans are supposed to care for others, so to not would make you less human, more of a roach I would say.

The social barrier between humans and hybrids is a problem because of you, people like you are blind to human superiority even when it looks you in the face - might as well wave to these cameras because your ugly mug is going to be all over the news, dick.”

He laughed when the man turned to scurry off when he noticed the recording onlookers.

“Are you okay? You guys okay?”

Baekhyun turned around to rush back to Chanyeol’s chest when he heard the cooing towards the hybrid, unsure how Chanyeol would respond should one of the humans try to soothe him. “We’re okay. Thank you, we’re okay.”

“That was just so horrible,” A woman cooed, clicking her tongue, “Such nerve of him.”

Nodding politely, Baekhyun carefully guided Chanyeol’s hand beneath his coat because the hybrid was shaking, “Thank you, it was quite rude, I’m sorry but we need to be running off. Thank you for your concern.”

“Oh! But your hybrid, where did you adopt him! He’s so adorable!”

Baekhyun laughed, tugging Chanyeol along with him, “Hybrid shelter on eighth has many for adoption, the process is very demanding, but it’s worth it if you can commit.” He answered, tugging Chanyeol away.

They walked a good few blocks until the coast seemed clear and they were nearing the diner, but Baekhyun could feel Chanyeol’s pulse racing.

He stopped and pulled Chanyeol into the side of the wall, wrapping his arms around the hybrids waist. “It’s okay, you’re okay. You’ve done so well. So good, my sweet boy.”

Chanyeol instantly dug his nose into Baekhyun’s hair, “Shouldn’t have done that.”
“What? And just let him? You weren’t even blocking the sidewalk, babe, you were simply minding your own business. He went out of his way to push you and that’s not okay.”

It took the hybrid another moment to catch his breath, shaking hands coming to touch Baekhyun's face like he was searching for an injury.

His hand tended to shake even worse when he was scared and Baekhyun had to grab his hand to help him hold it to his cheek, leaning into his hand.

“Do.. is that a bad insult? Hybrids bitch? You’re not a bitch. You’re a human.”

“It’s.. it's not an insult for me, no.” Baekhyun whispered, almost laughing at Chanyeol's reasoning, “He’s just… just inferring that I love hybrids, that I would.. sleep with them. Some people would be insulted, but I do love hybrids, so I’m not.”

“Sleep?” Chanyeol frowned, “Should I sleep on the floor? My cage was on the-“

“No.” Baekhyun cut him off quickly, smoothing his thumb over Chanyeol's knuckles, “No. Like sex, he was talking about having sex.”

“Oh.” The wolf shrugged, “I mean.. we… we don’t do that so…”

He sounded slightly interested but tried not to and Baekhyun snorted, “Babe. You’re so cute.” He cooed. “Isn’t that what mates entails? I said you were my boyfriend, but that’s not what mates are really, right? My handsome wolf is much more than that.”

Chanyeol flushed down his chest and Baekhyun giggled, tangling a hand around the back of the wolf’s neck to gently pull him down, “So adorable.”

Then he pressed a swift kiss to the hybrid's mouth, pressing their chests together until Chanyeol pulled away with a gasp. “People could see.”

“So what?” Baekhyun rolled his eyes, “They’d only see a couple kissing, there’s nothing different going on, Chanyeol. We’re just… two people who care about each other a lot. Just like any other couples.”
“Really got the shelter boosting, there’s so many people calling about adoptions these days!”

Baekhyun laughed into his phone, “Yeah. Because me yelling at some random dude really boosted the shelter.”

“We really have been getting so many donations and everything, Baek, like there’s a shit ton of them, we can afford new mattresses and a nest to be put in for the fox pups.”

He smiled at Minseok’s words, rapping his fingers on the side of the couch, “Maybe I can get Chanyeol to come in soon, I really want to see those pups. Yixing called just to brag about their cuteness.”

“You guys really should… we.. we’d really like to see him again. We truly got off on the wrong foot.”

“He doesn’t hate you guys or anything, don’t worry,” Baekhyun soothed, “I mean, he was terrified, afraid. I.. sometimes he has bad nightmares, but he’s so fucking good. You guys probably can’t even picture it, but he’s so cute and an absolute sweetheart, I really love having him here with me. It’s not all.. watercolors, but he’s progressed a lot, and I think he’s really happy here.”

“Careful there, sounds like you love something a lot more than just his company,” Minseok joked. “No. But really though, it makes sense. Because wolves are really sensitive to smells so you coming in and being his mate is pure luck, he’d have torn us to shreds. Plus.. you’re a really good person, Baek, if anyone deserves the love that you can give it’s Chanyeol. I’m still scarred just from reading his file, so I can’t imagine.”

Baekhyun stomach dropped at the mention of it, gulping, “Yeah, I mean… thanks, I gotta go. I’ll try to see if he wants to visit, I’ll get back to you.”

He heard the bathroom door open and Chanyeol's footsteps were always shockingly loud for being a predator, so Baekhyun just tossed his phone away and waited for the wolf to make his presence known.

“Could hear you,”

“Of course you could, no wonder your ears are so big, eavesdropper.”

Chanyeol laughed and Baekhyun felt a few drops of water fly off his damp hair when he plopped down onto the couch.

“I do love it.. I mean being here, with you.” The wolf elaborated, grabbing Baekhyun's hand and pulling in a silent request for him to come closer.

He never really asked, but also never really held Baekhyun without permission either, it was a sweet thought, but the human wished he’d act on his first instincts a bit more.

“You can just pick me up,” Baekhyun blurted, climbing into the wolf’s lap and placing knees on either side of the hybrid, “I trust you, you don’t need to be so nervous.”

“I just…” Chanyeol mumbled, grabbing Baekhyun's fingers and working his back more into the couch like he wanted the human closer to his chest, “Just don’t know what I’d do if you were
uncomfortable. I have to take care of you, you first.”

Baekhyun stifled a laugh, leaning forward to press a kiss to Chanyeol's mouth, smiling when the hybrid was rumbling and licking at his lip.

Kissing with Chanyeol was cute because he didn’t really understand the concepts of kissing versus making out, instinctually inclined to taste Baekhyun rather than try to take his time.

But, that also meant Baekhyun was left turned on after a makeout session, because Chanyeol seemed to think their kissing was always supposed to be tongue and rough, and it left Baekhyun all hot and bothered.

“Does that seem like I’m uncomfortable?” Baekhyun whispered, licking the corner of his own mouth of their saliva and sitting back to kiss Chanyeol's cheek softly, “Never uncomfortable with you, babe. Never.”

The sigh Chanyeol released was more relieved than Baekhyun preferred, but he ignored it in favor of grabbing the wolf’s shaky hand, pressing a kiss to his palm and laughing when Chanyeol's entire hand blocked his whole face.

The hybrid seemed to think it was cute too, because he tapped the tips of his fingers along Baekhyun's forehead and chuckled.

“Feel like just the other day you were avoiding me at all costs,” Baekhyun teased, grabbing the large hand in both of his and massaging Chanyeol's palm.

He knew it was useless at this point, Yixing said he suspected the hand had nerve damage causing the tremors, but there wasn’t much to do except a surgery that wasn’t a hundred percent guaranteed to work.

Chanyeol never complained about it anyways.

“Wasn’t avoiding,” The hybrid whispered, leaning forward to rest his lips on Baekhyun's hair, “Watching. It’s a… a wolf thing.”

“Everything is a wolf thing nowadays?” Baekhyun joked because he found when Chanyeol didn’t want to explain lately he had the same excuse, “I think it’s just a Chanyeol thing rather than a wolf thing, handsome.”

“I just… I thought you were really… really nice looking. That’s it. I-I just thought you were handsome.”

“And now?” Baekhyun cooed, bumping his nose into the wolf’s all the while massaging into Chanyeol's palm, “Pup, this hand doesn’t hurt right?” He added when the wolf’s finger twitched when he pushed harder.

“Now I think you’re even prettier,” Chanyeol said, sounding embarrassed, “And no. Doesn’t hurt, can’t really feel it sometimes.”

Baekhyun grimaced, because he honestly would have rather it hurt because it would have made higher chances they could have a surgery to get it fixed, but the nerves in the center must have been completely dead.

“I got,” Chanyeol began, pulling Baekhyun's fingers from his palm to lift it up, “Masters slammed it into a metal door when I lost a fight, didn’t really… feel it then, still don’t really feel it, but it
was bleeding all… right here…” He grabbed Baekhyun's hand and ran his fingertips over a line in Chanyeol's palm.

If he didn’t know any better he’s assume it was simply a line in his palm that everyone had, but on closer inspection it had a light sheen to it, and the skin was softer, scar tissue.

Baekhyun's mouth parted because he hadn’t really noticed before, flipping Chanyeol's hand around to look at the bones that ran across the other side.

“Might have broken some of those, wouldn't be the first time,” Chanyeol whispered, kissing Baekhyun's temple softly and removing his other hand once again to curl around the nape of the humans neck, scratching as if Baekhyun was the one in need of comfort. “It’s really okay. I don’t feel it, Baek.”

“That doesn’t make it okay.” Baekhyun whispered, “N-nothing makes things okay, Chanyeol, just… just because it doesn’t hurt anymore doesn’t make it okay or fine at all. That’s not okay and it’s not right what happened to you - w-what’s happening to other hybrids, it’s not okay and I don’t ever want to hear you say that again.

Do you hear me, babe? I care about you and I care… I care about what’s happening to hybrids and it’s not okay. It’s not fucking o-okay.”

The noise Chanyeol made came from his throat, a cooing whine that surprisingly had an immediate effect on Baekhyun.

He’d never cried in front of Chanyeol, but the noise instantly had him limply crying into the hybrids collarbone, limbs easily manipulated by Chanyeol so the hybrid could hold his curled form even closer, chirping that same noise into his ear.

It was weird to be treated like an animal, to be calmed by such a soft, but also aggressive sounding noise.

Baekhyun didn’t know what it was or how to interpret it, but it was calming all the same.

Or, it was the way Chanyeol's large palms splayed across his back protectively, running down the back of his head to his tailbone gently.

He had been right all along, Chanyeol really was a huge softy.

“I promise. I won’t, just don’t cry, don’t cry. Baekhyun, cub, don’t cry. Baby, stop crying please, it hurts.”

Baekhyun was merely sniffling by the time Chanyeol decided to stop with his aggressive need to comfort him, but the wolf was already lifting his chin to kiss at his cheek, whimpering at his swollen eyes.

“No more,” The wolf requested, pressing their lips together, “Please. No more tears, I can smell them.”

“What…” Baekhyun swallowed his saliva when he realized how choked he sounded, “What does it smell like?”

“Makes your scent… smell bad,” Chanyeol murmured, “Like… like sad, and it’s not good - it’s no good.”
Baekhyun was completely and entirely in love with a hybrid.

Never in his life did he think it would happen, never did he ever see hybrids as less than people, but he also never had such a strong infatuation with one before.

They were adorable people that needed help, and that was Baekhyun's outlook on them.

He was a fool, because now he knew everyone needed a hybrid friend or companion to help them see clearly, he always considered himself a fair and completely unbiased judge of people and hybrids.

But Chanyeol showed him his biases and made him throw them out of the door, made him wipe his head clean.

And Baekhyun loved him.

He’d never been in love before, but what Chanyeol made him realize was much too strong to just label as a strong attachment.

“Chanyeol,” Baekhyun whispered, cupping the wolf’s face between his palms and pressing a quick, but heated kiss to the hybrids mouth, “I want... want you to have sex with me, mate me, make love, I just want you. I don’t care what we call it, I want you.”

“I just want you,” He hiccuped, pressing his teary cheeks against Chanyeol's, “Just love you so much.”

He didn’t have to say more, if anything at all because Chanyeol was standing up and Baekhyun latched onto his front, eyes widening because the hybrid never picked him up before.

It only seemed to remind him how much the hybrid had progressed, no longer arms as thin as twigs or legs that shook when he walked.

A fair amount of his muscle gain was due to his genetics, predatory hybrid breeds tended to heal muscle mass first as an evolutionary precaution, but the rest was just due to his healthy diet, all the food he has access to.

He wasn’t as thin as him anymore, and Baekhyun felt reminiscent but so proud.

“I love you. I loved you ever since you asked me to come with you.” Chanyeol cooed, placing him on their bed.

Baekhyun almost instantly was whining and pulling at his own shirt, tossing it across the room and working on his sweatpants.

Fuck, if you told him months ago he’d be having sex with Chanyeol then he’d call you a flat out liar.

But the hybrid shedding clothes in front of him just as frantically let him know that he wasn’t going crazy and the chiseled form was definitely the scrawny and malnourished wolf he had to bribe off the sidewalk.

“Oh, fuck,” Baekhyun had his fair share of sex, a lot during his college days and a few hook ups since, but Chanyeol had to be the most gorgeous thing he’d ever seen - all over.

It was so crude, but Baekhyun had half a mind to wonder how the fuck he had gone so long
without sleeping with a hybrid assuming they were as lucky as Chanyeol in length.

That thought was short lived when he was reminded he very much was mates to the wolf - which entailed life.

“Easy,” Baekhyun panted as Chanyeol pressed him into the mattress, fingers wandering between his legs, “N-need lube, easy, babe, I don’t get wet like hybrids.”

Chanyeol grunted in response, licking at the expanse of Baekhyun's chest in such a way the human felt it was filthy, arching into it and blindly fiddling with the side table drawer to dig inside.

Hell, if he didn’t find lube who the fuck cared because Chanyeol was salivating so much Baekhyun was positive the wolf would have no problem making sure he was wet enough.

“Ah, easy!” Baekhyun moaned, hips raising and contrasting his words when he rolled them back into where Chanyeol was prodding his hole dry, “Babe, Chanyeol, it's been a while, easy.”

The hybrid didn’t seem to like his phasing all that much, scraping his teeth across Baekhyun's nipple until the human squealed, “Mine!” He barked, nipping at his skin until it pinkened.

Baekhyun's eyes rolled into the back of his head when he finally grabbed the lube, writhing helplessly beneath Chanyeol before moaning a closed mouth noise, attempting to catch his breath as he tangled a hand in Chanyeol's curls to pull him up towards him.

It was hard to believe Chanyeol was a virgin up until this, even if the wolf admitted as much, but it was likely all instincts for him while Baekhyun had been a fumbling virgin his first time.

“Hand, babe. Give me your hand, you’re doing so well.”

Chanyeol loved praise at any given time, smiling and kissing Baekhyun's cheek as he gave his hand over.

Baekhyun was pretty grossed out by excess lube, but with Chanyeol he had no choice but practically empty everything onto the wolf’s fingers, smearing them all around lewdly and moaning into Chanyeol's ear when the wolf continued to pepper him with kisses and nips.

“So excited?” Baekhyun panted, reaching between them to grab at Chanyeol's erection to smear excess lube onto the length, instantly the hybrid growled into his ear. “Easy with me. One finger at a time.” He instructed, breath catching as Chanyeol prodded at his entrance again.

“Oh, f-fuck, Chanyeol- Babe!” Baekhyun cried, eyes shutting as a shiver went down his spine, digging his face into Chanyeol's neck when the wolf’s finger pressed into his prostate, “Shit, shit. Good, so good, so good, puppy. Love you so much.”

His hand went up to comb the bangs from Chanyeol's eyes, catching his lips in a panting kiss before searching his expression, watching the hybrid examine his face for pleasure.

Baekhyun shuddered and writhed, rolling his hips and next time it was only fair he get to see his mate just as teased and edged, because the small smirk Chanyeol had when he clenched fists into his hair or huffed breathless moans against his mouth was completely uncalled for.

And devilishly attractive.

“Gonna fuck me?” Baekhyun choked out, nails digging into Chanyeol's scalp, “Mate me, Chanyeol? You want to mate? Been waiting so long to fuck me, huh? My boy is too swee- ah-
sweet! Stop, stop, I’m gonna come.”

“Going to love you,” The wolf replied quietly, his noises seemed almost animalistic and voice choked like he had a hard time getting them out at all.

Fucking hot.

“Love me then. Love me, Chanyeol.”

“I do love you.”
Chanyeol had a bit of red in his hair now.

Baekhyun had only really realized the other day as he combed through to trim it.

It was just getting redder the longer it grew and he was tempted to let it grow out and see just how red it would get because it was so pretty.

“Cub?”

Baekhyun hummed, bringing their fingers over the center console to kiss Chanyeol's knuckles. “I’m listening, babe.”

“Can I learn to drive? Like… soon? I know you don’t like it and I think I would like it a lot.”

Smiling, Baekhyun kissed Chanyeol's knuckles a handful more times, “Sweet wolf, of course. I feel like you just want to speed though.” He teased, nipping at the back of the wolf’s fingers playfully.

Chanyeol didn’t even mind the fake aggression, squeezing his hand and laughing as he looked out the window, “It looks fun,” He shrugged, “Just want to do normal things, I’ll be so bored once you start working again.”

“You’ll be more annoyed about me smelling not like you,” He called out, carefully backing into a parking space, “I know you too well, my possessive mate.”

“You’re not wrong,” Chanyeol shrugged, unbuckling and fiddling with his belt nervously, “What if they-“

“Nobody is upset with you at all.” Baekhyun interrupted firmly, leaning over to cup Chanyeol's face, “It’s been months, nobody blames you. We’ll leave the second you’re uncomfortable. Kay?”

“Kay,” Chanyeol puffed against his mouth, surging up for a kiss.

Baekhyun giggled, pinching his neck playfully because he knew how sensitive it was, Chanyeol growled at him and the human only hummed happily.

“Love you.”

“I love you more and more and more, puppy!” Baekhyun cooed, jumping from the car with a skip around to the other side to snake all around the hybrid when he popped out.

“You’re really more a puppy than I am,” Chanyeol huffed, cupping Baekhyun's face to press exaggeratedly loud kisses to his lips.
Chanyeol wasn’t doing half bad at the shelter again.

Of course that was ignoring his stiffness when Minseok tried to give him a hug and Baekhyun had to cut in while Chanyeol growled into the back of his neck.

That was a bit too much, but just talking didn’t seem to be too concerning, Chanyeol was fine so long as Baekhyun was there.

“No, really,” Baekhyun laughed into Chanyeol’s shoulder, clinging onto the wolf’s arm, “We’re eating well, taking care of ourselves.”

“Come on, Baek,” Yixing rolled his eyes on the other side of the desk, “We know you cook like a toddler. Pop Tarts and cereal.”

“Baekhyun actually cooked for my first week or two,” Chanyeol interrupted defensively, curling fingers into the side of Baekhyun’s sweater, “He’s okay.”

Baekhyun laughed at Yixing’s mock offended face, turning to press his chin into Chanyeol’s arm and look over his shoulder where Junmyeon smiled at him knowingly.

It wasn’t like Baekhyun was trying to search for anything at all, but his friend approved of Chanyeol, not that it really mattered, but it did feel nice to see other people did genuinely care about the hybrids’ progress.

“Right, baby?”

Baekhyun hummed and turned his head to look at Chanyeol, “What was that?”

“I said it was a little awkward at first,” Chanyeol murmured, lifting a hand to fondly brush hair from Baekhyun’s face, “Right, baby?”

“Oh god, you two are ridiculous, Ugh - gagging.”

Baekhyun snickered and pressed a kiss to Chanyeol’s jaw before flipping Jongdae off.

The cat hybrid was nothing short of annoying as all hell, but Baekhyun was overly fond of him even if he made his shifts a hell of a lot louder.

“Dae, don’t.” Minseok warned when the cat jumped over the desk into their little area, “Seriously.”

“I just want to meet him too!” Jongdae shrieked, pouting, “He bit Yifan, I wanted to thank him for getting that fucking bear out of my hair for a few days.”

Baekhyun felt Chanyeol flinch at the reminder, and knew the hybrid was accustomed to his teasing, but still had a rough time socially with others. “Jongdae, Chanyeol doesn’t.. he’s not used to other hybrids, that’s all, please respect that.” He requested, squeezing Chanyeol’s hand in his grip.

“Yeah yeah,” The cat whined, “Dog fights, blah, blah! Been there, done that. Wanna reenact sometime?”

Jongdae really did come from a fighting ring too, but as a child, Baekhyun wasn’t entirely sure how much he recalled but it didn’t excuse his crude humor because Chanyeol’s face was turning red and Baekhyun heard his teeth grind together.
He didn’t need to address Chanyeol’s guilt, but it was harder to ignore his immediate reaction to accept the challenge, it was imprinted into the wolf’s head that he had to win challenges.

He couldn’t recognize what was a joke or not.

“Jongdae!”

“Go back to your room!”

“Dae!”

Baekhyun didn’t care about their scolding though, or about how inappropriate it was to do when the shelter was open, he just blinked and was dangling at Chanyeol's chest, holding the wolf’s head in his neck and refusing to release him until he stopped his teeth grinding and aggressive chuffs.

“Babe. Chanyeol, Chan, sh sh. It’s a joke, he’s kidding. No more, pup, no more fighting. It’s just us now.”

It was nothing like a breakdown Chanyeol had months prior, no digging nails into his shirt or occasionally his skin if things were really intense, but Chanyeol was breathing rapidly, coughing aggressive grunts into his neck and holding onto Baekhyun's waist.

“You don’t fight,” Baekhyun kissed at his ear, trailing soft pecks around Chanyeol's shoulder, “My sweet boy, you don’t fight, sweetheart, you wouldn’t fight me so you shouldn’t fight other hybrids.”

Chanyeol growled a noise of disapproval.

“I know, it’s hard.” Baekhyun sighed, combing his fingers through the wolf’s hair, “I know, but you do so well. You’ve done so well, I’m so proud of you. My sweet mate, love you so much.”

It took a few more moments for Chanyeol to catch his breath, and as soon as he looked up and remembered the audience he whimpered into Baekhyun's hair, only heard by the human who instantly tightened his arms around his waist and stood on his toes to kiss Chanyeol's throat, “It’s okay. It’s okay, nothing to be embarrassed about, Jongdae gives everyone that feeling.”

“Time to go?” Chanyeol asked under his breath, voice apologetic.

But, Baekhyun only smiled, “Of course, babe, time to go.”

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They stopped for food on the way home, Chanyeol stared out of the passenger side window the entire drive and Baekhyun knew he felt bad for asking them to leave so soon, but he shouldn’t.

Baekhyun would never wish for him to be in an uncomfortable situation at all, let alone one that was near dangerous for anyone.

Chanyeol was a wolf after all, an abused and tormented one, there was only so much Baekhyun could do to help him.

As his mate, he was safe no matter what, Chanyeol had said as much - that even if he was placed in a ring with Baekhyun on the other side he physically couldn’t intentionally harm him.

But, for others it was all up in the air. So they needed to be very careful, because not many people would be as lenient about being attacked by Chanyeol as Yifan had - even though he was a hybrid
himself and understood more.

“I’ve been meaning to tell you,” Baekhyun murmured, pressing a kiss to Chanyeol’s shoulder blade and waiting for the wolf to get out of the doorway, but Chanyeol wasn’t used to wearing shoes since they didn’t go out much and took an adorably long time to remove them. “Junmyeon said the state attorney was awarding you more compensation for a victim relief program.”

“What’s the point if we can’t even go out to spend it?”

Baekhyun licked his lips, palms sliding off of Chanyeol’s spine and turning to remove his own shoes, eyeing the wolf’s sulking form place their takeout on the coffee table and plop down. “We can buy online. I know you’ve been wanting something to pass the time. You could… I don’t know, learn guitar? Drums? I don’t know, babe, humor me.”

“My hands shake too much.”

The human twisted his lips, stomping over to throw himself down into Chanyeol’s lap with a huff, twisting around to place his knees around the hybrids hips, “I think they’re perfectly fine. Everything you do is perfectly amazing, Chanyeol.”

“Baekhyun…”

“Oh, don’t give me that tone,” Baekhyun whined, kissing the corner of Chanyeol’s eye and resting a palm behind the hybrid’s ear, thumb rubbing across the smooth skin, “You can do it, and I know you want to. All our YouTube history these days is tutorials. You can do it and you’ll be fucking amazing because my mate is nothing short of absolutely amazing.”

“My han-“

“Your hands are perfectly stable,” He cooed, smirking, “Perfectly stable when touching me, babe. Maybe we’ll just have to find ways to make sure they’re calmed down, hm? You always say I calm your nerves. We can work something out,” Baekhyun grinned, trailing a palm down Chanyeol’s abdomen to toy with his jean button.

The wolf tossed his head back against the couch with a groan, Baekhyun giggled at the fake scold he was sent when he could already feel the hybrid hardening.

“Hm? You didn’t answer me, Chanyeol. Think you can control your hands?” Baekhyun teased, swinging his leg off the hybrids hips to shimmy down to the floor on his knees, palms resting on the inside of Chanyeol’s knees.

Instantly Chanyeol spread his legs wider to give him more room to work around and Baekhyun grinned, pressing his lips to the rough material on Chanyeol’s inner thigh, “Can you be in a talkative mood, handsome? I really like to hear you.”

“I like to hear you more.”

Baekhyun clicked his tongue with a snicker, trailing his palm to sit just over the zipper of Chanyeol’s jeans, “This is about you, babe. If you keep your fingers in my hair maybe we can go again tonight.”

Chapter End Notes
Let me know if you guys want me to go ahead and post the rest of this AU and the first of the next one! (The next quite literally might be my favorite out of all of them, I’ve never written them in school before and it’s so... it’s so good tbh, I’ll toot my own horn bc I love it)
Baekhyun really liked to sleep with Chanyeol beside him, a warm body draped over his form, breath fanning his hair.

Chanyeol claimed he didn’t know what he did in his sleep, but Baekhyun begged to differ because the wolf wasn’t unlike how he acted awake, nosing at his jaw until Baekhyun would tilt his head out of the way and allow the wolf to smell him.

Clinging onto Baekhyun's much smaller form like he would protect him despite that being an easy task when Baekhyun was close to $\frac{1}{3}$ the size of him - an exaggeration, but a realistic one since it sometimes felt that way.

He was a huge puppy, one that occasionally barked and bit, but Baekhyun never had problems with a puppy before, and it really didn’t start with Chanyeol.

Because, if anything, he was the annoying one in their relationship.

“Good morning,” He chirped, kissing across the wolf’s face obnoxiously, even blowing a raspberry into Chanyeol's shoulder and giggling when the wolf growled under his breath at the rude awakening.

“Mhm, love you too,” Baekhyun teased, biting softly at Chanyeol’s jaw before rolling onto his back with a sigh.

It took Chanyeol less than a minute to realize Baekhyun had rolled away, sniffing at the air before a whimpering noise came from his mouth and he rolled over on top of the human, “Stay still,” He ordered tiredly, more of a growl as he buried his face into Baekhyun's neck, encasing the human's body with his nude one.

Baekhyun had been expecting as much though and wiggled to get comfortable, arms wrapping around Chanyeol's ribs and pressing his lips onto the hybrid's collarbone, “Gonna crush me, babe.”

Chanyeol grunted an acknowledgment, but didn’t bother moving an inch, only kissing Baekhyun's head and squeezing him tighter.

Well, Baekhyun supposed mornings could be a lot worse.

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“What are you doing, sweetheart?”

Baekhyun yawned and tossed himself over Chanyeol's back, pressing into the wolf’s spine and kissing a trail down the back of his head, draping all his weight over the hybrid's naked top half.

“Shopping.”

Baekhyun hummed, shutting his eyes and nearly falling asleep once again, standing up because Chanyeol was so fucking warm it was so unfair.

He didn’t though because he felt Chanyeol pat his hip and was quickly walking around the couch to accept the silent invitation to rest with the hybrid.

He laid his cheek down on Chanyeol's thighs and preened, stretching his legs over the arm as
Chanyeol pet his hair from his face, moving the laptop onto the arm of the couch in order to leave his lap open for his mate.

“So tired? You’ve slept all day, cub.”

Baekhyun smiled with eyes closed, pouting his lips for a kiss and Chanyeol leaned down to grant it to him instantly, “Still tired, came out to annoy you. You know I hate when you leave me alone in bed.”

“Not all of us like to sleep until three in the afternoon, baby.”

“And that, sir, is an issue!”

Chanyeol snorted, tugging Baekhyun's ear and going back to the computer, “And to think I was going to order you those stupid candies you like. And here you are treating me terribly.”

Baekhyun bubbled a laugh, turning to press his nose into Chanyeol's abdomen and curling his knees closer to the warmth the hybrid gave off, “I treat you like royalty, babe.”

It was true, Baekhyun never really had much to complain about with Chanyeol, the only real concerning thing was when he’d have short breakdowns, but they were usually quick and few and far in between.

Chanyeol was perfect and Baekhyun wouldn't even dare wish he was changed the smallest bit, because he was completely fine how he was.

“You do,” Chanyeol breathed, voice soft and quiet, “And I love you so much, thank you.”

Baekhyun didn’t argue with Chanyeol much either, but when he did it was because the hybrid cared way too little about himself - always trying to buy his affection or otherwise belittling himself.

Sure, Chanyeol had been given a lot of money from the state, and would continue to get it, but Baekhyun never once tried to hide that or even dip fingers into his money even if he legally had access to it.

Because he didn’t need anything, he just wanted Chanyeol to use it to buy himself toys or things that didn’t stress the wolf out.

“You… can go out, you know, I heard you on the phone with Yixing earlier. You can go hangout with your friends, Baek.”

Despite the sweet suggestion, Chanyeol didn’t sound like he wanted Baekhyun to leave without him too.

The longest they were separated was Baekhyun running to the corner store for groceries when Chanyeol had just moved in, and even then, when they didn’t speak much, the hybrid always looked like his anxiety was through the roof of Baekhyun was even gone for a few minutes.

It was too much.

It wasn’t fair to ask Chanyeol to wait all alone for him when Baekhyun was the only person in the entire world the hybrid trusted to let in.

“Don’t want to go out,” Baekhyun murmured, “We were talking about you going out…” eventually,
not now of course, but maybe in a few years you’d like to go out for a drink or two.”

Chanyeol relaxed a bit then, leaning over his lap to kiss the crook of Baekhyun's neck softly, “Maybe.”

“I would completely put out for you, just so you know,” Baekhyun giggled to himself, “Like a horny frat boy. I’m really into that, babe.” He teased.

Rolling his eyes, Chanyeol chose to mostly ignore Baekhyun's lingering fingers, “You're really into anything. You're worse than a rabbit.”

“I’m really into you,” The human corrected, pressing a kiss to Chanyeol's stomach that was nearly solid muscle, smoothing a hand up and down his chest, “So handsome, never seen anyone more attractive than you.”

Usually Chanyeol rode off such sweet comments with claims that it was because they were mates Baekhyun thought so, rambling that he wasn’t even sure if a human would be attracted to him.

Ridiculous because Baekhyun knew many people looked at Chanyeol seductively rather than fear as the wolf assumed. He was enchanting, Baekhyun liked to stare for hours on end.

“Yeah?” Chanyeol gave him a lopsided, shy grin.

Baekhyun beamed, moving to sit up and curl into Chanyeol's lap instead of just lay on his thighs, worming himself into the wolf’s bare chest. “My handsome boyfriend,” He cooed, giving a wide smile to the hybrid and kissing the underside of Chanyeol's jaw, “Swear you're the most handsome person I’ve ever seen. Put everyone else to shame, babe. Even me.”

“Not possible,” Chanyeol growled, enclosing arms around Baekhyun, “Not you, so beautiful. So good looking, mate. Tried to impress you so hard.”

Baekhyun already knew as much from the camera footage the first few days of Chanyeol in solitary, but never brought it up because he didn’t want to embarrass the poor hybrid.

“Mhm,” He hummed, running his cheek along the wolf’s because he knew Chanyeol really liked that, “Consider me impressed, it worked. Here I am, yours. I think I always wanted someone like you, sweet wolf. I just didn’t know it.”

“Why didn’t you have someone before? I sniffed everywhere to smell other people but I didn’t.”

That made a lot more sense about Chanyeol's nearly concerned amount of sniffing when he arrived.

He had been jealous and concerned.

“Just needed you,” Baekhyun answered mostly because he didn’t have much of a real answer, he had a few close calls to get into a relationship, but they never really amounted to much - because Baekhyun was quick to drop them when he didn’t agree with an opinion the other had - he was opinionated and open minded, but if your ideas didn’t align with his about important and controversial topics he didn’t give a fuck about dropping them.

Like overlooking hybrid mistreatment or discrimination.

He had even had one honorable mention laugh when he said he worked for a hybrid shelter, laughing right in his face.
Baekhyun threw enough wine at him he was sure the man’s skin was tinted red for weeks.

“Plus,” He murmured, arms wrapping tight around Chanyeol’s neck, “Did you know hybrids had such amazing durability, or is it just you, handsome?”

“Why do you always seduce me like this?” Chanyeol whined, lips trailing the side of Baekhyun's neck.

“Do you know how long it’s been since I’ve been satisfied? Chanyeol, you’re the best all the fucking time, I’m not even kidding. It’s so frustrating to just have my own hands, like look at yours, yes please.”

He didn’t even know if Chanyeol understood half of what he said most of the time, but the wolf was picking up more slang and uncommon words from television these days - and suggestive talk was kind of hard to miss when he was literally mates to Baekhyun who recently realized he was the horniest human alive apparently.

“You like my hands?”

“If you don’t fuck me right now, so help me god I’ll combust.”
Baekhyun was high as fuck, he knew he was but he reached for the bottle at his feet anyways, throwing his head back as he gulped down the stinging drink.

Their hideout wasn’t much a secret anymore, more of a place all their friends knew of, but it was still better than any other place in this fucking town.

The seventeen year old didn't really give a fuck where they were as long as it wasn’t school or home.

“Baekhyun. Don't be stingy.”

He rolled his eyes when the bottle between his fingers was stolen.

Hyunjae just tossed an arm around his shoulders and monopolized the bottle to himself.

Baekhyun glanced around his boyfriend tiredly before leaning back and looking around the room,
watching Sehun get pissed and throw his cards down on the floor, glaring at Jongin who likely won their game.

The abandoned house really wasn’t that great, it smelled of mold, the roof was caving in and the second story was too dangerous to even walk on or they’d fall through the floor.

But, all of them had reasons to be here, or Baekhyun thought so.

And he didn’t really care so long as one of them was able to bring them weed or alcohol.

Anything to numb the sting of life.

Jongin was a baseball star at their high school, and Sehun did basketball so Baekhyun always wondered what the two did with them when they actively had shit to get done.

Sehun just thought they were cool, and Jongin was soft and showed more concern for them than anything.

Baekhyun didn’t understand why they were friends with them, but they were.

The most controversial of their friends that came here was probably Chanyeol.

A quarterback on their football team that for god knows why was friends with Hyunjae, an older boy than them, nineteen, but Baekhyun had been with him on and off for a good year.

Whether he was happy with him or not was debatable, but he picked up Baekhyun from school and they’d usually fuck in his car before finally talking.

He barely remembered meeting the man at a party because he had been so fucked up, all he remembered was Hyunjae helping him get to Jongins, and it had been a cute thought because Baekhyun couldn't have cared if he was passed out on the sidewalk.

It was also the first time he’d even looked at Chanyeol before, they ran in opposite waves, but vaguely Baekhyun could remember they first spoke at that party even if he couldn’t recall what about.

Really, it was mainly Hyunjae and Baekhyun that were getting high, occasionally one of the others would drink with them, but they didn’t really seem to have an interest.

Probably because they had lives, Baekhyun mused.

He even knew Chanyeol to be rich, heard rumors of his fancy house, his car looked worth more than Baekhyun himself. The eighteen year old even had scholarships lined up for him at his door.

The only thing Baekhyun had waiting when he got home was a swift backhand.

Chanyeol just watched though, he rarely spoke to Baekhyun, usually just texting or occasionally playing cards with the others, bringing some of his own friends in.

Him and Hyunjae conversed but usually Baekhyun was disoriented and didn’t care about what.

“Baek.”

Baekhyun blinked red, glossy eyes, turning to look up at Hyunjae confused, actions slow.

He was met by a mouth on his own and laughed, cupping the man’s face to kiss slowly,
uncoordinated, tired.

Hyunjae had him on his back in a second, it wasn’t unusual, but Baekhyun felt a hand crawling up his shirt and grunted as he turned his head away, “No. I’m too fucked up.”

Not only that but he wasn’t about to fuck in front of everyone, even he had a bit of dignity left despite having had sex in the most disturbing of places before.

He was just really tired.

“No you’re not.” Hyunjae mouthed down his neck, hand pushing the jacket off Baekhyun's shoulder.

“Seriously,” Baekhyun whispered through gritted teeth, grabbing the man’s wrist, “Not in the mood.”

“Hey, come on, man. He said he’s fucked up.”

Baekhyun sighed in relief, relaxing on the molded wood floors as Hyunjae pulled off of him with an irritated huff, “Bitch.” He growled, grabbing his keys and storming out of the house.

Looks like he’d be walking home, again. Should have just fucking done it.

He licked his cracked mouth and sat up, pulling his jacket around his shoulders awkwardly.

They’d seen them fight worse than this before, it wasn’t uncommon, but Baekhyun still felt awkward when they did.

Even more so because Hyunjae was always pissed when someone stepped in.

“Baek, he’s such a dick, why the fuck do you bother hanging out with him?” Sehun wondered, not looking away from his cards.

“He’s my boyfriend.”

“He’s like a million people’s boyfriend,” Jongin scoffed, “You really should have some appreciation for yourself, you’re a good person.”

Good people didn’t get so high they couldn’t walk.

They didn’t throw up all over someone’s bed after getting shitfaced drunk.

Baekhyun was a fuck up, and there was nothing left to say.

He shrugged, using the wall for balance as he stood up, “I’ll see you guys at school.”

“Where are you going?”

Chanyeol’s voice was deep, but Baekhyun almost always forgot how deep it was because usually he wasn’t paying attention. It sounded nice.

“Walking home.” Baekhyun answered, taking a moment and zipping his jacket with much more effort than needed, “Bye.”

“I’ll give you a ride,” Chanyeol added, standing up quickly, “Seriously, you’re fucked up and it’s dark out. You won’t make it halfway.”
Baekhyun laughed, pulling his hood over his head, “Thanks. But it’s nothing I haven’t done before.”

Chapter End Notes

this possibly might be one of my favorite AU’s in this collection, like it has a WHOLE AS PLOT AND STORY AND EVERYTHING hopefully these chapters give the story (or Baekhyun) justice!!
“Can you at least try to pay attention?”

Baekhyun glared at Kyungsoo when the student shoved his arm, “Let me sleep.”

He pressed his cheek back down on his textbook again and closed his eyes, just knowing the nerd was going to scold him again because he always seemed to be up his ass, following him around.

Probably something Jongin put him up to because he knew the two were seeing each other even if Kyungsoo adamantly denied it with red cheeks.

“Hey Baek!”

Well, looks like he wouldn’t be getting any sleep.

He sat up with a raised brow as the students in the desk in front of them were staring.

Baekhyun didn’t really remember names all that well, he didn’t need to, but he recognized them with prior interactions.

And these two baseball players had been trying to get in his pants all year.

“You putting out yet? Heard Hyunjae was done with you.”

Snorting, Baekhyun smirked, licking over his teeth before flashing a flirty grin, “Sorry, honey, I’m not really into small dicks, better luck never.” He cooed, laying back down on his books.

He heard an irritated noise when a group of people laughed and smiled to himself, amused.

“But you sleep with a lowlife fucking drug dealer, I guess I should expect as much from a dirty who-“

“Leave him alone,” Chanyeol boomed, shadow casting against Baekhyun's back as he eyed the two students, “Fuck off or i’ll tell your coach you steal goods from the locker room.”

Baekhyun raised his head up at that, watching the two stare at Chanyeol fearfully; good blackmail, he would remember that.

“But we’re eating off campus today,” Chanyeol added, grabbing his book off the desk, aka Baekhyun's pillows when the bell rang. “Let’s go. Kyungsoo, Jongin said he’d take you and Sehun in his car.”

Baekhyun had no idea what the fuck was Chanyeol's deal lately, but ever since he rejected a ride home a week ago the football player had been on his ass more than ever, in all their shared classes he was switching others seats and interrupting all rude interactions.
He could take care of himself, he didn’t need Chanyeol to do shit.

“I don’t have money,” Baekhyun murmured, throwing his backpack over his arm and jogging to catch up with Chanyeol's footsteps down the hall, “I can’t, Chanyeol.”

The other fixed him with an unreadable expression before grabbing the backpack off his shoulder and walking all the while placing his book into the ragged bag, “No problem, I’ll buy for you.”

Who would ever say no to a free meal?

Baekhyun chewed his lip before giving a minuscule nod, “Thanks.”

“We’re friends, it’s not a problem.”

Baekhyun never would have really considered them “friends” when they were more people that hung out around the same people, but it sounded nice so he smiled softly and pulled his worn coat around himself tighter.

They didn’t talk much the whole walk into Chanyeol's car.

He couldn’t remember off the top of his head if he had been inside it before, but once he was climbing into the passenger seat it felt familiar.

“So, uh, you and Hyunjae split?”

Sighing, Baekhyun ran his fingers along the window. His car was really nice.

His parents must be really cool, Baekhyun's face pulled together at the thought.

“He said we weren’t together in the first place, always says that when I piss him off. It’s cool, he’ll probably forget about it soon.”

“I… we saw him at the diner with some girl yesterday night, just… Baekhyun, we think he’s not good for you. And you don’t deserve that.”

At this point Baekhyun had heard too much about similar things that he didn’t feel a sting of hurt he used to.

Notes in his locker mocked his inability to keep his boyfriend's eyes on him, detailed accounts of Hyunjae fucking around with other people, then he denied so to Baekhyun.

But, Baekhyun knew they were true, they were true because Hyunjae told him the same sweet things as were written in their mocking, sometimes apologetic, interactions.

He wasn’t hurt, not really, but it felt like low blows, like air continuously being stolen from his lungs, and he knew what that felt like.

Maybe he’d have no air left soon.

“What do I deserve then? I’m no good for anyone.” He replied simply.

Chanyeol gulped, licking his lips nervously and tapping his thumb on the steering wheel, “I think you deserve a hell of a lot more than that. Look, I know we aren’t close, and I know you’d probably much rather be with Jongin or Sehun right now, but I… I’m here for you, you know? And you have my number, if you need anything I’ll be there, alright?”
“Hyunjae is your friend, why are you trying to convince me not to be with him?”

“I was his friend before I found out he was a cheating bastard. He’s no good for you, Baekhyun. I’m tired of seeing him treat you like shit. Don’t you feel anything at all? I’d be pissed.”

Baekhyun laughed and turned his knees towards the door to watch houses roll by through the window. “Trust me, if anyone is tired of being treated like shit, it’s me. I don’t need your sympathy, Chanyeol. I can take care of myself, thanks.”

It sounded like a lie.

“I just want to be close to you, Baekhyun.”

Chapter End Notes

I’ve never written a pinning story, but the tension is SO REAL for the better part of this au
Chanyeol was running late, late as fuck.

“Mom, I’m on the way, swear.” He repeated for the millionth time, tossing his clothes into his duffle bag.

Gross, he’d have to drive him in his sweaty, disgusting training clothes, but shit his mom was pissed.

“You better get your ass home or else..”

Whatever other threat his mom had he didn’t hear because he was already walking out of the locker room towards the parking lot.

He hadn’t even realized he kept the team so long until they slowly started needing to head home.

Chanyeol stayed to practice by himself, now it was past seven and dark out.

The parking lot was mostly empty and his mom continued rattling off in his ear, but he frowned when he spotted a figure seated on the curb of the bus loop, back towards him and shoulders shaking.

“Mom, I gotta go, I’ll be home quickly.”

“Park Chanyeol!”

He cringed as he hung up, knowing how much shit he was going to be in when he got home, but tossing his phone into his bag and walking quickly over.

When he was close enough his thoughts were confirmed, but the sniffling wasn’t something he normally attributed to Baekhyun.

If anything, it was a smirk and teasing grin.

“Hey, what are you doing here so late?”

Baekhyun jumped when Chanyeol jumped down into the parking lot to look at him.

His face was covered by a hood, ducking his head when he heard him and wiping hands beneath his hood. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

“I actually just got done with practice…” Chanyeol trailed off a bit, wishing Baekhyun would have sat closer to the street lamps because he couldn’t see a thing, “Are you crying?”

He dropped his duffle on the ground to crouch down, “Baek, you okay?”
The smaller gulped, tilting his head up just enough Chanyeol could see the red of his eyes but not the rest of his face, “I… Hyunjae was supposed to pick me up.”

Jaw clenching, Chanyeol looked around him but didn’t see any backpack or much at all other than a thin blanket on his lap and frowned, “Have you been here since classes were out? It’s winter, Baekhyun, it’s freezing. A.. at least call someone to pick you up, what the hell, you know we’d come get you.”

“No.” Baekhyun denied, licking his lips before sitting up and looking fully up at Chanyeol, “Hyunjae dropped me off at home earlier, I… called him to come back and get me.. he.. got busy, apparently.”

Apparently. Chanyeol scoffed quietly, nearly bursting out with a lot of words he knew Baekhyun wouldn’t appreciate.

But he was pissed, Baekhyun had tears all over his face, wearing too thin of clothing for the freezing weather and had a bruise across his cheek.

“Wh.. did he do this to you?” Chanyeol wondered, reaching out to push the hood from Baekhyun's head and then turning to dig into his duffle bag for his phone to use as a light. “Baekhyun, tell me if he did this to you.”

He pulled his phone out and tried not to get it in Baekhyun's eyes as he turned the light on.

There was no way this wasn’t an intentional bruise, it was darkening already and Chanyeol knew Baekhyun hadn’t had it at school today because he spent more time than he should watching the smaller.

Baekhyun shook his head a tiny bit, chewing on the inside of his cheek, “No.”

“You got in a fight then?” Chanyeol asked, “Fuck, Baek. It looks like it hurts pretty bad.”

The smaller shrugged, and obviously wasn’t up for talking more so Chanyeol turned the light off and dug in his bag for his keys, “You need a ride? Come on, I’ll take you home.”

“No.” Baekhyun said it so fast Chanyeol turned to him with a raised brow, “I mean… I’ll… I’ll just stay here.”

God, Chanyeol never hated anyone more than he hated Hyunjae.

Even having to pretend to be the fuckers friend the first few months was fucking horrible, just listening to his disgusting stories all the while pretending to nod along.

All for Baekhyun's attention, and still he didn’t have it.

“Baekhyun. He’s not going to come back for you,” Chanyeol said firmly, shaking his head, “I’m sorry if it sounds rude, but it’s true. He doesn’t give a fuck.”

Baekhyun dropped his head into his lap, and Chanyeol instantly felt guilty, wanting to take it back, but it was the truth, he wouldn’t take back the truth.

“I didn’t.. I know he’s not,” The smaller whispered, tugging his sleeves past his palm. “I.. just don’t want to go home, Chanyeol, okay?”

He sounded near tears again, voice strained like he didn’t want to have to say such a thing at all.
But Chanyeol unintentionally forced him to, and his mouth dropped, licking his lips nervously and hand raising towards Baekhyun like he wanted to comfort him.

But he felt horrible, because Baekhyun didn’t want him to know anything, but had felt forced to tell him.

Chanyeol’s list of people he hated was slowly growing longer, and a lot of things made sense about Baekhyun now.

Freshman year he had seen the smaller, thought he was cute was his boxy grin and tittering around with friendly smiles at everyone.

Chanyeol had been too shy then, too scrawny and insecure to talk to him when everyone knew Baekhyun wasn’t shy at all.

Then, Sophomore year he joined the football team, he spent too much time training and not enough to socialize.

Junior year he finally noticed things changed, Baekhyun didn’t really smile, he didn’t respond to others all that much, he kind of just.. passed time by.

The end of Junior year was when he spoke to Baekhyun the first time, the smaller was always his old self when drunk, dancing around and giggling up a storm. He was beautiful.

Chanyeol took him home when Baekhyun nearly passed out in his lap, but the next day was when the rumors were flying.

Whore, stupid, dirty, used.

Baekhyun didn’t deserve it, but Chanyeol also thought Hyunjae was disgusting to take advantage of Baekhyun when he was two years older and a horrible role model.

He’d seen Baekhyun get so high he couldn’t see straight, seen him cry for Hyunjae to help him when something was laced into their weed - Jongin ended up taking him to his cousin, a doctor, so they wouldn’t get in trouble.

Baekhyun liked to drink until he couldn’t function, until he puked his guts out and probably needed to get his stomach pumped.

Hyunjae only gave him more, cooed at him and praised him for being so destroyed.

Chanyeol didn’t realize when too much was too much until he walked in on the man trying to undress Baekhyun when the smaller was passed out.

He should have called the cops then, but he had been scared what Baekhyun would think of him rating them out, and they’d all get in trouble so he mostly just walked in pretending like he was drunk, laughing loud and scaring Hyunjae from doing more.

Chanyeol acted like he didn’t see a thing, but followed them like a leech when Baekhyun was getting fucked up, and knew Hyunjae noticed and he didn’t like him all that much anymore.

Good, because Chanyeol didn’t like him at all.

Maybe Jongin and Sehun knew about Baekhyun's home situation, it made sense because they already didn’t ask Baekhyun where he was going, Chanyeol usually did.
They didn’t offer to take him home, only asking if he wanted to stay at one of their houses, or, reluctantly, if he’d like to be dropped off at Hyunjae’s shitty apartment.

Chanyeol felt like an idiot, because now that he recalled a lot of things Jongin and Sehun said made a lot more sense. They just had never blatantly said what was going on.

_Baekhyun said his step dad stole his wallet the other day._

_His moms not home today, so I told him he could stay the weekend._

_My dad is giving me some extra money so Baek can come too._

“Do you want to come to my house?”

_We snuck into his room the other day and it was a disaster, I don’t know where he fucking sleeps, man._

_We saw his mom today and I couldn’t even pretend to like her, but she coddled the hell out of him, and I haven’t seen him smile like that in a while._

“Really?”

Chanyeol smiled, “Yeah, of course, my mom would love to meet you.”
Learning (Highschool AU)

Chapter Notes

Warning: (most of these are kind of implied/ things you read between the lines) neglect, mistreatment, sexual assault, predatory behavior, domestic abuse (sort of?) More domestic mistreatment, implied drug and alcohol abuse

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh, aren’t you so cute! So cute, just like Chanyeol said!”

“Mom,” Chanyeol growled warningly, setting his training bag on the floor.

Baekhyun smiled shyly at Chanyeol before tugging at his sleeves, “Thank you, Mrs. Park.”

“Nonsense!” She cooed, grabbing his hand and pulling him out of the doorway, “You can call me mom, all of his friends do!”

Chanyeol’s house was really nice, the rumors hadn’t been wrong.

It was so clean and had marble floors, Baekhyun felt insecure just seeing the outside when Chanyeol pulled up, he didn’t know how to feel when his mom came out with arms crossed, ready to scold Chanyeol when she noticed him and Chanyeol didn’t have time to introduce them before she was beaming and pulling him inside.

“I hope you like fried rice, I would have asked what you liked had I known you’d be coming!”

“I like anything.” Baekhyun whispered as she pulled him into a seat.

She looked like someone who’d be typical of what kind of woman you’d expect from living in a mansion, wearing jewelry and a dress too fancy just for dinner in her own home.

Baekhyun felt completely inadequate in his dirty, worn converse, thin green coat and jeans with so many holes you would never know at one point they had been brand new.

But she didn’t seem to think anything at all even though it was so obvious he lived on the poor side of town, not even batting an eye at the bruise on his cheek even though he was highly aware it was there with it's constant throbbing.

Chanyeol and him were in different worlds, it was obvious with the way she left him to eat and went to coddle the teenager, pressing kisses into his cheek and whispering to him.

Baekhyun saw Chanyeol's ears redden and locked eyes with him before quickly looking away to eat, wondering if he looked feral with how fast he was eating.

He missed homemade meals.

“Oh, you’re staying the weekend? I would go clean out one of the spare rooms for you, but I’m sure Chanyeol wouldn’t like that all that much!”
Baekhyun swallowed hard, looking up at Chanyeol for a second when the other pulled out a chair across from him, “Oh.. I.. I guess I am, yeah. Thank you.”

He didn’t address the rest because Chanyeol's face was bright red.

That was okay, because Sehun’s mom acted like the teenager had a huge crush on him too when the truth was they were just friends.

But, Sehun also threw entire fits at his mom's accusations, but Chanyeol just looked embarrassed.

“So, are you single? Such a handsome boy like you-“

“Mom!” Chanyeol cried, dropping his head down onto the table.

“You!” She scolded, “Go change out of those clothes! Disrespecting my table, how dare you!”

Baekhyun giggled at the two, looking up through his bangs as she tried to shake Chanyeol's arm but he barely moved, just groaning dramatically.

“I am…” Baekhyun smiled, scratching his hair and hoping he didn’t blush too much when they looked at him, “Single I mean, very single.”

Chanyeol grinned.

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“I can totally take you to a spare room, Baek.”

Baekhyun shrugged, Chanyeol's pajamas hanging off his shoulders in a way that revealed his thin and exposed collarbones, “It’s cool, I’m going through your stuff,” He shook the comic in his hand for example.

Chanyeol flushed, taking a seat on his bed and swiping his towel through his hair as he watched the smaller walk around the room in his clothes, digging into his bookshelf.

It wasn’t like he never had someone in his home before, hell his entire football team crashed here once, and Jongin and Sehun came by more often than not to play video games.

But this was Baekhyun, and he really wasn’t any of them.

It also didn’t help that his mom asked if he had condoms before going to bed, Baekhyun didn’t even seem like he heard a thing, but Chanyeol's knees nearly gave out with how fast he ran up the stairs to get away.

“Where’s your dad?”

“They divorced when I was little,” Chanyeol mumbled, shrugging, “It’s cool though, I really don’t even remember them ever being together.”

Baekhyun hummed, twisting around an action figure with his back towards Chanyeol, “My dad died sophomore year, car crash.”

Ouch, Chanyeol cringed at how matter of fact Baekhyun said it, turning to toss his towel into his bathroom. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s whatever,” He heard Baekhyun mumble, “Just miss going hiking, he used to take me hiking a
few hours out, it was really pretty. The sky was really pretty if you go at just the right time, it turns pink and orange, it… it’s whatever though. Don’t miss it that much.”

Chanyeol never knew Baekhyun to be someone that cared about little things, but he also had a lot of assumptions about him, more than he should because the truth was he had been drawn in because he found him pretty, but the more he watched - listened- he learned more and more.

And assumed less and less based on the paleness of his skin and rumors.

People ridiculed him in whispers, murmurs of him sleeping around and his “addictions.”

Chanyeol knew both of those weren’t true, as Baekhyun didn’t sleep with anyone but Hyunjae, and his addiction was only trying to numb himself.

But he never got that far, always denied harder things than weed or alcohol when Hyunjae and his disgusting friends were all together, shooting up the most random shit.

Chanyeol always made sure to be there as soon as possible if Hyunjae had his friends with him, because he wouldn’t be surprised what kind of sick shit he tried to play for another dose.

And Baekhyun didn’t need to be in constant danger all the time, despite how “whatever” he claimed to feel about things.

“My dad never spent time with us at all, but he sends a lot of money, as you can see. Hiking sounds nice, we should do it sometime.”

He swallowed hard when Baekhyun turned around with a calculating look, but a small smile playing on his lips. “You’d want to?”

Anything with you, Chanyeol could have said, spilling his guts, but he grinned, pulling back his blankets and nodding, “Of course. It sounds fun.”

Baekhyun smiled, a happy one that was few and far in between before turning to grab his phone before walking over to the bed.

Chanyeol was way too nervous with Baekhyun climbing into his bed despite him being a ways away and focusing on his phone.

He just looked really cute with damp hair falling over his eyes and a shirt hanging off his shoulders.

Baekhyun was just really handsome.

Even with the small scowl forming on his face, “What's wrong?” Chanyeol asked quickly, sitting up on his elbow.

“Just… just Hyunjae, probably finally remembered and said he was caught up with work.”

Chanyeol sighed at the mention of him, but he had no room to say anything when his thoughts had been made glaringly obvious.

He was a lowlife and was disgusting to still be preying on high schoolers given he graduated the year before, busy “working” to sell drugs.

It was ridiculous too when he had so much money but Baekhyun looked like this, he was supposed to be his boyfriend, take care of him, and in Chanyeol's book that entailed making sure he was safe
and happy.

Not always wearing the same thin clothes during winter as he would in summer, not leaving him sitting on the sidewalk after being physically beaten.

Not trying to sexually assault him all the time as if he owned Baekhyun.

Not ignoring him to go fuck other people only to pretend nothing happened even when Baekhyun was extremely loyal - for no fucking reason when Hyunjae denied their relationship to be more than fucking, Chanyeol had heard him say so before.

“Hey, Chanyeol?”

“Yeah.”

“I.. I’m really going to stay away from him, I’m gonna work on myself for a while.”

Chanyeol’s brows shot up in surprise, watching Baekhyun turn onto his side to look at him, “That’s good, Baekhyun.”

“Yeah,” Baekhyun breathed out softly, “I’m tired of… of doing nothing, you know? I don’t really.. not really into this life anymore. I want… want my dad to be proud of me.”

“I think he’d be really proud of you just for thinking about it, I’m really proud of you.”

Chapter End Notes

Do you like it so far?
“Chanyeol!”

Chanyeol snorted and grabbed Baekhyun's arm to help the smaller sit up from where he was sitting on the living room floor, “What are you doing? You’re so weird.”

“Your mom wanted me to paint her nails, but she did mine too, then got a call.” Baekhyun wiggled his newly black nails out, “Does it look okay? I’ve never done so before, I think it's nice.”

You always look nice.

“Of course, they look really good,” Chanyeol smiled, taking a seat on the couch and only a second later Baekhyun flopped down beside him. “Do you need to go home since school is tomorrow?”

Baekhyun instantly looked uncomfortable, reaching up to touch his lightly bruised cheek, “My mom hasn’t called me.”

Chanyeol had no idea what Baekhyun's day to day expectations or experiences were, especially not with family, but if he was missing an entire weekend his mom would be on a manhunt the first hour.

Baekhyun really just hadn’t mentioned her at all until now, not really.

“You can always just find something from my closet to wear, my mom doesn’t care if people stay school nights too, swear. Plus, she really likes you, be careful or she’ll have you making her cookies and brushing her hair in no time.”

“I like making cookies.”

Chanyeol chuckled, shaking his head fondly and looking at whatever Baekhyun had put on tv.

This weekend he learned a lot about Baekhyun, more than he should be surprised about.

The most surprising thing was that Baekhyun didn’t change all that much from what Chanyeol remembered as the giggling, tiny boy freshman year that was hyperactive and bright.

He really was the same, but he seemed to catch himself, stop himself a lot.

Just yesterday they had been laughing together, Baekhyun laughed with his nose scrunched, snorting sometimes and it was really cute, until he noticed he did so and then their entire session felt meaningless because Baekhyun just... shut down, awkwardly pretending he hadn’t been so extremely happy a moment before.

And that was that, Baekhyun just stopped himself, seemed to think he shouldn't be happy or otherwise even have a smile on his face.
It was painful, because Baekhyun looked like he was born to smile, and Chanyeol didn’t know why he thought it wasn’t allowed.

He also wasn’t Baekhyun though, and he didn’t have such a painful life or anywhere close to it. So he couldn’t possibly understand what it felt like to be so depressed or unhappy.

“Are you going to talk about it?”

“I’ve been wondering when you’d ask,” Baekhyun sighed, pulling a couch pillow into his lap. “Stepdad doesn’t like Hyunjae, was pissed he saw his truck drop me off.”

“Guess that won’t be a problem anymore, right?” Chanyeol replied cautiously, not trying to sound too hopeful but still sounding so all the same.

“It will,” Baekhyun disagreed, “Because… Hyunjae is a man, and I’m a man and I don’t like girls, will eventually find another man to be with.”

Chanyeol’s mouth opened into an O shape, hoping his expression didn’t look too sympathetic because he knew Baekhyun didn’t want his pity - or anyone’s. “That… that’s a stupid reason to hit you. Does… does it happen a lot? That doesn’t make it right, Baek.”

Baekhyun stared at him a lot when Chanyeol said something like that, trying to explain that something isn’t okay or right, that Baekhyun shouldn’t just sit by and take it.

Almost like he disagreed, but he never verbally said so.

“Just when my moms not home because I have a loud mouth and I don’t like to hear his gay slurs and bullshit when he just sits at home drunk off his ass and my mom works her ass off. Whatever, it’s fine.”

“It’s not fine,” Chanyeol argued, “Have you tried telling your mom? I’m sure she’d be really upset, Baekhyun.”

Chanyeol really didn’t know anything at all about Baekhyun's home situation, he’d only ever even seen the outside of his house one time when Sehun dropped the smaller off while they were out, and it was on a bad side of town.

If he recalled correctly it had been broken down, a window boarded up from the inside and weeds overflowing the outside.

The abandoned house they hid out in was bad, but they also didn’t actively live there, they didn’t have to stay there all the time and do their homework or sleep there.

But Baekhyun's house didn’t look all that better than it, maybe worse considering he had to actually live there all the time.

“She knows,” Baekhyun scoffed, “She pretends to ignore it when I see her, but it’s not often. She works at the hospital as a nurse, so it’s always pretty late and I don’t really… I don’t see her unless I go out of my way to visit her on her breaks.”

To lose his dad and then have a mom so neglectful was so sad, and Chanyeol’s face portrayed his apology, but Baekhyun didn’t sound sad, if anything he sounded defensive.

Chanyeol would probably have to ask Jongin or Sehun about their relationship to understand why.

Baekhyun smiled, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth and nodding, fingers picking at the pajama bottoms he was wearing.

“Hey, also..” Chanyeol scratched the back of his neck, “Do you… you want to go to my games sometimes? I know that you were… busy before, but, you know… maybe you aren’t? It’s cool if not.”

The smaller pouted his lips with a confused expression, “What? I go to all your games though, I was just told you left before I could go see you, I go to Jongin and Sehuns too.”

Chanyeol hadn’t ever seen him in the bleachers before, but didn’t need to ask by who Baekhyun was told that.

Maybe Hyunjae hadn’t been as blind to his wandering eyes as he thought.

Maybe he had noticed he stuck to Baekhyun like glue when around.

“Oh. Yeah, yeah, I have a bad memory. But we usually go to eat after, so it’d be really fun if you would come too.”

“Sounds fun.” Baekhyun beamed.
“Mom?”

Baekhyun juggled his jacket on his shoulders and flashed a slight smile at the doctors as he walked down the hallway of the hospital, peeking down the halls. Looking suspicious as all hell.

He sighed as he spun around, walking back towards the waiting rooms.

So much for trying to stop by and see her.

Now he just felt a little guilty for asking Chanyeol if they could stop by so he could talk to her real quick.

Chanyeol had asked if it was to tell her about his face, to show her, and he nodded, originally he hadn’t really considered it, but it seemed like a better excuse than saying, ‘Hey.. I just really wanted a hug.’

He didn’t want to look stupid coming all the way here for that, so he agreed that he’d tell her, Chanyeol looked really happy about it and agreed to take the detour instantly.

“Mom?” He grinned and walked up to the reception desk where she was walking out from, “Hey! Hey, mom!”

She turned around with a confused look and Baekhyun smiled wider, “Mom, hi! Hi, I haven’t seen you all week.”

“What are you doing here?”

Baekhyun's smile fell off his face, licking his lips nervously and turning his head to show her where it was lightly bruised in hopes she’d ask about it.

“You.. haven’t called me or anything, but don’t worry, it’s okay! I’m staying at my friends house, it’s really ni-“

“Baekhyun, I don’t have time for this right now.” She whispered, reaching over to pet his hair, “You know I don’t have time unless it’s something really important.”

*My face is bruised.*

*I’m in pain.*

*But you don’t care.*

“I’m sorry… I don’t have any cash for you right now, but I’ll be helping at the library this
weekend to get some for you. Swear,” He promised, “I just… wanted to tell you I got a B on my biology test, not an F this time. Thought.. maybe you’d like to know.”

“That’s why you have a phone, baby, so you can send me a message and I can look at it when I have time,” She murmured scoldingly, standing on her toes to press a kiss to his hair.

But you haven’t responded to any of my messages.

“Mom, he did it again,” Baekhyun blurted, breath catching, “I-I want you to come home. I’m tired of it.. I want to see you.”

She tsked, petting his hair, “You know he feels really bad about it. He doesn’t mean a thing, sweet pea. You know he just gets stressed out being so low on money, it won’t happen again. I can’t come home because we need the money, you’re old enough now that you should understand that and help, okay? You know it’s not fair of you to not contribute.”

But all our money is wasted on his alcohol anyways.

“Really, Baekhyun, just keep it to yourself. It doesn’t look that bad anyways, he loves you too.”

“He called me a faggot and pushed me into the door, there’s a bruise on my hip too.”

“You do have a tendency to have an attitude, baby. He’s your father now, and no matter what you think he is in charge and you shouldn’t speak back to him. You used to never do that.”

Baekhyun gritted his teeth, fingers shaking as he felt his eyes glass over.

It’s my fault then?

“He’s not my dad,” He whispered, tears falling from the corner of his eyes, “You say it won’t happen again but it always does, mom. Mom, it- it always does. I just.. is it too much to ask that you tell him to stop? I’m tired of keeping secrets for you.”

“I’m your mother and you’ll do what I say.”

It wasn’t a threat or scold, her fingers still smoothed down the side of his cheek, but her eyes were fierce.

He’d heard it a million times and knew exactly what she was going to say.

“Now go find a way to contribute so I can get those days off that you want me to have. Okay, sweet pea?”

Baekhyun dropped his head to stare at a hole in his jeans before nodding, “Yeah… i’ll see what I can do.”

Can’t you hug me at least? I’m in tears.

“That’s the spirit, you should stop getting into trouble because bruises don’t look good on your handsome face. I’ll speak to you in a while, son.”

She started walking away, heels clicking against the tile and Baekhyun sighed, licking his lips, “Yeah. I love you too.” He whispered, turning to walk towards the exit.

He felt like screaming, like throwing a tantrum and getting shitfaced drunk.
If he called Hyunjae the man would have all kinds of shit for him, at the small price of his body and Baekhyun was willing to pay as much.

But he said he wasn’t going to do that.

Hyunjae wasn’t here, but Chanyeol was, parked in a space and waiting for him, nodding his head to music as he typed into his phone.

Baekhyun wondered if Chanyeol would let him get drunk, but it seemed rude to ask more of him when he did so much for him lately.

He made sure his face was clear of tears before jumping into the car, startling the driver who reached over to turn off his music, “Hey, how’d it go? I’m sure she was really pissed, Baek. Right?”

As if.

“Yeah.” He murmured, buckling himself, “Really pissed. Super pissed.”

Baekhyun was a good liar when he wanted to be, that or Chanyeol trusted him a lot because he beamed, “Good, I’m glad. What else did she say?”

That I needed to get her fucked up husband some alcohol money.

“Not much,” Baekhyun tapped his fingers on his knee as he looked out the window, “Just you know.. basics, love you, miss you. We hugged.”

“I’m sure you feel a lot better now. I’ll take you here anytime.”

Yeah, better.

“Can you drop me off at the library? I have some things to get done.”

“Yup, no problem, what time should I pick you up?”

Baekhyun sucked his lip into his mouth and turned to look at Chanyeol’s profile.

Never if you know what’s good for you.

“Don’t worry, I’ll catch a bus.”

“Buses don’t run after five, it’s already four, Baek. Don’t be ridiculous.”

“I’ll walk. I’ll see you in class tomorrow.”

Chanyeol clicked his tongue and Baekhyun quickly turned to look out the window to avoid the scolding glance.

“I’m picking you up at seven.”

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes
You get to learn more about Baekhyuns mom soon.... bet y’all will love her (sarcasm)
Baekhyun pulled the hood over his head as he walked down the hall, the lights felt brighter today and it was likely because he hadn’t gotten much sleep.

He just didn’t feel safe sleeping at home anymore and it didn’t help that his phone was constantly being bombarded.

Hyunjae was pretty upset at being ignored, and Baekhyun felt pretty guilty.

They did get along in his opinion.

But that was the problem, they got along how Baekhyun was now, not how he wanted to be.

They got along when they were high and running from their problems.

Baekhyun felt it was easier to ignore Hyunjaes mistreatment when his lip was split and the man still kissed him despite that.

He used to think it was sweet, but now he realized it really wasn’t because Hyunjae didn’t show any concern for him.

Not when Baekhyun has his eyes rolling in the back of his head from combined alcohol or when he cried into his ragged sleeve with nail marks in his skin.

He just felt lucky Hyunjae had picked him up in the first place and never really realized that Hyunjaes first instinct was to ask if he wanted to fuck.

Even if he didn’t.

That was how he thought Baekhyun should deal with his fears, but now he knew it wasn’t right, because he felt a million times better when Chanyeol glanced at him and simply asked if he was okay.

He never was, and even if he lied to Chanyeol he appreciated that he asked in the first place, because no one ever did.

Baekhyun held his books to his chest as he weaved through the halls towards his locker, he must have looked weak this way, like he was running from something.

But if someone approached him he would be at their throats in a minute because he was in no mood today, and he was positive that’s why people didn’t have much to tease him for today because he was prone to fights and didn’t care who with or where.
Getting suspended hardly mattered back when he had some place to go, when he could just hide out in Hyunjae's truck or apartment.

Not anymore, because Baekhyun also wasn’t in the mood for the man’s aggressive requests for repayment that he wasn’t in the mood to give right now.

“Ah, fuck.” A paper slipped out of his locker when he opened it and he sighed, debating whether it was worth picking up or not because he also wasn’t in the mood to be called names anonymously - he’d rather hear them that way he knew who to hit.

“Fuck it,” He bent down to pick up the paper, slamming his locker shut before unfolding it.

‘Baek, we went to the field for lunch. We’re meeting by the bleachers. Didn’t want you to freak out when you noticed we weren’t in the parking lot. Kyungsoo picked up a pizza, so don’t even bother going to the cafeteria.

~ Chanyeol’

Along the bottom was a bunch of doodles, just the most random of things. A football, an astronaut, Chanyeol always did get distracted during lectures.

Baekhyun was only just realizing how cute he was.

He licked his lips and hoped the slight smile would stay on his face as he shoved the scrap of paper into his pocket and started towards the football field.

It was cold and he wondered which one of their stupid ideas it was to sit outside.

Probably Chanyeol because sometimes he didn’t think things through, but that was okay.

It was endearing.

God, Baekhyun needed to stop. He sort of wished Chanyeol would go back to hanging out with the football team and leave their group solely because he didn’t want to see him.

Well, it was mostly the opposite - he did want to see him.

Too much.

He didn’t want to trust him or need anyone, he already had two friends to worry about and Chanyeol was already pushing the max limit and overpowering Jongin and Sehun's spots in his heart.

It wasn’t fair because Chanyeol had so much good, and Baekhyun wasn’t.

But he didn’t want to leave either. He wanted Chanyeol's friendship but also knew it was too much.

Everything was too much and Baekhyun wished he didn’t care too much - about anything.

It would all be easier if he just didn’t care like he pretended not to.

“Baek! Hey! Over here!”

Baekhyun could hear the grass crunch under his feet from being lightly frosted and hurried to climb up the cold metal bleachers because he could see his breath.
Groups always felt warmer.

Other people always felt warmer.

“Here, I saved you a spot,” Chanyeol sent him a huge grin, moving the bag off the spot beside him, “We were wondering if you’d make it.”

“Could have just texted,” Baekhyun blew on his fingers to calm the cold and pressed his thigh against Chanyeol's for warmth, “Literally everyone here knows I text in class, Chan.”

Chanyeol didn’t respond for a moment, face turning a light red as he leaned over Baekhyun's lap to grab a bottle of soda from his bag, taking longer than he needed to because Baekhyun's teeth were chattering, but he stopped shaking his legs when he leaned over him. “Thought it’d be… you know, cute or something. You’re right though, it was stupid.”

“I never said that,” Baekhyun shoved his hands under his armpits, “What’s really stupid is that it’s freezing out here.”

“Sucks to suck, told you to take one of my coats this morning,” Sehun called a few bleachers down, pizza box in his lap and looking childish with the red sauce on the corner of his mouth while he tried to glare at Baekhyun.

“Oh! Here, here.”

Baekhyun felt the guilt settle in harder as Chanyeol dug inside his bag to yank a spare hoodie out, he wasn’t stupid, of course it was obvious Chanyeol liked him.

Baekhyun wasn’t ready to like anything at all when he had priorities.

Ironic when a while ago his only priority was fucking high in the back of a truck.

God, he felt sick even thinking about it.

“Thanks… I’ll… I’ll bring it back to you after class.”

“We’re going to watch movies though, remember? After school?”

Baekhyun needed to learn to not make promises because Chanyeol looked so hopeful, slightly confused as he spread the fabric over Baekhyun's lap, “Remember? We texted about it.”

“Yeah,” He whispered, “Of course, Yeol. Of course, we were going to watch movies. Forgot.”

Chanyeol grinned like nothing was amiss again, a happy smile on his face as he grabbed from the box of pizza in front of them, “Here! We saved you a lot.”

Baekhyun swallowed hard because he didn’t deserve to feel like this.

Chapter End Notes

Just wrote a short blurb to add to the age warp AU, not sure if everyone will get notifications for it when it posts bc I’ll add it back with the others, hopefully it will send though!
But it should be up in an hour or so
“Hey, you guys seen Baek? I haven’t seen him all day.”

Chanyeol climbed up the bleachers after gym class to sit beside Jongin, “He hasn’t replied to my texts either.”

“Oh, you don’t know?”

Chanyeol raised a brow at Sehun's vague question, “Obviously not.”

The younger snorted, rolling his eyes, “Today’s the anniversary of his dad's death. Wonder what he’s up to, usually he skips to go fuck around with Hyunjae, but… guess not.”

Chanyeol stiffened at that even though he knew Baekhyun hadn’t been around the man for a good month and a half now.

He knew so because Baekhyun integrated himself with them a lot more, watching their practices after school, studying on the bleachers, or even talking more to other students.

It wasn’t much, but it was progress, and Chanyeol just cared that he seemed a lot happier now, slowly but surely finding himself.

He was also incredibly biased though, because Baekhyun was touchy with him the most, laughing into his shoulder, grabbing his sleeves, overall just sticking close to him.

Weird because he knew Baekhyun was closer to the younger two over him.

But maybe things changed.

“Chill man,” Jongin commented, hitting Chanyeol's knee softly, Chanyeol didn’t realize he was so tense, and truly had no reason to be when it was no secret Baekhyun used to sleep with Hyunjae.

And he had no right to be jealous.

“You know, I’ve been wondering.” He cleared his throat, “What’s the deal with his mom anyway? Everytime I ask he sounds so defensive.”
“Oh, god, don’t get me started,” The youngest groaned.

Jongin sighed, giving a small shrug, “She’s a fucking bitch but… you know, he loves her. She probably didn’t even see him today, even though it’s so important to him.”

Chanyeol hadn’t ever heard anything bad about her before and raised a brow, “Baek really likes her though?”

“Yeah, he also didn’t realize it was bad to steal when she told him to just take what he wanted from a chip rack. Lucky the store didn’t press charges on him.”

“What the fuck?” Chanyeol growled.

Jongin nodded, “Yeah man, that’s why he never has money too, if he gets it she’ll take it - or he’ll give it to her. Like, fuck, I know they’re low on money, but she won’t even give him lunch money or anything. She’s so cheap. I heard her scold him before for not having any cash. Her shitty husband should get a fucking job and leave Baekhyun alone then.”

“Yeah, careful if you ever give him money, because I bet he’ll just pocket and give it to her. Gave him $5 before to buy himself some food because he looked dead and he felt bad and told me the next day he gave it to her, promised he’d pay me back.” Sehun mumbled, “It’s not fair, he’s a good person, just doesn’t understand she’s wrong, he’s scared she’ll leave him too. She’s going to get him arrested one day.”

Chanyeol hadn’t ever given money before, and if Baekhyun asked for it then he had tons to give, and probably would.

Baekhyun had tons of opportunities to hound him for money, many times he could steal from his house if he really wanted to, but he didn’t.

He had even given Baekhyun his wallet once so he could run into the restaurant and pick up food they called in for and when Baekhyun brought it back he didn’t recall anything else missing than what he expected to be.

It was hard to picture Baekhyun stealing anything really.

“I guess that shit ju-“

Chanyeol’s phone vibrated in his pocket, he pulled it out quickly, smiling when he read the name and assumed Baekhyun probably got all his worried texts.

“Hey, Baekhyun, are you coming back to-“

“Ch-Chanyeol!” Baekhyun coughed, and his voice sounded ragged, choked, “Ne-ed, can’t breathe! Ca-“

“Woah!” Chanyeol grabbed Jongin's arm and used it to leverage to get down the bleachers.

“Chanyeol! What’s happening!” Sehun cried.

“H-Hu-rts! Hurts! Help!”

“Where are you?” Chanyeol cried frantically, shushing Jongin and Sehun with his finger to his mouth, “Baek, I need you to calm down, come on! Come on, baby.”

It was a slip up, but he could hear Baekhyun vomiting so he was positive the smaller didn’t hear a
thing.

It sounded painful, more painful than when Baekhyun had been laced and had to get the weed brownie pumped from his stomach, that was for sure.

“Baekhyun! Baek, I need you to tell me where you are!”

He heard what sounded like Baekhyun ran into something or fell down before a wheeze, the sound of choking. “H-hide-o-“

It was stumbled and cut off by the sound of struggling, almost like feet stomping on the creaking wooden boards of the house but no more words other than gagging and wet choking.

“Baekhyun!” He must have looked like a mad man as he ran down the hallways, shoving people out of his way towards the parking lot, “Baekhyun! Baekhyun, say something!”

No words, Chanyeol gulped and turned to grab Jongin's arm, “Call 911! Call 911 and send them to the hideout, fuck, something’s wrong!”

It literally sounded like choking, and he ran to his car, fumbling fingers trying to unlock it when Sehun grabbed his keys all the while he could hear Jongin behind him, “Uh- we need an ambulance! Not here! To 1678 Milton! Now, we need one now!”

“Baby,” Chanyeol cried into the phone, “Baek, we’re coming to the hospital, you’re going to be okay. You’re gonna be okay, babe. Just hold on, hang in there, please. Please.”

By the time they made it to the house the ambulance was already on the way to the hospital, so they switched directions almost instantly.

Chanyeol called his mom in the waiting room, telling her that he needed her there because he was too scared to face what was happening.

Baekhyun sounded like he drowned, like he writhed and was dying and they had no clue what happened.

But he was alive, he'd live.

Until they were finally let in, hours after waiting to hear anything, but Baekhyun wasn’t awake to consent and confirm he knew them - until he was.

Chanyeol went in first, requesting Jongin and Sehun send his mom in once she got here.

His hands shook, face streaked with tear stains, and when he got in he saw a woman leaning over his bed, talking and messing with the pillow beneath his head.

Baekhyun looked exhausted, tubes resting in his nose and a heated blanket all the way up to his chin, but he nodded to what she was saying very slightly.

Chanyeol swallowed hard as he walked in, glancing at the clipboard on the wall beside him.

**Byun Baekhyun**

**Alcohol poisoning**
Age: 17

Oxygen therapy

Patient appears to be underweight and -

“- because we can’t afford to pay for these kinds of bills, Baekhyun. Do you understand me?”

Chanyeol’s brows were shooting up, because there was no way Baekhyun was being scolded after nearly dying, was there?

“I told you before, if you’re going to drink then to be careful. If you’re going to do stuff then you need to keep it under wraps, son. We can’t -“

Chanyeol cleared his throat, knocking on the doorway but his face was pulled into disbelief.

She knew Baekhyun had issues? And what, she’s concerned about her image? Her money?

Baekhyun nearly died.

“Chanyeol.”

“Hey, I’m so happy to see you.” He murmured, not even looking or bothering to introduce himself to Baekhyun’s mother and walking over to pull a chair beside his bed.

“Oh, hello!”

Chanyeol gulped and forced himself to send her a tight smile because even her smile looked fake, “Hi. Park Chanyeol, Baekhyun's friend. Hope you don’t mind.”

He didn’t give a fuck if she minded because Baekhyun looked more relaxed with him there.

“No problem, I’ll just be back with another blanket for him!” She chirped.

The devil in scrubs, he internally mused.

“I’m sorry,” Baekhyun murmured, “I must have scared you a lot.”

Chanyeol was just happy to see him again, even if his face was discolored and voice raw, “Don’t you ever apologize, you’re alive and that’s all we care about. Sehun and Jongin are waiting to see you too, my mom is on her way.”

“She… she’s gonna think I’m bad, we won’t be able to be friends anymore.”

“No. She thinks you’re amazing.” He assured, pressing his knees into the side of the bed and hoping what he was resting his hand over was Baekhyun’s arm, “She knows, Baek. I don’t lie to her about anything. You’re struggling and she knows that, she wants to help you.”

Baekhyun’s face pulled together and Chanyeol reached over to fix one of the tubes back into place, thumb brushing over the tip of Baekhyun’s nose, “Don’t cry. It’s okay, it’s not your fault.”

“I… I drank too much,” Baekhyun cried, tears trailing down his face, “Just.. just wanted it to be over.”

Chanyeol’s heart dropped because he hadn’t considered that maybe Baekhyun had purposely harmed himself.
“Decided.. decided not to, because it was.. it hurt, really bad, and I.. think I can do better. Want to do better, Chan.”

“Fuck, Baekhyun,” Chanyeol brought a hand to cover his mouth as he gulped his tears back unsuccessfully, “Baek, please don’t. Please. I.. I can’t, if you die. Please don’t. We’re going to get you help, okay? We’re going to help you.”

Chanyeol had thought Baekhyun was getting better, that him smiling and laughing was enough proof that he was happy.

Maybe it wasn’t that at all.

Or, maybe he was only happy when he was safe, and that made more sense to Chanyeol because Baekhyun always seemed happy to be with them, and he never lied about that.

“When.. god, when I heard you, Baekhyun. You were choking and I didn’t… I couldn’t fucking breathe along with you, okay? So just.. just try a little longer, let us show you that things can change. You don’t need to drink or smoke or.. or be who you’re not, alright? We care about you just as you are.”

Chanyeol could confess right now, lay it all out that he had a huge crush on Baekhyun for years.

But it felt a bad time to do so, unfair when Baekhyun was so vulnerable.

“Ca-can..” Baekhyun sounded like it was hard to talk a lot, even more so with the stream down his cheeks, “Can you.. call me baby again? I-“

Chanyeol’s face flushed, but he just reached out to hold the tube against Baekhyun's nose when he felt the smaller's arm beneath the blanket attempt to fix them. “You heard that?” He whispered, but Baekhyun was too busy trying to breath over his crying to respond, “Okay, baby. Just breathe, breathe or they're going to kick me out for causing so much stress.”

Baekhyun focused on breathing a few moments longer, lips parted and taking huge breathes before he relaxed and closed his eyes.

He was likely exhausted, and Chanyeol felt horrible Baekhyun wasn’t sleeping, but he needed confirmation that the smaller was okay.

“I like it.”

Chanyeol smiled and pulled the warm blanket up Baekhyun's shoulder more, “I’m glad, just relax and try to rest some more.” And I like you, he thought.

Baekhyun didn’t get to rest that long though, because only moments later the door was popping over and both Baekhyun's mom and Chanyeol's came in, the latter with an array of items.

“- it’s really no big deal, swear!” Chanyeol's mom cooed.

Chanyeol watched her send him a narrowed eye look and knew she was mad about something, but not at him, only looking angry and put off.

She wiped the expression clean though and ran to the side table, “I just love this boy so much, how are you doing, sweetheart?” She cooed, placing flowers on his table and the other holding a bag. “I brought you lots of treats, honey, poor boy.”
Chanyeol would normally whine or be embarrassed at her coddling, but Baekhyun smiled really big when she kissed his hair and started combing the hair from his face.

“My sweet son that is in a bunch of trouble.”

Baekhyun deflated and Chanyeol saw his mom send him another look - well, that explained a lot of his mother's anger.

“He’s gone through so much, Soomi.” Chanyeol's mother murmured in a soothing tone as she started digging through her bag and placing a bunch of candy boxes on the side of the bed, “Don't you think? The school does have a therapist, completely free. Chanyeol used to go for social anxiety, it’s a big help, Baekhyun just needs you to sign a few forms.”

Chanyeol narrowed eyes on her, but felt a hand grab the tips of his fingers that were resting on the plastic frame of the bed, a weak grip, more just brushing the tips of their fingers together.

“Perhaps after I figure out a way to pay off these hospital bills, ambulances aren’t cheap.”

Chanyeol had a lot to say to that, especially to point out if he could have got to Baekhyun in time he fucking would have, and if they hadn’t called the ambulance Baekhyun probably would have fucking died.

Jongin and Sehun were right, a cold hearted bitch.

No wonder Baekhyun didn’t give a fuck about himself when the people around him didn’t seem to either.

“Nonsense, I'll pay all his bills. Chanyeol called the ambulance after all.”

Chanyeol wasn’t surprised because his mom had a big heart, and in a way it was sort of their fault - but completely worth it, and Baekhyun's mother should have understood that too.

“Now, what candy do you want first, let’s get some meat on these skinny bones.” She cooed.

Baekhyun hiccuped a cry, turning the other way towards Chanyeol with a begging, teary eyed stare.

“Oh, don’t cry, sweetheart. It’s okay.”

“It’s fine Baek,” Baekhyun's mother chirped, looking much brighter at the promise even though normal people would deny such extreme help, “So long as you’re okay.”

It was so fake Chanyeol gritted his teeth because she really didn’t seem to care about Baekhyun’s health moments before when she scolded him for costing so much, but he could tell it meant the world to Baekhyun because he started crying more.

Chanyeol gave him a gentle smile and, as expected, reached out to hold the tube to Baekhyun's nose but instead cupped his hand around Baekhyun's cheek to hold the tube and at the same time brush fingers over his cheek, “Told you it was going to be okay. We’re going to get you help, angel.”

Baekhyun squeezed his fingers, and it was more reassuring than any words the smaller could have said.
When Baekhyun opened his eyes it was with a yawn, smacking his lips slightly.

“Just adorable.”

He gulped as he felt his bed being electronically sat up and blinked with squinted eyes, trying to get used to the bright lights of the room.

“Let’s get you a drink, sweetheart, I know you’re probably still sore.”

Baekhyun was surprised to just see Chanyeol's mom in here, but wasn’t shocked, gulping at the water before weakly tapping her arm to let her know he was done.

“Chanyeol?” He croaked, tugging the blanket up his chest and reaching for the remote to turn the warm setting on.

She shooed his palm away, giving him a scolding look and tucking his hand beneath the blanket and doing it herself.

Baekhyun sighed as warmth touched his skin, because even three days later he still felt freezing despite the doctors saying he was recovering and it just took a while based on his size and how much he drank.

“He just ran out to get you food saying, and I quote, ‘Baekhyun won’t want that shitty hospital food, I’m running to a goddamn restaurant real quick.’ I truthfully have no idea where he got that mouth, I do not cuss like a sailor.”

Baekhyun giggled, leaning into her hand when she pet his hair. “Has my mom come in yet? Did I miss her?”

She didn’t respond and Baekhyun licked his lips with a sigh, nodding slightly and trying to reason why she didn’t come see him.

Must have gotten busy.

“I’m really sorry. I won’t cause you problems anymore, promise.” He whispered, looking up at her apologetically and teary eyed, “I’ll work off the bills.”

Chanyeol’s mom was really pretty, and Baekhyun wasn’t really surprised by that all that much, but she had the same eyes as Chanyeol, kind and patient. “Don’t. Your only job is to make sure to show up for therapy, okay, honey? That’s the deal, you go to therapy and I’ll pay your bills. And if you don’t.. then I’ll still pay your bills, but the deal is you find a way to be happy, sugar, okay?”

Baekhyun licked his lips and avoided her eyes as he looked around the room to the balloons by the door and the pile of gift bags in the corner.

He wasn’t even sure if many people knew why he was here, but it was really kind that they dropped off things for him.

He hadn’t really even spoken to most of them before, they were mostly athletes, friends with his
friends, like Minseok, Yixing, Jongdae, but it was still nice and he appreciated it because they were all really nice to him when they came in with his close friends.

“It just.. it’s a lot sometimes, you know?”

“I do.”

“Do you ever miss him?” Baekhyun asked, rolling onto his side to face her, “I know… he’s not dead, not like.. but he’s still gone. Does it hurt?”

“Of course it hurts sometimes,” She cooed, gentle fingers bringing the gown over Baekhyun's shoulder before patting his arm softly, the motion was nearly like a mother patting a baby’s bottom to soothe them back to bed and Baekhyun felt tears fall down his face. “When Chanyeol looks just like him it’s hard not to miss him, but what you’re going through and what I went through isn’t the same. There’s more to it, you can miss your dad, sweet boy, and you do, I know. But when I look at you… I can see the pain, just spending these past few days with you, meeting your mother, I can see there’s a lot more going on, and I’m going to make sure you get help.”

“W-Why?”

“Because you need it, isn’t that reason enough, sweetheart? I can help, so I will. You’re in pain and Chanyeol has always been good at choosing friends, I trust his choices.”

Baekhyun felt his lip tremble and she tsked, wiping away a few tears with her thumb before soothing over his brow.

“I… I’m no good,” Baekhyun felt the need to confess so she didn’t get too high of hopes, brows pulling together, “I drink and I smoke and I… I skip school, I’m no good for him. I’m s-sorry, I’m so sorry. Don’t want to take advantage of you.”

“Sh, I know. I already know,” She crooned, leaning down to kiss his forehead, “Chanyeol doesn’t keep secrets, he’s smoked to, he’s gotten drunk and done things he’s not proud of. You two are teenagers, you make mistakes. It’s okay, it doesn’t matter what you’ve done it's what you will do, alright?”

Baekhyun sobbed, purely relieved as he tucked his face into her sleeve, monopolizing her sweater to cover his face because he knew he must look horrible.

But he hadn’t been treated so nicely in such a long time, not by an adult at least.

Especially not his mother and Chanyeol's mom was so kind, so soft and in a way he was jealous his own wasn’t as cool toned and soothing, that used to be his dad's job.

His mother now always seemed to have a hiss laced into her tone even when she wasn’t angry, but always treated him like a baby, and he really liked that. Liked to be coddled and fed sweet things even if they were lies, because his mother always made them sound so nice.

Chanyeol’s mom just.. sounded like she cared, like she worried for him and was genuinely concerned about him.

Baekhyun had never had a decent comparison, but couldn’t ignore flags thrown in front of his eyes.

And he really wanted to, because they weren’t raised the way he wanted them to be.

“He’s in love with you, you know.”
“Yeah,” He mumbled tearfully. “I know.”

“Doesn’t matter what you choose to do about it, sugar, you could break his heart and he has the willpower of a lion and will come back for you twice as hard, just like his daddy.”

Baekhyun laughed watery, wiping his nose on his hand, “You don't need to worry about that, I won’t break his heart anyways.”

“Yeah?”

He nodded, sending her a bashful grin, “Yeah.”

“That’s a relief,” She wiped her brow playfully, “God, do you know how annoying his dad was? Spare yourself the irritation and just go for it. Just rip into him if he gets annoying, trust me, it works.”

Baekhyun burst into giggles and she wasn’t too far behind, fingers playing with the ends of his hair, murmuring playful tips.

“Hey, what are you whispering about?”

Chanyeol raised a brow, a black bag hanging on his arm and crinkling as he looked between them suspiciously. “Mom…” He warned.

She laughed and kissed Baekhyun's head before jumping up, “That’s my que to go, I’ll see you tomorrow, sweetheart.”

She still managed to kiss Chanyeol's jaw despite the narrowed eye look from the teenager.

“You two look way too friendly, am I going to get annoyed?”

Baekhyun giggled, watching Chanyeol take her chair and lay a plastic container on his lap, “Maybe.. irritated. I like her a lot, competition for you.”

“C-Competition?” Chanyeol flustered momentarily before laughing and shaking his head.

He hadn’t been the most discreet about his feelings toward Baekhyun, and this really had given him a chance to kickstart everything in place, but it was still a bit shocking to hear Baekhyun so blatant about it.

“For my attention, of course,” Baekhyun explained, fingers twisting at the plastic band around his wrist before frowning and pouting his lips, “It’s so annoying, keeps sliding all over the place, my arm is choking.”

Considering recent events, Baekhyun really shouldn’t care about the hospital band on his arm choking him, but Chanyeol snickered anyway, leaning over the bed to grab the plastic button and rearrange it tighter, “Dramatic, baby.”

Baekhyun just smiled at his profile and leaned forward to press a quick kiss to his jaw, “Thank you!”

“If you keep this up I might be the one in a hospital bed, Baekhyun.”

The smaller burst into laughter instantly and Chanyeol grinned, “Seriously! My heart is beating out of my chest!”
Chapter End Notes

Literally everyone: please add to the age warp story
Me: does it
Everyone: *dead silence*
“What are you doing, baby? Homework?”

He heard shuffling on the other end of the line and smiled, turning to begin to pull all of his things out of his training locker.

“Don’t call me cheesy, okay?”

“I thought I was the cheesy one.”

Baekhyun giggled, echoing where Chanyeol had the phone on speaker as he put his things away from practice.

When he was showering in the locker room one of the other students had yelled across the room that his ‘hoe’ was calling which spurred on even more teasing.

Chanyeol should be used to people being so crude about Baekhyun, but it really was something he couldn’t get used to.

In fact, when he heard the team laughing all about it and asking whether Baekhyun was as good as the rumors Chanyeol had promptly kicked them all out with a growl of, “If all of you don’t get the fuck out of my sight I will fuck you up.”

He didn’t threaten people unless he was absolutely raging, known as cool headed and easy going, and they were all shocked probably because he had - as any teenage boy had - engaged in such lewd talk before.

Not about Baekhyun though, that was not okay.

Baekhyun had only gotten released days ago, and Chanyeol would not add to the torment at school he already faced.

Because Baekhyun didn’t deserve it at all, not when he was finally willing to try and live.

“Making you a necklace. I have… some pendants and stuff, know that you were upset your other one broke. I’ll make you a better one.”

Chanyeol licked his lips, zipping up his bag and feeling completely lucky to have Baekhyun even if the truth was he wasn’t all that into jewelry, he was just whiny about said necklace because he was an idiot and broke it himself. “Very sweet, angel. What did you do today? I hope your stepdad isn’t giving you a hard time. I’ll be taking you right back to my house if I hear a thing, if I see a mark.”

“Uh, not much. Just… just locked myself in my room. It’s fine, I just sneak out the window when he’s home, he probably doesn’t even know I’m here.”
“Baby…” Chanyeol sighed exasperatedly.

Baekhyun was only just released from the hospital, he really shouldn’t be sneaking around and climbing through windows and Chanyeol knew Baekhyun had no money so he probably wasn’t sneaking out to eat or anything.

What the fuck.

“It’s okay. I know you had stuff to do today. When you dropped me off earlier Jongin came by for a minute to bring my other homework. It’s fine, Chan.”

“It’s not fine,” He argued, quickly throwing his duffle onto his shoulder and walking towards the parking lot, “Coming to pick you up, Baekhyun.”

“Y.. You can’t, it’s dark out and he’ll… see your lights, I’m.. I’m not in the mood to fight today, Chanyeol. I don’t want to hear it today.”

Chanyeol clenched his jaw before tossing his bag into the backseat and slamming the car door, “Okay. Then I’ll park at the corner and you’ll sneak your fox like ass out, okay? I’m not playing games, Baek. You come out or I’m going in there. I know you’re hungry and you’re probably still tired. I don’t want him to like.. I don’t know take the vitamins you were given or something. I don’t know, Baekhyun. I just want you with me, alright? I want you with me, baby.”

“Okay…” Baekhyun whispered, Chanyeol heard the sound of jangling medal, “Do you like tigers or lions better? I have either of them.”

“Tigers. You better be packing things, Baek.”

“I never unpacked.”

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Baekhyun liked to sit with his friends at football games now.

Before, watching from under the bleachers hadn’t given the same experience, but Hyunjae didn’t like crowds and Baekhyun didn’t have other friends he knew that usually went except Jongin and Sehun, but was always told they weren’t going to be there.

He felt stupid because both of them, while dumb as fuck, were still really sweet and wouldn’t miss a game for the world if Chanyeol was playing.

Chanyeol also looked really, really good playing, and had so many supporters yelling for him, screaming for him.

He was popular, and Baekhyun still didn’t understand why he was his closest friend.

“This way, here. There he is.”

Sehun’s hand around his wrist loosened and Baekhyun chewed his lip nervously, arms wrapping around his own waist as he looked through the sea of football players to where Chanyeol was smiling down at a girl, helmet resting in his palm and hair matted to his forehead with sweat.

He looked really, really good.

Baekhyun knew Chanyeol was also just kind but he had half a thought to not approach, just let him and this girl keep talking because she was really gorgeous and had a flirtatious grin, he knew
Chanyeol would probably get laid if he just let them be.

“What are you doing, go.”

“No, I think I’m jus-“

Baekhyun was cut off when Jongin shoved him again, nearly falling and he watched Kyungsoo hit the taller in his defense because he was much smaller and Jongin was always quick to forget as much.

“Sorry, Baek!” He cried, wide eyed.

Baekhyun huffed, fingers moving to mess with his zipper when he looked up and noticed Jongin's yell must have gotten Chanyeol's attention because they locked eyes and he was instantly smiling, forgetting all his prior choices when Chanyeol started walking towards him.

It seemed he was mid conversation because the girl watched his back with an irritated huff and a ‘hey!’

Baekhyun nearly stuck his tongue out at her as he wrapped arms around Chanyeol's waist and squeezed tightly, “You’re so good, Chanyeol! So good!”

He didn’t know shit really about football, but Sehun had told him Chanyeol was really good.

“Thank you, babe. Really happy you came,” Chanyeol murmured, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's head.

Baekhyun could feel the helmet pressing into his hip and felt his palms become sticky with sweat when he stood on his toes to comb Chanyeol's bangs out of his eyes, but he just grinned softly, eyeing Chanyeol.

The thing that felt right to do was fill the smiling silence with a kiss, because Chanyeol deserved it.

“Chan, do you want t-“

“Hey! When you’re done, let me have a turn. Baek, looking good, sweet cheeks.”

Baekhyun deflated and felt Chanyeol hold his lower back closer to him, “Fuck off, Daejoon.”

He heard the football players laugh and scowled.

He just didn’t want them to think of Chanyeol badly, and most of all he didn’t want to be seen as weak.

Baekhyun growled and released Chanyeol in favor of locking a hand around his wrist and spinning around.

“Ah, seems you pissed him off!”

“That’s cool, I like angry sex.”

Baekhyun scoffed, “Sorry to break it to you. Being a dick isn’t going to make yours any bigger, honey.”

The team ooed and cackled, hitting Daejoons arm whose face had gone an angry red.
He didn’t care for any of their reactions though and squeezed Chanyeol's wrist, “Home?”

Chanyeol had a really adorable wide grin when extremely proud or happy, he nodded instantly, “Let’s go home, baby.” He cooed, lifting a palm to touch Baekhyun's cheek before kissing his opposite temple.

Chapter End Notes

This story really is like the most “pinning” sort of story I’ve ever written
“No! I said chocolate, not vanilla, dipshit!”

Chanyeol snorted at Sehun and Jongin across the booth, feeling a tug on his coat and instantly raising his arm to drape over Baekhyun's shoulders for the smaller to cuddle into his side.

“Still hungry, baby?” He cooed, pressing a light kiss to Baekhyun's hair and pushing his half eaten burger towards him.

Baekhyun beamed up at him like he was god, giggling and diving for the food.

Chanyeol just smiled, trailing his palm to rest on Baekhyun's back as the smaller scooted towards the table to eat more.

He trailed his hand around his last name that was printed on the back of the hoodie, colored black and purple as per their teams colors.

Baekhyun looked really cute in his clothes in general, but Chanyeol was just excited he won because losing a game when Baekhyun was wearing his number finally - because he had only just gotten the balls to ask him to - was not on his bucket list.

They weren’t dating per say, but when Baekhyun had been released from the hospital weeks ago so much had changed.

In general, Baekhyun seemed a lot more open to people, to them mostly, but also speaking to others like Kyungsoo, Jongin's boyfriend, and Sehun’s friends, other students.

And the more friends he got the less often he was teased or bullied, Chanyeol noticed the correlation.

But, Baekhyun still didn’t like going home, tended to just camp out and talk to his mom late at night on the phone.

It didn’t sound like she ever asked him to come back though, if anything it sounded like she just wanted to know what he was up to.

‘Probably just wanting quick cash’ as Chanyeol's mom would say.

It was almost amusing to Chanyeol to see his mom hate someone so much, because she truly hated her, often claiming she was probably glad to have Baekhyun never home because it was one less mouth to feed.

Not that Baekhyun seemed to eat there in the first place.
He wondered what his mom would think if she knew all Chanyeol did. If she knew Baekhyun down to the freckle on his shoulder.

Things changed between them a lot too.

They weren’t together, but they were. At least Chanyeol considered as much, and others saw them as dating anyways.

But, the truth was they were just on the same ground, no longer oblivious to feelings the other felt.

They hadn’t kissed on the mouth, but kisses on the face seemed fair ground since Baekhyun kissed his cheek as soon as he was able to take the tube off at the hospital.

They cuddled and shared a bed, held hands and went out together.

But neither of them had verbally confessed a thing.

Chanyeol figured Baekhyun just needed some time, and that was completely okay, because he deserved as much with everything he had gone - and was going - through.

He just wanted whatever Baekhyun wanted.

“Told the therapist about going to his grave and she thought it was a really good idea.”

Chanyeol hummed, arm wrapping around Baekhyun's waist and pulling him into his side, “It’s a good idea, babe, I’m really excited to meet him.”

Baekhyun looked healthier too, happy and healthy, especially compared to the dullness of expressions before.

“Me too,” Baekhyun grinned, leaning up to press a kiss into Chanyeol's jaw before smiling wider, eyes half lidded and wrapping his arms around Chanyeol's neck, “Really excited.”

“Can tell,” Chanyeol teased, pressing his own kiss to Baekhyun's cheekbone, “You look so beautiful when you’re happy.”

Baekhyun giggled into his cheek, playing bashful even though they both knew Baekhyun was anything but.

Then, Sehun gagged across the table at them, “Gross. Let’s get going before I choke.”

Snorting, Chanyeol rolled his eyes and patted Baekhyun's back before releasing him.

They climbed out of the booth, walking out of the diner into the cool air before Chanyeol's felt a cold hand touching his fingers and smiled, pulling Baekhyun's fingers into his palm, and pressing the smaller into his side as they walked down the street.

“You guys going home? We’re going to watch movies at mine if you want to swing by.” Chanyeol called to Sehun and Jongin.

“Nah, thanks man, I told Kyungsoo I’d take him to a movie tonight.” Jongin answered, beeping his car horn to unlock it. “I’ll drop Sehun off, you guys have fun.”

Chanyeol nodded, giving a small wave, “Drive safe.”

“Use protection!” Sehun cried.
Baekhyun glared, tucking under Chanyeol's arm and sticking his tongue out at the youngest.

He only laughed and Chanyeol tugged at Baekhyun's fingers to pull him along the sidewalk.

They parked a bit further away since they arrived a bit late having to wait for him to shower after his game, but Baekhyun didn’t mind walking in the cold when he could snuggle against Chanyeol's side for warmth anyway.

“Should we pick up snacks, babe?” Chanyeol cooed, bringing Baekhyun's fingers to his mouth to press a kiss onto his knuckles.

“Rocky road?”

“Know me so well, Baek.” Chanyeol chirped.

Baekhyun giggled, licking his teeth and swinging their intertwined fingers, feeling the long hoodie hit the back of his thighs with every step, “You know, I’ve been meaning to ask you-“

“Baekhyun!”

“Baekhyun!”

His hair stood on end and Chanyeol froze instantly.

They hadn’t seen Hyunjae in a long time, nearly four months and he honestly had forgotten the man existed as of late.

He didn’t look the same though, obviously strung out with how thin he looked, hair greasy and unkept.

“Hey! You haven’t been answering my messages!”

Baekhyun shared a frown with Chanyeol because Hyunjae looked like he didn’t even know what fucking day it was.

“Let’s go, Baek, I got something I think you’d really like,” He added, tapping his foot like he was tired of waiting despite it having been less than a minute.

“Hey, no, hell no.” Chanyeol turned his body so his shoulder was in front of Baekhyun's, crossing his arms over his chest, “He’s not into that anymore, get out of here.”

Chanyeol sounded possessive and knew it, but he wasn’t just going to watch all of Baekhyun's progress swirl down the drain.

Hyunjae scoffed, “Who the fuck are you? Last I checked Baekhyun was my bitch, not yours.”

“He's no one's bitch,” Chanyeol gritted out, “Don't call him that.”

“We aren’t together,” Baekhyun pushed gently past Chanyeol to step closer to Hyunjae, “I told you that months ago. You said ‘great, I don’t need to worry about your annoying crying anymore.’”

“Listen,” Chanyeol's hands curled up when Hyunjae grabbed Baekhyun's face, “Listen, cupcake, we can work it out. I’ll do better this time.”

Baekhyun scoffed, “Yeah? Like when you fucked Mina and then said you didn’t? I was sent the video, asshole. I’m done with you. I’m not into cheating crackheads anymore.”
Hyunjae obviously didn’t like that as he shoved Baekhyun's face away roughly, “Because you don’t put out nearly enough for anyone to want you! All you do is fucking cry! Nobody cares your dad died and your new daddy treats you like shit, get over it!’’

Chanyeol felt his teeth would break if he clenched them any harder than he currently was, watching Baekhyun grab his cheek as if it had been hit.

“I care.” He growled, storming over to grab Hyunjae by the collar of his jacket, “Don't you ever fucking talk to him like that again!”

“Or what?” Hyunjae spat, attempting to shove Chanyeol away, “Should’ve known you’d swoop in and try to play hero! Knew as soon as I saw you that you’d be a fucking problem!”

Chanyeol was a problem, a problem that kept Hyunjae from acting on more cruel deeds.

He was glad to be Hyunjae's problem.

“Or what?” Chanyeol mocked, shaking his head and shaking Hyunjae's jacket, “The ‘or what’ is me going to the police and telling them all about you trying to fucking rape him! That’s right, you think I didn’t know, huh? July 4th at a party on Sumpter street i fucking saw you! But you knew that, didn’t you! You sick fuck!”

“What?” Baekhyun mumbled fearfully.

“And, I'll tell them so much more, fucking prick. How about lacing his food? I had a feeling it was you when you and your sick friends stared at him like that! If I ever catch wind of you ever again I’m going straight to the police!”

“With what evidence?”

Chanyeol clicked his tongue before meeting eyes with a blazing expression, “I’ll fucking find it. Does it look like I’m kidding? I’ll come beat the shit out of you and send the police to your door, fucker. Does it sound like I’m kidding?”

Hyunjae looked more put off the more Chanyeol stared at him, so Chanyeol released him slowly, making sure he wasn’t going to pull anything on them.

He didn’t, he just glared heatedly at Chanyeol. “All of this just to steal my whore huh? So much for friends, right?”

Chanyeol laughed, reaching behind him to grab Baekhyun's hand, “Friends? We were never friends. You’re sick, nobody likes your stories about you fucking all these other people, cheating doesn’t make you a man - just an intolerable shithead. Let’s go, baby.”

Hyunjae didn’t say anything else as they walked by and got in their car, probably because he was aware Chanyeol would best him to a pulp.

But, it didn’t stop Chanyeol from raging.

What calmed him down was Baekhyun's warm hand in his own even though he knew the smaller had a ton of questions.

“Just wait till we get home, I’ll tell you everything.” He requested.

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Baekhyun waited a lot longer than he thought he would.

All throughout the drive, all throughout a movie, and even all throughout a long silence as they came upstairs to get ready for bed.

“Chanyeol.”

Chanyeol sighed and watched Baekhyun walk in from the bathroom, chest bare as he walked into Chanyeol's closet to dig through his clothes. “I’m sorry, I should have told you.”

“You can tell me now.”

“I just.. Baekhyun, there’s other things to discuss too and I don’t want to upset you-“

“Why did you join our group?” Baekhyun came out of the closet with a long sleeve shirt touching his knees, “Jongin and Sehun came to take care of me, why you though. We weren’t.. friends, we didn’t really talk. I assumed you did because Jongin and Sehun were your friends too.”

“Yeah,” Chanyeol nodded, “But.. kind of? Not fully. Like.. okay, come here so I don’t feel like an idiot.”

Baekhyun laughed at him but hurried to climb into the bed and sit with his legs crossed and gave Chanyeol his full attention.

He grabbed Baekhyun's hand instantly, rubbing his thumb over his soft skin, “I always thought.. you were so cute, Baekhyun. You were out of my league, I thought… there’s no way you’d ever look at me, you know? So, I.. I had to make you, I tried to see if you’d notice me, come to me first, but.. you were just.. in love with him, you didn’t notice me at all. But I noticed.. so many things, baby.

I thought you noticed too, because he’d treat you so badly even to your face, but.. one night you were just.. so fucked up, unconscious and I thought he went to put you to bed, thought that he was finally doing something nice for you.

But.. your shirt was off and.. he was reaching for your pants, you were knocked out. It was so.. I was so disgusted, but I was scared what would happen and I walked in - interrupted him. After that it was.. difficult to not say a thing, to pretend I didn’t see.

I saw.. a plastic bag sticking out of his pocket that time we had to go to Jongin's cousin, and I always suspected, but his reaction I think is proof enough that he poisoned you. Maybe to rape you, maybe to let his sick friends, because they spoke so nastily of you, Baekhyun. When we were all together I’d hear them saying they wanted to fuck you, that they wanted you, and Hyunjae would laugh and whisper back, and I couldn’t hear but I swear he told them it was okay if they did.

That’s not okay, and I shouldn’t have kept it to myself, I should have told somebody, but we were.. teenagers just getting fucked up, you were always so high I was so concerned and knew you’d be arrested if I called them because you had drugs in your system and it scared me too much to get them in trouble when you would get in trouble to.”

Chanyeol didn’t know what to think because Baekhyun was just staring at his own lap, and he could see a few clear tears dripping into his lap.

“Baby,” He whispered, petting Baekhyun's hair, “I’m sorry. I should have told you. I’m so sorry, do you want me to take you somewhere else? I can take you to Sehun’s hous-“
“Chanyeol,” Baekhyun sniffed and sat on his knees to throw his arms around Chanyeol's neck, “He almost raped me? I- I’m sorry you had to see that. I’m sorry.”

“What?” Chanyeol pulled him closer, pulling their chests together, “No. no, babe. Don’t be sorry, you didn’t ask for that, nobody asks for that. You weren’t, you weren’t raped and that’s what I care about, okay? I just care that he didn’t touch you without permission, right? He never touched you?”

Baekhyun didn’t respond right away, and Chanyeol instantly took that as a denial of his assumption, gasping under his breath, “I’ll kill him, Baekhyun. I’ll kill him.”

“I- no, I don’t know if it’s like that.” Baekhyun said quickly, burying his face in Chanyeol's neck, “I… I just.. felt like I had to sometimes, you know? He would.. make me feel like if I didn’t that he’d leave me there, alone. I hate to be alone, Chanyeol. Y-you know that. So… I don’t know, he made me feel like I had no other choice, but I’d do it on my own.”

“That’s coercion, Baekhyun. It’s not consent if you’re afraid to say no.”

Chanyeol sounded way angrier than he should, but right now he was also close to tears as Baekhyun sobbed into his collar and cried in his lap.

He already knew their relationship was far from healthy, it was obvious to anyone that saw, but to everyone Baekhyun always seemed to be such a willing participant in Hyunjaes advances.

Another assumption he had made about Baekhyun so long ago.

But it was exactly like Baekhyun had said - he was afraid to be alone.

He lost his dad, his mom left him until she needed something, and his stepdad hated him.

Baekhyun needed someone, and Chanyeol was more than okay with it being him.

“I- I think we need to go to the police.” Chanyeol whispered, “We can file it anonymously if you want, but they’ll investigate and need to speak to us anyways. I’m sorry, Baekhyun, but I can’t.. can't just let this go. Not anymore.”

“I… I don’t want it to happen to a-anyone else.”

“Of course not, angel, of course not. We’ll go to the police, just breathe. You’re safe here, with me.”
Circles (Highschool AU)

Chapter Notes

Warnings: implied/referenced painful intercourse, referenced bullying, sharing suckers (just bc I know some people could be weirded out by it)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Maybe it was the sexual tension between them, but Chanyeol thought Baekhyun was adorably sexy in his clothes.

It really just didn’t help that the smaller was also unintentionally cute.

“What are you doing?”

Baekhyun turned around with a wide eyed expression, watching Chanyeol walk into the guest room and stopping all his cute actions from a moment before, “Your.. your mom said I could look through stuff in here.”

Looking through their rarely used things it seemed, but Baekhyun playing dress up was very cute especially with the beanie pulled down his head and a huge jersey on his small form.

It didn’t even look like he was wearing shorts under, probably just boxers and Chanyeol just knew his mom was purposely trying to push them together.

She was constantly on his ass about just growing a pair and asking Baekhyun out officially if she wasn’t busy coddling Baekhyun when she was home.

Chanyeol was getting extremely embarrassed with her constant questioning even though she had extremely good intentions and really loved Baekhyun like her own kid.

“Was this yours? I’ll put them back if you want, Chan.”

“What? Yeah, no, of course, continue. Really cute, Baek. You’re really cute.”

Baekhyun's cheeks flushed pink and he laughed, fingers tugging at the end of the jersey, “Were you watching me?”

Chanyeol had been watching him, and it only got cuter the more he had watched.

Originally, he had been walking past the cracked door when he heard Baekhyun's mumbled humming and peered in to find the cutest thing he’d caught the other doing in a while - dancing in the mirror while trying to place the beanie on his head nicely.

Baekhyun was gorgeous, so of course he watched because his fondness overwhelmed him - and because the sight did turn him on.

He felt they were both running circles around the obvious sexual tension, because kisses on the face that were once fond and affectionate were also turning into long pressing and heated looks, hooded eyes and bitten lips.
It was driving him mad because he wanted to kiss Baekhyun so badly, wanted to touch him and show him what a good relationship entailed.

But he wanted Baekhyun to be ready, to make the first move despite the teasing smirks and lips “innocently” pressing to his neck when he woke up with Baekhyun on top of him.

“Were you trying to be sexy, baby?” Chanyeol smiled and took a seat on a cushioned chair in the corner of the room, “It worked, very sexy.”

“And if I was trying for you?”

Chanyeol felt his ears redden and he was no stranger to sex or anything of the sort, he had slept with plenty of other students - especially when he went through a phase of thinking he was all that for becoming quarterback, he had students coming at him like no tomorrow and he was only human - but Baekhyun was the person he always was yanked back towards.

Even if the smaller didn’t spare him a look back then, he was always left with an aching want to be with him whether it be any form - friendship, romantic, sexual - he just always knew he wanted him.

“I’d say it was rude of you not to invite me, hm?” He licked his lips nervously, “And that you should wear my newest jersey instead, it’d be like a ball gown on you, angel.”

“Because.. you’ve been working out.” Baekhyun grinned, removing the beanie to shake his hair out, running his fingers through his hair and leaving it messily splayed out.

Fuck, Chanyeol wanted to do that, to mess Baekhyun's hair up like that and tell him how fucking good he looked.

“Have to stay in shape.”

“So you can pick me up?”

Chanyeol short circuited, laughing under his breath and leaning his elbows onto his knees before he popped a very immature boner even though Baekhyun was purposely fucking with him. “Don’t even go there, Baek, that’s so unfair.”

The smaller tittered across the room, bouncing on his toes cutely and it only took one curled finger for him to go running into Chanyeol's arms, giggling and wrapping tightly around his chest.

Chanyeol sighed as his fingers brushed the smooth skin of Baekhyun's thighs as he arranged the smaller more comfortably in his lap, “You play so unfairly, gorgeous.”

It really wasn’t a game at all. What they felt for each other wasn’t a joke or a game, but Chanyeol didn’t have anything else to call their teasing back and forth.

They both knew, they didn’t need to say very much to understand what the other was thinking when Baekhyun was at his house at least five nights a week.

That was completely fine, because Chanyeol was afraid he’d get a call to pick him up from his moms as he had two weeks prior in which Baekhyun sobbed into the seat the entire drive with a bruise wrapping around his arm.

Chanyeol’s mom hadn’t been happy at all to see that and wrung them for information.
She also hadn’t been happy at all to hear of Baekhyun's stepdads abuse and claimed she’d be speaking words with Baekhyun's mother.

They hadn’t heard much about it since.

“You walk around with no shirt all the time, you’re worse.” Baekhyun pouted into his shoulder.

Chanyeol smirked, happy to hear the other was affected by their circle of teasing too. “You totally think I’m hot.”

“Definitely,” Baekhyun agreed, chewing his lip as he sat back and pressed his nose into Chanyeol's, “And you think I’m hot, it’s a win-win, we can be hot together.”

It wasn’t much of a confession that they were together, but they didn’t need to label anything to be considered together.

Chanyeol was just overwhelmingly happy to hear this from Baekhyun himself even though Jongin told him he heard Baekhyun tell some guy off for trying to come onto him quoted as saying, ‘Fuck off before Chanyeol beats your ass, shithead.’ Yeah, that felt pretty good too that he knew Chanyeol would watch out for him.

“Don’t dirty talk me, baby, it won’t end well.” He joked, combing Baekhyun's hair and pressing a kiss to his cheek, resting his lips to his skin, “You're killing me, angel.”

“Killing you?” Baekhyun grinned and pulled away with a mischievous expression, “Or your dick, Chanyeol? Both?”

Chanyeol groaned, cupping the back of Baekhyun's head to hold him still as he playfully bit at his cheek with a fake growl leaving the smaller to squeal excitedly and curl fingers into his shirt.

He stopped a second later to let Baekhyun breathe, watching the fast rise and fall of his chest and carefully working his palm under the back of the jersey to rest over the bottom of Baekhyun's spine, soothing gentle fingers over his skin.

He watched Baekhyun carefully to make sure it was okay and he wasn’t uncomfortable, but if anything it only made the smaller look happier.

“Like you so much,” Baekhyun mumbled, throwing his cheek down on Chanyeol's collarbone and trailing his fingers along a vein in Chanyeol's forearm.

“I like you too, angel. So much, you know that.” I love you was the more proper response, but Baekhyun really wasn’t ready for that yet, and Chanyeol respected that.

“I’m just... just.. you’ll wait for me?”

“Of course,” They didn’t really talk about it much, so anything Baekhyun was saying was being heard intently, “Of course I’ll wait for you, I’m not going anywhere, promise.”

Baekhyun puffed a relieved breath into his arm, licking his lips as he looked up at Chanyeol, “Just... don’t want to just have sex anymore, I want it to... to mean something. I really want you, Chan, I just... need some time... please wait for me even if I get annoying.”

Chanyeol didn’t care about sex as much as it might seem, especially not when he’d much rather Baekhyun be a hundred percent sure about him before promising him anything.
Funny when months prior, before he actually knew Baekhyun this well, he’d probably drop anything just to have sex with Baekhyun should the smaller ask - he was fucking gorgeous and he’d have been an idiot not to accept.

But, now he too wanted it to mean more, because even if he did just sleep with Baekhyun recklessly he knew he’d become more attached - even before when he didn’t quite know him like this.

A crush is a crush until it falls apart and crumbles into love, if he ever said such a thing to Baekhyun he knew he’d be scolded with something similar to, ‘you cheesy asshole’ but knew Baekhyun secretly liked it.

“It’s a lot,” Chanyeol whispered in his hair, “Everything you’re going through is a lot, Baek. And I’ll wait as long as you need, because I want you to be with someone safe, and.. and I really want to be that person. So you don’t need to worry about how long it takes, I’ll be really good to you and wait as long as you want.

I don’t even care about having sex with you, I just want you to take your time until you’re happy and healthy, until you feel the time is right. Okay? I don’t care about sex, it’s not an immediate concern, just your health is.”

“I…” Baekhyun opened his mouth before swallowing hard, “…I just remember it kind of.. at first it wasn’t good at all, didn’t think it was fun at all, it hurt kind of.. I-I don’t think he knew I was a virgin, and being with someone else scares me because I’ve never.. been with… anyone else but him.”

Chanyeol raised his brows because he was sort of shocked, of course he knew when Baekhyun was dating he was loyal, but he also figured there had to be another reason to be called a whore, or at least a rumor.

He didn’t really gossip at all, but was curious because Baekhyun got a lot of attention, not the best kind, and was so used to be harassed at school that Chanyeol made it his goal to bark at people as if a guard dog as soon as he heard something he didn’t like about Baekhyun - whether Baekhyun was there or not.

A simple ‘hey!’ yelled viciously from him was enough to silence an entire classroom while in the past he had seen Baekhyun have to get physical in order to shut someone up.

Plus, he was surprised Baekhyun wasn’t as knowledgeable about sex as he expected because he screamed confidence and could flip a flirtatious smirk on his face like a switch while Chanyeol still turned red eared when people even joked with him.

“Baekhyun, I'd never hurt you, but that’s not for me to convince you because then it sounds like I’m trying to persuade you to have sex with me. And I’m not, that’s your choice, your decision and I could care less if you decided never to. Just being able to.. be someone to you is more than I asked for.”

Baekhyun sat up on his knees then, pressing his lips directly beside the corner of Chanyeol's lips where his cheek met the curve of his lip.

If he wanted, he could turn his head and catch his mouth, but he didn’t - because that wasn’t his decision and he didn’t have Baekhyun's permission to do so.

“You’re so sappy,” Baekhyun pecked the spot once more, “I like it.”
He already knew he did despite all Baekhyun's teasing, so he chuckled, shaking his head, “Let’s go downstairs and convince my mom to make us cookies, what do you say? Know you love them, Cookie Monster.”

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“Hey, Baek?” Chanyeol clicked his pen on his book and looked across the lunch table.

It was rare for them to actually stay on campus during lunch these days, but it was snowing out and Chanyeol knew Baekhyun was sort of scared of being in a car during this weather due to his father's death so he tried to keep their driving to a minimum during snowy days.

“What’s up, babe?” Baekhyun asked, popping the sucker out of his mouth.

Chanyeol chuckled under his breath, hoping his beanie hid his red ears at the chosen nickname Baekhyun recently adopted; apparently he and Sehun had gotten into a pouty argument, and Baekhyun refused to reveal about what, but suddenly was sprouting the endearment like nothing.

Sehun told him it was a playful argument that Baekhyun wasn’t nearly as sweet on Chanyeol as he was to him, but Baekhyun took it very seriously.

“Why… Why is everyone so shitty to you? I peeked into your locker earlier and there was… not a nice note in there, baby. I’m worried. We should tell your therapist.”

Calling it not nice felt like an understatement because nobody had the right to call Baekhyun dirty and used, or to stay away from Chanyeol.

“Oh? You don’t know?” Baekhyun snorted in a way that Chanyeol knew he did to pretend he wasn’t upset - pretending to numb himself, “Slept with the soccer team captain junior year, left him, broke his heart or some shit.”

Chanyeol didn’t even budge, “And what's the truth?”

Baekhyun smiled slightly, placing his sucker into his cheek and messing with his own - Chanyeol's - grey beanie that sat on his head. “He grabbed my ass and I kneed him in the dick and he cried.”

“That my baby,” Chanyeol grinned.

The smaller giggled at the praise, licking his lips before popping the candy from his mouth, looking at it for a moment before smiling flirtatiously and leaning on his elbows across the table, “Want it?”

Chanyeol raised a brow at the pink candy before looking at Baekhyun with a laugh, “That a challenge, angel? What’s the smirk for?”

“Careful, might get a disease from me. Or, I could break your heart.”

Chanyeol chuckled and rolled his eyes before grabbing the candy and popping it right into his own mouth, “Guess we’re now both diseased, babe. And you’re still my baby.”

Baekhyun beamed.

Chapter End Notes
My bff @Lamuerte gave me a good crime prompt next, and we’ve even spoke about perhaps making a prequel for it too... don’t you love criminal Chanbaek?
Finally (Highschool AU)

Chapter Notes

Warnings: brief mention of alcohol poisoning effects, sexual encounter (consensual)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Normally they wouldn't even dare to go to a party.

Not when Baekhyun was recovering - and doing such a good job of it - and had a past of drinking and smoking.

But this time was special, it was his own party.

Baekhyun's very special eighteenth birthday party that Sehun had been adamant about throwing despite Chanyeol and Baekhyun wanting to just go celebrate with each other out on a date and a nice dinner.

But, it was okay because Baekhyun was with him and was being very careful.

Most of all though, Baekhyun was really happy dancing around in a sea of people.

Chanyeol was positive they didn’t even know what the party was here, but tons of people probably heard there was a party and came running, unknown to the small stack of gifts from those actually invited.

It was “whatever” as Baekhyun would say.

Chanyeol wasn’t too upset about it though because Baekhyun looked just as pretty and outgoing as he did when they first spoke - at a party not too dissimilar to this one.

Except not under the influence of drugs or alcohol, instead pushing cups away when they offered them to him.

Probably because Baekhyun was completely traumatized from his alcohol poisoning incident.

Chanyeol couldn't blame him because he had seen Baekhyun have phantom pain from it for days, crying and telling him all about how it felt like his veins were on fire, everything was killing him and he couldn’t breathe.

He scared himself more though when he looked up alcohol poisoning and dying, brain damage, and seizures were some of the main concerns.

Yeah, he was definitely not letting Baekhyun have so much as a sip.

“Chan!”

He had a lap full of the birthday boy instantly, Baekhyun's face flushed and kind of sweaty from dancing, but he straddled Chanyeol's lap all the same, panting, “Wanna dance?”

“I wanna watch you dance some more, birthday boy,” Chanyeol teased, “Just as pretty as the first
party I saw you at, baby. So gorgeous.”

Baekhyun's eyes lit up, “I can’t remember that much, remember talking to you a tiny bit.”

“I took you to Jongin’s too, beautiful. You don’t remember? Ah, I’m so offended.”

Baekhyun gasped, but it wasn’t much of a surprise because it made more sense for it to be Chanyeol than Hyunjae.

His own drunken stupidity blinded him, and he fell in love with the wrong person because of it.

That was okay, because his heart was in the right place now.

“Can’t remember, i'll dance really sexy for you to make up for it.” Baekhyun giggled, trailing his fingers down the side of Chanyeol's neck, “Really sexy for you only.”

Chanyeol grinned because he’d never picture those words coming from Baekhyun's lips towards him before, hands running down the smaller's spine to pull him closer by his hips, “You're already sexy, just smiling you look really sexy, baby.”

Baekhyun chewed his lip, watching Chanyeol look at it before giggling and leaning over to kiss below his ear, listening to his breath catch before kissing his pulse, “You want me?” He whispered, “I want you, Chanyeol.”

There was no drugs or alcohol to blame for either of their actions but Chanyeol felt it was so unlike himself to feel turned on in the middle of a party, but Baekhyun did strange things to him all the time.

“You’ve never even kissed me and you want to have sex, babe? At least give me a kiss, angel.”

Baekhyun didn’t have to think twice from all the tension they had built all these months, grabbing Chanyeol's jaw to press their mouths together roughly, moaning softly purely because it was about fucking time.

It wasn’t surprising that Chanyeol's hands gripped his hips tighter and he was sucking on Baekhyun's lip quickly, both of their actions rushed and frantic.

They didn’t have much to say to each other now, because they spoke so often it was much nicer to curl his fingers into Chanyeol's hair and grind his hips the smallest bit into the football players.

Fuck, Baekhyun always appreciated Chanyeol's looks, always found him attractive, but he really was such a catch.

Attractive, kind, caring, sexy, the best fucking person in the world - completely a fact and Baekhyun would beat someone up if they disagreed.

Because Chanyeol was everything he ever wanted, needed. And he loved him, had been in love with him since he woke up in that hospital bed.

Maybe before, he wasn’t sure.

“You-“ Baekhyun panted, pressing his open mouth to Chanyeol's with fingers still tight in the man’s hair, “You’re my boyfriend now, no take backs.”

“Fucking finally,” Chanyeol's eyes glittered with mischief and Baekhyun giggled, pressing soft pecks onto saliva slick lips. “And to think I waited years for this, I should have walked my scrabby
“ass over and kept you for myself,” He added.

“Now you can take your sexy ass upstairs so I can suck your dick.”

Chanyeol snorted before shaking his head and muffling Baekhyun's squeal with his mouth when he cupped the smaller's ass as he stood up, juggling Baekhyun on his front. “Not if I have you first, little minx.”

He only realized then that they were still at a party because as Baekhyun laughed into his shoulder he was slowly getting pissed off trying to push through people to get upstairs.

When he finally got to the top of the stairs he saw Sehun pushed up against a smaller man and laughed, “Sehun! We’re fucking in your bed!” He joked, pinching Baekhyun's thigh and grinning at the squealing laugh he got along with the kisses to his neck.

“Oh for the love of god, use the guest room!”

They weren’t that big of jerks to actually use the man’s room when he looked like he would need it tonight, definitely not, Chanyeol laughed and continued into the guest room where the music was muffled as he shut the door behind him with his foot.

Baekhyun was sucking just below his ear though and Chanyeol was glad they were finally inside a room because his dick was so hard it was nearly painful.

“You’re crazy,” Chanyeol whined, laying Baekhyun down on the bed and kissing his jaw, “But you’ll get whatever you want for your birthday, baby.”

Baekhyun beamed, showing off all of his teeth and a cute scrunched nose for a sight Chanyeol was given only when Baekhyun was really, really happy. “Want you, Chanyeol. I’m ready.”

They both knew Baekhyun had needed time to cope, a lot of time.

But that was fine because Chanyeol felt like hearing Baekhyun say such a thing meant everything, it was enough to make up for his years of unrequited affection - even though it was his own fault Baekhyun hadn’t known who he was.

“Ready to hear it, babe? Are you that ready?”

“Yeah,” Baekhyun breathed softly, tone no longer teasing or seductive, but fond, soft as he pulled Chanyeol's head down to kiss his nose.

“I love you. Fuck, I love you. I’ve loved you, baby. Feels so good to finally say it, Baekhyun. I love you so much.”

Chanyeol’s heart pounded with his own words, but it was hardly a confession since they both knew, they were both highly aware.

“I know,” The smaller smiled, trailing his nose over Chanyeol’s before locking eyes with him, “And I love you. Love you, Chanyeol. Babe, I’m completely in love with you.”

“Completely in love with you,” Chanyeol echoed, kissing the cute freckle beside Baekhyun’s eye, “Now I’m going to treat you so well, angel. Like a fucking queen, worship you, birthday boy.”

“Will… can you go easy, Chanyeol?” Baekhyun licked his lips nervously, “I… don’t want it to hurt, but I really want you.”
Chanyeol frowned for only a second before moving to pepper his neck with kisses, “It’s not supposed to hurt, it’s not going to. We’re going at your pace, whatever you say, Baekhyun. Whatever you want. I love you and I’m going to take care of you.”

“Want you to take your clothes off now and stop being a cheeseball.”

Chanyeol laughed, but was pulling back to do what was requested.

Chapter End Notes

It’s ABOUT TIME!!

You guys excited for another crime world Chanbaek fic?
Chanyeol woke up with a groan and it probably had something to do with the naked leg draped between his, not helping at all to calm his morning wood down.

He heard Baekhyun giggle quietly and internally rolled his eyes, but externally popped his eyes open to get an eyeful of the smaller's cute, droopy eyed smile. “Hi!”

“Hi, angel.” He rumbled, voice deeper than normal from only just waking up and reaching out to pull Baekhyun against his chest. “Sleep well?” He cooed, kissing his jaw lightly.

“Mhm. Like it better in our bed, more special.”

Chanyeol chuckled, kissing down to a hickey on Baekhyun's collarbone, “I think it's special anywhere.”

“Specialler here!”

“Specialler isn’t a word, but if you place your argument into the ‘never read’ box I’ll make sure to get back to you after my nap,” Chanyeol mumbled, rolling over to lay on Baekhyun's chest.

Baekhyun giggled, combing fingers through Chanyeol's locks and placing a kiss on the top of his head, “Is that where all Sehun's texts go, because you have like eighty million unopened on your phone.”

Chanyeol snorted, giving a small nod against his skin and trailing fingers down Baekhyun's ribs and hips, “Of course. Notice any chat he’s in is on hide alerts because that shithead never leaves me alone.”

“He’s got a lot to say.”

“Which means I got a lot to ignore.”

The smaller cackled and Chanyeol grinned, peaking his eyes open before realizing he wasn’t going back to sleep with a sight like this and moving to hover over Baekhyun, capturing the laughing lips between his almost instantly and feeling the vibrating surprised noise against his own.

He’d never get tired of kissing Baekhyun now that he was finally able to, and there was no way to stop himself from doing so, not when Baekhyun was spread under him so prettily with love marks across his skin.

He recalled placing the dark one beneath Baekhyun's ear with the sound of the smaller panting into his hair and thin fingers tight around his shoulder for balance, skin slick with sweat.

Chanyeol didn’t think it was possible to forget much of anything anytime they had sex because the
sight was too precious to forget even if it had been numerous times by now.

They were on school break, so they had plenty of time to catch up and he wasn’t put off by Baekhyun's advances even the slightest, even if they were sometimes odd.

Baekhyun had approached him in the shower the previous morning though and that was so hot, Chanyeol was sure the smaller still had a bright red love bite on his thigh to remember the event too.

“How’s it feel?”

Chanyeol hummed, creating a trail of wet kisses down Baekhyun's jaw.

“To sleep with the schools whore, feel good? Better than sharing candy?”

Chanyeol froze even though he knew Baekhyun was joking, even when he sat up to look at him he could see the concern and confusion in the smallers eyes.

Because he didn’t know why Chanyeol was concerned.

“That’s not funny, Baek. Please stop saying that, you’re not a whore, let’s not joke about that.”

He knew that if even he felt the smallest of bit of hurt at the insult for Baekhyun than Baekhyun hurt much more than he led on, despite knowing the smaller claimed he wasn’t bothered.

“Okay, I .. I was just kidding, babe. I was only kidding,” Baekhyun whispered, cupping Chanyeol's face to kiss his lips apologetically, thumbs running over his cheekbones, “Just a joke.”

It was only a joke until someone’s feelings were hurt, and Chanyeol was tired of Baekhyun always feeling hurt, even by his own words and thoughts.

“I know,” He murmured as Baekhyun pecked his mouth again, “Just.. you’re not, and I’m tired of hearing it, I’m not going to just listen to people call you that. Okay? I love you and you’re my boyfriend and I’m going to take care of you, even if it means telling you you’re wrong. It’s wrong to call yourself that because I don’t want you to believe that. You’re not a whore, you’re not dirty, and I love you.”

“Okay?” He prompted, pecking Baekhyun's brow softly, “Almost done with school and you won’t ever have to deal with that word again, so let’s get rid of it now, at least between the two of us.”

As usual, Chanyeol just knew how to pack a punch right into sensitive subjects, so Baekhyun hid his face away into his boyfriend's shoulder, pecking the muscle before sniffling and nodding.

“Okay.”

“Okay, and what else? You told me just the other day about what your therapist said, baby.”

“And I… I should only say nice things about myself.”

“Let’s hear it then,” Chanyeol cooed, “My gorgeous baby, so smart, talented, you know I like to hear you say them, show me that confidence.”

Baekhyun licked his lips nervously. “I… can sing okay, and… and I guess I can write pretty good. Oh, and I make you laugh a lot so I guess… pretty funny…”

“You sing beautifully and you write extremely good, you’re fucking hilarious. You did well, angel, much better than last time. Proud of you,” Chanyeol chirped, kissing the corner of his eye with a
wide grin, “Now, how about we go visit the cemetery. I think I’d like to meet your dad as your boyfriend this time, it feels wrong if we don’t go let him know, right?”

“You’re my favorite person in the world, Chanyeol.”

“Ditto.”

Chapter End Notes

The next full story (bc the hybrid back on is just a blurb) will be about them as crime syndicates! But, there’s always... a bigger story... (also working on a prequel for it!)
“Where’s Baekhyun?”

Chanyeol lifted his head from his notebook to glance at Jongin, looking at Kyungsoo for only a second, “He.. uh… had some priorities to get done.”

“Like moving his stuff to your house or?” Jongin fished.

“Like legal things that I can’t just tell anyone, no offense, Kyungsoo.” Chanyeol muttered, sounding more snappy than he meant before sighing and combing fingers through his hair, “Sorry.. I.. I just haven’t told Baekhyun.. about the letters yet, he’s going to flip and assume the worst.”

“But you didn’t accept it though, you haven’t told him you already got a position? Baekhyun applied to only one college that I know of, but… you know, given his gpa.. who knows. It’s a shame.. he’s really smart, just… life didn’t give him any chances.”

Chanyeol laughed under his breath at Jongin's words, “Tell me about it.”

“Is Baekhyun in trouble?” Kyungsoo asked, voice laced with concern.

“Nah,” His boyfriend commented, “He’s just… helping the police with something, he’ll be back soon.”

Chanyeol nodded in agreement, shoulders tense as he sat up, “Let’s go, I need to stop at his locker and get my keys out. Told him I’d pick him up at the station during lunchtime.”

They both nodded, accepting of his words, but neither saying or asking more because Chanyeol was so stiff.

It wasn’t that he was worried to tell Baekhyun, but he knew the smaller always assumed the worst and he already had it planned out.

A time and place for everything.

“Hey, congrats Chanyeol!” Kris hit his shoulder, a linebacker yelled as he walked past.

Chanyeol nodded with a stiff grin.

He just felt so uncomfortable keeping something from Baekhyun even though it wasn’t a big deal and he had everything figured out.

“Hey, I think you - what the hell is that?” Jongin asked, pointing.

On the grey locker in bold, black pen: WHORE
Chanyeol felt his blood boil instantly, rushing over to run his finger through it, nothing came off, permanent ink.

He wondered if it was because of their behavior at the party over the break or if it was because news spread of their official relationship.

It was ridiculous Baekhyun got such hate when he literally hadn’t done a thing, that people were mad that Chanyeol chose him over others that wanted him simply because they liked that he was quarterback or that he was attractive.

“Who did this!” He barked, slamming his hand into the metal and causing it to rattle, “Who the fuck did this!”

“Chanyeol, calm down,” Jongin whispered.

“No!” Chanyeol growled, turning to look around the crowded hallway, “When I find out who the fuck keeps bullying him, expect a meeting, got it? I’ll see you outside of school - trust that I’m not bluffing! I’ll beat the fuck-”

“You’re going to get suspended, stop it!” Kyungsoo cried, yanking Chanyeol's arm.

Chanyeol huffed, sending a lingering look around because he was positive someone here had done this, “I’ll fuck you up, don’t care who you ar-“

“Damn it,” Jongin cursed, grabbing Chanyeol's shoulders to turn him around, “Listen, we’re going to clean this up while you go get Baekhyun, got it? Open this locker, get your keys, and go before you get yourself suspended the last two months of class.”

Chanyeol’s jaw clenched because he was in the mood to fucking fight, but he reluctantly began opening the locker anyways.

Grumbling as he grabbed his keys and wallet before slamming the locker and turning to press his back into it, “Well? Now what will you do, it’s permanent.”

“No need to be a dic-“

“Chanyeol!”

Chanyeol’s eyes widened but he opened his arms for the smaller to cuddle into and kiss his lips quickly, “How’d you get here! I was just leaving to pick you up, baby.”

“Surprise!” Baekhyun grinned, “Officers took me, they were nice. They bought me a sandwich too, want a bite?”

Chanyeol laughed, but his eyes widened in alert as he pulled Baekhyun's head to his chest in a suffocating hug, looking between Jongin and Kyungsoo for help.

Kyungsoo moved to press his back into the locker to block it.

“Chanyeol!” Baekhyun whined, voice muffled as he yanked at his boyfriend's shirt, “Too much love!”

“Never too much love,” Chanyeol argued, “Now let’s just ditch, I’m tired and want to see you, let’s go home.”

Baekhyun looked at him surprised, rightfully so when Chanyeol ditching was not something that
happened very often if at all.

“I’ll bring you over my shoulder if you don’t come, my little hostage,” He added, playfully pulling Baekhyun's arm to get him further down the hallway towards the parking lot.

That did it and Baekhyun laughed, giggling into his ribs before squealing when Chanyeol lifted his hips off the tile, kicking his legs, “Chan! I need my books from my locker!”

“Nonsense, we have the same at home.”

“My notes!”

“Who needs them when you have me, huh? Don’t worry, you can use mine, babe. Let’s go take a nap.” Chanyeol continued, because there was no way he was going to let Baekhyun see that and ruin his entire day, “You can drive and everything, let’s practice your driving, baby.”

Baekhyun really liked to practice driving since he got his permit and beamed, instantly forgetting and wrapping his arms around Chanyeol's neck instead.

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‘Got it, janitor painted over it.’ Jongin's text read a few hours later.

Chanyeol smiled in relief, turning to look at Baekhyun who was tracing a pattern into his arm softly, eyes still glossed over sleepily.

“What are you thinking about, baby?” He whispered, rolling over to throw his arm over Baekhyun's bare waist and kiss his forehead, “You have that look.”

Laughing quietly, Baekhyun looked up to kiss Chanyeol's chin, fingers moving to linger along his cheek, “Just.. it was a good day, the police said they had him in custody for drug related charges, but.. sexual assault isn’t a minor offense and they could get him in longer. I feel a little guilty, but I know it’s the right thing to do so he doesn’t.. hurt anyone else. I was only a teenager, they said it was statutory rape even though I consented to having sex. I didn’t really.. think it was a big deal.”

“It is when it’s sexual assault, Baekhyun.” Chanyeol whispered, “Coercion is sexual assault, he used your trust and love to take advantage of you.”

“I don’t like when you say that.”

“Say what?”

“That I loved him,” Baekhyun scrunched nose up, “I didn’t love him, I just wanted someone to.. be with, you know? That’s why I just kept going back to him… I-I thought people didn’t want me, he told me that I was lucky to have him, and I thought I was.

He picked me up a few times when I called him to, and.. he told me nice things sometimes, so I just thought ‘it could be worse,’ because it could have. He could have beaten me, or.. worse, but he didn’t.”

“Okay, listen to me, babe.” Chanyeol requested, sitting up on his elbow and petting Baekhyun's cheek, “He did try to do worse, that’s horrible. And what matters is he should have picked you up everyday you called, not sometimes, and told you nice things all the fucking time, all the time Baekhyun because you’re beautiful and sweet and smart, you’re going to do amazing things, and he only fed you drugs and alcohol to make you pliant. Tell me what I tell you all the time, baby
“Coercion is not consent, it’s not okay, and I love you.”

“That’s right,” Chanyeol praised, leaning down to kiss his hair, “That’s a hundred percent correct. Coercion is not consent, it’s not okay, and I do love you. So much, my strong boyfriend, you’ve been through so much and sometimes you just need to hear that I’m proud of you, really proud of how far you’ve come, and how far you’ll go and I know your dad is really proud of you too.”

“I know,” Baekhyun mumbled, scooting closer to press a kiss to Chanyeol’s sternum, “I’m really proud too.”

Chapter End Notes

COERCION IS NOT CONSENT

Secondly: HOLY SHIT YOU GUYS ARE GONNA LOVE THE CRIME AU & PREQUEL
Annoying (Highschool AU)

“I know, babe.” Chanyeol cooed, squeezing Baekhyun's shoulder with his arm draped around his neck, “It's okay. One test doesn’t mean shit.”

“I got a C, Chanyeol. My grade is fucked when I already have a D, what if I can’t walk the stage?”

Baekhyun looked up at the taller with a pout, moving away from him to dig in his locker, putting his textbooks inside and stealing the hoodie off the top of Chanyeol's training bag.

“Hey, you're going to be able to walk.” Chanyeol swooned, shoulder resting against the lockers beside Baekhyun and sweetly fixing the edge of his own hoodie down the smaller's hips, “They're lenient with grades, and given you missed nearly two weeks I’m sure they’re going to let you walk the stage. It’s graduation, babe. They're going to let you, it’s important to us.”

“Not like anyone will be there for me anyways,” Baekhyun grumbled, sighing as he grabbed the book from Chanyeol's hand to place inside.

“Come here,” Chanyeol ordered.

Baekhyun pursed his lips, tugging the sleeves over his fingers, “Not now.”

“Get that pretty face over here before I get louder.” He raised a brow warningly before standing straighter, “I’ll do it. I’ll get really loud, baby, like thi -“

“God, shut up.” Baekhyun grumbled, hand over Chanyeol's mouth as he wrapped his arms around his hips, small smile playing on his face, “You're so goddamn annoying. Can’t stand you.”

Chanyeol beamed, leaning down to hold Baekhyun's chin and kiss his mouth softly, the smaller stood on his toes for a second one instantly despite his pouting words moments before, hands curling into the back of Chanyeol's sweatshirt.

“My mom will be there,” Chanyeol murmured, kissing Baekhyun's mouth softer before pressing his lips onto his forehead, “So will my dad, you can meet him for the first time, he'll love you. Kyungsoo, Sehun, and Jongin will be there. Everyone is cheering for you, babe.”

“Do… you think my mom got my invitation?”

Chanyeol sighed, pulling Baekhyun under his chin, “I’m sure she did, angel.”

But she wouldn’t come was the underlying tone.

Baekhyun had really distanced himself from her, so much so it was obvious they weren’t on good terms when his phone shut off and he when he went to pick up the rest of his things, they were gone.

Probably had to do with Chanyeol's mom having spoken to her in person, and apparently the words they shared had not been pretty at all.

If there was one thing he knew his mother hated it was to be called out.

Baekhyun would have stood up for her when she tried to get in contact with him two days ago, but he wasn’t willing to do the things she asked for, he wasn’t willing to even put himself at risk for her.
He loved her, but he wouldn’t ruin his life for her. Not again.

She didn’t like that, crying into the phone and his mother never cried, she didn’t, but Baekhyun couldn’t be with her when she didn’t care about him.

Being with Chanyeol showed him as much, being with a parental figure that smothered him in kisses when they got him from school showed him that he didn’t need to work so hard for her affection.

If anything, she should for him.

“You know what, I think that’s fine.” Baekhyun whispered, dipping the tips of his fingers under Chanyeol’s shirt only enough to brush over his skin.

They were at school, he wouldn’t risk being caught doing anything more so close to graduation, even if Chanyeol was even worse than him.

It totally wasn’t Baekhyun's fault Chanyeol was nearly knocked out for waving at him over the bleachers while watching their practice.

It was funny now, but when Chanyeol was tackled he nearly went out there to fight a guy three times his size despite knowing they were practicing and Chanyeol was the one who hadn’t been paying attention.

He was up before Baekhyun could throw any fists, but Baekhyun sure as hell got a bunch of nasty words out before the coach separated them.

Chanyeol was too distracted by him for his own good sometimes, and Baekhyun found it pretty cute so long as he wasn’t being a fucking idiot anymore.

“Yeah? I’ll whistle for you so loud, babe. Don’t worry, there’s going to be cheers for you.”

“Wouldn’t expect any differently with your mouth.”

“Hey, you’re the one with all the insults, I just so happen to be loud when it’s necessary.” Chanyeol explained defensively.

Baekhyun snorted, “Because everytime I go to defend myself my bodyguard is up my ass. I can take care of myself, Chanyeol.”

Chanyeol laughed because he had heard the phrase before, but back then it was all defensive, an irritated growl, but now Baekhyun smirked, mischief in his eyes and he knew it was because the smaller thought it was super hot when he was angry.

He wasn’t angry often, but to be defensive over people he loved was second nature, it didn’t require any thought at all.

“That bodyguard you speak of better be me, I’ll fuck him up if not, babe.” He joked.

Baekhyun giggled, “What? You jealous? I feel like you’d be really hot when you’re jealous.”

Chanyeol rolled his eyes and pinched Baekhyun's ear playfully, “I’ve been jealous over a year, it wouldn’t be nice at all to make me jealous again, baby.”

“I don’t need to try to make you jealous because I think you’re really hot even when you’re not jealous.” Baekhyun smiled flirtatiously, chin pressing to Chanyeol's sternum.
“Get your ass to class before I take you home and wipe that grin off your face.”
“Oh god, slow down! My knees are going to give out one of these days!”

“That’s your fault tall people have weak joints!”

Chanyeol huffed a laugh, struggling up the side of the mountain to follow where Baekhyun ran off, “I never asked to be tall!”

“You never asked to be ridiculously adorable either, but look at that!” Baekhyun cooed, peeking down the trail to laugh and grab Chanyeol's arm.

It wasn’t much help considering the angle, but Chanyeol kissed his cheek for his attempt anyways, wiping the sweat off his forehead before groaning and removing the backpack from his shoulders, “This better be just as pretty as you said, Baek. My sweat is sweating.”

“Man. For a quarterback and someone that has mad abs you’d think you would be able to hike three miles. Meanwhile I have legs like a newborn deer and I’m ready to run, babe.”

Chanyeol snorted at the analogy, gulping down his water and taking a seat on the dirt to face off the edge of the cliff and lean back against their bags, “Get over here, baby deer.”

Baekhyun giggled but was moving to rest between his spread legs instantly, leaning back against his chest and sweetly rubbing over Chanyeol's sore knee.

“Trust me, it’s going to be worth it.”

“I’m sure it will be,” He cooed, wrapping his arms around Baekhyun's waist and pressing his chin into the smaller's back.

Baekhyun grinned, turning to kiss his cheek quickly before simply resting his head backwards on Chanyeol's shoulder, humming a cute tune under his breath.

Even if the sun hadn’t begun to go down yet, it was already worth it despite Chanyeol's playful whining.

Just to see Baekhyun so relaxed was worth it.

“Chanyeol, what’s going to happen after graduation?”

“What do you mean?” Chanyeol sighed and knew he should have been better prepared.

“I mean… us, what’s going to happen then? What… what if we get split apart? I.. what if I have to move back in with my mom? I don’t know… I only recently told her I wouldn’t give her anything and she sounded really mad, Chanyeol. I’m afraid.”

Chanyeol gritted his teeth because he hated to bring up that bitch ever since she suggested
Baekhyun steal from them to pay for his stepdads drinking habits that was wasted money down the drain and Baekhyun lost his mind on her. He always knew Baekhyun would never steal from him.

And he sighed because he had a plan of when to tell Baekhyun recent news, but it seemed the nice dinner date he planned was ruined.

That was okay because this was Baekhyun's favorite place anyway, so here was as good as anywhere.

“I’ve been meaning to tell you,” He mumbled, tightening his arms around Baekhyun's waist in fear the smaller would run off, “I got a scholarship to Williams.”

He could feel the moment Baekhyun assumed, assuming he’d be leaving for a place four hours away, his shoulders tensed up and he leaned over his own lap away from Chanyeol, bringing his knees up to his chest. “Oh… congrats, yeah.. congratulations, really proud of you.”

It sounded so fake Chanyeol sighed, leaning over to lay his forehead on the top of Baekhyun's spine, “You don’t really think I’d leave you, do you? No way, baby. No way, never. Not when I finally got you and you’re happy, no. We’re going to be happy and safe and I’m going to go play football for the state team, and you’re going to-“

“What?” Baekhyun spun around with wide eyes, mouth spreading into a huge grin as he grabbed Chanyeol's face, “What? The state team? Wh- that’s like your dream! When! How!”

“They had a recruiter at my last game,” Chanyeol laughed, “I know, baby, I know. I’m really happy, we don’t have to go anywhere, it’s only a thirty minute drive to the training stadium. I’m going to stay right here, with you, forever.”

Baekhyun's eyes were teary before he whined and hit his arm softly, twisting to lay on his hip and face on Chanyeol's chest, “You make my surprise look like shit.”

“What surprise, gorgeous? I’m sure it’s going to be just as good.”

Baekhyun pouted, “Got accepted to university, the one by our house. It’s good for me, okay?” He whined defensively.

“It’s good for anyone!” Chanyeol cried, kissing his ear, “It’s really good, babe, so good! Mom is going to be so proud of you, I’m so proud. So happy for you.”

Baekhyun giggled, arms wrapping around Chanyeol's waist and accepting the kisses to his face happily. “I’ll do better at school this time.”

It went better than expected even if Baekhyun had been momentarily upset.

“We’ll stay together now,” Chanyeol whispered, cupping Baekhyun's cheek to kiss his lips, “Let’s get married.”

The smaller laughed at his ridiculousness, pinching his side but beaming radiantly, “You won’t leave me.”

“Never,” He promised, pecking Baekhyun's lips, “Always be with you, angel. Always just a call away.”

Chanyeol smiled as he felt Baekhyun's relief practically pour off the smaller, releasing his cheek but watching him lay down in his lap and curl around his leg, fingers cutely massaging at the
outside of his thigh.

He was so focused on appreciating Baekhyun he hadn’t realized the sky began to shift and change colored until Baekhyun gasped, “Babe, look.”

Baekhyun had explained it so vaguely the first time they really spent alone time together, it didn’t give the sunset any justice at all.

“Wow.”

“It’s so pretty,” Chanyeol ooed, curling his fingers into Baekhyun's shirt where he had been petting at the smallers side. “Woah, thank you for bringing me here, baby. It’s so nice.”

“Yeah? You like it?” Baekhyun rolled over to blink up at him, “My dad said that when you’re really upset that if you look at it then it will reset everything you’re sad about. It’s been a long time since I’ve been here, maybe it still works.”

“Of course it does,” Chanyeol whispered, leaning over his lap as much as he could to collect Baekhyun in his arms and pull him into his lap, “He sounded like a smart man, I don’t feel anything bad right now.”

“Me either,” Baekhyun smiled, turning to kiss Chanyeol's cheek, “Just really happy you’re with me.”

“Really happy to have you too, baby, very lucky to have you here with me.”

“Happy enough for kisses?”

“Now you’re pushing it,” Chanyeol teased, leaning over to press their lips together.
It was storming horribly.

Chanyeol never went outside - the perks of working as a comic writer - but the one time he fucking did it seemed the world hated him.

Leaves were flying off trees, the entire drive to his apartment the car wanted to drift with the wind.

And finally, just his fucking luck, there was no fucking parking, so he was forced to park down the street by a cafe on the corner.

Chanyeol usually liked to see the cutesy stickers and faces of the hybrids planted on the outside of his friends cafe, but it seemed to just piss him off more only because it was so far from his apartment. (Not really, but the weather made him all kinds of angry.)

“Never fucking meeting you for dinner again, Yifan.” He growled under his breath, preparing to make a quick run out of the car.

He threw his jacket over his head and pulled the door open, groaning irritatedly at the cold chill that met his skin from the wind.

At least it wasn’t pouring anymore, but the thunder that was sounding let him know it would likely start again soon.

He started at a light jog down the sidewalk, careful of puddles on the cement when thunder sounded so close to him he jumped and his phone slipped from his hand.

Chanyeol cursed, kneeling down to grab it - luckily, somehow it didn’t crack - when he heard a squeaking noise.

He had heard a similar noise before when his friend Jongdae got his tail caught in things, and instantly felt bad.

Thunder roared loud again and the crying led him into a tight alley.
Originally he didn’t notice a thing, nothing but dumpsters pushed together.

But, he heard the crying again the more the storm continued and his heart went out to whatever was creating said noise.

He walked down the alley, shivering all the while, but his eyes caught a bare, red foot sticking out between two of the dumpsters and his face contorted in pity.

“Howdy?”

He heard the squealing noise again and saw the foot be pulled to hide behind the dumpster again.

“Hey, I’m not going to hurt you.” Chanyeol called, keeping his steps light as he walked through a few puddles.

He saw a small flash of blue peek around the corner of a dumpster before it was gone.

Cute.

Chanyeol laughed under his breath, “I saw you, sweetheart, you can come out.”

Waiting a second longer he heard a cough, a wet, painful sounding cough before he saw blue again, this time giving him a chance to look.

He crouched down, keeping his distance and attempting to ignore the weather, “Hi.”

Droopy eyes stared at him before the person scooted out from their hiding place a tiny bit.

Chanyeol’s eyes searched as soon as he could, taking in the heart shaped face, cheekbones sharpened and nose bright red and raw, but the thing he noticed instantly was the bright blue eyes staring at him in fear, shivering.

He didn’t notice immediately, but movement caused him to look at the boys head where a pair of brown, dropping ears sat, flicking at every noise like he was afraid.

Chanyeol’s mouth contorted in surprise, eyeing the hybrid confused why such a cute little thing was out on the streets when hybrids were frail and needed a lot of care unless self sufficient- but this tiny one didn’t look it at all.

He would know all about what hybrids needed, Jongdae was one needy cat who just so happened to be his best, and annoying, cat hybrid friend. (Among a few other hybrid friends.)

“How are you?”

The tiny hybrid gave a small shake of his head before sniffing and coughing into his hand.

Chanyeol felt his heart drop; in general, he tended to care a lot about people, if he didn’t know any better he would assume this hybrid was young, but the hybrids face was adorably grown, cute and needed some more roundness, but he was positive the hybrid was at least matured.

“You’re sick.” He whispered, “Do you want some food? It’s about to start raining again, you’re going to feel very sick if you stay soaking wet.” He added, pointing to the hybrids bare feet and the thin hoodie around him.

“... I.. am a hybrid.”
Chanyeol smiled because the voice was sweet despite the congestedness of it, “I can tell, sweetheart.”

The hybrid blinked at him something akin to surprise before unwrapping his arms from his knees to spread his legs out, obviously not caring when his foot splashed into a puddle, Chanyeol cringed. “Can... will you be nice to me?”

He sounded so concerned and childlike that Chanyeol's face dropped before he was placing a kind smile on his face and wiggling his fingers out towards the hybrid, “Really nice, i’ll make you food and give you a warm blanket and everything. Does that sound nice?”

He sounded more urgent than he meant to, but he was freezing and wore more than double what the hybrid was, so he couldn’t look away from the redness of the hybrid's toes and face. He even noticed the hybrid pulling his curls over his human ears every once in a while, they were probably frozen.

“Okay.” He heard whispered and it sounded happy.

Chanyeol watched the hybrid climb to his feet and gasped at how tiny he was, probably no more than five feet.

Usually hybrids were average human sizes, but he had seen a few miniature breeds before. They were known to be clingier than an average hybrid and prone to more illnesses, Chanyeol was more concerned by the second.

The human was surprised by the hybrid's boldness as he wrapped freezing fingers around his fingertips.

This close the humans heart was racing with anxiety because even the tips of the hybrids fur covered ears were cracked a bit from the wind and his mouth was so raw on the corner it looked incredibly painful.

But, the hybrid only gave a shy smile, shifting on his bare feet waiting for Chanyeol to respond, “I hope you will be really nice to me, mister.”

It was painfully cute, and Chanyeol never knew a hybrid to be so adorable - even though he would admit Jongdae had his moments.

“My name is Park Chanyeol.” He explained, quickly standing to his feet and holy shit his heart was racing when the hybrid blinked up at him, head only level to his chest. “And I’m going to carry you, okay? Your toes are so red and we need to walk quickly.” He added, worrying.

“Okay.” The hybrid released his hand to place both arms up, Chanyeol nearly cooed at him, but he could see how sick the hybrid was and figured he likely just wanted to be warm as fast as possible too.

His stupid human brain didn’t need to continuously try to make assumptions based on his own loneliness.

“So small,” Chanyeol whispered as he picked up the hybrid under his arms, noticing more and more by the second.

The hybrid had to be fully grown, but he was so small, thin and just overall tiny that Chanyeol nearly cried when he relaxed into the crook of his neck and felt the unnatural heat coming off the
hybrid's skin.

Don't grow attached.

Don’t.

You don’t need to care about anything right now.

You have too much work to do.

Don’t -

“Mister Chanyeol, can I have milk when I get warm?”

Fuck, everything went out the window and Chanyeol wasn’t even sure he fucking had milk left - but if he didn’t he would drive down to the corner store and fucking get it which said so much because he was nearly having a heart attack a half hour prior trying to drive home in this storm.

“Of course,” He murmured, holding onto the hybrids spine and digging in his pocket with his other hand to find his keys, “You can have milk, sweetheart. I’ll make you hot chocolate and give you medicine.”

The hybrid made a quiet yipping noise followed by a sniffle and it somewhat confirmed Chanyeol's suspicions that he was some sort of dog or wolf.

Either way, he was weak for him.

Chapter End Notes

Part Two of their introductions next~~~
“Okay, just a second.” He murmured into the hybrids temple before setting him down on the living room floor, “You can go take a seat, let me just go get you some clothes.” He requested, making a quick dash down the hall.

He literally just snatched all he saw before cursing because the hybrid was tiny and he owned nothing that would fit him.

Fuck. He’d just have to go shopping or figure something out.

Chanyeol grabbed a container of medicine from the cabinet in his bathroom before walking into the living room, probably looking ridiculous with how panicked he felt.

He didn’t see the hybrid on the couch and nearly cried as he concluded the hybrid must have ran away, but as he walked into the living room more he was relieved to see the hybrid was simply laying on the carpet, wiggling his toes back and forth.

“What are you doing, silly?” Chanyeol laughed, kneeling down and setting the clothes on the hybrid's side before opening the box of medicine.

“Dogs can’t be on the couch.”

The human frowned, “You’re not a dog, sweetheart.”

The hybrid just gave him a confused look but was sniffing at the clothes Chanyeol gave him - or attempting to - but he pulled his face back with a teary eyed expression. “My nose won’t work.”

“Oh, honey,” Chanyeol almost laughed but the hybrid was near tears, “It’s okay. You’re just sick, you will be able to smell once you sleep a little bit.” He promised.

Chanyeol didn’t hear the hybrid's response, but felt the eyes on him as he stood up to walk into the kitchen, planning to get the promised hot chocolate to warm up the hybrid, “So. Are you going to tell me your name?”

He heard shuffling behind his back in the living room but continued to turn on the stove and go about his business.

“Hybrid.”

Chanyeol sighed and licked his lips, brows pulled in confusion, “No, your name, your real name.”

“Baekhyun.”

Cute, Chanyeol smiled and threw a lid over the pot on the stove before turning around, resting his palms back against the counter before gawking at the scene.

The hybrid was struggling to yank the sweatpants on, laying on his naked back and pulling at them, he nearly looked like a kitten playing with string, but was so focused on pulling the pants past the light grey underwear Chanyeol quickly looked away from.

Chanyeol was about to let him know he could change in the bathroom, but was distracted by the thinnest of Baekhyun's chest and back, before noticing the small, fluffy tail when the hybrid rolled over to lay on his stomach on the floor, exhausted.
“Oh, your tail.” Chanyeol murmured, walking into the living room, grabbing the hoodie he had brought out for the hybrid and crouching down, “I can cut a hole if you want.”

Baekhyun was doing horrible things to his heart looking so cute, turning to look at him with flushed cheeks, “Tail gets cold. It’s okay.”

Chanyeol worried that it would be crushed, but when Baekhyun sat up to put his arms up for the hoodie he noticed the sweatpants really weren’t more than just for cover because they were so big on him.

“There we go.” Chanyeol crooned, rolling the hoodie over Baekhyun's head, “Feel better now? Let’s put these socks on.” He suggested, leaning across the coffee table to grab the balled up pair.

Baekhyun lifted his foot up when Chanyeol offered him the socks to put on himself and the human smiled and rolled them on his toes.

He wasn’t sure if it was just in his breed to be so needy, but it was endearing, and Chanyeol liked the feeling of taking care of him, even if he wasn’t positive if it was just Baekhyun or the fact that he coughed and sniffed every few minutes.

Everyone felt needy when sick, so maybe it was just him having a fever, Chanyeol assumed.

“What type of hybrid are you, Baekhyun?” Chanyeol wondered aloud, reaching over to pet the hybrid's hair and instantly Baekhyun was leaning into the pets.

“Puppy,” Baekhyun mumbled, “Mini corgi puppy.”

Chanyeol wouldn't have guessed so only because Baekhyun’s ears were cutely floppy, not really standing up like he pictured corgi’s to be, but it explained the fluffiness of his tail.

The human hummed in response, petting behind his ear once more and standing up, but Baekhyun was having none of it and yelped at him, pressing his cheek into his ankle with a whine.

“Sweet thing,” Chanyeol murmured, reaching down to pick him up onto his hip.

Baekhyun instantly was all grabby hands and curling into his chest, whining at Chanyeol attempting to leave him like that.

Very needy, Chanyeol realized.

So, he went back to the kitchen, attempting once more to set Baekhyun down on a stool at the island, but the puppy turned his head the other way, nuzzling his face into Chanyeol's shoulder like he hadn’t seen the human offer him a seat at all.

Chanyeol ended up having to mix their hot chocolate with the puppy on his hip, which wasn’t too hard because Baekhyun was just a bundle of coughs and sniffles even if he did once have to tell him to be patient when the puppy tried to grab the hot cup.

“Medicine,” Chanyeol reminded himself as he noticed the bottle sitting on the counter while he waited for their drinks to cool off.

“No, no,” Baekhyun put his hand out towards the bottle when Chanyeol tried to grab it, ducking his head to meet the humans eyes with pretty blue ones, “Can’t have big pills, I am too little.”

Chanyeol hadn’t thought over that, but as he looked at Baekhyun he figured the puppy must know
what he was talking about because he was little and maybe he had a hard time with pills.

“Okay, puppy,” Chanyeol soothed, “I’ll be right back then, I’ll get you liquid medicine. Just wait here.” He requested, setting Baekhyun on the couch.

The puppy went wide eyed, whimpering and staring at him with arms up, but Chanyeol just grabbed the blanket that was on the back of the couch and tucked it all around the hybrid, “I’ll be really fast.” He promised.

Baekhyun looked at him in utter abandonment, and it hurt Chanyeol to hear him yelping, but he was fast; only running down the hall to dig through the medicine cabinet for some NyQuil he knew was there.

And when he came back out Baekhyun was in the same spot only tears rolling down his heated cheeks and shoulders scrunched up with his whimpering.

“Sh, I’m here. I was so fast.” Chanyeol cried, sitting down on the couch and unwrapping the medicine as fast as humanly possible, “Sh. I know you don’t feel good, but there’s no need to cry.”

Baekhyun was climbing into his lap as soon as he noticed him there, plopping himself against the back of the couch and legs curled into Chanyeol's lap.

“I know, honey.” The human cooed, pouring medicine into the tiny measuring cup and turning to Baekhyun.

The puppy opened his mouth up and Chanyeol was losing his mind with his fondness as he fed him the medicine quickly, brushing his finger over the rawness of Baekhyun's mouth softly and reminding himself to get some ointment for his cracking skin soon.

“You want to watch tv?” He rubbed his palm through the blanket in Baekhyun's knee, grabbing the cup of hot chocolate and remote from the table, “Here. It should be cooled off now.”

The excited, yipping noise he heard as he passed the mug over into Baekhyun's grabby hands was Chanyeol's new favorite sound, taking a moment to watch Baekhyun smack his lips with a bit of the drink on his mouth before turning on the television.

He had many questions for the hybrid, a million, but what was most important now was that his toes were no longer freezing and instead wiggling back and forth comfortably against Chanyeol's thigh, and he seemed much happier.

Chanyeol could question Baekhyun once he was sure the hybrid was getting better, he didn’t need to scare him away.

“Mister Chanyeol?”

“You can just call me Chanyeol, or Yeol, whatever you want, honey.”

“I’m really hungry. Super hungry.”

Chanyeol cringed as he hadn’t considered that even after seeing the thinness of the hybrids spine, running his hand over Baekhyun's ears before moving the puppy’s legs from his lap, “Poor puppy, i'll make you something.”
Baekhyun was both a little cuddle monster and a monster in general.

He was painfully endearing, exponentially needy, and a breath of fresh air.

But he was a puppy, and that much was obvious.

He was curious and tended to make messes, Chanyeol had even caught him sitting in the kitchen at three in the morning with milk spilled over the floor and drinking from what was barely left in the gallon.

Baekhyun had said it was because it was too heavy for him to pick up, pouting up at Chanyeol and getting teary eyed as he was scared he was in trouble.

He wasn’t in trouble, but god was he something.

Chanyeol had only had him here just over two weeks, but the puppy was constantly on him, whining outside the bedroom door if Chanyeol had it shut despite having his own room, climbing on the furniture to get the man’s attention when he was working - even when he was sick.

Adorable, but clingy.

That was okay though, because Chanyeol liked to take care of him anyways, he liked when Baekhyun brought him random things between his teeth to play and tugged on his clothes for attention.

Chanyeol liked being wanted - needed. It was very different to the days he spent locked away while writing, often forgetting to even eat as he focused on writing chapters for his comics.

Baekhyun changed a lot, because Chanyeol actually had some inspiration now. Before, there wasn’t much to find inspiration from when staring at the white walls of his room.

“How old are you?”

Baekhyun giggled and dug his face into Chanyeol's shoulder from where he had snuck up on the man who was typing at his desk. “Twenty! But I’m only a baby, my owner said I was a baby all the time, but it wasn’t very nice, sometimes she yelled it.”

Chanyeol also had picked up on a few things from Baekhyun, but he never directly addressed them because the puppy usually wasn’t so enthusiastic to share.

But, Baekhyun has attachment problems, not very extreme ones because he was a puppy and he did cling, it was in his breed, but he was easily scared Chanyeol was leaving him.

So, the human had a lot to assume about why Baekhyun was out in the cold.

He just couldn’t fathom why someone would mistreat Baekhyun when he was so sweet - admittedly a lot of work - but he was such a sweet little puppy, mostly just wanting a lot of love that Chanyeol was always ready to give him.

“Hm,” Chanyeol mused, turning around in his desk chair and laughing when Baekhyun's first move was the shimmy into his lap, pressing into his chest, “Twenty is a baby, I’m four years older than you, puppy. My tiny puppy.”
He learned quickly that Baekhyun liked endearments a lot, loved to be complimented, maybe because he hadn’t heard them before.

Chanyeol tried not to think about things too much.

“My baby puppy.” He teased, combing his fingers over Baekhyun's tail that was wagging back and forth.

He had yet to introduce Baekhyun to his hybrid friends, but he had asked his comic artist, and friend, Kyungsoo to donate some things to him because his hybrid was a German Shepard.

The clothes given to Baekhyun were still huge, Jongin was a large breed, but they fit well enough, even if Chanyeol had to wash them three times before the puppy agreed to wear them - whining that they had smelled too much like “big dogs!”

Chanyeol really just did whatever Baekhyun wanted, but was trying to make sure to keep up with the puppy’s health, taking his temperature every morning and making sure to check on the puppy and make sure he was sleeping okay.

Occasionally he heard what sounded like whimpering at night, but when he would get up from bed to check it would stop.

“I’m little!” Baekhyun chirped, nuzzling into Chanyeol's cheek, “Because mini means always be a baby, always be tiny,” He held his fingers up to show an inch of space for dramatic effect and Chanyeol snorted, kissing his cheek.

“You can be a baby, Baek.” The human cooed, still finding it weird when Baekhyun licked at him like an actual puppy, wiggling his hips when excited, but he didn’t say a thing and only smiled when Baekhyun licked his cheek. “Now, what are we doing today, my pup? Did you clean up your messes already?”

He had heard the puppy digging through cabinets earlier and knew he should go grocery shopping, because Baekhyun really ate anything he found, anything to fill his empty - or what he thought was hungry - stomach.

Chanyeol had found him trying to eat a box of raw pasta his second day here, and was forever traumatized by how hungry he assumed Baekhyun must have been out on the streets.

He was a gorgeous hybrid, there was no way Chanyeol would have been able to see him and just leave him there, but he also knew some people weren’t for hybrids at all, calling them foul names.

He himself had never experienced it, but Jongdae had been his best friend forever, and he had seen the cat cry multiple times when not given a job because of the fur on his head or because he had been spat cruel insults to.

Hybrids weren’t abominations, they were just people and it shouldn't be controversial to say that, but it was.

“I did!” Baekhyun beamed, all teeth on display, “A-And I checked with the machine! Said 100, just like you said!”

As a hybrid, his temperature tended to run a bit higher than normal, Chanyeol had nearly rushed him to the hospital the first time he took his temperature and it was well above 103, but after a rushed, frantic call to his friend Minseok, the owner of the hybrid themed cafe down the street, he learned all he needed to.
Plus, he had gotten teased for a good twenty minutes about finally giving in and getting a hybrid when his friends had been begging him to adopt one for so long.

They just knew he was lonely.

And he was, but not much anymore.

“Look at you, baby, getting so healthy.” Chanyeol cooed, grinning at the pretty canines that Baekhyun showed with his scrunched nose smile.

Really beautiful.

“We’ll have to celebrate. I’ll take you somewhere really cute when we have time and you can meet lots of other hybrids, sound fun?”

He expected Baekhyun to start doing his excited, wiggly dance that he did when Chanyeol made food or agreed to play with him, but the puppy huffed, limply leaning back so far Chanyeol had to hold his back, laughing into the hybrids neck at his dramaticness.

“What’s wrong, silly pup? You little worm.” He teased, standing from his desk chair and playfully bouncing Baekhyun as he carried him down the hall.

He peeked into the puppy’s room just to see if he had made a huge mess while he was working - but it wasn’t, Baekhyun probably cleaned up like the good puppy he was.

“Don’t want to!”

Chanyeol laughed and pressed a kiss to the palm Baekhyun threw in front of his face with his whining.

“Why not? You love to talk and play, pup.”

Baekhyun giggled and sat up on his elbows when Chanyeol tossed him carefully onto the couch before fixing a pout on his lips, but his tail wagging gave away his happiness to be played with.

“Cause… cause then I won’t have your attention!”

He was being dramatic, Chanyeol knew that, but Baekhyun also was very clingy towards him, so he did feel a little bad.

“You always have my attention.”

“Then… what… what if you trade me for a different hybrid?”

It wasn’t possible, was the first thing that came to Chanyeol's head, but the second was simply guilt as he watched Baekhyun stare at him, scared of his response.

“Is that what happened, baby?” Chanyeol whispered, walking around the coffee table and grabbing the hybrid in his arms once he took a seat, “My poor blue eyed puppy. Don’t worry, you never need to worry. I will just take care of you.”

Baekhyun whimpered, a high pitched noise that was nearly a yelp, and Chanyeol didn’t think he’d ever get used to it because it just sounded so sad.

The hybrid leaned forward to lick his jaw sweetly, and he didn’t answer, but Chanyeol didn’t need him to.
“Aren’t you just a kiss monster today?” He teased, soothing as he scratched at the soft brown fur on the puppy’s ears, “My little kiss monster. My hybrid loves kisses, huh?”

He heard a tiny laugh before another lick was placed on his cheek and Chanyeol snorted as he felt Baekhyun's tail begin to wag frantically.

“You like that huh?” He whispered, “You’re my hybrid, and I’m your human, pup.”

Baekhyun really was a little kiss monster, because as soon as Chanyeol got the words out he was yipping and licking all over his face with his tail wagging a mile a minute.
“Okay. We’re going to play very nicely, okay? No biting.”

“Okay.”

“And you’re going to be very nice, and if you get grumpy you come tell me and we can leave early.”

“Okay, Chan.”

Chanyeol grinned down at him, stopping in place just before entering the cafe to lean down and adjust Baekhyun's sleeves and zip his jacket up to his jaw, pressing a kiss to the hybrid's forehead.

“And you don’t forget that I’m your human and I’m not going to leave you here. Right, baby? We’re going to go home together whenever you want.”

Baekhyun released a whine, one that was more a huff than anything, pulling himself into Chanyeol's coat and inhaling the human’s scent.

Chanyeol wondered what he smelled like to Baekhyun sometimes, he asked on numerous occasions but the hybrid always just giggled to himself, ignoring the question even when Chanyeol pinned him down to tickle him for an answer.

Baekhyun was a little odd sometimes, but Chanyeol really didn’t mind at all.

“You want to give me a kiss?” Chanyeol cooed when Baekhyun stared up at him, tugging on the end of his jacket and standing on his toes.

He leaned down to let Baekhyun lick his cheek, pressing his own kiss to the puppy’s ear before pulling Baekhyun protectively under his arm again, leading him into the shop.

The first thing Baekhyun noticed was the smell of treats, wagging and looking up at Chanyeol with a begging expression.

An adorably convincing one.

Chanyeol smiled and gave a short nod, leading to Baekhyun bouncing on his toes and curling his tail around Chanyeol's thigh for only a second.

“Come here, let's meet some people and I’ll buy you snacks.” He promised, brushing the hair from Baekhyun's forehead before grabbing his fingers.

As soon as they were closer to the counter Chanyeol saw Luhan turn to him wide eyed, sniffing.

“Aren’t you just adorable!”

Chanyeol grabbed Baekhyun quickly before Jongdae could attack him with love, pulling the puppy into his chest as the cat began to sniff circles around them.

“You didn’t say he was a miniature!”
“I also didn’t say you could harass him at first sight,” Chanyeol drawled, petting the back of Baekhyun's neck softly, “Baek, this is Jongdae. If he annoys you, I give you permission to bite him, only him though.”

Jongdae fixed him with a pout, but Baekhyun's fingers were sneaking out from under Chanyeol's arm cutely, “I only bite… sometimes.”

Chanyeol smiled and kissed Baekhyun's hair, letting him go say hello but keeping a careful eye on Jongdae.

“Chanyeol?”

The human almost forgot he was in line but Luhan looked at him shyly, flickering over his shoulder, “Can I play?”

He always did have a soft spot for the deer hybrid, and Baekhyun could probably use someone else to calm Jongdae down. “Of course, Lu, is Minseok here yet?”

“I’ll go get him!” Luhan cried excitedly, running into the back to get his owner.

Chanyeol shook his head, glancing back over to Baekhyun but it seemed they were busy checking each other out, sniffing at each other and even then Chanyeol was reminded Baekhyun was ridiculously small because Jongdae practically towered him.

It was unfair to cause his heart to race like this.

“Chanyeol? Hey, man!”

The human laughed when Luhan races passed once Minseok was out, running over to the hybrids, “Hey. I wanted you to meet my hybrid, finally, but it looks like they’re enjoying themselves.”

Minseok snickered at them, motioning to a booth just to their left, “Hold on, let me grab some snacks for when they undoubtedly come crying over.”

Chanyeol wouldn’t usually understand hybrid talk, usually he felt left out when listening to his human friends have hidden jokes about their hybrids, but he understood now.

He laughed and slid into his booth, facing the hybrids that Luhan was pulling over to the play area and shoving tons of toys at Baekhyun.

Deer hybrids were really sweet, Chanyeol always thought Minseok was lucky to have adopted Luhan when he did because they were a very sought after breed - highly self sufficient and calming.

“Yifan is really shocked, said he and Zitao expected to meet Baekhyun soon.”

Chanyeol rolled his eyes, grabbing a cookie from the plate being sat on the table, scooting over to watch the hybrids over Minseok's shoulder. “I should have invited them, mainly because I think Yixing would be good for Baekhyun, but Sehun is a little…”

“He's a young part wolf breed, so he's a little aggressive but he'll grow out of it. Kyungsoo said he and Jongin were getting along decently.”

“Baekhyun is a puppy breed, I don’t think he’s ready to play with such big hybrids yet.”

“You’re keeping him?”
Chanyeol’s eyes snapped over to Minseok’s and he nodded quickly, “Of course. I mean… he’s really sweet, he’s a little… well, he’s a puppy, he needs a lot of attention, but-“

“I’m just…” Minseok sighed, “I’m not saying I think you won’t do well - quite the opposite - but puppies are very needy, Chanyeol. And I know you get busy, you take trips with Junmyeon to sign your comics, you really aren’t that social. I… I don’t think a puppy belongs in a shelter, but just know that if things get tough then Yifan and I will make sure he goes somewhere safe.”

Just the thought of placing Baekhyun into a shelter was enough to make Chanyeol shake with nerves, but he knew Minseok was only trying to make sure he was committed to all the work a hybrid was.

And, originally it had crossed his mind to place Baekhyun into their hybrid shelter, it was a very nice place, they were fed well and allowed to be free, plus, Minseok promoted their adoption here - on the very walls of his cafe sat tons of hybrid photos that needed a home.

But that was the problem. Baekhyun needed a home, he didn’t need just a place to eat and sleep.

He needed somewhere permanent, and that was with Chanyeol. He already decided that it was with Chanyeol the moment he had placed tiny, cold fingers around the humans.

“Baekhyun is grown,” Chanyeol mumbled under his breath, “He’s a puppy, yes. He’s a bit childlike, of course, but he’s also very smart and he understands a lot. And he knows that his home is with me - he wants it to be. Before… before this I don’t think he had it all that well, he says things sometimes… does things, he gets really scared when he makes a mess, but when he tries to clean up usually that makes it worse.

I think… he just wants me to care for him, and I do. And I don’t really care how hard it’s going to be, I’m going to do that, because he deserves as much. I’m not going to lie and say it hasn’t been rough, I’ve never… had to really consider someone living with me, let alone someone that needs so much, but it’s natural. Everything I do for Baekhyun comes to me naturally, and I can’t get rid of him.”

Before Minseok could respond Chanyeol had a giggling puppy running their way, cheeks flushed and a big smile on his face, barely even sparing Minseok a glance as he climbed into the booth on his knees to flop down on Chanyeol's shoulder.

“Tired, so soon?” Chanyeol snickered, pressing a kiss to Baekhyun's hair.

“You really are so cute,” Minseok cooed, pushing the plate of sweets across the table towards the hybrid.

Baekhyun beamed at the sweets before blushing,

“Hi.”

“My sweet puppy,” Chanyeol cooed, “This is our friend Minseok, Luhans owner. Maybe you can play more sometime.”

“I like Luhan,” Baekhyun chirped with wide eyes, looking much more invested in the conversation when he had a cookie between his fingers, “Dae… is loud.”

Chanyeol and Minseok laughed at that, Baekhyun only seemed to not be paying much attention and chewing at his cookie while slowly scooting more and more into Chanyeol's lap like he thought the man was going to tell him no.
He didn’t care if they were in public though and was wrapping his arm around Baekhyun's waist to set him on his thighs, boosting the tiny puppy up a little more and petting his back.

Baekhyun sent him a cute grin before leaning down to press his nose into the humans cheek, visually excited and happy.

“You eat up and then go play some more, baby,” Chanyeol said fondly, brushing crumbs off Baekhyun's chin, “Have fun.”

Chapter End Notes

I finally figured out like... technology and how to add like co authors and gift shit... I’m only 21 and I swear I’m actually good with electronics...

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!