plus c’est la même chose, plus ça change

by Sorrow's_Ending

Summary

“But…it’s Mingyu.”

Why in the world would anyone like Mingyu? It’s hard for Wonwoo to imagine. It’s Mingyu, who trips over his own shoelaces, who accidently hit his own face when he was fanning himself one time, who couldn’t open his suitcase for three hours because he forgot the password. And that’s not even half of the stupid things Mingyu has done.

“Yeah, it’s just Mingyu to us, but not to him, or anyone else for that matter. Mingyu has a lot of admirers, girls and boys,” Soonyoung explains.

“And a lot of people like Mingyu, Wonwoo.”

It’s hard for Wonwoo to imagine people looking at his best friend in that way. But with the arrival of the new student, things change and Wonwoo takes a second look at Mingyu and their relationship

Notes

This is so freakin cliché I know I’m so sorry lmao. This was supposed to be a one shot but then I kept typing and typing and typing and I’m still not done???? help me what am I doing.
Also, the title is from one of my favorite books. It's French, meaning: "The more things remain the same, the more they change."

See the end of the work for more notes.
It’s a typical Saturday night hangout. Usually predictability is boring for people, but Wonwoo likes it. He’s glad to have this stability in his life. After school, him and his best friends meet up and go to one of their houses. They play video games or maybe watch a movie or find whatever activity to entertain themselves with. It’s not really a planned thing, yet somewhere along the line it is because they do it every week and Wonwoo enjoys it. He loves being with his friends and spending time together. And there’s never really a dull moment with his friends, especially with someone like Mingyu.

“Ugh, gross Mingyu!” Jihoon screams.

Yeah, never a dull moment with Mingyu around. Tonight, his best friends are all over at his house. They are getting ready for a marathon of the Marvel movies. Mingyu was preparing the popcorn in the kitchen when he sneezed. Unfortunately for Jihoon, he walked in at the wrong moment and was promptly met with the spray of Mingyu’s sneeze. Wonwoo is covering his mouth to hold back his laughter because if he laughs, he’s dead for sure. Jihoon is glaring at Mingyu, who’s wiping his nose sheepishly.

“I hate you so much, you giant germ.” Jihoon grits out between clenched teeth.

“I didn’t mean to sneeze on you, honestly! I didn’t even see you!” Mingyu explains.

Whoops, that’s definitely the wrong thing to say. Mingyu should know better by now. Wonwoo shakes his head at the boy’s horrible choice of words.

“Are you calling me short?” If looks could kill, Mingyu would be a dead body on the floor. Wonwoo really doesn’t want a dead body on the floor. He’s too lazy to deal with that.

“No! No please don’t kill me, I’m too young to die!” Mingyu takes cover behind Wonwoo, as though Wonwoo’s smaller frame can hide his 185cm self.

“Hmph, you’re lucky murder is illegal,” Jihoon snatches the bowl of popcorn from Mingyu’s hand. “And that you’re somewhat useful.”

“Glad to hear it’s the law stopping you, not your conscious or heart of gold,” Soonyoung cheerfully chirps up as he walks into the kitchen to see what’s taking so long. He sees the pissed off face of Jihoon and a cowering Mingyu behind an amused Wonwoo. Soonyoung offers a tissue to Jihoon and he grabs it, wiping off the snot Mingyu had sprayed on him.

Mingyu sneezes again, and Wonwoo gets a tissue from Soonyoung and stuffs it into Mingyu’s hand.

“Here, wipe all your gross snot.”

“Thanks.” Mingyu blows his nose and Wonwoo’s face scrunches in disgust.

“Ew. You aren’t getting sick are you?”

“No, I don’t think so,” Mingyu sniffs. Wonwoo places a hand against Mingyu’s forehead, then to his cheek, cradling his face. Mingyu’s cheeks are slightly flushed, but he doesn’t feel like he’s coming down with anything, Wonwoo concludes.

“Hmm, I don’t feel a temp. It’s just you being your nasty self, as usual.”
“Why do I hang out with you guys if all you do is insult me?”

“Because we’re your best friends, you ugly giraffe,” Jihoon mumbles with a mouthful of popcorn.

Everyone laughs, except Mingyu who pouts.

“Alright, you big baby, you know we are just teasing you. Let’s go watch the movie,” Wonwoo says, slinging an arm around the taller boy’s shoulder. Soonyoung grabs the rest of the snacks and the boys settle in front of the TV.

Blankets and pillows are strewn all over the floor, the picture perfect setup for movie night. Soonyoung and Jihoon have claimed the couch, leaving Wonwoo and Mingyu to the floor. Wonwoo plops his butt down on a pillow, grabbing a blanket to cover himself with. Mingyu sits right next to him, close enough to where their their shoulders touch.

“Ready to start the movie?” Soonyoung asks. A chorus of “yeah’s” answers Soonyoung’s question and he presses play, the opening scene rolling on the screen.

Somewhere between Captain America beating the crap of the Nazis and the faceoff between the newly formed Avengers and Loki, Wonwoo feels a weight on him. He slightly turns to see Mingyu fast asleep, his head now resting on his shoulder.

‘What an idiot,’ Wonwoo thinks. ‘There are so many pillows and he chooses to use me.’

Still, Wonwoo does his best to move as little as possible, ensuring Mingyu doesn’t wake up. Unaware of his own eyes closing, Wonwoo yawns. The last thing he sees is the kiss between Pepper Potts and Tony Stark.

“Quick, take another one!”

Click!

“This is such good blackmail material.”

Wonwoo blearily opens his eyes. He’s greeted with the faces of Jihoon and Soonyoung, Soonyoung holding up his phone and obviously taking pictures.

“Awww, y’all two look so cute together!” Soonyoung gushes in an exaggerated manner. Jihoon pretends to gag at their supposed cuteness. Wonwoo blinks, wondering what the hell Soonyoung could possibly be talking about when he notices what position he’s in.

His head had fallen to rest on top of Mingyu’s head. Despite the noise, Mingyu is still fast asleep, mouth slightly open. The younger boy had somehow managed to snuggle even closer to Wonwoo, holding on to his arm. The warmth Mingyu is emanating is making it harder for Wonwoo to wake up fully. Why did Soonyoung and Jihoon have to wake him up? What horrible friends.


“Yeah, yeah, we’re leaving. Just telling you bye. Don’t get too cozy with Mingyu when we’re gone,” Jihoon teases.

Wonwoo’s reply is the middle finger and Jihoon and Soonyoung laugh. They bid their goodnights and see themselves out, leaving a drowsy Wonwoo and a sleep-dead Mingyu attached to his now
numb arm.

“Mingyu-ah”

No response.

“Hey, Mingyu, get up, so we can go to bed. You can just sleep over. I don’t think you can make it back to your house.” It’s not uncommon for Mingyu to spend the night or vice versa. By now, Wonwoo readily accepts it.

Mingyu grunts in reply, hugging his arm like a koala. Wonwoo sighs.

“Up, Mingyu.”

He tugs Mingyu off his arms and pulls the boy up. Mingyu wobbles in his steps, eyes barely open. Wonwoo tugs him to his bedroom and Mingyu follows him like a puppy. When they reach the bed, Mingyu crashes down, burrowing himself under the covers.

Forgoing brushing his teeth or changing out of his clothes, sleepiness too heavy on Wonwoo’s eyes, he lays next to Mingyu and reaches over to turn off the lamp before settling back down. Mingyu latches back on to his arm again.

“Goodnight, Wonwoo,” Mingyu murmurs.

“Goodnight, Mingyu.” Wonwoo closes his eyes, the face of his best friend being the last thing he sees before he falls fast asleep.

Sizzling sounds popping from kitchen rouse Wonwoo from his dreams. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Wonwoo yawns, stretching his arms. A loud pop! from the joints in his shoulder serves to wake him up. Scratching his stomach, he looks over to see the space where Mingyu slept empty and cold. The laughter he hears next confirms where Mingyu could be.

Before he heads to the kitchen, he heads towards the bathroom to clean up a bit. He washes his face and brushes his teeth, setting his toothbrush next to Mingyu’s, the one that is kept when he sleeps over. Then he heads back to his room to change out of his clothes. After he’s done, Wonwoo trudges to the kitchen to find Mingyu cooking breakfast with his mom.

“You don’t have to help me cook breakfast, Mingyu dear,” Wonwoo’s mom says as she takes some bacon off the skillet and places it on a plate. Meanwhile, Mingyu is mixing some batter, concentration wrinkling his forehead. The shirt Mingyu is wearing isn’t the same one he wore last night; It’s one of his own, Wonwoo notes.

“But I want to help, Auntie! I couldn’t just let you cook breakfast all by yourself!” Mingyu says.

“You are the sweetest boy.” She pats him on the head fondly and starts to cut up some strawberries.

“We already know you’re the favorite son, you don’t have to try so hard,” Wonwoo swipes a piece of bacon, ducking away from the dish towel when Mingyu tries to hit him.

“Wait till the pancakes are done!”
“Don’t want to.” Wonwoo smirks, plopping down on a chair.

“Are you sure you don’t want to switch places with Wonwoo and be my son?” Mrs. Jeon asks for the million time. Wonwoo has been keeping count.

“Honestly, I think my mom would agree to that too. Wonwoo is not a handful like me, according to her,” Mingyu answers, pouring the batter into the pan. The batter bubbles before sizzling and spreading into a circle. When the time is right, Mingyu flips the pancake to cook the other side.

“At least I’m the favorite son to someone,” Wonwoo mumbles.

Mrs. Jeon swipes at Wonwoo’s head playfully. “You know I’m just playing with you.”

“Uh-huh”

Wonwoo lounges around while Mingyu continues to makes more pancakes. It’s not long before there’s a whole stack, placed on top of each other perfectly.

“The pancakes are ready!”

Wonwoo gets up to set the table, setting out the dishes for three. When he’s done, he sits down and Mingyu places a stack of three pancakes on his plate. The pancakes are golden brown and look amazing. Wonwoo drizzles syrup on the pancakes and cuts a slice, bringing a bite to mouth and lets out a moan. The pancakes are delicious.

“Do you like it?” Mingyu asks, his eyes big and waiting for the seal of approval.


“Mingyu dear, they’re great. You are such a good cook.” Wonwoo’s gives him a thumbs up and Mingyu instantly perks up.

“You could say that.” Wonwoo offhandy says. Mingyu nudges him right in the ribs.

“Why can’t you ever admit that I’m amazing?”

“Because you are already aware of it, so there’s no need.”

Mingyu’s lips tilt up in satisfied smirk and Wonwoo’s eyes follow the action, staring a little before snapping out of it and looking down at his pancakes. He doesn’t want to contribute any more to Mingyu’s already huge ego. That’s the reason he gives himself for looking away. Not for another reason.

“I’m glad you agree.”

“Shut up.”

“Oh, you boys are so silly.” Wonwoo’s mom laughs.

The rest of the day passes by in relaxation and conversations consisting of topics from school to homework to old stories. It’s so natural, it almost feels like Mingyu does live with him, like he’s another son to Wonwoo’s mom. They are reminded that Mingyu does in fact have his own home and his own family to go back to eventually when the sun goes down and the moon is high in the sky.

“Thank you for letting me stay the night, Auntie.” Mingyu hugs Mrs. Jeon.
“Of course dear. I had already called your mom and let her know you were here since I figured you didn’t tell her because you forgot.

“Oops,” Mingyu scratches the back of his head, embarrassed.

“It’s ok dear. I’ll see you next time. Be safe.”

She heads back to get ready for the next day, leaving the two boys alone. They walk slowly towards the door.

“Oh, I’ll wash your shirt and return it to you soon.”

Wonwoo waves Mingyu off. “Don’t worry about it. You can return it whenever. I’m surprised you don’t even have your own closet here since you’re always over here”

“I know right?” Mingyu chuckles. Wonwoo studies the way his own shirt fits Mingyu and decides it looks better on Mingyu anyways. He’s probably not going get the shirt back, so he might as well keep it. Even if he did, Mingyu would probably forget to wash it and leave it with his stinky scent. Mingyu can definitely keep the shirt.

“Hey, thanks for coming over.”

“Don’t even thank my hyung. I always love to come over.”

“I like when you come over too. Walk home safely. Text me when you’re home.”

“Ok, mom,” Mingyu sarcastically replies at Wonwoo’s nagging. “Bye! See you on tomorrow!”

“Bye,” Wonwoo waves. He watches Mingyu walk until he can’t see him anymore before he closes the door. Yawning, he clambers back upstairs to get ready for bed, changing into real pajamas and brushing his teeth unlike the night before. When he gets to his room, he notices a text that was sent only two minutes ago

Mingyu: i’m home ^^

Wonwoo: Glad to hear you didn’t get lost again.

Mingyu: that was one time T___T and i was 10. why did u have 2 bring that up again >_<

Wonwoo: Because I like to make fun of you

The memory is a funny one, something they laugh at now as they are older. At the time, it was a scary situation. One day, Mingyu had hung out and showed off the shiny new action figure he had gotten for his birthday. Wonwoo remembers being jealous, as he didn’t have such a brand new toy as his younger best friend. The jealousy soon disappeared however when the house phone rang, Mingyu’s mom calling frantically 30 minutes after the boy had left, scared beyond her wits as he had not yet come home. Wonwoo’s mom immediately sprang into action and grabbed the keys to her car to find Mingyu. Wonwoo insisted he come and they drove around until they found the boy crying in a park, having lost his way. It turns out on the way back home, Mingyu had gotten lost when he spotted a butterfly and followed it until it flew beyond his reach. By that time, Mingyu had wandered into an unfamiliar part of the neighborhood.
Wonwoo had hugged Mingyu the tightest he had ever had in whole life. He also scolded him, so much so that when Mingyu’s mom arrived, she didn’t have the heart to lecture her own son after seeing Mingyu being thoroughly reprimanded by eleven-year-old Wonwoo. Even though they can laugh at it now, Wonwoo never wants to lose Mingyu like that again. The thought is unthinkable.

Mingyu: why r u such a meanie >:(((((

Wonwoo: Yet you are best friends with this “meanie”

Mingyu: i’m seriously reconsidering my life decisions

Wonwoo: Whatever. See you tomorrow.

Mingyu: goodnight~ ^^

Setting his alarm for the upcoming school day, Wonwoo turns off the light and goes to bed. He falls asleep, oblivious to upcoming changes to his life that will happen come next morning.
Slumping against his locker, Wonwoo sighs heavily. Today was not his day, and first period hasn’t even begin. Usually, he woke up easily, as he was a light sleeper. Instead of waking up at his normal time, Wonwoo slept thirty minutes in, sleeping right past his alarm. Luckily, his mom woke him or else he would have been late. In his haste to get ready, he had to skip breakfast, leaving him with an empty and growling stomach. He did manage to make himself a cup of coffee before his mom drove him to school, the caffeine the only thing keeping his eyes open right now. He was tired, hungry, and not really in the mood to sit and listen to the teacher drone on and on.

There was another thing bothering him too; it was the main reason he did not have a good night sleep. The dream he had last night keeps wriggling in the back of his mind. He can’t quite remember what happened. Everything was vivid until he was shaken awake by his mom. He only managed to capture the last wisps of the dream before it slipped through his grasp. A shining sun. A green field filled with fragrant flowers. A sense of serenity. And Mingyu. Mingyu by his side, the ever loyal best friend. Wonwoo remembers the wide, toothy grin and how Mingyu had spoken to him, but he recalls his lips moving soundlessly. Where happened to Mingyu’s voice? Then the dream had shifted into something more dark, the flowers dying and Mingyu's absent voice even more disturbing as the sun disappeared. The last thing he remembers is the dead look in Mingyu's eyes before he woke up.

The lack of spark in the normally happy boy's eyes is something that makes Wonwoo's heart thump painfully; it's not right to see that lifelessness in such a bright person, even if it was only a dream. It's haunting, to say the least. What's even more disturbing is he doesn't know why Mingyu had been that like. What could have cause him to lose that sparkle? Wonwoo wants to know, to make sure it never happens.

Wonwoo shakes his head. It’s no use thinking so hard over a dream. He can’t remember everything and he doubts he will ever recall what Mingyu tried to tell him or what exactly had happened. Oh well. Best not to dwell. The dream pushed out of his mind for now, Wonwoo turns the dial and opens his locker, getting the necessary books for the day. He slams the door closed, ready to head to class when he accidentally overhears a conversation. Wonwoo angles his body slightly to get a better view of the two girls conversing excitedly.

“Did you hear the news?” the first girl asks.

“Yes, it’s so amazing! Can you believe it, an actor at our school!” the other girl replies, her ponytails bouncing in enthusiasm.
“I bet he’s sooooooo handsome!”

“And talented! I hope I have the same class as him.”

The pair of girls squeal and Wonwoo is pretty sure one of his eardrums has burst. Stuffing some headphones in his ears, Wonwoo’s shoulders instantly relax as the soft music replaces the girls’ high pitched voices. How could people be so excited in the morning, he would never know. Especially about gossip about some new actor supposedly coming to their school. That highly seems improbably. Whatever, to each his own, he figures.

Wonwoo reaches class just before the bell rings, taking his seat next to Soonyoung. The smaller boy looks half asleep, eyes barely open. To be fair, it is eight in the morning. What an ungodly hour to be awake. Wonwoo is only surviving because of the caffeine pumping in his body, his blood by now surely about 75% coffee. He lets his friend be until the bell rings. There’s a slight trail of drool on Soonyoung’s cheek when Wonwoo slaps him awake.

“Alright class,” the teacher begins. “Before we start out lesson, I would like to introduce our new student.”

‘Huh, so those girls were right,’ Wonwoo thinks. ‘It wasn’t just gossip.’

“He’s come all the way from China and is now here to be a fellow classmate,” the teacher continues. “Come introduce yourself.”

Standing next to the teacher is a strikingly handsome boy. His hair is a golden blond, fanned perfectly across his forehead. He has dark, brown eyes, with a strong nose and killer cheekbones. He is quite the looker. Wonwoo finds himself a little mesmerized along with the majority of the class.

“Hello, my name is Wen Junhui. You might know me by the name of Jun. Please take care of me.” The boy bows deeply and gives a winning smile, a few of the girls squealing at the sight. Wonwoo can hear the two girls from earlier fangirling a couple rows behind him.

“Thank you Junhui. You can have a seat over by Wonwoo,” The teacher directs, pointing at the available seat.

Wait, did she say Wonwoo? There’s only one Wonwoo in this class and that’s him. He looks over to his right and sees the empty seat next to him and back up to see the actor striding towards him, smoothly pulling out the chair and gracefully sitting down. He turns towards Wonwoo and grins at him, showing off all of his perfect, white teeth.

“I hope we can be friends,” Jun says, holding his hand out.

“Uh, yeah, sure,” Wonwoo says, awkwardly grasping his hand to give him a handshake.

“Great! Then we can have lunch together after class! If that’s ok with you that is.” The expectant hope on Jun’s face is so sincere it startles Wonwoo and for a moment, he’s speechless. A few seconds pass before Wonwoo answers with the first thing he can think of.

“That’s cool with me.”

“Great, it’s a lunch date!” then turns around to face the front of the classroom, giving his attention to the teacher. The new student is absorbed in the lesson, taking notes diligently. Wonwoo blinks dumbly and turns towards Soonyoung to see if he heard what he just heard. He’s met with Soonyoung drooling on his notes. He did hear correctly, right? Maybe he needs to get his hearing checked.
True to his word, Jun stuck to Wonwoo’s side when the lunch bell rang. Soonyoung shrugged helplessly as he had to stay behind in class, leaving Wonwoo all by himself to Jun. The pair walked out of class, Jun linking their arms together.

“So, uh, how did you end up coming here?” Wonwoo attempts to start a conversation. Wonwoo’s shy around new people, and his cold appearance often deters people from befriending him. Yet, Jun’s instant attachment has shocked Wonwoo so much his initial introversion is forgotten.

“I wanted to expand my career here in Korea. I’ve always had an interest in Korean culture ever since I had a Korean exchange student as a classmate a few years ago. Also, the movie industry in Korea has grown exponentially and I want to try new things. I saw the opportunity to come and I took it. I’m really excited to be here.”

“Aren’t you scared or nervous? It’s a big change.” Moving to a completely different country where he knows no one and the language is different from your own is unfathomable to Wonwoo. The courage to take such a feat is something Wonwoo doesn’t think he has.

“It is a big change. And I will admit, I am a bit scared. But I am determined to make the best of it!” Jun answers, smiling brightly. The passion and positivity seeping from Jun’s voice stuns Wonwoo. Jun is so honest, even to a person he’s just barely met. Wonwoo’s heart melts a little.

“Besides, it’s not so bad with friends, right?” Jun elbows Wonwoo, then wraps an arm around his shoulder.

“Yeah, it’s not so bad,” Wonwoo smiles.

From then on, conversation between the two flows naturally. They chat like old friends who’s known each other for years, all the way to the cafeteria. They grab some food and look for a spot outside to sit and eat when Jun nudges him in the ribs, catching his attention.

“Hey, who’s tall, dark, and handsome over there?” Jun tilts his head a little to the right, his eyes darting to get a better look.

“Hmmm?” Wonwoo inquisitively hums. He looks over towards where Jun is pointing out, seeing no one who could possibly fit Jun’s description.

“Seriously, are you blind? Over there!”

Wonwoo blinks, looking again just in case he accidentally who Jun is pointing out. All he sees is Mingyu, reading a book under a tree and eating a sandwich.
“Who are you talking about?” Wonwoo asks, puzzled. He watches as Mingyu takes a big bite out of his sandwich, only for all the food to spill out onto the grass, leaving nothing but bread. Mingyu looks dejectedly down at his now ruined lunch.

“Come on Wonwoo, let’s go sit with over there.” Jun grabs Wonwoo’s hand and drags him over to where Mingyu is sitting. Confused, Wonwoo follows along. Wasn’t Jun just talking about ‘tall, dark and handsome’?

‘I guess he must have already walked away,’ Wonwoo concludes silently. As the two arrive underneath the tree, Jun plops down to sit next to Mingyu while Wonwoo sits across from his younger friend.

"Wonwoo hyung! Is this your friend?"

"Wonwoo, you know him???” Jun asks.

“Yeah, he’s my best friend. Mingyu, this is Wen Ju-“

“My name is Wen Junhui. But you can call me Jun. “ Jun cuts Wonwoo off. He holds out a hand, which Mingyu shakes eagerly.

“My name is Kim Mingyu, are you new?”

“Yup, today’s my first day. I’m in Wonwoo’s class!”

“Oh, that’s great! Wonwoo hyung is really smart, he can help you with any subject you may struggle in.”

“I’m sure you can help me too.” Jun scooches closer to Mingyu, almost no space between them.

“Not really. I’m a year below you guys, and not nearly as smart as hyung,” Mingyu humbly confesses, shooting Wonwoo a smile.

Wonwoo huffs, eyes rolling. “Ignore this idiot, he’s got perfect grades. He never gives himself credit.”

“See, you could help me!” Jun bumps shoulders with Mingyu.

‘But-“ Mingyu is about to say it wouldn’t make sense when Soonyoung and Jinhoon arrive. Soonyoung plops next down on Mingyu's other side, Jinhoon taking a seat next to Wonwoo.

“Hey guys! Mingyu, where’s your lunch? Did you already scarf it down? How, lunch just barely started,” Soonyoung says.

“Well, I made a sandwich, but it all fell out when I took a bite.” Mingyu sulks. He looks longingly at the pizza Wonwoo is eating, puppy eyes begging for one bite. Wonwoo happily munches on his slice, completely (and deliberately) ignoring Mingyu.

“Wonwoo hyuuuuuuung”

“Nope.”


“We all know that is a lie. Your 'itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny, little bite is' more like half the pizza.” Wonwoo plainly says. He takes another bite out of his pizza and Mingyu whines.
“Don’t worry, you can have my lunch” Jun pipes up, fooled by Mingyu’s puppy eyes. “I shouldn’t eat so much anyway. You know, being an actor and all.” Jun pushes his lunch towards Mingyu.

“Ah, hyung. I would feel bad if I ate all of it. We can share if you want?”

“Yeah, let’s share,” Jun agrees, a little too pleased with the idea. He splits the pizza into two and takes one half, leaving the other half for Mingyu. With glee, Mingyu takes his half and begins to scarf it down, not even noticing the mess he’s making. A bit of cheese sticks near the right left side of his lips, Mingyu unaware of this.

“Oh, you got a little something,” Jun points to his mouth.

Mingyu wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, missing where Jun told him.

“Did I get it?”

Jun shakes his head and laughs, taking a napkin and wiping the side of his lips to get the cheese. His hand lingers a little more than necessary, Soonyoung notices. He shares a knowing looking with Jihoon. Wonwoo is not even paying attention, too focused on his own food.

“Thanks, hyung!”

“No problem!”

“So what do you think of the new kid?” Soonyoung asks Wonwoo. Wonwoo, Jihoon, and Soonyoung are walking back to their houses, as they live really close to each other. They had already walked Mingyu home, him living the closest by the bus station.

“He’s really cool. It’s pretty awesome how he moved here all the way from China, and is still so positive, even though he basically has no one here. He’s super friendly too. I like him a lot. Why?”

“Yeah, he’s really friendly with Mingyu,” Jihoon drawls and Soonyoung snickers.

“What do you mean?” Wonwoo raises an eyebrow. He’s not quite sure what his friend is implying.

“You didn’t notice? He was practically undressing Mingyu with his eyes.” Jihoon scoffs. Soonyoung helpfully nods.

“What?” No way. Wonwoo would notice if that was happening.

“Yeah, he was hardcore flirting,” Soonyoung confirms.

“But…it’s Mingyu.” Why in the world would Jun like Mingyu? Mingyu, who trips over his own shoelaces, who accidentally hit his own face when he was fanning himself one time, who couldn’t open his suitcase for three hours because he forgot the password. And that’s not even half of the stupid things Mingyu has done.

“Yeah, it’s just Mingyu to us, but not to Jun, or anyone else for that matter. We are all aware of how handsome Mingyu is, as he so likes to remind us. But it’s actually true. And people do notice. Mingyu has a lot of admirers, girls and boys,” Soonyoung explains.
“And Jun is one of them. He couldn’t keep his eyes off of Mingyu the entire lunch break,” Jihoon adds.

Wonwoo thinks back to when him and Jun were walking to find a spot to eat their lunch. Jun had asked who was ‘tall, dark, and handsome.’ And Mingyu happened to be in their line of sight. And now that he thinks back, Jun was sitting awfully close to Mingyu.

No way. Jun couldn’t possibly…

“A lot of people like Mingyu, Wonwoo. And Jun is one of them. I just want you to be aware of this. Mingyu only sees you, but maybe one day he won’t if you don’t make the first move.

“First move? What are you talking about? Me and Mingyu are just friends. He’s my best friend!

“Ok buddy, just remember what I’m telling you. Me and Jihoon are going to go study. See you tomorrow at school!”

Soonyoung’s words keep reverberating inside his head and he can’t get them out. People look at Mingyu that way? Yeah, he’s handsome, you’d have to be blind to miss that. And ok, he’s sweet and nice but he’s also a huge klutz and dork. Do a lot of people at school actually look at Mingyu in a flirtatious or even in a romantic way? The thought makes his stomach queasy for some unknown reason. Maybe Soonyoung and Jihoon are exaggerating and this is all blown out of proportion. Mingyu can't have that many admirers, right?

Tomorrow, Wonwoo decides to find out.

Chapter End Notes

How can Wonwoo be so blind smh. Everyone loves Mingyu.
Tuesday

Chapter Summary

Wonwoo discovers that the whole school is practically in love with Mingyu

Chapter Notes

*reemerges from my hole* um, yes, it has been a while since I have updated this fic ^^;
I'm sorry, but I hope you guys enjoy this chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unlike the morning before, Wonwoo is wide awake and ready to get to the bottom of what must be a misconception. A voice in his head that suspiciously sounds like Jihoon says that’s its creepy stalking Mingyu before class starts. Wonwoo internally argues back with the Jihoon voice (his conscious?) that it’s not really stalking, he’s just following Mingyu around without his knowledge. There’s no way Mingyu actually has admirers, right?

Well, he’s about to find out.

In order to disprove this ludicrous notion, Wonwoo has to observe from a new perspective. He can’t just ask Mingyu. It’s not that easy. Nope, the way to learn the truth the sneaky way.

All those years of reading mystery and spy novels have finally paid off as Wonwoo cleverly trails after his best friend, ducking behind trashcans and lockers. He’s donned a pair of his round spectacles and is wearing a black face mask to partially cover his identity. Can’t be too careful, after all.

Eventually, Mingyu stops at his locker. Hiding behind a textbook he pulled from his backpack, Wonwoo casually leans against a locker, the image of typical student cramming for a test last minute (he actually does have a test he really should be studying for, but obviously there are more important things that need his attention). From his peripheral, he watches Mingyu open his locker door, only to be greeted with a bunch of papers falling out, scattering across the floor.

’Way to go,’ Wonwoo scoffs internally. Seriously? Does this guy go without a day spilling or dropping something? Time to erase the number on the blackboard saying “Mingyu has gone ____ so many days without an accident” and replace it with 0. Wonwoo shakes his head as Mingyu scrambles to pick up the papers. Once he collects all the papers, he neatly stacks them into a pile. Squinting his eyes, Wonwoo leans a little over his book to get a closer look. On one of the papers, there appears to be…a heart sticker? Could it be a love letter? Before he can investigate any further, Mingyu shoves the letters into his backpack.

“Mingyu!”

Two boys bounce up to Mingyu’s side, wrapping their arms around his shoulders. They are wearing the same red color tie as Mingyu, meaning they must be in the same year. One of them is a taller boy.
Although not as tall as Mingyu, the boy still has some height, with eyes crinkled to happy crescents and 1000 mega-watt smile that could probably power up the entire school building. The other boy is smaller and more petite, with blond curls that remind Wonwoo of fluffy little lambs.

“Hey Seokmin, hey Minghao! Are you ready for today’s test?”

“Ugh, why did you have to bring it up? I’m so screwed,” The one named Seokmin loudly complains. Wonwoo notices that Seokmin’s arm drops down to wrap around Mingyu’s waist, his hand a little too low for his liking.

“I’m ready for it! I think I will do well,” the other one, presumably Minghao, says. He’s more soft spoken than the other boy, a slight accent in his words. An exchange student maybe?

“You’ll do well, Minghao, I know you will.” Mingyu ruffles the boy’s locks.

“Hey! Don’t mess up my hair!” Minghao swats his hand away, giving him a what is supposed to be a mean glare but ends up looking like a disgruntled little kid. Mingyu just laughs and Seokmin joins him with his teasing.

“Excuse me, Mingyu oppa?”

The group of boys look up when they see a girl trying to catch Mingyu’s attention. Minghao and Seokmin instantly fall silent and Wonwoo is confused until he sees who exactly it is. Wonwoo’s mouth drops open.

No way.

It’s Sohye, the girl who has the best grades in the entire school. She’s president of student council and is one of the most popular girls in schools; not to mention, she’s one of the prettiest too. Her black hair is in loose, curly waves, make up done impeccably, but not over the top. Uniform pressed neatly, Sohye stands before Mingyu as the image of beauty and perfection.

“Hey, how are you Sohye?” Mingyu grins, his charismatic canines peeking out.

“I’m good, thanks.” She giggles, tucking a strand of hair behind his ear. “Um, I wanted to give you something. I hope you return my feelings.” She hands a note to him, her head ducked down in embarrassment. Mingyu gingerly takes the letter, his hands brushing over her delicate fingers, everyone waits with bated breath as Mingyu opens the letter and reads it, including Wonwoo. He goes over every word carefully before folding the letter back up and handing it back to her.

“I’m truly sorry Sohye, I don’t think I can reciprocate your feelings. But I do hope we can be better classmates and friends in the future!” Mingyu confesses. If life was like a drama, this would be the part where the girl emotionally cries over her rejected love, the boy watching coldly and emotionlessly. Except, Mingyu gives her such genuinely apologetic smile, his words so sincere that the sting of rejection doesn’t prick her harshly. Disappointment does slump her shoulders, but Sohye nods in understanding, her pink glossed lips turning up in a bitter sweetness.

“I see, Mingyu oppa. I do hope we can be better friends. See you in class!”

She walks off and Minghao and Seokmin go back to being glued to Mingyu’s side.

“I can’t believe Sohye confessed to you! She’s the prettiest girl in school!” Minghao exclaims.

“Man, that’s the fourth one this week,” Seokmin comments.
“And its only Tuesday,” Minghao adds.

“You guys are exaggerating. She’s only like the third. Oh, hey Minhyuk hyung!” Mingyu calls out. A bouncy brown-haired boy skips over, a basketball tucked underneath his arm. He slings an arm around Mingyu’s shoulder. Minhyuk’s hand finds Mingyu’s hands and really, is the hand holding necessary? This Minhyuk is a little too clingy.

“Hey, Mingyu-ah! I was wondering if maybe after school, you’d like a rematch? One-on-one, just me and you. This time I won’t go so easy on you!” Minhyuk smirks, bumping his waist against Mingyu’s. The taller one smirks, bumping back.

“Oh, that was you going easy? I thought that was you losing.”

“What! Now we definitely need a rematch so I can remind you of my skills,” Minhyuk winks.

“I’d love to hyung, but today I have to go the cooking club meeting.”

“Awwwww,” The upper classman whines and snuggles more into Mingyu’s side, the younger one patting his head in consolation.

“Next time, hyung, I promise.”

“Oh, I almost forgot, I gotta go meet Hoseok hyung before class starts. See you later!” The energetic boy skips off.

It turns out Minhyuk isn’t the last. Within the span of five minutes, one girl had given Mingyu chocolates, only for Mingyu to gently deny them (to the disappointment of Seokmin, if his face is anything to go by; ‘He could have given those chocolates to me!’). Another girl gives a confession letter, so smothered in a sickly sweet perfume Wonwoo could smell it across the hall. It’s a miracle Mingyu didn’t pass out from the toxic fumes. One brave male hoobae had awkwardly stuttered out a confession and Mingyu had listened to every word with rapt attention. All of them were met with rejection, yet each person walked away without tears or a broken heart. Even though Mingyu had turned them all down, he did so with such unadulterated kindness no one could even be upset or mad at him.

Wonwoo can only watch in awe as he sees Mingyu conversing with Minghao and Seokmin, unaware of all the heart eyes he was getting from fellow classmates. Is he really that clueless? Or maybe he does know, but ignores it? Before he can contemplate anymore, the bell rings and he sees Mingyu walk off with his friends to their class. It isn’t until the hallway clears does Wonwoo realize he’s the only one left and that he’s late for class.

“Crap, my test!”

After what seems like centuries, the bell finally rings to dismiss for lunch and Wonwoo is the first out the door. After the grueling test and hours of boring subjects, he’s ready to pig out. He stands in line by himself and contemplates whether or not to sit outside. The decision is made for him when he looks through the window and sees rain pouring down. Looks like back to the classroom for him.

He decides on just getting a light lunch and heads back to the classroom, seeing Soonyoung and Jihoon already sitting near the corner with their food from home. Wonwoo slides into the empty desk besides Soonyoung.
“I can’t believe you were right,” Wonwoo groans.

“What was that?” Soonyoung perks up, a shit-eating grin on his smug face.

“Don’t make me say it again. But seriously, what the fuck. The whole school is in love with Mingyu,” Wonwoo stabs at his rice with his chopsticks, some grains flying up into the air by his aggressive actions. He shoves some rice into his mouth and chews, his cheeks bulging out a bit.

“His good looks plus his stupidly kind self equals to everyone falling for his dumb ass. You know, at one point, even I liked Mingyu in a more than friendly way,” Soonyoung admits.

A piece of rice decides to go down the wrong way at the same time as Soonyoung’s confession, resulting in Wonwoo choking. Soonyoung, the ever good friend, helpfully whacks him hard on the back.

“For r-real?” Wonwoo manages to sputter out after his life has finished flashing before his eyes (Does he really wear that much black? He really needs more color in his wardrobe).

Soonyoung shrugs offhandedly. “Yeah, but then I got over it. It was clear he was never gonna like me back.”

“Jihoon, did you ever…?” Wonwoo trails off, side eying the dirty blonde haired boy in suspicion.

“No, his black heart isn’t capable for something as sweet as love-OW!” Jihoon’s punch in the gut cuts him off. “Ugh, you just proved my point,” Soonyoung whines.

“Shut up,” Jihoon hisses. The apples of his cheeks are tinted pink as Soonyoung groans and clings to the shorter boy makes Wonwoo think that Soonyoung isn’t completely right. It’s not quite embarrassment making Jihoon blush.

“So many people like him, but he’s turned them all down. So does that mean Mingyu doesn’t like anyone back?”

“For Wonwoo always calling Mingyu dumb, he sure isn’t the sharpest crayon in the box.” Jihoon whispers to Soonyoung.

“No wonder they’re best friends,” Soonyoung mutters back.

“Uh guys, you know I can hear you, right?”

“Hey guys, mind if I join? “Jun asks, as he walks up with his lunch in hand.

All three of them greet the boy cheerfully and the subject changes. Jun animatedly talks and Soonyoung converses with him, the two hitting it off just like how Jun and Wonwoo did. Jihoon is a little more reserved, but does quip in every so often. Wonwoo however, can’t stop thinking about their subject of conversation before Jun showed up. It doesn’t help that because of the rain, they are stuck in their respective classroom; with Mingyu’s absence, it feels like their circle of friends is not complete.

Wonwoo thinks about Mingyu for the rest of lunch.

Lunch passes by quickly and soon it’s back to boring class. The last hours of class flash by in a blur and Wonwoo is thankful for it to be finally over. He shoves his books in his backpack and waits for Jihoon, Soonyoung, and Jun to hurry up so they can walk out together. It seems like forever before
they seem to ready to go and meet Mingyu by Wonwoo’s locker.

They walk back to Wonwoo’s locker and to his disappointment, Mingyu isn’t there yet.

“I wonder where Mingyu is?” Jun voices. His eyes are scanning the throngs of students mingling in the hallway, looking for the taller boy.

“Wonwoo!” Mingyu shouts from across the hallway. He’s waving excitedly and rushes across the hall to meet up with his friends. In typical Mingyu fashion, he has almost reached them before he trips over his own feet. But instead of his face kissing the ground, he’s saved as he tumbles straight into Jun.

“Woah, be careful there. Already falling for me, huh?”

“J-jun hyung!” Mingyu stutters out. He looks up to see Jun smiling winningly at him, and he flushes hard when he realizes that positions he’s in: basically in Jun’s arms, face pressed against his chest with the older one holding him up. Jun rights up Mingyu back up onto his feet, fingers brushing off any dirt and straightening his collar and jacket.

“It’s a good thing that I happened to be standing right here. Talk about the right place, right time.”

“Y-yeah.”

“Be careful, next time. I have to go guys, drama club meeting. But I’ll see you around.” Jun winks, patting Mingyu on the shoulder.

“You can’t go a day without tripping, can you?” Jihoon jibes. Mingyu just rubs the back of head, shrugging sheepishly. The flush on Mingyu’s cheeks is still there even after Jun has left

“We missed you at lunch today. Too bad we couldn’t eat outside,” Soonyoung says.

“I know, I was bummed I couldn’t eat with you guys. Sorry I can’t hang out again today, but I have to head to my cooking club meeting. At least I saw you guys briefly though. Call you later?” At the last part, Mingyu looks at Wonwoo hopefully with his signature puppy eyes

“Yeah, sure.”

“Great! Bye guys!”

Wonwoo watches Mingyu walk until he turns a corner and can’t be seen anymore. By that time Sooanyoung and Jihoon are calling his name, trying to get his attention.

“Hellooooooo, earth to Wonwoo!” Sooanyoung snaps his fingers in front of Wonwoo’s face.

“Huh?” Wonwoo snaps out of his daze.

“So now that you’ve realized that the whole school is in love with Mingyu, you must have also realized something else.”

“There is something else?” Thinking hard, Wonwoo tries to recall what else he saw today. The confessions he peeped on were all met with soft rejection, meaning Mingyu didn’t like any of the people who tried, including the beautiful Sohye. He’s popular among girls and boys, sunbaes and hoobaes alike. The beautiful smile Mingyu had and the way his eyes crinkled as he laughed with friends is another thing standing out in Wonwoo’s mind.

That train of thought is derailed when Jihoon bluntly says, “Mingyu rejected everyone because he
like someone else, you brainless bookworm.”

“Someone else?”

There was that one flirty sunbae who had draped himself over Mingyu and had challenged him to a basketball game. What if it was more than a basketball game? And then there is Seokmin and Minghao. They are potential suspects too. Except their interactions seemed more playful and nothing beyond platonic. Then there’s-

A name strikes him like lightning.

Jun.

And the pieces to fit together; yesterday, Jun had called Mingyu tall, dark and handsome and according to Jihoon and Soonyoung, was checking Mingyu out. Plus, what had also happened today: Mingyu’s cheeks were bright red when he was caught in Jun’s arms, face still flushed even after the boy had left. He had stuttered too when Jun was talking to him. Not to mention they really hit it off yesterday.

Could it be?

“Sorry guys, I got to go.”

Without saying another word, Wonwoo abruptly turns around, leaving behind a very confused Jihoon and Soonyoung. Ignoring his friend’s calls, he walks and walks, until he passes the open doors of the drama practice room. He backs up quietly, and peeks in.

In the middle of the room there are about ten or so students sitting down, except for one person. Everyone listens with rapt attention as the person introduces himself.

“Hello, I’m Wen Junhui, and I’ve come all the way from China to be an aspiring actor. I hope you guys will take care of me.” He bows deeply and when he straightens back up, gives a dazzling smile.

As the girls squeal and the boys murmur over how cool the new student is, Wonwoo is frozen, as the conclusion he’s drawn happens to look his way, eyes sparkling happily and gives a quick wave in his direction.

Mingyu likes Jun.

Chapter End Notes

Again, I'm so sorry I took so long. To be honest, I had most of this chapter written out for a while, but I disliked it and had to go back and do revisions and I'm really picky about things. Plus, i haven't been the best emotionally wise and I'm going through some stuff, but I haven't forgotten about this and I'm always making little notes on my phone! Thanks for your patience! I will try to be better with updates.
Also, sorry, I'm Monsta X trash and had to sneak in Minhyuk lol. Also had to include pretty Sohye; I thought it was cute when her and Mingyu "acted" out those scenes on Star Show 360 ^^
Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday

Chapter Summary

All Wonwoo can think is 'Mingyu likes Jun.'

Chapter Notes

Hey look, I'm not dead, hahaha ^_^;;;; I know this is looooong overdue, but I finally had the inspiration to finish this chapter; I had started it a while back, but my lack of motivation and discontent with my writing really prevented me from finishing this. Despite all of this, I'm kinda pleased with this chapter. I hope you guys enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes


The epiphany repeats in Wonwoo’s mind like an overplayed pop song on the radio, over and over again.

It’s what occupies most of Wonwoo’s time on Wednesday, from the moment he gets out of bed in the morning until sheer exhaustion forces his eyes to close at night. He thinks about it on the bus ride to school and throughout classes, zoning the teachers out. He stays quiet throughout lunch, watching Jun and Mingyu interact and further reinforcing the idea that Mingyu like Jun. It's so blatantly obvious now, how Mingyu's eyes shine brighter when Jun talks, the natural way they sling arms around each other, the heart lurching canine smile Mingyu gives when Jun tells a joke, Jun’s overtly display of affection towards the taller boy.

It’s just so weird to believe, that Mingyu likes Jun, that Jun likes Mingyu, that they like each other, but the evidence clearly shows the truth.

It’s after school and all the guys are hanging out, ties loose, shirts untucked and jackets slung over shoulders now that study hall is over. Wonwoo rolls up the sleeves of his uniform, feeling a little freer from the confines of the stiff shirt. His steps are in sync with Soonyoung’s and Jihoon’s, the two of them involved in a heated discussion over their group project. A little further ahead, Mingyu and Jun are walking together, practically attached at the hip. The boys are chatting a mile a minute, laughs and eye smiles exchanged between the two. Wonwoo watches quietly from behind them.

When they get to the point in their walk where the boys depart to their own respective homes, Jun leans over and fixes the collar of Mingyu's uniform, smoothing it out so it lays perfectly. His fingers oh so slightly graze over the exposed skin of Mingyu's neck, almost lingering.

“Well, see you guys tomorrow, I promised that I would help Mingyu with his homework,” Wonwoo interrupts before Jun decides to “linger” longer. “Bye!”

He pulls Mingyu away before anyone can say anything, and it’s only when he can’t see Jun’s face anymore does Wonwoo allow his shoulders to relax and his grip on Mingyu’s arm to loosen.
“Um, hyung, I don’t have any homework for you to help me on. I already finished it.” Mingyu confusingly states.

“Oh. Well, then you can help me with mine. You understand the material more than I do anyways,” Wonwoo hurriedly covers up for the lame excuse he gave earlier. In his haste to separate Mingyu and Jun, he said the first thing that had come to his mind.

“Did you finish the book you were reading instead of doing your homework? Wonwoo hyung…” Mingyu says before launching into a lecture of how Wonwoo should focus more on school and his grades. Wonwoo rolls his eyes at the same-old, same-old speech, but internally smiles. Although Mingyu doesn’t appear it, with his model-like looks and his athlete status, the boy is actually a huge nerd. While Wonwoo comes off more as a star student by his smart looks, Mingyu is really more of the brains between the two. His dedication towards his studies is something most parents would die for their children to have. It’s something most people don’t know about Mingyu, his clumsiness and happy-go-lucky attitude more of the attraction than his studiousness. It’s something only a few people, like Wonwoo, know.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Wonwoo interrupts Mingyu before he becomes a little too passionate in his speech. “Come on, brainiac, let’s go finish my homework at home.”

The study session at his house provides enough distraction to the tumultuous wave that is Wonwoo’s thoughts until Mingyu eventually has to go back to his own house. It crashes down on him in full force when he’s lying in bed, pajamas on and glasses set on his dresser, eyes closed but brain wide awake.

*Mingyu likes Jun.*

Wonwoo doesn't really know how he feels about this new development. If he had to put a name to it, he would say… he's hurt.

He’s hurt because Mingyu and him are best friends. Have been best friends for years. And as best friends, they tell each other everything. There are no secrets between them. Even the deepest, darkest secrets are shared, like how Wonwoo sometimes wears insoles to be taller. Yet, it seems like Mingyu decided to keep this secret from him. Doesn't Mingyu trust him?

As far as Wonwoo knew, Mingyu had never had any romantic interest in anyone, not even a little crush. Mingyu never gushed about a girl or had blushed over a boy. But if Mingyu likes Jun, how many people did Mingyu like before Jun? Is Jun the first one? How extensive are his feelings? They only just met, but the two clicked so quickly anyone would think they have been friends forever. They might even be mistake for boyfriend.

It's weird to think of Mingyu being someone’s boyfriend. Not to say Mingyu wouldn’t be a good boyfriend. Now that Wonwoo thinks about it, Mingyu’s sort of…ideal. He is a neat and tidy person, who loves to cook, is sporty, likes to work with his hands and is crafty, a member of almost every club at school, plus, he’s handsome and tall and what the *fuck*—Mingyu is actually kind of perfect.

*No!* Wonwoo shakes his head, getting the thought out of his head. Mingyu's still gross. And clumsy. And he doesn’t always think before he speaks. And he is weird and Wonwoo has the slight
suspicion that Mingyu still believes in Santa Claus. No, Mingyu is definitely not boyfriend material.

Nope, nope nope. Wonwoo refuses to think of Mingyu as someone's boyfriend. Not even Jun's because it's Mingyu. Mingyu can't really have feelings for Jun, because if he did, he would have told Wonwoo by now. Right?

“Ughhhhh,” Wonwoo groans out loud, stuffing his face into his pillow. His brain hurts from overthinking. This is really too much. Squeezing his eyes tight, Wonwoo tries to forget about the whole situation. Everything isn’t about Mingyu and Jun anyway.

If anyone mentions the bags under his eyes or says he looks tired, Wonwoo might commit homicide. He’s definitely not in the best mood, if the restless sleep he got last night is anything to go by. He didn’t go to bed till almost 3am, his idiotic brain refusing to turn off, instead wondering about Mingyu and Jun and all of the what ifs. And the aftermath of his night is not pretty. He’s got his signature resting bitch face™ on. Usually Wonwoo would scoff at that stupid description; he does have emotions because hello, he is a person and has feelings. Usually. But today, it fits with the sour funk he’s currently in.

Jihoon is wise enough to not poke the bear that is Wonwoo and stops chipper Soonyoung, who is too happy in the morning to be healthy, from irritating their friend. Even Jun, still new to the group of friends, seems to catch on and doesn’t bother his desk-mate, which Wonwoo is thankful for.

The mood sticks with Wonwoo and worsens when another rainy day strikes Seoul, preventing from Mingyu meeting up with them at lunch. The thin line of his lips pressed tightly is a sign he doesn’t want to talk, and he reads a book during lunch instead of conversing with his friends. Eventually, it lightens up when the clouds part as the school day ends, Thursday over, the weekend only a day away, and the welcome face of Mingyu waiting ever loyal at Wonwoo’s locker.

Mingyu’s presence soothes Wonwoo somewhat. At the same time, seeing his best friend serves to remind Wonwoo about why he was so sullen to begin with.

It’s bugging him so much, wriggling and niggling his brain like an annoying worm that Wonwoo finally has to address the topic to the person it revolves around. They are watching some historical drama that Mingyu has managed to convince Wonwoo to watch on his bed, when Wonwoo can’t take it anymore and just says it.

"Mingyu, do you like someone?" Wonwoo bluntly blurts out.

The unexpected question takes Mingyu off guard, the piece of candy in Mingyu’s hand accidently slipping through his fingers and landing on the floor. Mingyu reacts late to his awkward bungling, picking up the candy that has clearly not passed the five second rule and pops it into his mouth. The tips of Mingyu’s ears turn pink, an instant giveaway to his embarrassment. He bites his lip as he chews, debating how to answer. They sit in silence, the drama still playing but long forgotten.

"Yeah, I do." he eventually admits. Wonwoo's shoulders slump at the reply. So it really is true. Mingyu actually does like Jun. For some reason, his heart throbs painfully at the thought.

“But,” Mingyu pauses, hesitating on how to continue. He breathes in, then out. “I don't think they
like me back. I think they might like someone else.” Mingyu explains further, his voice thinning out till his last sentence is a doleful whisper.

Wonwoo’s eyebrows furrow. Jun hasn’t given any indication that he likes anyone else. He has only had heart eyes for Mingyu. Every little action towards Mingyu radiates beyond friendly affection.

But it seems those heart eyes Jun has towards Mingyu has gone unnoticed by the younger boy. He looks so dejected, eyes downcast and fingers fumbling the sleeves of his sweater. He’s the picture of pitiful, like a lost child. Wonwoo is reminded of the tearful little boy, years ago, who got lost and doesn’t want to see Mingyu like that again. Even though the way to comfort Mingyu is not what Wonwoo particularly wants to do, because it means encouraging Mingyu’s reciprocated feelings for Jun. Supporting Mingyu in that aspect makes him inexplicably uncomfortable. But his role as Mingyu’s best friends comes first before his confusing feelings.

“Hey, don’t looks so down. You may never know; the person could like you back.” Wonwoo encourages to the wistful-looking boy. “In fact, I’m positive they do like you back.. I guarantee it.”

“I don’t think so...” Mingyu trails off uncertainly, not entirely convinced. What can Wonwoo say? He scrambles to come up with something reassuring.

"Don't give up hope, ok?" Wonwoo assures him, projecting all the encouragement he can into the tone of his voice. He takes a hold of Mingyu’s hand, the palm of the younger’s hand warm in contrast to his own chilly skin. They always seem to be opposites, Wonwoo muses. Warm smiles trademark Mingyu while stony cold faces are associated with Wonwoo, Mingyu is outgoing while Wonwoo is more reserved, sport and exercise are things Mingyu loves while Wonwoo prefers a good book. Despite all their differences, they still fit together like puzzle pieces; maybe it’s their differences that make them complement each other so well. The perfect slide of Mingyu’s hand to adjust his hold on Wonwoo’s, fingers interlocking so effortlessly cements this reflection.

“You always know the right things to say. Thanks, hyung.” Mingyu looks up, the light sparkling again in his eyes. It’s a very happy sight to see, much better than the gloom that had downturned Mingyu’s lips before.

Wonwoo shrugs, bumping shoulders with Mingyu. “No sweat.” Is what Wonwoo says. *I’m always here for you* is what Wonwoo doesn’t say. he doesn’t have to; the gentle squeeze he gives Mingyu’s hand says it for him. The message is understood when Mingyu only holds on tighter.

Maybe it’s because it’s Friday, or maybe because of last night, but it’s blatantly obvious that Wonwoo is in a better mood. In fact, he would say he’s almost at the same level of cheeriness as Soonyoung. Almost, because no one can quite match the joyful personality of his friend. Out of their close knit group of friends, Wonwoo would say he’s most like Jihoon. They are both on the quieter side, while also sharing the same dry humor and apathetic sarcasm. But today, he definitely identifies with Soonyoung more.

Despite the early morning, Wonwoo walks into the classroom with what he would deny as a bounce in his steps, depositing his books on his desk and organizing his notes, ready to tackle the day. He’s early to class today, Soonyoung and Jihoon busy with some school related business while Mingyu
has an early club activity. He’s not the only one early though, as Jun walks in a couple minutes behind him.

“Good morning!” Jun cheerily greets Wonwoo. He plops his butt into his seat next to Wonwoo, and gets his materials ready as well. Wonwoo returns the greeting happily, then turns back to look into his backpack, making sure he has everything. After a brief panic attack when Wonwoo thinks he left his homework at home, only to find it stuffed between the pages of his literature textbook, he turns to look at Jun as the boy groans in frustration.

“What’s wrong Jun?” Wonwoo asks in concern.

“I forgot to do this last problem! Ugh, and I take forever with these kind of equations. I hate math!”

“Oh, let me see,” Jun hands over his paper and Wonwoo sees the last blank where Jun’s answer should be. Wonwoo squints, the print too tiny for his near sighted eyes.

"Wait, let me get my glasses really quick."

Digging into his backpack, Wonwoo is horrified to find that his glasses are not there, still most likely sitting on his desk at home.

“Oh no,” Wonwoo moans in horror.

“What?” Jun mirrors Wonwoo’s concern.

“My glasses. I left them at home. I’m going to have a hard time in class today.” So much for his good mood. Taking notes was completely out of the question with his eyesight. For the most part, Wonwoo’s vision is ok, but reading and taking notes from the blackboard aren’t the easiest without his glasses. He’s suffered before, and he will most likely suffer again. Jihoon doesn’t take notes, his memory incredible and nulling the need to take notes, while Soonyoung’s notes are crappy at best. Looks like Wonwoo has no choice but to struggle throughout the day.

“I’ll take notes for you. You can copy them later if you want, if you solve this last problem for me.”

Wonwoo swears he sees a halo around Jun’s head; it could be the morning sun tricking him, but either way Jun is an angel. Although not the smartest student, Jun takes really good notes and has neat handwriting.

“Yes! Thank you, so much. This problem isn’t too bad, so it shouldn’t take me long.”

“Do you mind explaining it to me while you work on it? I kind of don’t get it.”

“No problem. Here, the first step is…”

The questions appear to be complicated at first glance; Wonwoo breaks it up into parts, thoroughly describing his steps and how he arrives at the solution. By the time he is finished, Jun has pushed himself up completely against Wonwoo to get a better look, Wonwoo’s near sightedness closing the usual gap between them because of Wonwoo’s need to be close to the paper and for Jun to follow Wonwoo’s explanation. It isn’t until he’s done talking does Wonwoo notice their lack of space, the heat of Jun’s thigh felt against Wonwoo’s pants leg. He turns his head slightly to the sight of Jun carefully studying his paper, making sure he grasps the concept. Wonwoo can see every detail of his face, from his long, dark eyelashes to the tiny mole on his left cheek, almost unnoticeable until now. The smell of his cologne wafts into Wonwoo’s nose, a sharp, clean smell that is pleasant to the senses.
His impromptu study of his desk-mate is interrupted when Jun directs a blinding smile at him, making Wonwoo’s heart skip a beat or two. *Man,* Jun is undeniably handsome, truly a person who is destined to be on the big screen.

“Thank you so much! I would be so dead without you,” Jun praises Wonwoo.

"It-it’s not a big deal,” Wonwoo brushes off.

“No, really, thank you. To pay you back, I can take you to this really great café I know. You can copy my notes too while we are there.”

“Sure, that sounds great. I love coffee.” Wonwoo agrees.

“Awesome! A coffee date it is then!”

The word date manages to make Wonwoo stutter out in disbelief, not able to formulate a coherent reply back. Jun laughs at Wonwoo’s clear embarrassment and pats him on the back, while Wonwoo pretends to sulk.

Their playful encounter is unknowingly witnessed by Mingyu, who had come to the classroom to spend time with his hyungs before classes started. Seeing the close proximity of the two boys halted him from entering the classroom, choosing to watch behind the cover of the door. He watches with sharp eyes, taking note of the slight blush adorning Wonwoo’s cheeks and the lift of Jun’s lips into a coy, pretty smile.

With the promise of the date between Jun and Wonwoo still reverberating in his ears, Mingyu walks away with a heavy heart.

Chapter End Notes

I would really like to thank everyone who gave me comments and kudos on this. Seriously guys, you don't know how much feedback matters, and thinking of the comments really drove me to write this chapter. Thank you guys again for reading! <3
Saturday's Coffee Date

Chapter Summary

Jun and Wonwoo go on their coffee date, but it doesn't go exactly as Wonwoo thought it would.

Chapter Notes

I'M SO SORRY I HAVE NO EXCUSE AT ALL I DIDN'T MEAN TO TAKE MONTHS TO UPDATE BUT I HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS CHAPTER.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A chilly breeze nips at Wonwoo’s nose, reminding him of winter’s coming. He pulls his jacket closer and taps his shoe against the pavement. It’s finally the weekend and it’s the day him and Jun are going to meet for coffee. He’s never been to this coffee shop before, but Jun raves about it, so Wonwoo is anticipating to try it. Plus, it’s the first time him and Jun are hanging out outside of school.

Wonwoo taps his foot faster, anxious and excited. In his eagerness, he had gotten to their meeting place early; he had gone through at least a dozen outfit changes until he was satisfied with black skinny jeans and his favorite Alexander Wang t-shirt. Checking the weather app, he hastily had grabbed a black jacket and dashed out. But he had gotten ready and arrived too early and now he has nothing to do; he’s already scrolled through all of his social media accounts, and he can only pretend to be on his phone for so long. Another gust of wind tousles his hair, making Wonwoo shiver and shove his hands deeper into his jacket pockets.

In his pocket, he feels some paper that he doesn’t remember putting there. Curious, he takes it out, and finds that it is an origami paper cat, slightly bent but still folded into its cute shape.

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Wonwoo is splayed out on his bed reading a book, when suddenly he’s interrupted as Mingyu places something on top of the page.

“What’s this?” Wonwoo asks, holding the tiny paper object in his hand.
“it’s you.” Mingyu says like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“Me?”

“Yeah. You’re a cat. And I’m…” Mingyu trails off, tongue sticking out as he continues to press and bend the paper in his hand. Wonwoo puts his book aside to give his full attention to his best friend. Mingyu has always been good with his hands and it’s fascinating to see how Mingyu manipulates the paper, his hands so big but so nimble. He finishes folding the paper and proudly presents it to Wonwoo.

“…And I’m a dog!”

“And why am I a cat?”

“Because I say so.”

Wonwoo shakes his head, also shaking his little origami cat as if it’s saying ‘no’. “And why are you the dog?”

“Because I like dogs!” Mingyu plays with his paper dog, making it “walk” towards Wonwoo’s cat. And my dog and your cat are friends!” Mingyu’s dog “licks” Wonwoo’s cat. Wonwoo moves his cat as if to scratch Mingyu’s dog and Mingyu gasps in pretend hurt.

“Hey! How could you!”

“Cats and dogs aren’t supposed to be friends. They are enemies,” Wonwoo simply states.

“Well, I think that’s a load of crap. Cats and dogs can learn to love each other.” Mingyu pouts, making his dog sit closer to Wonwoo’s cat.

“I think you’re crazy,” Wonwoo says, but moves his cat closer to Mingyu’s dog.

“You say that, but you’re the senior in high school playing origami animals with me.”
Well, you got me there.

The memory makes Wonwoo laugh internally, and he puts the paper cat back into his pocket. He doesn’t even know how the cat got into his pocket, but he wouldn’t put it past Mingyu to have slipped it in his pocket when he wasn’t looking. Now that he thinks about it, Wonwoo hasn’t talked to Mingyu since yesterday. Even then, the younger boy was strangely quiet, not having talked much during lunch or on the way home. No text has been sent from Mingyu either, talking about their weekly hangout with their other friends. But before he can dwell on it, Jun walks up, lips upturned in a wide smile, with windblown hair that still seems to be perfect even when mussed.

“Wonwoo!”

“Hey, Jun.”

“Did you wait long?”

Not wanting to admit he was thirty minutes early, Wonwoo shakes his head in denial. “Nope, just got here.”

“Great! Ready to go inside? Let’s go!” Jun grabs his hand and Wonwoo helplessly follows along.

The café is chic and trendy, a popular hangout spot for students and hipsters. An aroma of coffee and baked pastries fills this air, the sounds of glasses clinking and the coffee machine whirring gently in the background. They go up to the counter, where a pretty barista around their age greets them happily.

“Welcome! What would you like to order?”

“I’ll have a caramel macchiato. What do you want Wonwoo?”
“I’ll have an Americano.”

“Your total is 11,219 won.”

Just as Wonwoo is about to pull out his wallet, Jun stops him.

“Don’t you remember? I’m treating you.” Jun pushes away the money Wonwoo is offering and pulls out his own debit card, handing it to the barista. She swipes it and gives it back to Jun.

“Thank you! Your order will be out soon. Have a nice day!”

The two boys receive their order shortly and are about to sit down at a table when Wonwoo spots a shelf of books and magazines for customers to browse through. Wonwoo’s eyes light up at the sight, making a beeline towards the bookshelf.

“You really like to read, huh?” Jun chuckles, trailing behind Wonwoo.

“Like is an understatement. I love to read. They even have my favorite book here.” With quick fingers, Wonwoo plucks the book off, showing it to Jun.

“A Separate…Peace?” Jun reads out loud.

“It’s a classic. Not the most well-known novel, but still great. I kind of identify with the main character a little. Just a little though. But he’s kind of oblivious.”

“How so?”

“He doesn’t realize he’s practically in love with his best friend. Like how do you not know?” Wonwoo shrugs offhandedly.

“Maybe, sometimes love just kind of sneaks up on you, without you realizing it. Love isn’t always fireworks. Love doesn’t have to be when the world stops spinning when you see the one. Sometimes, it’s the little moments, you know? Like maybe getting something the other person wants
when they didn’t say anything. Or them taking care of you when you’re sick. At least, that’s what I think.”


“Or maybe you are just a huge flirt.”

“I could be that too.” This time, Jun exaggerates his wink, trying to come off as sexy but looking more comically sleazy. Wonwoo snorts and hits him again.

“Stop, you’re going to make me choke on my coffee.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll save you if you do choke.”

“Wow, my hero,” Wonwoo says, pretending to swoon.

Suddenly Jun’s focus shifts from Wonwoo to something out of his field of sight.

“Tell me I’m not imagining things.”

“Why?”

“I thought I saw…Mingyu?”

Mingyu!?!?! Why would he be here? “Where?”

Jun tilts his head in the direction of another bookshelf across the cafe. Wonwoo looks over and at first, only sees a head of blond curls, hidden by a fern plant near the bookshelf. It seems like the
“Yup, that’s Mingyu alright.”

The two make their way to Mingyu and his blond companion, who Wonwoo recognizes as one of the boys Mingyu that was clinging to him the other day. As Jun and Wonwoo walk closer, Wonwoo hears the stern scolding Mingyu’s shorter friend is dishing out.

“Mingyu, you idiot! I told you to be careful! Ugh, I knew this was a bad idea, I shouldn’t have let you talk me into this.”

“I’m sorry, I just tripped and then- Oh hey guys! What a coincidence that you are also here,” Mingyu nervously laughs. Wonwoo narrows his eyes. That’s Mingyu’s fake laugh, which he does when he’s trying to hide something. Before Wonwoo can call Mingyu out, Jun is rushing up to him, hastily checking to see if the other boy is injured.

“Are you okay, Mingyu? Are you hurt?”

“I’m okay, don’t worry. No books fell on me.”

“He’s just being his klutzy self,” Wonwoo states.

The blond boy with Mingyu nods in agreement and Mingyu pouts. Jun pats his back in consolation. “At least you’re okay. What are you doing here?”

Panic washes over Mingyu’s face, raising Wonwoo’s suspicions once again. The younger boy struggles to come up with a suitable answer. “My friend and I are here because he really wanted to come to this café. He kept bugging me to come with him because he didn’t want to come alone,” Mingyu explains.

“What- I mean yes, I’m the one who wanted to come here, because you know… Coffee. Coffee is great,” Blond boy says unconvincingly. Mingyu fake laughs again.
While Jun accepts Mingyu’s crappy excuse, Wonwoo doesn’t; but before he has the chance to say anything, Mingyu sneakily changes the subject.

“Oh, hyungs, I don’t think you’ve ever met my friend. We are in the same year. His name is-

“Xu Minghao! I thought it was you!” Jun exclaims.

Minghao squints at Jun, before his eyes widen in recognition. “Junhui ge!! I thought it was you!” Jun exclaims.

The two boys hug each other, while Mingyu and Wonwoo turn to each other in confusion as the two boys start talking rapidly in Chinese.

“Do you guys…,” Mingyu starts out.

…know each other?” Wonwoo finishes.

Jun and Minghao stop talking excitedly and both look sheepish.

“Sorry about that,” Jun says, switching back to Korean. “I haven’t seen Minghao in years. And then we end up at the same school? What are the odds.”

“Me and Junhui ge- I mean Jun hyung and I are childhood friends. But when Jun hyung starting his acting career, he moved away and we lost contact. What are you doing here Jun hyung?”

“I moved to Korea to expand my career. What about you, Minghao? Or do you still go by The8?”

“I’m an exchange student and I’m part of the performance club. And yeah, I still go by The8 as my stage name,” Minghao chuckles.

“That’s great. I’m happy for you.”

“Our dance club is looking for one member and we need this member if we want to participate in the
upcoming dance competition. You should definitely join.”

“I do miss performing. Maybe I will. Hey, since we are all here, why don’t we get a table and sit all together?”

Together, the boys find an empty table and sit together, with Jun and Mingyu sitting next to each other and Wonwoo and Minghao sitting across respectively. As the other boys talk amongst themselves, Wonwoo sits quietly, sipping his coffee and making comments every once in a while. But he mostly watches Jun and Mingyu from behind his book. His eyes don’t miss how Jun slings an arm so casually over Mingyu or the way Mingyu leans into Jun, how his head falls back onto Jun’s shoulder as the older boy tells a particularly funny story. Wonwoo grips his book tighter as Mingyu receives a pastry Jun had gotten for him, even though Mingyu had not explicitly stated he wanted it. Mingyu only had looked at the pastry longingly, but Jun had caught on to the wistful puppy eyes and ordered it right away for the younger boy.

‘Love isn’t always fireworks. Love doesn’t have to be when the world stops spinning when you see the one. Sometimes, it’s the little moments, you know?’

Wonwoo slams his book close, earning the attention from the rest of the boys.

“Wonwoo hyung, are you okay?” Mingyu asks worryingly.

“Yeah, I’m fine, just not feeling the best right now.” It’s not a complete lie. His stomach is churning uncomfortably; except it’s not the coffee making his stomach upset. Wonwoo is reluctant to name the feeling, even though deep down he knows what it is.

“Well, I have to get going, I’m meeting with the performance club to plan our next stage. It was nice meeting you, Wonwoo hyung. Think about joining our club, Jun hyung! See you guys later! Minghao waves and makes his exit.

“I think I better get going as well,” Jun gets up, stretching his arms above his head. His shirt rides up, exposing a bit of skin; Mingyu’s eyes linger there, and the rolling in Wonwoo’s stomach worsens. “The weather doesn’t look too good. You two be careful getting home.”

“We will, hyung. Hey, you should come over to hang with us tomorrow. We are having movie night at my house.”
“Sounds cool. I’ll be there. Just text me the details. See you two later. Bye Mingyu, bye Wonwoo. Feel better!”

“Bye!” Mingyu waves Jun off, not taking his eyes until Jun isn’t visible anymore. “Ready to go hyung?”

“Yeah.”

They clean up their table and exit the café, beginning the small trek back to their neighborhood, side by side. The wind has really picked up, whipping them hard in the face and ruffling their hair. Wonwoo shivers, and is surprised when he feels warmth on his ears and on top of head. He looks up to see Mingyu tugging a beanie on top of his head.

“What are you doing?” Wonwoo asks, perplexed.

“You looked cold, and I know you don’t feel that well. And I had this beanie in my pocket but wasn’t wearing it, so you can wear it. You have to stay warm, hyung.” Mingyu tugs the beanie lower, making sure it fits snugly. Wonwoo’s stomach flip flops again; but it’s different from before. This time butterflies flap giddily in his stomach as Mingyu adjust the beanie, his face so close to Wonwoo’s own.

“Hyung, your cheeks are red. You’re not coming down with a fever are you?” Mingyu questions in concern, cradling Wonwoo’s cheeks in his hands. Wonwoo flushes even more, and bats Mingyu’s hands away.

“I’m fine, I’m fine.” Wonwoo dismisses. “Thank you.”

“No problem, hyung.” Mingyu smiles, resuming their walk again.

It’s a smile Wonwoo’s seen a thousand times before, and will likely see a thousand times more. It’s still just as beautiful, because nothing has changed. Yet why does his heart beat so loudly, pumping wildly in his ears? Why are his hands so clammy? The rolling of his stomach is tumultuous, all for a boy he’s known almost his whole life, for this klutzy, kindhearted boy who is his best friend.

Wonwoo stops suddenly. Mingyu notices and turns back towards him.
“Wonwoo hyung? Are you okay?”

‘No,’ he wants to say. “Yeah, I’m okay.”

Wonwoo’s not okay. He not okay, because he has finally acknowledged what he has secretly known all along. Wonwoo is not okay, because he just might be in love with his best friend.

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

...sorry again ;; I hope you guys liked it ;; Please comment/give constructive criticism, I live for that stuff. You can also yell at me too for taking so long lol.

End Notes

Comments? Thoughts? Kudos? What am I doing? Who knows, certainly not me. I hope you guys enjoyed tho ^^^;

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!