under the same stars

by wingedseok

Summary

Nothing was set in stone and soulmates were complicated, but that didn’t deter five year old Lee Jooheon from questioning the soulmate system until he met his own.

Jooheon, with all his charms, aegyo, and dimple flashing, met his soulmates by accident.

Notes

i really love soulmate aus and i love ot7 (’: i’ve edited this a bit since i first made it public so i hope that the flow of it all is better now! please let me know if there's anything that i should warn about in the tags!!!!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

It was at age five that he first learned of soulmates.

People finding their soulmates was rare. It wasn’t unheard of, but it tended to happen less and less until the concept almost vanished. And then it began back up again, this time different than the last. People now had different types of soulmates. Others had multiple. Some had none. Most found their soulmate through the tattoo method, but the tattoo method varied by person. Some people had their soulmate’s name tattooed across their ribs from birth. Some only acquired a matching tattoo, accompanied by a flash of light, when they met their soulmate. And others received a colored tattoo when they met their platonic soulmates. People could end up with a platonic soulmate, a romantic one, both, or none at all. Nothing was set in stone and soulmates were complicated, but that didn’t deter five year old Lee Jooheon from questioning the soulmate system until he met his own.

Jooheon, with all his charms, aegyo, and dimple flashing, met his soulmates by accident.

Changkyun came fumbling into Jooheon’s life first when the elder was eight, or rather, it was more of the other way around.

Beforehand, Jooheon had contemplated the fact that he probably didn’t have a soulmate since there was no name tattooed across his ribs in a fancy script of some sort. There’d been no flashing bang of light whenever he met new people. He was a child after all and his view of the world was small and limited to what was immediately around him.

And then Jooheon had turned eight and wanted to scream every time he met a new kid around his age because how come his older cousin Soohyun had found her soulmate and Jooheon couldn’t even make one friend? His lucky break came in the form of moving to Seoul and enrolling in a new primary school there.

His first week there, nothing had happened. There were no bangs, no sudden realizations, and no flashes of light on his account. He witnessed two platonic soulmates meet for the first time and couldn’t stop from marvelling at the new multi-colored flower tattoos engulfing the little girls’ arms. Jooheon learned their names, asked about their bond and then watched them leave when their recess time ended. Though eight, Jooheon felt his small heart begin to ache with each passing day spent at the new school. His mother told him not to push it and be patient, but Jooheon was eight and didn’t quite understand the concept of patience yet.

Then on his second Friday there, Jooheon was shoved after school by a group of boys who didn’t particularly like him because of his “baby face”. Fortunately for him, Jooheon had been pushed into his soulmate, a boy he had never seen before and he guessed it was because the tougher looking kid was older than him. The harsh laughter of the other boys died out when Jooheon’s soulmate caught and steadied him. The world seemed to freeze at the exact moment that soft fingers touched Jooheon’s hand and Jooheon was half scared and half freaked out of his mind before a flash of light blinded both he and the boy who was gripping onto his hands too tight. A large bang rang out across the school’s front lawn where the children got picked up by their parents and everything seemed to fast forward again as Jooheon gained his bearings.
Jooheon felt a searing pain flare up in the crease of his elbow and he looked up to meet the dark brown eyes of the boy before him, a tentative smile on his face.

“You’re my s-soulmate?” Jooheon gulped out, his eyes blown wide.

The boy looked down at his arm, taking in the clearly evident dark purple outlines of a flock of birds taking flight on his arm. He pushed Jooheon’s uniform sleeve up and compared their matching birds, his fingers tracing the tattoos delicately.

“Platonic soulmate,” the boy rasped out, his voice soft and expression startled.

“Look! Joohoney here found his soulmate!” The boys who’d shoved Jooheon burst into a fit of giggles, looking up at Geonwoo, the leader of their group. “Now there are two babies. More fun for us, guys.”

Jooheon heard more than felt his teeth snap together at Geonwoo’s words. Jooheon could put up with a lot of things, bullying for one, but this kid before him was his soulmate. Platonic or not, he wasn’t about to let him get hurt because of him. His fists clenched together as he readied himself to fight whoever laid a single hand on his soulmate, but before Jooheon could even turn to face the bullies, his soulmate was dragging him away by the arm. They were approaching a man who stood beside a white mid-sized sedan and just had to be his soulmate’s father if the way they both had the same facial structure said anything.

“Wha—” Jooheon spluttered, completely taken off guard as his soulmate continued to pull him along.

“No fighting. I won’t spend my last day here watching my soulmate get into a pointless fight,” the boy said, his words striking a chord in Jooheon. “My name’s Changkyun, by the way. What’s yours?”

Jooheon dragged his feet in an attempt to stop Changkyun as they got closer and closer to Changkyun’s father. “Last day here? You’re leaving? But I just found you!”

“My dad will explain everything, but I still don’t know your name.”

Jooheon paused, his lips pulling up into a pout. “Jooheon. Please don’t call me Joohoney.”

Changkyun smiled. “But it’s cute. What if I want to call you it?”

“Call him what, son?” A newer, gruffer voice asked.

They’d reached Changkyun’s father and Jooheon was amazed at just how tall the older man was. Many wrinkles covered the expanse of his face, but the lines around his eyes Jooheon recognized as smile wrinkles because his Aunt Song had explained them to him the last time he’d visited her restaurant. Somehow, Jooheon felt completely at ease as he looked up at his soulmate’s father. Still, he didn’t want the older man to know about his embarrassing nickname.

“Changkyun, don’t—” Jooheon began, but it was too late because Changkyun had already responded in a cute and high-pitched voice to his father. “Joohoney. It’s really cute. Right, Dad?”

“Not as cute as Kyunnie.” The older man smiled down at his son, bending down to pull him into a hug. “How was school? I see you made a new friend.”

Jooheon spoke up before Changkyun could. “I’m his soulmate!”
“Soulmate, eh?” Changkyun’s father asked.

“Yes!” Both boys chirped then fell into a fit of giggles at the coincidence, but they still somehow managed to show Changkyun’s father the tattoos that now adorned their forearms.

The older man smiled at the purple birds. “So who’s older?”

Both boys exchanged a glance and Jooheon whispered under his breath, “What year were you born in?”

Changkyun whispered his response back. Jooheon nodded in understanding.

He then gave his soulmate’s father the biggest grin he could muster, his dimples displaying themselves adoringly. “I’m older!”

Changkyun sputtered. “No way. Not with that face!”

“I was born in ’94. I’m two years your elder, Kyunnie,” Jooheon pouted, his words beginning to slur together like they always did when he was upset. “And what do you mean ‘not with that face’? What’s wrong with my face? My face is absolutely fine. As your hyung, you better not call me Baby Face like all the other mean kids do.”

“Now, now,” Changkyun’s father interrupted the two boys, wary of the look of irritation that had flashed across his son’s face. “Changkyun, I know you’ve only just met Joohoney here.” Jooheon let out a squawk of protest at the nickname. “But did you manage to tell your hyung about this being your last day here?”

“Oh,” Changkyun muttered before glancing at Jooheon warily. “Yes, on our way over here I told him.”

Changkyun’s father turned to face his son’s dimpled, round-faced soulmate. “Jooheon, I know you just met Kyunnie today and you might feel that it’s unfair that your soulmate is going to be taken away so soon, but I hope that you can be understanding and forgive me.”

“Forgive you?” Jooheon asked, his hand clenching around one of the straps of his backpack. “Why do I need to forgive you?”

“Changkyun is coming with me to live in the States and then to Israel because of my job.”

“Your job?”

“My dad’s a scientist! I wanna be like him when I grow up,” Changkyun chimed in, an adoring smile spread across his lips as he looked up at his father.

“Oh. Well, if it’s for your job, then I have to forgive you. But Kyunnie is going to come back right?” Jooheon asked, his voice feeling frail and both his hands were now tugging on the straps of his backpack.

“Of course! We’re only going for seven years, after all. I promise to bring you your soulmate back, Joohoney. You just have to trust me,” Changkyun’s father stared into Jooheon’s eyes, watching as the pout fell from Jooheon’s small face.

Jooheon nodded thoughtfully. “If I give you my number, do you promise to call?”

Changkyun threw his arms around the dimpled elder. “Yes! Dad will let me call, right?”
Changkyun’s father laughed and gave the boys a thumbs up. “Definitely. How about you give us your address too? That way Kyunnie here can send you letters. Doesn’t that sound great, boys?”

Both boys began to jump around, chanting a positive as they did. Changkyun’s father laughed and waited until they both had settled down before asking Jooheon to write down his number and address. Jooheon struggled for a minute or two, he was eight after all. No one could blame him for not knowing these things off the top of his head yet.

Jooheon handed the slip of paper bearing his number and address to Changkyun’s father and sent a worried glance in Changkyun’s direction before asking, “Are you leaving today?”

Changkyun shook his head. “Sunday. We can spend tomorrow together if you’d like, hyung. That’s ok, right, Dad?”

“As long as you finish packing by tonight, I see no reason why not,” Changkyun’s father beamed.

Jooheon grinned. “Then I’ll see you tomorrow, Kyunnie!”

Changkyun gave him a fierce hug. “See you tomorrow, hyung.”

And when Changkyun turned to climb into the car with his father following dutifully behind him, Jooheon felt his stomach drop as he realized he was barely going to be spending any time at all with his soulmate.

Jooheon spent the next few years alone. He didn’t have a lot of luck making friends and though he wasn’t bullied anymore, Jooheon didn’t very well feel welcomed whenever he walked down the school hallways either. Being away from Changkyun made him a mess, but when Changkyun would call him up or send him a letter out of the blue, Jooheon swore that anything was possible in the world, that the sun shined a lot brighter, and Jooheon felt happy.

And then Jooheon met Minhyuk and his world came to a standstill yet again.

Now fourteen, Jooheon was facing puberty right in the face and somehow he ended up sitting at the same lunch table as the prettiest boy at school. Lee Minhyuk, an actual Adonis with his dark hair, long nose, thick brows, a husky jeolla dialect that hinted at his childhood spent in Gwangju, and a lithe, long, and gangly body due to his years spent in ballet was sitting two seats down from Jooheon, a mere freshman with no friends and a fierce love for music. Jooheon would have been in awe if it weren’t for the fact that nobody wanted to sit with Minhyuk because of his background in ballet.

Everyone knew Minhyuk was a ballerina, he kept it no secret and didn’t really care about the guys who would tease and make fun of him for it, saying it wasn’t a thing that guys did. Most days Jooheon gave no mind to the ridiculous fragile masculinity that these boys held, but when he bore witness to it first hand and in action, Jooheon felt something rise within him. He watched the boys who threw scraps of paper at the back of Minhyuk’s head, sniggering as they did so, and whispering behind their hands until one of the buffer boys got up and stood behind Minhyuk with his tray of food.

“Hey, Prima Ballerina, do you have a recital later?” The boy drawled, his satoori heavy and probably
Daegu-based.

Jooheon winced when the boy gripped tightly onto Minhyuk’s shoulder, his knuckles straining against the skin. Minhyuk merely shrugged him off, his expression blank, but his eyes swiveled from place to place.

“If you don’t have a recital later, maybe you can do a little dance for me, huh?” The boy asked as a smirk spread wide across his face because he knew how uncomfortable he was making Minhyuk feel right then.

Jooheon felt bile rise in his throat.

“Fuck off,” Minhyuk muttered, his head down and eyes on his food.

The boy’s hands clenched around his tray of food. “What did you say, you little bitch?”

Minhyuk didn’t respond and merely began to eat again, his eyes still downcast with his shoulders hunched. Jooheon didn’t want to watch what was unfolding, but he couldn’t look away either.

“Look at me when I talk to you, you stupid slut!”

Suddenly the cafeteria went dead quiet and Jooheon was itching to get out of his seat. His hands tingled as he watched the buff guy pull Minhyuk up, somehow still gripping onto his lunch tray with one hand. Minhyuk’s expression was blank still, but his flickering gaze gave everything away. He was scared and Jooheon felt something twist painfully in his chest.

“You won't answer me? Then take this!”

Minhyuk was suddenly covered in the boy’s lunch and Jooheon completely lost it in that moment. He moved in a flash, jumping across the table to the boy’s throat, pushing him to the ground. He saw red, his hands shook, and Minhyuk was crying behind him as the cafeteria erupted into chaos.

Jooheon didn't know when he started punching, but there was blood on the boy’s face and a ring of other students surrounding them chanting, “Fight! Fight! Fight!”

A warm hand touched his shoulder and then there was a flash of light, a bang, and Jooheon felt pain on the inside of his wrist. He was pulled up and then dragged away from the scene altogether. It was Minhyuk, his hand clamped down on Jooheon’s arm as he led them away, slipped through the cafeteria doors, stumbled down the main hallway and then ushered them into an abandoned classroom. By then Jooheon only had eyes for the boy before him who made his heart twist whenever he noticed there were random pieces of food covering him.

“Are you alright?” His voice was just as husky as before, though this time it was less calm and more filled with worry.

“I'm fine. Are you alright?” Jooheon felt his grip tighten on Minhyuk’s hand when he asked.

“Yeah. It's cool. I'm fine. This happens all the time,” Minhyuk murmured, his voice soft and Jooheon felt the inexplicable urge to cry.

Jooheon pulled up Minhyuk’s uniform sleeve slowly and then his own to compare their new tattoos. It was a black stag standing on a small patch of grass, the antlers small, but still noticeable. Jooheon looked up to see that Minhyuk was staring at the purple birds that Jooheon also sported. His pale fingers fluttered across Jooheon’s tattoos and a warm feeling engulfed him.
“Well while I’m around, no one is going to lay a hand on you unless you give them explicit consent,” Jooheon murmured, his voice fierce.

Then Minhyuk collapsed in his arms and Jooheon struggled to hold him up. All the while, Minhyuk gurgled out an intelligible line of apologies that the younger only made out around the fifth or sixth apology.

“Hey, what are you apologizing for? Are you alright? Minhyuk-hyung, tell me what you need,” Jooheon ran his hands soothingly down the elder’s back, conveniently scraping off food that was stuck there as well.

“It's j-just, I don't e-even know y-your name and you've al-ready done s-so much for me. I'm sorry I pulled you into th-that mess,” Minhyuk stuttered, his face tucked into Jooheon’s collarbone and fingers tangled in the small hairs on the nape of the younger’s neck.

“My name’s Jooheon. I'm one year younger than you and don't ask how I know that,” Jooheon added to the end, already knowing that the elder would question how Jooheon knew so much about him. “Everyone here hears about you, but I only paid attention to the trivial facts. W-would you mind if we got to know one another?”

Minhyuk sniffled, his face paler than usual and lips pulled into a pout. “I-I'd like that a lot, Joohoney.”

“Oh not you too,” Jooheon groaned, unbelieving of the fact that Minhyuk had already discovered the nickname he disliked the most.

The elder laughed, the sound husky and soft like his voice and Jooheon couldn't help but smile. “What? It's cute! Cute like you.”

Jooheon blushed, his face feeling way too warm for the early autumn season. “You're cuter.”

Minhyuk laughed. “I know.”

“Conceited,” Jooheon scoffed, but he found himself smiling anyways when Minhyuk took his hand and led him back into the main hallway. “Where are we going, hyung?”

“Principal’s office. Since I now have a soulmate, I can't let him get into fights for my sake just because I wouldn't report a bully. I hope you don't mind…you'll probably be suspended for that fight earlier, by the way.”

Jooheon grinned. “That's fine by me. Just as long as you come and visit me after school every day that I'm gone.”

“I'll visit you every day regardless of whether you're gone or not. We have a lot to learn about each other, don’t we, Joohoney?”

“Yes. We do.”

High school flew by like a breeze with Minhyuk. Jooheon had learned a lot about him and as a result, so had Changkyun. Changkyun began to call twice a week when he surpassed his seven-year mark of being away and when the time neared for him to finally return, Jooheon became ecstatic. He would have both his soulmates around and he couldn’t have felt happier.
Minhyuk was wonderful and Jooheon had quickly fallen head over heels in love with him, but he missed his other soulmate. Minhyuk, like the wonderful and amazing boyfriend that he was to the younger, was very understanding of the way Jooheon felt without Changkyun being physically close to him.

Still, Jooheon felt that there was something else missing from his life too. He loved Minhyuk, he adored Changkyun, but when he looked at his tattoos, he couldn’t but feel that the piece was incomplete. At the moment though, Jooheon couldn’t really worry so much about it because it was his final year in high school and he was preparing to go off to the university like Minhyuk did. Minhyuk was going to major in ballet, he claimed even if he couldn’t dance it professionally like he had initially wanted to, he could at least gain a better background in the subject in case he ever wanted to teach it. Jooheon didn’t care. He knew Minhyuk loved ballet and whatever Minhyuk decided to do, then he would respect it.

On a weekend that both Minhyuk and Jooheon had free, Jooheon went to go visit his soulmate at the university. Minhyuk was an excited ball of energy and couldn’t stop talking from the moment Jooheon knocked on his dorm room. Jooheon smiled and nodded and made appreciative noises where needed so Minhyuk knew he was paying attention and yes, it was horrible that Taekwon had claimed to have done all the work on a group project that Minhyuk had busted his ass over for two weeks.

“I still don’t understand how he’s passing any of his classes! But at least he isn’t as horrible as Hyunwoo,” Minhyuk shivered delicately and then paled. “I told you about Hyunwoo, right?”

Jooheon stared blankly at Minhyuk before he nodded slowly. “Uh, big, buff guy who spilled his hot coffee all over you on the second day of the term?”

Minhyuk nodded. “Yeah, him.”

“Has he been bothering you, hyung?”

Minhyuk shook his head. “I wouldn’t call it bothering, more like harassment. He keeps trying to apologize for the coffee incident, but honestly? He’s just made things worse.”

“Worse how?”

“Well for starters, he’s spilled coffee on me three times now. He ripped one of the sleeves of my favorite blue sweater, you know how much I loved that sweater, it was the one you got me for our two year anniversary. He’s in my math class too, so he’s always throwing things at the back of my head, trying to get my attention. Honestly, he’s just being a pest now,” Minhyuk sighed.

Jooheon frowned. “Well it looks like I’ll have to go talk to him then, don’t I, hyung?”

“Oh no you don’t, Joohoney. This weekend is about us, not some guy who doesn’t know when to leave things alone. Come on, let’s go for a walk around the campus. I really want you to see the fountain!” Minhyuk urged, suddenly jumping up from his bed where he’d been previously cuddling with Jooheon.

The younger followed dutifully behind his soulmate, quickly slipping on his shoes and jacket and holding the door open for his lovely boyfriend to step through first. They held hands as they walked and Jooheon soon forgot about the mysterious Hyunwoo who wouldn’t leave his Minhyukkie alone and continued to destroy his soulmate’s possessions.

They were at the fountain that Minhyuk had mentioned earlier when a voice behind them called out,
“Minhyuk-ssi!”

“Oh no,” Minhyuk groaned, trying to hide in his scarf as Jooheon turned around to see who Minhyuk wanted to ignore.

It was a buff, burly man with soft features and somehow resembled a hamster as he shot them a huge grin that was directed at Minhyuk’s back. Jooheon assumed it was Hyunwoo and was proven right when the man came to stop in front of them and Minhyuk reluctantly turned to face him, giving Jooheon a very pointed look that said “*don’t do anything stupid*” as he turned.

“I thought that was you! How have you been, Minhyuk-ssi?” The man asked, his small lips pulling up into a large grin.


Jooheon fingers were being squeezed to death by Minhyuk then. “Uh, this is my soulmate, Jooheon. Joohoney, this is Hyunwoo-ssi.”

“Nice to meet you,” Hyunwoo grinned, sticking his hand out for Jooheon to shake.

“Nice to meet you —” The rest of his sentence was cut off when at the precise moment that Jooheon took Hyunwoo’s outstretched hand, a flash of light and a bang rang across the courtyard.

Jooheon felt a familiar pain across his entire wrist and froze when Minhyuk groaned aloud beside him.

“Of course! He just *had* to be your soulmate too!” Minhyuk threw his hands into the air.

Jooheon slowly pulled their sleeves up so he could see that right underneath the stag was now a large stretch of grass tattooed in black ink (just like the stag above it). The land engulfed Jooheon’s entire wrist and riddled in the patches of grass were random stones, fallen leaves, and branches. It resembled a forest floor. Jooheon choked, knowing that Hyunwoo was not the end, that Jooheon definitely had more soulmates and that his tattoo was meant to be a forest.

“Romantic soulmate too!” Minhyuk groaned again.

“Y-You’re my soulmate?” Hyunwoo asked, his voice small and soft, eyes blown wide.

Jooheon nodded and gulped.

“Th-That’s —” Hyunwoo began.

“Amazing!” Minhyuk cut him off. “You don’t even realize how lucky you are to be Jooheon’s soulmate. He has the kindest heart on this side of the planet and he’s so sweet and supportive and protective and Joohoney have I told you how much I love you recently?”

“You don’t have to tell me,” Jooheon blushed, his hands trembling a bit when Minhyuk took one of them in his own. “I already know you do. And I love you too, hyung.”

Jooheon held his other hand out for Hyunwoo to take. The older man stared at it for a split-second before he took Jooheon’s hand and interlocked their fingers securely. Jooheon felt a sense of security and warmth flow through him.

“Hi, Hyunwoo-hyung. May I learn how to love you too?”

“You better say yes or I’m going to make you pay for all the coffee you’ve spilled on me,” Minhyuk
hissed over Jooheon’s head.

“I’ve been trying to apologize for that ever since we met!” Hyunwoo whined, but then he diverted his attention back to Jooheon and gave the youngest a warm smile. “Of course you can, Joohoney. I’d like to learn how to love you too.”

“I’ll be your teacher then,” Minhyuk grinned. “You’ll be an expert by the time I’m through with you.”

Both Hyunwoo and Jooheon laughed. Minhyuk, though not all too happy with the fact that his relationship with the younger would probably include Hyunwoo now, was happy because Jooheon was happy. And if Jooheon was happy, then that was enough for him.

“We’ll both be your teachers, hyung,” Jooheon promised, his smile soft and dimples appearing adoringly on his cheeks.

Hyunwoo experimentally poked one and grinned when Jooheon giggled, claiming it tickled. He looked over Jooheon’s head to see that Minhyuk was watching Jooheon with adoration and love written plainly across his face. When Hyunwoo looked back down at the youngest, he could understand why.

Jooheon started his first year the university with no eventful things happening apart from Minhyuk and Hyunwoo breaking the news about them not being able to be together romantically.

He felt a little weird about dating two people at once and those same two people not being able to be in the same room together without an argument ensuing. Changkyun made it his job to reassure Jooheon over Skype (he was going to finish his last year of high school education back in the States so Jooheon had to wait one more year until Changkyun came back to him) that it was merely sexual tension between the two that made them like that. He suggested for Jooheon to wait until one of their arguments led to an angry fuck that would then cure their strong dislike for one another. Jooheon laughed it off, not really concerned if his boyfriends had sex with one another without him because he happened to do the same at least twice a week.

Jooheon lost his virginity to Minhyuk soon after starting at the university. Their first time was slow and sensual and Jooheon rode Minhyuk so painfully slow that it made the elder feel like his entire body was on fire. Every time they made love, Jooheon was reminded very clearly that Minhyuk had been a dancer for all his life. Then around the end of the first semester, Jooheon became intimate with Hyunwoo when the elder broke down from the stress of his business and stats finals and practically begged for Jooheon to fuck him senseless. Jooheon obliged and then it continued every day for the remainder of finals. Hyunwoo was majoring in business because he wanted to be the CEO of his own company soon (preferably fresh out of the uni). Jooheon sometimes found it funny that though Hyunwoo liked to dominate every other aspect of his life, when it came to sex, Hyunwoo loved when Jooheon’s hips would snap harshly against him and elicit the sweetest of moans from the elder. Though Jooheon felt it strange that his boyfriends weren’t together, he still managed to pull them both out on dates together as a trio on those days when Jooheon was feeling shitty and overwhelmed with school. Those days were both great and horrible since Minhyuk and Hyunwoo barely fought, for the youngest’s sake at least.

University life felt more comfortable to Jooheon. He was in his second year now and apart from
having to juggle his two boyfriends, Jooheon managed to make a few friends. Or more specifically, Hyunwoo had introduced Jackson Wang to Jooheon and Jackson had merely latched onto the boy who was the same age as him. Jackson had two romantic soulmates as well, Mark and Jinyoung, and their tattoos created a captivating waterfall with mermaids swimming in the bottom pools of it. Jooheon was grateful to have a friend like Jackson, but sometimes Jackson would pull him into situations he didn’t want to be in. Situations like forcing him to attend a fashion show that Jackson’s uncle was holding and had given Jackson backstage passes to.

But they were already at the venue and Jooheon couldn’t just run away. Jackson would surely drag him back. So he sighed one last time and allowed the slightly older blonde to lead him inside towards the dressing rooms where all the models were getting ready.

“Come on, Joohoney!” Jackson insisted on using the ridiculous nickname that Jooheon was overly embarrassed of. “Let’s meet some of these models. They’re the most beautiful people in Seoul and this is a once in a lifetime opportunity. Liven up a little!”

Jooheon groaned. “Minhyuk is beautiful.”

“Of course he is. So is Jinyoung, but are either of them here modeling Seoul’s latest hot trends? I don’t think so.”

“Minhyuk is still more beautiful than any model here,” Jooheon grumbled.

“Minhyuk? Lee Minhyuk?” a new voice interrupted them.

Both men turned to see that one of the show’s models was leaning against the doorway of his dressing room, trying to look casual, but Jooheon knew better. He looked at the name on the door before he focused on the incredibly, drop-dead gorgeous man before him. 

Chae Hyungwon, the sign read.

“Yeah, Lee Minhyuk. Do you know him?” Jooheon asked, his arms crossing his chest as he did.

Hyungwon chuckled lightly. “Of course I do. He’s my biggest rival.”

That pulled both Jooheon and Jackson up short.

“But he’s not a model—”

“He’s a ballerina, I know.”

“Then how are you two rivals?” Jackson asked.

“Oh, my career would be very threatened if Minhyuk decided he wanted to pursue a future in modeling,” Hyungwon laughed.

Jooheon frowned. “Maybe he should then. Just to knock you off your high-horse.”

“And that’s my cue to drag my friend away kicking and screaming,” Jackson said in a monotone voice. “Nice meeting you! See you after the show!”

The youngest was being dragged away before anyone could even open their mouth to respond.

“You just had to pick a fight with the star of the show, didn’t you?” Jackson muttered fiercely under his breath as he navigated them through the small hallways until they emerged from the side of the stage and found their seats.
“He started it!” Jooheon complained, feeling one hundred percent like the child he was acting like.

Jooheon didn’t like the way Hyungwon had spoken about Minhyuk. Of course, Minhyuk was gorgeous, anyone could see that. But Hyungwon, with his perfect fucking face, and his perfect fucking lips and that stupidly perfect drawl of his spoke about Minhyuk like he had a thing for him. Jooheon felt a bit jealous, which was weird considering he was the one dating two different guys, but that was different. They all knew what was going on and it’d been Minhyuk and Hyunwoo’s decision to not be together as a couple and be metamours instead.

Still, Jooheon didn’t like the fact that this Chae Hyungwon, a gorgeous as hell model, knew about his soulmate Minhyuk and was possibly crushing on him. It didn’t sit well with him.

The runway lit up then and Jooheon tried his best to pay attention, grimacing a little when he noticed the more gaudy outfits being modeled that night.

The show was halfway through when Hyungwon finally took to the runway and Jooheon literally choked on air. He was glad that he couldn’t hear whatever Jackson had been yelling about for the past hour because it, in turn, meant that Jackson hadn’t heard the whine that Jooheon had let out when Hyungwon walked out. His eyes were glued to the model’s tall and slender figure, hair perfectly coiffed, and clothes hanging off him exactly right. He had to be some kind of demigod, if not a fully-fledged god of some sort. Jooheon was at a loss. He shouldn’t feel like this about another man, but if the way that nobody could take their eyes off Hyungwon meant anything, then everyone there may as well have been lusting after the young model who was looking Jooheon straight in the eyes with a slight smirk on his almost expressionless face.

Jooheon gulped, but couldn’t tear his eyes away. Hyungwon was hypnotizing and Jooheon was stuck. Hyungwon reached the end of the runway, turned back around and gave Jooheon a full-blown smirk and then a wink before he exited. Jackson clamped onto his arm as soon as Hyungwon disappeared and yelled something unintelligible into Jooheon’s ear. Jooheon ignored it and tried to focus on the rest of the show, but failed horribly. Next thing he knew, Jackson was tugging him backstage again, making a beeline for his uncle.

Jooheon groaned when he saw Hyungwon beside Jackson’s uncle, reporters and photographers alike snapping their photos like crazy. Jooheon hung back with Jackson, waiting until the elder’s uncle would become less preoccupied, but then there they were, being pulled arm and arm with Jackson’s uncle. Flashes of light went off and Jooheon was blinded.

“Jacky! You made it!” Jackson’s uncle gave them both a wide grin as the cameras continued to take their photos.

“I wouldn’t miss your comeback, Uncle Bo!” Jackson responded.

“And you brought a friend! Nice to meet you, I’m Jackson’s uncle Bohai. Call me Uncle Bo,” Bohai said as he stuck his hand out for Jooheon to shake.

“This is Joohoney, Uncle Bo!” Jackson exclaimed.

Jooheon didn’t miss the snort that Hyungwon let out at the sound of his nickname.

Jooheon shook Bohai’s hand and smiled politely. “It’s Jooheon, not Joohoney. Please don’t call me that.”

“Joohoney is cute though! Just as cute as you!” Bohai pinched Jooheon’s cheek and used his other hand to poke at his dimple.
“Here! I want you to meet the star of my show.” Bohai pulled Hyungwon close to his side. “Wonnie! This is my nephew, Jacky, and his friend, Joohoney!”

Jackson shook Hyungwon’s hand and the cameras that Joohoon had half forgotten about began flashing like crazy again. Hyungwon then held his hand out to Joohoon, a smirk spread wide across his face and Joohoon frowned before accepting his hand.

And then another flash of light and loud bang rang out. It didn’t come from any cameras because Joohoon felt a familiar burn on his arm that meant a new tattoo. He groaned aloud before looking up at Hyungwon whose eyes were ridiculously wide. Joohoon swore he looked like an actual living meme at that moment. He sighed and pulled his sleeve up, nudging his head in Hyungwon’s direction for him to do the same.

Joohoon was met with the sight of matching trees tattooed across most of his forearm and Hyungwon’s in black ink. The trees complemented the stag and Joohoon felt his stomach flip at the sight. Jackson jumped around behind him, chanting something along the lines of “Hyungheon” before Bohai joined him in his jumping. The cameras in front of them were still going at it like crazy. Joohoon could already see the headlines that would cover the front pages of magazines, newspapers, and online articles by the next morning.

“So we’re soulmates?” Hyungwon asked, his voice uncomposed and a bit shaken.

Joohoon nodded, a scowl marring his face. “Unfortunately.”

Then he paused and scowled further. “Minhyuk and Hyunwoo are going to be pissed.”

“You have more soulmates? I thought it was just Minhyuk. Man, have I missed him.”

“Minhyuk has never talked about you before so I'm sure he hasn't missed you at all. And yes, I do have more soulmates.”

Hyungwon nodded thoughtfully. “When can I meet my new boyfriends then?”

“Boyfriends? Excuse you? They’re my boyfriends,” Joohoon sputtered, not even paying attention enough to realize that Hyungwon was leading them away from the photographers and back towards his dressing room.

“Yeah, and you’re my soulmate. Meaning, you’re my boyfriend now. So, by extension, your soulmates are now my boyfriends as well,” Hyungwon smirked, pulling Joohoon into his dressing room and shutting the door behind him.

“That’s not how this works, Hyungwon-ssi.”

“Wonnie.”

“Huh?”

“Call me Wonnie. Only people I work with call me Hyungwon-ssi. And you’re my soulmate so you better call me Wonnie.”

Joohoon rolled his eyes. “Alright, Wonnie.”

Hyungwon smiled. “So can I kiss you now?”

“No!” Joohoon sputtered.
“Why not?”

“We just met!”

“But we’re soulmates! Why can’t I kiss you? Don’t you want to kiss?”

Jooheon took a step back when Hyungwon stepped forward. “That’s not how this works. Just because we’re soulmates doesn’t mean I’m about to let you devour my tongue or something five minutes after meeting each other for the first time.”

Hyungwon closed in then, pushing Jooheon into the door. “It's one little kiss. I feel like it's more of a seal on a deal, to be honest. Not meant to be hot, or sexual, just validating. It'll make this official.”

“Make what official?” Jooheon asked, his voice strained as Hyungwon’s chest pressed against his.

“You becoming my boyfriend, of course,” Hyungwon murmured.

Before Jooheon could really deny him, Hyungwon leaned in until their lips grazed against one another.

The kiss was soft and swift. Hyungwon’s soft lips brushed against Jooheon’s for a second before the taller man pulled away and took a step back. A ridiculously large grin took up the majority of his face and Jooheon couldn't help the small smile that flitted across his lips.

“Best birthday gift, ever,” Hyungwon murmured.

“It's your birthday?” Jooheon shouted, his eyes flying open wide with surprise.

“Yep. Happy birthday to me. It's fine that you didn't get me a gift, meeting you is the best gift you could have ever given me anyway.”

Jooheon didn't have the faintest idea what to say to that so he instead pulled Hyungwon in for a searing kiss that left them both breathless and flushed.

“So this does mean that you're my boyfriend now, right?” Hyungwon asked, his eyes hooded and mouth itching to kiss Jooheon again.

Jooheon smiled, pecked Hyungwon on the lips and shook his head. “Definitely not.”

“Aw, come on!”

“Happy Birthday, Wonnie.”
more soulmates :D enjoy! this was honestly so fun to write and i hope you have as much fun reading as i did writing!

Chapter 2

Jooheon was only slightly surprised of just how well Hyungwon slid into their relationship.

Though what may have been even more surprising was just how easily Minhyuk let Hyungwon into their lives. Minhyuk held absolutely no malice towards Hyungwon and quickly reassured the youngest that Hyungwon being his soulmate was just fine and dandy and Minhyuk couldn’t be any happier because finally, Jooheon’s tattoo was finished, the forest was complete and Jooheon didn’t have to keep constantly looking over his shoulder. His trees had finally arrived and everything was settled.

Jooheon regarded this all suspiciously and when Hyungwon left after meeting all three of his soulmates (or more specifically, after meeting Minhyuk and Hyunwoo and skyping Changkyun), Jooheon and Hyunwoo wasted no time in confronting the newly hair-bleached Minhyuk.

“What was all that about?” Jooheon asked, his arms crossed over his chest as he shot daggers towards the older man.

“What are you talking about, Joohoney?” Minhyuk asked, eyeing both men in front of him warily.

“All the ‘yes, Wonnie’ and ‘anything you want, Wonnie’ was pretty over-the-top, don’t you think?” There was something about the way that Hyunwoo’s jaw was clenched so tightly that had Jooheon sweating.

Minhyuk shot the eldest a glare before he rolled his eyes. Hyunwoo stood there silently beside Jooheon, positively fuming, before he turned on his heel, grabbed his coat, and left their shared apartment. Jooheon and Minhyuk both watched him go and when Jooheon turned back to face the blonde in front of him, he didn’t miss the feeling of worry underlying Minhyuk’s halfasssed glare.

“Hyung, you hurt his feelings,” Jooheon muttered.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

Jooheon sighed, running a hand over his face. “You honestly don’t get it, do you?”

Minhyuk only offered him a blank stare. The younger sighed and collapsed into the armchair that Hyungwon had occupied earlier during his visit. “Can’t you see that Hyunwoo-hyung likes you? He’s jealous and hurt, hyung. You can’t be in the same room with him without arguing and we thought it was because you resented him for being my soulmate too, that you didn’t want to share me.”

Minhyuk’s eyes were blown wide when he tried to answer, but Jooheon merely cut him off with a wave of his hand. “And now a mere stranger comes into our lives, another soulmate of mine, and you’re absolutely fine with it. You even like him and I don’t mean as friends, hyung. I mean as in you want to go on cute, amusement park dates with him and walk on the boardwalk while holding
“What’s your point, Jooheon?”

Jooheon bristled at Minhyuk’s tone, but answered his question anyways. “My point is, Hyunwoo-hyung is jealous because he wants you to feel like that about him too! Why do you hate him so much, hyung? Is it really because he’s so clumsy and spilling things on you all the time and ruining your clothes? You do know that I deal with that too and still love him just as much as I love you, right?”

“He’s your soulmate! Of course you love him, Joohoney,” Minhyuk groaned, his hands running through his hair. “But I don’t hate him. I’ve never hated him. He just—”

“He just what, hyung?”

“He makes me so angry!” Minhyuk shouted, his voice going shrill like it always did when he was frustrated.

Jooheon gave the older a few seconds to catch his breath before he asked in his most calming voice, “Why does he make you angry?”

“Because he isn’t mine! Don’t you see Jooheon? He’s your soulmate and so am I, but he’s not mine. Shouldn’t he be my soulmate too? So that I can just fucking love him freely without second guessing his feelings.” Minhyuk was crying by then and Jooheon had slowly crawled over to the elder who sat on the couch.

“You love Hyunwoo-hyung?” Jooheon asked, his voice barely above a whisper as he let his hands trail up and down the length of Minhyuk’s arms.

Minhyuk stared up at the younger and shot him an exasperated “duh” look. “Of course I do. Why the hell else would I put with him for so long and move into this apartment with the both of you? Joohoney, I love you both so much and I’m honestly just shit at this whole multiple soulmates thing.”

Jooheon used his thumbs to wipe most of the elder’s tears away. “That’s fine, hyung. Soulmates aren’t meant to make sense and just because hyung isn’t your soulmate too doesn’t mean that your feelings for him aren’t as valid as your feelings for me.”

“How can you be so calm about this?”

The younger laughed. “Because I’m still hoping you’ll tell me why you openly like Hyungwon so much, but can’t even look in hyung’s direction without seeing red.”

Minhyuk sighed and withdrew from the younger’s embrace. “Back in Gwangju, we were the best of friends and then we dated for a little while before I moved to Seoul. He started his modeling career soon after and then he started showing up to every one of my recitals.”

“Why didn’t you mention this before, hyung?”

“I felt guilty. I didn’t know how to bring him up in a conversation without revealing that I still sort of had feelings for him and it felt like I was cheating on you in some really absurd way that didn’t make a lot of sense. So I just didn’t mention him and hoped he’d stop coming to my recitals.” The blonde man shrugged, his face still stained with dried tear tracks that flowed down his cheeks.

“Does he still come to your recitals?”
“Every single one. He hasn’t missed any of them.”

Jooheon laughed. “This must be like Christmas for you then, huh, hyung? Having your ex delivered to you on a silver platter because your boyfriend is such a soulmate slut.”

Minhyuk’s hands gripped tightly onto Jooheon’s wrists. “Don’t say that, Joohoney. You’re not a soulmate slut. You’re not a slut in any shape or form.”

“I was only kidding, hyung.”

“I know, but please don’t say things like that anymore. You having multiple people meant for you is honestly incredible. Don’t see it as something bad. It’s really not. If anything, I’m really happy that other people get to see you the same way I do, appreciate you the same way I do, love you the same way I do. You’re amazing, Joohoney. Having multiple soulmates isn’t bad or wrong because you brought all of us together and you keep us together too. That takes a lot of strength, dealing with so many people at the same time. But you manage it just fine and I’m so proud of you, Jooheon.”

Jooheon blinked, a bit surprised, but then made up for it by leaning in and kissing the elder tenderly on the lips. “I promise not to joke about it again, hyung. I love you just as much, but I think there’s someone else you should probably talk to about your feelings too.”

Minhyuk sighed and nodded. “You’re right. Can you call hyung and see where he’s at, please?”

“Of course.”

When the younger finally got Hyunwoo on the phone, he realized that the snow had begun to fall heavily and tried to remember if the elder had taken gloves with him when he left earlier.

“Joohoney.”

Jooheon sighed in relief when the elder’s gruff voice greeted him after the twelfth time of trying to get a hold of him. “Hyung! Where are you? Are you alright?”

The younger put his phone on speaker and brought a finger up to his lips to signal Minhyuk about keeping quiet.

“No,” Hyunwoo responded, his voice breaking.

Minhyuk was at Jooheon’s side in a flash, his expression contorted with worry.

“Hyung, what’s wrong?” Jooheon asked.

And then the eldest sobbed into the phone and Jooheon felt his heart splutter. “Hyung?”

“Why d-doesn’t he like me, Joo-Joohoney? Do I d-disgust him? Am I that a-annoying?”

“No, hyung. You’re not annoying and Minhyuk-hyung isn’t disgusted by you. Don’t think that!”

“But it’s true!” Hyunwoo sobbed.

Jooheon shot Minhyuk a pointed look. “No, it’s not. Hyung, where are you?”

“Fountain,” came the elder’s sniffled response and Jooheon felt a hot flash of burning, white pain flare up in his chest around the area where his heart should be.

“I’ll be right there, alright, hyung?” Jooheon motioned towards the door and practically shot lasers
“You’re not coming here for the uni?” Jooheon honestly wondered how he was even able to speak coherently at that moment when he could feel his heart dropping into his stomach.

“No. I’m going back to the States for school, hyung,” Changkyun’s tinny voice accompanied the pixelated image of him in a white tank top on the screen of Jooheon’s laptop.

“But, you said—Kyunnie, it’s been years. I thought—Why?” Jooheon struggled to come up with complete sentences.

Changkyun sighed, the sound a bit distorted and robotic thanks to Jooheon’s shitty wifi. “Hyung, I’m more comfortable here in the States, at least school-wise. I know that if I come back to Korea and go to the uni there, I’m not going to finish getting my degree.”

“Kyunnie, I—”

“It’s not forever. I’m going to get my bachelor’s here and then fly to you and work on my doctorate’s. My dad just has a lot of connections here in the States that are going to help me a lot in the long run.”

“But, it’s been years, Kyunnie. I haven’t seen you since you were six! And now you’re going off to the uni and I miss you like hell. Changkyun, I miss you so much.” Jooheon didn’t know when he started crying, but there was no mistaking the trail of tears that were flowing out from the corners of his eyes.

Changkyun’s voice was soft and Jooheon didn’t know if he was crying too, but the sniffling sounds that the younger was making seemed to point in that direction. “I miss you too. More than you realize, but this is about my career—my future—and please understand that I have to do this, hyung. I want to do this, Joohoney.”

Even while crying, Jooheon managed to smile at the stupid nickname that he had once hated so much. “I do understand. I just—I don’t know how I’m going to survive another four years without you. It’s been so long since we played in my backyard and hell, do you remember the look on my mom’s face when you kissed me good bye?”

“Of course I do, hyung,” Changkyun was laughing and sniffling at the same time and Jooheon was only minorly concerned about how the younger’s airways were able to handle that. “It was like she’d seen God or an angel or something.”
“She was so happy… I was so happy. I was eight and you were six and we’d just found out that we were soulmates, but you kissing me felt right, Kyunnie. I-I just really miss you. Come back to me as soon as you can, yeah?” Jooheon felt dumb about crying and lifting his hand up so it looked like he was reaching out for the younger, but he smiled when Changkyun mimicked the action and smiled right back at him.

Because somewhere along the way, Jooheon and Changkyun’s friendship had turned into something else. Jooheon’s late night phone calls were Changkyun’s early morning calls. Their Skype calls were usually planned, but when they weren’t, neither of the two wasted any time in answering the other. They were there for each other. Changkyun gave his hyung advice on whatever he needed help on and Jooheon, in return, was understanding and supportive of Changkyun’s intended career in science. On those days when Minhyuk nor Hyunwoo could console him, Changkyun somehow managed. And when Hyungwon slotted himself into Jooheon’s life, Changkyun had still been there, had still been the only one who could comfort him when his other soulmates couldn’t. Changkyun had been with Jooheon the longest and somewhere along the way, Jooheon had fallen in love with his best friend.

“Four years are going to fly right by, hyung. Just you wait,” Changkyun responded, his hands wiping the tears off his cheeks and Jooheon fingers twitched.

He wished he could just pull the younger through the screen and wipe his tears for him instead.

“I love you, Kyunnie. Be good and don’t let yourself get too stressed out over school, alright?”

The younger smiled and nodded. “I won’t, hyung. I promise to take care of myself. I love you, Joohoney.”

Jooheon smiled at the ridiculous nickname again and quickly bade the younger a farewell before an all too familiar burn flared up in the crease of his elbow. He looked down at his arm and used his other hand to wipe his remaining tears away so he could see better because Jooheon had just gained another fucking soulmate. From the purple flock of birds that symbolized his platonic connection with Changkyun, one single, black bird was now flying towards the trees instead of away like the others. Jooheon didn’t know how to react, it wasn’t common for platonic soulmates to recreate themselves as romantic ones, but it had happened. Changkyun was both his platonic and romantic soulmate now. And Jooheon let out a sigh a relief he hadn’t known he’d been holding all that time. Changkyun would be back with him soon, the black bird was proof. His bird would be home and all would be well for Jooheon again.

His phone chimed and he opened the KakaoTalk message to find a photo of Changkyun’s new, identical tattoo in the group chat. Jooheon snapped a photo of his own tattoo and waited as an influx of messages came in (mostly from Hyungwon claiming they just had to celebrate and that he knew just the place, but there was also one single selfie from Minhyuk and Hyunwoo where both of them we’re giving a thumbs up to the camera). The younger laughed at his phone and agreed to whatever ridiculous plan Hyungwon had set up, only disgruntled a teeny tiny bit when the eldest two declined and claimed they had a lot of nights spent cuddling to make up for.

Although, he did regret it a few hours later when he and Hyungwon were standing in front of a strip club.

“What—” the younger spluttered, his voice failing him.

“I’m going to personally throttle, be-head, and exsanguinate Kim Namjoon once I get my hands on him,” Hyungwon growled.
“You got directions to a strip club from Kim Namjoon? Are you fucking insane?”

“Listen,” Hyungwon began. “I thought he was sending us to a damn spa! Not this place!”

“How the hell did you confuse a spa for a strip club?” Jooheon shrieked.

Hyungwon sighed and ran a hand through his perfectly styled hair. “Look, we’re here and there’s a bar inside and how about we just go in and I buy you some drinks and we ignore the men in thongs who are prancing around on stage?”

“Who’s driving us home if we’re going to drink?”

“You’re going to drink. I’m going to stay like ninety-five percent sober for the night.”

“Ninety-five percent?”

“You can’t expect me to say no to a good cup of soju.”

Jooheon sighed. “I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

Hyungwon let out a happy-sounding chirp and took the younger’s hand. He led them inside the strip club, flashing a megawatt smile and slipping some won towards the security guard at the door to let them in. “It’ll be fun and come on, we just have to celebrate! It isn’t every day that your platonic soulmate suddenly turns into your romantic one—trust me, I searched it up on Naver to make sure.”

Jooheon couldn’t help laughing or quickly pulling the elder in for a kiss before Hyungwon dragged him over to the bar.

A few shots later and Jooheon was absolutely fucked. Hyungwon had had one single beer before he switched to ginger ale and kept a firm hand on Jooheon’s thigh at the bar. Plenty of strippers had approached them, but Hyungwon had batted them away with one single, piercing look and Jooheon was too out of it to even notice the dark haired man in black briefs and a ripped white T-shirt that was slowly inching his way towards the pair at the bar.

“I’m going to the bathroom!” Hyungwon shouted over the thumping music. “Don’t move a muscle!”

“Aye, aye, Captain!” Jooheon yelled, drunkenly miming a salute before Hyungwon was pressing his perfect fucking lips to the younger’s and, alright, maybe Jooheon had let out a breathy, little whimper when the elder pushed in forcefully against him, but if anybody asked, he would vehemently deny that fact until the day he died.

“Be back soon,” Hyungwon spoke directly into Jooheon’s ears, the pressure of his hand on Jooheon’s thigh disappearing as he pulled away.

Jooheon watched Hyungwon leave, blinking in a daze. His drunken mind took what he hoped was fully detailed notes about the exact way that the elder’s hips swayed when he walked, then measured the exact length of Hyungwon’s long, long legs, and appreciated the slender body that helped Hyungwon be the successful model that he was. And with the success came connections. Connections that definitely would help Jooheon break into the mainstream with his music, but for the moment, he was content with the intense, underground rap battles that he absolutely conquered every other week or so.

And then all too suddenly, Jooheon felt the heat of another body beside him and slowly turned in his seat to meet the gaze of the dark-haired stripper who’d been slowly encroaching on him.
“Hello,” Jooheon’s voice was gruff and he didn’t know how he was even able to speak properly because everything was beginning to blur together and was the guy beside him gorgeous or what?

“Hi, sweetheart.” Fuck. Jooheon was so fucking fucked because the guy was shooting him a wide grin and Jooheon just wanted to lean and kiss this gorgeous random stranger on the nose and tell him how beautiful he was. “Can I talk you into a dance?”

Jooheon nodded, because fuck yeah this guy could give him a lapdance. Jooheon was way too drunk to be dealing with this type of crap and Hyungwon still hadn’t returned so the younger reasoned that he may as well enjoy himself, at least a little bit.

“No touching or my dear friend here,” the gorgeous man in the ripped shirt stuck a thumb out in the bartender’s direction who was shooting Jooheon the death glare. “Will chase you out of here at gunpoint. Got it?”

“Uh, yeah. Alright,” Jooheon stuttered and seriously how the hell was he even able to speak? The world was bright, sparkly, and fucking spinning and Jooheon was about to lose his shit, but then the stripper straddled his thighs and Jooheon lost his train of thought for awhile. He most definitely had a semi in his jeans already and fuck, why had he drank so many shots? Why had Hyungwon let him drink so much? And speaking of Hyungwon, where in the fuck was Jooheon’s lousy excuse of a soulmate at and why hadn’t he came back from the bathroom yet? It didn’t take that goddamn long to take a fucking piss. And shit, how come this guy’s ass fit so fucking perfectly in Jooheon’s lap that it was downright unfair?

“Your thighs are honestly the best I’ve ever seen.”

Great, now a stripper was complimenting Jooheon on his thighs. Where the hell was Hyungwon?

Jooheon only grunted in response because Jesus fuck, the way this guy was working his hips should have been downright illegal.

Then the man reached behind him to grip onto Jooheon’s bare arms and Jooheon barely noticed the flash of light and the bang that followed. The man had gone completely still in Jooheon’s lap and Jooheon didn’t even feel the burn on his arm, but he knew what had happened. Somewhere in his fucked up state, his brain had recognized the signs and signals and gave Jooheon the simple output of it all. This stripper was another one of his soulmates and when the guy slowly raised their arms up to compare, Jooheon barely made out the moon tattooed in black ink that hovered above his forest.

“So, s-soulmate?” Jooheon slurred, his vision dizzy.

“I suppose so,” the man who sat in his lap answered, his voice barely loud enough to be heard over the music.

“Guess that makes five now,” Jooheon said to himself, or at least that’s what he had thought in his head and had tried to speak aloud, but had only gotten a gurgle instead.

“I leave for five minutes and you already got a stripper. Christ, Joohoney,” Hyungwon’s voice startled the younger, but the man on his lap stayed put and gripped onto Jooheon’s arm tighter to keep him in place.

Jooheon didn’t really understand what was going on in that moment, but he did make out the hand that belonged to Hyungwon as he reached out to trace the new tattoo on Jooheon’s forearm.

“Two soulmates in one day, you must be on a roll, Joohoney,” Hyungwon laughed as he moved his
hand to hover over Jooheon’s new soulmate’s arm. “May I…?”

“Wonho,” Jooheon’s soulmate said, then nodded his head in response to Hyungwon’s question. “Well, actually it’s Hoseok, but Wonho is what every one calls me here and—”

But Hoseok never finished his sentence because as soon as Hyungwon had let his fingers brush against the pale skin of his forearm where the new tattoo lay, another flash of light and bang rang out around them. Jooheon was drunk out of his mind, sure, but he still felt more than saw what had happened.

“No way.” Jooheon’s vision was absolutely fucked, yet his voice still worked enough to manage muttering out his disbelief when Hoseok drew his arm away from Hyungwon’s fingers.

A thicket of trees identical to the ones that decorated Jooheon’s own arm now were inked onto Hoseok’s forearm and a moon hung over the trees on Hyungwon’s arm.

“Do you mind coming back to our apartment with us? There’s a lot we need to talk about,” Hyungwon held his hand out for Hoseok to take.

“I’d love that.” Hoseok took it without question and stood up from Jooheon’s lap, then looked towards the bartender who was shooting them concerned glares. “Tell Jae I left early. Soulmate business.”

The bartender nodded and Hoseok drew his attention back towards Hyungwon who was helping Jooheon up from his seat.

“Yeah. We would love tha—” The rest of Jooheon’s sentence was cut off when he doubled over and threw up all over the floor of the strip club that Hyungwon had mistakenly took for a spa.

He only had Kim Namjoon to thank for that.

 Thankfully, Changkyun’s gift had came just in time for Jooheon’s graduation. And though it wasn’t what the elder truly wanted (he would have preferred a lanky, shy Changkyun with a pretty red bow on top), he still appreciated the new soundboard that Changkyun and Changkyun’s father had sent.

His graduation ceremony was boring, but when he was being escorted by his four soulmates to the new penthouse apartment that Hyungwon had been trying to get them to move into for months, Jooheon felt something rise in his chest. It was an inexplicable feeling, yet something about the way that his soulmates were looking at him with pure pride in their soft gazes made him feel warm. Jooheon was on cloud nine and he couldn’t help the feeling of giddiness that was engulfing him.

It was for that reason Jooheon didn’t object to Hoseok pushing him up against a wall and pinning him there with his hips while Hyungwon got to work on shedding him of his clothes. He didn’t object to Hyunwoo marking up his throat and Minhyuk slowly scissoring him open either. It wasn’t the first time that Jooheon had had sex with any of them, but that night was the first time he’d had sex with all of them.

Though the next day his ass was particularly sore and his limbs felt unhinged, body like jelly, Jooheon still thought that waking up in the new, enormous bed beside his naked soulmates who were
tangled together was something he didn’t think he would ever forget.

And then Jackson was banging on his front door, dragging Mark and Jinyoung into the penthouse after him as he made himself at home in Jooheon’s new, sparkly kitchen demanding that he and his boyfriends be fed. Life had a funny way of slapping Jooheon awake and the dreamy feeling he’d had when he woke up was gone when Jackson came yelling through his front door.

At least Hyungwon had the decency to wait a week before telling Jooheon that he’d hooked him up with an interview at a company called Starship Entertainment. Jooheon was suddenly shoved into adult life (and a nice outfit that Hyungwon had put together for him). The most embarrassing thing though was he was literally having his hand held during his first work interview (Hoseok had refused to let the younger go by himself since Minhyuk and Hyunwoo were going to be busy at Minhyuk’s new ballet studio and Hyungwon had pulled enough strings that allowed the elder to accompany Jooheon).

But the interview had gone well, better than Jooheon had even expected. Things were bustling inside the company, no one took a break. Jooheon liked that. He also liked the recording rooms he’d been shown and he also liked how welcoming the people working there were.

Though he probably liked the praise he received from a rapper with the stage name of Mad Clown even more.

“Please call me Dongrim-hyung,” the senior rapper had gushed after hopping into Jooheon’s interview when it was reaching its end.

Jooheon took the hand that Dongrim offered him and gave him a wide smile, much more relaxed now that his interview was over. “Jooheon. Nice to meet you.”

“Oh, it is definitely nice to meet you! Hyungwon-ssi asked me to accompany him to one of your underground performances last month and I was amazed,” Dongrim grinned and shook Jooheon’s hand longer than was necessary. “I’m one hundred percent sure you’re going to get the job and I hope you enjoy working here.”

“Thank you so much, hyung!” The younger couldn’t help but grin, then quickly ushered Hoseok forward when he caught sight of the pout that his soulmate was sporting from being ignored. “This is Hoseok-hyung, by the way. He’s one of my soulmates.”

Dongrim reluctantly let go of Jooheon’s hand to shake Hoseok’s instead. “Nice to meet you. You must be very proud of Jooheon-ah.”

Hoseok gave the older man a dashing smile. “Oh, we all are. I trust you to take care of our Joohoney while he works here.”

Jooheon sucked his teeth at the dumb nickname and let out a groan when Dongrim responded, “I personally will make sure that Joohoney wants for naught for while working here.”

Hoseok nodded and gave the rapper a polite smile before tugging Jooheon more firmly into his side. “We should get going. The others are waiting for us back home. They want to know how the interview went.”

“I’ll see you soon, Joohoney! It was nice meeting you in person today,” Dongrim excitedly shook Jooheon’s hand again before he turned on his heel and retreated back into his own personal studio that Jooheon had walked past during his tour of the company.

Hoseok was quick to turn to Jooheon and give him a teasing remark. “Seems like someone else is
already in love with you. Whatever shall we do?”

Jooheon laughed. “Hyung, stop it. Come on, let's go home.”

Hoseok grinned, pecked Jooheon soundly on the lips then led the way down the hall. “Still, you can't deny that he's absolutely starstruck by you.”

“I think it was more of just fascination, hyung. There's really nothing that would make someone starstruck about me.”

Hoseok gave a little tsk, and Jooheon forcibly motioned towards the two people who were walking towards them. A girl with short black hair, a much too skinny frame and a wide, smitten smile directed towards the man beside her who was plainly an idol, if the way he walked like he owned the place gave anything away. He was handsome, incredibly so, and short, but Jooheon found his height endearing.

“I could imagine people being starstruck by him,” Jooheon drew Hoseok’s attention towards the pair at the end of the hall. “I mean, even that girl obviously likes him, hyung. But I'm just plain me, I'm no star and I don’t really want to be one.”

“But you're my star,” Hoseok gave the younger a tender smile. “And I'm your moon. So we're even. Now shut up and enjoy the flattery.”

Jooheon laughed, but his laugh was overridden by the shrill laughter of the girl from before who was laughing dramatically at something that the man beside her had said. They were closer to Jooheon now, almost a foot away, so when the girl playfully pushed the man with just a bit more force than was necessary, Jooheon wasn't all that surprised to have the man be shoved into him.

He was surprised, however, when his hands reached out to steady the man by his elbows, his arms bare, and a flash of light and a bang rang out between them.

Hoseok was the first to react in the stunned silence that followed. He grabbed both their arms to compare the new, matching tattoos. In Jooheon’s trees was now a nest. The man before him had a similar tattoo, but not exactly since he was missing most of the trees. He had only the surrounding area of the nest filled with leaves and treetops in the background. Hoseok smiled at the nest tattooed in black ink anyways.

“Soulmates,” he proclaimed. “When Hyunwoo-hyung told me you're prone to picking up soulmates in the strangest of places, I only half believed him, considering we met in that strip club I used to work in, but now, yeah, I can totally see what he meant.”

Jooheon’s face was blazing red. “Hyung, shut up. You'll scare him away.”

The girl who’d been walking down the hall with Jooheon’s new soulmate spoke up, and Jooheon really wished she hadn't. “Of course, he’s gay. No wonder he wouldn't catch onto any of the hints I gave.”

Hoseok and Jooheon both looked up to glare at her for the malice in her tone, but she only shrugged then continued on her way down the hall and away from the trio.

“Well now that she's gone,” Hoseok muttered under his breath before shooting a dazzling smile in the man’s direction. “I'm Hoseok, and this lovely man beside me that you’ve just intertwined your entire life with is Jooheon. Call him Joohoney though, he loves it.”

Jooheon shot him a glare. “I do not.”
“Oh, but when Changkyun calls you it, it's totally and completely fine, isn't it?”

“Shut up, hyung,” Jooheon muttered under his breath.

“What was that? I can't hear you,” Hoseok teased in a sing-song voice.

Their banter was interrupted when Jooheon’s new soulmate let out a squawk.

“Hey, he's a bird!” Hoseok exclaimed excitedly. “No wonder your tattoos are a nest. The bird needs a home.”

Jooheon didn't miss the way that Hoseok’s gaze had turned soft near the end of his sentence.

“Hyung, he’s my soulmate. Stop trying to make a move on him.”

“Minhyuk-ah and Hyunwoo-hyung are also your soulmates, but I don't see you complaining when I'm sucking Minhyuk’s cock and fucking Hyunwoo at the same time.”

“Hyung!”

“What? I'm just saying.”

“Oh my god.”

“You do what?” The man asked, his voice hoarse and sounding strangled.

“I suck and fu—” Hoseok began.

“He does kinky shit. Just ignore him for now,” Jooheon clamped his hand over Hoseok’s mouth.

“Um, can I know what your name is?”

“Yoo Kihyun.”

“Kihyun,” Jooheon smiled, fighting to keep his hand over Hoseok’s mouth. “I'm Lee Jooheon. This is my other soulmate, Shin Hoseok. He doesn't know when to keep things to himself.”

Hoseok managed to get Jooheon’s hand away from his mouth. “On the contrary, if he's your soulmate, that means he’ll be around often, also meaning that out kinky orgies just got kinkier and bigger.”

“Hyung!”

But Kihyun only laughed and nodded his head. “He does have a point.”

“Not you too!”

The eldest laughed and threw a companionable arm over Kihyun’s shoulders. “Come on. Come back with us to our place and I’ll show you exactly what I mean.”

Kihyun gave a nervous cough and shot Jooheon with a pointed look. Jooheon was quick to dive in between the two.

“Hyung, Kihyunnie is my soulmate. You will not disturb his innocence until he is one hundred certain about it,” Jooheon stared daggers at Hoseok, then turned to look at Kihyun who was blushing a furious red at the endearing name Jooheon had just called him. “But would you mind coming back to our place? We have a lot to talk about and I'm sure the others would love to meet you.”
Kihyun gave Jooheon a dazzling smile. “I’d love that, Joohoney.”

Jooheon groaned at the old nickname.

“Jackson’s going to have a field day with this one,” Hoseok teased.

“Shut up, hyung,” Jooheon smiled and quickly gave the elder a peck on the lips before Kihyun took his hand and started to lead the way down the hall.

“I think my life just got a bit more interesting,” Kihyun shot over his shoulder.

Jooheon smiled. “I think ours did too.”

Living with five other people might have been a burden if someone didn't have a person like Hyungwon as one of their soulmates.

Hyungwon was overly kind and generous, at least when he wasn't acting cold or aloof. Through his modeling career, he’d gained many connections and a lot of wealth. Most of the time, he never hesitated to use them. This was old news to Jooheon, but he still wondered almost daily how his life would be if he didn't have Hyungwon.

For one, he wouldn't have a bed or a living space big enough to fit all of them. His refrigerator wouldn't be chock full of food and he wouldn't have gotten his job as a producer at Starship if it hadn't been for Hyungwon either. Minhyuk and Hyunwoo wouldn't have been able to kick start Minhyuk’s ballet studio if it hadn't been for the investment from that dance company Hyungwon used to work for before becoming a model. Hoseok would still be taking night shifts at the strip club Jooheon had met him in if it wasn't for Hyungwon offering to pay for Hoseok’s classes at the uni. Kihyun would be living off ramen and other microwaveable foods instead of the fresh fruits, vegetables, and meat that Hyungwon specifically stocked their kitchen with for Kihyun alone.

Suffice to say, Hyungwon was their backbone and it was clear why he had gotten trees when Jooheon had met him. He stood firm and his connections to others help Jooheon hang on.

Then there was Hoseok, Hyungwon and Jooheon’s soulmate. He was different from Hyungwon in many ways. Jooheon liked to lean on him the most when he felt that his negative thoughts and feelings were trying to suffocate him.

Hoseok was light and airy and he never failed to shed some light on a difficult or dark situation. Jooheon liked him. He was kind. He was sweet. He was very open about his feelings, but he was overly subconscious about his body.

It took months for Hoseok to talk himself into getting a job as a stripper. He did it for the money. But he hated how he looked. He complained that he was just too big. He liked his muscles and pecs just fine, but when it came to his abdomen and his lanky limbs, Hoseok shied away from remarks made about them. It was generally why he always insisted on wearing baggy T-shirts with everything. Jooheon didn't push him about it. Everyone had things they weren't completely confident about. Hoseok’s thing just happened to be his body.

But it was fine. Jooheon and the others had made it their mission a long time ago to get Hoseok to understand how much they loved him and not his body. When the others began to make grand
gestures about dwarfing their own bodies, Hoseok caught on to what they had planned and trumped them all by taking to walking around the house naked.

Afterwards, he quit his job at the strip club, not because the others had pressured him, but because he finally had the money to start his law classes at the uni.

By then it was clear that the light which Hoseok shined depended upon the light of others, like how the moon depended on the sun to shine at night.

Minhyuk was similar to Hoseok in a few ways. They were both kind and understanding and they both were skilled in dance. But by then, the similarities ended.

Jooheon’s first boyfriend was as delicate as he was sturdy. He was graceful and fought for his own. He was both socially and sexually dominant and when it came down to it, he was ready to fight whenever one of his loved ones was being threatened. Minhyuk was a force of nature and Jooheon felt very protective of him.

Minhyuk was exactly like the stag that decorated their forearms. He was strong, he defended his own, and he stood his ground, the ground being Hyunwoo.

Hyunwoo was the eldest of them all and with that title came the responsibility of taking care of them all. Everyone centered themselves around the eldest. He was calm, cool, and collected. It was this that helped him make important business decisions concerning the ballet studio that he had opened up with Minhyuk two years before.

In the years that Jooheon had known him, Hyunwoo had only cried five times. The first time when he’d broken down and begged Jooheon to fuck him senseless, the second time when Minhyuk welcomed Hyungwon with open arms, the third and fourth time when Minhyuk and Jooheon graduated and he was overwhelmed with pride, and the last time when Minhyuk had bottomed out in him for the first time, balls deep in the elder.

A lot of things didn't affect the elder emotionally, but it was because he was scared. If he broke down, everyone else would come crumbling down with him too. He couldn't afford to let his emotions run free. Hyunwoo grounded them all and without him they’d be a mess.

Kihyun, though new, was something they’d been missing. Whenever he wasn't busy with his idol duties, he was cooking dinner for six in the kitchen, he was cleaning four rooms, and he was nagging at the others like a mother telling her children to pick up after themselves.

Kihyun had been with them for over a year already and he was clearly adept for home life. Jooheon could even see the elder child rearing, but he didn't expect for Kihyun to give up being an idol any time soon. His voice was amazing, it was wonderful, it was filled with emotion and Jooheon couldn't see Kihyun having a career that didn't include singing in it. Singing was Kihyun’s life.

None of the others minded that Kihyun had a busy schedule and sometimes left the country for a few weeks at a time before coming back to them. He hadn't officially moved into the penthouse with them, but his clothes were in the large closet that took up the entire room Hyungwon had redesigned. His yellow toothbrush stood beside the other five in the main bathroom. His toiletries were hidden under the sink so Hoseok wouldn't use them while he was away (he still did). There was a pillow with a Kihyun-shaped dent in it in their massive bed. And there were three pairs of extra shoes with the initials YK on the tags right by their front door. All that stood between Kihyun officially moving in with them was bringing whatever keepsakes he had back at the dorms he shared with trainees and another solo artist to their penthouse apartment and buying a bigger table to fit them all.
Kihyun had never really had a home to begin with though. His parents had abandoned him with his abusive aunt when he was a toddler and he had run away to the companies when he was twelve. He’d been a trainee for six to seven years, jumping from company to company until he finally debuted as a solo artist with Starship. Sometimes Jooheon thought that the elder would hightail his way out of their lives because he wasn’t used to being in one place for so long. But Kihyun was home. He’d fought for his own since he was young and it didn't matter where he went because Kihyun was secure in the fact that home wasn't a place. Kihyun didn't need anyone else to be his home either, he was his own home. Jooheon cried silently when Kihyun had told him of his past, but when Hoseok and Minhyuk enveloped the idol in a tight hug that resulted in the others joining in, something warm swelled in his heart.

Kihyun might have been on the move for most of his life, but when Jooheon woke up to him cooking in the kitchen or vacuuming in the spare bedroom, he couldn't help but think that domestic life suited the elder.

And Kihyun, he was home for all of them.

Which only left Changkyun, the single, tiny bird who was fighting to get home. To get back to the nest.

Jooheon had a sneaking suspicion that when Changkyun finally returned in the year to come, he and Kihyun would be soulmates as well. There was no way that Jooheon could ignore the symbolism of his tattoos, and he couldn't ignore the fact that Changkyun was a bird and Kihyun the nest. It only made sense to theorize that they would be soulmates as well.

Changkyun was flighty. He was afraid of commitment and he had told Jooheon the very same thing years ago. But before being romantic soulmates, they’d been platonic ones instead. Meaning that before anything else, Changkyun was his best friend. They had stayed together for more years than Jooheon could count, even with the thousands of miles between them. That was something that neither of the two took lightly. Somewhere along the way they’d fallen in love and Jooheon had never looked back.

But Changkyun had. He didn't know what he wanted. Jooheon had tried to help him the best he could, yet in the end, it'd been Changkyun’s father who’d set everything straight. Jooheon had been informed of Changkyun’s father talking with the younger for an entire night. When morning had come, Changkyun had called him on Skype, sleep deprived, a bit delirious, and still as handsome as ever to tell him about his plans for the uni.

Jooheon understood though and that was finally when their platonic bond turned romantic.

He was still young and he had his whole life ahead of him, but Jooheon knew that there was nobody else. There were no other soulmates. It was him, it was Changkyun, it was Minhyuk, it was Hyunwoo, it was Hyungwon, it was Hoseok, it was Kihyun, and it was all of them together. Nothing more and nothing less.

He couldn't wait until his bird came home.

“I'm gonna miss you like hell, man,” Jooheon was sort of kind of close to tears.
Of course if Jackson asked, he would deny it like the tough guy he was, but even tough men cried and Jooheon took comfort in that fact as he let only a few tears slip out from his tear ducts.

“I’ll miss you too, more than you know,” Jackson was bawling openly, his hands tangled into the fabric of Jooheon’s sweater.

Jinyoung and Mark stood behind Jackson, their bags in hand, and arms linked together as they waited for the younger to finish saying goodbye.

Jooheon swiped his sleeve across his nose. “I’ll miss all three of you. You guys were— are some of the truest friends I’ve ever had. I’m sad to see you go.”

Jackson laughed and pulled Jooheon into his embrace. “This isn’t goodbye forever. You still have to come to the wedding. And when Kihyun-hyung is having tours in the States, you’re going to be with him so you can visit us at our place in LA with Mark’s parents.”

“And if I don’t?” Jooheon smiled through his tears, having given up on the pretense of pretending not to cry.

“I’ll murder your firstborn. Don’t test me. I expect yearly visits and if you don’t come to me, then I’m coming to you, you ass,” Jackson’s threat was empty and both men knew it, but Jooheon played along anyways.

“Why would you murder your god child? You are one heartless son of a bitch.”

Jackson slapped his arm playfully. “Shut up. I would never murder anyone, let alone my god ch— Oh my god. My god child. Are you serious?”

“Of course. Who else is going to teach my future child about the dangers of hair dye and not matching their clothing?”

“I love you.”

“I love you just as much.”

They stood before one another for a few silent moments until Jinyoung coughed awkwardly behind them and Jooheon pulled Jackson in for one last hug before he let go.

“I have to go.”

“I know,” Jooheon hesitated before continuing. “I’m sorry the others couldn’t make it. All of them were busy with something that involved the surprise that Changkyun got me.”

But Jackson only gave him an amused smile in return. “Oh, no. They’re here.”

“What?”

“Look behind you, Joohoney.”

When he turned, Jooheon wept harder than he ever had before.

Because there, waiting for him to notice them, were his soulmates. All of them.

“Holy shit,” Jooheon whispered under his breath, then turned back to face Jackson again with silent tears streaming down his face. “You knew?”
Jackson smiled and nodded. “We all knew.”

“I can’t believe you guys did this,” Jooheon shook his head, a wide grin plastered across his face.

“Well, believe it. We did it and there’s nothing you can do but go to them. I’ll see you at the wedding, yeah?”

Jooheon nodded and forcefully pulled Jackson into his arms one last time. “Thank you. Take care, Jacky. You’ll always be my best friend.”

“And you mine. Goodbye, Joohoney.”

Jooheon watched Jackson walk away. He watched as his best friend took the hands that his soulmates held out to him and Jooheon smiled because they were happy and that was all he wished for his best friend to have.

And then he turned and ran towards his own soulmates, throwing himself into Changkyun’s arms. Not reacting when an all too familiar flash of light and a bang rang out around them and Jooheon felt the telltale burn on his arm. He pulled back to compare their tattoos and cried because Changkyun’s arm already had the nest tattooed on it. Now the single black bird was perched in its nest, finally at home.

The others converged on them and then everyone was touching him. There was no flash of light or a bang, but they all felt the burn on their arms when they simultaneously touched Jooheon.

Jooheon pulled back to look at his arm and took notice of the new additions. There was a sky now in the background, littered with tons of tiny stars. It was him, looking over the others and making sure they all coexisted peacefully. His soulmates all had Jooheon’s tattoo, the forest floor, the stag, the trees, the moon, the nest, the bird, and the stars. Their tattoos were finally pieced together because together was when they were the most vulnerable, but it was also when they were the strongest.

And to think, all it had taken for them to be interconnected for the rest of their lives was for the bird to return back to its nest.

Jooheon rocked his hips and relished in the moan that Changkyun gave out. He could plainly hear Hoseok and Hyungwon in the shower, having some fun, but the sounds of Minhyuk’s moan from the living room couch seemed to be louder. Of course it was understandable though, it was the first time that Minhyuk had bottomed, and he was doing it for Hyunwoo.

But at the moment, none of that really mattered because it was him and it was Changkyun underneath him, the younger’s fingers digging into his hips as Jooheon set up a slow pace. Changkyun’s moans were breathy, and quiet and they were oh-so-pretty and Jooheon bit his lip to keep from moaning aloud because all he wanted was to hear the younger slowly unravel beneath him.

Then Changkyun was pulling his chest down so they bumped against one another and whispered in his ear, “I want to hear you.”

So Jooheon obliged and let out the whimper that’d been stuck in his throat for the past half hour or so. Changkyun smiled at the noise, nosed a trail along Jooheon’s collarbones and rocked his hips,
eliciting a drawn out moan from the elder.

Kihyun entered the room then, his shirt already off and working on his briefs. He climbed into the bed beside them and grabbed the container of lube that they’d discarded. He covered his fingers in it then leaned in close, curving himself around Jooheon’s back.

“Joohoney,” Kihyun practically moaned in his ear because the sight of Changkyun’s thick cock buried deep within Jooheon was such a sight to behold. “Mind if I join?”

“No,” Jooheon moaned, his hips moving tantalizingly slow against Changkyun. “P-Please do.”

Kihyun smiled and pressed a kiss to the younger’s shoulder blade before he leaned down to swiftly kiss Changkyun’s lips. He pulled back and settled himself on Changkyun’s calves, watching for a moment while the younger slowly rocked himself into Jooheon. He slid a lubed finger into Jooheon’s stuffed hole, right alongside Changkyun’s cock, and shivered when Jooheon let out the most delicious sounding noise he’d ever heard.

He curled his finger and practically drooled at the crude sound that Jooheon made. While Changkyun slowly oscillated himself into Jooheon, Kihyun gradually got three fingers into him working alongside Changkyun’s cock. Then he slipped in a fourth finger and Jooheon thought he lost his sanity.

Everything felt so good and he was so full. Tears leaked out of the corners of his eyes when Kihyun flexed his fingers inside him, scissoring him open and rubbing against his prostate with Changkyun’s cock beside them, driving deeper and deeper into him. He whined when Kihyun pulled his fingers out, but soon let out a choked moan because he could feel every, single centimeter of Kihyun’s cock as it slid in beside Changkyun’s.

“Oh fu－” Jooheon cried, his hands scrambling for purchase on Changkyun’s shoulders, his ass poised in the air with not one, but two of his soulmates’ dicks in him.

They stopped moving for a moment, allowing Jooheon to get used to the feeling of them both in him then moved when Jooheon whined and forcibly pushed his hips down on them both.

Changkyun and Kihyun moaned when they moved at the same time and rubbed against each other. Inside Jooheon it was tight and hot and slicked up with lube, but it was all bare skin against bare skin and Jooheon’s veins felt on fire.

The two rocked themselves into him and set up a fast rhythm when they rubbed against Jooheon’s prostate. Tears were streaming down Jooheon’s face and he was so close, so fucking close he could just see it. He could see the orgasm that was waiting for him.

Changkyun came first, with a shout of Jooheon’s name. His eyes were pinched closed and his body felt like jelly as Jooheon and Kihyun continued to move, chasing their own orgasms.

Kihyun came right after, his eyes half open and a whisper of Changkyun’s name on his lips. His entire body was on fire and Jooheon was still moving, his ass clenching tight on both Changkyun and Kihyun’s cocks.

Then Jooheon came, seeing blinding white, and a mantra of both Kihyun and Changkyun’s names emitting from his lips. He was so goddamn in love with them, all of them and it was in these blissful moments after an orgasm that Jooheon really understood the depth of his love for them all.

All three men collapsed side by side, Changkyun and Kihyun curling around Jooheon, murmuring words into his ears. Changkyun cleaned them up and Kihyun took it upon himself to mark Jooheon’s
collarbones with red and purples flowers.

“We love you so much. You did so well taking us both, Joohoney,” they spoke almost simultaneously and Jooheon was just—out of it.

“You brought us all together and we love you so much.”

Jooheon made a happy-sounding whimper and nuzzled himself into Kihyun’s chest.

The world was bright and he was happy and then his other four lovers were crawling into the bed beside them, kissing him, hugging him, touching him. Jooheon smiled and knew that his plan for dinner was going to be the most biggest and best decision he would ever make.

Even with knowing that it was what he wanted, Jooheon was still a mumbling, shaky mess that had whispered his question at first.

“What?” Minhyuk asked.

But Jooheon was frozen, he couldn't open his mouth. So instead he stood up from his chair at the table and dropped down onto one knee.

“Oh my god,” Hyungwon gasped beside him.

“Is he—?” Hoseok couldn't bring himself to finish.

“Yeah, he is,” Hyunwoo murmured, his gaze soft.

“Holy shit,” Kihyun let out, his eyes hilariously wide.

Except Jooheon wasn't laughing. He was sweating in his ripped jeans and black jumper. He was on one knee, staring expectantly at them all, his jaw locked and hands uselessly by his side.

“So are you just gonna keep kneeling or are you going to ask us to marry you, hyung?” Changkyun smirked, his gaze tender and tone teasing.

Jooheon’s arms moved by themselves, but he was relieved when the box he’d stored under the table was being dragged out by his hands. Then it was opened and there lay the seven rings Jooheon had bought.

Finally, he was able to speak again when he caught the gazes of the others.

“W-Will you marry m-me?” He stuttered, but he was sure there was nothing more he wanted than them.

“Yes!” Minhyuk practically threw himself over the table and into Jooheon’s lap, settling himself into the embrace of the first man who’d stuck by his side.

Jooheon looked towards the others, pulling out Minhyuk’s ring and sliding it onto the elder’s finger as he did.

Hyunwoo kneeled beside him and nodded, letting Jooheon slide his ring on his finger as well. There were tears in his eyes, but he said nothing as he kissed the younger breathless.

“Of course,” Hyungwon smiled, pressing his lips to Jooheon’s forehead as he sat down beside him, grinning happily when he got his ring.
“Fuck yeah I’ll marry you!” Hoseok jumped at them, his long arms encircling the four men on the floor and waited patiently for Jooheon to put his ring on him as well.

Then Kihyun stepped up and kissed them all before he nodded his head in agreement. “Yeah, I’d love that.”

After Kihyun’s ring was slid onto his finger, all six men stared at Changkyun, waiting for a response.

Changkyun fidgeted, shaking a bit with nerves, but the smile he gave Jooheon was soft and filled to the brim with affection.

“I don’t know why we wouldn’t marry you, but since you’re asking, then yeah, of course I’ll marry you, hyung,” Changkyun coughed out, his face blazin as he plopped down beside them on the floor.

When Jooheon slid the second to last ring onto Changkyun’s finger, the others struggled over putting the last ring in the box on Jooheon’s finger. Somehow they managed though and Jooheon, well, Jooheon was happy.

Though maybe not as happy as Jackson was when Jooheon facetimed him to inform his best friend of the engagement.

But still, Jooheon was happy enough and that was what counted.

❧

It was at age five that he first learned of soulmates.

It was at age eight when he met his first soulmate and at age twenty six when he met his last.

And yeah, people finding their soulmates was pretty rare. It wasn’t unheard of, but it did at one point almost vanish completely. And then it began back up again, different than the last time. People had different types of soulmates. Others had multiple. Some had none. Most still found their soulmate through the tattoo method, and the tattoo method still varied by person. Some people had their soulmate’s name tattooed across their ribs from birth. Some only acquired a matching tattoo, accompanied by a flash of light, when they met their soulmate. And others received a colored tattoo when they met their platonic soulmates. People could end up with a platonic soulmate, a romantic one, both, or none at all. Nothing was set in stone and soulmates were complicated, but that didn’t deter twenty eight year old Lee Jooheon from lying in bed every night with his six husbands who he loved so.

Lee Jooheon had met his soulmates by accident, sure, but maybe that was just how it was meant to be.

And Jooheon wasn’t going to complain because in the end, all of his birds were perched safely in the nest that was his heart.

End Notes
thank you for reading!

tumblr | twt

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