Bad Habits

by Rozlie

Summary

Nakamoto Yuta—an infamously talented drum major of his university’s marching band is the most popular person in his entire campus—well, second only to Lee Taeyong—the star soccer captain.

Despite going to the same university, sharing the same friends and even dating each other's ex-girlfriends...the two are mortal enemies.

Little does the world know that they are suffering from a bad habit—*each other*.

Notes

See the end of the work for *notes*
Chapter Summary

Yeah, this story is nothing like you expected it to be.

Hi, my name is Rozlie. Let's enjoy this together?

Chapter Notes

This is the highest cost,
Take you and make you off
Love you and leave you lost
Will you forgive me?
Assed out all over town
Drags you and keeps you down
Two times in a day around, will you forgive me?
-- "Bad Habits" - Maxwell

First and foremost, all bad habits are bad.

Nakamoto Yuta knows this, but some habits are just too hard to break.

“DM Nakamoto?”

“I’m in here, Doyoungie~” a light, yet masculine voice answered gruffly as drum major Yuta Nakamoto began to brush his teeth rigorously in Seoul National University band room’s private wash. The bathroom was roomy, fitted with multiple sinks and stalls, and probably was Yuta’s favorite reason for camping out in the band room on Saturday afternoons.
Yuta heard the soft steps echo off the bamboo tiles. His dark eyes looked into his flawless reflection; skin was barely tan, no matter how many hours he put into band camp, as much as the sun showers down on his skin. Yuta narrowed his eyes inspecting his short purple hair in a tiny ponytail, his puffy flush lips wrapped around his toothbrush. He was, ready for the quick rehearsal before the match against Dongguk University in a few hours.

A tuft of strawberry red hair bounds from around the corner with a drum major mace and a goofy grin.

“Dr. Byun postponed rehearsal until five. Wanna go to the café and grab dinner?”

Yuta spat out the foam in his mouth before grabbing a cup and rinsing out his mouth.

“Yeah, sure Doyoungie. Who’s coming with us?” Yuta said washing off his brush and placing it in the holder next to the other utensils. Doyoung hissed and scratched the back of his head nervously.

“Uh, the usual…some of the band, swim guys, the football team.”

“Is that little shit going to be there?” Yuta spat impatiently turning around quickly, his teeth baring. Doyoung sighed as he rubbed the bridge of his nose. He knew this would happen.
He freaking knew it.

“Hyung, you know Taeyong-hyung is my best friend, too.”

Yuta sucked his teeth. “But I don’t care; I’m not fucking eating with him. I’m serious.” Yuta said sternly grabbing his towel from the sink and twisting it over his mouth. “I fucking hate him. I’ll just go eat with Winwin.”

“Sicheng's going to be with me and Taeyong. Have you forgotten, hyung? Winwin and Taeyong are best friends too. We literally grew up together.” Doyoung huffed before leaning against the sink next to the angered junior. "You can’t avoid him forever.”

“I have for the past five years and I’ll do it some more,” Yuta said sternly as he walked past Doyoung and out of the bathrooms directly into the band room which was teeming with the two hundred that made up the university’s marching band.

Yuta watched as everyone set their instruments down on their seats and prepared to leave for dinner. Doyoung tailed Yuta weaved through the dancers who stretched their lithe bodies. Doyoung nearly lost Yuta in the sea of bodies before grabbing Yuta’s wrist.
“Yuta-hyung, please. It’s just pizza. You won’t even have to talk to him!” Doyoung hissed before Yuta sucked his teeth and shook his hand free from his best friend’s grip.

Doyoung felt his heart pang as he watched Yuta walk to the podium. He let out an annoyed sigh.

Doyoung didn't know how it happened, but five years ago—he, Taeyong, Winwin, Jaehyun and Yuta were best friends—basically brothers. Inseparable. But somehow—one petty argument turned into a massive turmoil and Yuta and Taeyong got into a gruesome fight and never talked—hell, the two barely could be within the same ten foot radius without one of them leaving. And now, their junior year in college, the two still were mortal enemies. They still have the same friends, dated the same circle of girls and were the most popular people on campus and they didn't even bother to acknowledge each other.

Yuta stood at the podium and blew the whistle that faithfully stays around his neck and the bustling and noisy, spacious band room fell completely still and silent. Yuta stood coolly at the podium, his head held high as he watched the room for the tiniest of movement as he slipped on his sleek, jet black gloves. It’s at moments like this that Yuta thrives in a slight sadistic pleasure at being head drum major. The whole band feared him and he’ll admit… it kinda made his nipples hard. Soon as Yuta was ready to speak he heard a sneeze. He darted his gaze in the general direction and unleashed a smirk.

“Wonu! Twenty-five push-ups.” Yuta spat coldly before a pained whine was heard as Wonu wiped his nose and preceded to the floor. He faced the rest of the ensemble with a small smile.
"Everyone else, relax, sit down." Yuta motioned with his hands before he finished. "I just have a quick announcement before you go out to lunch, din-din—whatever you want to call it," Yuta began as he looked through some of the sheet music on the podium as the band quietly sat, their instruments on their laps.

“Dancers we need to really put some back into the stand routines,” he announced motioning his head to the right where the group of dancers stood in their sweats and tank tops. "Dongguk's girls are curvy where you guys are flat so they’re going to be moving even when they've stopped." Hyuna flipped Yuta off and he blew a kiss at her. "...Um, Doyoung and I will be in the café eating, so please don’t call my phone asking me to repeat what I’m saying now. Don’t get into any trouble and when I get back here at 30 to the hour, everyone better be dressed and ready to get on the buses or I will make the whole band run around the entire stadium WHILE the game is going on. Any questions?” Yuta asked and a hand by the saxophones shot up.

“Yes, Momo?” Yuta called on the freshmen with bright blond hair.

“What songs are we playing tonight, oppa?”

“Um…” Yuta began before he glanced at the sheet music and then to Doyoung as he smiled to his sweetly and batting his thick eyelashes. “What do you want to play tonight?”

Doyoung shrugged his shoulders and rolled his eyes. "Oh, I’m your friend now, Yuta-hyung?”
"You're my forever friend, Doyoungie."

"I'm not sure. We have a huge selection now...let the band decide?"

Yuta nodded his head. “Okay, you guys can play anything in the selection…anything BUT Justin Bieber, One Direction, and absolutely no Super Junior or GFriend.” Yuta said with a grin and the band erupted in laughter before Yuta totted his whistle.

“And don’t screw up tonight because I know for sure we’re playing ‘Bad Habits’ by Maxwell. The drum majors and I worked very hard on our routine for it. If that’s all the questions, all you ugly people are dismissed.”

♡

“So, you’re not going to dinner with us?” Jaehyun asked his best-friend/god-brother/captain as they both left the locker rooms after a long round of scrimmage. Taeyong looked over to his best friend with an annoyed gaze in his chocolate orbs.

This happens every fucking Saturday.

“I said 'no' didn’t I?” Taeyong spat as he hoisted his duffle bag over his broad shoulders. “I don’t like that dumbass. I’ve been screaming the same shit for years and you and Doyoung and the others don’t freaking listen.”
“It’s just in the cafeteria. You won’t have to say anything to him, hyung!” Jaehyun hissed desperately before Taeyong rolled his eyes and continued to walk up the pathway. Jaehyun sighed and grabbed Taeyong by his shoulder turning him around. “Taeyong-hyung, please, I can’t do this any longer!”

“Can’t do what?!” Taeyong shouted, ripping Jaehyun’s hand away from him. “Huh! What can’t you do?!”

“I can’t fucking choose between you and Yuta like this! You’re both family to me! We all used to be best friends! I’m sick of having to choose one or the other! It’s not fucking fair, man!” Jaehyun exclaimed with pleading eyes in the middle of the pathway. Taeyong gritted his teeth.

“Well, it’s not fucking fair that I have to be around someone I don’t like--constantly!” Taeyong dropped his duffle bag and shook his head in total disgust. "We both don’t want to be around each other, but all you and Ten, Doyoung and Winwin want to do is make us like each other, and fuck Jae—that's not happening!"

“Fuck this—what don’t you like about Yuta-hyung?! He’s cool and nice and has never said a mean thing to you since!”
Taeyong looked into Jaehyun's pleading bright eyes. Jaehyun was begging without uttering a word. Taeyong looked over his shoulder to see that there were students watching them intently. Taeyong sucked his teeth.

“You know what? Fine. I’ll fucking eat at the café with you and that fucking maggot—HAPPY?!” Taeyong spat and Jaehyun's face split into a grin.

“In fact, I’m fucking ecstatic,” Jaehyun smirked before picking up Taeyong’s bag daintily and leading the way to the cafeteria.

“So, what do you guys feel like eating?” Taeil said with a wide smile, showing all of his elegantly aligned teeth. The senior wasn’t really the ‘smiley’ type.

But a miracle had occurred.

Both of his best friends were sitting at the same table. They weren’t engaged in the awesome conversations about Call of Duty or the NBA playoffs or even the World Cup—they refused to make eye contact, and simply checked their phones or sipped on cola—completely ignoring each other as they sat at the table.

‘But at least they were within the same radius without being total shits to each other.’ Taeil thought excitedly before Jaehyun spoke up.
“Eh, I’m thinking pizza. What about you, Yuta?” Jaehyun asked nonchalantly before turning to the burgundy-haired drum major. Nearly the whole table, san Taeyong went eerily quiet, waiting for Yuta’s answer. Taeyong, however kept chuckling as he whooped ass in PUBG. Yuta rolled his eyes and sucked his teeth.

“Cheese pizza and more Coke is just fine,” Yuta said looking completely irritated. Jaehyun smiled way too enthusiastically before nudging Doyoung who made an ‘oh’ sound and grinned before speaking flamboyantly.

“No, pepperoni, sausage?”

Yuta’s poignant eyes flashed into the ebony orbs of the other drum major. “No, just cheese.”

Yuta watched Ten nudge Winwin, non-too-gently and the Chinese male sucked his teeth before mumbling angrily to Ten before flashing an almost annoyingly fake smile.

“Oh yes, you’re a vegetarian—hey, wait, Taeyong... aren’t you a vegetarian, also?” Winwin said, trying his best to segue the conversation to the soccer player.
Taeyong’s fingers twitched on his iPhone.

The whole table except, Yuta went rigid for a second before Taeyong let out a slight smirk.

“I’m more like a vagitarian, Winwin.” Taeyong said coolly, before focusing back on his game. The whole table—exclude the nemesis let out an audible sighed.

Taeyong talked in front of Yuta.

And Yuta didn’t say anything; all was good in the world.

Jaehyun looked to Doyoung and grinned. It wasn’t much, but it was progress.

Well, it was until Yuta let out a demeaning, dry, tea-worthy, shady, and sarcastic:
"Hmph" followed by a sardonic snort.

Winwin, Ten, Jaehyun, and Doyoung’s smile faltered. Taeyong tensed up before lowering his iPhone, his eyes close, his teeth baring. Taeil let out a loud four-letter obscenity before Doyoung silently prayed for peace.

“You have something to say, you little monkey-faced bastard?” Taeyong hissed, his eyes flaring as he stared at Yuta in what seemed like for the first time in years. The same dangerous amount of rage swarm in his mind as it did every time someone even mentioned the Japanese music major.

Yuta scoffed again, this time smirking smugly as he sipped his Coke mockingly.

“…only that in order to get vag, you need a girl. No matter how much lotion and Astroglide you pour into your hand—it won’t make your palm into a pussy.”

Taeyong’s face fell before Jaehyun shot up in his seat.
“HEY, WHO’S READY TO KICK DONGGUK UNIVERSITY’S ASS?!” Jaehyun tried steering the conversation before Taeyong stood up abruptly pushing Jaehyun to the wayside and slammed his hands on the table in front of Yuta, causing everyone except Yuta to jump.

“Yeah, right you should know! Everyone knows that all your girlfriends have to ride you because your skinny ass can’t fuck a chick to save your life!”

“Oh really?!” Yuta shouted back, his cool demeanor out the window as he spat back, glaring up at Taeyong. “That’s not what your mom said as I was banging the bricks outta her last night! And guess what, Taeyongie? Your mom has a thing for pearl necklaces.”

The whole table went silent, the few spectators’ jaw dropped. Even Doyoung gasped. It was the most spiteful, callous and downright rudest thing Doyoung had ever heard his best friend say.

Before anyone could blink, Taeyong launched himself over the over table in a blind rage, his strong hands, clasped around Yuta’s thin, elegant neck and squeezed, slicing off Yuta’s air supply as they both fell to the floor, the cola and pizza in the mix as the boys tussled.

The guys shouted for Taeyong to let him go, as Jaehyun and Winwin tried to pry the two apart. As Taeyong continued to suffocate Yuta, Yuta curled his fist and began pounding mercilessly on Taeyong’s jaw and neck, trying to get the soccer captain off of him as they tumbled around the linoleum floors. Ignoring the other, well-meaning limbs that tried to separate them.

Yuta’s face was turning blue, the gentle skin under Taeyong’s calloused and enraged palms was
beginning to bruise before Yuta, with all this might threw his small weight around, rolling them on top before he thrust his head forward and head-butted his aggressor. Taeyong groaned painfully, his grip loosening, and Jaehyun took that moment to snatch him away from Taeyong’s hands of seething rage. Before Yuta could stand back up and try to fight, he was being carried out of the cafeteria, kicking and screaming.

“Doyoung!! Let me fucking go! I’ll fucking kill him!” Yuta snarled as he flailed in Doyoung arms as the other drum major dragged him out of the café and down the walkway. Yuta elbowed Doyoung in the gut, the red-head crying out as Yuta turned to run back and finish Taeyong off but he didn’t get far before Ten snatched Yuta by his forearm and threw him on to the grass. Yuta fell noisily on his ass before Ten gripped his own fluffy brown mess of curls.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Yuta?!” Ten screeched out, his eyes engulfed in rage before Yuta shot up and pointed to himself in disbelief.

“What’s wrong with me? What the fuck is wrong with all of you! For five years—five fucking years, I’ve told you I hate that fucking sleaze ball! Yet, at every fucking turn, whoop—there he is—staring me down and doing the slickest shit on the sly!”

“Taeyong didn’t start it this time—YOU did, hyung!” Doyoung spat and Yuta rolled his eyes and murmured fiercely under his sinful lips.

“Still doesn’t change anything! I hate him! But all you guys do is plot to get us back to talking!”
"Yuta-hyung, we’re begging you! Just be cordial with him! Would it kill you just to say ‘hi’ and ‘bye’?! Years ago, we were joined at the hip!” Ten screamed as his voice broke and his dark eyes began to redden and water. Yuta felt his throat tightened and refused to look at Ten as he picked at the grass beneath him. “We were the best of friends but somehow you and Taeyong fucked it up and now we have to choose whether to hang out with one or the other! We’ve been doing this tapdancing shit for years. It's tiring!”

“Ten’s right! Yuta—this isn’t fair!” Doyoung claimed as he held his bruised rib.

“You know what’s not fair? You two making me be around someone I no longer like.” Yuta voice was small, diminutive as he swallowed his rage. No matter how mad he was, he didn't want to take it out on them. "No one ever thought about how I would feel, right? I’m uncomfortable around him. I don’t trust him and I can live my life just fine without him.” Yuta hissed, his tears threatening to fall as he looked to his two best friends, his eyes mirroring their own pain. Yuta shook his head and began to walk away. “I’m going to the band room—and don’t you dare follow me, the both of you!” Yuta threw over his shoulder before he trekked over the lush grass and through the fabricated gardens, not caring if there were strategically created sidewalks.

Many people shouted his name—of course, they did. It wouldn't take long for the whispers of the fight to pop up on his timeline, but all he wanted to do is get to his dorm and get ready for tonight.

Hours later, Yuta was in the band room, refreshed from his shower, still pissed off from the fight, but Yuta was always mad at Taeyong.
It wasn’t anything new.

♡

“That stupid fuck,” Yuta whispered to himself as he leaned against the gate separating the field from the bleachers.

It was nearing the last minutes within the final quarter. Yuta had the top of his uniform off, his baggy uniform pants hanging off his hips and he nursed his Gatorade bottle religiously. Yuta was dripping head to toe in sweat, his white top left nothing to the imagination as he tried to fan himself.

The autumn weather in Seoul wasn’t as cool as it used to be and Yuta never slacked off when it was time to perform.

“Yuta-hyung,” Doyoung said as he unfastened his uniform top and hung it on the gate beside Yuta’s. Yuta turned to Doyoung and smirked.

“Yup?”

“The band keeps asking when are we going to play that song you kept forcing them to practice.” Doyoung said snatching the bottle from Yuta who giggled and pinched his side. Yuta apologized to him, and in turn, Doyoung said he and the guys promised to never try to force Yuta and Taeyong together to Yuta’s immediate relief.
Yuta tore his eyes from the field and then to the restless two hundred man band who were all shouting out songs that they wanted to play.

Yuta placed his hand up and it fell silent instantly. Yuta went over to Dr. Byun who was too busy eating nachos and grabbed the megaphone.

“We’ll play ‘Bad Habits’ at the last touchdown…it's very, very hot so keep your pants on, but take off your tops…NOT you dancers…wait, hell yeah dancers, off with the tops…if you want to. We support #FreeTheNipple in this household."

Dr. Byun stared at Yuta and shook his head. Yuta was about to speak again but a sudden rush of excited, frantic cheers and screams. Yuta turned around mesmerized to see Taeyong gunning down the field, his skin slick with sweat and grim as he traveled with the ball towards the goal before he gave it one final kick and it soared right into the net.

Yuta felt his throat clench up as he caught Taeyong’s line of sight.

Taeyong didn't grimace.
He didn’t mouth a jeer at him, he simply nodded.

Yuta, his senses nearly shattered just by being under Taeyong’s gaze, nodded back before quickly turning back to the band who was celebrating the win over Dongguk with feverish shouts and jeers with the rest of hometeam crowd. Yuta shoved his whistle in his mouth and tooted twice before screaming.

“Play ‘Bad Habits’! One, two, three, and—,” Yuta shouted before the band began to play the sensual, romantic, R&B tune with vigor.

♡

“Great job, Taeyong! I can't believe you scored with only twelve seconds left!” Jaehyun said jumping up and down as they entered the locker room. Taeyong blushed as he was being filled with cheers, grins, pats on the ass and a plethora of accolades. Taeyong thanked his entire team.

“Thanks guys. We work as an amazing team.” Taeyong said proudly as he pulled off his jersey, his body glistening with grime, and grass coating his luscious skin.

“Hey Taeyong, why don’t you come out and get shit-faced tonight?” Jaehyun asked Taeyong who made a beeline to his locker before he hurriedly opened his locker and pulled out his duffle bag in record time. He checked the clock right over the showers. It was ten-thirty nine. He had twenty minutes to get there.

“Nah, its Saturday night. I need time to myself, Jaehyunnie. You guys know that.” Taeyong said out the side of his mouth as he zipped his duffle bag and grabbed his towel as he cut the celebratory line on his way to the showers.
“Aw, Taeyong! Where are you going? Every Saturday night you disappear, like a fucking superhero.” Jaehyun shouted sadly as the team groaned. They all wanted to celebrate but once again, Taeyong had to leave.

Taeyong smirked smugly as he jumped out of his soccer shorts, socks and cleats in a messy rush and ran stark naked in front of his team mates and right into the shower. Taeyong didn't pay attention to whistles and cheers as he jumped into the closest stall. He was wasting too much time. It was bad enough the game ran into overtime and now he only had eighteen minutes.

“Where do you even go?” Jackson asked as Taeyong slammed the shower stall curtain and turned on the steaming water. Taeyong sighed as he poured copious amounts of body wash on his girly pink poof and quickly washed up.

“I go and just relax. I just got this bad habit I have to itch.” Taeyong shouted over the loud chatter and rushing water as he vigorously washed his balls.

“So, no hanging out? Even though you KNOW Yuta isn’t going to be there?” Jaehyun asked before Taeyong stopped all he was doing for a fraction of a second. His heart rate speeding up almost frighteningly before he grunted.
“Fuck that little bastard. I wish I strangled his little stupid ass a bit more before you guys swooped in like Super-Save-A-Hyung.” Taeyong spat as he quickly rinsed off, turned off the water and wrapped his towel around his waist as he jumped out of the cubicle and began drying himself shamelessly in front of Jaehyun.

“God, would it kill you to just be civil to each other?” Jaehyun asked quietly looking over his shoulder as they re-entered the private lockers reserved for the upperclassmen.

Taeyong snorted.

“Yes.” Taeyong said with a disgusting vigor as he jumped into clean sweatpants, a tank top, and his Nike flip flops in a hurry. Taeyong gripped his duffle bag and looked over to the clock. He had seven minutes left.

“Jae, I have to go. Text me later?” Taeyong said before he quickly ruffled Jaehyun's blonde hair.

Before Jaehyun could get a word in, Taeyong jetted out of the locker room.

Jaehyun rolled his eyes and sighed.
Taeyong started to sprint from the stadium and avoiding the crowd-post game, well-wishes and high fives as he sprinted towards the dorm.

On his way to his bad habit.

On his way to Yuta.
Chapter Summary

What can I say? The itch gets scratched.

Warnings: My scenes are really, really smutty. So yeah. Warning for bromance and smut.

Chapter Notes

Baby to tell the truth
When I'm sober I jones for you
When it's over, I'm overdue
Girl there's no one as bad, no one as bad as you
You got me slippin' around with it, oh why?
You got me sick with this love baby
I'm so, I'm so in love, I can't come down
-- "Bad Habits" -Maxwell

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Shit,” Yuta cursed under his heated breath as he parked his Audi in its respected spot in front of his on-campus apartment. Yuta quickly looked at his AppleWatch. It was 23:09. He was right on time, but was utterly late for his appointment.

“Fucking trombones made me late!” Yuta screamed infuriatingly before grabbing his duffle bag from the passenger seat with vigor and slamming his door shut before he ran over to the sidewalk and between the mail-boxes, up the four flights of stairs, pausing briefly to lock and alarm his car with the remote fob before his tired, yet strong and lanky legs hiked up the last flight of stairs.

Once he reached the fourth floor, he quickly glanced out to the parking lot.
He didn’t see the infamous grey colored car that signaled that his appointment had arrived already.

“He’s late, too? I hope he’s late, too.” Yuta breathed out, his hot breath vapor in the now cold wind. Yuta shook his head before pocketing his phone and jogging past the other doors and finally to 4-127. Yuta, with monopolizing arms juggled his duffle bag and quickly keyed the code into the slot and turned the handle in hope of seeing his dark apartment.

Once he swung the door opened, it wasn’t the case.

Yuta’s chicly designed apartment was glowing with the sight of scented tea candles spread around, making a delicious orange and yellow ambiance.

Cinnamon-scented incense tickled his nose sweetly and the central air was pumping in heated air, making Yuta feel so warm, yet so calm.

Yuta sighed and shook his head as he dropped everything in his arms carelessly and took shy steps from his living room, passed the kitchen, and down the hallway which was lined with more sensual candles and sweet smells.

Yuta finally got to his bedroom door, a slapstick macaroni drawing his younger dongsaengs drew him with his name and music notes was taped to the wood.

Yuta sighed, his anxiety rising as he pressed his forehead against the cool wood of the door. Yuta closed his eyes.

You don't have to go in, Yuta.
The voice of reason was always there. Sweet and proud and strong--all the things that Yuta wanted to be but--

"I want to." Yuta whispered back to himself, his throat clenching as if he couldn't breathe.

Yuta frantically used his tank top to wipe the sweat off his face and untied the pathetic little bun in his hair in an attempt to look decent before his sweaty palm cupped the cold door handle and he twisted it open.

Sitting lackadaisically on top of Yuta’s queen-sized bed was his arch nemesis, Lee Taeyong.

Yuta felt his breath lodge in his throat at the sight of Taeyong just sitting on his bed, staring at him with no inhibitions, proudly gawking; staring him down without a care. It pissed Yuta off, but turned him on more than any words could ever say.

“You’re late.” Taeyong said emotionlessly, his voice clipped and even. His face was serenely and calm outside of the few bruises that Yuta punched in earlier.

Yuta sighed stepping in and began taking off his socks and hung his lettermen jacket in his closet. He could feel Taeyong’s eyes crawl over his frame and it made Yuta feel light-headed.

“I had to close the band room tonight. It always gets rowdy after we go against Dongguk, at least for the trombones. I didn’t see your car downstairs.” Yuta retorted, grabbing his towel and walking back out to see Taeyong now standing, his stance exuding confidence, but his eyes as shy as a child on their first day of school.
“I ran here.” He said nonchalantly as if Taeyong didn't nearly get hit by a car, two bikes and a park bench hauling ass to Yuta's dorm with only one slipper on his foot. "Since you weren’t here, I decided to set up the usual candles and all the little shit you like to set the mood. Cell phone?” Taeyong asked, his lips nipped by his own teeth before Yuta fished nervously in his pocket and tossed his iPhone to Taeyong who caught it gracefully and proceeded to turn it off and place it alongside his already deactivated phone on the dresser.

“Vodka?” Yuta asked nodding to his left to his desk where bottles of various sojus, Everclear, Jagermeister, Smirnoff, and assorted shot glasses stood collecting dust.

Taeyong snorted and shook his head.

It was a dirty, ridiculous shame.

They knew what they were about to do, and like every Saturday, Yuta would offer Taeyong a drink, so they could at least blame their indiscretions on the liquor, but no. They wanted to be sober, to taste every moment, to memorize every sound, to enjoy their body going through pandemonium over each touch, suck and caress.

Taeyong’s plump lips pulled to the right into a delectable smirk…the same exact smirk that got them into this salacious mess.

The same smirk that kept Yuta up all night during the six days they weren’t together.

The same smirk that made Yuta nearly convulse in pleasure.
Taeyong, with all the cool, calm, collective demeanor one could ever muster, walked up to Yuta who stood ram-rod straight in the center of the lush, heated room before Taeyong stopped directly in front of him.

"I can leave if you want," Taeyong whispered sincerely, like he did every fucking Saturday. And it never fails to make Yuta's heart thump painfully.

Tell him to go, Yuta

Yuta stared back into the eyes that always but him on edge--that always pulled him to the brink of unscrupulous anger...but this time they were soft, begging and bright all at once.

"Stay."

Yuta closed his eyes before he felt the same mouth that cursed his name so violently, kiss his neck so gently. Yuta felt his slippery skin raise on command in goose flesh before letting out a soft moan as he tipped his head back, letting his foe’s lips skirt around his Adam’s apple. Yuta’s trembling hands slid up Taeyong’s strong, muscled arms; the hair on his limbs tickling Yuta’s palms before Yuta gently nudged himself away from the heaven-sent mouth.

“Uh…oh, just let me take a bath.” Yuta said shyly before Taeyong with half-lidded eyes, reached out to Yuta’s neck, a thousand times gentler than a few hours ago in the cafe.

“Why?” Taeyong pleaded with an adorable whine, his hands massaging the back of Yuta’s graceful neck. Yuta sighed and blushed.

“I’m sweaty…I’m dirty.” Yuta mumbled, hardly over a whisper. Taeyong smiled sweetly at Yuta’s coyness and pulled Yuta’s body flush up against his own.
“No, stupid,” Taeyong chuckled, his other hand slipping over Yuta’s perky curves and squeezed. “You could never be dirty…you can do some dirty things…but you, you can’t ever be soiled. Not to me anyway. You’re always perfect.” Taeyong chirped delighted against Yuta’s sweat-slick neck, the touch had Yuta’s body humming gently.

“I’m serious,” Yuta whispered, his fingernails raking across Taeyong’s triceps. “I’m drenched in sweat…it’s nasty.”

Taeyong groaned and gripped Yuta by his hips before carelessly tossing him on the bed. Yuta let out a surprised squeak before Taeyong jumped on top of him; Taeyong’s hands grasped desperately at Yuta’s tank top before taking it off of Yuta’s body. Yuta let out a shaky mewl before Taeyong’s head lined up with his hips and the soccer star licked a thick, wet, naughty path from Yuta’s bellybutton to his tan nipples where Taeyong sucked deftly on the pebbled pair. Yuta’s body trembled and he let out a much appreciated hiss and ran his hands through Taeyong’s ashy gray coif.

“I’m salty,” Yuta complained as his nails grazed against Taeyong’s scalp meekly. Taeyong nipped at Yuta’s tanned nubs before Taeyong slid up against Yuta’s body and finally caught his lips. Taeyong pecked his lips almost lovingly before snaking his tongue past the barrier of teeth and tickling Yuta’s slick, velvet tongue before softly breaking away.

“You’re savory,” Taeyong stated hotly against Yuta’s lips.

“You’re sick.” Yuta responded before Taeyong smirked and pulled Yuta’s hair back roughly causing the former to gasp.

“This sickest bastard you’ll ever meet, and don’t you ever forget that.” Taeyong giggled before sucking roughly over the rough handprints he laid around the elegant neck previously.
despite begging to be free was enjoying the rough treatment.

“Please…hyung?” Yuta hissed out softly his hands massaging through Taeyong’s hair. Yuta knew that was the best way to get Taeyong to comply with whatever he asked.

“Fine.” Taeyong answered softly before slowly peeling himself off of Yuta with red cheeks. Yuta quickly slipped from under Taeyong, grabbed his previously abandoned towel and raced from the bed to the bedroom door.

Yuta, in his haste, began taking off his clothes in the hallway and was fully nude when he entered his bathroom to see that Taeyong was placed incense and candles in the bathroom also.

“Hmm, he went all out tonight, didn’t he?” Yuta asked himself as he pulled the shower curtains back, turned on the tap in the tub and placed the stopper in. He knew he should’ve taken a shower, but Yuta wanted to be squeaky clean for Taeyong and smelling divine. Yuta added a few drops of lavender and vanilla scented bubbles into the bath before slipping in. Yuta groaned when his skin hit the pleasant smelling, but steaming hot water, before he quickly grabbed an admittedly pink, girly poof and began scrubbing hurriedly behind his neck and limbs.

“Hey…don’t rush.” A sleek voice hummed and Yuta looked up to see Taeyong standing proudly at the bathroom’s threshold, a small grin on his face as he watched Yuta.

Yuta looked from Taeyong’s clear brown eyes and down to the bath and slowly and purposefully began to wash.

Taeyong watched mesmerized as Yuta sat in tub, stewing in a broth of lavender and vanilla, bubbles up to his chest as he stretched out his smooth, sinewy legs from the water; water and white suds sliding down his thighs and dispersing in the water as Yuta washed his limbs. Taeyong glared
at the poof in jealousy, wishing it was his tongue laving Yuta’s most intimate spots…

Taeyong’s jealously couldn’t be contained as he padded over tea candles and tiles as he went to his knees in front of the rim of the tub, his eyes focused on the glowing blush on Yuta’s cheeks. Taeyong dipped his hand into the hot water, his fingertips brushing up against the sleekness of Yuta’s inner thighs. Yuta lifted his sud-dripped leg from the water and Taeyong shuddered as he held Yuta’s thin ankle to his lips and licked the damp patch of skin, all while staring deeply into Yuta’s lust-driven eyes.

Half a second later, Taeyong lunged into the tub---clothes on and everything---and gripped Yuta by the face and kissed him breathless. Taeyong’s sudden intrusion made the water level rise tremendously and spill well over the rim, the candles that lay on the floor either toppling over or drenched within a lavender, vanilla-scented watery grave.

Taeyong and Yuta sloshed around the small tub as Yuta tried to get Taeyong’s soaked clothes off of his person, but Taeyong ripped them off, throwing them carelessly as they fell to the bathroom tile with a definitive and wet plop.

Once Taeyong was completely nude, Yuta pressed his body flush against Taeyong’s as the latter folded his arms around Yuta’s thin waist, kissing him deeply. The kiss was broken off by Yuta’s airy moan as Taeyong massaged Yuta’s ass underwater. Yuta sighed heavenly before pulling Taeyong closer, Yuta was completely submerged by the time Taeyong got to his lips and they kissed with both of their heads totally submerged. Yuta’s mind was nearly non-existent as they shared their aquatic kiss and Taeyong was torn between breathing sweet air or drowning in Yuta’s lips.

Taeyong snaked his hand under Yuta’s flowing hair and pulled them both up for air. Pathetically, Yuta was gasping for air and still sucking religiously on Taeyong’s bottom lip. Taeyong couldn’t help but chuckle warmly at Yuta’s exuberance as they splashed around the water, their bodies slick, soapy, and smooth against each other. Yuta turned them around, so he was on top of Taeyong, the drum major’s heavy panting and the sound of water hitting cold tile the only vibrations in the air. Yuta sat on Taeyong’s naked hips; Taeyong’s raging hard-on twitching against Yuta’s ass was almost too much, so when Yuta began grinding against Taeyong’s impatient cock, the older of the two could barely control himself.
“Ah...Yuta…” Taeyong breathed out as he held Yuta’s ass, encouraging the younger of the two to keep rutting against him. Yuta swung his head back, his wet hair following, creating a perfect sight of crystalline drop to go up into the air and rain back down. Yuta’s whole body was flushing pink. Something about being nearly submerged in steaming hot water and teeming with white bubbles just made their sins just seem that much more erotic than his mind could’ve ever guessed.

“I want you, Taeyongie…” Yuta breathed seductively over Taeyong’s right ear as Taeyong’s hands smoothed Yuta’s delicate frame. “Please, Taeyong-hyung. Please.” Yuta all but cried to his illicit lover, his forbidden love, his enamored enemy, his fond foe, his affectionate antagonist...

..his older brother.

Taeyong gripped Yuta from his bottom and in one smooth motion stood up, Yuta’s lengthy limbs wrapped up around him like an ivy as Taeyong stepped from the tub and onto the drenched floor, maintaining his footing as he kissed and carried his younger brother from the bathroom, through the halls—trails of suds on to the hardwood floors in their wake.

Once back in Yuta’s room, Taeyong laid the still wet Yuta on the dark grey sheets, water sprinkling from their hair leaving darker, damp puddles in the bedding.

Taeyong dove onto Yuta’s lips. Taeyong’s tongue fished inside of Yuta’s mouth, tracing each contour, gliding over every tooth, fighting Yuta’s tongue for dominance as Yuta’s body screamed for pure, pure submission as Taeyong’s huge, surprisingly soft hands slid down Yuta’s marvelously soaked body, stroking every inch of skin in his path. Taeyong kissed a steady path from Yuta’s lips, down his well-defined chest down to his bellybutton where he nipped at, earning a well-deserved moan from Yuta’s gracious lips. Taeyong placed his hands on Yuta’s thighs and spread them out nice and wide-- Yuta’s manhood stood up, high, hard and in a hurry to be pleased.

Taeyong’s tongue fiddled over his lower lip before looking up to Yuta’s body to see him bite his lips almost dangerously. Taeyong smirked and Yuta’s cock jumped just at the sight, causing Taeyong’s smirk to grow out into a full out grin before Taeyong, keeping his adamant eye contact,
stuck out his tongue and lapped at Yuta’s leaking head. Yuta let out an appreciating moan before raising his hips up slightly and watching in astonishment as all of his girth disappeared between Taeyong’s perfect lips.

Yuta let out a four-letter obscenity before he clutched at the eight-hundred count sheets beneath him, trying to find some sort of relief, but once Taeyong swirled his tongue around the base of Yuta’s dick, Yuta’s hips suddenly bucked up. Taeyong’s throat vibrated welcomingly around Yuta—he was only too happy to please his dongsaeng. Taeyong’s neck bobbed and weaved, his tongue flickered and twisted bringing Yuta so very close to the edge before Taeyong slipped Yuta from his mouth and chuckled into the junction of his quaking thigh.

"I'm not finishing you off that quick, baby boy. You know better."

Taeyong sat up on his haunches, smiling smugly at the desperate, thoroughly fucked look on Yuta’s face and the pathetic pleas of pleasure on Yuta’s tongue. Taeyong gripped the back of Yuta’s knees and pushed them up and apart. Yuta’s most intimate part of him exposed to the open air and in Taeyong’s line of sight. Yuta’s threw his head to the side as he felt the bed dip slightly as Taeyong laid down on his tummy, his mouth lining up perfectly against his puckering star. Taeyong licked his lips, glossing them over before he titled his head slightly to the right and blew his hot breath over the tight, synching hole.

“Fuck!” Yuta whined out, his knees shaking in Taeyong’s strong hold. Taeyong did the same action every Saturday but it still, still, still made Yuta coil in pleasure—even after all these years. Taeyong chuckled against Yuta’s sensitive skin before he moistened his lips once more and gave Yuta’s asshole a wet, sloppy kiss.

Yuta nearly jumped out of his skin as a stream of moans rumbled from his mouth. His first instinct was to close his legs, but of course he couldn’t. Taeyong’s strong hold was keeping them wide and apart. Yuta’s eyes rolled to the back of his head, where his mind was turning into putty and his body was turned into mush under Taeyong’s tongue as he licked and sucked and pried Yuta’s entrance with his soft appendage, trying so desperately to sample every single internal inch of Yuta he could.
Yuta’s body began to sweat despite being still lightly moist as Taeyong tongue-fucked him, every now and then, Taeyong would wiggle his tongue as deep as he could in Yuta and just made bead, after bead of pre-come slip down his shaft.

Once Yuta was slick, stretched and shivering beyond measure, Taeyong stopped his ministrations and nipped at Yuta’s quivering thighs before he sat up, placing Yuta’s legs on either side of him. Yuta clawed softly at Taeyong’s chest, beckoning his hyung to him and Taeyong kissed him openly on the mouth. Yuta thought it was the nastiest, most disgusting, down-right sensual, sexy, exhilarating thing he’d ever done. It was something completely erotic about tasting himself on Taeyong’s lips and just made him want to bend over and leave himself open to Taeyong for the pleasing.

Taeyong took his time as he slowly and carefully prepared and then entered Yuta.

Yuta arched his back and let out a painful moan, but the world didn’t hear it as Taeyong swallowed it as the two continued to kiss like the world was coming to an end.

“Oh, Yuta…baby…” Taeyong gasped as Yuta wrapped his legs tightly around Taeyong’s waist. Yuta was always tight, no matter how many times Taeyong would fuck him into near unconsciousness, he stayed tighter than any virgin and that simple truth is what turned Taeyong on the most.

Once Taeyong filled him, he carefully pulled out half-way before rocking back in. He hesitated as he listened closely, hearing Yuta’s voice for any sign of protest—signs that he never hears. Yuta always wants it, no matter what happens during the week with Taeyong, whether they don’t talk, whether they don’t see one another or end up fighting and nearly killing each other, Yuta always craves Taeyong. Always.

Taeyong thrust back inside of Yuta, this time, not as gently and Yuta let out a sinfully appreciative hiss before tearing his lips from Taeyong.
“Fuck me, hyung.” Yuta growled out and Taeyong chuckled as he gripped Yuta’s hair tightly before staring deep into Yuta’s passionate, shimmering copper eyes.

“You don’t have to tell me twice, baby.” Taeyong smirked before he rocked out and then slammed painfully back into Yuta who let out a high pitch groan.

And then, just like all the other Saturdays, Taeyong fucked Yuta an inch from insanity.

Taeyong flipped Yuta onto his hands and knees and with one hand clutching a grip of wavy, purple locks and another hand firmly on the dip of Yuta’s back, Taeyong fucked his little brother senseless.

"You're so good, Yu-chan. Such a good little fucking dongsaeng." Taeyong let out a primal growl with every outward thrust, trying his hardest to slam his dick into Yuta’s gut, to split Yuta wide open, to make his body stretch out in a way that only Taeyong could create as Yuta would willingly submit, unable to control his quaking body that was begging pathetically to be fucked and filled, to be loved and be spoiled and yet soiled all at once.

It never took Yuta long to come.

Taeyong would always grind his hips against Yuta’s pert ass; he’d dip his head and suck the sweet sweat off the notches of Yuta’s spine. He’d let go of his hold on Yuta’s back and hair and grip his shoulders, slamming Yuta back onto his cock with a manic vigor, putting delicious pressure on Yuta’s bundle of nerves that would send him into an almost disgustingly great ecstasy. And every time, Yuta would clench up about Taeyong, choking his already pleasantly suffocating manhood before Taeyong cries out his pure bliss before Yuta came all over the lightly damp, gray sheets. Each spasm was like a shock to Taeyong and made him chase his orgasm all the way inside of Yuta’s abyss.
Yuta collapsed on his stomach, his arms giving out--his ass up and creaming from Taeyong’s strenuous effort. Before Yuta could catch his renegade breath, strong arms pulled him up and turned him around and before he knew it, he was sitting on top of Taeyong’s lap.

Another thing Yuta loved was Taeyong’s lack of recovery time. Yuta doesn’t know if it’s because they’ve been fucking since they were in their mid-teens and their hormones were high--but neither of them needed more than two minutes to catch their breath and get hard as nails again.

Taeyong, whose face was still in a world of euphoria, gave Yuta a sweet smile, as his chest moved up and down, his hands gently caressing Yuta’s ass in a way that one would’ve considered loving.

“Can you be good boy and ride me? Please? I missed you so much, Yuta.” Taeyong huffed between bated breath and Yuta couldn’t help but smile, and Taeyong’s toes curled.

It was the sweetest thing about Yuta that really made him go crazy. How he could be so sweet, but so salacious? He knew Yuta loved being praised by him, and Taeyong adored it when Yuta would call him hyung.

Yuta giggled, looking between his quaking fingers and Taeyong's eyes shyly. Yuta, behind it all was the same sweet, lovable boy from years ago that the fact made Taeyong yearn to fuck Yuta ungraciously on every surface possible--to turn that giggle into a fit of moans instead.

“You were so mean to me today, hyung.” Yuta said cheekily before he lifted his hips up, and despite and Taeyong just coming, they were already hard and happy to fuck again.
Taeyong stuttered watching Yuta's hips hover above his cock teasingly. "I'm sorry, Yu-yu. I-I always lose my temper when it comes to you. Please forgive me? You're so pretty when you're on top of me…no one is prettier you."

Yuta preened, hiding his bright smile behind his hand before Taeyong sat up and nestle Yuta on his lap before gently prying Yuta's forearm from his face. Taeyong's eyes soften as he saw the gentle smile on Yuta, taking in every single pore, trying to count every single lash and take in every single divot in the younger's lush lips.

"Why so shy, Yuta?" Taeyong whispered running his slender fingertips through Yuta's damp hair, resting to rub on his earlobe. "Don't I always tell you how good you are for me? How great you looked tonight with the band? How pretty you are every time I lay my eyes on you?" Yuta nearly purred before he pressed his lips against Taeyong’s wrist.

"You're spoiling me, hyung."

"I have to. You take me so well...how can hyung treat you any other way?"

Yuta nudged his nose against Taeyong’s and he smiled. Yuta's heart thumped widely against his ribcage. How can Taeyong call him pretty, when anyone can see that Taeyong was the most gorgeous human in this time zone?

Yuta gently motioned Taeyong back so he was propped up on his elbows. Taeyong’s watched in amazement, pure, unadulterated amazement as Yuta lifted himself on his knees and then lowered himself down on Taeyong's length. Once Yuta was completely seated on Taeyong’s lap, he let out a moan. Yuta was drowning in felicity before his eyes fluttered open to see Taeyong, staring him with half-lidded eyes and his tongue toying with his lip in anticipation. Yuta whipped his hair back before he started riding Taeyong slowly at first before Yuta began bucking up and down wildly. Taeyong groaned and held Yuta steadily at the hip, fucking the lithe body upwards as Yuta came crashing down. Yuta moans became staccatos as Taeyong steadily pumped his prostate, the sweet spot causing Yuta to flail and cried out loudly in lush delight.
“Oh my God, Yuta…” Taeyong winced as Yuta began to prop himself on his tip-toes for more distance and a greater impact. Taeyong screwed his eyes shut, stars exploding behind them as he gripped Yuta tighter and sat up, Yuta still riding him as Taeyong proceeded to suck on Yuta’s long, sensitive neck.

“Oh…Taeyong, I’m…I’m gonna…” Yuta stuttered as he clawed at Taeyong’s back, his nails sinking deep into Taeyong’s sweat slickened skin and he latched on Yuta’s neck, biting down on the peach-like soft skin as he continued to fuck Yuta right into his orgasm.

The night didn’t end there.

Yuta was getting his rocks tossed on the floor, where his nails etched his pleasure into the wooden floor.

The computer chair was next, fucking on a bouncing, spinning apparatus nearly made Taeyong queasy, but with Yuta riding him, kissing him, Taeyong couldn’t worry about being sick.

Taeyong dragged Yuta along the walls, innocent picture frames shattering, meeting their doom as the brothers knocked them down on their way to the living room. All of the couches Taeyong brought Yuta were finally being of some use as Taeyong nearly buried Yuta in between the cushions.

The kitchen? More than cakes where being baked in there as they soiled the table cloth, fucked against the refrigerator and nearly got too frisky near the blender which caused Taeyong to shriek like a five-star bitch. Yuta thought was funny, well until Taeyong shoved his cock down Yuta’s mouth.
Hours passed by like grains of sand in an hourglass and before neither of them knew it was seven AM when Taeyong and Yuta had their last round on top of the now, sheet-less bed.

Taeyong was on top of Yuta, kissing him softer than ever expected as he slowly, cautiously made love with Yuta with sluggish, sensual, drawn-out, careful, strokes. Yuta had tears in his eyes and it had nothing to do with the fact his body was sore after hours of manic sex.

It was because every single one of the tea candles were burned out, all the incense evaporated, and the sun was peeking through his dark curtains, lighting the room a soft, gray filter, and most of all, he could see Taeyong’s face, worn-out, sweaty, and yet so beautiful on top of him, kissing his nose lovingly before placing his forehead against his brother's.

“I…I can’t take it anymore,” Yuta whispered weakly. One half of his body was still willingly to please, but the other half was begging for rest, despite having Taeyong romantically fill him. Taeyong, whose sweat-drenched hair stuck to his face, let out a pleased, lazy moan before he pecked Yuta sweetly on the lips.

“Take it all for me babe, please.” Taeyong all but mumbled before he swiftly picked up the pace. With anew sense of desire, Yuta brushed the fringe from Taeyong’s face, and Taeyong sighed, mouthing gentle words of love against Yuta’s neck and Yuta moaned as Taeyong poked steadily against the now sore prostate and Yuta clutched to Taeyong desperately. He was so close, despite coming over and over and over again, he had to come again.

Their sex drive was insane, thanks to years and years of practice, they literally could go all night without a break.

With a shudder, shout and sore body, Yuta came between them for the nth time, with Taeyong right behind him, and spilling his seed deep inside him.
Taeyong collapsed on top of Yuta and he smiled vibrantly. Yuta wrapped his arms around Taeyong, tucking his head in the crux of his shoulder and neck. Yuta sighed happily, he loved feeling Taeyong on him, his arms locked around Yuta waist and squeezing him tight as they caught their breath.

A half a second later, Yuta shoved Taeyong off of him roughly and Taeyong didn’t complain as he pulled away from Yuta ruthlessly and moved to the very edge of the bed as Yuta did the same.

Silence fell between them.

It was grossly uncomfortable as Taeyong’s hand blindly fished the floor for the comforter and draped it over his body. Yuta did the same with one of the other sheets.

Neither of them looked to one another.

Yuta stared at the door.

Taeyong grimaced at the wall.

“We…we should stop this,” Taeyong said weakly before clearing his throat and looking guiltily at his hands.

“Yeah.” Yuta said stoically, his voice hoarse before he cleared his throat. “We should.”
“We say this every Saturday, but we never stop.” Taeyong admitted coldly. “Never.”

“I fucking hate you.” Yuta spat.

“I fucking hate you more.” Taeyong spat cruelly, as if the last ten hours didn’t happen. “I don’t dislike you, I just fucking hate you.”

“I have a girlfriend.” Yuta said, tears and guilt burning up his retinas.

“Ditto. Well, up until last week.” Taeyong spat with a scowl, his anger churning like mad with every passing second.

“Why can’t I fucking stop this?” Yuta hissed through clenched teeth as he felt Taeyong’s remnants drip from his insides. He should’ve been disgusted but he wasn’t. It was turning him on, again. “Why can’t we just stop?”

“We’ve been fucking every Saturday night for years, Yuta.” Taeyong said seething as he curled his palms into fists. “We’ve fucked so many times, we lost count. And I hate to say it, but you’re the only constant in my hectic life. Maybe that’s why I keep coming back…” Taeyong growled before he felt a rush of passionate rage course through his veins. “What I want to know is why you let me.”

Yuta pinched the bridge of his nose trying to get his anger in check. Typical of fuckboy Taeyong to blame Yuta as if he forced Taeyong to slip into his apartment.
“…because you always come. I’ve thought countless times of just not answering my door.” Yuta said quietly, slyly wiping his tears. Taeyong snorted.

“The key code is my birthday, dumbass. You set it up that way.”

“Or changing my locks, or not opening my bedroom door or just telling you to swallow a warm shot of bleach and get the fuck out.” Yuta sighed.

“Answer the fucking question, Nakamoto.” Taeyong demanded and Yuta sighed, defeated.

“I guess…it’s because you always show up. Whether it be a holiday, your birthday, whatever…. You even left your girlfriend’s house early during Christmas dinner to meet me on time, when you sprained your arm last year—you came on time, when you had the flu you stupidly checked yourself out from the hospital to come to me on time, during graduation we both left early so we could be here, on time, you left your ex-girlfriend’s parent’s funeral for me so you could be on time…I guess it’s because you put this….whatever this is before every and anyone else. I feel special…but I want to stop. I’m so desperate to stop.”

“OK.” Taeyong said sitting up, looking up at the ceiling, distraught but determined. “Fine. We’ll stop.”

“We always say that.” Yuta said, sitting up too, but facing the door, still not daring to look at Taeyong. Not risking the flow of emotions he’s holding to leak.

“This time, we’ll make sure.” Taeyong said confidently, brushing his hair from his eyes. “Next week is a byweek, you should go with Ten, Taeil, and Doyoung out to eat. I’ll go hang out with Winwin and Jaehyun.”
“Fine.” Yuta said, shrugging his shoulders. Taeyong nodded despite knowing that Yuta couldn’t see him and wrapped the comforter around his waist before standing up.

“Um…all of my clothes are wet.” Taeyong said shyly as he rubbed the back of his neck. Yuta sighed and nodded his head to the dresser.

“Your clothes are in the bottom drawer.” Yuta said stoically. During these years, Taeyong would leave random items of clothes in Yuta’s room until Yuta had a cute collection of at least eight different outfits and two pairs of shoes just in case for moments like this.

Taeyong looked in the drawer and fished out a hoodie, some sweat pants and his old pair of Nikes he hadn’t wore since 2016 and slipped them on before pocketing his iPhone and turning to Yuta who had already dressed himself in pajama bottoms and a hoodie with bleach stains.

Yuta and Taeyong stared at each other with the same passionate hate they always held outside of a Saturday night.

“But really, don’t fucking talk to me, Nakamoto. I will hurt you this time, I promise.” Taeyong spat before Yuta sucked his teeth. The warm, submissive Yuta dead as he bore holes into Taeyong’s fiery orbs.

“Get the fuck out of my face, Lee.” Yuta growled before Taeyong stepped to Yuta and pulled him into a quick, yet lustful kiss before letting go and quickly leaving the apartment, leaving his brother and leaving his bad habit behind, hopefully Taeyong thought, for good.
Who said all bad habits are bad?

Chapter End Notes

You're my bad habit baby, you're mine
You're takin' my soul down to the letter O
Can't escape the way you got me locked out baby
I gotta break from you
Break from you
Break from you
-- "Bad Habits" - Maxwell

/sips tea/ Plot twists, amirite?

I haven't decided if I'm going to continue this. I'm kinda a fan of cliffhangers and being overall trash.

...probably why I don't have friends. TT

Hope you enjoyed! <3
Wake Up Alone

Chapter Summary

*It's okay in the day I'm staying busy
Tied up enough so I don't have to wonder where is he?
Got so sick of crying
So just lately
When I catch myself I do a 180
I stay up clean the house
At least I'm not drinking
-- "Wake Up Alone" - Amy Winehouse

Chapter Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THESE REVIEW LIKE YO!

This is my first NCT fic. I also did a Ten/Taeyong smut fest called 'Inch of Skin'. Read that too, if you can!

Updates on Mondays and Fridays, ya'll.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuta woke up later that afternoon.

He was intangibly sore, unusually bruised yet pleasantly bemused.

His eyelids slowly peeled back as he let out a jaw-splitting yawn; lazily rolling around in his tangled mess of sheets that feel like silk and smell like an endlessly romantic night. Blinking slowly, Yuta’s mind processed the happenings of last night.
Taeyong seemed uncharacteristically serious when he said that he and Yuta should stop.

It was the same string of words that they spoke a million times in into the air, but never fell into existence. Too many days after did Yuta muster his pride and swear off Lee Taeyong, but by Wednesdays, Yuta was aching. Passing by Taeyong in the hall to a lecture would made Yuta's skin crawl if he was walking with someone but the few times Yuta would walk into the library and catch a glimpse of Taeyong head buried into his notes made Yuta ache. Ache to walk behind Taeyong and whisper, beg-- anything ...but Yuta wasn't nearly as brave as he believed.

His hips hurt, creaking in a complaint a bit as he sat up amongst crumbled grey blankets was desperately in need of laundering.

Yuta sighed, burying his face into his hand in mild frustration.

Taeyong was always a bit rough the first few hours into their tryst and Yuta didn’t mind it all. The way Taeyong would shove into him, making his lungs suck in deep draughts of air in a near panic—the way Taeyong staked his claim with him was what Yuta uses to escape the hectic stresses of the week. Yuta was never good at managing stress, but it all melted away when their lips touched.

Taeyong would do the same, but he would be considerate enough to give them a quick half-hour to cuddle midway through the night. During that designated time, Yuta would feel like he had magic running deep beyond his pores. Taeyong would turn to Yuta, tuck his arm under Yuta's head and talk gently about his week—classes, football, him working at the cafe and his spare time in the dance room with Ten-- anything thing that happened, Taeyong would fill Yuta in on. In return, Yuta would curl on his side and kiss Taeyong’s clavicle or shoulder [whichever was closer], feeling Taeyong’s slim fingers trace complex designs on his skin as he hung onto every word.
Yuta would preen when Taeyong would sit up and listen to his every word as Yuta would explain the intricacies of dissecting popular songs from the radio and breaking them down into the core basics of notes and chords that he and Doyoung would have to assign to various sections of the band in hopes that the music sounds similar to the original. Yuta could just die in happiness watching Taeyong’s eyes tracing Yuta's face with muted joy, before he'd kiss Yuta and they'd start again. It would be slower and with more patience as Taeyong would take his time unboxing Yuta. Taeyong would slyly whisper: “You’re so talented, Yuta. I can’t believe I’m here with you.”

Yuta sighed, breaking away from his flashback.

He ripped the sheets off him with a flourish; bit by bit, feeling every muscle in his body complain of a familiar stretch.

Yuta stood in front of his mirror and inspected the blotches across his core. He let his fingertips flit over the soft purple marks and he grins. Six more days and Taeyong would be his again!

Yuta would be wrapped in arms that he loved and longed for, and within that time he’d feel his true self-worth. Yuta would be kissed by Taeyong and he would witness a swelling of emotions that he tried to ignore but was happy too feel.

Yuta shook his head as he felt his eyes mist up.
He can’t.

*Don’t cry, Nakamoto Yuta. Don’t let Taeyong win.*

Quickly pulling on an old band tee shirt and rolling his pajamas legs up, he stepped out to his hallway and cursed instantly.

Every Saturday night, he and Taeyong would leave a mess for Yuta to pick up on Sundays. He begrudgingly began picking up photo frames of his mother, their Father, and the rest of the gang before dancing over the glass to get the broom in the kitchen.

Yuta scoffs over the mess in the kitchen and is half tempted to call Taeyong and have the neat freak clean it himself. But that would be crazy, and not within the boundaries of whatever the hell they were to each other.

He begins rounding up the candles, glass and dust collected by the incense before mopping the bathroom, unplugging the tub and throwing Taeyong’s cold and soaked clothes in the washer.
He hears his door open with a chime and he poked his head out from the hallway to see it’s Yeri. Yuta rolled his eyes as Yeri prances in with a light laundry basket and grin on her face. Yeri was not only his ex, but also the co-captain of the dance team.

"Morning, senpai!" she smiled, her voice full of aegyo as she plopped the laundry basket on the floor next to the door. Yuta shot her a glare.

"You have a death wish, Yeri?" he asked bitterly and she put down a drink holder with two caramel macchiato.

"I've got laundry and lattes!" she smiled brightly and Yuta couldn't help but break out in a laugh. Every Sunday evening Yeri would come in the morning with his work uniform washed and coffee.

"What would I do without you, Yeri-chan?"

"Have dirty clothes and be sleepy?"

Yuta welcomed her with a hug and kiss on the head as they both began to whip up breakfast.
Yeri was more like a sister to Yuta than anything. She dated Taeyong first and broke with him after a few days before Yuta courted her out of spite. Unlike the other girls that Yuta and Taeyong would play cat and mouse with, she was sincere and only accepted Yuta after he persisted. She read right through him, however, and cursed Yuta out in front of either band during their exhibition performance. She personally didn't like either of them very much, since they were more concerned with using her to make the other jealous. But she stuck by Taeyong and Yuta as friends.

Yeri turned on the radio and quickly pulled Yuta into an impromptu cover of girl band dances.

A bit afterwards Yeri sat on the counter, her feet dangling while Yuta leaned against the table as they chatted about courses amongst the music and boiling rice when the door opens again with a chime.

Yuta wasn't expecting it to be his current girlfriend, Tzuyu.

And she's pissed off.

"Yuta-kun!" Tzuyu shouted, her phone pointed threateningly at Yuta who sucked his teeth. Yeri’s eyes darted from Tzuyu to Yuta.
"I swear, I'm only here to drop off his laundry!" Yeri swears and Yuta bristled at the soft, fearful voice of his friend. Tzuyu was red in the face and glaring.

"Calm down, Tzu. You are well-aware that she's my friend." Yuta motioned for the frightened girl behind him and gently placed his hand on the small of her back. “Yeri, why don’t you head to your dorm? I'll see you later."

Yeri pouted before bowing slightly and walking out of Yuta's apartment.

Once Yeri shut the door, Yuta huffed.

"Tzuyu," he began rubbing the bridge of his nose. “You need to stop with this. Yeri is my friend and you know that."

"But why is she here?" Tzuyu began stomping her foot. “Is it her you're with every Saturday night? Have you been abandoning me? Leaving me to be lonely just so you can screw around with her?!"

"Tzu. Calm down."
"I need to calm down?!" Tzuyu shouted as he attacked Yuta with pathetically weak and dramatic thumps on the chest. "Me?! You're the one getting into fist fights on campus! You're going to ruin my reputation!"

"Siblings fight all the time!" Yuta shot back grabbing her delicate and thin wrists. "And reputation? You were kissing on Seungwoo at a party on Tuesday so don’t you start that shit about reputations!" Yuta spat coldly and she instantly stopped struggling against him.

"I told you that wasn--you know what?! It's over!" Tzuyu shouted as she wrung her wrist out of Yuta’s hold. Yuta’s eyebrow rose, skeptical.

"What?" He asked before seeing Tzuyu go to his shoe storage by the door and grabbed her house slippers she left over. “Tzuyu!” Yuta began trying to grab the PINK slides from her hands. “Come on, Tzu-chan! You can’t! W-what about Game of Thrones?!”

Tzuyu raised a delicately plucked eyebrow and scoffed.

"I'm breaking up with you and all you care about is Game of Thrones?! Are you shitting me right now, Yuta?!" She shouted in total disbelief and Yuta puffed his cheeks out before kneeling in front of his slender girlfriend of only a month.
"I just want to know what happens to Sansa and Arya! And Rickon! The fuck is going on with him? You read the books; you’d pick up on shit I’d miss!” Yuta wailed begging on his knees and Tzuyu smacked him on the side of his head with her glittery flip-flop.

"Fuck you, Nakamoto Yuta!” she spat before stomping the door and kicking the laundry basket before she swiveled around “Oh and spoiler alert – RICKON ENDS UP-- " Yuta cried before slapping his hands on his ears in hopes of drowning out Tzuyu. She flipped him off before she slammed the door shut.

Yuta sighed, rubbing his hand over his face.

He heard the spoiler and now he wants to crawl into a ball and die.

Yuta sighs before picking up the toppled basket and moving it over to the couch and began to fold the laundry Yeri so charmingly brought over.

He quickly begins to fold his work shirts and aprons that Yeri usually picks up for him on Friday mornings since she has a washer and dryer on her floor. At the bottom of the basket, he picks up his faded, yellow band t-shirt, littered with signatures. He rubs the name most familiar of the names on the breast.
He remembered that day, that year…the time when Taeyong loved him, openly.

When Taeyong would loiter outside of the band room with Jaehyun and Ten and Yuta would all but jump into Taeyong's arms, blabbing about how he finally scored the highly coveted first chair.

Yuta was dragged out of his memory by his door chime.

He turned to the left to see Jaehyun shuffling his sneakers off. Yuta smiled.

"I really need to lock my fucking door." Yuta chuckled before Jaehyun giggled. "What's up, Jae?" Yuta stood up and Jaehyun ruffled Yuta's hair before turning to the kitchen and scooping rice from the warmer.

"Nothing much, hyung. I’m just coming from to the pool."
"Ah crap, Ten has a swim meet, right?"

"Had, he won it." Jaehyun grinned and Yuta stood up to high-five him.

"Sweet!" Yuta exclaimed as he picked up a bowl of cucumber kimchi and placed it a few pieces in Jaehyun’s rice bowl.

“Hey, you hungry? Yeri and I made too much breakfast. Eat up, Jae-chan." Yuta stated proudly motion Jaehyun to sit down. Jaehyun felt a small tug in his heart at how much Yuta loves to fret over him sometimes. Yuta busied himself with lowering the radio and picking up his half eat ramen. He grabbed a few bottles of water before sitting down across for Jaehyun.

“Eat up, Jaehyun! You guys put in a lot of effort last night against Dongguk.” Yuta chided again and Jaehyun pouted slightly, picking at one of the side dishes. Yuta raised an eyebrow quizzically before noticing Jaehyun slowly rub his cheek.

*Oh shit.*
"I'm really sorry about punching you yesterday. It was an accident." Yuta blurted out trying to reach for Jaehyun’s cheek, but the younger of the two smacked Yuta’s comforting hand.

"It's not that Yuta, it's just I miss my brothers, you know? I miss us...when we were a collective." Jaehyun began softly and Yuta bristled. His appetite ruined.

Taeyong, Taeyong, Taeyong. It’s always about fucking shitface Taeyong, even when he’s with his friends.

"Yoonoh-ah, I'll always be your brother," Yuta said softly, scratching the back of his head, clearly uncomfortable. “I love you, very much. Your mother took me in when I had no one. Blood could never make us any closer."

"What about Taeyong? Isn't he your brother more than I am? Don't you love him--somewhere underneath all this crazy shit?" Jaehyun asked boldly and Yuta could feel his heart knocking in his chest.

Yuta’s nose flared. "For fuck’s sake, Jaehyun!"
"He's your brother, Yuta! Don't you love him, too? I don't know what happened but--"

"Drop this shit, Jaehyun." Yuta said brusquely, slapping his chopsticks on the table. Yuta glared at Jaehyun who wilted under the intensive gaze. "Did you come here to fucking grill your hyung about this shit? Yesterday Doyoung said you'd drop this!"

"No, I came here because yesterday was _scary_! You guys were really trying to kill each other this time and …and I just _can't_ believe this fall out from you two!" Jaehyun stood up, the squeal from the chair sliding across the linoleum piercing Yuta’s ears but he couldn’t be bothered by it. Instead, he was bothered over the sudden flooding in Jaehyun’s eyes and his reddening face as he shouted. “This is a clusterfuck for friends. Where I have to pick who –fuck this...I miss it when we were _all_ together!"

"We still _are_ , you big crybaby shit! Just because I don’t like someone doesn’t mean how I feel about you will change! Taeyong has nothing to do with how much I care for you and Ten, Doyoung, Taeil, the fucking maknaes—my hate or love for one person will never jeopardize how I feel about you guys!"

Yuta could feel himself tremble in rage as he stared up to Jaehyun who stood stock still at Yuta’s outburst. He’d never seen Yuta scream like this, and now Jaehyun felt like he threw so much unnecessary anger on his hyung. Yuta stood up abruptly and pushed his chair harshly out of his way. “Every fucking thing that ever fucking was must revolve around that knuckle-dragging piss-stain. God, I'm so pissed off right now.” Yuta spat out before grabbing his car keys. Jaehyun motioned out for Yuta with an awkward arm.

“Hyung, where are you going?” Jaehyun asked softly as Yuta jammed his foot in his sneakers, not
bother to lace them before he grabbed his wallet and swung the door open, ignoring Jaehyun’s words.

Chapter End Notes

This face in my dreams seizes my guts
He floods me with dread
Soaked in soul
He swims in my eyes by the bed
Pour myself over him
Moon spilling in
And I wake up alone.
-- “Wake Up Alone” - Amy Winehouse.
Show Me

Chapter Summary

We were never suppose to go this far for real
Now I see it all so clear
My holding back from you
Just making me want you with me
And now, now were getting all so close
And want everyday a little more
Each other's touch...
What we waiting for?
-- "Show Me" - Amerie

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry I'm late. I dunno if I ever told ya'll, but I work in corporate America. I mean corner office, meetings after 9PM and schmoozing to clients [also reading fanfiction while I'm suppose to be working on proposals]. Last week was a bit busy, but here's 5K+ to make up for it!

Shit gets real.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taeyong needed to shower.

But there’s a strong part of him that was begging him not to bathe as he jabbed his finger into the elevator call button and shifting oddly into it as he pressed the button to his floor.

He smelled like Yuta.

All good sex, warm kisses and tangible moans pressed into his skin.
Taeyong slipped his eyes close before pressing his forehead into his palms. He restrained a moan, trying to taper his emotions but just at the thought of *Yuta* brought Taeyong a joy he could barely contain.

Sunday mornings were always noisy in the dormitories—especially on the east side of campus. With no classes or activities, the hallways would be teeming with students sharing food sent by worried eommas, playing trap music obscenely loud or in the floor’s RA’s room betting stupid amounts of won on endless bouts of League.

He waved good-naturedly to his peers who congratulated him on last night’s win against Dongguk and offered him whatever they had in their hands as thanks but he refused and simply walked to his door.

He quickly punched in the keycode before walking into his shared accommodations, toeing his sneakers off and making a beeline for his bedroom door and shutting it behind him.

He emptied his duffle bag in his hamper before lying down on his bed in a defeated heap. He was exhausted and pretty sure that he nearly threw his knee out when he had Yuta sprawled out on the couch. He really wanted to switch their position to one a bit more comfortable on his ligaments, but decided against it. He couldn't appear weak in front Yuta. *Yuta* should never, *ever* see how Taeyong truly feels, no matter how uncomfortable. If he did, Yuta’d probably kill him.

Or keep him forever.

Taeyong rolled over on his stomach and screamed into his pillow.
“I’m so fucking stupid,”

How could Taeyong honestly insist on ending what they have?

He knew why; he understood why. Within the flurry of delving deep inside of Yuta...mentally skating in nirvana, physically unlocking every section of chakra with every slick thrust and emotionally unraveling within Yuta's moans... In the midst of the best sensations he’s ever felt, he forgot why he shouldn’t have felt it at all.

All the hate Taeyong harbored for himself since he was a kid was suddenly aimed at his brother, the one who supposedly dragged him into this cesspool of sin.

It makes Taeyong ill thinking on the fact that they willfully teetered and tottered along the forbidden lines at first for shits and giggles...just to see who could make who flush the fastest and now here they are, fucking like cocaine-induced rabbits.

Taeyong couldn’t help but feel bile rise upward in disgust once he looked upon Yuta's blank face once Yuta entered the room last night. They hadn’t had a fight that violent and public in months, maybe a year. Had Taeyong really expected Yuta not to say something? Didn’t Taeyong, with no words, across yards of grass, with nearly a thousand of clueless spectators-- beg Yuta to meet him that night?

He wanted Yuta to protest, to punch him again, to scream at him... but he didn't.

Maybe it was time for it to be over?
They would be 22 this year. Isn’t it about time they let whatever they have just die, quietly? Taeyong would have to be the responsible hyung and not meet with Yuta. No matter what.

Taeyong smiled sadly, feeling his eyes sting.

*Don't you fucking cry, Lee Taeyong. This is all your fault.*

Taeyong sat up and scrubbed his eyes.

It was his fault, yes.

He *didn’t* have to do what he did.

He *didn’t* have to retaliate to Yuta’s vicious words.

He *didn’t* have to look at Yuta after the game was over last night. He *didn’t* have to go to Yuta’s apartment, create a mesmerizing ambiance and wait.

And all those years ago, when Yuta brazenly kissed him—he should have *never* succumbed.
Taeyong should have pushed Yuta away, laughed it off…not grab Yuta by the back of the neck and take him on the spot like he did.

Taeyong’s thoughts were ripped from him as he heard a knock on his door. He sat up straighter and wiped his swollen eyes.

“Come in!” Taeyong began and a tuff of blonde hair poked in. Taeyong grinned brightly.

"Jeffrey~"

“Morning, hyung!”

Jaehyun said as he stepped into Taeyong’s impeccably clean room, returning the smile.

“Ten's water polo match is in a few minutes, wanna come?” Taeyong huffed and rubbed his still arching jaw.

"Aish, I just came in, Hyunnie…. Can you extend my love to him, please? I know he'll win against Cheongsam University!"

"Of course,” Jaehyun chuckled softly as he sat on one of the ottomans Taeyong had at the foot of his bed.
“I’m sure he won't be upset since you always go to all of our events! You missing one won't dampen his spirits, I’m sure.”

"Don't make me cry!” Taeyong giggled playfully throwing a pillow at Jaehyun who caught it. “Oh are you hungry, Jae? I can make you some rice and eggs before you go." Taeyong began before standing up and exiting to the hall, motioning Jaehyun to follow him.

"No, it's fine.” Jaehyun spoke a tad meekly as Taeyong began scooping rice from the canister to a bowl.

“Shush, Jaehyun. You’re still growing and it’ll be quick. Just let me wash the rice--,”

“Yuta usually cooks up breakfast with Yeri. I always visit Yuta-hyung on Sundays mornings.”

Taeyong sucked his teeth and placed the bowl none too gently on the countertop. Suddenly, anger filled him in waves. "I don't know why Yeri wastes her time with that shitfit!"

“She's like that with all of us, Yong.” Jaehyun began softly, shrinking a bit as Taeyong shoved the grains back into the canister aggressively.

"Fuck that ugly, deposable thumbed marsupial hyung of yours.” Taeyong hissed with a sneer, grabbing a cloth and wiping the already spotless countertops. “I'm going to kick his shit open next time I see him."

"Yong, please.” Jaehyun began, prying himself directly between Taeyong and the countertop.
Taeyong sighed and looked up to his taller dongsaeng. “Yesterday was harrowing. I want you and Yuta-hyung to find middle ground.”

"Jaehyun,” Taeyong chuckled with no mirth. “I want to stomp him in the middle of the ground.”

"Can you stop with this fucking messed up talk?! What would mom say if she knew about this?” Jaehyun said seriously and Taeyong’s jaw dropped and his bones rattled a bit in his body. He threw the rag on the floor and stomped his foot.

"Yoonoh-ah that's fucking low! Don't bring eomma into this--she's a saint!” Taeyong began whining before composing himself. “She's done too much for us to be burdened. You promised that you wouldn't tell her!”

"I might if it means you two would stop wailing on each other!” Jaehyun threatened and Taeyong was almost at a loss of words before turning around and throwing his hands up for a moment before clenching his hair.

Fuck.

"Jaehyun, you're playing dirty! Doyoung said you guys collectively decided you'd drop this! Do you want to make me upset, Jaehyun?” Taeyong ended it a bit softer, watching Jaehyun’s sudden blackmailing side simmer a bit. “I'm sorry that you guys keep getting in the mix of things but Yuta and I hate each other, ok? But we still love all of you, especially eomma.” Taeyong placed a reassuring hand on Jaehyun shoulder and saw the little crumble in Jaehyun’s eyes.

“She's the only mom we've ever had so don't muck that up for me and Yuta. Just because I don't like him doesn't I mean I love you and everyone from the orphanage any less.” When Taeyong feels Jaehyun gather him in his arms, Taeyong knew he won. He patted Jaehyun’s back as they
hugged and he could feel Jaehyun’s smile. "Promise you won't tell eomma about this? I don't want to worry her." Taeyong asked softly and Jaehyun pulled away and nodded with shining eyes.

"Taeyong-hyung, I won't OK?" Jaehyun lied smoothly and Taeyong grinned.

“Alright. Hurry and go so you don't miss the meet.” Taeyong said as he motioned to the door. “And eat soon as it's done, OK?”

“Yes, Yong.” Jaehyun nodded politely as he watched Taeyong’s back as he left to his room.

Jaehyun clenched his jaw as he nervously began mulling over his thoughts.

Something was off.

Taeyong was…wearing the same hoodie Jaehyun wore when he was at Yuta’s a few days ago. He knew that was it because had a few bleach stains that he pointed out to Yuta, but Yuta refused to throw it out.

He’d have to go to see Yuta after the swim meet indefinitely.
In the shower, Taeyong thought about every single kiss he had with Yuta last night. He kissed Yuta's lips 42 times last night, 12 more than average.

As Taeyong scrubbed his hair, he recounted every single moment they had just hours ago, a peel of pleasure coiling behind his bellybutton when he thinks about the number of kisses they shared last night, making chills roll up and down his spine. He lost count after round six of how many times they had sex, but he never forgot how Yuta looked on top of him, below him, in the tub, against the fridge and against the way too sensitive blender.

He could still feel Yuta around him, at it always leaves him awestruck.

Yuta's gentle fingertips leaving trails of desires, plush lips releasing passionate demands and his smile...the smile Yuta wore just for him was always filled with sunshine and joy.

It's was no denying it, he craved Yuta...maybe ever more.

Every single one of Taeyong’s pores sang to Yuta...his touch like a shot of dopamine right into Taeyong’s veins and all Taeyong wanted was to own that feeling, to own Yuta. He wished he could have the power to fast forward to Saturday and have the person he loved more than anything else in the world to melt in his arms.

He was so deeply in love with Yuta and he was content.

He belonged to Yuta and Yuta belonged to him. ...but Taeyong didn't realize it until one Saturday two years ago.
They were fucking on Saturday, per usual.

Yuta was fully seated on Taeyong’s lap, his hair a bit longer back then and it clung to his neck, slick with sweat despite the cool air blowing in the room. Taeyong sighed happily, watching Yuta coil his hips in deep, sensuous circles, the sensation of Yuta on top of him, grinding their hips together until he could feel their hip bones sting with overuse...euphoria in its purest form. Yuta’s was close, Taeyong could always tell when Yuta was close...the way his right hand kept losing rhythm around his cock and how Yuta’s hips stuttered falling out of the well-synced tandem.

Taeyong felt his eyes slip to back of his head, his conscience falling though the rabbit hole, and Taeyong willingly dove in head first--soaring through the never-ending pleasure coursing that only Yuta could create. His grip on Yuta’s sweaty, slender hips tightened before he suddenly yanked Yuta towards him.

The younger of the two awkwardly flailing for a moment before he landed on Taeyong’s lips. Yuta moaned as Taeyong gently tugged Yuta’s hand away from his length and began to wrap his own calloused hand around Yuta. Taeyong moaned as he dug his heels into the mattress and began to fuck into Yuta’s warm, tight body. Yuta’s fingers clutched at the sheets bunched around Taeyong’s shoulders as he felt Taeyong’s free hand slid up his spine, little pools of sweat disturbed as Taeyong rested his left hand in Yuta’s dark coif. Taeyong broke their kiss to breath raggedly under Yuta’s chin; his stomach was twisting with pangs of pleasure.

He needed Yuta.

He needed this release.
He needed—

A sudden loud growl was heard and they both went still.

Yuta quickly raised his chest away from Taeyong’s to Taeyong’s immediate dismay.

Taeyong sucked his teeth.

….he needed fucking food.

“Hyung,” Yuta breathed out and Taeyong began to whimper just from Yuta’s annoyingly stern tone. “Hyung, was that your stomach?” Taeyong, who lowered his eyes answered sheepishly.

“…maybe but--,”

“Taeyong-hyung! When was the last time you ate??” Yuta questioned seriously and Taeyong sighed.

“Yuta, babe we’re still connected. It’s fine, just please--,” Taeyong whined trying to continue jerking Yuta, who simply slapped his hand away and slowly began slipping off of Taeyong’s length.
“Babe, please don’t…” Taeyong whimpered and Yuta, with a soft moan unsheathed himself from Taeyong who pouted furiously.

“We'll take a quick ramen break, hyung.” Yuta began regaining his normal breathing pattern and Taeyong sucked his teeth and turned away from him stubbornly like a spoiled child. Taeyong heard Yuta’s charming giggle and the bed dip a bit before Yuta turn Taeyong on his side and placed his head on Yuta’s thighs. Taeyong was still pouting and Yuta was just gazing down at Taeyong with admiration that was making Taeyong’s whole world a soft shade of pink.

"Yuta, I'm fine.” Taeyong began softly, staring up at Yuta. “Please, I don't want to stop. You feel too good, Yu-yu."

"Hyung, you have to eat."

"Then bend over and I'll stop eating when I’ve had my fill!" Taeyong countered and Yuta nearly choked and Taeyong grinned maliciously as he turned around and crawled over Yuta, caging him within his pale limbs.

"You need food!" Yuta hissed as if it was a weapon against the elder of the two. The corner of Taeyong’s lip ticked up in a devious smirk as he nudged his knee between Yuta’s thighs. Yuta felt his air get caught in his throat as he leaned back on his elbow, shivering as Taeyong’s nimble fingers walked a soft trail from his belly button, the cavern between his abs, up his nervously bobbing Adam’s apple before cupping his chin.

"Yuta,” Taeyong’s voice was airy and sultry. “Do you know there’s a Haitian proverb that states "You can look at a handsome man all day and never get hungry" ?"

Yuta pursed his lip and looked at his hyung sideways and chuckled. “Taeyong, do you even know
"Um--rude much!" Taeyong retorted, the mood finally dying as he eased out of Yuta’s space. “Yes, I do her name is Ketly and she’s pretty, her eyebrows are perfect and she's my favorite mutual!” Taeyong huffed agitated and Yuta laughed. Yuta’s crisp laughter sneaking into his heart and shining the brightest light within Taeyong.

"Let's make some ramen." Yuta said, kissing Taeyong shoulder softly, and Taeyong melted.

"Seriously? I rather just eat you out again...you taste better than anything in the kitchen, babe." Yuta pinched Taeyong in response and moseyed off the bed and motioned for Taeyong to follow him.

"Oh no," Taeyong began following Yuta down the hall before he quickly picked up Yuta bridal style. Yuta squeaked and wrapped his arms around Taeyong’s neck. Yuta did not miss the proud grin that stretched around Taeyong’s face. Yuta wanted to protest, but it felt good, so good reclining in Taeyong’s strong arms, watching in silence as Taeyong carried him to the living room and carefully placed him on the couch in front of the entertainment system.

"You sit down, hyung will make you ramen or whatever your heart desires. You deserve it, babe." Taeyong praised, petting Yuta's thighs that were littered with love bites. "What did I do to deserve something so precious, hmm Yu-chan?" Taeyong gently traced soft patterns across Yuta’s knee before propping Yuta’s legs carefully on the coffee table as if he was made of marble. “You're always just so good for me. Let hyung spoil you, baby boy.” Yuta blushed as Taeyong grabbed one of the woven throws and draped it over Yuta's bare thighs.

"Hot sauce, veggies & cheese, right baby boy?" Taeyong offered and Yuta nodded gladly before he grabbed the remote and click on the TV as Taeyong quickly began making ramen, completely naked. Taeyong wasted no time cutting up carrots and broccoli for their 2AM snack. Within minutes, he carried the two Shin-Ramen cups and cans of coconut water and cola to the coffee table.
"Here you go, my precious Yu-ju." Taeyong presented with an exaggerated flourish and Yuta chuckled as cool, naked skin snuggled under the blanket next to him. Yuta grabbed the cup brimming with carrots, shrimp, cheese and broccoli. Taeyong stretched and placed his arm behind Yuta’s neck and started sipping a bit at his ramen.

"Thanks, hyung!" Yuta smiled before he clicked to KBS news since nothing else was on during such late hours.

They slurped noodles comfortably before the next story was presented.

_In a victory of American civil rights, the United States' Supreme Court has passed legislation that makes same-sex marriage legal in all 50 states and commonwealths. This allows that not only a same-sex couple to marry, but also become beneficiaries on their partners’ wills including to the right to inherit their partner’s property, receive social benefits received from their partner’s pension and adopt children._

Taeyong felt his heart race as he watched the crowds of people, of all races, sizes and orientations celebrate outside what he assumed was the American Supreme Court.

"Wow, that's crazy!" Yuta began smiling widely, his eyes sparkling and he suck a stem of broccoli in his mouth "I knew it was only legal in a few of their...prefectures?"

"States," Taeyong corrected softly, mesmerized by the soft joy on his face and Yuta nodded.

"Yeah, states! It was one of the things their president said he'd do before he leaves--how fucking cool is that?"
Taeyong shifted nervously in his spot, feeling suddenly hot and shamed. "You...you think it's cool?"

"Yeah," Yuta nodded impatiently as he used his chopsticks to point at screen. “Anyone loving someone else, where no one gets hurt is fucking cool! Look at those two obaa-chans! They have to be like 78 and been together since they were 23! They finally get to get married! Go grandmas!” Yuta clapped proudly, but awkwardly with his ramen cup in his hands.

Taeyong witnessed the unadulterated glee in Yuta’s eyes as he put his cup down and picked up the can of coconut water and snuggled back under Taeyong’s arm as he chattered excitedly about how bright and fun America looked.

"...do you think that it'll ever happen here...in South Korea?" Taeyong asked meekly once the segment was over, poking at his now tepid noodles.

Yuta pondered a bit, chewing on his bottom lip. "Asia is such a strict continent...East Asians are very traditional in that aspect...maybe one day, but by that time--we'd probably be like those grandmas." Yuta finished with broad chuckle.

Taeyong lowered his eyes, trying to mentally stomp out the rock in his throat and his bruised emotions.

He started feeling stupid for even having a slight hope that he'd get to openly express his love for Yuta in the most permanent way in the land of his predecessors. The fact that he even had such hopes made his heart thump sadly.
"Hey..." Yuta began quietly placing his can down on the coffee table and turning to face Taeyong, holding his quaking fingertips. "b-but I-I...The US isn’t that far away!" Yuta said with bright blush and Taeyong froze. "I mean, it's an 18-hour flight, yes...and maybe we’d have to take like, some time off but... but there's the UK which is closer and--and--and I mean, we'd sleep through the flight--well, I know you would sleep, hyung--,

Yuta didn't finish.

Suddenly his words were cut off by shaky fingertips pulling holding his cheeks and pulling him forward.

Taeyong was kissing him, but it wasn't the lustful swipes he was accustomed to. It was soft...light...laced with a frail fear and utterly coy. Yuta, stunned, was a bit hesitant but kissed back just as gently.

Of all the kisses they shared this was... different...it was a new sensation... a new emotion.

Taeyong quickly stood up and Yuta, already addicted to the new sensation followed and they didn't dare break the soft flutter of kisses as Taeyong lead them to the bathroom. Taeyong felt the burning behind his eyes and the unsteadiness in his chest.

Yuta motioned blindly for the light switch but Taeyong shook his head as the kiss deepen, Taeyong's eyelashes desperately trying to trap the tears within them. He led them into the shower and quickly flicked the water on.

"Hyung--," Yuta began with a broken whisper but Taeyong shook his head, his tears flowing freely
as he held Yuta close, trying to control his shaky breathing and his hiccups. Taeyong felt Yuta's strong arms circled his neck as the water showered down on the both of them.

God, when was the last time Taeyong actually held Yuta like this?

Hugging Yuta as his arms holding Taeyong’s core ransom and silently warming his entire being wasn't right.

Nothing could feel this right, as perfect as this moment was to Taeyong. Taeyong tightened his grip and prayed Yuta couldn't feel his breath hitching as he tried to control his tears. Yuta...his lovely, savagely precious Yuta probably didn't know what the fuck he just said, what he just implied.

‘We'd sleep through the flight’.

The hope flowered inside Taeyong's heart was blossoming.

Taeyong then heard a little sniffle come from Yuta as he buried his face a bit deeper into Taeyong's neck.

Taeyong kissed the top of Yuta's damp head before pulling away just a bit. It was nearly pitch black, but the moonlight from the bathroom window provided Taeyong with just enough light to see Yuta's large, deep brown eyes glistening and rimmed with red, the blush across his face and trembling lips.
Yuta looked up and Taeyong felt like his soul left his body.

Yuta was his entire world. The sun, the moon, every fucking star, every celestial body, every molecule of oxygen and light was right in front of him. Beautiful, breathing...all his own.

Taeyong realized just in that modicum of time that he was a fucking *idiot*.

There was nothing Taeyong loved more than Yuta and Taeyong was a fucking fool to think that he could hide it.

"Hyung," Yuta began with a broken voice as a tear spilled from his eye but instantly disappeared with the water cascading from the sunflower showerhead above them.

Taeyong couldn't help but stare.

Here he was: the most was the most beautiful thing Taeyong's eyes had ever seen...Yuta bare, honest, open...Taeyong could clearly see what they had always denied.

Between them, amongst the steaming droplets, white hot tears and hiccups was the love they denied each other for years at that point. Yuta had summoned it with two sentences and suddenly the chains they held, the love and passion they tried to deny each other was fucking gone. The look in Yuta’s eyes was screaming words of adoration and dedication.

Yuta was pleading without uttering a word. Begging for Taeyong to love him, love him properly. To be something more than a tumble in the sheets on a Saturday night. Taeyong felt *everything*
for Yuta and couldn't dare deny it.

Taeyong was tired, fucking *tired* of hiding, stowing away his emotions for six days just to release a smidge of it for a few hours on a Saturday.

Taeyong was done.

He needs Yuta.

He is head-over-heels in love with Yuta.

There's no way on God's green earth that Taeyong could deny he doesn't see it plainly in Yuta's eyes, also. For Yuta to try and cheer up Taeyong by saying that they could take a few days and simply elope in the US—to say it easily and only fret about how long the flight would be was probably the most romantic thing Taeyong ever witnessed.

Taeyong could've solved their problems right then and there.

Taeyong could've been the man he knew he could be.

He could've been the proper hyung.
He could've simply said, "Let's see who'll fall asleep first."

But no.

"Your eyes are watery, Yuta. Did I make the ramen too spicy?"

Taeyong couldn't do it.

He was too weak. A total punk.

Taeyong was too afraid that he was reading into it all wrong and that he'd end up being the fool.

He wouldn't take the chance...he couldn't with Yuta.

Yuta was too much.

Too perfect, too loving, too valuable to risk fucking everything up even deeper.

Taeyong saw the stinging hurt bleed into Yuta's eyes before it quickly flickered into fabricated laughter, tears filling Yuta's eyes and he covered his mouth, masking a small sob.
Yuta composed himself with a snort and rolled his eyes, giggling. "Yeah, you suck at ramen." Yuta chuckled pathetically, lowering his gaze.

Taeyong felt a radiating searing in his heart at what he witnessed.

*I'm such a fucking wimp.*

Taeyong felt tears burn behind his lids but he sighed; the memory bringing back all too raw emotions.

Hours after that night in the shower, they hated each other again.

The same-sex marriage topic came up later that day, with Mark disagreeing solely from a religious view, but agreed on its practicality, while Ten and Sicheng shrugged. Coming from Thailand and China, being gay wasn't even an afterthought.

Taeyong didn't miss the smile Ten gave Johnny, who was the only American in the group, when Johnny stated that gender was not the thing he cared about in a relationship.

The group never mentioned it again; however it didn't stop Taeyong from applying for his passport and having private English lessons with Mark and Johnny.
"Hyung, why do you want to study English suddenly?" Mark began one day as they sat in Johnny's room. Taeyong was just finished the mock test he was given and Johnny was checking over it. The sudden question made Taeyong swallow nervously.

"...um, I might try out for an European football team after graduation."

"Really? That's it?" Johnny asked as he presented Taeyong with a grade. He got only one question wrong.

"Why? Do you think I'd not do well?" Taeyong asked in his accented English and Mark chuckled.

"That's really good, hyung!"

Taeyong dried himself before rubbing his aching jaw.

Yuta did make it up to Taeyong for the fight by littering his jaw with kisses, but it still hurt like hell.

It was nearing 10AM, and thankfully he only had to go to work at four, so he had plenty of time to rest. He pulled out his work uniform that Yeri had dropped the off the day before (she really was the best person that ever was) and quickly ironed it.
Taeyong went to his mini locker and punched in the combination and snapped open. He plucked out the journal and flipped it to the last page. He grabbed the mini pencil attached and quickly scribbled. '201X. 10/17 - 42 kisses'.

He closed the journal and hugged it closely to him before quickly tucking it away amongst the other journals that he kept, filled with tallies of kisses from Yuta that Taeyong promised to count them before the end of his lifetime.

He drew his curtains closed so it was dark in his room and sprayed a bit of Febreeze on his comforter before he snuggled between his sheets.

He pulled his body pillow close to him before reaching for his phone and sending his traditional: 'Guys, I'm sleeping so if I don't answer, you know why.' text into the group chat.

He tucked his phone under his pillow before blowing a kiss into the air, whispering his love to his favorite person.

❄

After waking up late and nearly running someone over, Taeyong pulls into his place of work.

He walks into SM bakery and at the bell clinging he sees Nayeun who rolls her eyes.
"I'm sorry!" he pleads and Nayeun stomped her foot.

"Oppa, you're always late."

Nayeun pouted and Taeyong greeted her with a hug.

"I'll treat you lunch, I promise."

"Yeah, whatever. I'm just happy that it's slow. Doyoung-oppa is in the back frosting cupcakes."

"Is Hyuk-hyung here?"

"No, he just came by to drop off more eggs and cake flour. I'll be leaving first, oppa."

"Take care, Nayeun."

Nayeun shot Taeyong finger hearts and he waved behind her.

Taeyong quickly tied on his apron and greeted the other workers Chaesol and Hana before heading to the kitchen to see Doyoung hand-frosting a large batch of red velvet cupcakes.
"Doyoons~…what's up with the scarf?" Taeyong asked motioning to the odd piece of fabric around Doyoung's neck. Doyoung's cheeks reddened and he cleared his throat.

"It's a bit cold in here, hyung?"

"It's fucking steaming in here." Taeyong said deadpan before Doyoung placed the pastry bag in the counter as Taeyong gave him a curiously raised eyebrow.

"Last night...I hooked up with someone and they kind of left a mark." He whispered embarrassed and Taeyong wolf-whistled.

"Oooh, what she looked like?"

Doyoung's shoulders tensed.

"..."

"Oh, it wasn't a girl?" Taeyong said before he walked over the sink washed his hands. Doyoung's gazed followed, nervously picking at his fingers.

"Are you mad at me?" Doyoung began and Taeyong quickly whipped his head back to Doyoung as
he dried his hands.

"What? Oh hell no." Taeyong shook his head before nudging Doyoung playfully. "You do whoever it takes to get your monkey wet."

Taeyong can see the blight of fear dissipate from Doyoung's face and Taeyong quickly heads to the fridge to pick up a container of raspberry cream cheese frosting and a pastry bag.

"So, you went to the after-party. Was it anyone I know?"

"...um, you know the goalie for Yonsei?"

"Minho?!" Taeyong gasped. “Choi Minho?”

Doyoung blushed and nodded.

"Oi, Doyoung! You're sleeping with the enemy~! That's our school's number one rival university." Taeyong whined playfully filling the pastry bag and Doyoung nearly threw a half frosted cupcake at Taeyong's stupid face.

"We didn't do anything like that, like that. Just more like kissing and...he's really nice, Taeyong." Doyoung said quietly and Taeyong grinned, nudging him again.
"That's good. Introduce me properly one of these days."

They finished quickly with the frosting and chatting about how Doyoung had to clean vomit from his saxophone after the party, while loading the cupcakes in the display case.

"Yongie," Doyoung began after they wiped down the display case and were now at the counter as the other employees began baking bagels for tomorrow.

"Yeah?"

"It makes me sad when you and Yuta fight."

Taeyong cursed before slapping the washcloth on the counter, irritated.

"Doy-"

"I know, I know." Doyoung cut off, rubbing a hand over his face. "I just want to express my feelings. We've came a long way from the orphanage in Hongdae. It's unreal how tragedy made all of us family, but I feel like I can't be truly happy unless we're all together."

"We are together, you have us all. We are all happy and healthy, Doyoung. Is Yuta being mean to you?"
"No," Doyoung began quickly to reassure Taeyong. "Yuta loves me just like how you do Taeyong and that's the problem. When I'm with you and then with Yuta I can't believe that you two can't get along. You both fuss over us about food and our school work--,"

"Well, we're brothers. I guess we can't help the way we were raised." Taeyong spat out bitterly and Doyoung ran a hand through his orange strands.

"I just want you to know that we love you and Yuta-hyung. We just wish you'd love each other."

Taeyong wanted either punch Doyoung in the face or punch Doyoung in the fucking face.

That was way too close to home. Taeyong grew silent before clearing his throat.

"I...think I can speak for us both when I say we love you all, too." Taeyong mumbled quietly and Doyoung faced Taeyong a bright smile. They both smile and Taeyong sighed.

This is the moment; he must do this.

Taeyong took a deep breath. "Hey, do you want to see a movie on Saturday night?"

"Huh?" Doyoung questioned checking the calendar or the end of the counter. "You mean Friday
"No, Saturday night." Taeyong said bravely. Now that he said it, he couldn’t take it back. “You can introduce me to Minho.”

"...are you sure? Don't you...I don’t know “decompress” or whatever on Saturday nights?"

"I think I can handle a movie and some food since there's no game this week. Invite Jaehyun, too!"

Taeyong smiled and Doyoung nodded his head and grinned wildly, pulling his phone out to ask Jaehyun and Minho if they’d be available.

Taeyong’s smile wavered and his stomach turned sourly. He has to be the proper hyung. He has to be responsible.

He has to end this.

Chapter End Notes

See, whenever I lay down to sleep
Thoughts are swimmin constantly
And I can't deny
The love for you I feel
And whenever I tell you I got to go
My heart starts to feel the pain
Wondering when will I see you again
I can't pretend
-- "Show Me" - Amerie
How was it? It's getting a bit clearer?
Cave Me In [Part 1]

Chapter Summary

*Baby I want you, to cave me in  
So maybe i won’t have to admit it  
I want you, to cave me in  
So maybe I won’t ask to forget it*  
--"Cave Me In"-Gallant x Tablo X Eric Nam

Chapter Notes

I'm dedicating this entire chapter and the next one to my bae @Nayong127. You're the cutest, Bina!

Honestly, the original chapter was like 8K, and I was like "The fuck Rozlie, you gotta slow it down."

Also, **GUESS WHO GOT P1 TICKETS TO SEE SHINee IN DALLAS?! Me!**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuta picked at his udon, bored as fuck.

It was only 6PM and the university’s cafe was bustling with gaggles of students either bunched up around the large TVs to catch who won on Inkigayo or meeting up with their circle of friends to choose which clubs will fit their needs tonight.

Usually around this time during a game week, Yuta would already be in the field with Doyoung, covered in sweat, grime and grass, screaming at the flutes to get in the right formation, but this week was a byweek. There weren’t any games available to play until homecoming against Yo sei next week Saturday.

It wasn't necessarily that Yuta was bored--the football season is always only for nine weeks out the year--but after Taeyong's proclamation, it had Yuta feeling a bit uneasy. A bit unnerved.

For the rest of the Saturdays out of the year, Yuta would typically go the market and buy sacks full of junk food, clean his apartment, catch up on anime or studying and wait until 23:09 for Taeyong to slip in the apartment. Sometimes, Yuta would be curled up on the sofa, up under a fluffy blanket...
and he would be awakened by chime of his door opening. Yuta, in his haste, would try to straighten out his hair in an attempt to look presentable, wipe the drool off his cheek before his lover would round the corner to see Yuta shaking off the frays of slumber. If was all in vain of course because Taeyong would take in the sight of puffy-eyes Yuta and smile. Taeyong would snort, placing whatever he brought with him (usually it was soft drinks) on the end table and laying on top or besides Yuta before whispering, "Aish, did my baby boy fall asleep waiting for hyung? Next time, I'll come earlier so we can nap together."

Some Saturdays, during the particularly cold winters, Taeyong would text him asking if he could come over early and once Taeyong did, they would order take out and watch Hello Counselor. Taeyong would sit on the floor with his back to the couch and Yuta would sit between his long legs and be held all day. Taeyong would only let him go to reheat more food, get more drinks or use the bathroom or set up the console. Taeyong was clingy to a fault but it was beyond welcoming. Yuta felt small in Taeyong's arm,

Yuta hates to admit that he yearns for when he would be playing League and Taeyong who would be behind him, arms around Yuta’s core, in awe at Yuta's greatness and guiding him through virtual warfare.

A few Saturdays...not often, but sometimes they wouldn't even fuck. Taeyong and Yuta would just kiss a bit before falling asleep, bellies full of take-out and full of fatigue from doing nothing all day but play games and watch movies. Yuta would wake up on those rare Sunday morning to catch Taeyong staring at him softly before Taeyong would spit something vile at Yuta before getting up. Yuta, guarding his heart would narrow his sparkling eyes and curse him out, too.

"Yuta?" Hansol asked as he, Taeil and Ten flanked Yuta on each side. Yuta gave them a brilliant smile and tugged at his earlobe trying get rid of the flush spreading on his face.

"Hi guys! Ten, how’s your shoulder?” Yuta asked and Ten smiled with the cheery chuckle he's known for.

"Thanks for asking, Yuta! It’s actually much better since Johnny started working on it.” Ten said flexing his shoulder proudly.

“Hmm, working on it? That's what we're calling it?” Taeil chuckled slyly and Ten flushed.

“Oh my God, I hate you!” Ten mumbled reaching to shove the smiling horology student.
"Anyways, we're going to the carnival in Itaewon tonight to celebrate my glorious win last week! Mark and Haechan are coming, too" Ten began with a flourish and Yuta perked up.

"Really?" Yuta questioned. He hadn't seen Mark and Haechan since the two entered their senior year in high school at SOPA. He missed them dearly, especially since they were formally accepted as trainees.

"We'll tag you in all the photos on Instagram tonight." Ten said leaning over to steal a bit of Yuta's noodles.

Tonight...Saturday.

His first thought was Taeyong, of course. Yuta felt tremors inch their way from his elbow to his wrist and he quickly put his chopsticks down. Just the thought of Taeyong's pouty, plump lips, his warm palms and slender fingers made Yuta's mind flutter in pleasure...but a small pinch in his emotions made him jerk to reality.

No.

Taeyong said they should stop. Yuta agreed, didn't he?

Yuta knew that he needed to.

This was the perfect moment, wasn’t it?

"Wait...I actually want to see them." Yuta began a bit softly and Ten raised an eyebrow.

"They're taking the train after hagwon and won't be here until much later." Ten began around a mouthful of udon.

"They'll be sleeping over at my place, though. Maybe they can swing by to see you in the morning?" Taeil offered but Yuta shook his head.
"No...I'll go with you guys tonight." Yuta said confidently. "Honest. The whole night."

Taeil stopped mid-chew and Ten froze in midst of taking a sip of coke.

"Yeah right." Ten chuckled reaching for more noodles when Yuta nudged him and stole his chopsticks back.

Yuta stared at the Hansol, Ten and Taeil who all stared back in confusion. "I'm serious. I'll go."

"But you always have to leave early." Hansol sighed tapping his soda can and Yuta shook his head.

"No, I'll stay the whole night with you guys." Yuta promised with a grin and a pinky finger out. "I, Nakamoto Yuta, promise to hang out with you guys all night."

"Really? Hyung, do you mean it?" Ten smiled brightly as he laced his pinky with Yuta and Taeil petted Yuta's head.

"Yeah." Yuta promised and Taeil whooped.

"Ah, I tried to invite Jaehyun and Doyoung but they already have movie plans with Taeyong since Sunday morning," Hansol said after received an alert on his phone.

Yuta felt his anger slowly overtake his happiness.

That little shitstain already made his plans? Since last week Sunday?

Yuta tried to ignore the vice around his chest, but the burn was making smoke billow from his ears.

What if Yuta wasn't offered the go to the carnival?

He would've been waiting in his apartment, lonely with nothing but candles, incense and his
fucking tears. That crotch spawn...Taeyong really planned on leaving whatever they had alone.

Yuta had quietly stuffed his mouth with udon to hide his anger.

Later that night, Mark would not let go of Yuta's arm.

Yuta couldn't keep the smile off his face as he let Mark intertwine their fingers leading him to another corner of the carnival.

It was an awesome, crisp night lit with wonderful lanterns, lights and littered with couples and families.

"Yuta-hyung, please let's go on this one!" Mark begged as he tugged Yuta's hand to another ride. Yuta had an arm full of stuffed toys and belly full of cotton candy, but he was ecstatic. Mark, Ten, Yuta, Winwin, Hansol, Taeil, Haechan and Jeno already spent two hours winning copious amounts of stuff toys, fish and trinkets, but no one was tired yet.

Except Donghyuck, who apparently had e-fucking-nough.

"Mark, for fuck’s sake let Yuta breathe. It's gross." Donghyuck spat and Yuta stopped mid-stride and raised an eyebrow. Taeil and Hansol jaw dropped and Ten looked dastardly from Haechan to Mark. Mark froze in his spot before his face scrunched up, mouth prepared to spit the vilest words —

"Haechannie, you should be much more respectful to your hyung," Yuta cut it before Mark had a chance. Mark gripped on Yuta's fingers loosen a bit, but the glare Mark sent Donghyuck was scathing.

Donghyuck scoffed, glancing at Yuta before shooting daggers at Mark. "Yuta-hyung, you should probably practice what you preach."

"Oh shit," Ten sputtered and Yuta shook his hand free from Mark and walked up to Haechan and flicked his forehead.
"Donghyuck, did SM make you forget your manners?!" Donghyuck shrunk at Yuta’s voice hovering above him.

“You should not speak about things you know nothing about. Apologize.” Yuta hissed and Donghyuck bottom lip trembled. Yuta usually was the last of the older former adoptees to be upset, but Haechan hit a nerve that Yuta didn't even get to suture yet.

"I'm sorry, Yuta-hyung." Haechan huffed sincerely and Yuta shook his head.

"Not to me, to Mark. I don't need an apology; I just want for you two to be happy." Yuta began ruffling Haechan's hair. "Trust me; the last thing I want is for you two to end up like me and your other hyung." Yuta motioned Mark next to him, who was still fuming at Haechan’s rudeness. Haechan sighed and stepped a bit closer to Mark.

"I'm sorry, Mark...you just get so excited with the hyungs and never with me." Donghyuck began softly and Mark’s anger quickly dissipated, and Mark smiled, desperately trying to hide it from the other guys before he reached out to Haechan's fingers.

Mark's ears began to turn red. "I don't see the other hyungs often plus...it's because I give you attention in other ways, Channie."

Hansol suddenly slow claps and Taeil is suddenly playing Careless Whispers by George Michaels from his phone and the two teens split apart equality embarrassed.

"Hey guys!" Sicheng's voice was heard from a distance and the group turned towards the eccentric Chinese engineering student who was waving them over. "There are traditional dancers and fire throwers performing over here!"

The group rushed over to Sicheng and followed him as he began his excited chatter, so excited that he was melding his Chinese and Korean. Sicheng was the principal dancer at a prestigious institute in Sichuan before he was orphaned. He never really mentioned dancing once he was brought to Seoul—but traditional dancing was what he longed for.

The crowd begins to grow quickly around the stage and less than five minutes, the show begins and it’s one of the most elegant and powerful displays of human art Yuta’s ever seen in person.
In the dense crowd, Yuta spotted Mark slyly slip his arm around Haechan's core as the younger of the two stood in front of Mark. The way Haechan relaxed in Mark's arms let Yuta know that back hugs this intimate were not just usual between them, but actually expected.

Yuta chews the inside of his cheek. He can't help but see him and Taeyong just a handful of years ago when he looks at Mark and Donghyuck.

The show ended much too soon for Winwin’s liking but the claps and cheers made the performers blush and bow. The crowd began to disperse and Winwin quickly motioned that he was going to talk to the dancers.

Looking at his watch, he sees it 9:47PM and the carnival was not slowing down. Yuta cranes his neck to look for the guys and sees them a few feet away.

"They're doing an encore in an hour," Winwin smiled and everyone nodded anxiously.

"I want to see it again, but closer," Jeno clapped excited and Ten pulled Jeno into an affectionate headlock, ignoring Jeno's complaints.

"Let's go on more rides!" Ten announced and everyone pounced up in agreement.

"Can I sit this one out?" Yuta whined and Hansol flailed dramatically.

"What? Why?" Hansol pouted tugging on Yuta’s shoulder. “Come on, we haven't been out in forever!"

"I think I'm having a bit of a headache because of all the lights." Yuta sighed rubbing the bridge of his nose.

"Do you want to leave early?" Taeil asked softly patting Yuta's shoulder.

Yuta could've kissed Taeil!
He could feign illness and leave and go to his apartment...

…where no one was waiting for him.

"What?" Yuta shook his head and forced a grin on his face. "There’s no way I'm leaving! I'm going to see the dancers again. I have a Tylenol and my shades in the car. I'll put up all the stuff too."

Everyone happily handed Yuta their items, including two goldish and with limited eyesight and a tall pile of toys, and candy he set off of the fairgrounds and back to the parking lot to his car. He thanked the gods for keyless entry as he stuffed the all the items [except the fishes, of course] in the trunk before setting the fishes [that he named Ponyo and and the other Jeno won named Poseidon] on the passenger seat.

Once he shut the car door, drowning out the happy music and laughs, Yuta felt a smoldering behind his eyes, burning with unshed tears. He checked his watch; it was 22:11.

Yuta would have been in the bathroom right now, scrubbing his body to smell clean and fragrant for Taeyong. Yuta brought a new body wash and was dying to use the new toasted marshmallow scent and was anxious to see if Taeyong would like it.

Taeyong.

He missed him.

He missed Taeyong right now, more than he did when he was a sea away in Osaka with a fist full of pills and sick determination years ago.

Yuta yearned for Taeyong so deeply that he felt like his lungs were on fire with every breath.

Yuta quickly unlocked his phone and quickly looked for the hidden contact labeled ' Saturday '.

Yuta bit his lip.
There weren't many text messages between them over the past year or so. Just quick blurbs of Taeyong asking Yuta what kind of food he wanted or Yuta asking Taeyong to borrow his extra laptop charger.

Yuta's thumb swiped to create a new message but he hesitated. Yuta wanted to be strong and be petty and ignore Taeyong and ignore the need to be kissed, bit and choked gently while being stretched around knobby, but skilled fingers and cascaded with soft suckles and demands and—

Yuta ended his train of thought with a groan.

He caved in.

*How's the movie?*

His nimble fingers typed faster than he could process a clearer thought and he tapped the blue send icon. As soon as his thumb lifted from the tempered glass, Yuta felt like a *fucking* idiot.

And once he saw the read receipts checkmark at the right side of his blue message bubble, Yuta felt doubly fucking stupid.

Yuta sucked his teeth and chucked his iPhone to the backseat.

Two minutes passed and Yuta felt like a freaking clown.

How could he—

An alert came in.

Yuta scrambled desperately to reach in the backseat, nearly killing the two goldfish to reach the rose gold iPhone. Yuta grabbed it and felt his heart thump deeply in his chest.
Saturday:

Where are you?

Yuta felt goosebumps climb up and down his spine. He could almost hear the gruffness in Taeyong’s voice through the text.

Yuta desperately typed back.

_The carnival in Itaewon._

He waited.

And waited and didn't get another text back.

Yuta hissed, infuriated.

How dare he text Taeyong? Who the fuck does Yuta think he is? Taeyong was the side piece and Yuta had no right to main lover privileges like texting Taeyong and asking how the movie was!

…or thinking about him or loving him or breathing his air.

Taeyong is nothing to him.

Taeyong is just a regular hyung, like Taeil, Hansol and Johnny.

Nothing but tragedy aligned the two together.

Taeyong was _nothing_.

The past was _nothing_. 
So, OK… he was in love with Taeyong since he was five-years-old?

So what?

Fuck the movie, fuck the carnival, fuck these fish, fuck Taeyong, fuck all the happy kids galloping around.

Yuta cursed as he felt his mind racing, abandoning his perfected Korean for his native Japanese. Yuta will never, never let that stupid cockwipe touch him again.

He stepped out of his car and stomped back to the fairgrounds and regrouped with the rest of the guys.

It was slowly nearing 11PM, and the guys were clearly enjoying themselves, but Yuta couldn't remove his scowl until Haechan jumped on his back and demanded Yuta get back to his cheery self. Yuta laughed heavily and continued to carry the jokester of the group, chastising Donghyuck on how light he’s gotten since he last carried him.

Yuta smiled, hearing the guys’ laughter in his ears. Taeyong will not get under his skin. He will enjoy tonight.

"I saw Tzuyu's IG post. Sorry man." Taeil said as they all gathered around a bench, nomming on sweet roasted corn and bulgogi tacos.

"Don't be," Yuta waved off, carelessly. "She gave the best thing I've ever had, so I'm content." Yuta said and Mark snorted.

"What? Her heart?"

"No, freaking Game of Thrones. That show is like cocaine."
Everyone laughed except Ten who shook his head at Yuta who was hiding a grin behind his palm.

Sicheng came back with more beer, soda and coconut water. "I got beer and soju for us and coconut water for our driver!" Winwin chuckled and Hansol quickly opened a soju and toasted with Taeil. Mark, Jeno and Haechan huffed annoyed as they took their colas.

"Coconut water is better than soju~" Yuta smirked as he popped the tab and toasted with the sour-faced teens.

"Let's take a group selca!" Hansol shouted and the others agreed and pulled out their phones to create a neat rotation of group selfies. Hansol [and his incredibly long arms] took photo after photo with everyone's phone before Mark started patting his pockets.

"Ah fuck, I think I dropped my phone!" Mark cried out in a panic as he began to aggressively pat randomly all over his body. Ten searched on the table, picking up empty buckets of fries and pushing used napkins around.

"What? You just had it, Minhyungie!" Sicheng began looking under the bench and table.

"I know, hyung! I can't find it!" Mark whimpered looking aimlessly all over the grass. "Oi, Suho-hyung's gonna kill me! He brought me it for my birthday! What am I gonna do, hyungs?"

"Let's just retrace your steps," Taeil began placing a reassuring hand on his frantic dongsaeng's face.

"Name all the places you were."

"Um, uh..." Mark began scratching the back of his blond hair. "I think the funhouse, whack-a-mole, carousel, the mummy ride, ring toss, all 7 roller rides, the ring of fire, the booths for the fish and water guns."

"WinWin and me will check around the rollercoasters," Taeil began as Winwin nodded.
"Hansol, check the carousel and mummy ride. Mark check the fish and water guns, Haechan and I will go around to the ring of fire." Ten began pointing to the different areas.

"I'll check around the funhouse," Yuta said looking over his shoulder to see the funhouse a few meters away. "We'll meet at the parking lot?"

Everyone agreed quickly before they begin to split off in a different direction in hopes of finding Mark's phone.

Yuta ran through the crowds bobbing and weaving around groups of people and aiming towards the funhouse to see it's closed off by yellow police tape and a sign that says closed in angry red Hangeul.

Yuta rubbed his hair and sighed as he tried to peer around the opening to see if he could find a way in. A little sliver of light catches his eye from the inside of the funhouse and Yuta squints. It was white and flashing and even in the darkness, Yuta could see it was Mark's Samsung Galaxy. Yuta quickly rounded to the exit of the funhouse to see one of the workers cordonning the exit off.

"Um, I'm sorry but my kid brother dropped his phone in here," Yuta began politely, but the worker made no indication that he heard Yuta. "Can I run in and grab it? Please?" Yuta asked sweetly, and the worker didn't turn around but simply nodded to the opening and Yuta nodded and smiled.

"Thanks, hyung-nim! I'll be right out!" Yuta bowed a few times before rushing through the door and walking in.

It was pretty dim, the mirrors that aligned the walkway were dusty, but Yuta pulled out his phone and rang Mark's phone. He heard suddenly the Attack On Titan season one opening a few feet away before shuffling over to it. Yuta quickly reached to pick up the phone and quickly turned it off.

"Aish Markie, why Attack on Titan for your hyung's ringtone?" Yuta began annoyed before a voice, the voice he's been dreaming of, filling every corner of his thoughts and shattered every corner of his mind.

"I wonder what's my ringtone is, Yu-chan?"
Yuta felt a soft buzzing from his wrist and a pull behind his ribs. Yuta swallowed nervously before looking at his AppleWatch.

11:09PM

Yuta turned around slowly to see Taeyong dressed in all black. A black hat hid most of his face, but his puffy pink lips pulled into a soft smile, a roll of bright yellow caution tape in his left hand.

"Come on, tell me. What's my ringtone, baby boy?" Taeyong whispered, slowly removing his hat, his eyes darting into Yuta's eyes. Taeyong's gaze was hazed over in lust and gleaming in excitement. Yuta's body seized up as he watched Taeyong lick his lips, the soft flash of pink made Yuta's knee tremble.

"Why...how... why are you here?" Yuta croaked dryly, his voice barely a whisper. Yuta's body was already singing to be pressed against the sinful abundance of cells that was Lee Taeyong.

The latter grinned, eyes searching around the wall of mirrors that surrounded them, dropping the roll of caution tape with a threatening thud.

"I think you already know why, Yuta."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short [I don't care 3K is short ya'll] chapter, but please know that this story gets really deep. I appreciate all the comments, kudos, bookmarks and subscription! I promise I won't be late with an update again.

Tag yourself, I'm the caution tape~
Chapter Summary

_Cause you and me live like_  
_Birds on a power line_  
_Hands slipping_  
_And our fingers fried_  
_God bless those northern lights_  
_And our own devices babe_  

―“Cave Me In” - Gallant x Tablo x Eric Nam

Chapter Notes

Once again, to my lovely @Nayong.

**Warning:** I hate trigger warnings to be honest because I think it ruins the element of surprise but this chapter has vile shit in it. It mentions the following:

---**Comfort Women** This is very brief. [if you do not know about this, it is an extremely sensitive topic between Japan and Korea. Please educate yourself. If you love Asian culture, learn about the history too. It's not just anime, KPOP, oppas and concepts]  
---**Taeyong's Jpre-debut mishaps**  
---**Yuta's chin** No lie, I hated his chin, thank god it swelled down.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Taeyong nearly head-butted Yuta when he rushed him, eagerly pressing his lips against Yuta’s impatiently.

Yuta melted instantly, the feeling of loneliness cooled tremendously and suddenly the inkling of want inside of his core was suddenly brought to broil.

Yuta sighed deeply into the rough kiss, which was the culmination of whimpers, way-too-loud growls, velvet tongues, plush lips--giving Taeyong exactly what he craved as Yuta twisted his fingers into Taeyong's hoodie. Taeyong suddenly ripped his lips from Yuta before snarling and slamming him into the nearest walled mirror before latching on to him again. Yuta groaned deeply in his throat, loving the slight sting in his shoulder and the heavenly sensation of Taeyong's tongue ransacking every corner of his mouth.

"How...why...," Taeyong began with a painfully angry voice as he pulled away, staring into matching brown orbs. "Why do you...of all fucking people make me this fucking desperate just
Yuta feels waves of goosebumps climb up his neck as he watched the sweat from Taeyong's neck pool at his clavicle and all Yuta wanted to do was lap at the little divot and quench some of his fucking thirst. Yuta lunged for Taeyong and kissed under his chin, feeling Taeyong's breath go through hills and trenches.

Taeyong holds Yuta closer to him, exposing his neck for Yuta and Yuta felt like he was on a high. Seven whole fucking days without Taeyong was somewhat bearable, but after promising not to see each other; it made life fucking tortuous.

Taeyong sighed pulling back only to catch Yuta's lips again, this time much, much softer than before. Yuta's soul trembled in its vessel. Taeyong kissing him this easily, this gentle reminds him of when they first kissed after Taeyong chased him all the way down in Osaka.

How he promised to love Yuta no matter what.

Old memories for years ago began swirling in Yuta's mind—words that shaped his heart; words that made his soul whole:

"I don't care if your Nakamoto Yuusuke or Lee Yuta. You're mine forever and I will love you forever!"

"There's nothing will tear us apart, Yuyu. Nothing. Look at how hard they tried, but still. I'm here."

"I don't care, Yuta. I'm yours forever and they can't change that. I don't care if you're really a third generation chaebol or just a dirt poor orphan like me! We belong together!"

Yuta felt his heart sank. Such pretty lies told from a naive boy to even more gullible boy.
They couldn't do this anymore.

"Get off me...we shouldn't." Yuta mumbles feebly and Taeyong tilted his head to the left, smirking.

"You're the one who's gripping me, baby boy." Taeyong teased, pressing himself on Yuta, grazing his bulge against Yuta's thigh and Yuta could almost hear the heat in his body sizzle. There's something about Taeyong calling Yuta ‘baby boy’ that made him want to drop to his knees and choke out sinful praises around Taeyong’s bulging head. All his shields and armor that was ready for war was thrown out the window; Taeyong's touch always made him do the craziest things.

"You know what else that has a fucking tight grip, Taeyong-hyung?" Yuta whispered hotly and Taeyong shuddered before he began grinding against Yuta. Yuta felt his red puffer jacket slide off him before feeling a soft, supple suck on his shoulder as Taeyong desperately searched for more skin to conquer.

Yuta felt his mind turn into mush as cold fingertips dragged quickly over Yuta's scorching skin resting only when on hand slipped behind Yuta's waistband and petting the sensitive area above the crevice. Taeyong, landed slow, slick swipe under Yuta chin as Yuta rattled in anticipation.

"...come on, Taeyongie...we can't do this here," Yuta mumbled in a hushed tone as Taeyong slipped his hands to hold Yuta around the waist, his thumb caressing Yuta’s ribs.

"Yuta...Yuta, please...I need you." Taeyong whispered roughly into Yuta's neck, a soft nibble immediately followed.

Yuta felt his body go rigid and his heart rate dropped.

Yuta quickly pulled from him and held Taeyong away at arm's length. After a deep breath, Yuta looked into Taeyong's eyes and saw eyes filled with need and desperation he couldn't believe he was witnessing. Taeyong's bottom lip trembled and he bit it, his eyes suddenly interested in the shitty tile beneath their feet.
"What the fuck did you just say, Lee Taeyong?"

"Please," Taeyong struggled, his voice thick with emotions before he shyly met Yuta's line of sight before mustering all of his courage. Taeyong cupped Yuta's face gently, pulling him even closer. "Don't make me admit it again."

"Taeyong, what are you…what are you even saying to me right now?" Yuta's words teetered on a wavering breath and Taeyong brought his face in nearer for another kiss. Taeyong tasted Yuta delicately, his tongue was light and nervous against Yuta's. Yuta felt like someone poured hot oil over his body, but he wasn't burning, it was warming him from the inside out. Yuta deepened the lip lock, swallowing Taeyong's lips.

Taeyong was never this fearful, never seemed this unsure, even when they shared their first intimate kiss years ago.

Taeyong had never said he needed Yuta since they became adults.

He never indicated that Yuta was anything but a warm body that he's familiar with, that he grew up with.

Even with the soft kisses and lazy Saturday nights they shared filled with honied kisses and tender whispers, Yuta never thought Taeyong would ever say such words again.

Yuta was convinced that when Taeyong confessed years ago, that it was just a fluke. Taeyong said he didn’t mean it like that.

Yuta didn't stop Taeyong when his nimble fingers slipped from his cheeks and slipped down to unbuckle Yuta's belt, but once Taeyong's lengthy fingers grazed the rim of his boxers, Yuta broke the kiss, panting.

"Anyone can walk in, hyung...we..." Yuta began before Taeyong pouted, his face reaching for another kiss but Yuta shifted his head away. "Hyung...go to my apartment, wait for me. I'll be there in less than an hour."
"I can't...don't you understand, Yuta?" Taeyong began with a whine before he gripped Yuta by the triceps. Yuta noticed that Taeyong's hold was trembling and his eyes were closed as if he was fighting himself to get the words out. "Can't you understand that I crave you? I'll die if I can't have you right now."

"But anyone can walk in and see us, hyung." Yuta tried, but his willpower was dropping fast. Yuta wasn't one for public displays of affection or anything, but with Taeyong here, holding him, begging for him was making Yuta feel like he was standing at two meters above the ground. "What if someone sees us?"

Taeyong's grip loosened before he pressed Yuta closer to him, one hand tucking a strand of sweaty hair from Yuta's line of sight. "Let them see that you're mine, Yu-chan."

Yuta closed his eyes and let himself fall victim to Taeyong's strong palms and silk tongue.

Yuta quickly pressed his lips against his hyung and suck in Taeyong's breath from his mouth. Taeyong moaned, taken back by the sudden aggression, but immediately matched it as Yuta quickly motioned for Taeyong to peel his hoodie off which he did as Yuta tore at his zipper impatiently before dropping to his knees and untucking his prize. Taeyong's length was rock hard before Yuta could place it on his tongue.

So hot and heavy and hearing Taeyong's sharp intake of breath as he sucked on the head made Yuta feel dizzy with power. Slips of salt seasoning his throat as he buried nose into Taeyong's pubic bone. Taeyong threaded his vein-laced fingers through Yuta's hair lovingly, guiding Yuta's head on him.

"Babe, hyung's going to fuck your throat, OK? This that OK?" Taeyong asked with a wavering voice and Yuta felt himself throb in his pants. He loved being submissive to Taeyong and Yuta could never imagine not being completely yielding to his every request, because he trusts Taeyong more than himself...but when Taeyong asks for Yuta's permission, it made Yuta want to give himself even more, to completely give himself to Taeyong and his whims.

Yuta slid Taeyong from his mouth and looked up to Taeyong's blushing and panting before nodding enthusiastically. "Yes, hyung please, I'll be good." Yuta whispered sucking around the tip and Yuta felt the quivering in Taeyong's legs before Yuta opened his mouth wide, tongue hanging out--a personal red carpet for Taeyong--who slowly eased into Yuta's mouth.

Taeyong's eyes screwed shut as he hit the back of Yuta's throat and feeling the rush of dopamine as he felt the tip of his head nestle slightly downward.
"Fuck," Taeyong groaned deeply as he felt Yuta swallow around the head. Yuta felt the tight grip in his hair; the burning in his lungs as he breathed through his nostrils, his eyes watered, and his mouth was overflowing with drool as his tongue swiped over the groove and lines of the underside of the cock. Taeyong slowly began to rock in and out of Yuta's mouth.

"So good, baby boy. I can't believe you're taking hyung so well. I'm so happy you're mine." Taeyong's whimpers were like the strumming on a harp to the musician's ears. It wasn't often that Taeyong allowed Yuta to bless him orally and this was the reason why--Taeyong was a different person when Yuta's mouth was on him. Taeyong is no longer in control and any aggressiveness in his body was reduced to soft, whimsical pants, stuttering apologies and whimpers that hitched and pitched in ways that made the music major want to stay up late and tease the perfect piece from Taeyong's lips. Taeyong knew this, all too well and wanted to avoid appearing weak in front of one person who thought he was perfect.

Yuta moaned around the member and sighed, relaxing his throat for Taeyong who kept a steady pace as he caressed Yuta's strands, soft praises filtering from his mouth.

"Hyung...hyung's gonna come...can you be a good boy for me and swallow? Please?" Taeyong whispered and Yuta pulled away with a light cough and drool streaming from his chin. Yuta sucked in a deep breath before looking up with teary eyes.

"No, come inside me hyung! I have to feel you inside me," Yuta begged and Taeyong shook his head, stroking his slick knob that still had a few tendrils of drool from Taeyong's tip to Yuta's lip. Yuta gulped before Yuta pressed his lips on the underside of Taeyong's cock and stared back up to meeting the blissed-out gaze of his lover and Yuta pouted. "Please fuck me, Taeyong-kun. I’ll be good." Yuta said meekly in Japanese, just loud enough to reach Taeyong's ears.

Suddenly Yuta felt a sharp tug on his chin and he scrambled to his feet to see Taeyong glaring at him as Taeyong gripped his mouth in his palm.

"Turn around and be a good boy for me," Taeyong commanded as he used his fingers to gather all the saliva that hung from Yuta's lips. With frantic nods, Yuta turned around to face his reflection in the mirror.

Yuta's pupils were blown out, his mouth a skewed and sloppy as he Taeyong's chin rested on over Yuta's shoulder. His eyes were hazy and lips bitten.
Taeyong slowly unbuckled Yuta's jeans, his eyes never leaving Yuta's expression in the mirror. Taeyong brushed his hot lips over Yuta's soft ear.

"Look how pretty you are, Yu-chan. Do you really belong to me? How can I really be so fortunate?"

Yuta's heart skipped a beat.

Last time he was called Yu-chan in public by Taeyong, Yuta rode Taeyong's dick on an empty train compartment at 3AM. Of all the numerous triggers and kinks that turned him on, 'Yu-chan' never fails to get his dick wet.

Yuta nodded hurriedly as Taeyong pulled his jeans and boxers down right above his knees. Yuta closed his eyes as he felt his hot skin against the cool air, but Taeyong's hands warmed them. Taeyong rustled with something in his pocket before he felt the familiar coolness of lube and Taeyong dexterous fingers slip between his pale cheeks. Yuta's mind was swimming in excitement.

"Say that you belong to me, babe." Taeyong commanded as a slick fingertip tapped Yuta's hole and Yuta threw his head back and shuddered.

"I belong to you, Taeyong. I'm all yours," Yuta huffed out as Taeyong quickly began stretching him and Yuta felt his mind and body melt into each other.

Yuta never understood why Taeyong love asking Yuta that short question. It always had the same answer and Yuta couldn't ever imagine the answer changing.

He whimpered as Taeyong was bringing him into a warm, slick space and he was fucking elated.

Yuta gasped for air once he felt the blunt tip of Taeyong enter him patiently. Yuta thumped his head forward against the mirror. He was used to this, truly, being fucked by Taeyong was second nature by now, but his position was restricted and nothing like the comfy bed, warm lights and sweet smoke he was used to.
"I know, baby," Taeyong uttered into Yuta's jugular, his hands caressing and bunching Yuta's shirt even higher to expose the soft, pale expanse of skin. "I'll make it good for you, baby boy. I'll make you forget where we are. Remember, it's only me and you in my world." Taeyong words were sweetened and reassuring. "Just enjoy me, enjoying you,"

Taeyong words eased his anxiety and he began softly kissing down the back Yuta's neck as one hand pinched a tan nipple and the other jerked Yuta softly. Yuta moaned as Taeyong slipped all the way in, huffing deeply as he felt full and complete.

Taeyong pace was drawn out and shallow as Taeyong tried his best to acclimate to the position at first but once Taeyong clipped his chin back over Yuta's shoulder, he smirked as he fucked Yuta deeper, biting his lip once he realized his cock head rubbed against the soft internal pillow of nerves. Yuta screwed his eyes shut, trying to muffle his own sensual sounds but Taeyong's hand brushed the fringe dampened on Yuta's face.

"Look," Taeyong demanded in a voice he rarely utilizes. A voice that he only uses when Yuta's week was too strenuous, when Dr Byun puts too much on him like creating a new half time show, hours before an exhibition, or when Yuta is forced to visit a grandma he hates in a country that's supposed to be his home but as foreign as living on the moon. That voice would ground him, make him be totally under Taeyong's care, where didn't have to be Nakamoto Yuta, the drum major. He didn't have to be Nakamoto Yuta the perfect student. He didn't have to be Nakamoto Yuusuke, the third generation chaebol who'll inherit more money than he can dream of. When Taeyong uses that voice, he's just Yuta--and Yuta only belongs to Taeyong.

"Look at how gorgeous you are when hyung takes you."

Yuta glared at his wrecked appearance. His shirt was bunched up around his armpit, his chest pressed up against the mirror, expensive jeans and designer boxers pooled around his ankles, his cock was dripping and begging for release and Taeyong was just there, eyes smiling as he peered over Yuta's shoulder.

Yuta groaned as he felt Taeyong throb inside his tight confines. Yuta had never seen himself like this, fucking wrecked, totally at the mercy of Taeyong in public. Yuta could still here the screams of the people on the rides, the playful music and voices of the people walking by.

But all he wanted was to do was make Taeyong happy and proud and wanted to feel Taeyong unleash in him. Filling him with all that that Taeyong had to offer, petting his hips as he mumbles praises between his shoulder blades. Who needs common sense, manners and decorum when you have the best dick the world nestled in you attached to someone akin to perfection?
"Fuck me please, hyung. Haven't I been good? Please, please, please, please Taeyongie-hyung."
Yuta whispered staring at Taeyong through the foggy mirror and Yuta saw Taeyong expression change.

Suddenly Yuta's hair was yanked back and Taeyong suddenly pulled out only to slam deep into Yuta, pressing into his prostate. Yuta choked back a sob, the sting was miraculous and the pleasure that replaced it made Yuta tear up immediately.

"Uh-uh," Taeyong shook his head rapidly, the sweat dripping on his hair. He curled one hand under Yuta's chin, before gripping it squishing his cheeks as he growled again. "I want to hear you, baby boy! I want everyone to hear you as you take this dick." Taeyong demanded as he yanked Yuta's head back a bit further before he used his teeth nip at Yuta's ear. "Who do you belong to, huh?" Taeyong was relentless as he fucked Yuta harder and harder and Yuta was feeling his orgasm prepare to seize his body. His hands trying to steady himself on the dusty mirrors as tried to Taeyong fucked him damn near through the looking glass.

"I'm yours... I'm yours, hyung!" Yuta shouted much louder than he anticipated but he couldn't control it. He couldn't control anything. He couldn't control his legs trembling, or how his sweaty palms were slipping from the dusty glass or how he couldn't even bother to filter the needy, desperate and loud moans that were tumbling from his lips as he was fucked out of this mind.

"Say my name-- say my fucking name, Yuta!" Taeyong's voice was breaking, quivering as Yuta felt each pound, a particularly hard one made Yuta's arm give out and his face was pressed up against the filthy mirror, but Yuta couldn't bother to give a fuck. He was close; Taeyong was making his body climb higher and higher—

"Hyung! Tae-yong-ie--fuck! I'm--c-oming... Taeyong!" Yuta shouted, way too loud before he tensed up and unraveled. Taeyong cursed, the already tight grip squeezed around him and with a guttural groan, Taeyong plunged as deep as humanly possible within Yuta and came, staining Yuta's inside.

Yuta forced air through from his lungs in a sad attempt to catch his breath as Taeyong mumbled into Yuta's neck with delicate praises dotted with butterfly kisses up from his shoulder to the back of his ear. Yuta watched as Taeyong gently tilted Yuta's face to the right so their lips could meet as Taeyong slipped out leisurely.

Taeyong's arms didn't loosen from the back hug as expected, instead, Taeyong continued to grumble sweet praises as his thumb brushed against Yuta's damp profile with passion and grace. Yuta continues to watch Taeyong in the mirror and his heart melted at the way Taeyong was
gazing at him like he was the only person in the world.

Taeyong was too beautiful for words.

Taeyong looked so content... so beautiful and so in love that Yuta wanted to confess...

...or break the fucking mirror.

"Get off me, you fucking loser." Yuta spat viciously before his mind could stop his mouth and for the first time, Yuta saw Taeyong wince, his face crumbling as if it was a physical blow.

Taeyong snorted, pulling his emotions down and shoving Yuta away, making the latter's face hit against the mirror.

Yuta watched Taeyong clean off his dick with a handkerchief from his pocket before tucking his length back in his boxers and tugged his jeans up. Taeyong's hand shot out and he gripped Yuta's mouth, painfully and mean.

"Watch your mouth before I punch you in it." Taeyong spat zipping his jeans and Yuta snorted, slapping Taeyong’s hand away as he pulled his pants up and buckling with shaky fingers.

Yuta was trying not to cry, trying to keep the facade up.

It was expected, right? They weren't in Yuta's apartment.

This was just another fluke, right?

Right?

"Yeah, whatever." Yuta bit back, furious at how insane this all was.
He just got fucked in a dirty, dingy, dusty-ass funhouse of mirrors in the middle of Itaewon surrounded by, like, a thousand people. "You're such a whiny little shit." Yuta found his puffer coat and put his arms through the sleeves a bit more aggressively than anticipated. "Begging? Really? Pathetic."

"You fell for it, didn't you?" Taeyong hissed with such vitriol, it made Yuta freeze in mid-zip up of his puffer coat. "What guy doesn't feed a slut pleasantries?"

Yuta felt the blood in veins run cold and his heart stop mid-pump.

Did...Taeyong did...did he just call Yuta a slut?

"Congrats you just spread'em in a shitty funhouse because some guy just asked."

Yuta tried to say something.

Something along the line of 'shut your fucking mouth' or really anything, but he couldn't.

Yuta is not new to being insulted immediately after fucking Taeyong or before but he's never been called something so vile after doing something so beautiful.

They would curse at each other about everything--Taeyong's height, Yuta's chin, Taeyong's Joanne the Scammer-esque past even going as far as Taeyong saying he treats Yuta like shit because Japan refuses to apologize about comfort women--just overall horrendous shit--but never, ever anything demeaning about their sex life.

Never.

And it hurt so bad.

"Don't you feel embarrassed? Shamed?" Taeyong chuckled darkly as he used his foot to kick his
hat back in his hand and placed it on his head, coolly. "Of course not. You’re the same whore that seduced me years ago."

Yuta gasped.

The air was cold and sharp in his lungs, but it was the searing pain behind his ribs that made him speechless.

That hurt. That *really* fucking hurt. That was a lie--a dirty fucking lie and Yuta couldn't believe what Taeyong was saying to him.

Yuta looked down at his feet, feeling his eyes ache as they swelled with tears. Yuta never backed down from a good verbal argument, but he felt small, insignificant and most of all, hurt.

Taeyong sneered as he shoulder bumped Yuta on his way out.

Usually, that ends up with Yuta shoving him back, but Yuta couldn't think. He couldn't even stop the tears he tried to hide.

His heart was breaking into even smaller pieces. How could Taeyong say this? How could Taeyong do this to him?

"Sorry I didn't leave any money this time, but I'd doubt you'd have change for 5000 won, you shameless cumbucket."

A painful slam of the funhouse door announced Taeyong’s departure, but Yuta could barely realize as he sobbed out loud.

So, Yuta just stood there.

Eyes peddling tears and feeling all sorts of stupid.
Entropy multiples
Clocks ticking and I'm mortified
'Cause in the back of my mind
In the back of my hemisphere
Baby, I want you to cave me in
So, baby, I won't have to admit it
Baby, I want you to cave me in
So maybe I won't ask to forget it
--"Cave Me In" - Gallant x Tablo x Eric Nam

***********************************************************************

*rolls eyes* Taeyong ain't shit.
The Worst

Chapter Summary

And don't take this personal
But you're the worst
You know what you've done to me
And although it hurts I know
I just can't keep runnin' away
--"The Worst" - Jhene Aiko

Chapter Notes

I initially planned for this to be published on Friday, but AO3 was acting up, so I couldn't until like the wee hours of Saturday. My bad! I dedicate this chapter to Taeswurst and my other bae Yukki9295. I can't guarantee a chapter next week due to me going to Dallas for an important business trip. I AM GOING TO SEE LEE TAEMIN, FINALLY~~ZOMG.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuta sniffled.

Yuta always would like to think of himself as someone who really never gave a fuck about what people said to him or about him.

Growing up in a cramped orphanage, going to school with less than new shoes and hand-me-down uniforms made Yuta toughen up tremendously when bullies picked on him. Once adopted, it wasn't much better--Jaehyun's mother was nothing short of a saint--taking on children that the system didn't want and raising them like her own gave Yuta and the other’s adoptees reputation of being from the 'poor hyung house'.

It also made him tougher and immune to people’s negative words once he knocked their teeth down their throats.

He didn't really care about the rumors or stares or the pointing.
Yuta had a roof over his head—even if he had to sleep three kids a mattress in the living room [And Jisoo always kicked when she had nightmares]. He always had food in his belly—even if Mina and Jonghyun would try to steal his ramen from his plate. Clothes on his back, handed down from Taemin and Yesungie who had the best sense of style.

And most importantly Yuta had love. He was adored by eomma Jung who despite having a house full of children never made Yuta feel like he wasn’t special or loved. Yuta was protected by his noonas and hyungs and most importantly, he was loved by Taeyong.

Yuta cried harder.

After a while, he stood up.

Yuta left the funhouse after twenty minutes of bawling his eyes out.

His back was still aching, his body trembling in random limbs as he dried his cheeks on his sleeve before gathering himself and exiting the funhouse undetected. The carnival dwindled down tremendously and then he realized the reason why he even came to the funhouse.

Yuta dug in his pocket to see eleven missed calls and fifteen texts, all worried about his whereabouts.

"Oh fuck," Yuta hissed as he dialed Ten's number and craned his head to look around for the guys.

"Tennie--,"

"Yuta ," Ten’s voice was in a timbre that was unlike his usual cheery self. “ If you don't get your knobby ass to the parking lot right now! The hell are you?! "

"I'm lost.” Yuta felt his tears fill within their ducts; he could hear the panicked voices over the phone asking for where he disappeared to. His dongsaengs really love him. Yuta should be spending more time with the people who love him and not the bastard who hurts him so. “I got lost. I'm coming." Yuta said in a voice so small, Yuta could hear the silence panic on the other side of the line as Ten shh’ed everyone.
"Yuta-hyung are you OK? Are you hurt?"

Yes Ten, I'm hurt. I'm an idiot.

"I'm fine, just tired!" Yuta chuckled rubbing his cheeks dry. “I’ll be there soon! Don’t worry.”

When Yuta got to the parking field, Mark raced to Yuta and pulled him into a bear hug.

"We thought something bad happened!” Mark said hugging Yuta. Yuta wrapped both his arms around the younger and smiled. “The funhouse was closed. We searched everywhere."

"It's OK!" Yuta began before digging in his pocket and passing Mark the phone. “I found your phone! I just got lost. I'm sorry I worried everyone."

"Are you sure you're OK, Yuta?” Hansol began and Yuta cursed Hansol’s large, all-seeing eyes. “Your eyes are all puffy."

"The dry air was making my eyes itchy and teary.” Yuta said quickly, looking at anything but the semi-circle of bodies in front of him. “I'm really sorry I worried you guys--and my phone was on silent.” Yuta began and Taeil sighed, patting his back.

"As long as you're, OK."

"I'm sorry for making everyone worry.” Yuta spoke meekly before fabricating a smile on his face “How about I treat you all to samgyupsal?"

The group splits up between Yuta and Taeil’s car and the drive was pretty fun with Hansol in the front seat as Jeno, Mark and Haechan shouting all the lyrics to old hip-hop tunes that predates their existence. Yuta even finished the extremely complicated and fast rap at the end in English. The ripples of 'oohs and ahhs' had Yuta grinning.

"Yuta-hyung you rap faster than Taeyong-hyung," Jeno said with a smirk and Yuta felt his smile falter quickly.
"Don't ruin the night for me, Jeno-ah." Yuta whined with a smirk, but internally he was still rattled just by Taeyong's name being mentioned. Yuta pulled into the barbecue restaurant, parking between Taeil and Johnny's car that arrived just moments before. Yuta quickly excused himself to the restroom to wash his face and mentally cheer himself up.

Yuta easily forgot about Taeyong amongst the Instagram Lives, snaps and tweets they shared showcasing all the fun they had cooking and eating all types of flavorful meats and sides.

Taeil kept feeding Yuta kimchi and tofu soup, like a neighborhood auntie. Donghyuck did the same, but once Yuta saw a piece of bulgogi sticking out he shook his head before taking the perilla leaf and feeding Donghyuck instead.

"Yuta-hyung, why don't you eat meat?" Jeno asked around a mouth full of chicken and Yuta prepared another lettuce wrap.

"Ah, I have nothing against those who eat meat." Yuta began adding slices of salmon to his wrap. "I just...well...your other hyung had a bit of an aversion to it when we were kids and so...since...since Taeyong didn't eat it, neither did I. And then it just kind of stuck, I guess?" Yuta began taking a bite from his wrap.

"You and Taeyong were really, really close when you were kids?" Jeno asked and Mark took a quick sip of cola.

"They were inseparable. I thought they were like twins growing up!" Mark exclaimed and Johnny nodded.

“Even in school, they would fuss unless they sat next to each other.” Johnny began tapping Jeno. “One time, I had to hold Yuta’s hand for a game and Taeyong tripped me and told me to stay away! We were like seven!”

“I mean, one wouldn't go to the bathroom without the other. Eomma would have to tell Yuta that he would have to shower alone one day," Ten chuckled and Yuta turned red.
"That's barely a lie," Yuta shrugged his mind fizzing with the pleasant memories.

"I...um but your Japanese, right Yuta?" Jeno asked and Yuta nodded proudly.

"I’m Japanese by birth… but I was raised Korean for so long." Yuta began a bit timidly. Jeno was going to be a major part of Mark and Haechan’s future as a band member. He like Jeno very much and Jeno reminded Yuta so much of Jaehyun when they were younger.

“Um...when I uh...when I was a kid, way younger than you guys. There was an accident and when I woke…I was afraid to talk and I didn’t remember anything. Then Taeyong kept telling all the doctors that I was his brother. No one bothered to correct Taeyong and didn't remember enough. Then Jaehyun's eomma adopted us...and Taeil, Doyoung, Hansol, Mark, Ten, Haechan and anyone she could fit in the house."

"It was crowded but we all grew up very well!" Mark said nervously but Jeno nodded excitedly.

“I’m an only child and I was always alone. When Donghyuck and Mark said that they had more siblings than they could count I wanted to meet you all!” Jeno smiled and Taeil pulled him into a brotherly headlock.

“Welcome! You’re our little brother too!” Yuta grinned and Jeno continued his mini-interview.

"Are you going back to Japan anytime soon?"

"My...paternal grandma wants me to come back immediately after graduation to learn how to take over the business, but I'm not interested in being a chaebol." Yuta brushed off, picking at his bean sprouts.

"But you'll still move back to Japan. And forget about us." Hansol said softly, tapping his fingers about his empty soju bottle.

"No. I'll go just to create a faction in Seoul and buy eomma a really large house in Jeju and make sure all of you guys have careers in fields you love.” Yuta said passionately patting Haechan’s head. “You guys are the only family I've ever had. It's my grandma I want to forget about."

Jeno pouts. Yuta smiled warmly before using his chopstick to gather some kimchi and placed some
on his plate. “Eat up, Jeno. Don’t be so sad!”

"Do you think you and ... Taeyong-hyung with ever get along again?” Mark asked softly and Yuta froze before shaking his head and piling more meat on Mark's plate to serve as a distraction for his growing anger.

"Can we talk about something else?” Yuta began, feeding Mark a fatty piece of pork. “As a favor to me, please?"

Taeyong had crossed the bridge to no return.

Taeyong made Yuta feel all the emotions that Yuta buried and then spat on it.

* * *

After Yuta dropped everyone to their destination at Taeil's, Yuta drove back to his apartment, wiping the rivets of tears at every red light.

Yuta commended himself for keeping his composure through the late-night dinner and Jeno’s questions, but once he sped off from Taeil's apartment, he started thinking of the radiating pain in his chest.

At first, it was just a little teardrop at the stoplight, but by the time he parked his Audi in front of his apartment, Yuta was trembling as he gripped the steering wheel, half tempted to roll the windows up, set the air conditioning on blast, keep the motor running, fall asleep and just not wake the fuck up.

"No...you promised not to think about that anymore." Yuta cried, haranguing himself, instantly feeling guilty at his thoughts. "That's something Yuusuke would do. That's not you anymore. You are Yuta."
Yuta wiped his face with his damp sleeve before pressing the button to turn the car off and gathering his cotton candy, stuffed animals and Ponyo.

It was 3AM and Yuta was still sniffling as he stepped into the elevator. He slapped the 4th floor button before picking up the little bag with the goldfish. "Ponyo, I just got my heart broken by someone I love really, really much." Yuta began in Japanese. "If I love you, you cannot break my heart, OK?" Yuta whispered with a quavering voice.

He punched in his key for his door and decided that he would call his RA to reset the entry code tomorrow.

Taeyong will never be allowed in his space or mind or heart and especially not his body again.

The chime welcomed him as he turned the knob and soon as he looked down to pry off his sneakers. He froze.

Size 10 Jordan's looked back at him.

Yuta felt one of the chambers in his heart jolt.

Yuta sucked his teeth and dropped all the items in his hands except Ponyo.

"Ponyo, let me get you in some water OK?"

Yuta quickly stepped in his kitchen, placing Ponyo gently on the table before he opened a few of his cabinets in search of a huge mixing bowl which he filled with water and placed the little fish in the bowl.

"Ponyo-chan, daddy is going to murder someone so if anyone ask, you ain't see a damn thing, mmkay?" Yuta was greeted with a tiny glub. Yuta smiled proudly. "Good, Pon-chan."

Rounding from the kitchen, Yuta glanced at the living room to see that there were convenience
store bags on his coffee table that Yuta knows wasn’t there when he left to pick up the maknae line at the SM dorms.

He rifled through them, to see unopen cans of his favorite coconut water, cold oyster pails filled with untouched tempura shrimp, lettuce and kimchi fried rice. In another bag was green tea kitkats, gummiworms, and Flaming Hot Cheetos--all of his favorites.

Yuta sighed and dropped the bags back on the table.

How long has Taeyong been here? *Why* the fuck is he even here?

Yuta ran his fingers through his burgundy locks and rubbed his forehead. What kind of variation of bullshit is this? What the fuck is going on?

Yuta stood up, quietly padded to his bathroom to try to wash the tears from his face, but he felt them threatening to come back.

How can Taeyong possibly buy Yuta food, come into Yuta’s apartment-- into Yuta’s sacred space--after what he said?

Yuta huffed out as he turned the knobbed to his bedroom door to see Taeyong on his bed, fast asleep.

Yuta half expected the pain to dull away, but seeing the Taeyong’s still, sleepy form snuggled in his queen-sized bed made Yuta's pain on the right side of his chest intensify.

Yuta sighed and sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the softness in Taeyong's face as he slept.

Is this what they meant when people said love hurts?

Would anything ever come from all this heartbreak? Was Taeyong even worth the tears, bruises and verbal terror? All the emotions Yuta refused himself in the past were floating on the surface with just three words.
Yuta stood up.

Yuta would just sleep on the couch tonight.

Yuta rubbed his eye as he grabbed his towel from his closet and walked to his shower. Soon as he turned the water on, he tried to swallow the light pain ebbing in his throat.

Is this what love truly feels like?

Yuta’s thoughts were always on Taeyong as a source of joy.

Isn’t that love?

He grabbed his body wash blindly as his hand pulled back the toasted marshmallow scent that he brought from Daiso two weeks ago. He was so embarrassed to pick up the frilly packaging in the ladies’ toiletry isle, but he didn’t care as he left the market, in hopes that Taeyong would like the scent.

Yuta’s tears mingled with the tears and his hiccups drowned out by the heavy pitter-patter of the drops.

Yuta was in love with Taeyong.

Yuta always was. Yuta couldn't even remember a time when he wasn't.

That’s a good thing right?

Love is good.
Love can’t be bad, right?

Maybe this was normal and Yuta was just being a bit dramatic?

Even when Yuta was a sea away, all Yuta wanted was to be in Taeyong’s arms and be loved endlessly. But Taeyong already told Yuta that Yuta was his brother and that's all they can ever, ever be.

No DNA test, legal documents, no nationality, no grandma and no sea would ever change that to him, they are brothers.

Yuta just wanted clarity.

What does Yuta really mean to Taeyong?

Is Yuta just a bad habit that Taeyong couldn't unfetter from?

That Taeyong was just used to, too lazy to find another partner?

That he'd have girlfriends during the day, but Yuta on Saturday night?

Was Yuta being used and that Yuta was just so starved for love that Taeyong took advantage? Pity, even?

Yuta sobbed harder.

Yuta walked back in his room just to grab a spare comforter from his closet, dressed in his pajama bottoms to see Taeyong up, sitting on his bed rubbing his eye and stifling a yawn.

Yuta freezes and can’t help but stare. Taeyong was always the cutest thing when he first wakes up.
Yuta noticed an unfamiliar bottle of vodka next to Taeyong with half of the contents gone next to little hill of balled up napkins next to Taeyong.

Once Taeyong's eyes fell on Yuta, Taeyong quickly stood up, trying to use his hands to press out the wrinkles on his jeans.

Yuta rolled his eyes.

"Dude, I'm just going to grab a blanket and camp outside. Ignore me." The younger spat out dryly as he fished through his closet.

"Yuta...can we talk?" Taeyong whispered frailly as he walked cautiously to Yuta with the gentle, fragile eyes as if he knew of the pain he inflicted.

Yuta was too emotionally drained to protest when Taeyong tenderly reached out and caressed Yuta's cheek.

"I missed you." Taeyong whispered, Taeyong’s words were soft and supple and Yuta felt his heart sing.

Heartbreak, where?

Yuta's eyes misted a bit before he willed the tears away.

Who needs tears when Yuta has Taeyong right here?

Why was he crying for again?

Yuta closed his eyes and rubbed his face against Taeyong's rough palm, his mouth slightly open as he preened in Taeyong's touch. Yuta felt the sensation of sadness suddenly mask into a bounty of benevolent emotions and a sea of tenderness. Taeyong touch was warm, familiar and comforting—all the things Yuta was starved for suddenly became a buffet and Taeyong grazed his lips against Yuta’s cheekbone and kissed. It was like flowers blooming at his feet and song birds whispering in his veins at Taeyong’s touch.
Yuta’s mind abandoned him and his common sense took a simple sabbatical and suddenly nothing else mattered.

"You just had me." Yuta mumbled and Taeyong slender fingers slipped down his neck, between Yuta's collarbones and softly between his abs before stopping a few inches past his belly button, watching dazed as Taeyong witness the goosebumps he left in his wake. Yuta's face heated up and Yuta turned his bright red face away. It was embarrassing for Taeyong to see just how wound up he could make Yuta with just a simple touch. Yuta's fingers shook a bit, wanting to reach out to Taeyong but for some reason felt too shy to do so.

Yuta thought he would die until he heard the next words out of Taeyong's mouth.

"Every moment I'm not in you, I miss you."

Yuta felt his heart jump in his throat once he heard Taeyong's words. Before Yuta can even scrunch his face in confusion, Taeyong closed the distance between them.

It was a dainty brushing of lips, so quick that he barely opened his eyes when Taeyong pulled back softly, before kissing Yuta again and again smoothly. Taeyong was dotting Yuta's bottom lip with fragile, little kisses and it was so cute that Yuta giggled.

"Hyu--ng wha--," Yuta could barely get a word out as Taeyong held him close, before gently turning them around so he can easily guide Yuta on the bed.

Yuta sighed as Taeyong sat on his heels. Taeyong didn't make a move to remove his hoodie. He just stared at Yuta. Every slight movement of eyes took in the gorgeous flank of smooth skin, pale and stretched over strong, hard muscle. Taeyong was entranced by every little divot, every little twitch under the skin.

"I'm an idiot, Yuta." Taeyong stated suddenly and Yuta snorted.

What was Taeyong talking about?

How could his lovable hyung say such a thing?
"So am I, hyung."

"No... You're the truth, Yuta." Taeyong whispered his fingertips grazing Yuta's side. Yuta's heart was beating erratically at his point, his vision hazy. What the hell was Taeyong saying? Yuta was tired and sleepy and wanted Taeyong to love him some more.

"How can I think for a second...," Taeyong voice began shaky before he swallowed, eyes pouring over Yuta's. "I don't ever want to live another Saturday night away from you. I was so fucking dumb to think that it was brilliant idea."

Yuta felt the light, airy emotions he was drifting on slowly turn dark, fierce and seared between his 5th and 6th rib as Taeyong continued.

“I'm such a fucking idiot to call you...you a ...what I called you, when I've been the only person you've ever been with...you have no idea how...how fortunate I am to call you my own."

Yuta felt the fire behind his eyelids and he screwed his eyes closed and sat up abruptly.

Wow.

How the fuck could Yuta forget about that agonizing, emotional terrorism so fucking quickly?

"You hurt my feelings, Taeyong." Yuta began gritting his teeth, pushing Taeyong further away. "Really bad. You called me a slut, Taeyong!" Yuta shouted throwing a pillow at Taeyong who meekly looked down at his hands as Yuta tore him a new one. "A fucking cumbucket? Taeyong you're the only person I have ever been with and you know that! How could you say that to me?" Yuta stood up now, pacing up and down, shaking with rage. How dare Taeyong come into his space after calling him such vile names? "Of all the horrible things--of all the cracked teeth and swollen eyes that was the most terrible thing you've ever done. I won't forgive you, Taeyong!"

"Yuta please, I'm sorry!" Taeyong began watching Yuta dig a groove in the floor with his pacing. "I'm sorry, please forgive me--." Taeyong apologized again, this time stepping in front of Yuta who walked around him, fuming as if Taeyong wasn't even there. "Yuta, I'm begging you. I'm so sorry."
Yuta was fucking **tired** of hearing Taeyong's dry-ass apologies and walked out of the room with Taeyong trailing behind him.

"I went too far!" Taeyong shouted desperately reaching out to Yuta who quickly turned around and shoved Taeyong away, cocking his fist back.

"Don't you fucking touch me! You---I let you fuck me in that **filthy** place because I thought I meant **something** to you!" Yuta was screaming at this point. Taeyong shrinked, standing and looking much smaller than himself. “I thought you came because you missed me! I thought you came because you needed me!” Yuta was tugging his own hair screaming. "Then you called me a whore?! Do I have change for **5 fucking dollars**? After fucking me for years--- am I so fucking cheap that you'd have to break a measly 5000 won?!!"

"Yuta--," Taeyong began before a loud, sharp clap across his cheek ended his words.

"How fucking **dare** you? Huh?!!" Yuta screamed as he pushed Taeyong so hard his back and his head thumped against the wall. "Do you know how much I cried after you left me? How I had put on a brave face so Mark and Jeno and Haechan wouldn't be so sad? **How I wanted to fucking drive my car into a fucking pole**?! HUH?!!" Yuta shrieked so intense that his face was completely red and spilling tears at an alarming rate. "I hate you! I really fucking do!"

"Yuta, please I'm sorry." Taeyong whimpered, the words Yuta spat were much more painful than the sting across Taeyong’s face.

Yuta scoffed. "I don't want to do this anymore. This is fucking pointless." Yuta chuckled dryly as he grabbed one of his shirts from the hallway closet and put it on a bit roughly. "I don't care how much I'd miss you--I DON'T CARE! You say you need me? I don’t need you!"

"Please, don't say that. Yuta, please I’m begging you--" Taeyong began softly trying to reach out for Yuta who in turn bawled his fist and nearly socked Taeyong in the face.

"Don't you fucking touch me, or I swear to God I will--,"

"I was wrong, I crossed the line, but Yu-yu… I wasn’t lying when I said I need you." Taeyong said gently again and Yuta felt his heart skip a beat. Yuta was flustered as he paced oddly from one foot to another, the pet name making Yuta’s brain want to just coil into Taeyong again.
"Nakamoto Yuta, can't you hear me? I need you. I need you so much I don’t know what the fuck I’m doing half the time. I need you so, so much more than I can express with just words. Please understand me." Taeyong whispered and Yuta felt his heart drop.

Why is Taeyong lying to him at a moment like this?

Yuta's legs weakened a bit and he sat upon the couch, hiding his face. He felt Taeyong's presence in front of him.

"Punch me," Taeyong asked with a quivering voice, as he got on his knees before Yuta's shaking form. "Kick me, spit on me, ignore me but please do not leave me, Yuta. I need you. I need you, Yuta and I’m afraid to lose you."

"You're lying," Yuta cried as he wiped his tears on his t-shirt.

"Why do you think I'm here? To fight? To rub it in? No, I don't want to fight you anymore. I can't. I just want you. Yuta...please be with me."

Yuta reeled back sharply.

Yuta was not fucking prepared for that.

CTRL + ALT + DEL

ESC

Force Quit Program.

Yuta’s mental computing system did an entire hard reset.

Yuta gawked at Taeyong, his eyes swimming before Yuta shook his head.
"Leave. I want you to fucking leave." Yuta bit out viciously.

This was too much. This was way too fucking much.

Taeyong swallowed hard.

"I won't. I won't run away anymore," Taeyong said strongly. "I...Yuta, I’m in lov--,

Taeyong didn't finish because Yuta shoved him away harshly.

Taeyong fell on his ass as he watched Yuta frantically look for his car keys. Yuta felt the air in the apartment was too hot, the emotions too much--he needed to fucking dip the fuck out here.

Once he grabbed his keys, Yuta felt strong arms lock his arms in place.

"Baby, listen to me please--," Taeyong tried as he held on to Yuta who frantically thrashed around trying to be set free.

Taeyong couldn't do this!

He couldn’t just jerk Yuta around and fucking hurt him like this!

"No. Taeyong-hyung please leave me the fuck alone. Legit, just get the fuck out of my apartment. " Yuta growled trying to unlock the grip on his wrist, but Taeyong was much stronger.

"I'm not going to let you drive like this!"

"Like hell you aren't! Let me go!" Yuta shouted trying to use all his strength, and he got free for a second, but Taeyong quickly swooped in and caught him in a firm backhug. Yuta dug his heels into the tile and tried to fight Taeyong off again, but he was too tired.
Too tired of everything. He was too emotionally unstable to protest.

After a while, Yuta stopped trashing after feeling a hiccup behind him and dampness on his neck.

"I can't let you go, Yuta." Taeyong sniffled and Yuta felt this knees quiver.

When was the last time Yuta heard Taeyong cry?

Yuta turned around quickly in disbelief. He lifted Taeyong's face but, Taeyong sniffled hard and pressed his face back into Yuta's neck, his tears so hot and rapid it was akin to a torrent.

How long has Taeyong been holding these tears?

"What do you want from me, Yuta? I just confessed and you want to run away from me? I’m apologizing, Yuta. Being with you is the only thing that makes my life worth living and I haven’t been fair to you. I'm sorry, Yuta. I’m not worth it. I know I'm not good enough baby, but please don't leave me. Give me a chance. Let me try,"

Yuta placed his shaky hands on Taeyong's shoulders. Taeyong tucked his head, embarrassed.

Yuta tilted Taeyong’s head before smiling sadly. "You're always hurting me, hyung. When will you stop? When will it be enough?" Yuta sniffled and Taeyong pulled him close before gently prying the keys from Yuta's elegant fingers and tossing it to the side before lacing his fingers in Yuta's hair.

Yuta heard Taeyong say something in English, words that Yuta couldn't understand, but the kiss that Taeyong presented right after translated perfectly.

Something changed between them and it was all Taeyong's fault.
You know that I do not depend on
Nothing or no one
So why would you show up
So uninvited then
Just change my mind like that?

I don't need you
But I want you
I don't mean to
I don't mean to
I don't mean to
I don't mean to
But I love you

--"The Worst" - Jhene Aiko

**

This chapter was really hard for me write, but I hope you all enjoy the little background explanation from Yuta. The next chapter is from Taeyong's POV. Thank you guys so much for the support, comments, love and kudos! You don't know how much it means to me! Sorry if I made anyone emotional unstable!
Cece's Interlude

Chapter Summary

All night I've been staring,
Can you tell I want you?
Can't be too wide open,
But there's nothing I won't do,
Oh, just thought you should know,
-- "Cece's Interlude" - Drake

Chapter Notes

So. Let me tell ya'll that SHINee is the fucking greatest. The concert was fucking lit. Minho waved at me but Lee Taemin ACKNOWLEDGE MY SISTER AND NOT ME AND I ALMOST LIKE DIED BECAUSE COME ON!!!! SHE DOESN'T EVEN STAN TAEMIN SHE LIKE JONGHYUN AND HIS WONKY LEFT DINO NOSTRIL--SHE'S JUST 13 AND I SPENT SO MUCH MONEY JUST TO SEE TAEMIN AND HE ACKNOWLEDGES HER--LIKE WHY CAN'T I JUST HAVE THAT ONE THING??! is my ultimate bias for a reason!

I had an incredible time in Dallas, met incredible Shawols. Now I'm back in Miami, fucking dying over the fact that I have all this work to do at the office. This is not my best work because I wrote this from my phone on a plane to ATL to DAL so ya know. Don't judge me too bad, please.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taeyong woke up first.

The sunlight slyly slipped through the vertical bamboo blinds, silently illuminating the high ceilings and wide floor plan of Taeyong's favorite place in the world--Yuta's bedroom.

Taeyong wiggled his toes a bit, making sure he didn't completely lose feeling from the way Yuta clung to him in his slumber. Yuta's nose was against Taeyong's Adam's apple, the younger of the two's arm slung around his hyung's torso.

Taeyong pressed a light kiss on Yuta's forehead, pulling back a bit to peck Yuta's semi-parted lips before Taeyong carefully rearranged Yuta's limbs so gently he didn't even stir.
Taeyong sat up quietly before he padded over to shut the sun out and the drew the curtains in. The room dimmed significantly and Taeyong pressed his back against the wall as he gazed at his lovers' angelic, sleeping profile. Taeyong reached over let his index finger graze over Yuta's the small line of skin between his rib where an old scar hid. Yuta let out a whimsy sigh in his sleep and Taeyong smiled watching everything he ever wanted nestled between fluffy pillows and thick comforters.

Last night was so... different.

Taeyong said things that he had internalized forever but should have never formed from his mouth.

Taeyong did things yesterday that he would have never thought he'd do—things that Taeyong knew better of…but Yuta...being the most perfect human that ever was, somehow found Taeyong worth the worry, worth the hurt, worth his affection and attention and Taeyong have never felt so validated.

Taeyong made the sweetest version of love to Yuta last night.

It wasn't their first time sincerely making love. Usually, after they would work themselves into a manic panic all over the apartment, Yuta would all but beg for supple touches and mewl a soft: "Hyung, show me how much you missed me," and Taeyong would draw out every single moan from Yuta into the wee hours of the morning.

But last night was different.

It was just one round, under the thick embrace of comforters with Taeyong latching on Yuta so tightly that there was barely any space between them. The way Yuta held on to Taeyong while tears leaked from Yuta's eyes and his bottom lip trembled gave Taeyong reason worry.

"Baby, am I hurting you?" Taeyong whispered pulling back slightly, Taeyong's eyes staring down to see Yuta's trembling lips. Yuta bit his bottom lip and nodded. Taeyong’s heart thumped and he quickly moved back a bit, preparing to slip from Yuta.

"I'm sorry, baby boy. Where am I hurting you?" Taeyong asked panicked before Yuta tighten his legs around Taeyong's slender waist. Taeyong frowned, brushing one of Yuta's tears away from his cheek.
"Baby, please tell me where." Taeyong whispered concerned and Yuta whimpered before he took Taeyong’s wrist in his hand and Yuta guided it over the left side of his chest. Taeyong gasped and he felt his throat tighten with emotions as he felt the locomotive like heartbeat under his palm.

"It's broken, hyung." Yuta whimpered barely audible and Taeyong shook his head rapidly, his eyes stinging with regret. God, Taeyong hates himself so much.

"I can fix it." Taeyong shuddered as he leaned over, laying soft kisses over Yuta's precious heartbeat, feeling the rapid dance under his lips. Oh God, Taeyong loved Yuta so much. "I'll fix it for you, love." Taeyong felt his heart sing at Yuta's expression when he called him 'love'. Taeyong gave a soft smile, before brushing Yuta's bangs from his view. "I promise. Let's be together, properly. Just you and me, I swear." Taeyong pulled himself deeper into Yuta who gasped, Taeyong used that opportunity to kiss Yuta softly. Yuta reciprocated by holding Taeyong closer and kissing him back fiercely as Yuta welcomed Taeyong's emotions.

Yuta seemed to be in a trance last night as if he was so aware but drowning all at once.

Yuta, who was always loud and needy was so quiet, delicate, and desperate and it made Taeyong's heart soar. Taeyong wanted to prove to Yuta that he was truly worth his love, even though he fucked up severely this time.

Taeyong wanted, needed and love Yuta and Taeyong cannot take the pain of not openly loving him anymore.

Yesterday began terribly for Taeyong from when he got up 20 minutes late for work. And even when he got to the bakery, he basically fucked up a large private order by frosting the chocolate cupcakes with peanut butter frosting instead of Nutella which Nayeun noticed because she's allergic to peanuts and almost ate one.

Taeyong didn't even try to defend himself when Dean-hyung came in furious at Taeyong's air-
headedness.

After his shift was over, he fell asleep during his neurology lecture, was late to the football field, got clunked in the head twice by the soccer ball during scrimmage and was a little bit past dead once he reached his dorm and nearly cried entering the theater to meet with Minho, Doyoung and Jaehyun.

Taeyong felt like he was betraying himself, flat out lying at this point.

His want for Yuta was running in his veins, engrained in every red blood cell, pumping through his heart and into his brain.

Taeyong was excited, truly, to spend time with Jaehyun, Doyoung and properly meet Minho... but all he wanted to do was get ready to see Yuta.

They were in the midst of the truly scary zombie movie. He sat between Jaehyun and Doyoung, as Minho sat on Doyoung's right. Taeyong could see the jealousy seething from Jaehyun’s pores when they were in the lobby and Doyoung blushed softly when Minho sidled up to Doyoung.

Taeyong felt his phone vibrate in his pocket and he quickly fished it out, theatre be damned.

Taeyong felt his stomach churn when he saw the text from Yuta. He couldn't even remember the last time he ever received a text from Yuta that didn't consist of the other asking for a spare charger or reiterating his order for pick up.

Taeyong body was on autopilot as he texted back with no hesitation. Taeyong barely said a word as he scooted past Jaehyun, stalked out of the theater, jumped in his car and gunned it to Itaewon.

It took him 35 whole minutes, but he finally spotted Yuta at the carnival...but Yuta was with nearly all of their friends, even Mark, Haechan and their fellow trainee Jeno that Taeyong met a handful of times.

How could Taeyong possibly get Yuta alone? It was too out in the open for him to directly make eye contact or signal to him. And even if he did, what if Yuta wanted him to stay away?
Taeyong felt his heart drop to his socks.

No, Yuta isn't like that.

*He always wants me, right?*

Taeyong hovered at a distance from the group, hoping and praying that Johnny wouldn't notice his frame or Ten wouldn't recognize the pricy Jordans he gifted Taeyong for Christmas last year on Taeyong's feet.

Suddenly, Winwin came running towards the group, talking animatedly as Taeyong stared from behind a small booth. A crowd gathered, tightly and the stage props shielding most of the artificial light from the crowd, casting most of a shadow--Taeyong knew it was time.

Taeyong blended in with the crowd and sleuth his way through until he was right behind Mark. Using the pickpocketing skills he hasn't used since his voice cracked, Taeyong lifted his own dongsaeng's Galaxy from Mark’s pocket. Once he clutched the phone, Taeyong quickly slipped away during the performers most daring feat.

Then he waited.

He tried to look as casual as possible as he stalked Yuta through the crowd, making sure that not just his own, but Mark's phone on silent as he kept his distance.

Taeyong was almost losing patience. Watching Yuta’s smile stretching across perfect lips, his laugh filled with joy and amazement as he caught two goldfish and the glow in his eyes when Ten and Mark showered him with a bit of affection was making Taeyong’s jealousy grow more and more. He wanted to reach out and snatch Yuta away and hide him away from the world forever.

Taeyong nearly gave up.

Until Mark *finally* realized his phone was gone.

Taeyong ear-hustled just enough to know that Yuta was allocated to the funhouse.
Once he heard that, Taeyong turned around quickly ran to the funhouse to see one the attendants.

"Hyung, the ajusshi said to close down the funhouse for the night." Taeyong lied, hoping at the older guy smoking in front of the funhouse believed his stupid lie. The man raised an eyebrow before burping.

"Hwang-ssi said that?"

Taeyong nodded and the man huffed. "About time, I have to shit. Here, I know your worthless step-dad taught you how to close the funhouse, right?" The man shoved a roll of bright yellow caution tape at Taeyong's chest before picking up his soju bottle and waddling away.

Taeyong smirked a bit before he shut down the front entrance funhouse and tied the caution tape and hung the 'closed' sign in the rear.

He quickly rounded the back to the exit, quickly checked that it was empty before turning Mark’s phone on, placing it on the floor and racing back to the exit and waiting. Thankfully, he saw Yuta before Yuta could see him and quickly turned his back and Taeyong kneeled as if tying his shoe.

"Um, I'm sorry but my kid brother dropped his phone in here.” Yuta’s politeness was like warm syrup in Taeyong’s ears. “Can I run in and grab it?

Taeyong couldn’t trust his voice so he nodded.

“Thanks, hyung-nim! I'll be right out!”

Once Yuta was in the funhouse and alone, Taeyong took his chance.

Taeyong even surprised *himself* with how pathetic he sounded as he begged for Yuta, but the fear of not having Yuta drove him insane. The fear of not having those limbs wrapped around him and soft, airy breath whispering 'hyung' over and over was worse than death.
Taeyong didn't want to admit that with Yuta's body snuggly around his own was the only time Taeyong felt loved and alive.

Yuta's kiss was the only confirmation that Taeyong was here on earth, in corporal form and worth the air circulating in his lungs...that Taeyong's parents' death wasn't Taeyong's fault, that it wasn't his fault that he clung to Yuta because Yuta wanted him, too.

Yuta was proof that someone loved Taeyong, even though Taeyong knew he wasn't worth it and didn't deserve it.

Taeyong's well aware that Yuta would never love him, but in that moment, against the mirrors and surrounded by a million voices, he felt all of Yuta. Yuta was genuinely scared of public displays of affection, Taeyong knew all-too-well. And fucking in a standing position wasn't the most pleasant and that Yuta was accustomed to a relaxing ambiance to feel relaxed--but he allowed Taeyong into his body because of love, right?

No one would fuck their partner in a grimy, semi-public place--unless they were prostitutes or really devoted to their lover, right?

Yuta had to be the latter, right? You'd only say 'yes' to the person you love, right? Yuta must love Taeyong, but afraid to say it, right?

Doesn't that make perfect sense, right?

Right?

Taeyong took a deep breath and mouth the three syllables against Yuta's throat as he slipped deep inside Yuta. Taeyong knew Yuta didn't hear it, but it felt good just mouthing the words against his scorching skin as Yuta mewled in to the empty air of the carnival attraction.

Taeyong was going to tell Yuta he loved him before the end of the night.

That would fix everything, right?
After emptying himself in Yuta he couldn't help but stare at the look Yuta gave Taeyong through the mirror. Yuta's face lit up with a muted joy, a subtle hope but clear admiration.

Taeyong nuzzled against Yuta's milky, sweaty skin, nuzzling behind his ear, fixing his mouth to finally confess –

Then Yuta broke into reality.

He sneered before forcing Taeyong away from his body.

That push was too fucking much.

Any confidence that Taeyong mustered to confessed died at that moment Yuta spat at Taeyong to get off him.

And before Taeyong could use a fraction of his brain, he was spitting vile things, watching Yuta mentally break before Taeyong walked out.

Soon as Taeyong got back into his car, he smacked himself in the head.

Once.

Twice.

Over and over until Taeyong felt the sting grow behind his eyes.

Taeyong started his car but couldn't stop bawling.

Taeyong _always_ found a way to hurt Yuta.

Yuta wasn't always like this to Taeyong. Taeyong totally _made_ Yuta into a cold, heartless shell.
Yuta used to always smile for him when he knew no one was watching during the week--making Taeyong's hurt flutter. Even reaching for him for comfort a handful of times like when Yuta first got settled in his way-too-big campus apartment and was afraid to sleep alone at night.

Now, Yuta was frigid to him, not at all masking his distaste and only wanted to be filled for his own pleasure and not because he desired Taeyong.

But last night, Taeyong saw a distinct flicker in Yuta's eyes...an emotion he never saw before. Taeyong dashed all hope of his own hopes with his own words.

Taeyong drove to his dorm he shared with Jaehyun and felt horrible for leaving Yuta like that.

Calling Yuta a slut, a whore, insinuating that he'd do it for just anyone? What the fuck was Taeyong even thinking?!

Taeyong knew that wasn't the case. They shared multiple of cover girlfriends, but they always broke up with them because they'd never sleep with them. Yuta was not the type to mess with anyone emotions or divide his body between multiple people.

All Taeyong truly wanted was Yuta. Everyone else was just for show, just to look good on his arm...but this time, he didn't want the cutest girl on campus. He wanted the most gorgeous person he's even seen.

He wanted Yuta.

He snagged a fifth of vodka from he and Jaehyun's cupboard and drove to Yuta's apartment. It was empty of course, but Taeyong didn't have the heart to do anything. He was afraid if he set up candles that Yuta would throw one on him as soon as he came through the door and he was too nervous to light incense in fear that Yuta would blow it out and tell him to fuck off.

Taeyong felt his heart rattle in his chest as he unpacked the take out he brought on the table and waited.

It was nearing two AM...wouldn't the carnival be over by now?
Taeyong pulled out his iPhone to check Jaehyun's Instagram to see that he must've taken everyone for BBQ.

In every single one of the photos, Yuta is grinning.

Of course, he's grinning.

Taeyong was trash to Yuta. Just a sad, useless sack of nothing.

Taeyong didn't cry much, but once he got to Yuta's bed, a more than an 8th bottle of vodka remaining, he cried. He laid on the bed that was teeming with Yuta's scent and sobbed as he snatched tissue after tissue. He didn't even care if Yuta walked in to catch him crying into his pillow.

He didn't care. He wanted Yuta. He needed Yuta.

He loves Yuta.

* *

Taeyong heard the sheets rustle a bit and turned to see a view he doesn't get the pleasure of seeing often.

Yuta stirred, mumbling little mewls and little whimpers as he carefully pulled himself in a seated position. Taeyong smiled shyly when Yuta rubbed his eyes slowly, stifling his yawn.

Once Yuta realized who was next to him, he jumped a bit.

He blinked slowly at Taeyong, confused.

Taeyong knew what Yuta was thinking but Taeyong just made love and slept in Yuta's arms, he
couldn't be bothered to be assed out after such much joy.

Taeyong couldn't sneer if he wanted to.

"What time is it?" Yuta asked nervously, his eyes lowered and focusing on his fingers in his lap. Taeyong smiled.

"It's seven," Taeyong lied smoothly, reaching out to gently brush strands from Yuta's eyesight. Taeyong was well-aware of the unspoken rule that Taeyong would leave by at least 9AM...but once again, he couldn't be bothered at this point.

"Really?" Yuta asked peering out the window briefly, but the curtains were drawn. Taeyong looked at his AppleWatch on his wrist.

It was a 12:45PM.

“Yeah,” Taeyong nodded before he felt Yuta's gaze on him. They stared at each other, eyes flitting over each other's as if to try to see through one another and Taeyong felt himself shake.

Then Taeyong could see it, as if watching water freeze at a rapid pace, the hate rising in Yuta, the sneer compositing on his face.

No.

Not again.

Not this time.

"Don't say anything, Yuta." Taeyong pleaded softly, reaching over to place his hand on Yuta's wrist. "I meant what I said." Taeyong shimmied over to Yuta's side. Yuta's eyes widened, but he didn't retract his hand away. "Let's be together properly," Taeyong said after swallowing nervously.
Yuta looked away quickly, shaking his head.

"You don’t know what you’re saying, Taeyong. We can't." Yuta gasped rubbing his forehead as if he was getting a headache. "It's not right. I'm just your brother. Nothing more just like you said all those years ago." Yuta began to stand up, gathering a comforter around his waist to hide his nakedness. "You can't just renege on that because you feel bad for calling me a cheap thrill." Yuta spat and Taeyong shook his head and quickly crawled over to Yuta, caging Yuta in before he could escape.

"No, it's deeper than that." Taeyong began before he kissed Yuta softly before pulling apart. "My feelings for you are deeper than that. You know, it's true. Deep down, you know. Let me prove that to you."

Yuta's eyes widened to the size of saucers before Taeyong smiled before standing up.

"I'll see you soon, Yu-yu."

Taeyong left Yuta's apartment without a cruel word and didn't know what to think.

What will happen now?

Taeyong drove to his dorm to see it was empty.

Jaehyun maybe was at Doyoung's room?

Taeyong quickly showered and dressed before knocking on Seulgi and Jimin's room on the other side of the campus.

"Yongie-oppa!" Seulgi grinned before latching her arms around Taeyong. He rolled his eyes and hugged her back.

"Stop calling me oppa, noona." Taeyong chastised as he took his shoes off and Seulgi pouted.
"Sorry, sorry! Come on in! Are you hungry?" Seulgi asked she motioned to the kitchen.

"No, but I can help with whatever you and Jiminnie are cooking," Taeyong smiled and suddenly a tuft of blonde hair appeared.

"Taeyong-yah!" Jimin smiled as Taeyong prepared for his little sister jump on him.

"Min-min!"

"Yongie-yah, you're roots are showing too much."

"You don't like the grey? Should we dye it?"

"Yes! I'll dye it if you help me with my English homework."

After a helping Jimin with her homework, and Seulgi finished cooking. Taeyong helped her wash up after their lunch.

"Seulgi...have you ever been in love?" Taeyong asked abruptly and Seulgi looked at her dongsaeng with a soft smile.

"Once,"

"It...it wasn't with me, right?"

"Oh, hell no." Seulgi snorted, nudging Taeyong. "You were the most annoying person I've ever met. How you and Jimin were raised together--I don't get it."

"What? I was in love with you." Taeyong cried with a pout and Seulgi rolled her eyes.
"You trailing behind me for hours on end when you were a freshmen barely counts as love, you snot." She took the hand towel from Taeyong and motioned him to sit on the counter as she passed him a glass of soda.

"Because...I...what if, you were in love? Like a deep love. A love that makes you want to open your soul and let them crawl inside. To let your soul love warm, protect them. Make them apart of you forever?"

Seulgi stopped mid-sip and raised an eyebrow.

"Taeyong. Who? And don't say it's Tzuyu. That bitch is fugly."

"No, it's not her." Taeyong began quickly. "It's no one. Just a hypothetical."

"That's a detailed hypothetical question." Seulgi snickered Taeyong frowned before she blew Taeyong a kiss.

Once Jimin woke up for her nap, Seulgi and Jimin quickly went about dying Taeyong's hair back to black.

"Here, take this." Taeyong said passing Jimin a 10,000 won note.

"I'm not taking money from you, oppa. Ever."

"But I know it's has to be hard for me to use your kitchen to dye my hair."

"Taeyong, you're Jim-Jim's family." Seulgi kisses his cheek. "I'll see you at the Homecoming game this Friday."

As he exited Seulgi and Jimin's dorm, he felt a vibration coming from his pocket. He half prayed it was Yuta, but he knew Yuta would never text him again.

He returned to his shared dorm and still, Jaehyun was nowhere to be found. Taeyong came back
into his room and plopped onto his bed.

His thoughts immediately went back to Yuta and how they made love last night. Reminiscing about how he and Yuta met each other's gaze. Taeyong staring intently as he watched Yuta's eyes glossing over as Taeyong penetrated him softly and sweetly. Even the kisses they shared were delicate and careful.

Taeyong felt goosebumps rise just thinking about how he sucked on Yuta's neck, praising Yuta's gorgeous frame and holding him tightly, nearly whispering the words he longed to tell Yuta. He felt Yuta shiver and curl into Taeyong's body, his hands rounding Taeyong's broad shoulders.

Yuta was so different that night.

And when Yuta finally, finally said "I need you too, Taeyong." Taeyong nearly died in joy.

Taeyong rolled over on his stomach before clutching his pillow close.

"I love you, Nakamoto Yuta.” He whispered to his pillow. “I'm not going to hide it anymore.”

* *

"So, you're telling me that you want to force Taeyong and Yuta to talk?" Doyoung said as he and sat down in front of Jaehyun at his kitchen table. Jaehyun sighed, tapping his fingernail against his can of coffee.

"Yes." Jaehyun nodded. "I'm going to tell eomma."

Doyoung nearly spat out his rice.

"Don't." Doyoung warned sternly. "If you do that, they'll never talk to you again."

"That's fine. I don't care." Jaehyun shook his head. "It's becoming too much."
"But why do we have to drag comma into this? She won't even believe us! Every time Yuta and Taeyong are around comma they act like nothing is wrong--like they love each other."

"I know but--," Jaehyun began before Doyoung's phone buzzed next to Jaehyun's cup. He was charging it from Jaehyun’s computer and picked it up.

It flashed with a name **Choi Minho :]**.

"Is it Minho-hyung?" Doyoung perked up with a small smile and Jaehyun felt a small thump in his chest.

"Yes, it's Minho." Jaehyun grumbled before sliding it to the right to ignore. Doyoung huffed.

"Hey! Why would you do that?" Doyoung exclaimed reaching for his phone, but Jaehyun slapped Doyoung's hand away.

"You're with family, he can wait."

"But--,"

"Who is Minho, anyway? Your boyfriend? Is he more important than me?" Jaehyun grilled and Doyoung rolled his eyes.

"He's not my boyfriend and of course he's not more important than you. I love you, but I like him a lot!"

"Love is better than like." Jaehyun countered and Doyoung sucked his teeth standing up.

"Yeah, but I'll never like you like how I like Minho! Give me my fucking phone, Jaehyun. I’m tired of you acting like a kicked puppy whenever I mention Minho!"
Jaehyun growled and stood up, his height intimidating, but Doyoung didn't flinch.

"Are you really cursing at me? What does that riddle even mean, huh?"

"What type of game are you playing at, Jae?" Doyoung spat trying to reach for his phone but Jaehyun was too quick.

"This isn't a game!" Jaehyun countered before losing his cool. "I want to spend time with you but lately all you seem to do is talk about Minho or parade around with that gross hickie on your neck!"

"Now you want to spend time with me?" Doyoung spat, his face turning red. "I exist now? Fuck off and give me my phone."

"Are you really cursing at me over Choi Minho?"

"Yes! I like him and I don't want you ignoring that call--making him think I don't like him!" Doyoung shrieked advancing on Jaehyun who avoided the angry elder. Jaehyun couldn't believe that Doyoung was being so mean to him over some nobody like Choi Minho.

"He probably doesn't like you but he's playing with you because you make it so easy, Doyoung."

Doyoung froze for a moment, his eyes growing wide—gawking at Jaehyun before looking down shyly and moving away from Jaehyun.

Jaehyun felt the words 'YOU FUCKING IDIOT' etch into his mind as he watched Doyoung shrink as if hit.

"Probably...but at least I feel good with him." Doyoung snorted before he grabbed his wallet from the table and grabbed his now tepid rice and threw it in the bin. "Keep my phone,"

"Doyoungie," Jaehyun began as Doyoung moved towards the entrance and Jaehyun panicked. Fuck, the last thing he wanted was Doyoung to leave. He planned for the whole day to be with Doyoung and cuddling with him on the sofa as they watched reruns of Buffy: The Vampire Slayer.
“I'm sorry--,”

"You're not, Jae." Doyoung snapped as he slipped his sneakers on and grabbed a jacket from the rack. Jaehyun lips quivered at the tone but he tailed Doyoung before he could make it out the door.

"Where are you going?" Jaehyun pleaded, but Doyoung didn’t face him, he just continued to zip up his jacket. “Please don't leave, Doyoung. I'm sorry."

A knock is heard from the door and Doyoung smiles a bit before turning to face Jaehyun’s sadden eyes head on.

"Minho's here to take me out for dinner. Make sure you're gone by the time I come back...since I'm so easy I just might grab my ankles for him." Doyoung finished spitefully before he opened the door to see a smiling Minho who had an obvious twinkle in his eye when he spotted Doyoung.

“I’m hope I’m not too early,” Minho began before finally spotting Jaehyun a few feet behind Doyoung. “Oh, hi Jaehyun! Don’t mind if I borrow him, right?”

Jaehyun watched as Doyoung reached out for Minho’s hand. “He’s fine, but come on let’s go, hyung.” Doyoung said coldly as he laced his and Minho’s fingers together. Minho grinned hard before waving goodbye to Jaehyun as Doyoung dragged Minho down the hall.

Jaehyun stared at the empty space that Doyoung once occupied and placed a quaking palm over his heart.

Pain and turmoil brewing under his fingers.

Chapter End Notes

_Cause when you start to laugh_
_Saying I just want what I can't have_
_Won't even give me a chance_
_Claiming I'm just not as serious as you,_
_Baby, if you only knew,_
_This is serious._
-- "CeCe's Interlude" - Drake
Do you guys like the side pairing of Jaehyun X Doyoung? I don't think was my best chapter, but I hope you guys liked it.
This chapter is damn near 9K, ya'll. It legit took me for freaking ever to find the time to write between all the craziness and multiple anxiety inducing factors of life.

Anyways, can we talk about Ten's Dream in a Dream? It's like 2 lines, but I'm not complaining because #Lucas and #Ten dancing is all I need.

Enjoy!

--- ♛ ---

Yuta sighed.

He blocked out the chatter from his fellow classmates as he gawked at the vivid red marks on his English midterm packet. The bundle of papers feeling much heavier with the red ‘F’ circled on the form, tucked right under a frowny face.

It was Monday and yesterday was one of the oddest days of his fucking life.

He woke up with Taeyong just staring at him while he slept, smiling as Yuta glared at him quizzically.

Yuta didn't know what to make of Taeyong asking Yuta to be with him properly.
Like a couple?

Like all the little fantasies that danced in his head, like all the little pins that Yuta saved on his Pinterest about relationships?

But Yuta doesn’t want to be in a relationship with Taeyong.

I mean—OK, he does essentially but…how could they?

Yuta was sure he loves Taeyong in ways that no one will ever understand but…Once Taeyong left, without a cruel word, Yuta felt as if a million flowers bloomed in his chest, showered by sunshine and warm rain. He was tempted to hold on and beg Taeyong to stay all day with him, to kiss him and tussle around in their---their?

*Their* apartment?

*Holy fuck, slow down Nakamoto Yuta.*

Yuta jumped up and began to clean his entire apartment top to bottom in case Taeyong wanted to come back during the week. He honestly doubted that Taeyong really meant that he wanted to be with Yuta outside of the predetermined Saturday, but maybe…just maybe.

Yuta was in the kitchen and just finished changing Ponyo's water before it hit him in the chest as if it was a physical blow.

“*What guy doesn’t feed a slut pleasantries?*”

"*Congrats you just spread'em in a shitty funhouse because some guy just asked.*"

"*Don't you feel embarrassed? Shamed?*"

Taeyong called Yuta out of his name in such a violently damaging manner. Armed with bitterness, Taeyong hurled words so cold and calloused—shattering the glass temple that was Yuta’s heart in
a trillion jagged pieces.

Instantly, the flowers in his heart withered to nothing.

"No, he said he was sorry, Yuta." Yuta began mumbling to himself as his hands trembled yesterday afternoon after Taeyong left, the heartbreak manifesting itself into a physical pain again and Yuta mumbled to himself. "He said he needed me." Yuta muttered a bit louder, fear clutching to his core with damped palms as he felt the pain crawl into his chest. The panic fighting his reasoning and his reasoning was dying fast. "He said that he wants us to be together properly."

_He said that before. When you were Yuusuke. When he cared_

"I was never Yuusuke with Taeyong!" Yuta screamed as he folded on the floor, his back against the sink as he desperately fought off the panic attack.

Yuta hadn’t had a panic attack in years. His anxiety had a voice, and it was familiar but so vicious that it always had Yuta folded.

What did Minseok-hyung teach him last time he had a panic attack? He needs to think of marshmallows…and bees and hiking and to breathe.

_Breathe._

"Yuusuke died a _long_ time ago. I'm Yuta. Taeyong loves Yuta." Yuta declared gruffly, his blunt fingertips clawing grooves in his scalp at the next words that filled his mind.

_He hasn't said that in years._
"If he loves me once, he loves me always."

You don't believe that shit, Yuta.

No one who loves you would call you such terrible names.

Names you didn't deserve. Names you never earned.

He said that just to hurt you at the maximum level...but now he wants to be with you?

Yuta felt his fingers twine a nasty grip around his hair; it hurt. But not nearly as bad as his anxiety-laced conscience was, rehearsing the truth and common sense—all the things he feels just melt like candy flossed drenched in water when Taeyong would come over.

When Taeyong was around....when Taeyong touched him—Yuta didn’t need to think. He didn’t want to think. He just needed Taeyong’s touch and soft words and Yuta would foolishly forget every nugget of emotional terror Taeyong inflicted...but he would never forget.

The only reason his mouth formed those words were to see you shatter in front of him.

All you have ever done is love him, Yuta. That’s all.

All he’s done is hurt you. Don’t you deserve better, Yuta?

“Yes, of course. I know—we know, it’s just--” Yuta choked out, but his conscience relented.

You’re just his dirty little secret.

A bad habit he’s desperate to get rid of.
That internal monologue had Yuta reeling and he lost all his breakfast to the porcelain gods that Sunday evening before going to work.

But once he got home hours later, he saw something was different in his apartment.

He looked over to the kitchen to see a new fish tank with a playful Ponyo swimming amongst new toys and colorful pebbles. Yuta looked closer at the figure in the tank to see it was the castle from *Howl’s Moving Castle* -- Yuta's favorite movie of all time.

"Pon-chan! Who updated your digs?" Yuta smiled before pulling off his apron and greeting the happy goldfish. Next to Ponyo's new tank was a note.

*To Ponyo, Please look after Yuta-chan when I can't.*

--Taeyongie-appa'.

Yuta melted.

Fuck his conscience; his anxiety could suck a dick.

He and Taeyong could make it work.

* * *

“Yuta? Can I see you for a minute?” Yuta’s English professor breaks him from his daydream. He looks up to see the class being dismissed as she stands right next to him.

Yuta clears his throat and gathered his papers as if to hide the failing grade.

“Yes Professor Yi?” Yuta began in shaky English and the professor smiled politely shaking her head.
“We can speak Korean or Japanese instead.” She said effortlessly in Japanese and Yuta raised an eyebrow, glancing at her tightly coiled red hair, freckles and olive skin.

“You can speak Korean and Japanese? I thought you were…like just American?”

“My husband is Korean." Professor Yi sighed annoyed. “My last name is Yi, and I've been living in Asia for ten years, Yuta.”

“Ah, I’m sorry!” Yuta whined and she made a gesture as if to hit him.

“Anyways, Yuta. You are such a bright student, but you are falling behind with your English assignments, terribly.”

“But I’m trying, professor!” Yuta whimpered and she nodded her head, gathering her words carefully.

“I know, Yuta. That’s why it hurts me to see you study so hard and only receive a D, at best. Aww, don’t pout.” Professor Yi said softly, petting Yuta's elbow fondly. "I’ve asked one of my best students to tutor you in return for a bit of extra credit.”

“Professor Yi, please not a tutor!” Yuta groaned before he stomped his foot childishly. "After all the candy I bring you back from Japan? Come on, professor.”

“Yuta, sweetie this is a favor I’m doing for you. You’re currently holding a 70.154 in my class. If you fail one more assessment, you could fail the course. And I’ve already rounded your other grades.”

Yuta sighs. “I’m sorry, Professor.”

“Don’t be, Yuta. I will freeze your grade as it is. I will not be assigning any more crucial course work that needs to be graded for the next two weeks. After that, it’s exam time. Pass the exam and I will drop your two lowest grades.”
Yuta couldn’t restrain himself and hugs her and she pets his purply strands warmly. “Your tutor is great and I know him as well as I know you.”

“Who is it?”

“Jackson Wang.” Professor Yi began brightly.

Jackson Wang? Yuta doesn’t know him too well, but knows of him since he's a star fencer and a goalie for the soccer team.

Great, that must mean he's friends with Taeyong and honestly, he’s still recovering from his anxiety attack yesterday.

"He runs the language lab around this time. Maybe you can catch him to introduce yourself?"

"Thank you, Professor Yi. Truly. You've been so good to me these years."

"Don't sweat it, Yuta. Don't forget my green tea kit kats."

Yuta looks at his wrist, it was about 14:45 and the lab closes in about 15 minutes.

Maybe he really should catch Jackson just to formally introduce himself?

Yuta hikes his bookbag a bit higher on his shoulder once he reaches the library, smiling simply to the people who wave and call out to him. "Hey! Do you guys know where the language lab is located?"

"The 4th floor on the right."

"Thanks hyung~," Yuta doesn't miss the soft blush that aligns the guy's face right in front of his scandalized girlfriend.
Yuta smirked. He forgets sometimes that he still can make people blush with just a wink.

Maybe... he should meet Taeyong for lunch today?

Maybe he should walk over to one of his classes to surprise him?

Of course, and to thank him for Ponyo-chan...

Yuta pulls his phone out from his back pocket as he waits for the elevator in the somewhat quiet library. He unlocked his screen and searched for Taeyong's contact labelled Saturday.

Yuta chewed his lip and quickly revised the contact as he slipped into the empty elevator and jabbed the on the 4th floor button. With a couple of quick taps with his right thumb, he changed 'Saturday' to 'Taeyongie'. Yuta felt little flits in his stomach...maybe the flowers were gone, but maybe he should be a bit more forgiving to Taeyong?

He was still gawking at his phone, trying to compose a text when the elevator doors dinged and he strutted out without bothering to look up and collided brusquely with a hard wall and piping hot liquid. Yuta fell directly on his ass before looking up to see that the thing he bumped into was a human being who dropped all their books in their arms and yelped.

"Oh my God!" Yuta shouted looked up at the person who was currently covered in coffee. Yuta quickly stood up to rush over to the person and he heard sobbing.

Oh fucking great, he gets into the university of his dreams just to get kicked out for giving someone 3rd degree burns.

"It's cool!" a cheery voice piped up and Yuta realized that the person wasn't sobbing but laughing. A high-pitched, annoyingly adorable chortle that made his heart flutter. The person in front of him pulled off their shirt to reveal a tank top and smooth, pale skin stretched over taut and hard, twining muscle.

Yuta's brain short-circuited for a moment.
"It’s not as hot as you think," the man began with a cheerful, jaw-breaking smile and Yuta's first thought was *You are definitely hotter than you think*. The somewhat familiar stranger chuckled as he used his now soiled shirt to wipe the frothy coffee off him.

"Are you OK?" the fine ass piece of man asked referring to Yuta's left arm that was still holding on to his phone which was totally fine, but a bit damp.

"I'm fi--," Yuta began before the stranger reached out and pulled Yuta's sleeve back to inspect his forearm closely. Yuta felt goosebumps rise from his arm all the way to his tailbone.

The stranger finally looked up at him. He had bleach blonde hair tucked in a backwards snapback, his big, brown and bubbly eyes wide and smiling and a grin that made Yuta want to curl inside a tub of ice to cool off.

Yuta swallowed hard.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention. Your shirt..." Yuta whispered and the other laughed again.

"Ah, it's OK! I have like thirty black shirts, but the books!" he whimpered towards the end and Yuta quickly looked down to see all of the books on the floor next to the spilled Starbucks cup.

Yuta quickly helped him pick them up until one book stood out.

"*In Moonlight... Black Boys... Look... Blue ?*" Yuta read slowly, wondering if he should be even saying that out loud.

The stranger beamed and gently took the book from Yuta's fingers. "Yeah, I have Pan-African history with Professor Williams. You know, they made this book into a film called *Moonlight* last year. It won the Oscar for Best Picture. You should see it!" He smiles proudly at Yuta, his shiny eyes gazing at Yuta's. "You're so pretty, oh my gosh."

"I...I thanks?" Yuta stuttered as they both stood up. Yuta grabbed the empty cup and threw it out in the adjacent trash bin.

"I'm Jackson, by the way." Jackson introduced himself and Yuta snorted before pinching the bridge of his nose.
"OMG. W-wang? Jackson Wang?" Yuta stuttered and Jackson nodded with a lovely grin. A grin that is making Yuta's legs tremble a bit.

"Yes, that's me."

"Oi, Professor Yi assigned me to you." Yuta said and Yuta wanted to reach out and touch him--shake his hand!

Yuta just wanted to shake his hand.

…with his dick.

OMG, what I am thinking?

"You're Nakamoto Yuta!" Jackson stuck his not-coffee-soaked hand and Yuta quickly took it and Jackson's hand was so soft, but his shake was brief and firm. "So nice to meet you! I'm going to totally complain to Professor Yi about you."

"What?" Yuta's mind drew a blank, but he didn't miss the way Jackson openly checked Yuta out.

"You're just so pretty. She should have warned me."

Yuta blushed really hard, hiding his smile behind his arms.

"I'm sorry," Yuta waved off. "I don't take compliments well."

"Are you kidding me?" Jackson said in disbelief. Yuta felt small at the way Jackson openly gawked at him. "You are astoundingly gorgeous...idol material." Jackson said seriously, but with a soft smile.

Yuta felt a whole new set of flowers buds take form in his chest.
"I have to leave because my shift is over at the lab, though"

"That's fine, any time is fine." Yuta began nervously and Jackson perked up.

"We can head back down to the library or my suite north of the campus." Jackson offered cheerfully and Yuta desperately wanted to just say yes. Just a bit more time with Jackson just to enjoy the gentle breeze from his mouth.

"I actually have work in a few." Yuta said regretfully rubbing the back of his neck.

"I see." Jackson nodded and his smile faltered and Yuta couldn't stop his mouth from moving as he watched the cheer in Jackson dampen.

"Here's my number!" Yuta shouted suddenly before he clamped his mouth shut, trying to ignore the little jump Jackson did from the sudden outburst. "Uh...I'm sorry for yelling."

"You don't have to apologize, I don't understand how inside voices work either." Jackson began with a little giggle accepting Yuta’s phone and quickly tapped a text message to his own phone. "How long do you work for?"

"It's just part-time, I'll be out by 7PM."

"Oh, nice. I'll be done with practice by then—hey…do you wanna hang out a bit before we actually start tutoring?"

"Um...I'm not sure--won't you be tired after practice?"

"Not too tired to just gets some drinks and relax. Come on, I know this perfect little spot tucked in next to Cheonggyecheon Stream." Jackson chuckled and Yuta was nodding his head instantly, mirroring the senior linguist.

"Alright. My apartment is on the east side, door 4-127."
"I'll pick you up!" Jackson smiled again and Yuta was getting used to seeing that smile and wave of fluttery feelings under his pores. "I'll see you soon, Nakamoto Yuta."

Yuta stood watching the bubbly, puppy-like senior as he stepped in the elevator and waved until the doors were sealed.

Yuta stood there for a full minute in a trance before feeling a pulsation on his watch. He saw a number that wasn't saved.

**First English Lesson:** *Damn, you fine.*

Yuta blushed again and crouches down a bit to try to hide his embarrassment.

How can anyone be so damn cute?

Yuta quickly types Jackson back, completely forgetting about the draft message he has under 'Taeyongie'.

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At work, it was pretty hectic for Yuta.

Friday was the homecoming game against Yonsei University so the local cafes were brimming with alumni and their children. Yuta, Taeil, Seolhyun, Jessica and Eric had never worked so hard in their 4 hour shift before, but it was fun and the tips were incredible.

During all the frappes, sodas and sundaes, he still managed to have a wonderful conversation with Jackson who somehow texted him between breaks on the soccer field.

"Why are you smiling so hard?" Taeil teased as they cleared out the rubbish bins for the night. Yuta tried to hide his flush.
"I...I just met someone and they're hilarious. Keep sending me memes and I can barely concentrate. Ready to go home, hyung?"

"Nah, I don't want head back just yet. It gets lonely my dorm sometimes."

"Wanna head over to my apartment?"

"No, I'll just go visit Johnny at his college at Sogang for a bit. Ten's been itching to hang out more since the carnival Saturday night."

Yuta felt a small bit of panic slip through his veins.

Last Saturday was the stuff of nightmares.

“Well, I'm heading home.” Yuta began as they entered the café through the back.

“Are you gonna catch a ride with Jessica?"

"Yup. Goodnight."

* * *

When Yuta leaves the cafe, it's pleasantly breezy.

The drive back to his apartment was a bit hectic with the torrent of tourist flooding the sidewalks for the epic homecoming week.

Yuta can't help but notice a few of the couples, holding hands and laughing cheerfully. He never really thought about couples too much.
With his girlfriends, they were just content taking selfies with him to prove to their exes or Weibo followers that she indeed bagged the foreign chaebol, Nakamoto Yuta. He never thought about holding hands or kissing under frozen sakura blossoms, but his heart fluttered with the thought of enjoying the November snow with someone else besides making snow angels with Mark, Ten, Hana or Haerin. But now he can't help but wonder how it would feel to hold Jackson's hand as Jackson tugs him through the snow.

"Whoa, you just met Jackson like 5 minutes ago, Yuta." Yuta berates himself a bit as he pulls into the overpass that led back to campus.

Yuta felt odd.

He hasn't had a crush since Taeyong, and well...you can obviously see how well that's working out.

"I don't have a crush on Jackson Wang. He's just a funny guy. He’s always smiling. I've got Taeyong."

But do you really have him?

Ugh, there goes this conscience—being a little bitch, again.

"Of course, I do. I love him and he loves me." Yuta said with finality. He was not going to have an anxiety attack two fucking days in a row. He refused.

...and when did he say that?

Yuta shook his head a bit, deciding to just ignore the shitty part of his mind before parking into his designated spot.

He volleyed up the stairs a bit, excited to get dressed and see Jackson within the hour.
He pressed the buttons to his keypad and opened his door to see two pairs of familiar shoes and voices. Yuta smiled as he pried his shoes off and stepped up the landing and into his kitchen to see Doyoung and Jaehyun bickering.

"Hey guys, what wrong?" Yuta asked realizing the serious tone in their voices and the glares painted on their faces.

"Nothing," they both spat upset as Jaehyun perched on the counter and Doyoung glared at the youngest from his territory next to Ponyo's aquarium.

After a moment of awkward silence, Doyoung shrugged. "I'm dating an older guy from Yonsei." Doyoung said haphazardly and Yuta raised an eyebrow. Doyoung's so straight-laced, there was no way Yuta thought he was gay even for a second.

"I had no fucking idea you were bi or gay..."

"I like certain aspects of myself a bit hidden," Doyoung explained and Yuta relaxed his face and nodded.

"I totally agree. But Yonsei? Come on you're bonking the enemy." Yuta snickered before Doyoung threw a pebble at him. Yuta caught it, but he saw the hot air Jaehyun huffed through his nose just watching the exchange.

Of all the kids, Jaehyun was the most sensitive and if Yuta had to admit, maybe even the most spoiled, probably attributing since he's eomma only biological child so he's not accustomed to showcasing his annoyance like Yuta is witnessing now.

"I don't see why you're even dating, Doyoung. You should focus on the school and the band."

"Hey," Yuta quipped annoyed as he Salt-Bae'd fish food in Ponyo's tank. "the band is doing great--thank you." Yuta sucked his teeth as he untied his apron. "Just because you have yet to get your virginal monkey wet does not mean you get to shit on the people that do." Yuta snipped and Jaehyun's face fell.

"Well. Excuse me for focusing on school and family, hyung."
"Ah, Jeffrey don't be so sensitive." Yuta teased lightly. "Doyoung can date who he wants, don't give him a hard time for it. We're family."

"It's funny that everyone’s family but you and Taeyong are the exception." Doyoung muttered and Jaehyun snickered, forgetting their momentary war between him and the rabbit-like hyung.

Yuta turned around and rolled his eyes. "You bunny-faced bastard. I was defending you. God, all fucking roads lead to Lee Tae-fuckface-yong. Are you guys staying? I have to get ready for tonight." Yuta sneered shooing the giants out the kitchen.

"What's tonight?" Doyoung asked as Jaehyun tsked as Yuta shoved him out the kitchen into the living area.

"I'm hanging out with my English tutor."

"English tutor? Johnny?" Jaehyun asked as Yuta herded the two to the couch.

"No, I'm failing Professor Yi's English course." Yuta sighed as he sat on the seat across from the two.

"What?" Doyoung whined. "How? I thought you and Professor Yi were close?"

"We are...she's a very lovely lady and my favorite professor but I'm still failing." Yuta picked at his thumb, now thinking about just how unethical Professor Yi's considerations are from a professional standpoint. "She agreed to drop a couple of grades if I agree to her tutor and pass the final."

"Wow, that's really nice of her." Jaehyun began and Doyoung nodded leaning back a bit on Jaehyun's shoulder. "The foreign teachers are always pretty understanding."

"But isn't it kinda late?" Doyoung asked and Yuta nodded, peeling off his socks.
"Yeah, but he asked me to hang with him a bit so we can get to know each other a little. My success is also based on how much extra credit he can receive, and he seems really fun, so I'm totally down with hanging out."

"Who is it? Anyone we know?"

"Jackson Wang? Senior, about yay high? Muscly?" Yuta said flippantly motioning a few inches above his head but Doyoung raised an eyebrow sharply.

"Jackson Wang? The Chinese one? He can't be that tall."

"I'm pretty sure that's the one. You know him?"

"Yeah, he's our team all-star goalie." Jaehyun throws a lazy arm around Doyoung's shoulder, Yuta elected to not comment on the warmth in his eyes as he nuzzled a bit closer to Doyoung. "Nothing gets past him."

"I know who you're taking about, I have an art appreciation class with him. He's nice! Really funny." Doyoung agreed and Jaehyun smiled, dimples flexing.

"He's clever...but he's a bit of a flirt? I guess?"

Yuta nodded, yup. Totally a flirt.

"But he's cool. Have fun." Doyoung smiled and Jaehyun giggled in his ear and Doyoung blushed watching how Yuta glanced at the increasingly small space where the stars and the moon apparently aligned between the galaxies.

Doyoung stood up abruptly. "Um...I'll be leaving now," Doyoung blushed deeply and Jaehyun awkwardly followed suit, noticing that Doyoung was acting too comfortably.

"Alright, I'm going to get ready." Yuta snickers and Doyoung makes a beeline for the door.
"Night, Yuta-hyung."

"Hey, Jaehyun...don't let your jealousy show too much." Yuta whispered as he and Jaehyun watched Doyoung slip his Vans on at the landing. Jaehyun faltered in his words immediately.

"What--I'm--"

"I'll be downstairs, Jaehyun. Love ya, Yuta." Doyoung said hurriedly, the door slamming behind him and Yuta snorted.

"Same, Doyoungie....You were saying, Jaehyun?" Yuta said giving Jaehyun a blatant stare before sneering. “I wish you would be so bold to dare lie to me.”

Jaehyun let out a wail and flopped back on the couch.

"I don't know what to do, Yuta. I never knew I was in love with Doyoung until Minho came along!"

"Tell him, Jae!” Yuta preached to kettle, knowing damn well he was the pot. “He's in love with you too! I can see it. Jaehyun… you're looking past Doyoung’s eyes and into his soul---Doyoung doesn’t even see you, Jaehyun -- he sees possibilities.”

"I...I....but he's--I'm too late. Minho taller, stronger, older...in graduate school and I can barely handle my economics homework! How can I compare?” Jaehyun sulked as he rubbed his eyes with the heel of his palm, frustrated. “I always knew that I felt so many things for him—things I’ve never felt about anyone growing up but how can I even compare now, Yuta?”

"Because Doyoung isn't looking for Minho in you, he's looking for you in everything else.” Yuta said boldly. “If you can’t use words...Just kiss him. Tonight.”

"He has a boyfriend, I don't want..."

"Are you really going to give up on Doyoung...after all this time? You've been in love with him since--,".
"Since before you and Taeyong-hyung hated each other."

"I was going to say since the dawn of life, but who am I to be the scale of time?"

Jaehyun stood up and gave Yuta a hug and Yuta patted Jaehyun’s back firmly.

"Thanks, Yuta-hyung. Enjoy your night out with Jackson--he's really an awesome."

"I'll try. Night."

"Night, don't drink too much, hyung."

Yuta tossed his apron in the laundry basket after Jaehyun left and showered and before raiding his closet.

"Oh gosh, I'm so nervous." Yuta twitches oddly as he paces up and down his litany of pressed button downs, trendy thermals and designer jeans he was given by his baa-chan but never wore.

Yuta has never really been on a date with someone he's genuinely interested in ...well...ever. The only person he ever wanted to impress never cared for what he wore because it would be a heap on the floor two minutes after they stepped into the room.

But this was different--this was a person he met all on his own--and Jackson was really someone that made the last couple hours of his day pretty fun and he needed that. Yuta didn't realize that he desperately needed a distraction until he spilled hot java all over it.

He settled on a grey, long sleeve thermal and high top sneakers that matched, hoping that where ever Jackson was taking them wasn't so fancy that he'd get stared at for wearing dark blue denim. Yuta inspected himself in his full-length mirror and checked for blemishes before spraying a bit of cologne and faintly smearing a bit of BB cream. He didn't want to look like an idol, but he also wanted to show the best side to Jackson after the coffee fiasco.
Suddenly, he heard a knock on his door and it caused him to jump about 300 feet in the air. Holy, when was the last time he ever heard anyone knock?

He nearly slid and bust his ass waltzing towards the door and took a couple sharp intakes of breath but when Yuta opened it, the air dissipated in his throat.

Jackson's smile was a blinding bright light and Jackson was caught mid-giggle. When Yuta attempted to mirror it, Jackson's face quickly slipped into a frown as he gawked at Yuta from the tip of his purplish hair to the Totoro socks on his feet. Yuta couldn't help but check out Jackson himself, who was wearing all black with a few specks of a deep purple in his sweater.

Jackson looked impeccable.

"Yuta," Jackson's voice was an entire octave deeper and so many cups of sugar sweeter than their initial meeting few hours ago. The way Jackson’s huge chocolate orbs flit curiously over Yuta's features; they even didn't mask an ounce of Jackson's emotions. "You look like words can't describe." Jackson said gently, a rise of color in his cheeks that Yuta didn't think had to do with the weather.

"Oh...thanks but you also look," fucking delectable. What is in the water and China and can I drown in it, please? "So...Nice...um, would you like to come on my—uh--come in?" Yuta corrected sharply, internally kicking himself as he cleared his throat and Jackson raised a softly shaped eyebrow and bit his bottom lip briefly.

"Thank you, I'd love to come in."

Jackson stepped in, removing his pricey kicks and put on the warm house slippers Yuta presented to Jackson.

"This is a swanky apartment, bigger than the one I have on the other side of campus." Jackson said politely, playing with the cuff of his sleeve before taking his coat off. Yuta politely motioned for it.

"Thanks, my grandma got it for me when I was admitted. It's a 2/1 with a balcony, den and detached bathroom. I don't have a roommate because my grandma says she'd pull the plug on the
gravy train if I use the room for anything besides the family business--so it's just an office.” Yuta began as he placed Jackson's coat on the rack.

"Lucky. But how come Taeyong is on the campus dorms?" Jackson asked simply and Yuta tried not to show his annoyance too early. "I thought you'd guys share despite it all.” Yuta whimpered mentally. Can Taeyong not be brought up right now? He just wants to have fun tonight and enjoy the company of another person that he didn't know since before school.

"We don't have the same grandmother. Or the same anything really. It's complicated," Yuta said as he watched Jackson appraised the marble countertop of the kitchen with regard. Jackson turned to Yuta and shrugged and Yuta was thankful Jackson didn't probe further.

"Ah. Maybe you can explain another time...like tomorrow morning?" Jackson said with a bit of a grin. Yuta finally being able to see Jackson in a fully lit area made his heart thump few times quicker. Jackson left the snapback at home and had his bleached hair gelled upward, exposing his forehead and expressive features.

Yuta raised an eyebrow.

"Tomorrow morning?"

"Yeah, right before I make you breakfast in bed?" Yuta blushed at Jackson' prideful smirk. "I honestly intended on tonight simply being me sharing one of my favorite watering holes before we start this hectic tutoring schedule…but Yuta, I don't think you’re aware of just how stunning you can be," Yuta attempted to hide his smile behind his slender fingers but he could just feel Jackson's smile. "I'm sorry. Shall we?"

"O-of c-course," Yuta recovers horribly as he grabs his keys from the bowl on the kitchen counter. Jackson's hand quickly darts out and skirts his nimble fingers gently on Yuta's right wrist.

"Oh no, let's take the train--Seoul is much more charming at night!" Jackson whined with a soft pout. Yuta felt the warmth from Jackson's hand run a lash of fire into the pit of his stomach. "Trust me--leave the car here." Jackson all but begged and Yuta couldn't say no.

And Jackson was right, it truly was.
Yuta was smitten with their leisure walk from the apartment to the subway ten minutes away. It was dark, but everything twinkled with the soft, dewiness of the earlier snow and the colorful trimmings on a few of the street lights made the world seem so much brighter. Yuta crowded closer to Jackson as the senior talked endlessly, but Yuta didn't mind at all as Jackson spoke about fencing, football, Chinese ginseng and organic green teas.

"Are you more comfortable speaking Korean than Japanese?" Jackson asked Yuta directly and Yuta nodded.

"Yeah, of course. I've been here longer."

"I know a bit of Japanese." Jackson smiled boastfully and Yuta rolled his eyes with a chuckle.

"Really?"

"Yeah, you can thank Inuyasha for that." Jackson said in smooth Japanese and Yuta couldn’t hide his surprise and began to slow clap as they stepped down the stairs leading to the tube.

"Very good, Jackson-san. Effortless, really. You like learning new languages?"

"Nah, not at all!" Jackson let out an obnoxious laugh before leaning dangerously close against Yuta, his fingertips lightly on each side of his hips as Jackson ghosted his lips over the shell of Yuta's pierced ear. "I just like anything I can flex my tongue on,"

Yuta froze a bit before turning his head to face the goofy, puppy-like tutor again. "Seriously, can't you tell I'm a good talker?" Jackson giggled at his normal voice, his hands gone from Yuta's waist.

Did Yuta just imagine that?

Yuta cleared his throat before looking back up to see a slight, barely-there sinister flicker in Jackson's otherwise innocent eyes.
Yuta desperately tried ignore the kindling in his gut.

"Oh, shit this is our train!" Jackson shouted before Yuta grabbed Jackson's palm and the two bolted through the nearly closed the doors.

The train was a bit crowded but Yuta and Jackson found a soft niche.

"I haven't been on the train in forever." Yuta whispered and he squeezed up a bit against Jackson.

"Really?" Jackson questioned and Yuta swallowed nervously.

"Yeah, I drive everywhere. I don't really like crowded spaces."

"But you're the drum major--you're at a crowded stadium every Saturday."

"I know, but--I feel at home there." Yuta whispered before he realized he was still holding on to Jackson's hand. Yuta knew he should have let go, but Jackson's touch was soothing and he really, really was fucking annoyed with the noisiness of the train.

They get off at their stop and Jackson proudly pointed out the little spots tucked into the buildings that had the best soju, best veggie mandu and apparently, according to Jackson--the best place to gamble.

After walking along the unreasonably romantic Cheonggyecheon stream at night, Jackson turned towards an outward stairway leading down with the adjacent wall colored with wonderful graffiti and Chinese calligraphy taking up the entire span of the building.

"My hyungs Tao and Henry owns this tea shop and poetry bar. I actually invested a bit of my inheritance in it." Jackson announced as buzzed in an 8-digit code to a frosted glass door. "It's a bit different, but it's very relaxing."

"I can't wait to see," Yuta smiled wholesomely and Jackson mirrored it before opening the door. The smell of roasting mint, drying sage, and caramel macchiatos hit him full force.
"Welcome to Wintersheare," Jackson announced and Yuta is floored as they step in.

The atmosphere was soft, the lights were dim except for the strip of light wrapped around the bar where Jackson noisily clapped hands with a taller, tanner gentlemen dressed in an apron. As Jackson took their coats, Yuta realized another thing--there weren’t any chairs besides the elegant bar stools. There were a multitude of little round tables with candles or fresh flowers as the center piece and large fluffy cushions on the ground circling the tables that seem ideal for either a group or simply for two.

They weren't alone, it was bustling but not overcrowded with light, lively chatter of college kids, beatniks and hipsters sipping their liquids between conversation. He also noticed the stage that had a lone microphone and stool. The wall of the stage was also littered with graffiti and fairy lights hanging down like shimmering ivies.

Yuta never wanted to leave.

"Sorry about that." Jackson reappeared abruptly, waking him up out of his stupor. "Why don't we sit over there?" Jackson motioned to an open table on the right and Yuta nodded.

"Yeah sure,"

"Anything to drink? I'm sorry but we're a dry cafe so we don't sell alcohol." Jackson said sweetly as they toed their shoes off and placed them at the landing before stepping up on the hardwood floors.

"Um, it's too late for coffee, isn't it?"

"My family is legit made up of old-fashion tea connoisseurs. How about I bring you a tea?" Jackson clasped his hands excitedly and the excitement was contagious.

"OK, surprise me!"

"I will. Please sit and enjoy the performance."
Yuta nestled on the cushion a bit and faced the stage. The cafe quieted down and lights dimmed a bit more as a shy girl dressed in a what looked like a local high school uniform stepped up on the stage. She had a round face, glasses and looked extremely shy as she stood on the stage in her BTS socks.

"Um, my name is Suh Hyohee. I'm 14 from Itaewon Insitute for Engineering. This poem is called 'Cider Mountain.'"

A swarm of soft finger snaps followed her announcement and Yuta looked around awkwardly and follows the snapping fingers as Hyohee sits on the stool and begins reciting her poem all bout waiting. Waiting to see if he's worth the energy, waiting to see if he's worth staying up for, if who ever Hyohee beloved oppa is, is worth her time and energy. If love is just the stuff of magazines and if she should just spend her time playing with her younger sister instead.

The cushions were making Yuta feel calm and the atmosphere was dreamlike as everyone held on to Hyohee's trials of impatience and innocence.

Once she finishes, Yuta began clapping loudly--only to instantly stop once he realized everyone was snapping their fingers instead. Hyohee's gaze shifts to Yuta and she giggles. Yuta sent her little finger hearts of encouragement. Yuta didn't even realize Jackson was already sitting next to him and already had a cup of tea waiting for Yuta to try. Jackson happily passed Yuta mug who politely received it, and soon as he took a sip his eyes shot up.

"Oh my God. what is this?"

"Peach, coconut and persimmon oolong with a smidge of peppermint oil, lightly sugared." Jackson said shyly as he sipped his own grapefruit and matcha tea.

"It's delicious, thanks!"

"How are you liking Wintersheare so far?"

"I love it, truly." Yuta couldn't contain his excitement. "It so different. I've never--it's so relaxing and Hyohee? Her poem was so deep."
"You like poetry?" Jackson questioned and Yuta nodded before taking another generous sip.

"Yes...I'm not much of a writer, but I love poetry. I had no idea Seoul had something like this." Yuta sputtered excitedly as the lights brightened a bit and the chatter resumed as it was before. Jackson nodded excitedly.

"I'm happy you like it so much..." Jackson pulled out his phone and placed it on the table and motioned for Yuta to look at the screen to see a timetable. "I reviewed the schedule in which Professor Yi suggested. It's a bit rigorous, but she promised that she'd provide me with a recommendation for the graduate program in exchange." Jackson began pointing the calendar he had displayed on his phone. Yuta gnawed at his lip as he saw the time slots highlight in 'Yellow' for 'Tutoring' amongst the other colors for 'Soccer Practice', 'Video Call W/Dad', 'Fencing W/Sean', 'Work', 'Mark's Basketball Game', and multiple other schedules that Jackson looked like he could barely juggle on top of tutoring.

"I'm sorry for being a bother, Jackson. You seem so busy."

"It's cool. I really need that recommendation for Stanford. Professor Yi graduated from Stanford and they're a little pissed that I left them high and dry a few years back." Jackson said haphazardly. "I'm free every night except Sunday from 4-9pm but I'm open to later than 9."

"I'm usually free anyways after 9, except Saturday nights."

"Shall we start?" Jackson asked as he conjured a pen and small note pad from his back pocket.

"What are your weak points with English?"

"I know it well, but I get nervous with writing and speaking."

"Are more comfortable talking or writing?"

"Writing, when I speak with a native English speaker... I freeze because I'm afraid they won't understand and I'll get flustered and give up."
"Ah, I totally understand--but you forget that English is such a language that everyone knows a little bit of. Native English speakers are used to deciphering deep and heavy accents and odd mixes in syntaxes of non-native speakers. If anything, they're happy to help and point you in the right direction." Jackson and Yuta spoke calmly over the flows of words and Yuta sees another side of Jackson he didn't expect. The bouncing off the wall puppy was suddenly quite serious and patient instructor as he helped Yuta shorten his words and create a calmness over Yuta as they tackled the basics of formal English.

Unexpectedly, in the middle of Jackson explanation of when to use verbs versus adjective, the lights dimmed a bit again and Jackson looked around before grinning once his view landed on a familiar figure stepping up on the stage.

"Aww, this is my favorite poet."

"Really?"

"Yeah, his name Hyuk, but he goes by DEAN. He's the manager at the SM bakery. Great voice."

"Really?" Yuta repeated gently, and sure enough it was the Hyuk-hyung. Yuta was so familiar with him because every now and then Yuta's manager would have Hyuk come in and cover for her when she was sick since SM Bakery and SM Cafe were only a few stores away. Yuta looked back at Jackson to see that the tutor abandoned the lesson--he had his legs stretched out and Jackson leaned back, supported his strong, muscle-laced limbs hidden away by the fabric of his sweater.

Jackson caught Yuta staring and without a word, Jackson said a million things.

Jackson's eyes had a playful twinkle, but his smile was welcoming as he motioned his head a bit, beckoning Yuta closer. And Yuta did, as he silently slid up against Jackson, mirroring his position and as much and Yuta knew he shouldn't have, he sidled right up against Jackson.

Their shoulders bumping, legs stretched out next to each other under the table. Yuta's face had to be on fire by now.

Was this normal?
Was it just Yuta feeling so…fucking like... *hot* right now?

He was sweating, his breath was a hitching a bit more than normal--just because their shoulders were touching.

"Yuta, are you OK?" Jackson's voice was sincerely concerned as he sat up, an innocent hand landing on the small of Yuta’s back. He cautiously looked up at Jackson whose concern had Yuta feeling guilty. Yuta shook his head.

"No, I'm fine. I swear, it's just--,"

"Am I being too much?" Jackson’s voice was quaking a bit and his eyes darting around nervously as Jackson’s hand fidgeted a bit on his own thigh. “I'm sorry, I don't really have a grasp of what's socially acceptable all the time--,"

"No, Jackson don't." Yuta began quickly, not wanting Jackson to feel guilty. Yuta placed his hand over Jackson's on his thigh and swallowed deeply before looking back up at the soft panic across Jackson’s façade. “You're...you're...fuck, Jackson, you're *perfect*.” Yuta confessed looking away for a moment before Jackson cocked his head to the side. Jackson opened his mouth to question Yuta but a tap on the microphone brought them back to reality.

"Hello again, Wintersheare. My name is Kwon Hyuk. I'm 24 and I attend Baekseok Arts University and I'm a manager at SM Bakery. Please follow me on IG @deantrbl. This poem is called ' *Cure* '."

Yuta felt like he was being held hostage in the most pleasant way with the gaze Jackson held him with as Dean began his poem:

"*If I told you how I felt about you*

*You would run away.*

*I feel bound to you.*

*Grounded to you.*

*Everything around us is a bit like a typhoon.*
But just being around your presence, I'm a tree.
I'm rooted.
I can never sway."

Jackson licked his lips and Yuta watched dazed at the soft pink muscle glide over every dipple in Jackson's bottom lip. "Yuta, can I ask you a question?"

"We met, like two minutes ago
In a crowded street between two bickering tteobboki stalls
All I did was see your lopsided smile
And I felt like 'This person must be like a drug,'
Because once you left, I felt instant withdrawals."

"Yes Jackson?"

"How fast is gravity?
How long is it socially acceptable for you to have me?
Am I supposed to feel this hot with just a thought of you?
What is really stopping us from being,
What is really stopping me from touching you
Like how you desperately want me to?"

"Could I? If I dared? If I was brave enough to?" Jackson's eye fell from Yuta's eyes to his lips and back again with a peel of confidence yet restraint that made Yuta feel things that he shouldn't--but wanted to.

"They say love is blind, but love hasn't seen you
Because who wouldn't want to see what I see?
They say love is a disease, but who would want a cure?
Because they don't know what I know."
"Maybe," Yuta's word was barely there whisper as he slowly craned his neck forward, watching with half-lidded eyes as Jackson mirrored his movements.

Yuta felt his arms tremble with a string of adrenaline he never felt before. The kindling that started when he first met Jackson had caught on to the curtains and all of Yuta's insides were charring with a heat he didn't know he ever had before.

No one had ever created a want this deep in Yuta.

If he was with Taeyong, Yuta's jeans would be pooled around his ankles right now because Yuta knew what to expect but Jackson was different.

Jackson was spunky, sassy and childish, strong and brazen and so fucking brilliant and polite and likable and Yuta could only sinfully fantasize about what years of professional fencing and rigorous soccer could look like under the pretty folds of fabric Jackson adorned himself with and his arms were strong and muscles like no one else's on campus and by all the fucks in the world he wanted to feel how it would be to be wrapped up in those arms and to be pried open by those large, calloused hands and lifted up by those triceps and biceps and—

Fuck, Yuta ain't never wanted to be flat out on his back with legs in the air so bad in his fucking life.

Suddenly, a myriad of snaps knocked Yuta out of his thoughts before their lips could touch.

The two quickly pulled away.

Yuta gracelessly clapped loudly before snapping with one his left hand as the right tried to cover his beet-red face.

Yuta waited a whole 2 minutes before looking up again to see Jackson gathering their cups and coasters. Jackson had a meek smile on his face, also a bit pink.
Usually, Taeyong was always at the forefront of his mind, but not in the last few hours.

All Yuta could focus on was the Chinese athlete with a demi-god like genetic make up.

"It's getting a bit late; shall we have another tea to go?" Jackson asked quietly, his eyes shyly meeting Yuta like a little boy afraid of being scolded. Yuta nodded and smiled brightly.

"Yes, with lots of ice please."

Jackson left quietly and Yuta couldn’t help but feel a bit embarrassed.

What if they kissed? The only person Yuta's ever kissed was Taeyong and Yuta couldn't even imagine how furious Taeyong would be right now if he knew Yuta was out with another man, another person who could take his Yuta away...Taeyong would probably see red and foolishly take Jackson head on--but Yuta didn't care.

How come out of all the times in the 5 years they've been intimate that now is the time Taeyong wants to go steady?

Does Yuta really even want that?

Does he really want that? With Taeyong, all it's bound to be is fist fights, good sex and tears afterward and Yuta was getting pretty annoyed with the tears and the constant heartache.

But Jackson...when he looks at Jackson, he sees sunshine and tea sampling and stupid games of tags and kissing in the language lab.

No fist fights, no hiding and lying and heartache.
The ride back on the train wasn't packed since it was around 11 PM, but Yuta sat right next to Jackson, drinking in the tea and Jackson becoming his bouncy self after Yuta insisted on seeing his best puppy impressions and Jackson happily obliged warranting odd looks from the ajummas nearby.

"Thanks for joining me on short notice, Yuta." Jackson began as they walked from the subway back to campus. The streets were bright, but significantly less crowded. Yuta chuckled.

"Don't mention it. I never go out and Wintersheare is one of the best places I've ever been,"

"Really? You mean that? The concept is a bit different,"

"It is, but in a wonderful way." Yuta reassured with a soft pat on Jackson's arm and the elder smiled sadly.

"Yuta, I'm...I'm so....I'm sorry if I came off weird or whatever earlier."

"Jackson, can I be honest with you?"

"Yes, of course, Yuta."

"I've never felt so comfortable with someone like that before."

Jackson nearly tripped at how quickly he stopped. Yuta nervously scratched the back of his neck as he continued.

"I hate...I mean hate any type of skinship publicly, but I feel like I like it...with you. And I know it sounds stupid, but--,"

"It's not stupid, Yuta. I'm...I've never been so flattered in my life." Yuta smiled hard before breaking out a small fit of giggles.
The rest of the way home was just as pleasant. And when Jackson walked Yuta to the door, Yuta smiled and thanked him but Jackson's blush was painfully sweet and Yuta was beginning to get used to it.

"I had a wonderful night, Yuta."

"So did I…truly. Please sleep well, Jackson-hyung," Yuta smiled back and Jackson tensed up immediately.

Fuck.

"Oh shit, I should’ve asked, I'm sorry--!" Yuta panicked before Jackson stepped closer—effectively cutting off any words Yuta was going to say. Jackson dipped his head down to reach Yuta’s ear, a strong arm wrapped around Yuta’s slender waist.

"Please call me 'hyung' for now on, Yuta. I'll take care of you better than any hyung you've ever had."

Yuta couldn’t hide the shiver that relayed down his spine at the gruff, almost demanding voice Jackson used. Yuta wanted to hear it again, for that voice to make Yuta do… anything Jackson wanted.

Jackson pulled away slowly and Yuta couldn’t help but stare into Jackson's eyes for the billionth time that night, but a different emotion shows this time around.

Something raw, something un-tapered, something deep, gravelly, fiery, and electric and Yuta wants nothing more than to take his shoes off and dive into it. To have Jackson show him emotions and wonders that he wasn’t blissfully aware of.

Yuta swallowed and nodded curtly. "Yes, hyung."

Jackson smiled, brushing a strand of burgundy hair from Yuta's bangs.

"Goodnight, gorgeous. Don't forget to pray." Jackson winked and Yuta swallowed again, already
missing the warmth from the senior’s body.

Fuck, Yuta’s going to be laying alone in a cold bed tonight.

"Goodnight and text me when you're safely in your dorm, hyung?" Yuta asked softly as Jackson stepped away, Jackson grinned wildly.

"Of course, my pretty dongsaeng. Stay by your phone."

Yuta watched from his threshold despite the cold weather as Jackson walked the short distance to the stairs and towards the north side of campus. Yuta watched his figure until it was too far before Yuta retreated to the apartment and stepped in.

Yuta collapsed on his sofa and buried his face in his hands.


Yuta quickly undressed and took a shower, thinking about Jackson.

"Maybe I should have invited him in…no. If I did that I would've had my clothes thrown all over the living room."

Yuta chuckled as he dried off, but he heard a soft chime and realized he received a text.

[Jackson W.]

I'm home safe, sorry I showered soon as I got in.

--It's ok, hyung. I did the same.

[Jackson W.]
I'm going to send a link for a PDF file that'll help you with your conjectures.

--Omg, I hate those...

[Jackson W.]

I understand, that's why we should tackle them first. Tomorrow we can go over your midterm so I can take a better look at your weak points.

--Sure. I'm free after 4PM.

[Jackson W.]

Same! I'll meet you at the language lab at 4:30.

--Awesome. Thanks so much for tonight, Jackson-hyung.

[Jackson W.]

Thanks for trusting me. ...I hope you don't mind.

--Mind? Mind what?

[Jackson W.]

If I dream a little bit about you? I dont think I'll be able to get you out of my mind.

Yuta squealed kicking his feet against the mattress excitedly.

--I can't stop you, hyung...but I can tell you one thing.

[Jackson W.]

What's that's, Yuta?
I'll dream a bit about you too, hyung.

Chapter End Notes

I feel a little rush
I think I've got a little crush on you
I hope it's not too much
But babe when I'm with you, I hear it
My heart singing
La, la, la, la
- "Crush" - Yuna ft. Usher

--- ♛ ---

Taeyong is gonna be mad af, ya'll. Please don't be shy to comment, they really motivate me and give me the ammo turn out more and more!
This is late, I know. But I mean KPOP twitter was popping...and KARD's Rumor and Jonghyun's album is like LIFE and G Dragon is coming to Miami, ya'll. Like, in my back yard. I freaked out a bit!

Also, every Tuesday between 11AM - 3PM EST i the goal, but I can't promise because--lie. I also tweet when I'm done with each chap. My twitter is at the end of each chap if interested.

This is a bit of a filler, but we get two meet two of Tae's favorite women.

Taeyong chuckled happily.

It was only Tuesday, but he still hadn't come down from his high just yet.

Taeyong had basically confessed freely to Yuta and he didn't get rejected. In fact, Yuta held him, let Taeyong kiss and console him…Yuta let him into his heart again and Taeyong couldn't wait to make it up to Yuta in all the most lovable ways.

Taeyong spent most of his limited free time looking for new meals to test on Yuta’s taste buds and stay-at-home dinner date ideas.

Taeyong felt like his world was becoming whole.
Taeyong was always a pretty frugal man--being poor his whole life, he knew the value of every won and never went out his way to be extravagant but when got off work Sunday evening and passed a pet shop selling aquariums, he couldn't help it to splurge a just bit.

Taeyong didn't even mind the odd looks he got from passerbys as he was awkwardly hunkering an oversized aquarium into his trunk.

He quietly sneaked into Yuta's apartment while the owner was at work and as he rolled his sleeves up and proceeded to set up the filter, creating the cutest fucking home for the little fish that ever was.

Taeyong didn’t dare stop himself as he rapped happily with the goldfish that Yuta managed to flood his Instagram with.

"Alright, Taeyongie-appa hopefully will be here more often so I can spoil you and Yuta-eomma." Taeyong smiled as he carefully placed the bright orange goldfish in the new, sparkly aquarium.

Taeyong didn't get a response.

"What? You think I'd be better as an eomma rather than an appa? Aish, Ponyo-chan," Taeyong beamed sprinkling a bit of fish food in the tank. Taeyong gleefully watched the fish happily eat the morsels and he laughed, imagining Yuta's smile when he sees the note he left next to the tank.

- ✿ -

Taeyong is snapped out of his thoughts by his professor sliding his midterm on his desk. It's was a bright red 97% on his organic chemistry midterm.

"Superb job, Taeyong-ssi." Professor Nam praised as he continued to pass the rest of the packets to his students. "Captain of the football team, President of the Future Social Workers Club and an overall heartthrob. Much like me when I was younger." The aging professor mused before a chorus of moans followed instantly.

"No one believes that for a second, Professor Nam." Seungcheol snipped from the front of the class before Doyoung chimed in.
"There wasn't football in 15th century Joseon, was there?"

"They're just haters, Professor Nam." Taeyong quipped winking at Doyoung who had rolled his eyes. "Thank you, Professor." Taeyong began sincerely, cradling his midterm proudly. "I've been studying very hard."

"Once I add your presentation in the system, you've officially made it to the Dean's List every semester this year, Taeyong-ssi."

Taeyong felt his cheeks color at the praise as he gathered his notebooks and stood up. He bowed politely to Professor Nam who patted him warmly on the shoulder. "See you next week, and don't forget to win!"

Taeyong tried to quell his excitement as the students began to leave the lecture hall. "I will try."

"Fighting, Taeyong."

"Fighting, Professor." Taeyong said proudly as he left the lecture hall with a bit of pep in his step as Ten and Doyoung flanked him on each side while they strolled out of the science building.

"The Dean's List, again?" Ten whined and Taeyong giggled before covering his mouth a bit.

"Yes! I'm going to call eomma and tell her! She'll be so proud of me!" Taeyong snickered as he reached for his phone but Doyoung stopped him.

"No don't---" Doyoung pleaded. "She'll ask what we got and I don't want to disappoint her before Christmas!"

"If you need help studying, I can help!" Taeyong offered and Doyoung sighed before Ten snatched the exam from Doyoung's grip and the latter huffed.

"A 76% isn't bad—shit, Yuta is flat out failing English." Ten said nonchalantly as Doyoung
snatched the packet back.

Taeyong froze in his gait.

"R-really?" Taeyong stuttered and Ten shrugged.

"Yeah, Professor Yi even assigned him a tutor." Ten said as the trio headed towards the cafeteria.

"Professor Yi fucking adores him; how can he fail?" Taeyong spat incredulously and Doyoung shifted a questioning gaze briefly to Ten.

"I dunno, but he has a tutor and a strict schedule. It's really tanking his GPA at this point."

Taeyong shook his head in complete disbelief. It was no secret that English was Yuta’s worse subject, but he didn’t think it would be so bad that his academic integrity was at stake.

"Fuck, if it was that bad I'd tutor him." Taeyong's words were unjagged as it rolled off his tongue smoothly.

Ten and Doyoung stop in their stride before looking at each other briefly and watching Taeyong continue to walk.

"We’re talking about Yuta. Nakamoto Yuta. The brother you fucking hate?" Ten announced slowly as they entered the busy cafeteria. The conversations died a bit as they were inundated with greetings as they tried to navigate to their favorite table.

"I don't really have enough energy for animosity anymore," Taeyong began feebly as he quietly scrolled through his Weibo feed. "But still--he had to beg his she-devil grandma to be here closer to us--you guys." Taeyong caught himself with a cough. "He'll never be able to stay if he fails English. It's a core course for business..."

Ten blinks at Taeyong in the most meme-worthy way.
Doyoung eyebrows disappeared into his strawberry-red hairline.

"What the fuck?" Ten questioned scrunching his adorable face nearly in half. “Who the fuck are you and where is Lee Taeyong?”

"I just...I just don't really want to waste my energy or hating him.” Taeyong said haphazardly even though his fingers were trembling.

It was now or never.

Once he began, he couldn’t openly claim to despise Yuta.

“We graduate next year, then what? He’ll go to Osaka and he and I will never see each other again.”

"Why do you and Yuta hate each other--really? And don’t give me that bullshit." Ten asked plainly and Taeyong sucked his teeth, but there was no malice in it. He couldn't be malicious when he thought of Yuta anymore. Just the thought of Yuta was like the sun shining down on his face in the middle of winter.

"It doesn't matter anymore. I barely remember." Taeyong shrugged and he was surprised to see Doyoung and Ten simply shrug in response. Taeyong let out a silent sigh of relief that they didn’t probe further, but Taeyong was already feeling like his chest was in a vice.

He needed to breathe. "I've got to head back to the dorm,"

"Can you drop me off to Sogang?" Ten pipped up quickly gripping Taeyong’s arm as the eldest stood up.

"To see Johnny?" Taeyong raised an eyebrow and Ten blushed a bit before nodding shamelessly.

"Yeah...I ugh...their exams are over and I kinda wanted to spend the next few days with him."
Doyoung’s face split into a shit-eating grin. Ten coughs oddly before letting go of Taeyong’s arm, the embarrassment penetrating his bones.

"You should tell him, Ten." Taeyong--the preacher advised the choir.

"I won't," Ten said flatly, not even daring to deny it. "I can't ruin this. You guys won't understand."

"Why not? You love him. I'm sure he loves you." Taeyong said simply and Ten muttered curses in Thai.

"It's gross.” Ten whispered as he looked around cautiously, but not another person as paying attention to the three juniors. “His family adopted me, remember? It's not right. That's not how I should show my appreciation for ma and dad adopting me by trying to fuck their son."

"Ten! That's not what you feel. You legitimately love Johnny. He would never be a random hook-up to you." Doyoung countered and Ten hissed annoyed.

"And?!!” Ten spat in low, demeaning sneer that he wouldn’t dare use if he wasn’t so tormented over his perspective reality. “You legit love Jung Jaehyun but here you are sucking face with Minho,"

"You know why, Ten!" Doyoung snapped back just as vile. “Eomma wants grandkids and I even though I know she treats us all the same--it's not the same. Jaehyun is actually hers and I know she wants grandkids and I can never give him that.” Doyoung pinched the bridge of his nose, willing his tears back and he whispered defeated. “I can't give him anything."

Silence fell between the trifecta of friends, and despite the loud, bustling cafeteria—the quietness between them was tangible. Like a blanket of unfulfilled dreams, paltry emotions, and unshed tears.

Taeyong, as the eldest wanted to say something—anything…but what could he say? He knew the taste of unrequited love and the taste was nothing akin to bitterness, but a draught of disappointment and stale cries of agony.

"We're like Sargent Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club. Just fucking pathetic.” Taeyong groaned rubbing his face and Ten sucked his teeth in defeat.
"I'm content loving Johnny from a far. Seriously...sometimes, I forget that we're not a couple."

"What do you mean?" Taeyong questioned and Ten sat up a bit straight, a faint smile on his mouth.

"You know... Johnny likes to cuddle when I sleep over...and it's not like how when we all cuddle when we watch a movie back at eomma's...it's really..." Ten bit his lip reminiscing about how Johnny would sit on the floor, with his back to the couch and Ten nestled between his legs. Ten would only be able to concentrate on the movie for about five minutes before Johnny would pull him closer and nestle his face into the Thai's student's slender neck and just ask softly about his day or hum soft songs into neck. Ten would hum back before relaxing into the warm embrace. "...Johnny treats me like I'm delicate--;"

"Even though you can obviously beat him in a fair fight." Doyoung snorted and Ten continued, ignoring Doyoung.

"When I'm in his dorm," Ten said dreamily, his vision clouding with sheen of pure glee. "I feel like I'm his whole world. He cooks and we clean together...he always massages my sore muscles from practice--"

"But you're never sore from water polo," Doyoung began and Ten let an adorable chortle.

"OK, but damn, does Johnny need to know that?" Ten snickered salaciously and Taeyong made a playfully grossed out expression.

"I can't drive you to Sogang." Taeyong smiled before reaching in his back pocket to retrieve his keys. "Doyoung, can you drive him?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll park it by the stadium." Doyoung said happily as he received the car keys and Ten smiled brightly before latching on to Taeyong proudly.

"Thanks, Taeyong!"

"Be careful, we don't want you hurt." Taeyong warned and Ten nodded planting a playful kiss on Taeyong’s cheek.
"I'll be back for the homecoming game to cheer you guys on."

Taeyong waved them off as the two left the café and Taeyong went in the other direction. He checked his watch and sighed. His classes were over for the day and Taeyong knew that Yuta’s last class would be over in an hour and that Yuta was off from SM Café on Wednesday.

Taeyong desperately wanted to text Yuta, to ask if he could pop up with lunch or maybe even call him just to hear his voice.

Anything to confirm that Yuta belonged to him and him only.

But he bartered against it, it was homecoming week there were too many festivities that the band had to attend to and Taeyong’s calendar wasn't swelling with free time either.

But he was itching too…it wouldn’t hurt, right? He just wanted Yuta to know he was thinking about him.

-- Yuta?

Taeyong typed with bated breath. Soon as he sent it, the three grey dots danced upon his screen before he got a near instant reply.

[Yu Yu Ma]

Yes, Taeyong?

Taeyong nearly cried in joy before rushing to a bench and quickly thumbing out a reply.

- -Have you eaten, yet?
Yes, I did. Did you?

--Yes, but I can cook you something if you'd like.

I'm fine, but thank you. And thank you so much for the fish tank! Ponyo is so happy!

Taeyong smiled before sending a fish emoji.

Yuta sent a hug emoji.

Taeyong grinned wildly as he walked back to the dorm he shares with Jaehyun. Yuta was accepting his affection so easily and Taeyong couldn’t help but realize that it was like second nature.

What took Taeyong this long?

He and Yuta could’ve had years of open love and rushing affections.

The fish tank wasn’t enough.

He was going to give Yuta his heart, Yuta was going be his entire world.

Taeyong was excited to see Jaehyun when he opened their suite door, but the younger was on the phone, his face was sullen.

"Thanks noona. Please call me if anything else." Jaehyun finished with a timid voice before Taeyong watched him hang their cordless phone up on the wall. No one calls their dorm unless it’s important.

"Who was that?"
"Taeyeon-noona." Jaehyun said plainly as he jumped up a bit to sit on the counter.

"Is everything OK back at home?" Taeyong asked and Jaehyun rubbed his forehead. It was a sign that what he was going to say next, would not be good.

"Mom fainted this morning," Jaehyun whispered and Taeyong felt all the joy in the world drain into nothingness.

"What?!" Taeyong's eyes began to swell "Is she alright? Please tell me eomma's alright!" Taeyong asked with a shaky voice and Jaehyun reached out to Taeyong who dropped his bag and walked over to his overgrown baby brother.

"Yes, she's resting in the hospital," Jaehyun reached for Taeyong and Taeyong grappled him in a hug. Taeyong didn't remember his parents too much since he lost them only at five, but the pain of losing his eomma was real. The only mother he had was his eomma and Taeyong doesn't think he'd ever be able to live a day without knowing she's safe. "She's fine just didn't properly hydrate herself before picking the younger kids from school."

"Maybe we should go to see eomma?" Taeyong asked tentatively. Jaehyun watched his hyung look smaller than usual.

"Taeyeon and Yeseung says that eomma doesn't want to make a fuss over it." Jaehyun mumbled into Taeyong's hair Taeyong sniffled softly into Jaehyun's chest.

"I'm just scared, Jae. She's like 60 and so damn stubborn."

"Don't worry, she's fine." Jaehyun lied, trying not to worry his hyung. Jaehyun held Taeyong a little longer, and maybe a little closer than he should have, but he was scared too.

After what felt like forever of them just hugging, Jaehyun squeezed Taeyong closer.

"I heard you made the Dean's List again."
Taeyong poked his head up and gave Jaehyun a smile that made the younger’s heart stop for a bit.

"Be proud of me!"

"I am, hyung!" Jaehyun giggled before he looked over to the clock above the couch. "...aww fuck, I've got to go to work at the store. Can you drive me?" Jaehyun asked sweetly and Taeyong slowly unfettered himself from Jaehyun’s hold.

"Doyoung took my car to take Ten to Sogang University to see Johnny." Taeyong said ruefully and Jaehyun quickly hopped from the counter and snatched his lanyard hanging on a nail next to his keys.

"Aish, its ok. I forgot we have a new shipment of books coming in.” Jaehyun said hurriedly pulling on his sock and shoes. “I'll see you on the field for practice. If I’m late, for the love of God please don’t make me run." Jaehyun said grabbing his coat. Taeyong inspected his nails nonchalantly.

"No special treatment; be there geared up and on time, Jae."

Jaehyun rolled his eyes before throwing a quick. “Love you, hyung.” Over his shoulders.

Taeyong locked the door after Jaehyun made his hasty escape to the subway.

Taeyong sighed.

He was home alone and football practice was 5 hours away. All this class work was done and he didn’t even need to study for his sociology class tomorrow.

Jaehyun must have cleaned up, so there was literally nothing for him to do.

He suddenly heard a soft, airy ringtone from his back pocket and his heart thump wildly. It was a FaceTime call from one of his favorite people on earth. Taeyong squealed before quickly sliding to answer and after a bit of pixilation, a brace-aligned smile greeted him.
"Oppa!" the girl shrieked and Taeyong jumped up and down in child-like gaiety.

"Sis~!" Taeyong smiled as Ketly and her glowing brown skin and too perfectly arched eyebrows smiled back at him. "Why are you up right now, Ketly? It's like 3 AM in New York." Taeyong asked in English and the girl lets out a yawn.

"I'm know, but I called to let you know I got accepted to the University of East London!"

"What?! Yasss queeen~ Congratulations--you'll be so much closer to me!" Taeyong flailed and Ketly hid her face in her elbow.

"It's still so far." She gasped trying to quell her laughter. "I'm way too broke to go back to Korea, but maybe you can visit me this time?"

"I'll work hard! I have to see you again! It's been too long!" Taeyong exclaimed as he made his way to his bedroom.

"I know you will! How's everything? It's been forever since we've talked." Ketly sat up on her bed, her wild orange hair framing her face. "I think six months?"

"I'm on the Dean’s List again." Taeyong cheesed; his friend on the other side of the world began to yelp excitedly waving her BraveGirls light stick wildly.

"I'm so proud of you, Tae!"

"Proud of me? You got into the grad school of your dreams!"

"Speaking of dreams...how are you and..." She trailed off trying to looking around in Taeyong’s background through the phone and Taeyong and Taeyong huffed.

"It's OK, I'm alone....ugh, have you ever been in love, Ketly?" Taeyong asked in total despair.

"Of course,"
"I mean with actual humans--not anime characters." Taeyong smirked and Ketly sucked her teeth.

"Damn, #shadeYong at it again." She groaned annoyed and Taeyong sat on his bed with his feet tucked under himself as they continued to talk.

Taeyong and Ketly didn't talk often due to the time difference and the fact that they were both busy students. The two became friends through MySpace their love of hip-hop and she was a faithful fan of his SoundCloud. They became very close friends despite the language barrier, but through the miracle of Google Translate they managed to talk nearly every day whether she had to sneak on the computer at 3AM to chat about Show Me The Money or if Taeyong had to walk out of class faking illness to talk about the new MIGOS single.

One summer, by some miracle, Ketly saved enough money from working at a convenience store to finally visit Korea. Taeyong took the subway to spend an entire week with her in Busan, taking her to all the landmarks, dressing up in hanbok, convincing her to eat the spiciest tteobeoki they could find in Itaewon and even doing the one thing Taeyong vowed to never, ever, ever do—he took her to Inkigayo so she could see her favorite girl group in the flesh—it was worth it to see her cry in joy even though Taeyong was seriously embarrassed to be there.

He learned so much that week—including that he didn't like girls, for if he did Ketly would've been the perfect girlfriend—hypothetically. They confided in each other about everything, and Taeyong was sure she was the only person who can say they know everything about him—even about Yuta.

"Listen to me," Ketly said as she laid her back against the hotel carpet. It was the last night of her trip and Taeyong was lazily feeding her seaweed chips as he used her thigh as a pillow. "You've got to stop hiding…I’m not telling you to come out to the world, but…be honest, Tae. You love Yuta."

"I don't know how." Taeyong frowned sitting up so he could speak properly. "I’ve hurt him so freaking bad. I’m not good at this."

"Just be you. Life is too short. Don’t let him slip through your fingers because you’re scared.” The American girl reached for Taeyong’s hand and gave him a loving squeeze. “I pray for your happiness everyday, you know? I want you to be happy…next time I come I expect you and Yuta to be married. I want to meet him and your mom and everyone.”

“You’re right, Ketly. I’ll tell Yuta how I’ll feel. Next time you come and we have more time, I’ll
take you to Hongdae to meet everyone!"

“It took me flying 22 hours on metal death bird for you to finally listen, huh?” Ketly grinned brightly before smacking Taeyong with a pillow.

That was nearly three years ago.

"You have to tell him, Taeyong. It's been way too long.” Ketly rolled her eyes. “You're playing games and you're gonna fuck up and lose bad." Ketly advised fondly laying on her arm and shaking her head

"I kinda did.”

“Did what?”

“I...I told him that I want us to be, you know official." Taeyong mumbled out a bit red in the face and he heard the sharp intake even though it was countries away.

"Ooooh, what did he say? " Ketly brought the phone uncomfortably close to her face and Taeyong let out a peel of laughter.

"...he didn't really say much. But he didn't reject me outright." 

"Tell him you love him. Quit the bullshit." Ketly all but demanded and Taeyong shook his head.

"I can't. I'm scared."

"Ya'll not even real brothers.” Ketly sassed raising an eyebrow. “Like, I'm failing to understand why it's OK for you to jump his bones, but you can’t tell him the most obvious thing ever. You sucked his dick but telling him your feelings in a no-no? Explain. Help a sister out here."
"It's complicated." Taeyong spat back.

Cue another eyeroll. "You a lie, Lee Taeyong."

"Ketly-ah," Taeyong whined defeated.

"Taeyong, nobody hangs on for that long." She implored pointing at the screen to make a point. "You are going to lose Yuta and when you do it'll be too late and what are you gonna do then, Tae?"

A ripple of panic hit Taeyong’s mind and heart all at once.

Fuck. She’s…right.

"He won’t—he can’t." Taeyong began weakly gnawing at his lip. His breath was feeling heavier, suddenly. “He loves me and I'm so in love with him. I can feel it even it. Kets, his love feels…like…like I can touch it. Feel it. It’s there and Yuta’s not going to ignore it.”

"If you love him, say it. Do it. Show it. Prove it." Ketley said softly.

Taeyong opened his mouth to protest but was cut off.

"If you don’t, someone else will take him and you will be assed out." She warned seriously and Taeyong felt his throat ache. He knew that she wasn’t trying to be mean, but she was always so firm with her words, but Taeyong knew it was purely out of love.

Taeyong fell silent before grinning again.

"Aww, Ketly you always say what I need to hear."

"Of course, bestie. Well, I've got to go to sleep. I open the salon tomorrow, but I had to tell you the good news. I'm so excited, love."
"You deserve it, Ketly. We won't be able to talk much, but saranghaeyo~, Kets. Don't miss any meals."

"I love you too, Taeyong. And even if we can't talk like we used to, you'll always be my favorite person." Ketly said warmly and Taeyong blew her a kiss. She caught it slapped it on her cheek.

"Good night—oh, I mean morning."

"Muah! Night, Lee~."

Taeyong ends the call and lies down on his bed. He wants to listen to Ketly's well-given advice, she was always right and is the only person Taeyong truly unleashed on his feelings too, but he was scared. Losing Yuta was his biggest fear, but it was a fear that was kind of irrational…like the Boogeyman.

The Boogeyman is supposed to come while you’re sleeping and like…steal your heart and soul right?

He could only come to you if you’re sleeping—but Taeyong was wide awake.

His heart and soul was a bouncy, smiley, music-loving, shade-throwing savage named Nakamoto Yuta…no one would dare to steal his everything away.

“I won’t lose, Yuta to anyone.” Taeyong said boldly. “The Boogeyman doesn’t exists.”

Taeyong wasn’t sure exactly what happened, but he was suddenly feeling tired, as if his friend twenty-two hours away transferred her exhaustion. Taeyong turned over on his stomach, iPhone still in his left hand.

Taeyong’s eyelids suddenly weighted a ton…and in a blink, he was fast asleep.
Taeyong eyes shot open.

The pain in his barely six-year-old body was unbearable.

He tried to scream; he wanted to shout so badly but his voice didn’t want to cooperate. He felt like the inside of his throat was singed by endless draughts of fire. Taeyong began to panic and suddenly, his ears felt like they were packed with cotton but he could hear the faintness of the horrific pitch of the monitor he was connected to. Behind his eyelids felt like it was lined with grains of sand as his large eyes darted around in panic.

‘Appa! Eomma! Help!’ he screamed in his mind as he felt himself begin to bawl. He couldn’t move a single inch, but he felt like his body was being crushed.

Everything hurt; everything.

His teary vision caught a wave of people in white rush over, shouting before suddenly he felt a coolest in spread over him.

He passed out.

EDUREEND

When he woke up again, Taeyong realized he could move a bit, but his throat was still sore and his body felt like everything hurt still, but it wasn’t nearly as bad as before.

Surprisingly, he heard a soft humming, whimsical and frail. It was followed by a hand on stroking his hair gently as if the poor child would break if any more pressure was added.

It felt warm and comforting and in no time, Taeyong didn’t feel so scared.

“Eom...ma?” Taeyong bravely tried, even though it burned fiercely. Barely there ruffling was heard and the pretty face of a woman with soft features—large brown eyes, button nose and
dimples as deep as spoons appeared in Taeyong’s wavy line of sight.

She looked like an angel.

“You’re finally awake, sweet child.” Her voice was nothing short of musical, but it was so soothing.

“Eom…ma?” Taeyong strained and the woman’s face showed a flicker of pain before she left his view to help the 5-year-old Taeyong sit up. Taeyong felt like his body was made out of lead, but the tender hands assisted him.

“No…I’m sorry.” The woman said before she reached on the side to provide Taeyong with a little cup of water and straw. Taeyong reached for it sluggishly but his right arm was attached to an IV with connected to a drip.

Taeyong’s juvenile mind began to flood with anxiety but before he could properly freak-out, the calming fingers were presenting him with water. Her little smile eased him and accepted the straw and took a sip of water. Taeyong felt like he hadn’t drunk water in days.

In reality, he actually hadn’t drunk water in weeks.

The burning he felt was from having a tube in his throat to help him breath which was removed four days ago when he initially woke up.

“There was a big, very horrible accident. Do you remember?” she asked politely as she brushed some of Taeyong’s overgrown fringe from his forehead.

Taeyong only remembered his appa waking him up for a bathroom break when they got to the rest stop.

It was raining and pitch black as they were arriving from their vacation in Jeju.

Taeyong looked up the woman and slowly shook his head.
“Eomma and appa are with God now.” The woman explained fragilely and Taeyong stared at her oddly.

“I want appa.” Taeyong said barely over a whisper.

“Shhh,” she shushed lovingly. “Appa… is here now.” She whispered placing a light hand over the boy’s heart. “Appa and eomma hearts are in your heart now.”

Huh?

“I want to see eomma, please noona.” Taeyong asked carefully, using all of his manners. “Please. I am scared.”

“You will see them,” she said caressing his cheek. “But it’ll be a very long, long time from now. You have a long life to live. You will see them at the end.”

Taeyong’s eyes began to pool with tears, his bottom lip trembling, nervously. He really wanted to see his mother and father…but this lady was so nice.

He should trust her. She’s like an angel.

But he wants his appa and his eomma.

“It’s OK, little love.” The woman reassured him as best as she could. She pulled a handkerchief from her uniform pocket and carefully dabbed under his eyes.

The next words out of her mouth changed the rest of Taeyong’s life.

“Your brother is OK. He’s alive but he’s really hurt, little love.”

Taeyong’s eyes widened.
He suddenly jerked away from the warmth of the nurse.

Taeyong doesn’t have a brother.

Taeyong never had a brother.

Taeyong was an only child.

“Don’t be afraid. He’s on another floor in the hospital.” The nurse said removing the cup of water from Taeyong’s trembling fingers. “He is...he is doing better, but he won’t be awake for a very long time.” The nurse said ruefully noticing Taeyong’s even paler face. “But you’ll be patient, right?”

Taeyong nodded his head.

This woman was beautiful and made Taeyong’s fear melt away. If she wanted him to be patient, he’ll wait as long as she promised to be with him.

“You’re a good hyung, right Taeyongie?” she smiled brightly and she caressed his hair and Taeyong slipped his eyes closed.

She had to be an angel, right?

She was so sincere, so affectionate—the physical embodiment of all the good in the world and five-year-old Taeyong needed that more than anything right now.

If she said his brother was OK, his brother is OK.

“Yes, noona.” Taeyong mumbled and she patted his thigh lightly.

“Does it still hurt?” she asked and Taeyong opened his eyes to see the nurse inspecting the wires
coming from his body as she gently peeked at tube on his shoulder.

Taeyong nodded and the curse quickly turn around to fiddle with a few things, glass jars clinking before she took a syringe and screwed it into Taeyong’s IV. She noticed the little panicked look in the child’s eyes.

“Don’t worry, noona is a nurse. This will help you sleep, OK? Noona will be here when you wake up. I promise.” she hinted gently with a loving smile and Taeyong smiled for the first time in a long time and nodded.

Taeyong leaned back a bit and he felt the hands that he was growing accustomed to lower the bed down and arranged him. Before she could tuck the five-year-old in, he fell asleep, warmth and relief slipping into his veins.

He felt that welcoming hand again on his forehead.

“I’ll be right here, OK? Sleep, my little love. Eomma and appa are watching over you. I’ll be here too.”

***☠☠☠***

Taeyong woke up with a jolt.

A random trot song was alerting him that he had 20 minutes to get to the football field. Taeyong rolled over, with his throat sore and his cheeks damp.

He hadn’t dreamed about waking up from the car accident in nearly a decade.

Taeyong thought about the woman is his dreams; the first time he met the nurse-noona who soon after became his eomma.

She was so young then, and even though she’s barely sixty now, he couldn’t imagine his gentle,
loving eomma falling down… fainting.

But if Yesung and Taeyeon says mom is OK, she must be fine.

Jaehyun wouldn’t lie to him, right?

Right?

"Good job, team!" Taeyong announced a few hours later as the football team gathered on around the goal post after the end of scrimmage. Taeyong loved being on the field and in his cleats, he felt alive, and invincible. He really put his all in this practice.

He desperately was in dire need of a distraction from the nagging feeling he felt when he thought of eomma, but Jaehyun’s expression--excited and focus on winning--was calming him down.

If something was wrong with eomma, Jaehyun wouldn’t be out on the pitch with him.

The team was in top form as usual and once again he found himself thanking his lucky stars that he had a FIFA-worthy team under his tutelage. Taeyong was so blessed to be able to lead them so well. Today was such an intense game of scrimmage, they even gathered a bit of a crowd from someone of the students cheering them on.

"Guys, same time same place tomorrow. I don’t think Hongik’s gonna stand a chance."

“I’m betting half of my tuition that we win,” Lucas said in choppy Korean and Hansol rolled his eyes.

“Thanks for letting us know your well-being is dependent on our winning! No pressure.”

“Alright, guys see you all tomorrow and don’t forget if we lose Lucas is going to be living under a bridge.” Taeyong waved and patted the guys on the shoulder before he and Jaehyun began
collecting the cones and balls.

At that moment, Taeyong realized that it was only just them two, when usually one of the co-captains and his 2nd favorite [don’t tell Johnny] hyung who always helps with the gathering the equipment afterwards.

"Jae!" Taeyong shouted at Jaehyun who was a few meters away collecting more cones. “Where's Jackson-hyung?” Taeyong asked innocently after looking for the blonde. Jaehyun jogged over to Taeyong and cleared his throat awkwardly.

"He left right after scrimmage to the band room." Taeyong raised an eyebrow, skeptically.

Jackson was one of the most crucial players on the team; the golden goalie that honestly was the main reason the university was undefeated. He barely skimps out on practice, even if he's sick and Taeyong wouldn’t hesitate for a second to admit that he admired the senior who could be nothing but an eccentric bundle of fun.

"But why would he go the band room?" Taeyong asked and he watched Jaehyun roll his foot around the soccer ball before looking up a bit warily.

"He's...he's uh Yuta-hyung’s tutor." Jaehyun said a bit nervously and Taeyong thought about it for a half second…

And shrugged.

"It must be that bad if he needs a tutor.” Taeyong said picking up the ball next to Jaehyun's foot effortlessly. “Jackson is great at English, though he isn’t native. That’s good.”

Jaehyun watches Taeyong as if he grew another head, but Taeyong ignored it.

Jackson is nice.

Yuta needs help.
What’s the worst that could happen?

Who says the Boogeyman couldn’t snatch up your heart when you’re wide awake?

Chapter End Notes

*****☄*****

_You gon' have to do more than just (say it)_
_You gon' have to do less when you (do it)_
_Tell mama you know I (show it)_
_Always want you to (prove it)_
-- "Say It" - Tory Lanez
China Love

Chapter Summary

a/n: I updated this on 5/3/17 but a glitch in a03 didn't post the to NCT page until 5/4/17. Weird, right?

Yeah, I am also surprised I updated in a week! /milly rocks on any block/.

Alright, so I'm not an ARMY, but I'mma need all ya'll to vote for BTS for the BBMAs.
Do it, for the gram KPOP. Do it for KPOP.

GD MOTTE in Miami. Ya know, I'm totally going right?!

Also, THANK YOU, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE LOVE, OMG I CAN'T BELIEVE YA'LL REALLY LOVING THIS FIC!

Chapter Notes

I see the sunshine
When I look into your eyes
They speak of worlds gone by
We loved another time
My heart was empty
Till you came to be
--"China Love" - Janet Jackson

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuta bit back a sob.

Yuta is sitting on the stool at the podium with his headphones over his ears as the rest of the band room decompressed after going over the rigorous formations and going over the newly added pieces of music for the new song selection. The band room was crowded, teeming with the 200-odd members of the performance band all chattering or replenishing them after working up a sweat despite the cool autumn weather.

Yuta wasn’t the type to panic, but as he scribbled different tempos and erased full lines of scores, he felt like he couldn’t breathe.
Dr Byun had changed so many aspects of the halftime show within whole days and the pressure fell upon him and Doyoung to arrange it all.

Doyoung didn’t have much issues rearranging the halftime show too much but when Yuta presented Dr Byun with the rough copies of the arrangements, the professor shook his head and told Yuta to scrape the modern, upbeat pieces featuring the latest idol groups and Western artists and decided that it's better to go with the tribute to the 90s at the last fucking minute.

Yuta was having great difficulties trying to change the score from a ballad to trot without putting so much pressure on the woodwinds who carried most of the previous song. Not only that, he would have to call at least hold two emergency meetings for each section to make sure they play the music at the correct tempo and basically memorize two full sheets of music within a few days—well, fucking hours at this point. To force them to then change the tempo in less than three beats may leave them breathless and completely enable to carry the rest of the show and if that hap--.

Yuta cursed under his breath blinking back tears.

He was going to lose it. He was too wound up.

He needed to be alone. He really needed to breathe.

Yuta took a quick glance at the clock before placing his whistle in his mouth. With a few toots, the band room stood stock still; all eyes were drawn to the burgundy-haired junior who looked way too worse for wear.

Yuta rips off his headphones with a defeated sigh.

Dr Byun kept rejecting every idea he and Doyoung had for the final song. The final song was the piece that played during the last play of the game—the play that Taeyong would either try to kick the ball into the goal for the final point or Jackson would try to block from the other team’s players.

Taeyong or Jackson.
Taeyong texted Yuta earlier and Yuta felt like the world was shifting. Yet, Jackson was on his mind heavily.

It would have been a major problem on his conscience if Yuta didn’t already make his mind up.

Taeyong would simply remain as his brother, Lee Taeyong.

Yuta was finally going to leaving the lover to die and never resurface. Yuta should have never even let it begin in the first place, and now Yuta was going to give it up for good.

Jackson, however, was what Yuta wanted—what he craved. A sensitive, fun-loving, cheerful and strong partner who would shower him in affection and attention.

Yuta looked over to his notes of suggestions in front of him on the podium and reviewed them.

OutKast’s “Bombs Over Baghdad” – “No, too political,” Dr Byun scribbled on the margin.

Drake and Rihanna’s “Work” – “No too, feminine. Most of the crowd won’t get the gist of the song anyways.” Dr Byun wrote.

Migos/ Lil Uzi Vert – “Bad and Boujee” – “No, way too popular. Too much stress on the percussion and that whole dab thing is getting out of control.”, Dr Byun said when he tried to approach the professor before yesterday’s practice.

ZICO – “Turtleship” – “I fucking hate that show,” Dr Byun would wrote in angry red ink.

Keith Ape – “It’s G Ma” – “Did you swallow a rock?! That’ll start a damn riot, Yuta.”, Dr Byun replied via text and Yuta newly threw his phone in class.

Yuta looked over to the band before sighing and chewing on the end of his pencil. This would not be easy.

”I’m going to dismiss the band a bit early today. Saturday is the last game of the season and this is
also post-midterm week.” Yuta rubbed the bridge of his nose. “I'm fucking exhausted.” Yuta confessed and everyone began to laugh, agreeing with his sentiments before Yuta motioned them to shimmer down.

“Tomorrow, I should have the final half-time show completed, but that means that we literally will have just a day to literally pull our homecoming show out of Doyoung’s ass.” Doyoung nearly threw a cymbal at Yuta who cracked a smile before blowing his whistle.

“Everyone's dismissed, but percussion… please leave your bass drums out of the cases so I can tune them. Practice tomorrow--but on the football field.” With a final toot, the band room erupted in excited chatter and Doyoung stood next to Yuta and patted his back.

"You OK?"

"Yeah...it's just so much.” Yuta confessed gathering his sheet music. “It would be better if Byun wouldn't be such a hard ass with the selection. He wants Brian McKnight directly into a trot--like how the fuck does one do that?"

"Want to get some food?” Doyoung asked rubbing circles in Yuta’s back. “My treat?"

"I can’t. I've got meet Jackson for more tutoring,” Yuta huffed. As much as he wanted to see Jackson, he doesn’t want to study. He wants to sit in Jackson’s lap and have the senior pamper him as he complains about the world. “I have an assessment tomorrow for Professor Yi. I don’t know how the fuck I’m going to survive this week.” Yuta pouted before pressing his palms against his eyes. "Can I have a hug, Doyoungie?"

Doyoung frowned before pulling Yuta in for a hug.

"It’s OK, hyung. It'll be OK.” Doyoung hugged Yuta sympathetically and the latter wrapped his arms around Doyoung’s small waist and pulled him flush against him and inhaled. Doyoung always was a beacon of warmth that reminded him of coziness and joy.

"I want to see eomma.” Yuta whispered and he felt Doyoung’s slim fingers tuck his hair behind his ear. “I feel like I really need her right now,"

"Christmas break is in a few weeks and we'll see her and you'll show her how great your grades are
and we’ll have the whole family together again. Taemin-hyung is even coming from his tour to be with us."

Yuta gulped nervously. "You're right. I'm just scared that I might have to go back to Osaka. My grandma only allowed me to come back to Korea for school—so if I fail she'll make me go back! And I can't. I don't want to, Doyoungie." Yuta began to sob into Doyoung’s neck, “I can’t live without you all. You’re the only family I’ve ever have.” his sniffles sounding awfully loud in the emptiness of the band room.

"Shh, I'm here if you need me." Doyoung consoled Yuta, holding to him lovingly but Yuta shook his head and pulled back a bit, wiping his eyes.

"No, it’s fine.” Yuta began with a soft chuckle, shaking his head. “You have plans with Minho, right?"

Doyoung moved his hands from Yuta’s waist to frame both of his damp cheeks, all the old feelings from years past suddenly bubbling up as he watched Yuta’s eyes swim in tears. "I can just stay with you, Yuta. Just say the word."

"It's fine.” Yuta shook his head, placing his shaky hands on Doyoung’s wrist and brought them down to lace their fingers. “I appreciate you so much, Doyoung.” Yuta said with a smile before reaching into gift Doyoung an innocent kiss on the check. “Go chill with Minho. I'll text you later," Doyoung watched as Yuta unlaced their hands and continued to gather his papers. Doyoung swallowed the uneasiness in his throat as he collected his letterman jacket and grabbed his duffle bag, trying to ignore the sensation of sunlight pooling in his chest.

Once the room clears out, Yuta sighed as he dried his face on his sleeve before grabbing his tuning keys, carefully tuning each of the obtuse drums.

"Drum Major Nakamoto?" A small voice began a half-hour later and Yuta didn't even hear the door open. He looked up to see the freshmen saxophone player with knobby knees.

"What Taewoo?"

"There's a footballer waiting outside for you?" The way too-tall freshman said nervously and Yuta
stared at Taewoo again.

"What are you talking about, Taewoo?" Yuta quickly finishes tuning the last of the drums before standing up and following Taewoo outside the double doors. Yuta fanned himself a bit as he steps outside the doors to see a little crowd and at the center was a smiling, giggling Jackson Wang in his jersey, gym shorts and cleats, covered in grass stains, sweat and sunshine.

Yuta felt his little flower buds in his heart bloom a bit.

"Jackson?"

"Yuta!" Jackson's giggled brightly as he dropped whatever conversation he was having to weave through the crowd and present Yuta with a blue can. "I brought you coconut water. I heard about all the changes and I hope you’re not too stressed by it."

Yuta felt a bubble in his throat as he gazed passionately at the soft, warmth behind Jackson’s eyes and felt a glowing curl in his heart, ripple down his spine in a way Taeyong could never create.

"You didn’t have to wait for me after practice, Jackson."

"I had to!" Jackson’s grin widened. "I want everyone to know that you have someone waiting for you...so everyone gets the idea."

"What idea?" Yuta took the can of coconut water, but realized that not only was he smiling like an idiot, but he was also trembling a bit and it had nothing to do with the light snowfall.

"The idea that...that you have someone who's anxious to see you. That everyone else can't...they can't have you." Jackson said pleasantly. Yuta covered his face with his free hand and Jackson shook his head, covering his face with his snapback.
"Omo, I'm such an embarrassment." Jackson groaned with a tepid smile.

Yuta felt his heart tug at Jackson's clear reddening cheeks. Yuta quickly shooed the rest of the crowd away. Yuta couldn't help but stare at Jackson who was still obviously embarrassed even after they were left alone in the breezeway.

"Thanks for the drink, hyung. You're very thoughtful." Yuta bowed a bit and Jackson brushed it off.

"It's wasn't a hassle, Yu. Shall we study at my apartment?" Jackson offered but he didn't miss the glow in Yuta's cheek at the pet name.

"Sure, let me shower first."

"You can shower at my place~," Jackson said smoothly and Yuta gnawed at his lip. Yuta couldn’t even front and pretend like the suggestion didn’t make his skin pucker in goosebumps.

"The drum majors have a private bathroom, so I'll shower here and meet you?"

Jackson playfully pouts and Yuta couldn't help but think that pouty Jackson Wang is his favorite Jackson Wang so far.

"Fine. I'll head out and get us pizza. Just come to my place when you’re done. I'm totally not bummed at not having you in my shower," Jackson groaned annoyed and Yuta smirked before clearing his throat.

"I hope you don't mind," Yuta began slyly and Jackson was confused. "If I think about you a little?"

Jackson mouth goes dry soon as the words tumble from Yuta’s glistening lips. And before Yuta knows it, Jackson is pressed gently against him, one hand on his hip, the other against the doors of the music room.

"I've been thinking about you since we’ve met," Jackson voice was an octave lower than Yuta
guessed it could ever be and the heated words slipping into his ears made Yuta’s eyes slip shut. “I sometimes sit and space out wondering if your skin tastes as sweet as the mochi it looks like… Yuta, trust me I don’t mind if you think of me while you shower, while you dream…while you wake up in the middle of the night, body aching wondering if you’re bold enough to text me to come over. By all means, *please* think of me.”

Yuta let out a soft gasp before he felt the warmth surrounding him leave just as quickly as it came.

Fluttering his eyes open, Yuta watched Jackson as suddenly began walking backwards, smirking as Yuta stood there--stuck.

Jackson winked and left without another word and Yuta felt like the world was spinning.

20 minutes later, Yuta was in the drum major’s private bathroom whimpering a certain Chinese male’s name openly as he finally came after thinking about Jackson’s lips, warmth large, calloused hands, his playful eyes, bright skin hiding raw, reflexing muscles and thighs that Yuta desperately wanted to sit on.

Yuta slipped his fingers out of himself and sighed.

It wasn’t enough.

He has to have Jackson Wang now.

---♣---

Yuta gnawed at his bottom lip as he finally left the band room.

He felt hot and embarrassed, but way too satisfied that he jerked off in the showers of the band room. Yuta drove quickly over to Jackson's dorm on the other side of the stadium coming down from his high. He hoped it wasn’t too obvious that he did indeed think about Jackson, every stroke through.
Yuta, with his still-damp hair and carrying his backpack, he knocked on Jackson's door. Within a few seconds he heard the door unlock and he smiled as it opened.

But it wasn't the object of his affections.

It was a towering titan with a pretty face but a nasty glare.

"Whatever the fuck you're selling, we're not buying." The stranger spat and Yuta huffed, completely affronted.

"Trust me, if I sold it you couldn't afford it. I'm looking for Jackson."

Yuta spat back and Yuta could feel the pure disdain in the taller person boring holes into his face.

"You're Yuta." He said plainly and Yuta clenched his jaw, his fingers curling around the strap of his backpack.

"And you're obvious."

"Are you dating Jacks?" he grilled, and Yuta's smile quirked to the left.

"He's just tutoring me in English." Yuta said shifting from his left to right foot, smiling in the most annoying way possible.

Whoever the fuck this is, Yuta was going to piss them right the fuck off.

"You're telling me that you don't have an American, British or Australian friend who can help you? You need Jackson as a tutor?" he asked, and Yuta pouted mockingly causing the taller male to narrowing his gaze.

"What's wrong with Jackson tutoring me? He's teaching me so much," Yuta whined childishy
before smirking, "He's really talented with his tongue."

If looks could kill, a homicide unit would be at Jackson's doorstep dusting for prints from the way the taller man stared down at Yuta, but Yuta--being his messy, shady self just chuckled before whispering salaciously.

"Aww, but you wouldn't know that would you?"

"Mark?" a sudden voice broke the glaring match and the taller of the two turned around and to see Jackson's damp head poked from the door.

"Oh, Yuta! Please come in--why are you guys just standing here?" Jackson said happily and Yuta smiled innocently as he stepped in taking his slides off and slipping into the slippers provided. Yuta didn't even try to ignore the fiery gaze of Hades this Mark guy was giving him.

"Yuta," Jackson began motioning between him and the other who barely toned down his heated stare. Yuta smirked before leaning a bit on Jackson. "Yuta, this is my best friend Mark Tuan--he graduated last year but still snoops around on me. Mark, this is my friend Yuta. Professor Yi has me helping him with his English."

Mark took Yuta's hand to shake and gave it a brief but vice-like squeeze before letting go. Yuta didn't flinch, but on the inside, his palm was burning. Fuck, Mark was strong even though his physique made one believe otherwise.

Mark's eyes shifted to Jackson as he let go and took the towel around Jackson's neck to dry Jackson’s still damp hair.

"Gaga, dry yourself properly." Mark said softly as he brushed the towel over Jackson's bright strands affectionately and Yuta didn't miss it the gentleness in Mark's ministrations.

"I shall, Mark-ge." Jackson complained pouting to Mark who smiled before turning to Yuta with another glare and strolling out. Once the door shuts, Yuta pouted at Jackson with a bit of a grin.

"I think he hates me," Yuta admitted solemnly.
Jackson waved it off, "He doesn't like it when I give other people attention but he'll be fine. Welcome to Château Wang?" Jackson’s arms flailed oddly and Yuta leaned a bit against the opposite wall.

"Chateau? French, too?"

"I told you, anything I can flex my tongue over intrigues me." Jackson winked and Yuta felt himself blush a bit. When he looked up Jackson was giving him a coy smile before stepping back a bit to the clearing of the living room. Jackson's dorm was one of the larger of the standard ones assigned to upper classmen whose parents wouldn't mind spending the extra money for the comforts. It had a much more open floor plan and was fitted with the latest, trendiest furnishing.

"I guess I'll give you the quick tour?" Jackson said with a flourish before he walked through the trendy dorm.

"No roommate?" Yuta asked as he placed his bookbag on the floor next to the couch. Jackson scratched the back of his neck.

"Mark was my roommate before he graduated and most of my other friends already have roomies or go to different universities so...we can be alone?" Jackson smiled and Yuta nudged the Chinese boy. "I've already ordered the pizza, shall we study?"

After quickly laying the couch cushions off the couch and onto the floor, the two quickly began to study, hard. Yuta was quickly getting the hang of stringing his simple sentences into more in depth paragraphs under Jackson's tutelage.

If Yuta didn't admire Jackson before, he was enamored now. Jackson was so focused and very patient with Yuta--explaining how writing English is more a flexible, malleable language and not the rigid stuff of formulas.

"There's so many ways to say things." Jackson said around a mouthful of pepperoni pizza. "Go ahead and tell me something,"

"But what?" Yuta asked in Korean, stretching a bit. His back was sore from hunching over for two hours over particles and adverbs.
"English," Jackson playfully chastised and Yuta whined. "Tell me about...anything,"

" Can I...use hyung for example? " Yuta questioned timidly in English, looking at the remnants of his veggie pizza--way too nervous to speak directly at Jackson.

"Sure."

" You are Jackson Wang ," Yuta said sitting up straight, pondering over the next few words. " You like an assortment of teas and you play soccer really good. "

"Really well ," Jackson smiled warmly, motioning for Yuta to write it down, which he did quickly before the Japanese male quickly scribbled the sentence.

" Very well ." Yuta corrected before sipping a bit more of his drink. " You are so nice and cute. You're my favorite professor, Jackson. "

"Fucking perfect, Yu." Jackson praised presenting his palm for a high five and Yuta obliged.

"Can I tell you about myself?" Yuta asked feeling much more confident than a few hours ago.

"Yes, please." Jackson prompted him with a nod and Yuta cleared his throat.

" My name is Yuta Nakamoto. I love music,"

"What kind of music?" Jackson implored and Yuta was caught off guard.

" ...ugh...I think R&B is my favorite. Like FKA Twigs, IU, Khalid, BoA...um, Bruno Mars has a very awesome album."

"Lovely variation...Please, tell me something else about you?"
"I like...classical music, too. I love sports but I don’t play them often..." Yuta began trying to express himself more, before it dawned on him. "Also, I like Jackson Wang."

Jackson eyes widened as the words rolled off Yuta's tongue and suddenly Jackson shot up before he ran into the kitchen shrieking. "OMG DON'T DO THAT TO ME, PLEASE!"

"Do what, hyung?" Yuta called after Jackson who disappeared to the kitchen after his outburst.

Jackson popped his blonde head from the hallway with a whiney groan.

"Please don't be cute, Yuta." Jackson said as if seriously stressed. "Like, I can't take it. Your cuteness should be flat out illegal!"

"Come on, I'm making progress here!" Yuta complained getting up and trailing Jackson's path to the kitchen where the eldest of the two was fanning his face.

"Hyung," Yuta smiled and Jackson shook his head.

"Don't, please don't do cute stuff--ahh!" Jackson didn't get to finish before he knew it he was being tickled by Yuta's long fingers

"Ah--no--Yuta--no !" Jackson shrieked trying and failing to fend off the playful attack and it only spurred Yuta on as he cornered him at the crux of the fridge and the counter.

Suddenly, the world spun way too quick and Yuta had his back pressed against the refrigerator. A breathless Jackson had his nose pressed up against Yuta's temple. Yuta felt his blood ride an electric current as he felt Jackson's large hands frame the side of his waist right below his ribs.

"Didn't I ask you to stop, hmm Yu?" Jackson whispered, his lips nearly grazing against Yuta's. Yuta desperately wanted to lurch forward and make Jackson turn his worries and fears into hearts, stars and horse-shoes, clovers and blue-moons, pots of gold and rainbows, and tasty red balloons.

Yuta wanted to press his hips forward, just a bit to feel a bit more than he ought to.
"I'm sorr--," Yuta began.

"Are you?" Jackson teased with a flirty smile, but his deep coffee brown eyes were brewing a sensation in Yuta's loins. Jackson's large, warm palms gave Yuta's side a quick, firm squeeze that made Yuta's breath hitch. "Baby boy, I do not take teasing too well."

Yuta felt a searing want in his body to lunge forward and just kiss Jackson, but he couldn't muster the courage to do so with Jackson pinning him down with more of a gaze his than his hands.

Jackson chuckled a bit, before letting his hands drop to his sides. "Come on, let's finish up this lesson and then we can drink!" He was back to his cheerful self as Jackson backtracked to the living room. Yuta placed his hand over his face and cursed silently trying to gather his bearings.

---Δ---

The rest of the study session went perfect.

Somehow Jackson manage to pull out the soju from his fridge and the guys drunk and ate more, and surprisingly, Yuta was retaining everything, even writing and reading his paragraph on why he likes Shin ramen better than Yakisoba. In a flash, Yuta realized that while they were studying that Yuta and Jackson had completed three different modules in one sitting.

"Hyung, I'm cold~" Yuta said sleepily as he laid out like a drunk starfish on the lush carpet.

Jackson who had his head down on the table pulled off his hoodie and threw it haphazardly to Yuta who lazily pulled it on. Yuta discreetly sniffed at the charcoal grey hoodie. It smelled like aftershave and oolong.

"Thanks, Jackson-hyung."

Jackson smiled slowly before awkwardly lunging over to his right to he checked his phone that he neglected hours ago.
"Oh shit, it's so late." Jackson stood up realizing that was nearing two am. Yuta wobbled up, slowly rubbing his right eye and checking his Apple Watch.

"Are you OK to drive?" Jackson asked cautiously before Yuta took a shaky step forward before tripping over nothing with a soft thump and a giggle.

"Oh gosh." Jackson said sobering up. "You can't drive like this, just crash here. I'll take the couch--","n

"No--I can't do that, hyung." Yuta complained in a squeaky whine as he felt Jackson's warm hand on his shoulder. "I'll stay out here."

"My dad would kill me if I ever made a guest sleep on the couch, Yu. Just go to my bedroom." Yuta shook Jackson's hand from his shoulder and let out a childish shriek before lying back down on the floor, his head thumped on the table leg but Yuta didn't even care.

"Hyung~, I won't move. It's comfortable here. You have carpet." Yuta mumbled his complaint.

A beat of silence past before Yuta felt himself suddenly experiencing reverse gravity. Before he knew it, he was being picked up bridal style, his somewhat hazy vision instantly crystal clear and his arms automatically circled around Jackson's neck. Yuta felt weightless as he looked into Jackson's dark brown eyes as the elder did the same, mouth parted slightly as he carried Yuta effortless into his bedroom.

The space between their faces only a smidge apart, but Yuta felt so much heat between them. So many wonders yet to be dove into and Yuta could bet his last won that Jackson was feeling it too from the manner Jackson chewed at his own lip as he used his hip to push open the door.

Jackson slowly, hesitantly placed Yuta on the center of the bed and the younger sighed raggedly.

Being carried up in heated limbs, his body touching the object of his desire than being laid down upon inviting pillows and comforters has Yuta's body _boiling_.

Jackson pulled back from his kneeling on the bed and stood to flick on the light switch. Jackson's
king-size bed was lush and delightful. The entire room was illuminated in a soft blue hue, making everything seem so surreal.

Jackson watched mesmerized as Yuta rolled onto his stomach and stretched his limbs out as seductively and deliberately as a cat.

"Everything in here smells like you," Yuta admitted with a light moan and Jackson nervously rubbed the back of his head.

Jackson was not ready for this.

"I'm sorry---,"

"No," Yuta began rolling on his side, hugging one of the pillows. "It smells like...comfort and warmth and jasmine..." Yuta buries his head into the pillow and sigh contently before rolling on his back. Yuta watched as Jackson stood there, gawking at him with a look in his eye that Jackson couldn't dare taper.

"Come here," Yuta beckoned in a velveteen voice and Jackson bit his fist before gulping nervously. A battle in him brewing on whether he should be the gentlemen he was raised to be or thirsty, yearning man Yuta made him.

"I can't," Jackson announced honestly and Yuta sat up and pulled out a pampered pout.

"Why not, hyung?" Yuta asked innocently and Jackson nearly cursed.

"You make my knees weak with just a smile, mochi." Jackson voice was deep and breathy as if he was fighting himself internally. "How am I going to handle laying next to you?"

"You can handle me, Jackson." Yuta said effortlessly in English, his words rounded with a suppleness that Jackson wanted to touch, make melt in his hands like putty.

A beat of silence fell between them.
"You're drunk," Jackson closed his eyes, saying it more to himself, willing himself to stay put.

"Not that drunk." Yuta retorted quickly and Jackson's eyes shot open and landed on Yuta who was on the bed, all but on his knees begging.

Yuta suddenly felt a wave of panic. "Don't...don't you want me, hyung?"

"More than world peace but I want you 100% sober." Jackson confessed quickly and smoothly, but the next words from his mouth had Yuta's heart racing. "And more importantly, I want you for my own. I don't play touch and go,"

"Neither do I." Yuta said breathlessly and Jackson chuckled softly.

"And how many girlfriends have you had on campus?"

"I never even kissed them," Yuta confessed suddenly feeling much more exposed than he truly was. "They were just for show--it's what's expected of me. I only went after the ones Taeyong was with to spite him." Yuta never told anyone that. "You're different, Jackson." Yuta admitted bravely. "I...don't let me sleep alone in your bed when you're in the next room wanting me as much as I want you."

Jackson is speechless for the first time in a long time. There was a rapid game of volleyball in his mind and fucking Yuta on his bed, while Yuta was wearing his hoodie, in his apartment was winning right now.

"I just want to lay down next you," Yuta said exasperated, he felt embarrassed and spurned. "Please? I won't touch you." Yuta bargained softly. "I'll be good for you, hyung."

Yuta heard a sharp gasp and looked up shyly to see Jackson's back turned to him and the older of the two couching down with his hands on his head.

"Are you okay?" Yuta asked gently and Yuta hears a soft groan.
Jackson moans as he moves his hands down to his lap, his semi threatening to fill. "I'm trying to calm myself down...I’m…your words are like a spell, Yuta—the fuck."

Yuta giggled a bit and Jackson shushed Yuta over his shoulder before he stood up, but his face still a bit red.

"Yuta, I’m going to tell you something…and I’m just gonna tell you this once, OK?"

"Yes, hyung?" Yuta mewled and he watched Jackson eyes flutter a bit before he let out a shaky sigh.

"The day you kiss me, is the day I won't let you go." Jackson said seriously before he walked back down the hall. Yuta felt his heart flutter, the flowers in his heart blossoming to full bloom. Yuta was tempted to jump off the bed and chase Jackson down, but he returned less than a minute with their phones and the lights in the hallway off.

Yuta watched as Jackson disappeared into his closet. "You should get comfy," Jackson threw out casually and Yuta took off his socks and jeans and the hoodie quickly. Yuta usually sleeps naked, but as much he'd like to, he didn't want to tempt Jackson even further.

When Jackson reappeared he was dressed in a black tank top and grey sweatpants that fell dangerously off his chiseled hips. Jackson gazed at Yuta, who was leaning on his elbow, legs slightly apart in boxers and a simple t-shirt. Jackson flicked the lights off before turning to face the junior on the bed, who he could still make out in the soft glimmer from his lava lamp. Yuta's eyes were glistening, his lips were pouty and perfect and Jackson cursed the fact that his momma raised a gentleman. Jackson approached his bed, pressed his knee down first before leaning down over Yuta for a brisk moment before retreating to lying his side.

Jackson pulled the thick blankets over them and before Yuta could think twice, he has Jackson's naked, muscled arms around him.

Yuta pressed his nose into Jackson's neck and breath in the soft essence.

Feeling Jackson's milky skin and strong arms around his waist felt like a type of euphoria that was new and so heavenly.
It was cold outside, the snowfall getting heavier, but the warmth under the comforter felt like a sauna--steamy in a way that was making Yuta melt on the inside. Yuta's fingers grazed across Jackson's solid arms and Yuta felt, slender, firm fingers skim across his hair. Yuta let out a little gasp feeling Jackson twine their legs together carefully.

Yuta felt like he was floating, but also grounded.

Was he supposed to feel this safe and cared for?

Taeyong couldn’t make him feel like, that’s for fuck sure.

"Am I holding on too tight?" Jackson whispered in Yuta's hair. Yuta let out a sigh and snuggled even deeper in the warmth of Jackson's arm.

"Please don't let me go, hyung."

Chapter End Notes

So come lay with me
China love
How pleasant life will be
China love
As the sun retires
Our love will transpire
Make love to me
China love
--"China Love" - Janet Jackson

***

Two more chapters until the fucking blow up of the century, enjoy the calm ok?!

Once again, thank you so much for the love and kudos. I really try to answer each of the comments and if you have questions, like I will legit answer them! Thanks and much love!
I know, another update in less than a week? What kind of miracle?!

All of your comments spurred me to write like a mad woman.

Also, Monsta X [ATL], BigFlo[MIA][MIA], M.Fect[MIA] are all the concerts I'm trying to go to and I'm like "-" this close to selling ass. This fucking close ".-" to shaking my melons on a street corner.

Like, I seriously believe that having a severe addiction to cocaine would be cheaper than being a KPOP stan.

Do I get lonely at all?
No, cause Jamie and Johnny and Jack keep me warm
This wasn't my fault
I don't cry, God no, I don't cry
Could you just leave it alone?
You keep haunting my nights
You keep asking me twice
--"Kinda, Sometimes, Maybe" - Jessie Ware

Jackson wakes up with a yawn.

Jackson, somehow during the night, ended up on his back, with Yuta's purple hair splayed on his chest, and their limbs tangled like the two never slept apart.

Jackson groaned a bit with the tendrils of a possible hangover seeping in his head, but it was instantly cured with the sleeping face of Yuta on his chest; the younger’s delicate and angelic face so peaceful, pale and just oh so, so close . Jackson ran a gentle finger through Yuta’s hair before reaching over to his night stand, blindly flailing his hand over the wooden surface until he felt the coolness of the glass screen on his phone. In a simple click, Jackson mulled the idea in his head before holding it out to take a photo of him and his sleeping Yuta.

Jackson knew he shouldn't have taken it, but he couldn't help it.
Who knows if he'll ever get the chance again?

Yuta had come into this life so suddenly—healing the heart Jackson had no idea needed support and care. Everything about Yuta was delicate yet so firm and enviable. Jackson considered countlessly the thought of formally asking Yuta out—so the Japanese man could be his boyfriend and Jackson could be his everything…but Jackson felt like behind the soothing voice and sparkling smile that Yuta was preoccupied, emotionally maybe even physically if the bruise on Yuta's forearm the shape of a hand is anything to go by. Jackson couldn’t decipher exactly who [he had an inkling] it was who had an emotional bind on Yuta, but he wasn’t blind to the fact that his mochi was held back.

It was the only thing that stopped Jackson from taking Yuta completely last night. Jackson was so close to breaking, to feeling Yuta’s lips on his own, so close to pulling Yuta closer so he could literally feel what Yuta did to him and most importantly, he really, really wanted to kiss Yuta breathless.

After hours and hours of literally watching Yuta’s mouth move as he tried to annunciate all of his vocabularies, Jackson always caught himself thinking of what the inside of Yuta’s mouth would taste like...feel like.

Jackson licked his lip.

The photo comes out perfect and Jackson quickly changes it to his background on his phone, replacing the one of him and Mark at Mark’s graduation dinner earlier that year.

Jackson slowly maneuvered from under Yuta’s hold but once he does Jackson hears the perfectly needy whines from the others’ mouth that really made Jackson want never leave the bed. "It's OK, Yu. I have work to go to work, but I'll make you breakfast,"

Yuta frowned deeply before his slender limbs slowly slung around Jackson's neck; trying to pull Jackson closer. "Please stay, hyung...just a little longer." Yuta groaned without even opening his eyes, his voice frail with sleep and covered in a sensation that Jackson wanted to hide in.

Jackson felt his heart thump loudly in his ears. Yuta was testing all of his control.

"As much as I'd love to, I'm covering for Tao-ge and you have class in a couple of hours." Jackson
grinned and kissed Yuta's forehead and the latter smiled brightly before the junior calmed down under the senior's kiss once more. "It's early, so just rest, OK my little mochi?" Jackson brushed the hair from Yuta's face before placing a gentle kiss on his forehead again. Yuta smiled sleepily before turning around to lie on his stomach. Jackson stood up at the edge of his bed as he sheltered Yuta in layers of comforters.

Jackson cursed quietly in Mandarin.

He was falling, *fast*.

Jackson hurried to the bathroom to wash up and change into fresh clothes before sneaking out of his room and into his kitchen to make breakfast. As the water was boiling, he tosses the empty pizza boxes and cans before neatly gathering Yuta notebooks and stacking them politely on the middle of the coffee table. Jackson had to admit he was quite proud that Yuta was catching up so quickly and proficiently.

Jackson was in the middle of finishing an egg when his door opened, he heard an excited scraping of claws on tile and he instantly grinned when Mark and their dog Coco appeared in the kitchen. Jackson blew kisses to Coco who playfully nipped at Jackson's naked toes.

“Good morning, Gaga~." Mark greets Jackson warmly and Jackson feels his heart tremble a bit as Mark casually slings one of his long arms around Jackson’s waist and kissed his temple.

"Oh, making yourself a homemade lunch? I wish you would make some for me!" Mark whined into Jackson's shoulder and Jackson slipped his eyes closed as he continued to fry the omelet, trying to still his racing heart. “Are you ready?” Mark chirped happily.

Jackson cleared his throat gently, knowing that Mark would not be happy with what he was going to say next.

"Yeah, I’m just finishing breakfast for Yuta." Once the words left his mouth, Mark was shrinking back instantly before Jackson felt Mark turn him around, Mark’s bright eyes narrowing and the omelet abandoned.

"He slept _here_? Is he really sleeping in _your_ bed, right now?" Mark hissed between his clenched teeth, looking down at Jackson who refused to look up.
"Yeah, I asked him to." Jackson shrugged nonchalantly and Mark huffed, clearly upset.

"Did you--,"

"Mark, that would be between Yuta and I, right?" Jackson countered before sucking his teeth. "I don't ask about you and whoever the hell’s warming your bed at night."

"You can! You can ask me about whomever! You can ask me about anything!" Mark spat back and Jackson nestled away from Mark to finish his cooking a bit more aggressively.

"That’s not important to me," Jackson feigned carelessness, but inside he was seething as he folded the veggie omelet.

"But fucking Yu-Yu Hakusho is?" Mark said incredulously and Jackson bit his lip to stop him for lashing out at Mark and saying something he'd regret.

"Apparently, if I shared my bed and I'm now making him breakfast." Jackson snapped and Mark clenched his fist.

"Are you--,"

"Just leave, Mark." Jackson snipped sharply as he threw the pan in the sink and Mark jerked back as if struck. The static in the air was tangible as Jackson aggressively scooped cooked rice into a bowl.

Mark pouted slightly, dropping his gaze.

"I...I came to take you to work, Jia-er." Mark began benignly, his voice sweet and patient—nothing similar to how it was seconds ago.

"I'll take the train," Jackson grumbled as he carefully sliced the veggie omelet with a shaky grip on the knife. Mark was really testing his nerve, and Jackson had too much of an enjoyable night to have Mark come and ruin it all in the AM.
“At nearly eight o’clock, Jacks? It’ll be congested and loud and I know how you hate it when it’s too many people.” Mark began again trying to reach a comforting hand on Jackson’s shoulder but the action startled the younger and Jackson messed up the cut. Jackson jerked his shoulder away from Mark’s touch coldly before sucking his teeth and tossing the knife in the sink.

“It’s way fucking better than having you get all pissy over the person I like.” Jackson began before looking up at Mark with fiery eyes. “We didn’t even fuck and you’re making me feel guilty. And if I wanted to fuck him I would have and it’s no one’s business but ours!” Jackson shouted before rubbing his face, defeated. “I don’t answer to you anyways, Mark.” Jackson spat as he quickly placed all the dirty dishes in the sink. “Yesterday, you were mean to him Mark, and you better quit that shit because I really, really adore him and I want him to be mine pretty soon. So please, fuck off.” Jackson spat as he quickly arranged the lovely breakfast that included a shitty sliced omelet.

Mark hated when his cheery, lovable dongsaeng was like this. Being mean and insufferable and harsh were the last words anyone would describe his Wang Jia-er...his lovable puppy-like best friend and majestic mandu. Mark always knew he could jealous of people who take even a smidgen of Jackson’s attention, but even he was surprised at the possessiveness he felt.

“Since when was a relationship a priority for you, Jackson? You flirt with anything that exhales and suddenly you’re making a five-star breakfast for some guy you didn’t even fuck?” Mark asked quizically as Jackson slipped on his gloves and scarf. “He’s probably after you for your money.” Mark shot out, knowing the reaction it would get out of the other.

Jackson snorted, letting out a diminutive, sardonically high pitched laugh that held no mirth but had Mark’s blood boiling.

“Mark…have you ever heard of Nakamoto-Ayashi?”

“The lithium battery conglomerate?” Mark shrugged and Jackson nodded his head. “Yeah, so what?”

“Yuta’s their sole heir. For fuck’s sake, his grandmother holds an eight percent share of my father’s company.” Jackson spat, looking Mark up in down in thinly veiled disgust. “The last thing Yuta would ever have to want for is money, so don’t you dare.” Jackson jammed his feet in his sneakers before grabbing his wallet and his bag. He turned around to face Mark before he opened the door.

“I like him, Mark.” Jackson gnawed at his own lip. “Leave before he wakes up.” Jackson shut the
door behind him, clueless to the heart he broke.

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Yuta’s eyes shot open.

They felt like they were on fire.

His whole fucking body felt like it was on fire.

His whole body felt numb and his head felt like it stuff with cotton and bricks.

The room was bright and white and the poor boy couldn’t feel his left leg or his right arm and whatever he felt of the other parts of his five-year-old body was riddled with pain.

He groaned, but his throat felt like she swallowed three-ton boulders whole.

With a blink, the thin film of haze over his eyes disappeared and the world became clearer. He could count the large white tiles above him.

"Hi,"

Huge, glossy brown eyes filled his view, round, rouge, chubby cheeks and little pink lips grinned at him.

Yuta’s eyes widened.

Oh no.
He must be dead.

This must be a cherub, right? People aren’t made this pretty.

"I've been waiting three whole months for you to wake up!" the boy barely older than little 5 year-old Yuta grinned. Yuta quickly realized the cherub was speaking Korean…a language he hardly knew.

"Where?" Yuta tries scanning the face of the excited boy before he quickly leaves. After the sound of water and some shuffling, the little boy returns with a bottle of water and straw in his little hands.

"Ah, don't speak! They just took the tubes of your throat and body a while ago. They said that you had to wake up by yourself now."

"Who?" Yuta asked after taking a sip, his throat feeling much better. Yuta felt like he hadn’t had a drink in days.

Actually, it had been six months.

"You don't remember the accident?" The boy pouted as he brushed his fingers across Yuta’s fringe. The warmth was so sudden, but welcomed. Yuta felt like he hadn’t been warm in years… suddenly, nothing hurt anymore. “I don’t remember it, too."

"Who are you?" Yuta asked thinking hard on his Korean and the little boy frowned.

"You don't remember? I'm your hyung." He said proudly, but the boy was tearing up—his feelings hurt.

Yuta’s lip quivered. He couldn’t remember anything. Had he really forgotten his big brother who was this soft and this warm?
"I have a brother? I don't remember." Yuta said sadly and his hyung rubbed his eyes.

"I thought the same thing but that's what nurse-noona says." Taeyong said as he physically pep up with a blistering smile. "Nurse-noona is an angel she doesn't lie. She took care of you. And I helped because I'm a good hyung!"

"Do we have a mom and dad?" Yuta asked and Taeyong sighed sadly before motioning Yuta to drink more water.

"Not anymore." Taeyong confirmed before brushing Yuta's hair again. "You speak funny."

"I think I know Japanese better." Yuta said to himself effortlessly in Japanese before switching back. "What your name?"

"Lee Taeyong. But if you speak Japanese it'll confuse people." Taeyong mumbled simply before continuing to stroke Yuta's hair some more. "I'll teach you more words when you feel better. What's your name?" Taeyong said quickly and Yuta only caught bits and pieces of it.

"Yuu—ahh!" Yuta began before he clutched his head with his bandaged hand. It felt like was hit with a sledgehammer in the temple. "It hurts!"

Taeyong was shocked seeing the sudden outburst before he could react, a doctor and a few nurses opened the door and rushed inside.

Taeyong is quickly shooed out by another person and at the sight of Yuta being forced away from him is too much for his little heart to bear.

Yuta begins to panic, everything is so strange, everyone is speaking so fast and he’s hurting and all over and he just desperately wants to feel that softness in Taeyong’s voice and warm fingers on his forehead.

"Hyung! Hyung!" Yuta shouted as the medical staff surrounded his bed and another nurse pulled Taeyong out of the door.
“Yuta!” Taeyong shouted back, trying to give him a little thumbs up. “Yuta, I’ll be back! Be good, OK?”

“You'll see your brother soon, I promise.” A woman with deep dimples and a warm voice calm him as the other staff began pulling out vials and syringes.

Yuta panics. His five-year-old mind obviously didn’t forget he’s scared of needles.

"Taeyong! Taeyong-hyung!" he screams and larger, but gentle hand is on his forehead for a moment before, nuzzling his cheek. Yuta looked to his left to see the worried woman with the deep dimples kiss his forehead for a brief moment before regaining her sense of decorum.

"It's OK! Look at noona, please?” she said confidently, her voice delicate and loving. “Noona is here, OK? I won’t let anything hurt you. You're such a brave little boy, do you know that? Such a strong little prince.” Her voice was sweet and gentle as he motioned for the doctor to continue to sedate Yuta.

“Taeyong-hyung will be oh-so proud of you if you let us take care of you. You were asleep for a very long time. You’ll be good for me and Taeyong, right?”

Yuta’s pain seeped into nothingness and his breathing became shallow and soft. Taeyong probably wasn’t an angel…but this noona was.

"Yes, noona." Yuta whispered as he watched her pull on a pair of gloves before mumbling instructions to the doctor. The doctor was nodding and disappeared as the nurse continued to provide clear instructions to the rest of the staff. She then looked down at Yuta with another warm smile.

"My little prince.” She began warmer than when she spoke to the staff. “Rest well and you will see your hyung very soon.”

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Yuta wakes up with tears flooding from his eyes.

Yuta slowly dries his eyes as he tries to calm the sobs threatening to escape.
Yuta rolled over in a too big bed with a generous amount of soft, but cold sheets.

He hadn't dreamed about first waking up after the crash in a decade.

It brought back emotions way too strong for him to handle and now he desperately wanted to see his deep-dimpled eomma.

The light filtering through the window blinded him momentarily before he rubbed his eyes. The fencing sabres on the wall next to the official flag of Hong Kong reminded him that he was still in Jackson's bed.

Yuta’s dry lips broke into a wide smile thinking of last night and he felt a wave of flush crawl over his skin.

"I should've at least been courteous enough to offer to suck his dick." Yuta groaned annoyed. Jackson was so patient and caring that Yuta wanted to belong to him already. To kiss him and call Jackson’s bluff…to beg him to have a taste, to see if Yuta really does taste like mochi and wild dreams.

He raises his wrist to his face to see a text message from Jackson.

*good morning my precious mochi! Hyung made you breakfast--vegetarian style! Please let me know if you like it. – JW*

Yuta giggled gaily before he got up, and pulled on his jeans that was folded neatly on the desk chair. He stumbled slightly as he made his way to the kitchen to see a delicious Chinese breakfast with side dishes and a cute little porcelain teapot of Earl Grey.

Yuta quickly starts eating and moans instantly as the food hits his mouth.
Hyung, it's so good~ Yuta texts to Jackson who instantly texted back.

Can I see?

Yuta quickly obliges by sending him a photo of himself devouring the wheat noodles.

Jackson sends back a heart eye emoji and Yuta and the senior text endlessly between his congee and wonton before the former realized just how late he was.

Yuta quickly packs up, before stuffing more baozi in his mouth before racing down to the elevator and into his car over to his dorm to wash up.

Once Yuta walked into his apartment to quickly sprinkled food in Ponyo's tank, he didn’t waste time racing to his bathroom to brush his teeth and wash his face.

Once he was done, Yuta walked out of the bathroom to see Jaehyun coming from his bedroom, obviously who had just woken up.

Yuta raised an eyebrow but smiled nonetheless.

"Morning, Jae."

"Hyung, where were you, last night?" Jaehyun whined slinging an arm around Yuta's neck and gave him a lazy sideways hug that Yuta returned.

"I...ugh...I slept over at Jackson's." Yuta edged out a bit shyly and Jaehyun pulled away with a quizzical look on his face.

"I...maybe I shouldn't ask?" Jaehyun teased and Yuta tickled his side.

"We didn't, Jae. We haven't even kissed."
"Did you want to?" Jaehyun questioned, and Yuta stewarded him to the kitchen island to sit on the stool.

"I...really like him." Yuta confessed pouring him and Jaehyun a glass of orange juice. "He's really caring, polite and honest. I feel a lot for him."

Jaehyun didn't respond besides sipping on the orange juice and stifling a yawn.

"You...It wouldn't be weird if I dated him, right?" Yuta asked and Jaehyun snorted.

"I think Taeyong might have an aneurysm." Jaehyun said around a yawn. "Taeyong honestly looks up to Jackson-hyung so much. They've been close since Taeyong’s freshman year."

"Why is everything about Taeyong? He has nothing to do with anything!" Yuta sucked his teeth as he leaned against his sink across from Jaehyun who shrugged.

"I don't think Taeyong hates you as much as you might hate him. I told him about Jackson tutoring you." Jaehyun began cautiously and Yuta’s mind began to mentally prepare for the immediate childish antics he could expect from Taeyong's fuckboy mentality. "He even asked me to ask you if you wanted his notes from last semester to help." Jaehyun said coolly and Yuta squinted a bit as if he couldn't see Jaehyun, but he could see Jaehyun.

Yuta could see through Jaehyun a bit too well.

Yuta could see Jaehyun and the bullshit front he's trying to put on.

Something just ain't right.

"Yoonoh, why are you here?" Yuta said bluntly, watching as Jaehyun physically look affronted before recovering quickly.

"...I didn't think it'll be a problem." Jaehyun shrugged, haphazardly with a small smile. "Everyone has your passcode. It’s pretty familiar."
Silence fell between the two as they glared at one another.

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7-01-95

July 1st, 1995

Yuta then notices the Jaehyun’s shirt.

Well, it’s not really a shirt.

It's the hoodie.

With the bleach stains.

"Did you sleep here, last night?" Yuta accused and Jaehyun shrugged.

"I did."

A thick blanket of silence drapes the kitchen, but the tension could be scored with a knife.

"What do you want, Jaehyun? I get you might still hold a torch for Taeyong but ain’t this too much?"

"What are you--?"

"You're lying."
Jaehyun stares at Yuta who was full out glaring.

"Taeyong brought you the tank for Ponyo." Jaehyun stated boldly and Yuta spat back.

"He did."

"Why?" Jaehyun sat up straighter, his voice tight and vicious. “Why would he? Why would he suddenly care about your grades or your pet fish?"

"He was sorry about our last fight.” Yuta confessed, hoping that this shit wouldn't blow out of his control but Snooky McFucking Snoop must've sniffed around his apartment while he was with Jackson. “And for fuck sake we may hate each other but school is important. Attending Seoul National is the only way my grandmother allowed me to come back to Korea and if I fail and I won't be able to see my family! You know this! Yeah, we hate each other but family is still fucking family and I would still do anything for the family."

Jaehyun continues to stare at Yuta as if he suddenly combusted into flames.

"Why are you grilling me about this?" Yuta questioned annoyed and Jaehyun looked down to his half-empty glass of orange juice.

"I want to know what happened," Jaehyun said delicately. It was a question Yuta was always asked and no one but Taeyong would ever know the answer. “What happened when you guys were 16 in Osaka? Why did he come back mad and why did you come back at all?"

"It's none of your fucking business, Jaehyun. And if you want to make this your business, we will have a fucking fight ten times worse than any shit Taeyong can summon!" Yuta snapped ferociously and Jaehyun was nearly knocked off his stool just by the tone.

"I'm worried!" Jaehyun countered and Yuta just downed his juice before laughing cruelly.

"You're nosy. Instead of sniffing around me, go follow Doyoung and Minho around for fuck sake." Yuta hissed and Jaehyun frowned deeply at Yuta hitting a nerve that everyone knew was fresh and left him a bit emotionally unfit.
“That was mean as fuck, Yuta---but whatever. I'm going to Hongdae tomorrow. To see eomma.” Jaehyun said calmly as he watched Yuta go from 100 to 0. His face softened and his eyes began to swim.

"Is she OK?"

"Yes, she’s fine." Jaehyun lies. Jaehyun is getting surprisingly good at lying to everyone lately, especially himself. The last thing he needs is everyone to panic, especially since not one of his siblings…outside of Jimin and Taeyeon are emotionally stable to handle another blow to the heart. "I'm going to tell her about you and Taeyong fighting each other."

Yuta had to stop himself from throwing the glass tumbler in his hand at Jaehyun’s face.

"Oh, you blackmailing little shit.” Yuta hissed coldly, the vileness Jaehyun felt in those words gave him goosebumps. “I dare you fucking do it. If you do, I'll make sure to never acknowledge your presence again!” Yuta screamed slamming the glass on the counter so hard it cracked but didn't shatter. Yuta made a move and Jaehyun jerked back as if he was petrified and from the look in his eyes, he was. Yuta huffed out through his nose before trashing the glass in the rubbish bin. “You know how much she means to me, don’t fuck up the only person that ever made me feel loved.” Yuta's tone cooled down immensely but his heart’s chambers were working overtime. Yuta isn't perfect, but to eomma, she always called Yuta her little prince—something she never called any of her children and the last thing her ever wants is to ruin the façade. He just wants to repay her back for the nearly two decades of unconditional love and support.

If she knows that he's fucking Taeyong but hates the ground he walks on--he'll no longer be her little prince.

Yuta would be the only child she regrets saving.

And Yuta would hurt himself, for real this time when she finds out he's less than worthy for her love.

*It will never matter whether you are Yuusuke or Yuta. You will always be my little prince. Your love with always be my armor.*

"Tell me, hyung." Jaehyun’s voice broke Yuta’s jagged thoughts.
"Look, right now…” Yuta began rubbing his eyes with his palm. He only woke up two hours ago and literally felt every human emotion possible and he still has to do an assessment and a mid-term make-up in twenty-fucking-minutes. "I want to focus on school and trying to get into Jackson's pants right now. Can't you play Sherlock later? I'm tired."

Yuta didn’t even bother to say goodbye as he grabbed his book bag again and stepped out. Yuta pasted his car on his way to the main campus. He needed to walk.

He needed to breathe.

-ffff-

Chapter End Notes

Why you're makin' it hard?
I won't show you my cards
But you came and you lost
Do I want you at all?
OK, just a bit, I hate to admit
Oh kind of, sometimes, maybe
-- "Kinda, Sometimes, Maybe" - Jessie Ware

-fff-

Wooo, Jaehyun's lying ass.

Due to me cutting this chapter short, there's still about two more chapters before blow out city.

The entire next chapter is revealing Taeyong's and Yuta's past. Thank you guys again so, so much for the love and comments! It really makes my day and I love reading them and responding to each one that I can and having an awesome dialogue with my readers. I super, duper hope you guys stick with me, there's like maybe 7 - 13 more chapters left, but I promise after all the angst and YuJack [it's so divided in the comments it's either ya'll love the YuJack or you want to set me on fire!]
Dear Mama

Chapter Summary

We can all help prevent suicide. It can be scary when a friend or loved one is thinking about suicide. It's hard to know how a suicidal crisis feels and how to act. Call 1-800-273-TALK (8255) at any time for help if a friend is struggling.

A lot of things have happened in last few weeks, so this chapter was a bit difficult to churn out, but once again, I appreciate all the love and support.

This chapter will most likely make you cry. Ya'll been warned.

Chapter Notes

’Cause through the drama, I can always depend on my mama
And when it seems that I’m hopeless
You say the words that can get me back in focus
When I was sick as a little kid
To keep me happy, there’s no limit to the things you did
-- "Dear Mama" - Tupac Shakur

This chapter is about Yuta and Taeyong's beginnings and their loving family.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

«

"Nurse Jung?" a sudden gruff voice caused the slight woman to jump a bit from her folding of freshly laundered linen. She swiveled around and looked up to see a familiar sight of the police detective she’s learned to become fond of.

"Good morning, Investigator Choi." Nurse Jung greeted, nodding politely before she smiled, warmly. “How is little Samjoo?”
The middle-aged officer smiled before stepping into the little hospital room, avoiding the baskets filled with fresh linen. "He still asks about you, but he is doing well. May I sit and talk to you?"

"Absolutely!" she beamed before finishing the last bed. "Let me just give the little angels a heads up. They never behave once I’m on a break," she sighed a bit as he held the door open and he followed her through the soft green halls lined with artwork from the residents. Nurse Jung stops at one room and peaks her head in. Through the glass pane, he can see about eight children playing amicably before coming to a stop at the sight of the nurse.

"Alright, I’m just going to step out to speak with our friend Investigator Choi.” Nurse Jung spoke softly. “Nurse Nam will be in here in a bit, so behave—especially you, Namjoonie.” The nurse gives a plump-faced boy with an arm cast the ‘I have my eye on you’ motion and he pouts.

“She smells like old socks, noona.”

“Namjoon. That’s not very polite to say.” She huffs and the little boy frowns before speaking up.

“I’m sorry, noona. I will be good.”

“I know you will, Namjoonie.”

She parts the group with an abundance of air kisses and finger hearts as Nurse Nam comes in to relieve her.

“Shall we?” she questions with a grin as she motioned to the exit. She guides the blushing Investigator Choi to the entrance of the hospital and through the gardens. Investigator Choi couldn’t help but stare at the nurse as the sun shined upon her pale skin, shimmering black hair and heart-shaped lips, making her look dozens of years younger than her 34-years.

"May I ask what this is about, Investigator Choi?" Nurse Jung asked after a few minutes of polite small talk. She always felt comfortable speaking to the investigator, but she knew the police would not call on her just for pleasantries.

“Of course, Nurse Jung--,”
“You can call me, Kyungah.” She said with a preppy voice. Investigator Choi cleared his throat, her natural beauty could make any man melt.

“You may refer to me as Minhyung, if you would like Kyungah-ssi. I just have a few questions to ask about the accident that happened on the 9th of November.”

“I see.” Kyungah nods immediately before motioning to a bench shaded by a willow. “Of course, I can help.”

“In reference to the head-on collision in Wausan-ro on November 9th at 11:39PM…When Lee Taeyong came in, what were his injuries?” Minhyung asked taking out a notepad and pen. Kyungah sighed as she wrung her hands a bit.

“Well, Taeyongie had a right broken arm and two fractured ribs…multiple contusions. He was in a coma for about 2 months.”

“And Lee Yuta?”

“Yuta was far worse,” she sighed. “Yuta had burns from road rash on his legs, a broken…left leg if I recall correctly, a hairline fracture from his shin to right under his knee, a cracked skull and several missing teeth—all baby teeth.”

“I see,” Minhyung nodded and Kyungah let out a shaky sigh.

“I prayed every night that Yuta would wake up. Taeyong healed so quickly…but for a child to be so hurt as Yuta was, I thought he'd never wake up. I even fasted for a whole week in hope that would God listen to my prayers…it took six months for him to wake up from the medically induced coma Dr. Singh advised us to place him under.” Kyungah sighed as she quickly tried to taper her tears. The investigator quickly offered her his handkerchief.

“And how are they now?” he questioned and she let out a chuckle that showed her charming dimples.

“Inseparable!” she laughed dotting her eyes. “Taeyong was very sad that Yuta didn't wake up immediately when he did. But Taeyong was with me whenever he could help, waddling on his crutches to try care of Yuta, like a good hyung. That was a few years ago, but they are now at the
Catholic orphanage in Hongdae. I volunteer there as a nurse to help the sisters and priests. I assure you they are happy and healthy. I see them every single day.”

"Are they brothers?" Minhyung asked abruptly and Kyungah nodded.

"Yes…well, I...uh...that's what Taeyong said. Yuta also agreed and said the same thing. When Yuta woke up he was screaming for Taeyong once they were separated. ...Officer Noh told me that they were rescued from the same car. That Yuta managed to get out of the car before Taeyong could. But Yuta did not go far."

"The Lees’ records showed that they never had two sons."

"The Lees’ records also showed that they never had any children.” Kyungah began with sad smile remembering when she had to watch the doctor explained to the Lees neighbors and coworkers that they had perished. “They also never told their coworkers or family about Taeyong or Yuta. It was quite a scandal. Everyone who knew them must have been shocked.”

"I'm here because...,” the investigator cleared she throat, sitting a bit straighter. “There's some speculation that...Yuta was from car B, not car A."

Kyungah raises an eyebrow before chortling.

"Investigator Choi, I am not an officer but I've been a trauma nurse for over a decade. How can a little boy with a broken leg, rib and crack skull could get into a head-on collision…get out of the car that's on fire and run over to the other car, open the door and then jump out?"

Kyungah was trying to stifle her laughter. She understood that the police could not leave no stone unturned, but three years have passed. The boys are happy and healthy and if Kyungah could have her way, she would be able to adopt them also.

"I...know, Kyungah.” He began with a sigh. “It’s silly but I had to ask. You were the first to treat both of the boys and from what I understand, you've adopted them?"

"No...not, not yet. I volunteer at the orphanage in Hongdae. But I plan on fostering, and then adopting them formally once I have saved enough money to buy a bigger home and more land."
"How many kids have you reared so far?"

"Uh...I think, I have 5 now, but about nine of my first batch is already in college and in trade school. My little Bo-ah just got scouted by SM!"

"What? Really?!"

"Yes."

"She was the one who was malnourished those years ago?"

"Yes. She has the voice of an angel. People would have never wanted to adopt these children...that is why I have to do God's work and look after them."

"Well, I am not a religious man, but Nurse Jung you're an angel."

"Thank you, investigator. Is there anything else?"

"Oh, no. That's it. Please have a good day."

Nurse Jung bows politely before finishes up her rounds and heads to the convenience store across the street from her bus stop.

With tired limbs, Kyungah waited for the bus in the tepid rain with a grocery bag filled with ice cream and snacks.

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An hour later she arrived in front of her church and quickly greeted the clergy before climbing the stairs to the abbey.

"Good afternoon!" Kyungah greeted as she reached the landing of the dormitories. "Noona brought ice cream."
Shouts of ‘noona’ and ‘innie’ greeted Kyungah happily as they tackled her for hugs.

“\text{I missed you all! Ah, Yoonoh-ah!}” Kyungah eyes sparkled as her toddler jumps up into her arms.

“Mommy missed you ever so much, my love!” She whispers gently into her son’s ear as he placed baby Jaehyun on her hip. She felt the bag in her hand get tugged away by a chubby-faced Siwon. “Oy, Wonnie let noona start on dinner and then I’ll be able to give out treats OK?”

Siwan frowned and Kyungah placed Jaehyun higher on her hip as she stepped into the kitchen to see Sister Seunghee taking out kimchi from Tupperware.

“Blessings to you Sister Seunghee,”

“Blessings, Kyungah-unnie.” Kyungah cooed at Jaehyun before placing him down on the floor.

“Go play with Hyuna-noona, mommy must talk OK?”

Jaehyun nodded before quickly running to join the other children.

“How was your shift at the hospital, unnie?”

“Oh, it was well. We birthed a baby that was breached and Jongdae no longer needs a wheelchair so it was pretty nice.” She said proudly as she sipped a bit of coffee that one of the sisters offered her.

“Oh! Such joy!”

Kyungah begins to wash her hands before pausing briefly and continuing. “Also, Investigator Choi stopped by to questioned about Taeyong and Yuta.”

“Why would he question you about the two brothers’, Kyungah-unnie?” Seunghee asked and
Kyungah shrugged.

“Something odd about Yuta, but it’s fine.”

“Speaking off Yuta…” Seunghee began straightening out her apron. “Don’t you think he and Taeyong are very…possessive? Touchy?”

Kyungah rolls her eyes. “Seunghee, they are children. Barely 8.”

“They’re not like that with anyone else, not even Doyoung.”

“Well, they are the only full siblings and have been through a horrendous time together. They are all that they have in this world.”

“They are…very close,” Seunghee began again and Kyungah placed a gentle hand on her shoulder.

“It’s fine, Seunghee-ah,” Kyungah said softly. “Shall you get started with dinner? I’m going to go check on the little chicks,” Kyungah smiled brightly and Seunghee nodded.

“Yes, unnie.”

Kyunghie rounded from the kitchen to the living room to see the tots quietly watching a subbed version of Friends.

“Alright, little loves. Check up time!” Kyungah whispered as the kids looked up to her lovingly. “Who wants to go first?”

Taeyong’s hand shot up. “Me, noona! Me!”

Kyungah motioned her head to the bathroom and Taeyong let go of his hand on Yuta’s shoulder and bounced to the little bathroom with Kyungah behind him. She locked the bathroom door and sat on the rim of the tub as she shuffled in her bag for a stethoscope.
“OK Yongie, you know the drill. Don’t tell anyone in the church about this, OK?” She said with a
dimple showing smile and Taeyong nodded quickly and took off his shirt and folded it messily on
the sink.

“Alright! Arms up!” Kyungah began as he began to inspect Taeyong all over. It was something that
she hid from most of the clergy. Kyungah had a very strict Catholic upbringing and was devoutly
Catholic…but she wasn’t a fucking idiot. She knew what was happening to the most vulnerable
kids in Catholic institutions and she’ll be all but damned before she let that happen to any children
under her watch.

“Alright, so your asthma is getting better! Next time you play tag, make sure you run really hard so
your lungs and fill up more, OK?” she announced in a stage whisper as she tucked her stethoscope
back in her back. “Please put your shirt back on,” Kyungah instructed and Taeyong listened.
“Good. Now did anyone touch you in your no-touch zones?”

“No, noona.”

“You are being honest, right?” Kyungah said gently smoothing out the wrinkles on Taeyong's
shirt. “Nothing bad will ever happen to you for telling the truth.”

“I promise, noona.”

“Alright! That’s good my, little warrior. Send Yuta next, OK?”

After a few seconds, Yuta came in the bathroom with a toothy smile.

“Yes, noona?”

"Hello, my little prince." Kyungah began and Yuta preened happily with a giggle. “You know what
to do, right?”

“Yes!” Yuta tugged off his shirt and Kyungah looked over his little body, ignoring the stitches and
scars from years ago to look for something fresh.
"Everything seems to be in tip-top shape! Are you OK, Yuta?" Kyungah began once she saw a bit of hesitation in his eyes.

"Yes, Noona." Yuta looked down nervously and Kyungah felt her heart drop. She gently took his hand in hers.

"Are you sure, my little prince? You shouldn't lie to noona. I’m here for you. I will always protect you. Did someone hurt you?"

Yuta sighed softly before he began "...Kikwang made fun of me."

Kyungah let out a sigh of relief. Thank the good Lord, Kyungah thought she would have to start plotting a priest’ death or set the whole church on fire.

"What? Why would he do that? Kikwang is your brother in Christ."

Eight-year-old Yuta frowned deeper. "He said I was Japanese."

"Did he say that because you have a Japanese first name?" Kyungah asked. “That’s a silly reason! Everyone has different names! You’re 100% Korean.”

Yuta shrugged. "He said because of my face and how I talk."

"Pay no mind to it, my little prince," Kyungah said as she kissed his forehead. Yuta eyes brightened up.

"But I've been to Japan before.” Yuta bragged and Kyungah raised a playful eyebrow.

"Have you?"

"Yes, I’m from Osaka. I went with okaa-san to Sumiyoshi shrine once. It was fun!"
Nurse Jung’s hand froze.

"Your imagination…i-is something wonderful." She smiled sadly, the twinge in her heart shaking her core. Yuta looked up with a confused smirked.

"Is it?

"Yes!" Kyungah smiled strained a bit. Yuta wrapped his arms around Kyungah’s midsection. She looked down at the child and sighed. ‘There’s no proof, Kyungah. Yuta is not Japanese.’

"Noona...when will you be my eomma?” Yuta asked softly and she swallowed softly before pinching his cheek.

"Noona has to work very hard to be your eomma. I have to buy a big, big house because we have a lot of children.” She explained for the umpteen time, but every time she says it feels like it’s coming full-circle. “But if you will have me as your eomma, you will never regret it. I will work very hard."

"I have money!” Yuta says confidently. “My grandma has lots of it! I'll buy you all of Jeju!”

"You have a beautiful heart, Yuta. That's why you're my little prince!"

After she checks all eleven of the children and goes over their homework, she guided them for dinner before passing out all the ice cream and cookies she purchased. She watched, proud as they ate their ice cream and played tag in the back of the chapel garden. She then helped them wash up before whisking them off to bed before coming home to her meek apartment after catching two different trains after midnight.

With weary feet, baby Jaehyun asleep on her hip and an old gospel song on her tongue as her tired feet climbed up finally to the eighth floor of the rickety apartments.

She was sore and tired, it was nearly 11PM and she left the house at 5AM to drop the kids to school, Jaehyun to the church for the day before starting her shift at the hospital at 7, leaving at 7PM from the hospital to the church to check the children, pick up Jaehyun and come back to her
apartment to prepare breakfast for the next morning, check the children at her apartment’s assignments before going to bed at 1AM just to wake up two hours later.

She was exhausted, but she could never give up. She would give these children all that they desire and need. She’ll sacrifice sleep if it means that these sweet children are taken care of. When she gets to her apartment door, there’s an ugly red letter on the door, alerting her of pending eviction. Kyungah sneers before snatching the sheet off before twisting her key into the door. She walks into her small, but impeccably clean apartment. She places her bags on the landing and pries her shoes off to align them amongst the other multiple pairs of smaller shoes.

“Taeyeon, Yesungie?” Kyungah called out briefly before the two teenagers emerged down the hall.

“Eomma! Let me help,” Taeyeon said as she let go of Yesung’s hand to pick up the sleeping toddler. Kyungah kisses her on the cheek and does the same to Yesung who also greets his adoptive mother.

"Did everyone eat?" the mother asked her 17-year-old son who had sleep in his eyes.

"Yes, eomma." Yesung began and Kyungah could see a little guilt in his eyes as he watched Taeyeon walk past him. Kyungah cleared her throat and rolled her eyes. “I’m sorry,” he began and Kyungah chuckled.

“Don’t be sorry; just don’t focus on it too much. I understand how…hormones--,”

“Mom, please don’t ever say the word hormones again,” Yesung hissed with red cheeks and Kyungah stifled a giggle.

“You know the rules—grades, graduation, marriage, and grandchildren—in that order.” The nurse chastised and Yesung shook his head as he guided his mother to the living room where most of the children were already fast asleep. Kyungah quickly counted the lumps to make sure everyone was home.

"The landlord came today; he said we're late on the rent." Taeyeon began shyly and Kyungah undid her bun, letting her long ebony hair ripple down her back.

"Uh, that man is an ugly lie." Kyungah sneered. “I'm only a few days late." She reassured the teens
as they moved to the kitchen when Kyungah began to start the rice cooker and her tired fingers took down the kimchi, fish cakes and chives from the fridge.

"He says that we have too many people in just three bedrooms." Yesung began with a pout and Kyungah shook her head, her long hair following the motions.

"Oh, please!" she smiled. "We barely have…what...17 and half kids in here? That’s not bad. At the chapel, there are at least 23 between three rooms."

"Eomma, we're worried." Yesung began nervously “What if the state tries to take us?"

"They won't. Eomma is almost done saving." She says a bit sharply as her tear ducts began to swell. “If I can get a loan to have a bigger home in the country, you kiddos can grow healthily and comfortably. I don't like how the government wants to throw you into dormitories with horrid food and no one to tell you special and beautiful you all are.” Kyungah tied on her apron a bit more aggressively. “Who's going to make sure you eat and sleep well and are cleaned and loved?” Kyungah brushed her tears off with her sleeve. “And the abuse? They'll turn a blind eye to it. And yes, we are poor but we have love and food and family. I will die before I let any of my little angels go unfed or unloved.” Kyungah leaned a bit over the counter, lifting her head so her tears wouldn’t fall. “So don’t worry about it, OK? I feel so sorry that you two have to look after the younger ones, but eomma is so proud and thankful for you."

She sniffed noisily as she began to measure the rice. Before she could add the water into the cooker, she felt Yesung and Taeyeon hug her.

†

6 years later…

"Yuta? Yu-yu?" Taeyong whispered as he softly opened the door leading to the rooftop of their apartment.

It was nearing three AM, but when Taeyong rolled over in their shared top bunk, he couldn’t feel the overwhelming warm that Yuta provided or the soft tufts of air that Taeyong always felt on his clavicle.

Taeyong focused his sight on the shape of Yuta’s body as he sat on the roof of the apartment complex overlooking the lively neighborhood of Jongno-ro.
They were both 14 now and after lots of praying, eomma finally got the loan needed for a larger apartment in Hongdae. Then she was promoted to head nurse right after and Jisung-hyung, her first adopted son struck it big in a boyband in Tokyo. The sudden influx of income allowed her to rent another property in Busan for the older kids who were working and in college. Life was really picking from for their family, and Taeyong was thankful for his eomma’s dedication.

“Yu-yu?” Taeyong called out again and Yuta’s head swished to the left to see Taeyong walking over to him. Taeyong was used to them hiding away to the rooftop, but not this late. The skyline was beautiful, filled with lights and wonder. Taeyong sidled up right next to Yuta who looked out to the bright skyline. Taeyong nuzzled his nose against Yuta’s cheek, something that Taeyong fond himself doing a lot lately.

“It’s super late, Yuta. What’s on your mind that you had to sneak away, hmm?” Taeyong whispered, wrapping an arm around Yuta’s waist, but the younger didn’t look at Taeyong, but kept looking at the skyline.

Taeyong frowned. “Are you nervous about the move to Hongdae?” Taeyong guessed pulling Yuta a bit closer. “Maybe we can ask eomma if we can go to Busan if you--,”.

"I remember." Yuta began abruptly, cutting Taeyong off.

"Huh? Remember what?” Taeyong asked cluelessly as his hand reach out to caress Yuta's cheek. Yuta sighed into the touch before Taeyong pulled him to his chest. Taeyong was crazy about Yuta in ways he didn't understand and he was sure everyone knew, but they all chalked it up to them being genetically brothers unlike everyone else. But Taeyong was feeling that maybe it was something else?

Something that scared him.

"It's not important." Yuta said firmly wrapping his arms tighter around Taeyong’s chest, trying anything to forget the truth. Taeyong smiled into Yuta’s forehead, kissing his hair. He looked up into the sky, watching the few visible stars twinkle.

“The stars almost look as pretty as you.” Taeyong said as he laced his fingers with Yuta. Yuta kissed Taeyong’s fingers before he planted a kiss under Taeyong chin and Taeyong giggled.

†

Later that year, Taeyong and Yuta were formally adopted and eomma graduated with her Master's
degree in social work all within the same month.

After lots of planning, they threw a huge graduation party and every single one of her children—all 42 children she reared throughout the years crowded in the home in Hongdae—even Jisung came from his home in Chicago, BoA, Taemin and all the other children who were training as idols. Kyungah hadn’t had so much fun since before she gave her life to God.

"Eomma?" a familiar voice asked as Kyungah lifted her head from the granite counters of the kitchen island. It was about 1PM and no one has yet to stir from their slumber beside her as she slugged through her little hangover to try and make breakfast…well, lunch. She looked to her right to see Yuta with his horrendous bedhead.

"Hmm? Oh, my little prince?"

"Are you OK?" Yuta asked as he placed his head on top of hers. She groaned a bit before giggling.

"Yes, but…oy, why did I think it was OK to challenge your Uncle Yoo Jin to a drinking match?"

"But you won! You can handle soju like a boss—I’m proud of you, mom." Yuta giggled and petted his mothers’ sleek, shoulder-length hair.

"Ah, that I did! I could not punk out in front of all of my babies!” she cheered before petting Yuta’s cheek. “Where's Taeyong? It’s so weird seeing one without the other."

Yuta blushed for a moment, thinking about how…touchy Taeyong was last night after he snuck a few shots of soju. Yuta felt his fingers tingle at how his 14-year-old body reacted to Taeyong’s grip on his tiny waist and his alcohol-laced breath whispering gentle compliments about how Yuta’s smile made him feel excited in ways he didn’t know how to deal with. Yuta’s voice was frozen in throat, but he accepted when Taeyong pulled them close, almost too close before trailing off to sleep.

"…he um, drank a little too much soju…so, he’s probably still sleeping."

Kyungah raised a freshly threaded eyebrow. "Oy, what am I gonna do with all you little rebels?" Yuta smiled a bit and she pinched his cheek.
"Eomma?"

"Yes, my little prince?" Kyungah answered, and Yuta felt his heart twang a bit. It wasn’t often that he and his mother had alone time, but there’s been a question on his mind for years now that he just has to know.

"Why...do you take care of some many children?" Yuta asked as he slid in the stool next to her. Kyungah sighed; she knew Yuta would ask his question eventually, she was happy that now was the time. “You could barely afford to.” He continued and Kyungah patted his shoulder lovingly.

"Ah, but now mommy can. Don’t you see what you can achieve with God’s grace and a bit of elbow grease?"

"Eomma...we struggled for so long,” Yuta mumbled remembering the three times they were forcibly evicted from complex after complex.

"When I was a little girl, I too lost my parents.” Kyungah began wistfully. “I spent most of my years at a state-run agency; it was terrible. I always wanted a family. So as soon as I graduated, I went to school and tried to start one with my boyfriend at the time. But I found out I was … infertile. I prayed as I walked down the streets of Incheon for God to grant me at least just one child that I can give the love that I never had. You know what happened two minutes later?"

"What happened, eomma?"

"Your hyung Jisung jumped from behind a dumpster and tried to rob me.” Kyungah laughed as she took an aspirin and swig of coconut water. “He was dirty, and I could hear his stomach growl with fear and hunger. He was only seven and I was not even 20. So I dragged him by his ear to my apartment and I bathed him, feed him and then spanked him for being so rude to a noona.” She giggled joyfully and Yuta felt his heart swell proudly as she stood up and began to fix him a glass of orange juice.

"Then Jisung brought Juni, then Reokwon, and then before I knew it I was feeding 5 little mouths. My then boyfriend thought I was crazy, but I knew I was simply accepting the answer to my prayer. And then, after all these years, I had Jaehyun. I see him as a personal gift for all my hard work and keeping the faith.”
"How could we ever repay you?" Yuta asked seriously and Kyungah smirked before shrugging.

"Grandkids." She deadpanned with a straight face. "When I leave this world I want to be swimming in grandkids."

Yuta blinked owlishly and Kyungah’s face broke into a series of giggles. ‘I’m serious, Yuta.”

After the laughter died down, the two then quickly began making breakfast, pulling out about three rice cookers to accommodate the sheer amount of family within the home.

"You know," Kyungah began swinging a playful arm around Yuta’s neck as they leaned against the counter. The smell of breakfast slowly began to wake the others as they bemoaned their hangovers and gave sleepy ‘Good morning’ to their mother as they dragged their tired bodies throughout the house. ‘The government gave me so much... hell trying to adopt you and Taeyong.” Kyungah whispered the word ‘hell’ and Yuta’s jaw dropped.

"Why?” Yuta questioned and Kyungah shrugged.

"Neither of you had birth certificates. But due to all the good work I’ve done raising all you angels, the government reissued another set for you two..."

"So...you’re legally my mom, right?” Yuta asked hopefully. ‘Forever?’

"Yes."

Yuta felt a soft kiss on his temple before he enveloped the petite woman in his arms tightly. She reciprocated it back with just as much zest.

Suddenly, the doorbell rings.

"Aish, it better not be another Taemin fan girl or I’m throwing boiling hot water on her.” Kyungah chuckled before she took off her apron and handed it to an exhausted, possibly still drunk Taeyeon who wore her Euwha University hoodie and leggings. ‘Taeyeonnie, watch the rice. Yuta, go wake up everyone up from upstairs.”
Yuta bumps into Taeyeon on purpose only to have her get him in a headlock.

“Ahh, Cat Lips let go!” Yuta whined and Taeyeon pinched his side before letting him go.

“You’re still a brat, Yuta.” She grinned and Yuta faked frown rubbing his side.

“I’ve done nothing but love you, noona. Nothing but!” Yuta fake whines which cause Hyuna to throw a pillow at Yuta from the couch which he dodged successfully as he climbed up the stairs.

Yuta quickly knocked on all the doors telling everyone that breakfast would be ready soon, but once he got to his shared room with Jaehyun, Doyoung, Mark, and Taeyong, he climbed his top bunk to see the bunk empty.

“He’s in the bathroom,” Mark whispered turning over to hide his face away from the sun as Doyoung drew the curtains. Yuta jumped from the bunk and yanked the comforter off of Mark in one fell swoop.

“Eomma says everyone needs to wake up. The hyungs flight leaves in a few hours, and BoA has a fan meet at 6 so she wants all her kids together for breakfast,” Yuta announced and Mark moaned annoyed.

Yuta left the room and navigated through the way too damn crowded hall to make it to one of the three bathrooms. Yuta opened the door and poked his head in.

“Taeyongie-hyung?” Yuta questioned through the fog and Taeyong poked his head out from the curtain. Yuta quickly slipped in and locked the door. Yuta looked down awkwardly as he walked slowly towards his hyung who was still smiling at him. Taeyong’s words from last night still buzzing in Yuta’s ears.

“What’s wrong?” Taeyong asked reaching a wet hand out and Yuta smiled and moved closer to the tub. "I’m almost done," Taeyong whispered with a smile as he brushed his fingers across Yuta’s jawline. “Want to join me?”

Yuta desperately wanted to say yes. They showered together all the time but since last night—
between the playful music, traditional games, and drinks they snuck, Yuta couldn’t trust his body. Especially when Taeyong was giving him a sly smile that was filled with promise and mischief.

Yuta shook his head, “It’s OK. I’m going to go help with the rest of the breakfast.”

Taeyong nodded brightly. “Tonight then?”

“Of course,” Yuta smiled, feeling his cheeks burn.

He quickly left the bathroom, but once in the hall, he heard a commotion, following by glass breaking. Yuta gasped before tall the doors opened in the hall and everyone raced downstairs to see what happened.

“WHERE IS YUUSUKE?!”

Yuta nearly collapsed.

No.

No.

Yuta struggles to get to the landing between the pack of his siblings when he sees something that makes his heart drop.

Their eomma was standing, looking smaller than ever, with Investigator Choi, a few officers and an old, greying, staunch woman that made Yuta want to throw up.

"Where is Yuusuke?" the old, nasty lady spat in Japanese and Yuta watched horrified as Kyungah looked back briefly to her family and then back to the woman.

"What...what are you talking about?" Kyungah begins in tepid, careful Japanese. One of the police officers walked a bit closer to Kyungah, but Jisung, swelling with muscles walked to his mother side as if ready to battle. Kyungah quickly grabbed her eldest son’s wrist in an effort to calm him.
"We are here to collect Nakamoto Yuusuke, the kidnapped child." He announced in Korean and everyone began to mutter, some even laughing in disbelief.

"Kidnapped child?" Kyungah laughed a bit nervously, not at all at ease with strangers in her house, yelling. "Yuusuke? I don't have a child named Yuusuke and I would never steal a child away! I am a foster mother." She explained calmly, but if the grip on Jisung’s wrist was anything to do by, she was beginning to lose it. "I work for the Diocese of Our Blessed in Hongdae and the Pediatric Hospital of Apgujeong—Investigator Choi, please explain this to her!" Kyungah pleaded desperately. "I am many things, but a kidnapper is not one of them!"

The old woman who oozed money and nobility turned her nose up before scanning the group of people behind her before gasping and pointing, with shocked eyes.

"Yuusuke!" she shrieked as she tried to get closer but an officer motioned her to stop. "Officers that is my grandson!" she shouted pointing directly at Yuta.

Yuta gasped and his mind went into a state of shock; completely blank.

This can’t be happening, can it?

Then Yuta felt an arm grip him on his left and his right. Taeyong’s hand slipped within his, Taeyong’s eyes widening in fear.

"What?!" Kibum snorted, pointing at Yuta who was next to him. "That’s a damn lie! He’s nothing to you! He’s our brother!"

"Yuta, what are they—you don’t know this woman, do you?" Kyungah turned around to see her son looking so petrified.

"This lady must be crazy, eomma!" Taeyeon shook her head in disbelief. "Investigator Choi, please remove these people from my mother’s home! They’re making her upset!"

"Choi-sama, that is my grandson!" the old intruder said in broken Korean as she pointed a pointy finger to where Yuta stood. "He looks exactly like my precious son!"
“She’s lying!” Taeyong screamed as he physically moved Yuta behind him and Kibum. “This is my brother, Yuta! Not… Yuusuke! Yuta tell her!”

“I don’t know this woman! Please make her leave!” Yuta shouted as he trembled and the old woman hissed, pointing an accusatory finger at Kyungah.

“They’ve brainwashed him! You must have kidnapped him and kept him so you can get money out of him when he comes of age! Officer seize my grandson and arrest this kidnapper!”

Everyone watched aghast as an officer approached their mother with cuffs.

“Oh, you are fucking kidding me if you think you’re going to put my mother in cuffs!” Jisung screamed as he placed the petite woman behind his back as two officers came towards Yuta, but everyone shielded the teen.

“Get out of the way or we will arrest you all.”

“You have enough handcuffs for all us?” Taemin asked poking his head from the left. The officer stepped back his jaw dropped. “I doubt it,”

“Taemin-ssi?” One of the officers began nervously. “I—I’m such a fan!”

“Thank you for your support, but I cannot let you take my brother.” Taemin finished politely with a bow before presenting his wrist. “Go on. I know it’ll be a scandal and probably ruin my career, but I am fine with that. Are you, unnie?” Taemin asked to BoA who was on the other side of Yuta.

“I care more about my brother than my career.” She said proudly. “So if you must arrest us, do so. But we will not…” BoA was cut off by a shrug.

“I’ll go,” Yuta said softly, making his way between his shocked siblings.

“What?! Yuta--!” Taeyong shouted as he used as his strength to pull Yuta back but Yuta wrung his
“I said, I’ll go!” Yuta shouted loud enough to make everyone in the home stand still. “I will only go if you promise you will not arrest anyone—including Miss Jung.” Yuta said looking to the officer who nodded his head before waving Yuta down from the staircase.

“Yuta! No, we will fight--,” Jonghyun began before Yuta shook his head.

“I can’t let my whole family get arrested—especially the hyungs and noonas who are training and working so hard.”

“No one gives a shit about that, Yuta! Don’t go with these people!” Taemin snapped but Yuta was already out of reach and the officer had his hand on Yuta’s shoulder. Kyungah turned around from Jisung to see Yuta’s tears and walking soberly over to the officers and the old woman.

"What is this?!" Kyungah began to shout! “All of you get out of my house!” she screamed at the officer, trying to scratch him to get his grip off of Yuta. “Give me back my son!”

“Eomma, don’t!” Jisung held his mother back who was trying to get her child back.

"Ma’am.” One of the officers began with an authorizing voice. “This is the grandson of Nakamoto Chiyo, the chairwoman of Nakamoto-Ayashi Enterprises."

Kyungah froze in Jisung’s grip. She heard the collective gasp from everyone behind her.

Nakamoto-Ayashi?

Kyungah was so familiar with that name. It was the name on the rice cookers, the light fixtures, the lithium batteries in her cellphone, the hearing aid her coworker’s ear and even the rod in her arm from when she fractured her femur when she was ten.

Her panicked eyes darted to Yuta who refused to look up as the old, hunched over woman cried as he held on to her grandson, crying in Japanese.
"What?!” Kyungah screamed, her composed demeanor snapping as she realized what was going on. “No, he's not! Minhyung-oppa, tell them that they’re wrong!” Kyungah tried to reach for Yuta to yank him away from the old harpy. “He’s my son! I have all my paperwork to prove that he is my adoptive son! I've been in his life since--," "Since my son and his wife died in a car accident November 9th---ten years ago." The woman spat viciously gripping Yuta’s wrist.

Yuta still didn’t look up; he didn’t say anything as his tears fell.

Kyungah stopped squirming in Jisung’s grip. "What? No...he's--that's his brother right there!” Kyungah shouted motioning for Taeyong to come to her and Taeyong quickly rushed to her. Kyungah held on to Taeyong’s hand as if they’d try to snatch him away next. “This is his only biological family—his brother--," "My daughter-in-law had only one son." The chairwoman spat, looking up Taeyong up and down in disgust. “This urchin does not share my lineage.”

Taeyong jerked out in what Kyungah assumed to choke the woman, but she held him at her side to protect her child. Another officer then walked towards Kyungah once more.

"Ma'am, we will have to take you in for questioning in regards to this kidnapping claim,” he began and Kyungah’s knees nearly buckled as Taeyong and Jisung stepped in front of her again.

"No!” Yuta shouted in Japanese turning the chairwoman whose gaze melted staring up at her long lost grandson. “Baa-chan, please! Please drop any and all charges, please if you love me at all! Please don’t hurt my eomma.” Yuta began to bawl. The rest of family’s jaw dropped and Taeyong felt lightheaded. Yuta doesn’t know Japanese…in fact, he’s shit at learning any language…but here he was…speaking it perfectly.

The chairwoman was furious as she spat.

"She stole you away! I thought you were dead but she stole you this entire time!”
"No! She didn’t steal anything! She loves me!" Yuta cried harder, and he suddenly felt Taeyong’s presence behind him and wasn’t surprised when Taeyong laced his fingers with his. “Jung Kyungah loves me more than anything. She’s raised me so preciously for all these years, so please don’t obaa-chan!"

The chairwoman huffed indignantly before grabbing Yuta’s arm and yanking him away, but she did not expect him to hold back.

“Baa-chan, please let me at least say goodbye.” Yuta begged, staring into Taeyong’s teary gaze, eyed rimmed with red.

“No,” she said firmly yanking him again, but his feet were rooted to the tile as Yuta stared at Taeyong with a pained expression.

“Yuta, I’m not letting you go…ever.” Taeyong’s voice cracked softly. Yuta felt like the world just melted away at that moment. For that second it was just Yuta and Taeyong, staring…lovingly in each other’s tear-soaked eyes. All Yuta could feel was Taeyong’s fingers laced with his own.

Yuta didn’t want to leave this life…but he knew it wasn’t his.

Out of nowhere, the moment was shattered as Taeyong was being violently tugged back by an officer. Yuta felt the air punch from his lungs as his shirt was tugged back by another, Taeyong’s and Yuta’s gripped ripped away.

“NO!” Kyungah shrieked. “YOU BITCH! GIVE ME BACK MY SON!” Kyungah screamed as she ran after Yuta who was being ruthlessly dragged out of their home. She shoved and dodged the officers as she ran after Yuta who was hands where struggling to hold on to the frame of the door. Kyungah gripped Yuta’s arms and tugged with all her might. “GIVE ME BACK MY SON! LET MY CHILD GO, NOW!”

“Eomma! Eomma!” Yuta cried as the officers tried to break their grip, but Kyungah’s thin wrists were locked into Yuta’s slightly wider ones. Kyungah tried, but she also being dragged out of the house and into the downpour.

“I won’t let them take you, my little prince!” Kyungah said softly as Yuta looked at her, soaked in the torrential rain. Her grip was slipping, tremendously but she only gripped tighter. “I don’t give a fuck what they say, you’re my son too! I’ll always be your eomma!” Kyungah screamed as the
officers began to pry them apart, but Yuta in the haze saw Taeyong’s hands around Kyunah’s small waist, not trying to break them up, but trying to pull Yuta back into the home.

Suddenly a crackle of electricity made Yuta’s heart jump in his throat.

Kyungah’s grip instantly weakened as she flopped to the ground, her face etched in pain as the officer tased her. Yuta heard screams and cries but they felt so far away as he was being jostled from their lawn and dragged through the pathway. He watched pained as Jisung tried to move their mother closer back into the house but then he saw it.

In her eyes, Yuta saw all of her pain.

The pain she faced when she was fired from the hospital after they found out she was unmarried and pregnant with Jaehyun. “All blessings come with a sacrifice, kiddos!” she began when she announced that she was let go. “That just means mommy will find a job that pays better so when your little sister or brother is here—we’ll have plenty of love and laughter!”

When they were evicted one day while she was at work, to find all of their possessions thrown out onto the streets. She didn’t frown, she simply picked up the items and looked at Kibum who was the only bigger kid at home during that time. “It’s OK, Key! We can just look for another house! One with a big kitchen space so you can sew all of your nifty jackets!”

When she was cursed out and rejected by banks for requesting a loan. “It’s OK, children! We’ll just pray a little harder!”

When Yuta would hear her cry alone in the bathroom at 4AM because she was tired, but just couldn’t give up. “Crying?” she feigned innocent with a smile the next day as she brushes Yuta’s hair. “Maybe you heard ghosts! I heard they come for little boys who don’t fall asleep when told!”

When she would fall asleep at the kitchen table after pouring over books for her studies. “I didn’t fall asleep!” she would giggle. “It’s just the font is small so I had to get a closer look!”

When she would use her only rest day, Sunday to get everyone dressed in hand-me-down dresses and blazers to attend church every Sunday morning, dozing off a bit before leading the children in song and prayer. “Oh, come on! All of you kiddos are gifted with music! Let’s make it fun!”
And when Yuta would get into fights at school, she would show up and do everything except breaking a chair over someone’s head to defend Yuta. “Now, Yuta. I know you felt the need to fight, but you shouldn’t. You can’t fight everyone.” Kyungah would chastise as she guided Yuta from the school to the bus stop where Taeyong was waiting.

“But eomma,” Yuta began holding her hand. “You wanted to fight Miss Joon,” Kyungah shot Yuta one of her rare evil eyes.

“If I wasn’t a child of God, I think I would have. She...needs us to pray for her.” Kyungah ended bitterly and Yuta began to laugh at his eomma’s mean expression. Kyungah bopped Yuta upside the head and he began to laugh harder.

He watched this woman suffer and starve, pray and cry over him for years and now he would have to leave her? To live a life that was truly no longer his own.

Suddenly, with a surge of energy from nowhere, Kyungah, on shaky limbs stood up only to bolt past the officers and try to run after him at full speed.

Yuta was thrown into a sleek black sedan, but then a hand stuck out for him.

It was Taeyong.

"No! This is a lie!" Taeyong screamed as he was suddenly thrown back onto a puddle on the sidewalk. “Yuta, please don’t leave me! I don’t care what they say! Yuta!”

Yuta didn’t get time to respond as the car began to move, but he then felt frantic banging on his window.

“Give me my child back! You all are fucking monsters! Yuta! Yuta!” Kyungah screamed after the car before it took off away from the home, but that didn’t stop the foster mother for running with all her might after it. Yuta rolled down the window despite the protests from his grandma in the seat beside him.

"Eomma!” Yuta cried out. “I'll be back; I promise I'll be back!"
Kyungah slowed down her pace before shrinking to her knees in the middle of the street, the rain pouring mercilessly. She grasped the rosary around her neck and cried.

“God, please bring my son back to me.”

†

Chapter End Notes

I appreciate how you raised me
And all the extra love that you gave me
I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night, there's a brighter day
Everything will be alright if you hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan
Is to show you that I understand;
You are appreciated
-- "Dear Mama" - Tupac Shakur

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Next update on Thursday [6/1]. Hope your ready for it.
Under The Sheets

Chapter Summary

Ever since I realized I was going to extend this fic, I’ve been DYING to write this chapter.

Hold on to your wigs, ya’ll.

Chapter Notes

This is our luck baby, running out
Our clothes were never off
We still have our roads to run about
To scale the map, scale the map,
To get us back on track
-- "Under The Sheets" - Ellie Goulding

Yuta grinned.

Earlier that day, band practice ended early after Yuta finally, finally told Dr. Byun that they were going to go ahead with Yuta’s scheduled performance or abandon it altogether.

Yuta didn’t hold back as he straight up snapped soon as he got in the band room with Dr. Byun, with his ugly comma hair and best friend [boyfriend?] Professor Park as witness watched as Yuta prattled.

“Dr. Byun—Baekhyun-hyung, if I have to write one more score, I will set this shit on fire,” Yuta said with an odd sense of calm as he watched the young professor cross his arms. “We are going to do a progression of pop. We are gonna start with a trot, for the mid-section it’s going to be a BoA melody, ends that with the Produce 101 theme, and finish it with a trap song—probably “It’s G Ma”? Maybe “Bad and Boujee” and our encore song is going to be “Blood, Sweat and Tears”.”
“Ah, Yuta I don’t think--,” the professor began sitting up before Yuta cut him off.

“I wasn’t asking, Dr. Byun.” Yuta snapped. Professor Park raised an eyebrow as he watched Dr. Byun’s eyes raise.

“Oi, Yuta. I’m just trying to think what’s best for the performance.”

“I understand that truly but no matter what song we chose it’ll be a wonderful performance but Brian McKnight is not a field song.” Yuta countered quickly before presenting the final draft of the field show.

Dr. Byun huffed, preparing to speak before he felt a familiar hand on his shoulder.

“Jagi, I think you should let Yuta and Doyoung chose the selection and formation.” Professor Park began softly, but firmly. “It’s obvious Yuta is passionate about this. Isn’t he a hard worker? Have faith in him, won’t you?”

Dr. Byun looked up at his lover’s puppy-like eyes and cursed. “Fine. I won’t clip your wings, Nakamoto. I know I’ve put an of stress on you for this,”

“Wait —Brian McKnight?” Professor Park began suddenly before turning to Baekyun who’s cheeks were burning. “Is this because my parents are coming to this game?” Professor Park accused and Dr. Byun sighed. Professor Park rolled his eyes. “Are you really trying to win over my parents with their favorite song?’”

Yuta looked between the band director and the academic advisor in pure disbelief. “You changed the selection four times in two days because you wanted to impress your boyfriend’s parents? Hyung, I’m gonna set the band room on fire.”

“Here,” Professor Park dug in his pocket and tossed Yuta a lighter.

“Chanyeol!” Dr. Byun sputtered and Professor Park smiled brightly.

“Start with the woodwinds. I hate clarinets.”
Yuta and Doyoung were able, in one day, to rewrite the score, rearrange the entire show together and after hours of practicing in the lawn in front of student admissions office despite the light snowfall—the entire show was perfect.

Fucking magnificent.

Orgasm worthy, if you would.

Earlier that day, after heading to Professor Yi's class a bit late [Thanks to Jaehyun’s nosy ass] he did his assessment and got an 82%.

"I'm so proud of you, Yuta." Professor Yi cooed petting Yuta’s maroon strands affectionately. Yuta completely ignored the other students—especially Rose who obviously had a mean crush on the Professor—complained about her showing open favoritism to the drum major.

“I’d love you guys too if you gave me Kit Kats!” the Professor quipped with a wink to Rose, who all but melted into a puddle.

Yuta only had one more assessment and his grade would skyrocket and maybe get on the President’s List since the Dean’s List was already out of his grasp.

He was going to make his beloved eomma proud so she wouldn’t have to fret. He'll be able to stay with everyone in Korea and his rotten bitch of a grandma and all her money wouldn't be able to change that.

"Band attention," Yuta began after tooting his whistle. The whole band was in the parking lot, fucking exhausted. Everyone’s lips were chapped from the cool weather and fingers sore from overuse on their instruments but as he stood on top of his car’s trunk to address his fellow band members he felt a swell in his heart. They truly trusted him to lead them in this hectic game against Yonsei who had a bigger and possibly better band. But they were not fretting a smidgen because of the faith they put into Doyoung and Yuta who only became drum majors this years after months of pinning, hazing and hard work. "I cannot say how proud I am. This field show looks immensely breathtaking and the music--the sound you guys are emitting is fucking lit."
"It's because of you, oppa!" A girly shrieked was heard from the back of the band and everyone began to cheer wildly, agreeing by raising their instruments wildly.

Yuta felt his eye socket sizzle with hot tears and he felt all the stress from the last couple of days die away he watched his beloved bandmates praise him. Yuta felt so joyful and so unworthy of this output of love and accolades. Yuta took the hem of his already sweat-drenched shirt and wiped his eyes, causing the 200 or so to start to "aww" and cooed at him to not cry. Yuta cleared his throat and chuckled as he rubbed childishly at his right eye. He picked up the megaphone from Doyoung sitting next to him and cleared his throat.

"Everyone run a lap for making me cry." Yuta began stoically but ended with a guffaw as the band cheered louder. Yuta quickly jumped off the trunk of his car and led the entire band in a joyful jog around the large parking lot.

Doyoung flanked him on the right at a quicker pace and began whining in the megaphone. "Everyone let's play “Bad and Boujee” one time for our lovely crybaby Nakamoto-sama." Yuta's jaw dropped and but before he snatches the megaphone away, Doyoung began to sprint faster away from him as the band began to play the first chords of the MIGOS track.

After the jog (and an impromptu dance battle between sections of the band--percussion won because—seriously, E'Dawn is waaay to skilled for life.), Yuta felt happier than he has been in weeks as he piggybacks on Doyoung back to the band room. Doyoung politely instructs Yuta to wash up and he'd take care of tidying up the band room and making final announcements. Yuta doesn't waste any time and escapes to the private baths to scrubs the grime he proudly earned going over the same formation and correcting any errors--but he was in a good mood even if Jaehyun kinda ruined it.

He felt great, music really was his passion and it rejuvenated his soul and mind in ways no pill ever could.

And even though Yuta just left him this morning, Yuta only wanted to see one person.

"I...Doyoungie, I'm going to the stadium." Yuta announced as he emerged from the backrooms, completely refreshed. Doyoung was arranging the seats that were previously in disarray.

"The football team is still on it even though it's like...8-ish?" Doyoung began laying across a few seats, tired. “But it's cool; I made sure all the section leaders know the markers for the half time
"I...um, I know." Yuta began a bit awkwardly sitting in on the seats behind Doyoung.

"Huh?" Doyoung popped his orange head up and sat up to look at Yuta who had the beginning of blush across his cheeks. “Then why you'd want to go the field?” Doyoung began as scratching his chin.

"You know," Yuta tried to hide his tired smile. "I...just want to...wait for Jackson." Yuta confessed a bit quietly and Doyoung snorted before standing straighter and crossing his arms.

"You really like Jackson a lot, huh?" Doyoung smirked and Yuta bit his lip, embarrassed at Doyoung’s bluntness.

"He...he has something about him, that I like. I don't know what but the last couple days have been really hectic but he's making me happy me and because of him I feel surer of myself."

Doyoung nodded understandingly before nervously playing with his fingers. "If I had someone who could do that for me, I'd want to be around them all the time, too," Doyoung thought wistfully and Yuta smiled.

"Let me guess: Jaehyun's nosy ass?" Yuta spat and Doyoung rolled his eyes.

"He's been snooping around you, too?"

The two quickly pulled on their Seoul National Uni hoodies and left the band room to waltz toward the stadium.

-Taeyong grunted.

Taeyong's mind was tapered, completely focused as he took heavy droughts of the cool autumn air. His lungs were stinging with the cold pinpricks of the snowy air, but he didn't care.
All he had to do was win.

Winning was what Taeyong was really good at, especially soccer. It was something he loved; he loved the physicality of it, the push/the pull the grass stains coating his tan skin after a hard game, the smell of freshly cut grass and hormones and fucking anguish. He loved littering his eomma's shelves with trophies and ribbons, he loved his jersey and cleats and his team and sore muscles were the fucking best because Taeyong knew that once he sore Yuta would use that as an excuse to use lather Taeyong's muscles with oils and knead his shoulders right before Taeyong would grab him Yuta by the waist.

*﻿

"Hyung, I thought your muscles were sore!" Yuta shrieked as he was pinned under Taeyong. Taeyong watched the soft glistening in Yuta’s big eyes framed by thick feathery lashes.

It was two years ago, their freshmen year and it was mid-April after the exhibition game with Kyunghee University and all he wanted to feel was Yuta curling in his arms.

"Yeah, one muscle in particular, needs a tight oil-slicked massage,” Taeyong whispered in a deep, timbre as he slowly ground his hips against Yuta’s quivering thighs.

This was his favorite Yuta.

Underneath him, eyes radiant and filled with desirable longing...a bit of emotion that the younger desperately tried to hide, but couldn’t. Taeyong’s hands traveled from Yuta’s pinched in waist and gripped his hips.

“Aren’t you sore in your thighs? Your hips?” Taeyong watched Yuta suck in a stream of the summer air, his skin slick from sweat. Yuta’s air conditioning unit was damaged and needed to be repaired, so for the first time since moving into his apartment, Yuta let the windows wide open.

“All that marching in place, all that dancing--are you sore in a place that only hyung can reach, Yu-chan?” Taeyong smiled brightly as he felt the ripple of goosebumps rise across Yuta’s glistening skin.

"Stretching before the show helps," Yuta moaned feeling Taeyong’s gentle lips at his Adam’s apple. Taeyong sucked on the salty skin, his fingertips curling around the waist of Yuta’s
sweatpants, slowly tugging them down.

"Let's have a show right here, Yu-chan." Taeyong hissed hotly against Yuta’s prominent clavicle, peeling the sweatpants off before reclaiming Yuta’s lips now that he was completely naked under him. “Hyung will stretch you out, nice and good.” Taeyong punctuated over Yuta’s nipple. Taeyong’s lips folded over the nub as left hand toyed with the other.

"Hyung, let me at least get the kink in your shoulder out," Yuta shuddered as he arched and Taeyong laughed around the pebbled skin.

"Baby, the only kink I have is you dressed in a yukata," Yuta gasped, playfully smacking Taeyong’s shoulder. "You said you'd never bring that up again--."

"--And the time you sucked me off in my hanbok," Taeyong’s giggled laced with licks as his lips journeyed lower to dip his tongue painfully slow in the divot of Yuta’s bellybutton. Yuta swore, feeling Taeyong’s firm fiery muscle work around his navel.

"You like ruining me in cultural garb, huh?" Yuta hissed and Taeyong nibbled at the skin right above Yuta’s pubic bone.

"Hypocrite," Taeyong snickered feeling Yuta’s eagerness press against his neck. “You asked me to tongue fuck you on the Fourth of July. You wore a white beard and a Yankee's cap and asked me to see if you tasted like liberty and justice for all.”

"I was drunk," Yuta whined thinking about the embarrassment he caused when Taeyong pulled him into Johnny’s walk-in closet during last year’s party. "Why were we even celebrating the Fourth of July in Korea--?" Taeyong cut off Yuta’s words with a mouth on him.

*ζ*

Taeyong remembers about how hot it was that summer, going at it in the hot air made Taeyong
feel dizzy, whether it was the humidity from outside or the searing heat he felt him and Yuta became one flesh, it was that heat that always comes to mind when he sweats like this.

Once the team won the homecoming game, all he would need to do is focus on Yuta, his charming, lovely Yuta.

This week was more complicated than a little bit--it was insanity.

Too many fucking things at once, too many emotions and feelings and course work—good god, the course work.

In the midst, Taeyong had been warming up his tone about Yuta and even confided in their close circle of friends that his feelings were changing.

"I dunno, Jaehyun. I've been thinking about Yuta more and more and I seriously I almost forgot." Taeyong said yesterday morning over leftover kimchi fried rice. Jaehyun was barely awake, his bed head disastrous.

"Forgot?" Jaehyun questioned between a yawn and Taeyong smirked around a mouthful.

"What we've been through. I forgot why I hate him so much. Sometimes, I think about how that morning he was taken away and I just...feel guilty." Taeyong said, cracking open a can of Sprite before pouring in a cup for Jaehyun. "I'm going to treat him so much better now, Jaehyun."

Jaehyun stared up at Taeyong before regretfully lowering his eyes. "Good. That's good, hyung."

♩

Three more days and he'll have his angel within his arm’s reach, permanently.

Taeyong had his plan all set out for Saturday night. He had a reservation for an AirBnB on the
ritzier side of Gangnam, so instead of going to Yuta's apartment right after Saturday nights' win, he would ask Yuta to meet him at the romantic rooftop suite. Everyone else would be at the after party Jackson’s and Jinyoung are hosting at Hongsik and wouldn’t bat an eye if Taeyong didn’t attend.

The suite had cost Taeyong about a month’s salary, but he had to book it. Yuta would love it…it was cozy and so welcoming and after a dinner of French cuisine [that Taeyong spent hours on Youtube learning] and a long soak in the Jacuzzi tub, they would make love all night and, before they would get ready to fall asleep, Taeyong would formally ask Yuta out.

"I love you, Nakamoto Yuta. Let's be properly together, OK?"

Taeyong felt his skin prickle in excitement. Taeyong knew that they wouldn't be able to be open in a relationship but maybe outside of Saturdays and maybe just within their circle they could be a bit more open?

Taeyong blinked.

He was ready.

Scrimmage was his absolute favorite. Going against his own team made it easy to see faults that the coaches couldn't.

Like how Yukhei was shit using his left leg for offense and how Mingyu always hesitated when he's closer the opposition’s goal. Also, he felt like his own team was the only challenge Taeyong felt he had.

He ruthlessly weaved through and past his teammates, mastering the ball incredibly, but his last checkpoint was Jackson.

The foreign hyung was the epitome of amazing to Taeyong. He always had a brilliant smile and he was the few people Taeyong really believe who truly cared about the team and himself. Jackson taught Taeyong so many things in the past three years but most importantly how to lead. Taeyong was thrust into a captain position in the beginning on the end of the last term when Jackson informed the team that he would be playing soccer in the fall, but will return to fencing in the spring, meaning that he couldn't dedicate all the time he had to football.
After a vote, Taeyong became the captain and Jackson, co-captain. Jackson always listens to whatever instruction Taeyong gave, but would also privately voice his opinion so he wouldn’t undermine Taeyong’s decision openly so the group would fully trust Taeyong. Taeyong privately took all of Jackson’s advisement and thanked him for being so cooperative. Taeyong didn’t spend as much as time with Jackson as he did his freshman year [they were inseparatable] but the love was still there as far as Taeyong was concerned.

Taeyong was gearing up to kick, to make the goal.

Taeyong was great, but Jackson was a fierce competitor.

Due to his years of fencing, being goalie was always too joyful, he was extra quick on his feet, but dear Jackson always favored the left since he tore a ligament in his right when he was twelve.

Taeyong paused a bit and his eyes quickly scaled the little crowd that was fiercely cheering for Taeyong to kick and Jackson to use his skills to block, but one cheer made his heart stop.

"Hyung!"

Amongst the shouts, Yuta’s voice was sharp and excited. Taeyong watched as Jackson also froze up and stopped bouncing on his toes. Jackson and Taeyong’s looked briefly to each other at the same time before they both turned to the right to see Yuta a few meters away, in his bright red and grey hoodie.

Suddenly, Yuta’s shouts died and the drum major froze as if shocked but then he lit up with a glow that Taeyong doesn’t think he’s ever seen in the other’s eyes.

…Huh?

Taeyong quickly turns to Jackson who mimics the carefree, exuberance in Yuta's eyes. Taeyong cocked his head to the side and nearly placed his hands on his hip in utter confusion as his eyes darted from the blonde to the drum major and back.

What in the black ass hell is going on?
"Mochi!!" Jackson shouted with blushing cheeks and a grin so large it threatened to rip his face apart. "You came to cheer me on?" Jackson questioned as he bounced up and down his arms making a heart shape and Yuta returned it proudly, even jumping up and down. The crowd was also cheering the two on. "I'll never lose now!" Jackson shouted back and Yuta's reaction could be seen even at this distance. Yuta was blushing, grinning…smiling.

Taeyong's mind went blank.

How the fuck did this---?

When the fucking did--?"

Taeyong felt a sharp prick between his ribs where the proverbial knife stabbed him. Taeyong felt his throat squeeze tight, his eyes reddening as he began to glare at Yuta, willing him with just his anger to tell him to stop smiling or notice him—but the drum major only had eyes for Jackson Wang’s stupid fucking face.

Taeyong felt like he could kill.

And that’s what he wanted to do.

He wanted to watch Jackson Wang’s pretty little face swallow Taeyong’s entire fist.

With all his rage and might he had within his body, Taeyong kicked the ball, aiming right for Jackson's smiling face in hopes of the ball wrecking Jackson, but quick as a whip Jackson catches it quickly with his hands and smirks.

Jackson fucking *smirks*. 
But not any smirk. Not the ‘Oh gee golly, you almost bopped me in the noggin there’ smirk.

Oh no. Jackson gave Taeyong the ‘Oh, you fucking thought you had him? He’s mine now,’ smirk.

Before Taeyong could blink, Jackson tossed the ball in the air before kicking directly at Taeyong’s face but Taeyong quickly ducked, but if he was a millisecond late, Taeyong’s teeth would’ve been in the back of his throat.

The crowd ate it up as another player picked up the opportunity to grab the play but the field was tense in front of the goalie’s post.

Taeyong drew himself at full height. His lungs nearly pressing out of his skin as he watched Jackson who nonchalantly licked his lips before chuckling—the once welcoming laugh felt like the most fucking annoying cackle Taeyong ever heard and Taeyong want to strangle the sound from Jackson’s vocal cords.

"Omo, I am so sorry Taeyong-captain!" Jackson began chipper, laced with sickly sarcasm and a hint of sweetness as he waltzed over to Taeyong who was seething. Jackson leaned into Taeyong’s ear. "I was distracted by that gorgeous face over there—familiar, right?" Jackson gave Taeyong a scathing glare from head to toe that was offset by a sardonic smirk. "Yuta, my mochi!" Jackson shouted before turning to Taeyong and winking. "Hyung’s coming for you!"

Taeyong watched in panic as Jackson ran, flailing his arms excitedly to Yuta who did the same even hopping the little gate and Taeyong watched in fucking horror as Yuta ran into Jackson’s welcoming arms.

Taeyong watched the world go from loving Technicolor to grim and grey as the waist he held onto for countless nights be held by another as Jackson spun the love of his life around.

Taeyong felt nauseous as Yuta’s dorky laugh was loud in his ears as Taeyong watched Yuta wrap his arms around Jackson's neck and smile so wide it was like the sun and stars had risen.

His sun and stars.
Jackson grabbed Yuta around the waist and spun him around. Yuta's bright smile and cheers were so beautiful but it was aimed at Jackson who mirrored his excitement for all to see.

Taeyong watched petrified as Yuta was placed back on his feet and Yuta--his Yu-yu, willingly--proudly laced his fingers with Jackson before shepherding him away, a hand on the small of his back. Yuta’s laugh was genial and natural.

They looked so...so good together.

Taeyong felt his anger overtake him, this time more physically.

"How dare he fucking touch what's mine!" Taeyong shouted in rage and he clenched his fist open and close; open and close.

Taeyong wanted to close his fists 'round Jackson's throat; snatching his air away.

Taeyong wanted to close his hands around Yuta's wrists and yank him away from Jackson.

How dare Jackson Wang have the fucking nerve to steal his beloved away.

Yuta is his.

His.

The Boogeyman better watch the fuck out.

Anyone around Taeyong would just assumed that he was mad over scrimmage as he stalked away from the field but, anyone who spoke English knew that the curses Taeyong was tumbling from his mouth had not a fucking thing to do to with football and all to do with threats of unspeakable, graphic violence.

Jaehyun watches and he is completely taken back as Taeyong stalks off the stadium and into the lockers, a trail of heat and flames at his heels.
Taeyong is fuming once he finally gets to the locker rooms to see it with the other teammates.

"Out. Everyone, please get the fuck out," Taeyong commanded in a soft, firm voice that brook no argument. The team didn't blink and left quickly grabbing their duffle bags and scurrying out, mumbling praises and quiet goodbyes to Taeyong.

Once it was empty, Taeyong began to cough violently.

Taeyong was breathing deeply, way too fucking deep.

I need to breathe.

*Breathe? How the fuck are you gonna breathe Taeyong?*

Great, now his fuckboy mentality was showing up at full force.

*Your air is fucking frolicking around with Jackson fuck-off Wang! You fell asleep like a stupid fuck and had your heart snatched up right up in front of you. You practically handed him over. Suffocate already, you failure.*

Taeyong punches the nearest surface. Thankfully, it's the locker and Taeyong doesn't even bat an eye when the locker's panel crumbled around his fist.

"Hyung--"

*OH GREAT. Fucking Jung Jaehyun.*

“Hyung, are you OK?” Jaehyun began as he stepped into the locker room to see a seething Taeyong, who was now ruffling through his duffle bag.
"Not right now." Taeyong hissed as he grabbed his inhaler and began to pace. Jaehyun swallowed nervously before trying again.

"...Are you upset that Yuta and Jackson are close?"

"Well, isn’t it fucking obvious?!" Taeyong shouted before taking a hit of his inhaler. He hadn’t had an asthma attack in 7 years but he knew to at least keep it on him in case he has an attack. Taeyong was so mad he didn’t even realize that he just basically confessed to the nosiest loudmouth of the group. “Now can you please leave me the fuck alone?” Taeyong snapped and Jaehyun shrunk back as if hit.

"I thought--,

"Jaehyun, oh sweet Catholic Jesus can you just please fuck off!" Taeyong screamed as a few hot tears streamed out. Jaehyun gasped before Taeyong turned his back to Jaehyun and continued to pace and curse under his breath. “Jaehyun, I’m begging you to leave me alone.” Taeyong said softer and Jaehyun nodded quietly before leaving.

Taeyong took another suck from the inhaler and felt his lungs correct their breathing.

“Maybe I’m overreacting? Maybe Jackson-hyung was just joking…yeah, he loves to…to play jokes!” Taeyong stuttered nervously. “Maybe Yuta just put Jackson up to it to get back at me for saying those things last week. That’s why!” Taeyong mumbled to himself before he stopped pacing and dug in his duffle bag and found his phone. He quickly pressed his thumbprint and dialed the contact ‘Yu Yu Ma <3’.

“Hello?” Yuta’s voice was quiet and hushed. Taeyong hadn’t actually called Yuta’s number is maybe four years and completely forgot how it sounded over the phone. He instantly thinks back to when Yuta was first wrenched away from him and they had to sneak on the phone just hear each other’s voice.

Taeyong wants Yuta. He needs him; he needs him now. He needed to burn his insecurities.

"I need to see you, now." Taeyong began docile. “Please.”

" I’m in a lab and I’ll be busy later. " Yuta said quickly and Taeyong raised an eyebrow. Taeyong
is actually calling Yuta. Something that hasn’t been done in years—can’t Yuta tell he’s desperate?

"Baby, this can't wait, please I need to see you now!” Taeyong began to pace. “This can't wait until Saturday!”

"...I'm going to...I'm not going to be free Saturday night. ”

Taeyong almost tripped as his heart plummeted into his ankles.

“Jackson invited me to the homecoming after party at Yonsei. ”

"Yuta.” Taeyong began with an incredulously bitter laugh. “Nakamoto Yuta, what are you saying?! How can we not meet on Saturday?"

"You...You agreed that we shouldn't do this anymore, that it has to stop. I can't just do this anymore."

"Yuta, I don't give a fuck what I said before!” Taeyong whined trying to stop the feeling of static behind his eyes. “I can't imagine not seeing you—fuck--I don't know how I can take not seeing you for six days straight anymore!...I…I want to be with you, Yuta doesn't that matter to you at all?"

"Taeyong, I can't give you what you want from me." Yuta’s voice was small and hurt and Taeyong felt panic rise.

This was serious.

His Yuta is…

"I have all that I ever wanted from you, love.” Taeyong began, his vision blurring and he gave up his pacing and sat on a bench, trying to wipe his eyes, but the tears just kept streaming.

How could this be happening?
Why is this happening?

“I just want to be yours and for you to be mine! I want you and me and Ponyo to be together every day! I can't spell it out any simplistic than that!”

“I can't, Taeyong.” Yuta whispered hurt and Taeyong felt a sob rise in his throat.

“Yuta, please I love--,”

“Listen to me, I can't.” Yuta said firmly, but his voice still had federbans of trembling. “I can't forget the hurt anymore. I can't act like it doesn't break my heart and shatter my pride.”

"You're...don't you...I thought we..." Taeyong whispered desperately. He couldn’t let Yuta go. Yuta was all he had, all he ever had.

" Jackson is very sweet to me, hyung." Yuta began gently and Taeyong felt his heart fold over. "He's kind and warm."

"Aren't I?” Taeyong whined, panicking as his leg bounced up and down desperately. “Haven't I always taken care of you--even when I had nothing but my affections? I know I don't have money but...Don't I always kiss it better after it hurts? Doesn't that matter at all?” Taeyong was a fucking mess at this point; his neck was drenched with tears that kept rolling off his cheeks. His teeth were chattering and his body was trembling.

He felt like he was going to die. Yuta was killing him; Yuta was committing a natural sin at this point. “Don’t do this, please. I’ll kiss it better, I promise. I’m serious, I’m begging you.”

"I want kisses without the pain, Taeyong. I want...I want, to be loved...not this convoluted cat and mouse that's based on how you feel. Jackson can love me like how I deserve to. Like how I want to be loved."

Taeyong felt ice pour from his heart and into every single vein in his body. Taeyong stood up abruptly, his tears evaporating from the steam coming off of his body.
Taeyong sees red.

"Love?!!" Taeyong shouted harshly before letting out a laugh, a laugh was deep and sinister, and all-out fucking vile. Taeyong felt the heartache he felt seconds ago harden into a dark passion, a hate.

He couldn’t even stop once he started.

“Who would ever, like actually fucking love you, hun?” Taeyong spat as he began pacing again. “You’re a worthless, rich brat who craves nothing but attention—any kind of fucking attention! You’re just a tight sleeve that’ll give it up to anyone who bats their eyes at fuck. You probably didn’t waste any time fucking Jackson, because you probably made it just so easy for him! All this fucking time I’ve been pining over you was a waste! I used to think you were special but now I fuck know you just wanted attention!”

Yuta was silent over the phone. Taeyong was catching his breath, well at least trying to.

He fucking hates what Yuta is doing to him.

“You’re such a fuckboy, Taeyongie.” Yuta chuckled bitterly and Taeyong sucked his teeth venomously.

“And you’re a bitch! You led me on!”

“I didn’t fucking lead you on! ” Yuta snapped, the anger in his voice nearly ripped Taeyong’s eardrums out. “You made assumptions! I told you to fucking leave, but you got on your knees and begged to stay! You were so pathetic so of course, I let your pitiful ass stay!”

Taeyong swallowed hard. Yuta was right. “Not even a week ago—we woke up together and I told you—I fucking confessed, didn’t I? You didn’t fucking rejected me then when I was balls-deep, did you?! I promised you that I would do better and ever since then I have! I even fucking told the guys that my feelings for you have changed! That I don’t hate you!”

“Oh, so some half-assed confession you made after you basically decimated me in some rickety
carnival attraction was supposed to be a band-aid? I’m supposed to just hand you my heart again? Get the fuck off it, Taeyong.”

“You didn’t even give me a chance! I’ve changed—I’m fucking trying! I text you because I know it’s a busy week, otherwise, I’d try to be with you all day! You didn’t even give me a fucking chance! I begged you to give me a fucking chance, so we can be together so we can be something more! You didn’t give me a chance, Nakamoto Yuta! I fucking blink and suddenly you and Jackson are a thing?! Not even a week has passed! I legit just fucked you less than five days ago!”

“Oh, I gave you a fucking chance! I gave you more chances that I have hair on my head!”

“You’re a liar!”

“I did! I handed you a chance every fucking Saturday. I gave you so many chances, I gave you all of me. You were too late! All the shit you called me—fuck, look at all the things you’re calling me now! I’m supposed to be sorry that I like Jackson Wang? Am I supposed to be fucking sympathetic towards you now so you literally fuck me over with a broken heart later?” Yuta chuckled mirthlessly and Taeyong felt like he was being set on fire from the inside. “Listen up, hyung. I may be worthless and fuck, I may even be an attention whore, but I do feel important when I’m sitting on Jackson Wang cock. Sayonara and fuck off.”

The line instantly went dead.

Yuta tapped the red ‘end call’ button on his screen and gripped the phone in his hands tight. He pressed his back into the wall of the library with a sigh. Yuta honestly was tired of the emotional turmoil, completely exhausted with Taeyong and the stupid games he wants to play.

"Who was that, Yuta?” a delicate voice asked from the front of the library and Yuta sighed as he stood up from behind the building to see a worried Jackson Wang.

“Did you hear--,” Yuta began nervously and Jackson quickly approached Yuta with a soft voice.

“Was it the same person who put that bruise on your arm?” Jackson questioned as he effortlessly reached out to graze his fingertips where Yuta had his fading bruise. Yuta swallowed anxiously
before pocketing his phone. Yuta's bottom lip trembled as he tried to keep his composure, but Jackson standing in front of him, eyes full of calmness and acceptance that was too much for Yuta could take. “Mochi, please talk to me. I’m so worried about you sometimes.” Jackson’s fingertips brushed the wetness from Yuta’s delicate cheeks. Yuta hiccupped a bit before wiping his nose. It was nearly pitch black behind the library, the lights from the street lamp a few feet ahead made it possible to see Jackson’s façade blurred with concerned. It was snowing and during all the shouting and screaming, Yuta didn’t even notice he was drenched and shivering.

Yuta hid his face from Jackson and shook his head free from the warm touch even though he needed it.

“It’s nothing, Jackson––,” Yuta began with a nervous chuckle and Jackson’s calloused fingertips gently placed on his chin to make him look up into the compassionate eyes.

"How long have you been in this abusive relationship, Yuta?"

Huh?

Abusive?

Taeyong wasn’t abusive, right?

Right?

Jackson laced his fingers with Yuta’s to politely move the younger out of the docile snowfall.

"No--it's not that.” Yuta smiled forcibly. “He's not abusing me,

"Abuse isn't just physical.” Jackson began firmly, his fingers softly brushing the damp strands from Yuta’s forehead as they sat at the bench in front of the library. “Abuse can be emotional... psychological...someone who fucks with your emotions to control you....get a rise out of you...” Jackson’s finger skimmed lower to cup Yuta’s damp cheek, flushed from his outbursts. “Or worse. They promise you one thing, but then turn around and rip you apart with another. And I’m sorry Yuta, but I’m not letting that happen to you while I’m still here.” Jackson’s tone was tame, but the undertone was vicious but not towards, Yuta...towards whomever who would be stupid enough to hurt him.
"Jackson," Yuta’s lip trembled nervously, and the soccer player turned to Yuta with his undivided attention.

"Yes, Yuta?"

"Make it stop," Yuta begged, screwing his eyes shut and leaning into Jackson’s shoulder. Yuta’s heart was torn open and ripped apart and all Yuta wanted was someone to love him.

"Make what stop, mochi?" Jackson whispered gently, pressing his forehead against Yuta. Yuta didn’t want to admit how much he loved the sweet, pet name Jackson bestowed upon him, making him feel cared for and revered.

"Please stop the heartache, hyung." Yuta’s voice was fragile and desperate. Jackson folds Yuta within in his arms and Yuta hugged back.

“I can't make it stop,” Jackson said ruefully before grazing his nose against Yuta’s damp strands before kissing his crown. “But why don't we head back to your apartment? I'll make dinner and we can watch Miyazaki movies."

Yuta looks up to gaze at Jackson who has a soft smile as he pets Yuta’s cheeks. “I’d love that, Jackson.”

♫

Taeyong stared.

The snow was pelting down harshly outside, but Taeyong continued to glare up at Yuta’s apartment, glaring at the door, rolling a pair of stress balls in his hands as he burns holes in the wood of door 4-127.

It has been hour number three that Taeyong was in his car. At first, when left the locker room, he desperately wanted to call Ketly, but it wasn’t even 8AM in New York and its Thursday so she had class. He didn’t want to worry her or hear her loud voice when she would scream about how stupid Taeyong was being. He didn’t have anyone else to possibly talk to, but all he needed to do was see
Yuta. Maybe if he was able to see Yuta face to face, he wouldn’t have acted a full braying donkey.

When Taeyong first got to the apartment, he quickly dashed in the key to realize it was changed. It was no longer 70195. Taeyong even tried 10795, all types of variations, but they were wrong.

Taeyong wanted to scream and kick the fucking door in, but he couldn’t. He had to keep himself together if he wanted Yuta to listen to him, to be his again, to love him. He returned to his car and played every single song on his iPhone, trying to calm himself down, but he couldn’t.

He couldn’t even cry anymore.

His mind was toiling and raging at how he can kill or maybe severely maim Jackson Wang.

"I should've not gotten so mad, but I couldn't help it." Taeyong said to himself as he rotated the stress balls in his palm.

Taeyong’s heart was scattered.

He tried, really tried to show his emotions and his love to Yuta since their blow out from last Saturday, and Taeyong was under the impression that even though he called Yuta all those unmentionable names that Yuta sincerely forgave him. Taeyong even made love to him right after. He said everything but ‘I love you’ and Yuta still yanked Taeyong’s chain and strung him along before apparently fucking his favorite team member.

Suddenly, the door to Yuta’s apartment swung open and Jackson stepped out first. Taeyong feels upset, but after watching Yuta latch on Jackson’s arm, beckoning the older of the two to not leave broke Taeyong’s heart even deeper.

Yuta was on his tippy toes, giggling and rubbing his nose against Jackson’s who smiled widely and kissed Yuta’s cheeks wetly. The snow had let up, but even though Jackson had his cleats and duffel bag with him, he seemed so reluctant to go and Yuta’s aegyo was almost too much.

Yuta hadn’t been that clingy with Taeyong in years.
As Jackson walks away shooting finger hearts at Yuta, Taeyong pressed the car’s ignition to start.

Jackson carefully stepped down the steps and Yuta’s door was closed. Taeyong’s eyes stalked Jackson who sat on the bus headed to the subways.

Taeyong honestly, was half tempted to step on the gas and hear the all-too satisfying thump of a human body rolling over the hood of his car, but he decided wisely against it. Taeyong did, however, drove around the parking lot before pulling up on the road right in front of where Jackson was waiting for the bus.

At the first the elder of the two raised an eyebrow, unable to make out the person in the Audi with the dark tints. But once the windows rolled down, Jackson grinned brightly.

Taeyong didn’t say anything, but stared at Jackson before reaching over and opening the passenger side door.

The drive was quiet.

Neither of the two said anything, but when Taeyong glimpsed at Jackson from the corner of his eye Taeyong could see the prideful, shit-eating-grin on Jackson’s face as he continued to diddle on his phone.

Taeyong parked at a little family-owned BBQ restaurant hidden a few blocks away from the campus.

Once they walked in, [Jackson politely holding the door open for Taeyong who in all reality wanted to knee the Chinese male in the neck] Taeyong simply raised two fingers to let the ajumma know that the two desired to be seated.

After a half-hour of silence, eating and brief, yet utterly malicious glaring, Taeyong broke the ice.

“Stop meeting with Yuta.”
"Nope."

Jackson answered so quickly and haphazardly before Taeyong could even get his last syllable out. “Auntie!” Jackson shouted the back with a joyful cackle. “May I have more soju? My hoobae is paying!”

Taeyong stared daggers at his smiling counterpart and for a moment, Taeyong thought it was a joke.

"What did you say?" Taeyong growled, his eyes peering dangerously but then, suddenly Jackson’s smile slides off his face, his expression stony and completely the opposite of what it was seconds before.

"You fucking deaf?" Jackson snapped, his gaze trailing up and down Taeyong’s face as the Chinese man placed his chopsticks down. “I said, no. Non, nee, nao, niet, nahi, voch, aniy0, iye. Wait, I think I know it in sign language, too." Jackson sneered before flipping Taeyong off before smiling innocently. "Oops."

"Are you serious right now?" Taeyong huffed and Jackson rolled his eyes.

"Of course, I am. Ain't nobody scared of you, Lee Taeyong. Trust me." Jackson spat, annoyed. “I like Yuta. I like his laugh, I like his corny jokes, I like the little twinkle in his eye when I tell him he’s pretty. Have you ever seen it?” Jackson smirks before raising an eyebrow. “...ah of course you have. You've probably seen it the most...up until now.”

Taeyong’s Milkis can shrinks in his tight grip as Jackson continued.

"I think it’s cute that you try to protect him,” Jackson began, piling bulgogi in his wrap, applying a rigorous amount of red chili paste to large piece of lettuce. “but I'm pretty sure I'll do a better job as a hyung since all you two do is fight...” Jackson chewed slowly as if he was grinding Taeyong’s bones between his mandibles. “You think it’s cute to bruise him and then try to patch it up with a couple of dry promises? Which I understand siblings fight, but I don't like people I care for being disturbed."

"Care for? Jackson, please shut the fuck up.” Taeyong spat, his eyes narrowing. “What do you know about Yuta—or what he and I’ve been through? You've met in passing like twice and got to tutor him for barely a week and now you presume to fucking lecture me about my own brother."
Taeyong hissed darkly and Jackson let out his signature high-pitched laugh before taking another shot of his soju.

"Well, you're right. But I do know Yuta likes it when I compliment his smile, his intelligence—oh, he loves when I hold his hand when we walk in public and when I dote on him during our sessions, his pouts are just the sweetest."

Taeyong was seething already, but the next words made Taeyong’s mind melt within his head.

“Oh, and I just love how needy he can be…” Jackson’s eyes flutter slightly in mock ecstasy and all Taeyong can think about is stabbing his chopstick into Jackson’s jugular. “Yuta’s pouts… heavenly and I swear on my mother the table rises at least six inches every time when he calls me ‘hyung’."

Taeyong’s right fist made a sudden and sharp movement but a sudden blaring of a Heize song interrupts his immediate plan to stab Jackson in his pretty little mouth.

Jackson blinks, shocked before looking at his and Taeyong’s phones side by side. Taeyong looked to Jackson’s Samsung and what he saw made Taeyong want to hurt himself.

The contact name was “Mochi <3 <3” and the photo for the contact is a Jackson in bed, with Yuta’s sleepy face on his chest. And it wasn’t one of those, ‘I’m being cute for a pic’ photos it was Yuta right before he woke up. His pouty lips slightly open, his hair disarray.

How could Yuta do this to Taeyong—to them? To what they had?

Yuta and Taeyong were meant to be…how could Yuta allow someone to be so intimate with him so fast?

It was that moment in which Taeyong realized he had completely fucked up.

"Ah, there's my succulent little cherry blossom calling me as he promised.” Jackson jumped up with exuberance to outmatch the sun as he scooped his phone up and slid the screen.
“Yuta, my lovable mochi? Hyung misses you so much,” Jackson shrilled happily into the phone before he snatched Taeyong’s soju from Taeyong’s grip and took a swig before burping obnoxiously. “Thanks a lot, captain! I’ll see you at practice tomorrow, right?! Fighting!”

Taeyong was shaking. How fucking dare he? Who the fuck is Jackson Wang and why the fuck does he think that he can just...come and steal his Yuta away?!

Taeyong watched as Jackson quickly stood up before bowing slightly in thanks for Taeyong paying for the late-night meal.

“Oh, one more thing, Taeyong!” Jackson swiveled by the exit, to face Taeyong who was sitting down, paralyzed with rage and heartache. Jackson’s smiled brightly before his voice turned dark as he pressed the phone from his ear to his chest to muffle the speaker.

“...next time you lay your grubby little hands on Yuta--I will break every single one of your fingers and make you swallow them, ya hear me?” Jackson threatened severely before placing his phone on speakerphone with a dangerous glint in his eye.

"Yuta...do you miss me?" Jackson whimpered into the phone before rustling was heard.

" Hyung, I miss you. I wish it was tomorrow already," Jackson smirked before chuckling.

That was it.

Taeyong shot up from his seat, glaring at Jackson who smirked before giving him a wink and a silly wave.

“See you later, captain!”

Chapter End Notes

¶

We're under the sheets
And you're killing me
In our house made of paper,
Your words all over me
We're under the sheets
And you're killing me
-- "Under The Sheets" - Ellie Goulding

I hope you guys enjoyed this! I received such a small amount of comments for the last chapter, so please let know if you guys are still here! I only do this for you guys [i mean seriously, i'm a mom, wife, student and I work fulltime LOL] and I'm sorry for like the angst and stuff but the fluff and smut and of course, the rest of Yuta's and Taeyong's past will be revealed super soon! I'm really happy that you guys loved Kyungah/family backstory and it makes me feel super to warm to know you guys anticipate this fic so much! I actually working on a Tae/Jaehyun once this wraps up!

Thanks so much for the love! Now go a head, tell what was your favorite part~
**Give It Back**

Chapter Summary

Anywhore, who cares about my feelings-- this entire chapter is 7K words of flashback of Yuta/Taeyong at 14-15! This not my best writing due to so many time constraints but I hope you guys like it!

I WILL NEVER COMPLAIN AGAIN, OMG YOU GUYS SHOWED ME SO MUCH LOVE, IT WAS OVERWHELMING OMG I BELONG TO YOU FOREVER NOW!!!!

✌

Chapter Notes

_In my bed_
_Sleeping not_
_I cannot explain what's in my head_
_Longing for_
_An empty thought_
_But I seem to think of you instead_

-- "Give It Back" - Gaelle

✈

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Investigator Choi cleared his throat nervously.

He felt quite anxious, even within his own office he as felt nerves that he thought were placated years ago reared its ugly head. He shyly reached over to try to take a sip from his now tepid coffee, but the venomous glare Jung Kyungah gives him makes him immediately reconsider.

They were sitting in his office three months after the horrific scene outside of her two-story bungalow in Hongdae. Choi felt distraught by what he witnessed, but Kyungah would never believe a word he said or the multiple apologies he attempted to give her for weeks afterward.

But it wasn’t just the stare she gave that worried the detective.
There she sat.

A pallid shell of her once shimmering self. Her clothing was perfectly pressed and pristine and her hair was done immaculately but her once sparkling eyes were vapid. She still looked like the same 12-year-old he met in church three decades ago, only with what seems to be joy completely absent in her eyes.

"I'm sorry,"

"Liar," Kyungah ground out harshly, her eyes watering. She shut her eyes tightly, clenching her delicate fists. "You knew. You knew and you didn't say a thing,"

"I suspected, but Kyungah I didn't know. I swear." 

"Why didn't you tell me immediately?" She whispered, not even trying to wipe her tears. "Minhyung-oppa. I trusted you,"

"I couldn't reveal the investigation." The investigator sighed, trying to not apologize for he knew she’d lash out again. I didn't know for sure, but once Madame Nakamoto came with photos and her own investigation team--," 

"This is your fault." She accused, delicately wiping her tears with a well-worn handkerchief. "If the police did a better job of investigating Yuta--Yuusuke," Kyungah gasped, her body trembling. "Yuusuke could have had a better life. His life."

"No one would have thought for a second what the boys said wasn't true. When we questioned them they corroborated each other!" Choi huffed out annoyed.

"How did you even know that Yuusuke wasn’t dead? No one wondered where his remains where?"

"His parents' rental car was engulfed in flames right before the crash. There were barely any remains of his parents."
The silence that fell amid the two was broken in stutters by Kyungah’s sniffles.

"What happened? Tell me exactly how this could even happen, Minhyung."

"It’s was rainy, icy night,” Investigator Choi began as he sat up straighter and tapped the manila folder twice before sliding it to Kyungah. ‘The Lees’ car was going north and the Nakamotos’ were headed south. Somehow, the Nakamoto’s car lost control and slammed at nearly 80KPM and hit the Lees’ car head-on. Yuusuke was not secured by a seat belt and was ejected from the windshield and landed on the upper windshield of the Lees’ vehicle and then rolled to the left side of the car, near the backseat. Taeyong, who was secured in the backseat, was severely injured, but alive."

Kyungah’s quivering fingers traced over the photos of the accident, including the notes and photos that Madame Nakamoto must have supplied of Yuusuke and his parents. Once she saw the family photo of Yuusuke, his parents and grandmother, Kyungah felt a wrench in her heart. They were a beautiful family.

"How did Yuusuke survive?" Kyungah asked not looking at up at the man, instead engrossed in the photos of her son that she missed dearly.

"He was honestly two minutes away from death before the paramedics came. Due to Yuusuke close proximity to the Lees’ car and the backseat door being forced open due to the sheer force of the collision coupled with the fact that car B was already engulfed in flames—anyone with sense would think that they were from the same car."

Kyungah looked at the more recent photos that the private investigators hired by Madame Nakamoto must have taken of Yuta, Jaehyun and Taeyong walking home from school and snapshots from Yuta practicing his trumpet in the backyard. Kyungah shook her head and closed the folder unable to see Yuta—Yuusuke—her child.

"I'm sorry,"

"No, you're not.” She hiccupped trying to keep her composure. “You knew that they reopened the case and didn't tell me, Minhyung. I could've at least talked to the boys, at least try to explain the possibility but no.” she gnawed at his insides with her words “You led that evil woman to my home and had my child ripped away from me."
Minhyung sighed and opened his mouth to speak up Kyungah stood up sharply from her seat and hissed. "Don't feign innocence. You must have known for at least half a year. The last time you ever mentioned this was nearly 10 years ago at the hospital. Do you know I cried myself to sleep for two weeks? That Taeyong hates everything and everyone?! Taeyong has nightmares in the middle of the night and doesn't even go to church because he feels betrayed?! I trusted you, Minhyung!"

"I couldn't reveal an ongoing investigation," Choi began looking up at the woman breaking in front of him. “Kyungie, you know this!"

"Don't you dare call me that stupid pet name, Minhyung! To hell with your investigation! You owe me after all you've witnessed me struggle with!" Kyungah was now screaming. “The least you owe me was a heads up! People even whisper about me behind my back--calling me a kidnapper! They now think I'm crazy for taking in children like some baby hoarder! They don’t care that I raise these children with my own money and that my eldest is successful or touring the world or opening businesses! They see me as a pariah! Now I'm afraid to take in another child in fear that they'll be ripped away from me! I even had to come here for a testimony about how I'm not some deranged baby stealer! You just stood there and watched as they tried to put shackles on me and arrest my children oh and when they tased me?! You let that happened!"

"I'm s--," he began helplessly before Kyungah snatched the file and threw it at him.

"If you apologize one more time I'm going to kick you!" she quipped in a menacing snarled that made Choi’s heart churn.

"Kyungah...I never meant for this to happen.” He confessed softly and Kyungah snorted before pacing around the office, her eyes still boring holes into his face.

"Which part?" she spat maliciously a glint of rage in her fragile eyes. “When your mother rejected me because I couldn't have a child? When you broke off our engagement because I didn’t want to do in-vitro when there’s plenty of children waiting to be adopted? How about when you married Joon Jihye two months after you dumped me? Or are you sorry that I had to watch you get married? How about when had to literally watch her give birth to your healthy son that I cared for every time he was ill? Oh wait, maybe you’re apologizing about when you called on me and told me you loved me but being a foster parent would ruin your chances in the police academy? Or when I gave birth Yoonoh alone and you carried on with your wife and happy family as I struggled with the stigmatization of being a single mother?" Kyungah scoffed watching Investigator Choi cringe. “Come on, Minhyungie-oppa tell me what you're apologizing for?"

Minhyung hung his head low before standing up and looking at his former fiancé in her watery eyes... "I’m apologizing for all of it, Kyungah. You're the strongest woman I know."
"I'm not strong," Kyungah snorts shaking her head, a sinister dimple showed alongside her perfect teeth. "What I really want to do is tie you to that chair, tase you a few time and set this whole office on fire with you in it, but lucky for you I'm a good Catholic woman." Kyungah dabbed the corner of her eyes and grabbed her clutched and prepared to leave the office before Minyung awkwardly reached his hand out.

"How...how is Yoonoh?" Choi asked ashamed and Kyungah nodded.

"He is well. I sent him to America for the summer with Doyoung and Jimin."

"What?" Minhyung asked surprised. “How come you didn't tell me?"

Kyungah shook her head, laughing a bit bitterly. "Now, you want to be a father to him? Have a blessed day, Investigator Choi."

--●--

Yuta wiped his tears futilely.

The steaming drops continue ripples down his flush cheeks as he runs his throat raw with constant sobs.

"Eomma...Taeyong-hyung...I miss you. Please come for me. God, please bring me back home."

Yuta hugged his knees as he sat down in the pristine white bathroom. Everything was elegant and carefully selected to fit the extremely expensive tastes that apparently everyone assumed Yuta should've been accustomed too by now, but Yuta honestly just wanted to smash it all.

Especially at a time like now, when the beautiful gleaming from sunlight streaming in from the window illuminated the wide washroom.

How dare the world be so bright when everything inside him was so cold?

Yuta tried to muffle his sobs, but he couldn't. He wanted to go back to Hongdae. He needed to go
back to hear his eomma' voice and he desperately needed Taeyong's touch.

Yuta was pulled away from his emotions when he heard the soft knock on the door and flinched.

"Nakamoto-sama. Please, you must eat."

Yuta knew outside the door was Takuya, the attendant that was assigned to him and for a moment Yuta literally felt bad for him.

Ever since Yuta got off the private plane that landed in Osaka, Yuta has literally been trying to fight everyone off, hurling bottles and all the curses his Catholic mother would scowl him for.

Once Yuta arrived at the huge castle-like mansion, Yuta refused to eat, talk in Japanese or behave at all....but Takuya who was kind and patient kindly took all the curses Yuta threw at him, cleaned up the broken vases Yuta smashed and only spoke in a soft welcoming voice when he would catch Yuta trying to scale out of the window.

Yuta's stomach grumbled.

He hasn't eaten in four days since he wasn't taken away from Korea and had no intention to, but the pain in his heart and head was becoming too much.

He couldn't take it. He had to get out. He had to see his mother again.

He had to see his Taeyong again.

"Nakamoto-sama, I'm going to come in, OK?" Takuya announced before he turned the gold plated handle and the attendant stepped in, wearing his perfectly pieced black suit.

"Get out of here." Yuta spat harshly between sobs in Japanese and the older man carefully bent one knee down towards Yuta who shrunk further into the marble tiles.

"Nakamoto-sama,"
"My last name is not Nakamoto, it's Lee." Yuta snapped and Takuya kept his worried eyes on the thin teenager.

"Aren't you hungry, Yuusuke-kun?" Takuya tried again, his tone still warm and gentle and a part of Yuta hated the fact that it made him feel so calm.

A beat of silence fell between them and Takuya moved to sit down on his bottom and cross his legs adjacent of Yuta. Takuya used his hand to close the bathroom door before speaking once more.

"Aren't you hungry...Yuta-kun?" Takuya whispered and Yuta's eyes shot up to look into the soft brown orbs of Takuya.

Yuta blinked owlishly at the attendant who looks over to the bathroom door with a hint of smile and whispers even lower.

"Madame Chiyo is out for an event and will not be home until very late...would you like to join me for dinner?" Takuya began politely and Yuta felt his eyes swell.

"I don't--,

"I know a good little Korean restaurant a few blocks away," Takuya said in a stage whisper and a soft smile. "Please, Yuta? You have to eat."

Yuta felt his heart lurch at the kindness he was shown from a man who had to deal with all his fuckery in the past couple of days with nothing but grace and poise.

"Yes, please Takuya-san. Please."

Takuya gave Yuta a bright grin, mischievous. "Alright, meet me in the foyer in 10 minutes. Dress formally, but wear jeans and a tee shirt under your suit jacket and slacks."

Takuya quickly stood up and exited Yuta's bathroom.
Takuya finally let out a deep sigh once they were in the car.

"Holy fuck, I can't stand that woman," Takuya cursed with a snicker before looking through the rearview to see the shocked face of Yuta.

"Look, if you knew what that lady put me through for all these years--ugh! Anyways look in the back, you'll see a jacket, put that on and take off your suit jacket and slacks."

Yuta followed the instructions he was given as he changed in the backseat. Yuta felt a small feeling of pride on his face as they disobeyed the rules.

"Alright, so Yuta." Takuya began as they came to a red light. Takuya began to strip off his tie and blazer revealing a blue rock band shirt underneath. "I kinda lied. The Korean restaurant that we're
going to is about 5 miles away," he said smoothly as he tousled his slick back hair in an attempt to look more casual.

"Why so far away?" Yuta asked shyly.

"It's close to the memorial where your parents are buried so the GPS would at least know we were in the vicinity." Takuya then sneaked a look in the back seat. "W-Would you like to stop to pay respects?"

"No, I just want to eat."

"No worries," Takuya said cheerfully as the light turned green.

It took ten minutes for them to park and enter the small hole in the wall restaurant.

"Can we have the all-you-can-eat special, auntie?" Takuya asked flawless in Korean and Yuta raised an eyebrow as they slid into the booth.

"You know, Korean?" Yuta asked surprised and Takuya nodded.

"Yes, I studied there for about eight years. My fluency is why I was assigned to be your attendant." Takuya smiled as he opened up the menu and scoured the drink list.

"Takuya-san," Yuta began nervously.

"You can call me 'hyung', but only between us." Takuya answered not looking up from the menu.

"Hyung, why are you doing this?" Yuta asked in Korean and he instantly felt freer, like he could breathe a little. For the first time since he arrived, he felt like his mind was slowly piecing back into sanity, but he didn’t know who he could trust.

Takuya closed the menu and sighed. "Honestly? I don't know." Takuya said frankly and ruffled Yuta’s hair warmly. "I guess I just want you to be happy."
Between the bites of kimchi, four games of rock-paper-scissors and Takuya doing embarrassing girl group covers, Yuta forged a friendship and forgot his heartbreak for a little bit.

Only for a little.

-- ★ --

Two months had passed since he arrived in Osaka. After eating with Takuya they made a deal.

Takuya would smuggle Korean snacks and take Yuta out for Korean food on his days off. In exchange, all Takuya ask is that Yuta at least tries to eat with his grandmother for breakfast.

Every morning, Yuta wakes up in a bedroom the size of the apartments he lived in most of his life.

There's no rolling wave of groans of complaints by kids who are too tired to get up and dress for school.

There's no smell of rice cooking, kimchi or soup to rise him from his room in the morning.

No arguments between the noonas fighting over the bathroom.

No Taemin's feet pounding in the hall while he tried to master the latest choreo before Seulgi would playfully throw a shoe at him.

No BoA, the Jisoos [There were three Jisoos at one time], Taeyeon or Yesung having competitive singing battles in the kitchen before eomma would come with a broom to chase them away.

No eomma...no eomma to pinch his cheeks, pray over him as he sleeps, to hug him when he cries and to listen to his shitty attempts to master the trumpet with a supporting smile.

But the worse part was that every morning Yuta wakes up alone.

Yuta didn't know how to be alone.
No warm, familiar body next to him, hugging him tightly.

No hot breath against his ear, telling him how much he’s loved, how delicate he is, how pretty he was today.

No Taeyong.

Yuta knew that distance makes the heart grow fonder, but more and more he finds himself thinking of Taeyong in another way.

They weren't brothers; Investigator Choi called a few weeks back to confirm that Taeyong's and Yuta's DNA was nearly polar opposites but he couldn't think of Taeyong as anything else but a brother...and what's worrying Yuta, even more, is the fact that how he feels about Taeyong is more than just innocent brotherly love.

It was innocent at first.

But when the guys would sit around and talk about the girls in class--he never felt anything for them. Yuta had seen all types of tits and ass living in such small quarters with hordes of women and honestly didn't care at all...but he did feel a bit funny when he'd take a shower with Taeyong. Or when he had to shower with any other one of the hyungs, Yuta was curious and yes, he kinda sorta couldn't help that Kibum was gorgeous but it was nothing on how he felt now.

He felt it a few years earlier, but never thought about it outside the few times he was alone in the shower, but now it was waking him up in the middle of the night with a sticky thigh and thoughts Yuta felt like he shouldn't have towards any male.

It was sinful. If eomma knew, it'll probably break her heart even more.

~ ~ ~

Yuta sat in front of his grandmother in the parlor. Attendants, maids and personal assistance flank each side of the luxurious sitting area on a Wednesday morning.

Yuta continued to glare at the grandmother who tore him away from everything he loved.
"Good morning, Yuusuke," she said plainly and Yuta retorted shortly.

"My name is Yuta."

"Yuusuke, are you comfortable at the academy?" she said simply, ignoring his answer as she ate her rice and tempura.

"I hate everyone there." Yuta huffed and Madame Nakamoto nodded.

"Ah, it'll take you some time," she said docile before she shot her sagging eyes to her grandson. "I know you aren't used to the finer things in life, seeing that you were stolen by some of those poor chimps."

Yuta squinted as he openly glared daggers into her sagging face but it was obvious that she doesn't care.

Yuta wanted to snap but he felt so powerless.

He wanted to throw his bowl of beef at her face--Yuta swore he told his old hag that he does NOT eat meat. Every morning he comes for breakfast to see ham in his ramen, lamb for lunch and fucking steak for dinner.

She made a move to stand up. "I have no idea how they brainwashed you, but you are home now. Not that packed zoo you once called home."

With that, Miss Nakoto escorted the Madame to the exit.

Once she was out of sight, Yuta snapped.

He flipped over the table, the side dishes flying everywhere and breaking once they hit the marble floors. Yuta raced to the extremely expensive vases that lined the walls and began shoving them off their pedestals, welcoming the crash even when the attendants begged for him to stop--way too
Yuta was about to throw a chair until he felt strong arms around his waist yank him away and dragged him to his room.

Yuta wasn't surprised that it was Takuya who was livid, for once.

"I hate her!" Yuta cried, trying to wipe his eyes. "Why is she so mean, Takuya?!

"Shh, Yuta." Takuya said softly, hugging the frail teen. "It's fine. You must calm down. It's going to be OK."

"No, I want my family back." Yuta cried into Takuya's chest. "I miss them so much."

"You will have them back, but this is not the way to do it," Takuya said into Yuta's hair wisely. "Madame Chiyo thought she lost everything before she had her dream that you were still alive. She is hurting too."

Yuta shakes his head. "I hate her, so much."

"Look, just be the Yuusuke she wants and once you're of age, you can be Yuta."

"That's too long! I miss my family, Takuya! I miss my home!" Yuta buries his head deeper into Takuya's chest as the older male pats him on the head gently.

"Be good for the Chairwoman and she may allow them to visit. Do you remember your home address? If you write a letter, I can send it on your behalf, only if you're good. She's not a terrible person all the time. Just do what she says for now. You can be Yuusuke outside but on the inside, you know who you are."

So he did.

For six months, he answered to the name Yuusuke in exchange for Takuya sending off two letters
on his behalf.

He forced himself to eat Japanese food, to respect his grandmother, to visit the graves of parents he barely remembered and provide good grades.

In turn, he was allowed to not be constantly followed and a simple cell phone.

He scoured the web for a way to reach his family but couldn't. Korean names were too common to differentiate one Jung Kyungah from another.

One day while he was walking alone from school, he hears a familiar voice laced with a catchy, funky beat.

He knew that voice!

That voice used to lull him to sleep!

That voice used to tell him to shut the fuck up and go to bed.

That voice...it's been 8 months since he heard that voice.

Yuta quickly chased the song to a music shop. He quickly stepped inside and he felt his throat catch in his heart.

On the monitor was Taemin.

His hair was bleached blond and was dressed in chic and funky clothes, but there was Taemin!

Yuta looked around and quickly started grabbing the pens, notebooks and the thick CD case emblazoned with his hyung’s face on it.
Yuta's smile was affable as the clerk rang him up.

"I take it you're a fan of SM's latest solo artist? I heard he's related to BoA, too!"

"Taemin is my hyung. And yes, BoA is our unnie," 'And I'm his fucking brother,' Yuta screamed inside of his head.

"Did you hear about the fan sign?"

"Fan sign? No."

"It's tomorrow. Some tickets are--,"

I'll buy them! Two, please!" Yuta said anxiously and the clerk was taken back a bit.

"You're lucky! There's only two left."

Yuta skips home to quickly explain to Takuya who was currently washing the cars in the garage.

"If I can just get to the fan sign, I can at least see my brother!" Yuta whispered excitedly as Takuya grinned.

"I will take you, not because Taemin is your hyung...but because I also am going." Takuya said trying to hide his smile behind his hands. Yuta raised an eyebrow.

"Huh?"

"I am a TaeMint," Takuya confessed with red cheeks before reaching in his back pocket to fish out a small ID card. "I'm even in his fan club. OMG, that means you must know BoA?"

"She's my sister."
Takuya lets out an excited shrill.

Yuta didn't know what was more embarrassing--being one of only two guys at the fan meet or the fact Takuya going full fanboy at the fan meet. Takuya had the face mask, official t-shirt, lanyard, and light stick.

"I had no idea you were related to Taemin. What luck!"

"I'm so nervous, hyung!"

"You?" Takuya squeed in delight. "Please. You grew up with him--I've been spent my month's salary for this moment!" Takuya grinned and Yuta couldn't help but laugh until his throats hurt.

Once Taemin appeared, Yuta felt like he was home.

Taemin was so close. He looked happy, a bit paler, maybe a bit more restless around the eyes, but it was his hyung.

Taemin greeted the fans in broken Japanese and quickly began the signing.

Takuya went before Yuta [due to his fan club status and using most of his check to get P1].

When Yuta stood on the stage table, someone was ahead of him, but suddenly Taemin looked to his right and they locked eyes.

Taemin completely froze before nodding and smiling to the girl ahead of Yuta.

Once Yuta was in front of Taemin, he could feel his tears form but didn't fall.

Taemin smiled wide and easy.
"Thank you for supporting me," Taemin said softly in a proud way, in a manner that he didn't tell anyone before Yuta.

"Thank you for trying, Taemin-hyung." Yuta smiled hard and Taemin took the album from his hand and quickly flipped it open before scribbling.

"And what's your name?" Taemin cleared his throat, his eyes looking away from Yuta to focus on the inside of the album.

Yuta felt his brain stop.

"Hyung? It's me,"

"Itsme? That's a weird name, but I like it!" Taemin said perking back up and pressing the album back into Yuta's trembling hand, but not without squeezing the teen’s hands briefly. "Please continue to support me! Next?"

The assistants quickly shuffled Yuta along and Yuta felt like his heart was bleeding.

--

In the car, Yuta balled up in the backseat and cried.

"I miss my family so much, Takuya."

"Did he recognize you?"

"I don't know, I just don't know."

--

When Yuta got to his room, he felt even worse. He kept replaying the very brief interaction in his mind over and over. It seemed like Taemin recognized him but then his hyung acted like it was no big deal.
He only cared about signing the album...

Wait.

Yuta quickly ran to his desk on the other side of his room and plucked the CD from all the merchandise. He flipped through the CD art, completely impressed with the incredible photography, his heart filling with pride until he got to the last page.

'Tokyo Tower / 23:00 ~ You're so tall now, Yuta!'♡

Yuta looked at the clock. It was 21:49 and Tokyo Tower was at least an hour and a half away by train.

Yuta grabbed a hoodie and crammed on his sneakers on and looked outside his window.

He was on the third floor and unreasonably afraid of heights.

But he was more afraid of never seeing his family again.

He dug into his pocket and fished out his phone and dialed the only number that was saved. After a few rings, the person picked up.

"Takuya-hyung. I know it's your day off but I need a favor."

-♡-

Yuta and Takuya made it to Tokyo Tower two minutes before 23:00. Takuya was trying his best to catch his breath. The two nearly got hit by a bus as he carried Yuta in the basket as they biked through the dark streets.

Yuta stood in front of the tower and turned around when he saw two figures, one bundled in black and the other, in plain clothing.
"Yuta!"

Yuta turned around to see Taemin pulling off his face mask and tackling Yuta into a tight bear hug.

After a few minutes of hugging and crying, Taemin pulled away.

"Aiish, I thought I'd never see you again, Yuta."

"Hyung, you debuted! I'm so proud of you!" Yuta sniffled and Taemin kissed his forehead.

"I thought I was hallucinating when I saw you earlier today. Who is this?" Taemin asked looked over to the attendant who was still dressed in his official Taemin shirt and jeans.

Yuta smiled at the awestruck Japanese man.

"This is Takuya-hyung my...my attendant, but he's just like a hyung. He's been taking care of me and he's been sending letters to eomma for me."

"I am such a big fan." Takuya stuttered as he bowed frantically. "It's been a pleasure to look after Yuta."

"Thank you for looking after him when I could not. My manager is over there, and I do not have enough time. I leave back for Korea tomorrow."

"Hyung please, take me with you." Yuta begged but Taemin shook his head.

"Yuta, you know I can't." Taemin whispered before shoving a piece of paper in Yuta’s hand. "I don't have much time, but this is Taeyong's Kakao. Message him, please." Taemin said desperately and Yuta nodded.

"How’s mom?"
"She's still devastated," Taemin answered honestly. "The house only has a few children because she's afraid to take in any more. She still has nightmares and refuses to go outside if it rains."

"Taeyong-hyung?"

Yuta watched Taemin's face frown deeply.

"He's not OK. He really isn't. He didn't eat for a week since you left. He's a bit better now since he got the first letter, but he's not the same. Message him, please."

Taemin's manager receives a phone call and he shows Taemin the caller ID. Taemin swears.

"I have to go," Taemin said softly before kissing Yuta's forehead again. "I love you. We all love you, so, so, so much. Don't forget, OK? If you ever feel weak just remember that we love you. Keep yourself strong." Taemin then turned to Takuya who was watching a few feet away to give them privacy.

"And you, Takuya-san, thank you for looking after him," Takuya was a bit shocked when Taemin gave him a brief hug.

"I love you, hyung." Yuta whispered when Taemin gave him one last hug and briskly walked back.

-♡-

"Go straight to sleep, OK? I don't know who saw you jump from the window but, go straight to your room ok?"

"I can't sleep, Takuya-hyung. I saw my brother, finally." Yuta hissed excitedly as Takuya dropped him off a block before the Takuya nearly broke his face with his own grin.

"I can't sleep, either. Lee Taemin hugged me. I'm going to cry happy tears in my apartment."

Takuya advised Yuta to climb through his bathroom window to get back into his room since the pine tree was stronger than the sakura Yuta landed in when he jumped earlier.
Once Yuta steps into his room, he freezes seeing his grandmother standing, waiting.

"Good evening, baa-chan," Yuta said softly with a bow. It was past midnight, past his curfew.

"Where were you, Yuusuke?" she asked coldly and Yuta shrugged.

"I went with a friend to study for a bit, then went to a gaming room."

"A friend?" she spat annoyed before presenting the receipt for his purchases earlier that day. "Or another one of those Korean thieves!"

"Baa-chan, no." Yuta lied calmly, "I was with Emiko-chan. I then called for Takuya to pick me up because it was late."

"Oh really?" she sneered. "You didn't think Hatsu didn't tell me that you went to a fan meet of some kind?"

Yuta swallowed nervously.

"I like music, baa-chan. You know I do."

"You went to see that Taemin boy--the same one that that barren harpy also took in!"

"Don't talk about Jung Kyungah like you know her!" Yuta screamed, his fist clenching. "You're sixty years old and you're not even a fifth of a great woman Jung Kyungah is!"

"How dare you go without my permission?"

"He's my brother!" Yuta quickly tried to reason. "Of course, if I had the chance I'd--,"
"I banish you from seeing any of them!" she threatened and Yuta rolled his eyes.

"Or you'll what?! You already took me away from my family! Force me to dress up like a doll and live in this glass house! You've already taken everything from me!" Yuta yelled and the older woman pointed a pointy finger at her grandson.

"The next time you even step one toe out of line I will have you institutionalized!"

...♀♂...

"Taemin, are you sure you gave him my Kakao?" Taeyong asked exasperated and Taemin nodded despite knowing that Taeyong couldn't see him.

"Of course, I did!" Taemin shouted trying to make sure his voice gets heard from the loud celebration in the back.

"I haven't heard anything."

"Are you sure? It's been 5 months."

"Hyung, I'm going crazy."

"It's fine. Yuta is fine." Taemin reassures. "He's so tall and pretty, Taeyong. He'll contact you."

...♀♂...

Two months later, after having his phone taken away and with Takuya was removed as his personal attendant, Yuta was in hell.

Hatsu was nothing like Takuya, who was directed to doing desk duty for the upcoming merger. Yuta was happy that Takuya was promoted but he couldn't help but feel like it was done to encourage Takuya to stay away from Yuta, but thankfully, Takuya was moved into the mansion but was all but torturous for Yuta.

Takuya's heart bled for Yuta, but there was literally nothing he could do besides give Yuta a small sad smile when Takuya would see him.

-♡-
Takuya was up listening to Taemin’s latest single when he heard a knock on his door; he stepped into his slippers and unlocked his door slowly.

It was Yuta, with heavy eyelids in his hoodie and pajama bottoms.

"What's up, Yuta? It's very late." Takuya said softly and Yuta smiled, but there was no joy in his eyes.

"I couldn't sleep,” Yuta said in a frail voice but smiled slightly. “But I found some sleeping pills so I'm going to shower and take a long nap." Yuta said stoically and Takuya raised an eyebrow.

"Alright, Yuta. Sleep well,"

"I'll miss you." Yuta said barely over a whisper and Takuya grinned, rubbing Yuta’s hair affectionately.

"I'm right here, OK? Goodnight." Takuya watched as Yuta shuffled away. Takuya closed his door and continued to lay down and going through his phone idly.

"That was weird of him," Takuya mumbled quietly listening to the soft singing. "Who gave Yuta sleeping pills?"

*I’ll miss you*

Takuya shot up and shouted.

"Yuta!"

Takuya runs out of his bedroom screaming the teen’s name over and over, not caring about the other residents in the glass mansion.

"Yuta! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE!" Takuya shouted before Miss Nakoto came barreling up the steps and to the hallway.
"Terada-san! What the hell are you--," she bellowed as Takuya stalked down the hall pass her without giving her a passing glare.

Miss Nakoto was cut off by Takuya kicking the locked door open.

When Takuya ran in, Yuta's bed was empty but his sheets were in disarray. Takuya quickly ran towards the windows but they were locked. Takuya bolted through the bathroom door to see Yuta trying to down a huge cup of water.

Pills scattered all over the sink.

Yuta's neck snapped back sharply as Takuya cocked his fist back and punched him full force in the throat, causing Yuta to cough and hack up the water and pills in his throat.

"YOU LITTLE SHIT! HOW MANY DID YOU TAKE!" Takuya screamed as he and Yuta began grappling in the soggy bathroom with nearly all the attendants at the threshold in shock.

"Terada-san! STOP! You're hurting him!" Miss Nakoto shrialed panicked before Takuya slammed Yuta on his back and began punching him square in the gut. Yuta wretched and more water and half-dissolved pills spilled from his mouth. Yuta turned over on his knees and kept wretching the mix of clear liquid and white grains of the capsules while Takuya was forcefully jamming his index and middle fingers into Yuta’s throwing harshly.

"What is the meaning of this?" Madame Chiyo shouted and Takuya pulled the crying teenager in his arms who was shaking like a leaf, but no longer combative. "How dare you try to hurt my grandson!"

"Me?!" Takuya chuckled darkly as he patted Yuta fondly on the back as he sneered, carelessly. “YOU are going to hurt him! He just tried to kill end his life!” Takuya screamed at the chairwoman who went pale. "You keep trying to push him into being Yuusuke when the only person he's ever been was Yuta!"

Takuya’s eyes began to fill with tears as he held Yuta’s tightly within his arms as he tried to keep his composure, but it was hard. Yuta was like a little brother to him; someone he loved and wanted to cherish. “Yuta, it’s OK. I’m here.” Takuya whispered in Korean before turning to the eighteen so people who crowded into the bathroom just gawking at the scene.
“For God’s sake call the paramedics!”

--✧--

Taeyong looked at his Kakao for the thousandth time.

It’s been nearly a whole year since he’s laid eyes on Yuta.

When Taemin called the house frantically one afternoon after his first fan meet in Japan saying that he saw Yuta, Taeyong all but sold his soul to beg Taemin to give Yuta his Kakao if he ever had a chance.

Taemin promised that he did, but he still hadn’t received anything.

It was painful for Taeyong to function and every time eomma would see Taeyong with an empty space next to him, her eyes would water and she would rush to her room to cry.

Taeyong felt so lonely as if someone took all the joy from him. As if he was living in Azkaban and had been kissed by a dementor.

Taeyong felt a hand slip into his. Taeyong looked to his left to see Sicheng, a temporary foster from their sister church in China.

"Are you OK, hyung?" Sicheng asked and Taeyong felt his heart warm in a way it hadn’t in a while.

“I don’t think I ever will be, Sicheng.”

--✵--

Yuta heard a knock on his door.

He turned around to face his wall. It was the fifth day from when he was released from the hospital after a two-week stay.
"Go away," Yuta mumbled.

He felt ashamed.

He knew suicide was supposedly a coward’s way out, but an exit was a fucking exit and he couldn't take it any longer.

He heard his door creak open and Yuta shot up annoyed.

"Didn’t I fucking say--,"

Yuta's voice catches in his throat at what he sees.

Who he sees.

He sees the most beautiful view on earth.

It was Jung Kyungah, dressed in a soft yellow sundress, looking years younger than her actual age.

"I must be dead," Yuta whispered with tears swelling his eyes and he sees her laugh.

"You will be if you don't apologize for swearing at your mother!" Kyungah quickly rushed to him and attacks him with a tight embrace so tight he could barely breathe--but who needs air?

He has his eomma!

"How!" Yuta sobbed as he buried his face into her neck, inhaling her scent. She smelled like fresh linen and comfort. “Mommy, how are you here?! In Japan!"

"Your grandmother asked us to come to see you." Kyungah said politely into his hair
"Us?" Yuta whimpered looking up into her bright eyes. She smiled and nodded behind her and stepped a few steps part to reveal the culmination of all of Yuta’s dreams.

Taeyong stood at the threshold with a small smile and large, bright eyes shimmering with unshed tears bright like stars that hadn't shown in forever.

Yuta felt his heart thump widely.

Yuta slowly stood up awkwardly and gawked to Taeyong.

"Hyung..." Yuta began as his tears began to wet his collar. Taeyong’s lips turned into an awe-worthy grinned.

"Yuta," Taeyong voice was thick with tears and suddenly the air was as knocked out of Taeyong lungs as Yuta tackled him into a hug.

-♡-

"Yuusuke," Kyungah said softly and Yuta shook his head annoyed. Yuta ordered the maids and servants to prepare them a brunch outside in the gardens. Yuta sat across from eomma and he and Taeyong sat next to each other.

Yuta outright refusing to let go of Taeyong’s hand.

"Eomma, please call me Yuta. That's my name," Yuta said firmly, but in a gentle tone. Kyungah sighed and gave a polite little bow of her head. The gesture offended Yuta immediately. This was his mother, she should not bow to him—not even slightly. He should be bowing to her and kissing her feet and giving her all that money can buy!

"Yuusuke, I don't think you should call me eomma." She began again, a bit more meekly and Yuta reached out her for hand and squeezed lovingly.

"Mom, please don’t do this to me. I am your son, I always will be. You raised me. You healed me from certain death, please don’t do this to me.”
Kyungah smiled softly before cupping his cheek. “Ah, my little prince. How I’ve missed you.”

"Your grandmother says you're…not well." Taeyong said cautiously, picking at his sushi and Yuta laced their fingers together and shrugged.

"I'm not. I want to go home. I belong with you at home." Yuta said clearly, his eyes tracing every emotion in Taeyong’s eyes. “I belong with you back home.”

"I've spoken to your grandmother. She invited us here just for a few hours.” Kyungah said trying to sound casual, but her hands were trembling. “She's not the easiest woman, but she loves you.”

"No, she doesn't. She only sees me as an heir. As a thing her son left behind. Something to control." Yuta sighed. “I…I can’t be what she wants me to be.”

"If you behave, she says you can come to stay with us for the summer and winter break," Taeyong said hopefully to Yuta who loved the tiny smile Taeyong had gracing the features that made his heart flutter. Yuta chuckled before shaking his head.

"Really?"

"Yes, that’s what she said,” Kyungah answered. “But you must promise to behave.”

"Yes! Of course. I swear. I’ll be perfect and I’ll try my best." Yuta declared and she grinned and nodded eagerly.

"I know you will. You’re so loved and blessed, Yuta.”

They were interrupted by Takuya walked up politely and introducing himself.

“Good afternoon, Miss Jung and Taeyong-san. I am Takuya, Yuta’s personal assistant.”

Taeyong and Kyungah greeted him amicably. Taeyong then snapped his fingers. “Oh! Wait! I think Taemin-hyung gave me this to give you.”
Takuya’s eyes were as big as saucers as Taeyong dug in his coat pocket and presented a small light blue envelope to the shocked Japanese man who nearly shrieked in excitement.

“Oh my God, thank you. I…uh, I came to escort you back to your ferry. Would you like to come Yuta?”

On the drive to the ferry docks was actually pleasant for Yuta who pointed out all the wonderful temples and landmarks they passed to the glee of Kyungah and Taeyong. Yuta doesn’t even cry at the ferry when he received farewell kisses from Kyungah and a particularly intimate tight embrace from Taeyong who whispered a gentle “You’re so pretty now, Yuta. What should I do with you?”

Yuta’s cheeks flared up, but he parted them with happy smiles and promises for frequent phone calls and visits.

When Yuta entered the mansion, he quickly removed his shoes and headed to the fourth floor to his grandmother’s office was and knocked politely.

"Come in,” she calls from beyond the doors and Yuta, nervously enters the large, imposing office. Madame Chiyo was sitting behind her desk seeming going over folders. “Ah, Yuusuke. Did you enjoy your day?” she said plainly, her eyes not leaving her scribbling on the multiple forms.

"Yes.” Yuta nodded politely as he stood in front of her desk. “Thank you, sincerely baa-chan.” Yuta said much braver than he felt, but he was sincere. Madame Chiyo stopped mid-stroke on her paper before clearing her throat and he continued.

"I’m sorry for my behavior. I know this difficult for you more than anyone else. I am sorry for being selfish. I am so thankful I was allowed to see my family, even if it was for a few hours. I will not forget your compassion, baa-chan.”

"I cannot allow you to see them often, but you may visit in the summer.” Madame Chiyo said plainly. “Also, this upcoming weekend is a holiday…I see that you did not spend enough time with the young man you are frightfully close to.”

"His name is Taeyong, baa-chan. He truly means the world to me.”
"He may stay visit only for the upcoming weekend." She said calmly, gathering her paperwork nonchalantly—having no idea how Yuta’s heart thumped in pure excitement. "After that, you must focus on your social status in Japan and learn the business. Is that understood?"

Yuta felt his body freeze. His heart was fluttering as he felt a deep, warm tickle run up his spine at the thought of having a weekend with Taeyong to himself.

Suddenly, Yuta rounded the huge cherry oak desk and was hugging his very stunned grandmother who let out a shocked squeak.

"Yes, baa-chan! Thank you. Thank you so much!"

Chapter End Notes

✈

Give it back
You hijacked my mind so
I'm falling in circles
Can't catch my fall so
I need you to be close cause
Where you go I'll follow
So give it back

-- "Give It Back" - Gaelle

✉

OMG, WE NCTzens, NOW!!

Am I the only one who loves this name?? AND OMG CAN WE SPEAK ABOUT CHERRYBOMB BECAUSE I FELT ATTACKED IN THE MOST PLEASANT WAY WITH THESE DAMN TEASERS!!! My body is ready ya'll. I can't wait to see this video and Taeyong and his cotton candy hair of heaven~~
No Angel

Chapter Summary

I'M THE BIGGEST HIT, I'M THE BIGGEST HIT ON THE STAGE!! **loses mind**

I am legit, shook over Cherry Bomb. [WE FINALLY GOT A 1ST WIN, ZOMG]

OMG, SM has created gods. Happy birthday Taeyongie. You da leader of the world!!

Sorry for the wait, but this 12K of YuTae smut. I hope ya'll fellow NCTzen like it!

I have about 3 new fics coming out soon since 'Bad Habits' only has about 7 or so chapters left. Thanks for sticking with me and thanks for the love and support!

✎

Chapter Notes

"Baby put your arms around me
Tell me I'm a problem
Know I'm not the girl you thought you knew and that you wanted
Underneath the pretty face is something complicated
I come with a side of trouble
But I know that's why you're staying
Because you're no angel either baby"

-- "No Angel" - Beyonce

See the end of the chapter for more notes

녀

"Is something on your mind, hyung?" Jeahyun asked as he was barely able to hold the sparing gloves that Taeyong was mercilessly executing his combos in.

Taeyong nearly committed a felony yesterday.

Jackson Wang went from being a trusted hyung to his sworn rival in a span of fewer than 24 hours, but Taeyong wasn’t fazed. He was prepared to fight for Yuta, prepared to go to war for the only
person who ever made Taeyong whole and there was no way the blonde Chinese male had a chance against him.

"You're so aggressive,"

"Just thinking about tomorrow's homecoming match," Taeyong lied effortlessly as he continued to double up his speed with the combinations.

Taeyong was beyond teeming mad.

He envisioned Jackson Wang's smug face with every hit.

Jackson was charming—yes, but he could not handle Yuta in every way like Taeyong knew he could. Yuta was cutthroat--a fucking savage wrapped in soft eyes and a luscious smile. Yuta was probably just enamored now, but Jackson is a notorious flirt, and Yuta was inhumanely jealous. Yuta and Jackson are like oil and water.

"You saw eomma yesterday right?" Taeyong said after peeling off the bandages from his slim fingers. Jaehyun nodded hesitantly.

"Yeah," Jaehyun said slowly. "She's fine. Yesung and Taeyeon are home with her."

Taeyong picked up a jump rope and began effortlessly bouncing on his toes.

"Damn, aren't you tired?" Jaehyun frowned and Taeyong smirked.

"Nope," Taeyong could feel it in his bones, that he was going to punch Jackson in the face fairly soon, and knowing Jackson Wang, it wouldn't be an easy punch to land.

"Who are you giving your jersey to? It's already Friday." Taeyong asked. It was a tradition that the football players would always give their practice jerseys to someone important to them to wear during the homecoming match. Taeyong usually handed his jersey over to whoever asked first.
Doyoung wore it once, Johnny, and Sicheng within the last few years. Jaehyun shrugged.

"I gave mine to Doyoung,"

"Really?" Taeyong grinned.

"He asked for it yesterday." Jaehyun smiled tried to hide his reddening cheeks.

"I think he really likes you,"

"I like him, hyung...you know... in that way."

"You should tell him," Taeyong advised, picking up the speed in which he twirled the rope. “Tell him after we win the game,”

"No. He's dating Choi Minho." Jaehyun mumbled defeated, gathering the weights he used earlier.

"What would it matter?" Taeyong asked before slowing his speed a bit. “If you really like him, just tell him how you feel.”

"How could I tell eomma? She raised us all,"

"Eomma doesn't care about who's gay or not. She told us that years ago,"

"Yes, but it's... different ...." Jaehyun began to explain but dropped it altogether. “Who are you giving your jersey to? Namjoon’s back in town and all he wants to do is talk about how pretty you are."

Taeyong stopped skipping rope and rolled his eyes. "Namjoon is going around the world on tour and he still has a crush on me? Mercy,"
"You should give Yuta your jersey," Jaehyun said suddenly and Taeyong furrowed his eyebrows and began to jump again.

"Did you swallow a rock?"

"I'm serious. You said that you wanted to fix whatever was wrong with you two, right?"

Taeyong shuffles oddly on his feet, unsure what to say. There’s no way, Yuta would wear his jersey. Taeyong was sure Jackson would offer his jersey to Yuta and the latter would rock it proudly.

"Jackson is having a party afterward at Yonsei" Jaehyun began tepidly and Taeyong stopped folding his towel as he continued. "You know, most of his friends go to Yonsei. It's all over everyone's Snapchat about the anticipation. Everyone's going."

"I'll be there." Taeyong said plainly.

"You sure?" Jaehyun questioned lowly as a few more people entered the gym. "You were so steamed about--,

"I was jealous." Taeyong snipped. "I still am. I remember when Yuta used to be that excited for me…I fucked it all up, but I'm going to make everything right."

"I hope you do, hyung."

After taking a shower at the gym, Taeyong sat in the lounge in his residency hall afterward.

Taeyong hadn’t slept or eaten since leaving the BBQ restaurant last night. All he could think of was the fact that Yuta was with someone else, and Taeyong felt like death wouldn’t be enough to snuff out the heartache.
He couldn't call Ketly. He tried to call her, but she didn't answer and he needed her insight and a good scolding more than ever.

He knows he needs to talk to Yuta, but doesn't know how to even approach him after saying all that he said the day before. The only course of action he had left was to literally to just walk up to him, and even then Yuta probably would punch him in the face.

Taeyong started walking and stood outside of the hall where most of the science lectures were held. Taeyong memorized all of Yuta's classes every year...for “emergency purposes” he tells himself, but he knows it's for his sanity to know where Yuta was at all times.

Taeyong sits at one of the benches that align the hall and he hears a bit of commotion and Yuta is one of the first people strolling out of one of the classrooms.

Yuta instantly sees Taeyong who was sitting patiently and in a fraction of a moment, they locked eyes. Yuta looked around cautiously as if he was afraid someone was going to call him out as Taeyong motioned him over. Taeyong watched as Yuta frowned a bit before strolling over to him.

"Is everything, OK? Is it eomma?" Yuta asked frantically, his eyes searching the planes of Taeyong’s face and suddenly, Taeyong was in love all over again.

"Jaehyun says eomma is fine." Taeyong confirmed in a rounded voice and in an instant—the airy, glittering eyes harden and narrowed.

"That's a relief," Yuta mumbled before looking Taeyong up and down briefly. “Bye."

Yuta turned on his heels to walk away and Taeyong felt his chest tighten.

"Yuta...I'm sorry." Taeyong said boldly and he could see Yuta’s shoulders tense inside of his letterman jacket. “I just want us to talk, Yuta. I swear…. I just want to talk.”

"I really don't want to talk to you about anything if it has nothing do to with the family." Yuta hissed out watching the hall empty out and not daring to look over his shoulder to Taeyong.
"Please? Just five minutes...my dorm is right upstairs." Taeyong asked politely, using all his manners to try his damnest to come off as sincerely as he felt.

Taeyong watches as Yuta lets out a long sigh and turns around to look upon his face, Taeyong feels his breath rattle in his lungs and Yuta falters.

"Just five minutes." Yuta said slowly, his eyes burning into Taeyong’s. “After that, I’m leaving.”

It only takes them a few minutes to go through the halls and into the elevator to Taeyong’s and Jaehyun’s shared dorm.

Taeyong tried to keep his composure, but every time he’s around Yuta’s long limbs, snowy skin and adore-worthy lips, Taeyong’s instinct was to taste, to touch, to take. And after yesterday, having someone as annoying and unworthy like Jackson stake his claim on everything that Taeyong admired, the overwhelming urge to pull Yuta down and leave a trail of bright, ubiquitous passion marks on his neck was becoming unbearable.

When Yuta bent over to unlace his Timberlands’ right in front of him once inside, Taeyong had to bite his bottom lip tightly to stop himself from ghosting his fingers over the supple curve of Yuta’s jeans.

Once they took off their shoes, Taeyong went to turn on the heat as Yuta’s eyes began to flit over the photos that lined the walls of the hallway.

"Isn’t this is when we went to celebrate with Taemin winning Inkigayo for the first time?" Taeyong asked nonchalantly as Yuta stared a photo for a, particularly long time. It was from only a handful of years ago and in the photo was of eomma, Taemin, Yuta, Taeyong, Seulgi, Mark, Taeyeon and Jimin in the dressing room backstage with the award.

"Yeah, it was great.” Yuta snickered looking briefly over his shoulder where Taeyong loomed. “My grandma never wants to admit how much she likes ‘Sayonara Hitori’, but it’s my ringtone on her phone.”

Taeyong chuckled gently and Yuta turned around fully in the small hallway to face him. "Have you talked to Taemin-hyung lately, Yuta?"
"He and Takuya are currently in England on vacation. Taemin is scaring Takuya with baby talk,"

"All of eomma's kids are baby-crazy." Taeyong smiled before clearing his throat and motioning towards the kitchen. "Do you want a drink? Coconut water's your favorite, right?"

"Yes, please."

Taeyong led the way out of the hallway and into the dining area and living room, trying to ignore the sweat that was collecting at his brow due to his nerves being unable to calm him down.

"I've never been in here," Yuta announced a bit delicately, as he fiddled his thumbs. Taeyong gnawed at his lip, guiltily.

"I'm sorry; I hope it's clean enough," Taeyong responded anxiously, looking around the floor in case there was a stray sock or dust somewhere.

"It's fine, really." Yuta said simply. Taeyong awkwardly motioned to the tiny table with two chairs and Yuta placed his books on the table as took a seat. Taeyong came back with a can of coconut water and Sprite.

After a thick, nearly two minutes of silence, Taeyong spoke up.

"I'm sorry, Yuta. Truly." Taeyong sighed rubbing the bridge of his nose and Yuta shrugged with indifference.

"You're always sorry, Taeyong. What's new?" Yuta's words were light and effortless, but Taeyong to see the hurt that was heavy and dark.

"I've hurt you," Taeyong tried again and Yuta smirked, carelessly.

"Water is wet and Taeyong, you do not have a lot of time left."

Taeyong was trying his best to keep his emotions encased in his mind and heart, but seeing Yuta in
front of him--all of the years of love and heartache staring Taeyong in the face as if it meant nothing at all.

"Are you leaving me for Jackson?" Taeyong asked immaturely, not caring about how childish he sounds.

Yuta’s bright eyes softened immediately. "I can never leave you, Taeyong. You are my family but it should just stay that way." Taeyong watched Yuta play idly with the condensation on the can. "This would be better for us all."

"Are you going to be with Jackson?" Taeyong repeated, timidly and Yuta cleared his throat and nodded firmly.

"I want to, yes." Yuta said confidently. Taeyong snorted, trying to mask what he for sure knew was a dry sob but he had no right to evoke sadness after all he screamed to Yuta in a locker room just the day before.

"What about us?" Taeyong pleaded desperately. “We have so much history, Yuta. What we have--,”

"We're still brothers. We're still--,”

"But we're not." Taeyong cut Yuta off strongly. "Let's be realistic, we were never brothers. It just so happens that fate brought us together in the worse of ways."

"We were raised as such," Yuta said with just as much passion. “It was so ingrained in our heads, Taeyongie. That we were different, that we were real, that we were special.”

“But it was a lie. It was my lie, and I’m sorry.” Taeyong voice was filling with desperation and unshed tears. “But why does that matter? Why can’t I be with you? Yuta, I need you to tell me why."

"I don't care." Yuta chuckled nonchalantly, his eyes shining with annoyance. “I don’t care to give you an in-depth, play by play, checklist of why I don’t want to bump uglies with the guy I was convinced was my brother for eleven years.”
Taeyong felt heated breath seep from his mouth as he stared at the smug, carelessness that dotted the beautiful inside of Yuta’s doe-like eyes as he sipped from the can.

"So, you're really with Jackson?" Taeyong shook his head, trying his best to hide the fact that he was irritated beyond measure. “I know you are. I want you to say it.”

"I am--," Yuta began looking down.

"No, be man enough to look me in the eye as you break my heart."

"I'm not with him yet, but I will be. I like him. I want to be with him." Yuta said with pain that he tried to mask, but he was unsuccessful. “You better not fuck this up for me.” Yuta warns and Taeyong just continued to stare at Yuta, the silence almost overwhelming as his pupils dance over every pore as if trying to memorize each inch of skin.

"What can I do to make this right?"

"Support me in my pursuit of Jackson." Yuta said boldly and Taeyong sucked his teeth and raised an eyebrow in disbelief.

"Fuck that. Absolutely not!” Taeyong almost snapped tapping on his soda can in annoyance, his mind casting back to the night before at the restaurant. “What does Jackson have that I don't?"

"Everything you don't have, he's got.” Yuta spat quickly, using his fingers to count. “Money, notoriety, a badass cafe, business ties,” Yuta began with a sneer, not caring about how every attribute listed tore Taeyong’s heart deeper. "He'd be a better suit for me when I go back to Japan."

"You swore you'd never go back!" Taeyong wailed, panicking as Yuta looked around everywhere but at him as if he was frightened by his own words. “You said once you’d graduate you’d stay in Seoul…to be closer to us. To be closer to me."

"I'm a third gen chaebol, Tae. What else am I supposed to do? Music?" Yuta chirped incredulously as if he was forcing himself to say it out loud. “I hate being Nakamoto Yuusuke, but I can't shame my parents' name. I have to fulfill my filial duty."
"Be with me, Yuta. I just want you. Yuta, please." Taeyong all but begged, his voice teetering from cracking, but Yuta shrugged carelessly.

"I can't."

"I can't hide it anymore." Taeyong confessed. “I can’t act like I don’t see happiness and daisies when I see you in public anymore.” Taeyong shook his head, before hiding his face in his hands.

"Then don't." Yuta said plainly reaching out for Taeyong's hand to pry from Taeyong’s red eyes. Taeyong watched with childlike joy as Yuta slowly slipped each one of his thin fingers in between Taeyong’s.

Taeyong’s breath was caught in his throat with the adorable smile Yuta presented.

"Come on." Yuta said after a warm moment of them just staring at each other. "Want to come with me for dinner before work?"

Yuta looked at Taeyong with a small smidge of a blush and Taeyong let out an airy giggle.

"No, I'm...I'm going to cry somewhere for a bit." Taeyong smiled through his watery eyes and Yuta squeezed his hand tighter, looking away with a bit of shame.

"Me too. Best part of living alone is no one’s there to judge me when I bawl my eyes out." Yuta admits and Taeyong couldn’t help but grin as a small tear slipped from the corner of his eye.

“Come on, I’ll walk you out.” Taeyong announced his voice much more steady than it ought to be. They unlaced their fingers as Yuta gathered his books and slipped his boots back on. Yuta stood up after lacing his boots to see Taeyong’s small smile, laced with heartbeat and a dash of hope.

"I'll see you at the game tomorrow?" Yuta asked cheerfully but Taeyong kept staring into the glossy, dark and damp orbs into Yuta’s soul. Yuta stepped back a bit. "Taeyong? Hyung, what’s wrong--,"
"The last time you were torn away from me, I didn't get a chance to say bye." Taeyong frowned stepping closer to Yuta, "I know I shouldn’t ask, but can I at least kiss Yuta and Yuusuke goodbye?"

Yuta felt himself nod before he could really comprehend what he was asked.

Yuta knew he shouldn’t have agreed.

Every common sense fiber in his being was screaming for him to turn on his heels and get the fuck out, but the slight tremble in Taeyong’s bottom lip, the redness spreading on his cheeks and the collection of water amongst his lashes made Yuta reconsidered.

How could he say no?

Yuta nodded and braced himself for what he expected to a full out make-out session that Yuta would barely be able to control himself, but what Yuta received instead was worse…much worse.

Yuta tipped his head up in anticipation, letting his lids rest as he tilted his head slightly but what he didn’t expect was to feel Taeyong’s callous fingers peacefully brushed his plum-colored strands from his face and a pressed of quivering lips against his forehead.

Yuta’s gasped and his eyes shot open as they instantly surged with hot tears. Yuta felt his breath get heavier and lungs contract faster with the simple press of lips against his forehead. It was like time itself took a break and all Yuta could think of was the fervency of all his emotions for Taeyong take over his senses.

"Words will always fail me when I think about how much you mean to me, Yuta." Taeyong pulls away slightly to bring Yuta’s face to his chest as he inhales the sweet, toasted marshmallow scent of Yuta’s hair. “I’ve always been so proud of you. Always been so happy with that no matter how shitty my week is--I’ve got you and you’ve got me. Let’s forget Saturdays ever happened, OK? Let’s be nice to each other every day.” Taeyong kisses his temple before stepping back picking up Yuta's coat off the rack and hands it to him with one hand as the other brushed his tears away. "Bundle up, OK? I'll see you tomorrow."

Yuta looked up to Taeyong with a soft smile shining through a wall of tears. Taeyong laughed briefly before pinching Yuta's cheek.
“Go on, Yuta. My five minutes are up, right?”

Slowly, Yuta's face crept into his space closer and closer and before Taeyong could react, plush lips were aligned against his. Taeyong gasped dropping Yuta's coat to the floor as the younger gripped his hoodie and the world spun as Yuta pushed him up against the door fiercely.

Taeyong returned to kiss hungrily as the two fought, this time with a clashing of teeth, bruising, desperate lips and tempting tongues as slick and severe than any words they could spit out.

Taeyong could feel all of his joy fill his veins again as he fell into the comforting rhythm as synonymous as breathing as he opened his mouth, allowing Yuta to fill his mouth with excitement but a small, nagging voice interrupts amongst the flowy cloud of lust in his head.

_He's not yours. Get off of him, Taeyong. He’s **not** yours._

Taeyong fluttered his eyes open and with all the mental willpower within his body, he gathers Yuta’s wrist from their place around his shoulders and tried to push Yuta off--but Yuta--hungry for Taeyong's warmth, all but clawed back for him in desperation. Yuta’s zealousness usually would’ve given Taeyong’s ego a thirty-meter boost but right now, he wanted Yuta far away from him as possible.

Taeyong finally grips Yuta’s forearm and shoves him away, the younger of the two stumbling back as they try to catch their breath.

"What are you doing?" Taeyong snaps staring at the wild look into Yuta’s usually calm eyes. Yuta screwed his eyes shut and roughly gripped Taeyong back by the collar and dove into his mouth with a loud needy whine and Taeyong felt his knees rattle before pulling Yuta off again, this time more brusquely than before. Yuta stumbled back a bit before glaring at Taeyong sinisterly.

Taeyong fixed his mouth to speak, but Yuta’s hand whipping out to slap him across the cheek stopped Taeyong's words in his mouth.

“Fuck!” Taeyong swore holding his reddening cheek and gawked at the younger Japanese man like he was insane. Taeyong's initial reaction was to smack the shit out of Yuta back, but he couldn't do that anymore. Taeyong didn’t want to anything but cry.
“Yuta! Why the fuck did you just hit me?!” Taeyong shouted tasting the blood from the inside of his mouth. “Why are you doing this? Just fucking leave!”

"I hate you!” Yuta screamed as he began pacing within the tiny hallway, eying Taeyong as if he just killed his pet goldfish.

"I know! I know, I deserve that slap and I’m fine with that but let’s be civil. Isn’t that what you want? Please let’s just be what we were before all this happened!”

"Civil?! You think I want to be civil? Oh, fuck yourself.” Yuta spat disgusted before yelling on the top of his lungs unashamed. “Fuck you, Lee Taeyong! Fuck you!"

"I don't know what you want anymore!” Taeyong snapped back confused and Yuta retorted just as fiercely.

"I don't know either!"

"So don't dick around with my emotions! Don't use me to figure it out as if I don't have emotions I’m fucking battling right now!” Taeyong shouted as he started stomping towards Yuta who was shivering in adrenaline as Taeyong got closer, but his tone was flaring, even more out of control. “I fucked up so stop trying to make it seem like it's fucking acceptable! Cause it's not!"

"Taeyong, I don't know what you want!” Yuta spat and Taeyong shrugged pitifully.

"It wouldn't matter what I do---I'll always end up hurting you! I rather just let you walk away with Jackson then try to hold on and keep you down! I'm sorry!” Taeyong began, tears being locked within his socket. Taeyong began to pace erratically up and down the kitchen. "I'm not good with my words or with emotions! Before what happened at the carnival, I showered you with nothing but affections when we're alone and now look!” Taeyong gesticulated at the space between him and Yuta. “I don't know if I should kiss you in public or choke you out in private--I'm terrible at this!” Taeyong admitted shuffling from one foot to another, trying to ignore the feeling of nervousness in his gut. The next words Yuta spoke surprised Taeyong.

"What do you want more than anything?!” Yuta asked viciously and Taeyong nearly balked at the tone before swallowing nervously.
"I just want you happy, Yuta. I ruined your entire life….My little white lie when I was a kid robbed you of an upbringing you were destined for and then you were stolen away from us."

"I had the upbringing I was destined for," Yuta said moving closer to Taeyong who instantly stepped back, avoiding looking up, but Yuta could see the crystalline tears on his cheek. “Fuck living in that glass castle. With you guys, with my family is all I need."

"Jackson-hyung will be good to you." Taeyong said firmly, a bit proudly. “He’s a little ditzy, but he’ll be good to you. I know him. I know it."

"What about you?" Yuta questioned and Taeyong used his hoodie sleeve to wipe under his puffy eyes and Yuta would never admit how much he loves how bright Taeyong’s eyes are after he cries.

"Will you care?"

"...Namjoon's back in town.” Yuta started slowly as he leaned against the kitchen island, watching Taeyong’s reaction. “We all know he likes you, even though you guys barely knew each other. Sicheng obviously liked you back then and maybe Jaehyun still--,” Yuta began, his stomach churning at the possibilities of Taeyong with anyone else. Taeyong suddenly let out a deep chuckle, his smile wide and docile.

"I'll just give up on it altogether if I can't have you, Yuta." Taeyong chuckled nervously. “You and I are so one in same…I can’t imagine another person."

Yuta felt like his oxygen was balled up as if his words were paralyzed in his throat as he watched the mute honesty clouding Taeyong’s eyes with his gentle words. *Is he really saying he wants me or no one else?*

"Taeyong...hyung,” Yuta asked in a meek, childlike voice as he picked at the flesh between his index finger and thumb. “Can I ask one last favor?"

"Shoot," Taeyong grinned and Yuta cleared his throat expecting the worse.

"Can...can we cuddle for old time's sake?"
Taeyong’s eyebrow furrowed deeply looking at the timidness that cascaded over Yuta’s feature.

"Absolutely fucking not." Taeyong deadpanned watching Yuta’s jaw drop. Taeyong ran a hand through his hair and moved past Yuta to go to the fridge. Yuta stomped his foot childishly.

"Come on," Yuta whined shadowing Taeyong who began to pour himself a bowl of milk. “Yongie, we used to cuddle all the time!”

"That’s how we got in this mess,” Taeyong said with the same dry tone as he poured himself a heap of Lucky Charms. “My second visit to Osaka...remember what happened when you wanted to just cuddle?” Taeyong turned to see Yuta right in front of him with wide eyes, and flush cheeks. Taeyong chewed slowly appraising Yuta in a way that he knew would make Yuta tingle below the belt. Taeyong bit his lip as he continued. “We fucked for four hours straight, Yuusuke~ ,”

"Don’t," Yuta hissed, screwing his eyes closed as his heartbeat drummed faster against its cage. Taeyong snickered.

"You still get excited when I call you, ‘Yuusuke’ ?" Taeyong teased immodestly licking the spoon free of milk and Yuta felt his body flush as raised an eyebrow.

"Wanna touch me and find out?" Yuta countered and Taeyong smiled, licking his slick lips and he reached out a lingering fingertip along Yuta's exposed collarbone.

"You know you can ask me to do anything and I'll never say no. You always could control me with just a little whisper," Taeyong watched the goosebumps rise as he scratched lightly at the bright white flesh. "But this time, nope." Taeyong said deadpan picking up his cereal and walking away from Yuta. "I am not cuddling with you; call your Mandarin orange-ass warrior instead."

"Come on, you owe me!" Yuta frowned stomping his sock-covered foot. Taeyong snorted.

"Owe you? For what? I brought you that stupid couch from Ikea!" Taeyong accused around a mouth of cereal and Yuta put on his hands on his hips.

Taeyong cringed. Yuta only does that when he's ready to expose the injustices of the world.
"I brought you your car!"

Taeyong gasped in reaction, completely thrown off. "You brought me that Audi for Christmas! You wanted to match! You said you’d never throw it back in my face." Taeyong pointed an accusing finger to Yuta who pressed his lips into a thin line.

"And you lied and said Taemin brought us the same type. I brought you a whole damn car. Not even a car, an Audi. I even made sure it was black on black. And I can't even get a cuddle? I should sue." Yuta said with a dangerous pout and Taeyong stomped his foot immaturely and placed his cereal down on the table.

"Fine, since you're not gonna stop guilt tripping me...but only as brothers." Taeyong finally relenting made Yuta clapping like a gay seal in excitement.

Taeyong couldn't help but smile as he led Yuta to his room. Taeyong's suite was wide and bright, impeccably clean.

"It's so clean," Yuta commented as Taeyong locked the door behind him, Yuta clueless to the surge of warmth pooling in Taeyong’s heart to finally have his beloved in his precious space.

"Don't be so surprised." Taeyong said as he quickly as he slipped off his house slippers. Taeyong turned around to see Yuta on the other side of the room, tinkering with something next to the desk.

"Hyung, what's in the safe?" Yuta asked innocently and it triggered a sense of fire in Taeyong. "Should I still call you 'hyung'?"

"I don't mind it, but when you say it...does so much. I should desensitize myself to it."

Taeyong smiles and nodded to the safe.

"If I told you what's in that safe, you wouldn't believe me.” Taeyong smiled sadly and proceeded to flop on his bed and pulled out his phone.

Yuta stood by the edge of the bed watching intently and Taeyong smirked, patting the space next
"Come on, isn't this what you wanted?" Taeyong said fluffing the pillow next to him, Yuta's lip folded on his own lip in excitement.

"Yeah, I'm--,"

"Do you work today?" Taeyong asked suddenly and Yuta nodded.

"Yeah, at 4." Yuta answered and Taeyong tapped on his Applewatch.

"Me too. I'll set the alarm for 3:30 in case we sleep." Taeyong said simply as he sat up and pulled off his hoodie. Taeyong folded his hoodie and placed it on his shelf above the bed. Taeyong watched Yuta oddly teeter towards the bed. "Come here and let hyung take care of you?" Taeyong asked and Yuta couldn't help but chuckle as he crawled over to Taeyong and nuzzles into Taeyong's neck just like old times. Taeyong felt Yuta let out a warm whimper as he wrapped his arms around Yuta's frame. As Yuta buried his face into Taeyong's collarbones Taeyong had to refrain himself from giving in but he simply laid back with Yuta on top of him groaning as Taeyong ran his hands through his purple locks.

"That feels good Taeyong-ah," Yuta mumbles into Taeyong's slender neck and the older giggled.

"Mhmm. Do you want to be big spoon or little spoon?"

"Little spoon," Yuta slowly mouthed the words into Taeyong skin and the latter was shivering. If Yuta was to shift his leg to the left just a bit, Taeyong wouldn’t be able to hide his body's natural reaction. Yuta sighed contently, his hands wrapped around Taeyong's waist and groaned.

"I'm cold."

"Let me get the comforter," Taeyong began trying to get up but Yuta whined needy and Taeyong stared down at Yuta's wanton eyes.

"No, I don't want to let you go,"
"We're sleeping on top of it; I'm not going anywhere,"

Taeyong adjusted the comforter and tucked themselves under the blankets. Taeyong watched in astonishment as Yuta all but purred into Taeyong's arm and he couldn't say that it didn't make him feel like heaven.

Taeyong wakes up to the howling of thunder and pelting sleet. He glanced to the window to see it was a bit dark. He checks his Applewatch to see it was only 2:45PM.

Taeyong turns around to see the bed is empty. Besides crumpled sheets, there was no trace of Yuta. Taeyong was never a heavy sleeper but after all the turmoil of the week, he could finally sleep while wrapped up in Yuta.

He picked up the pillow that Yuta was rested on and sniffed it. It was warm and it smelled like toasted marshmallows and warm thoughts.

Once again, Taeyong let Yuta slip between his fingers. He missed him already and he wished he at least made love to Yuta one last time.

Out of nowhere, Taeyong's bathroom door opens and he sees Yuta standing there.

In a towel.

Yuta's eyes zoomed in on Taeyong in a manner that made the later want to scream. He knew that look all too well. Yuta was never one to beg for anything—he hated to ask for anything, but the look in Yuta’s eyes made it clear that he was going to ask Taeyong something that he knew he shouldn’t.

"I uh...I just borrowed the shower." Yuta said as he awkwardly motions to bathroom door clouded in steam behind him.
Taeyong sat up slowly. "The thunder woke me up. I don't understand why it's raining so hard...I expected it to be snowing?" Taeyong tried not to focus on the glistening lightly sun-kissed skin or the grid of abs a few feet away but he couldn’t. What sane person could be in the same breathing space of perfection and not expect him to stare?

Taeyong rubbed his palms over his face before letting out a string of curses.

"Yuta-ah…I think you should leave." Taeyong said firmly and Yuta huffed out a chuckle.

"I know." Yuta nibbled at his bottom lip nervously, playing with his fingers. "I should."

"But you won't." Taeyong said quickly and Yuta walked over, but Taeyong was too afraid to look because if he did, he knew he couldn’t contain himself. Taeyong felt the bed dip on his left and sighed in defeat as he peeked between his fingers to see Yuta crawling into the space between his trembling knees.

"Yuta..." Taeyong growled in warning before Yuta crowded into Taeyong’s lap and grazed his nose gently against the shivering soccer player.

"It doesn't have to mean anything, hyung." Yuta whined with light, almost mocking tone and Taeyong’s eyes screwed shut before he turned his head away from the kiss Yuta attempted.

"It always means something to me." Yuta freezes at Taeyong shaking yet bold voice and looks up to see Taeyong’s coffee-colored eyes swimming in frustration. "If we do this, it will mean something to me. It'll mean everything to me."

"I just want to fuck," Yuta said nonchalantly and Taeyong snorted.

"You've always been such a shitty liar, Yuusuke. Or Yuta, or whoever the fuck you are." Taeyong called out and harshly and Yuta let out a hiss of frustration and pulled back.

"You’re the fucking liar here. Tell me what I want since you know everything!"
"You want everything." Taeyong spat harshly eying Yuta up and down in thinly veiled disgust. “You want it all. You want to please comma, you want your grandma's remorse, you want everyone's fucking sympathy. All you do is give because you're too chicken shit to take. You always want to be right; you want to search for love and validation and stability when it's staring you right in your fucking face—right now.” Taeyong smirked slyly pleased with the utter look of embarrassment on Yuta's façade. “You want Jackson Wang for some reason—what, because he's funny? Because he's new and shiny and doesn't have scars or emotional damage caused by years and years of supporting and caring for you? You think this is all a farce, don’t you? You’re stupid.” Taeyong tore into Yuta’s emotions recklessly with each other. “You think I would drop everything I do on Saturday just to fuck around with you? You think I don’t want to wrap you up in my arms, your words in my ears and my hand in yours? You think I just want to bury my dick in you when there are hordes of people throwing themselves at me? You think I do this for my own secret satisfaction? You think it wouldn’t matter to me? You think it’s just a quick tumble in sheets? You want everything from everyone when you can have anything from me.”

Yuta clenched his jaw at Taeyong's rant, Yuta's emotions fighting with his stubbornness as he tried to keep his careless facade.

"And what do you want, huh?" Yuta snipped rudely and Taeyong shrugged irritated.

"Just you." Taeyong sighed bitterly. "Just you. Just the way you are--whoever the fuck you are, I just want you to be mine. It's all I ever wanted."

Yuta sat up on his haunches, tilting his head to the side in disbelief.

"I don't believe that,"

Taeyong sat up, his eyes never leaving Yuta's deep brown eyes as he reached gently for Yuta's cheek.

"Ah...who's the liar now, hmm?"

Taeyong didn't know who moved first, but in an instant, their lips were touching and Taeyong has damp skin, quivering lips and desperate breaths crowding his space. Taeyong finally gasped into in the kiss, his hands quickly holding Yuta by the back of his moist hair while the other hand slid down Yuta's dampened back, yanking the towel from the younger's waist. Taeyong lets Yuta's mewls take him to a different dimension. The sound of the heavy rainfall and Yuta's mouth impatiently against his makes Taeyong almost lose control.
Almost.

Taeyong slips his hands in Yuta's purple strands and yanks him from Taeyong’s lips.

"Did you kiss him like this, too?" Taeyong questioned viciously, watching Yuta's mouth fall open awe at the painfully pleasurable sensation. "Where you this eager for perfect, pretty, little Jackson Wang?"

Yuta whimpered, his hands on Taeyong's still clothed chest as he shook his head. Taeyong grimaces and yanks harder and Yuta let out a hiss.

"Don't lie to me,"

"No, I would never please, Taeyong-hyung." Yuta whined pitifully, his eyes shaking as they focused on Taeyong's hardening face. "I promised I didn't kiss him."

"You let him fuck you, then?"

"No, never Taeyong." Yuta whispered quickly like a panicked prayer. "I wouldn't ever--,"

"I saw the fucking picture, mochi." Taeyong hissed harshly as his other hand gripped Yuta's chin so Taeyong could stare into his eyes, looking for the lies he knew Yuta could never hide.

"What picture? I swear, I just crashed at his place after drinking too much." Yuta’s eyes were stinging but he refused to blink. He wanted Taeyong to see the truth in his eyes. "Hyung, I promise I didn't."

"You could've," Taeyong countered.

"I didn't,"
"Why?" Taeyong asked giving Yuta a little, an almost sarcastic peck on the lips. "Hmm? Isn’t that what you said? You feel important sitting on Jackson Wang’s cock, right? Why didn’t you do it for him yet?" Taeyong was just being mean at this point and he was having way too much power over Yuta and Taeyong couldn’t deny how hard he was at Yuta’s pained expression—how much Yuta allowed Taeyong to have over him.

"I...I," Yuta gasped out and Taeyong squeezed his fist harder on Yuta’s hair.

"Speak up!"

"I knew if-if-if I did, I’d never be yours again and,” Yuta fumbled with his words as his tears slipped out over the blushing apples of his cheeks. “I...I was scared...I was so scared."

At Yuta’s words, Taeyong’s hand fell from Yuta’s lavender strands and sharp jaw in utter disbelief. Taeyong watched Yuta’s lips form a delicate pout as the younger scooted closer to Taeyong. Taeyong gulped, his chest rising rapidly.

"But you want him…why would you be scared?"

Yuta nodded. "But he's not you," his words burned into Taeyong’s skin. “He’s OK, but you’re...hyung, you’re everything.” Taeyong felt a jolt of electricity in his veins at Yuta’s passionate murmuring and Taeyong chuckled, pulling Yuta closer to run a hand a million times more gentler through his strands. Taeyong kissed Yuta’s temple, feeling the vein throb under his lips.

"You're insufferable; you know that, Yu-chan?" Taeyong felt Yuta tense in his arms before he flipped Yuta flat on his back. The oldest of the two quickly sucked under Yuta’s chin who’s his strong hand circled his hyung’s neck. "I'm going to tease you so slowly." Yuta suddenly felt a vice-like grip on his wrists as Taeyong held him down. “You're going to be begging for mercy."

Yuta looked up into the almost sinisterly dark glare in the elder’s eyes and wanted to hide within the confines of his apartment on the other side of the campus, but he was trapped. He was in Taeyong’s world...his domain and Yuta, despite the fear, didn’t want to be trapped anywhere else.

Taeyong slowly sat up, his eyes never leaving the expanse of Yuta’s glistening skin as he stood up. Yuta watched as Taeyong slowly began peeling off the wear-worn hoodie littered with bleach stains, revealing a black tank top under, contrasting with his skin. Taeyong gave Yuta a knowing smirk.
"Does Yuusuke want to come out and play, Yuta?" his tone was an octave deeper than Yuta ever expected and the younger of the two Yuta nodded his head frantically...it had been so long since they played this game and he was anxious as fuck. Taeyong snickered and walked over to his closet to grab a garment from a hanger before tossing it to Yuta. Yuta quickly examined the material.

It was soccer a jersey. On the front were the numbers 07 and the back had TY LEE stitched between the shoulder blades.

“Go on and be a good boy for me, Yuusuke. Put it on,”

Taeyong licked his lips watching Yuta’s twitch between his knees as he slipped the slightly larger jersey on his lithe frame. "Touch yourself with your left hand," he commanded and Yuta impatiently did as he was told. “Slowly...that’s perfect, Yuusuke. Good boy.”

Taeyong leaned against his desk, watching in mesmerizing awe as Yuta’s back arched a bit as he spread his legs, proudly displaying himself. Taeyong was astounded by everything that Yuta was, by how the person laying on his bed, in his dorm, in his space, in his heart was slowly melting, letting go of his senses.

“Don’t close your eyes, Taeyong-kun.” Yuta slipped out between quivering lips. “I want you to watch,” The edge of Taeyong’s slick lips ticked up as he began to unbuckle his belt nosily.

Taeyong’s eyes darted from Yuta’s half-lidded eyes to his hand stroking his length as Taeyong lazily stripped out of his clothes—enjoying how Yuta bit his lip and jerked faster.

Taeyong tsked disappointed.

“Hyung, never told you to go faster. Should I punish you for that?” Taeyong crawls on the bed hovers over Yuta, who in turn slipped his eyes closed and nodded. Taeyong sat on his heels and tugged Yuta closer by the back of his knees. "Relax, babe," Taeyong demanded, watching Yuta’s mouth fall open with a silent moan as the younger felt Taeyong’s slim fingers over his own. “You’re so strong, baby boy...so incredibly strong and impressive but it’s all a touch too much, isn't it? I'm here, don't worry. I'll take care of you.” Taeyong’s words were swimming in Yuta’s ears; the latter nodded and hid his face in the junction of Taeyong’s neck and shoulder. “How do you do it all, love? The band, teetering from whether your Yuusuke or Yuta, which country to pledge your loyalty and then me...right?” Taeyong’s tongue ghost over Yuta’s pierced ear, his voice quivering, guiding Yuta's to pump to a teasing pace. “I should be making it easier but I'm
being so difficult. I'm sorry. Will you forgive me? Will you be my good baby boy, now?"

Yuta whimpered and nodded excitedly. "Please, please Taeyong-kun I can't handle any of this shit anymore." Yuta’s Japanese was slurred and desperate and Taeyong pulled back a bit to suck in Yuta’s lips. Taeyong dove back in, sucking a lewd breath from Yuta’s chin to his neck and lower, stopping to lick at the deep divots of his collarbones that held tiny pools of condensation. Yuta’s nimble fingers threaded Taeyong’s hair impatiently as the latter began to lave one of Yuta’s dusk-colored nipples over the jersey. Yuta’s eyes rolled to the back of his head as Taeyong’s hand kept the excruciatingly slow pattern on Yuta’s dick in tandem with nibbling on his clavicle. Yuta couldn’t stop the torrent of moans falling out of his mouth, in whatever language his panicked mind could grab on to.

Yuta almost forgot how good Taeyong was when he was determined to make Yuta break out of reality and into the warm of subspace where all was good and golden and impervious to heartache.

Taeyong slipped his hand away from Yuta’s dick and gripped his right hip instead, steadying the trembling body as Taeyong licks a sloppy circle around Yuta’s way-too sensitive belly button. Taeyong felt goosebumps erupt down his spine when he heard Yuta’s high pitched whine. Taeyong swirled his tongue again, this time much slower—his psyche way too pleased with the sound his lover emitted.

“No, please don’t tease me, Taeyong-kun. I’ve been good so far,” Yuta’s words were breathless and quivering and Taeyong nodded his head, directing his mouth to nibble lower and lower as Taeyong’s hands wrapped around Yuta’s strong thighs. Yuta watched the flicker of unadulterated wanted in Taeyong’s eyes, peeking from between his legs before he watched the older of the two licked a languid strip from root to tip. Yuta’s eyes fluttered to the back of his head a moment later as Taeyong swallowed him whole.

“Fuck,” Yuta groaned as his toes curled and neck snapped back. Yuta felt like he was on fire like he was melting with every suck and a skillful swipe of tongue. Yuta quickly shot his knuckle to his own mouth to bite, to try to taper his embarrassing sounds, but Taeyong wasn’t having that. A sudden sharp smack caused Yuta to shriek. He looked down to see Taeyong rubbing the side of Yuta’s stinging hip. Taeyong still had Yuta filling his mouth, but Taeyong’s glare between his legs was the sexiest and most frightening thing he’s ever seen and it only made Yuta’s dick harder.

Taeyong slowly slipped Yuta from his mouth with a pop.

“You’re being naughty, baby boy. You know the rules don’t you?”
Yuta nodded his head and Taeyong smirked, a string of saliva connected his bottom lip and Yuta’s tip inches away. The lewdness of it all made Yuta twitch and Taeyong didn’t miss the ministration.

“Then act like it, Yuusuke. Don’t you want to be taken care of?”

Yuta nods before getting another smack on his thigh. He gasped at the sudden peel of pleasure followed by the smarting of blood rushing under his skin and warming the soothing hand.

“Words, Yuusuke. You’ve got to use your words, baby.”

Yuta lips began to form words but it all faltered once Taeyong’s tongue lapped at the precum dribbling from Yuta’s tip. Yuta abandoned trying to respond back when Taeyong sucked him back in, curses slipping between his teeth. He convinced he was going to die like this, with Taeyong’s steaming, slick mouth pulling him down to the depth, to a place he was sure to suffocate due to the innumerable amount of ecstasy rippling through his core and Yuta was way too happy to fucking drown in it.

Suddenly, the blaring voice of Lil Uzi Vert filled the room Yuta felt Taeyong’s heaven-sent mouth pull away. Yuta groaned annoyed, as he watched Taeyong fumbled to the side of the bed to where Yuta’s cell phone laid.

“You’re ringtone is Lil Uzi Vert?” Taeyong giggled, wiping his mouth. Yuta shrugged, trying to regulate his breathing.

“I have hood aesthetics, OK?” Yuta snipped and Taeyong chuckled before looking at the screen and frowning.

"Oh look, it's Jackoff Wang?"

"Who?" Yuta asked annoyed with how Taeyong’s mouth was forming words and not soft gargles around his cock. Taeyong rolls his eyes and smirks before tossing it to Yuta’s chest. Yuta picked up his iPhone and his heart thumped. His eyes quickly darted between Taeyong and the phone.

What should he do?
"Go on an answer, mochi-", Taeyong said with a sinister tone before kissing the junction of his leg and hip. Yuta did as he was told and reluctantly answered.

Yuta cleared his throat. "Hell- ooh shit ,"

Yuta’s words halted as Taeyong bit the inside of Yuta’s thigh. Yuta’s breath hitched.

"Yuta? Are you OK? Are you indoors? The weather is pretty heavy."

"Yeah I'm--," Yuta began coolly before Taeyong’s tongue lapped at his sack. “oh my god ---I'm OK,"

" Are you sure? Do you need me to come for you? " Jackson asked and Yuta bit his lip as Taeyong began to stroke Yuta quickly as he sucked harder on balls, Yuta’s legs trembling and breath erratic.

"I'm coming," Yuta gasped out and Taeyong quickly pulled off of Yuta and grabbed his thighs to pull him even closer to his face. Yuta almost screamed.

" To see me? Nice! I leave my door open ,"

"Yeah, open --,” Yuta was cut off by Taeyong’s velvet tongue circling his rim. “I gotta go.” Yuta rushed out before throwing his phone carelessly to the other side of the room and let out a relieving sigh.

"Taeyong, fuck.” Yuta cried out, toe-curling as Taeyong prodded gently at his insides with his mouth.

"What did he want?" Taeyong mumbled into Yuta’s hole and the latter let out a strangled cry.

"Huh, what?” Yuta questioned, literally clueless about whatever was happening in the world that didn’t have to do with Taeyong tongue. “I don't--fuck, I'm so close."
"How do you want to come, Yuusuke?" Taeyong’s voice was deep and dusky as he licked his lips as if Yuta was the tastiest thing to grace his taste buds. Taeyong slipped the callous pad of his index finger over Yuta’s puckering entrance. “My fingers? Tongue? Remember that time I made you come just by tongue-fucking your navel?” Taeyong asked his mind thinking fondly on the memory. “How you want it, baby boy? I’m all yours.”

"Please…anything, I don’t care," Yuta’s whine was perfect in Taeyong’s ears and the latter had a wonderful idea.

Yuta watched curiously as Taeyong jumped up from the bed to one of his selves that housed multiple POP figurines of Star Wars characters and multiple rap albums. When Taeyong turned around in all his naked glory, Yuta was surprised to see Taeyong with two sparkly cherry hair clips framing his bangs back. Taeyong smiled brightly and Yuta couldn’t help but think he’s so lucky to have such a beautiful person in his presence.

Taeyong quickly pushes a surprised and confused Yuta off the bed as Taeyong laid on his back in the middle of the bed, leaving a painfully horny Yuta standing at the edge of the bed.

“What the fuck was Taeyong doing? Yuta was way too horny, his dick was way too wet for Taeyong to not pay attention to him!”

Yuta grabs the box and offers it to Taeyong who giggles a soft ‘Thank you,’ before Yuta gawked at Taeyong who began to wipe his face.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Yuta snipped with a hand on his hip.

Taeyong chuckled cutely at Yuta before raising an eyebrow. “Isn’t it obvious? I’m clearing a space for you to sit.”
Yuta’s jaw completely unhinges itself and he tosses the Kleenex box haphazardly over his shoulder. Taeyong snickered at Yuta’s shocked expression before beckoning him over with a nod of the head.

“C’mon Yuusuke, I’m fucking starving.”

In less than five minutes, Yuta had the left side of his face pressed up against the frosted window directly above Taeyong’s headboard, his breath fogging up the glass, drool dribbling down his chin as his mouth channeled out pleasurable nonsense as the Japanese man proceed to ride the face of the man under him.

“Hyung, I fucking forgot how good you are at this,” Yuta whined and Taeyong responded with an eager moan into Yuta’s hole. Taeyong used one of his large hands to grip and spread Yuta’s right ass cheek and other hand gripped Yuta’s stuttering hips as the older of the two tonguefucked and nipped at Yuta’s tight taint. Yuta’s hips started quivering once Taeyong’s hand shifted lower and in an instant, Yuta’s breath hitched when he suddenly felt a finger slip inside of him and a strong suck on his balls.

“Jesus,” Yuta moaned and Taeyong snickered against Yuta’s trembling thigh.

“Hey, don’t you bring his good name into this,”

“I’m going to come, Taeyong, I--,”

“Don’t be stingy.” Taeyong groaned impatiently, grabbing Yuta’s lithe hips backward so Yuta could sit on his chest. “Let hyung have a taste, Yu-chan.”

“Fuck me, please Taeyong-kun? I really need you. I don’t even understand why I’m not bouncing on your fucking dick right now .” Yuta’s Japanese was furious and rapid as he stared down at Taeyong who raised an eyebrow. His Japanese was shitty at best, but the desperation in Yuta’s face as he jerked himself slowly was clear enough.

“Nope,” Taeyong whispered anxiously as he slipped a finger into Yuta, watching the fire in Yuta’s eye flare up.

Two more fingers, a couple of sharp slaps on the ass and a string of curses later—Yuta came
violently all over Taeyong’s open lips. Yuta screwed his eyes shut before nearly falling off the bed when his weakened body slumped to the left. Taeyong giggled and pulled the youngest to the center of the bed with Taeyong nestled between his legs.

Taeyong kissed Yuta languidly, darting his tongue over each one of the perfectly aligned teeth that made up the angelic smile—feeding off the soft moans Yuta emitted.

“You always taste so good,” Taeyong mumbled before pressing his still painfully hard cock on the inside of Yuta’s still rattling thigh.

Yuta sighed into Taeyong’s ear. “More, I need to feel you inside me…right now. Please.”

Taeyong’s senses shivered at the sweet begging and he smiled. “…I think I have some lube around?”

Yuta frowned. “How come you don’t have lube, hyung?”

“Um, we’re always at your place, babe. The hell do I need lube for?” Taeyong teased, tickling Yuta’s side before breaking away. Yuta hissed at the loss of contact as Taeyong began to look in miscellaneous drawers. Yuta tucked his arms under his head and his eyes watched Taeyong scour through his possessions. Yuta knew he was in love, but if he didn’t know before, he definitely felt it watching Taeyong’s eyes light up when he found a small packet.

“Alright, it’s ‘CHERRY BOMB’…obviously cherry-flavored, but’s still good.”

“Cherry bomb? Lame,” Yuta snorted as he rolled over on his back, eying the way Taeyong fiddled with the packet in his nimble fingers.

“You’re my cherry bomb. Why would that be lame?” Taeyong voice was thick and gruff before he flicked the packet to Yuta who caught it effortlessly. “Come on, my little cherry bomb. Give hyung a good show.”

Yuta impatiently tore the thick packet open, spreading it across his fingers. Under Taeyong’s heated gaze, Yuta rolled his head back and began preparing himself. After getting his second finger in, Yuta was completely hard again, dribbling as he felt one of Taeyong’s fingers grip his knee as he hovered. Yuta was preparing to slip in a third when he cracked his eyes opened a bit and
suddenly shouted, almost kicking Taeyong in the face.

“Taeyong, what the hell?!” Yuta shouted at Taeyong who shrugged, his phone still recording Yuta as the latter tried to cover himself up with a sheet.

“Yuta, you’re so extra. Don’t act like we haven’t made our own movies before. I still have them on my iCloud.” Taeyong waved off nonchalantly as Yuta huffed annoyed.

“Hyung!” Yuta tried to hide his face and Taeyong just crowded closer.

"It's fine, it's just for me.” Taeyong said confidently and Yuta snatched the phone and pressed the reverse camera. Yuta was pleased when Taeyong tried to avoid the camera.

“What’s wrong, Taeyongie? Camera shy?”

Taeyong tried to hide his face. “I don’t have any BB cream on!” Taeyong shrills in a comedic voice and Yuta’s heart swell at the gleefulness in Taeyong’s voice.

“I don’t know about BB cream, but I definitely gave you enough cream just then didn’t I?” Yuta smirks at the way Taeyong’s jaw dropped. Yuta giggled before brushing off a dry patch near the corner of Taeyong’s pink lips. “You look pretty with your clips,” Yuta continued and Taeyong bit his lips before taking the phone from Yuta’s fingers and tossing the iPhone somewhere on the floor carelessly.

Their lips crash together and Yuta’s felt his blood rushing in his veins.

Yuta knew what this kiss was, what it meant.

Taeyong was done playing; he was over the constant teasing, Taeyong was hungry and Yuta gladly lay down to become prey. Taeyong’s calloused hands slowly dragged up and down Yuta’s flank, mapping out the muscles rippling under milk-like skin. Taeyong dragged his bottom lip in between Yuta’s, prickle of joy filled his senses when he felt Yuta’s teeth rake across this bottom lip, before soothing it with this tongue.
"Fuck me," it was a dirty request wrapped in a pretty tone and felt lovelier than anything Taeyong’s heard in a while, but he shook his head no. Taeyong snarled and gripped Yuta's neck.

"Why should I, Yu-chan?" Taeyong snarled pulling Yuta from him slightly to bite under Yuta’s chin. “Isn’t Jackson everything I’m not?”

"I'm sorry," Yuta whined pathetically as Taeyong’s hand slid from his neck to his hair. “Taeyongie-hyung, please no more teasing?"

Taeyong’s eyes scraped a path across Yuta’s pouting face. "You’re not mine anymore, Yuta. We shouldn’t do this anymore, right?"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry… please, I'm burning up, please I need you inside me, please." Yuta apologized sincerely as he placed his hands on Taeyong’s forearms, pleading.

"You think you deserve it? After all this? After you let some fucking nobody feel like that they can step up to me and stake their claim?"

"I'm begging. I'll be good." Yuta pleaded as he sat in Taeyong’s lap, trying to reach Taeyong for a kiss, but the eldest swerved his head to the left. Yuta couldn’t hide how the rejection hurt.

"No more kisses, baby boy," Taeyong said dryly, gently slipping his hand over, Yuta’s pierced ear. “No affection, that's all for perfect, sparkly Jackson Wang right? Wouldn’t I be trespassing on private property?"

"No!" Yuta snapped gripping Taeyong’s jaw roughly to make Taeyong’s dark eyes focus on his own. “It's for you! All of my body, my mind, my heart—to.” Yuta was cut off by his own hiccup, his emotional control slipping as he watched the look of unadulterated awe. “My heart has always been yours Lee Taeyong and you're a fucking idiot to let anything convince you otherwise!” Yuta’s passionate words bounced off the walls and vibrated into Taeyong’s bones.

"Yuta--,"

Yuta lounged up and slotted their lips together, like the puzzle they were meant to be. “All I ever wanted was to be yours. Since day one,” Yuta’s words were breathless, but the way Taeyong’s hands pulled him by his waist closer made Yuta feel like the world was going to end if Taeyong
didn’t make him feel complete. The passionately callous fingers squeezing at him as Yuta gazed into Taeyong’s blown-out pupils frightened him. Doesn’t Taeyong know how much Yuta felt for him? Yes, Yuta liked Jackson but did Taeyong really want to give him away? Without a fight? “Take me. If I can't be yours at least make me feel like I am.”

Taeyong breathed deeply, his eyes darting all over Yuta’s face, trying to decipher all that Yuta was asking of him. “Yuta--,”

"Take me," Yuta demanded, grinding his hips against, Taeyong’s hardness, aching for release. The sound that emitted from Taeyong’s lips was a hybrid of a groan and a whine and it made Yuta’s insides burn with desire. “Hurry, please before I come to my senses.”

Taeyong swallowed Yuta's lips and Taeyong felt at home. “Come here, baby.” Taeyong growled was he laid Yuta on his back and pried his legs apart with his own thigh. Yuta didn’t have to wait too long before Taeyong impatiently breached Yuta with his slim fingers. Taeyong hissed at the way Yuta clenched upon his digits, scissoring them as he hiked the jersey collar down to suck on Yuta’s shoulder.

"You have been so bad, haven't you, Yuusuke?"

Yuta nodded, spreading his legs wider--trembling as Taeyong teased right next to his prostate, but purposely missing the spot.

"No, speak to me Yuusuke. Open up that pretty mouth and say filthy things to me."

"Taeyong-kun, please just take me already."

Taeyong shuddered from his ankles to his eyebrows and with one hand on his cock and the other with a bruising grip on Yuta’s hip, Taeyong slid into home base. He was already so keyed up due to teasing Yuta for so long, but he wasn’t going last too long inside of Yuta’s clenching body.

Taeyong pulled out, his tip dragging softly before rocking back in and everything else was a blur.

It didn’t take Taeyong long to find the perfect tempo, the sound of Yuta’s moans in a panicked staccato, Taeyong’s hand holding Yuta’s thin wrists against the mattress, the room filling with moans of different octaves, deep pants, and fluttering eyelids.
Taeyong could feel Yuta reaching another climax and Taeyong slipped out for a moment to stand up in front of the bed and grabbed Yuta’s ankle to drag him to the edge of the bed and slid back in. This way Yuta was wide open at the perfect level for Taeyong to piston into Yuta the way that Yuta needed to take it.

“Holy fuck, hyung--,” Yuta screamed as he felt strong hands fold his legs closer to his chest as Taeyong ground slowly into him.

“You look so fucking good in my jersey—you just don’t fucking know how disgustingly delectable you look right now.” Taeyong lolled his head back, trying to focus on not coming so quickly, but the way Yuta was—how he was spread out had Taeyong fighting a losing battle.

Suddenly, Taeyong felt a buzz on his right wrist and his Akdong Musician ringtone blaring.

Fuck.

Taeyong halted a stop, panting and cursing despite Yuta’s groans of annoyance as he looked at his Applewatch.

“Fuck, it's 3:30. We have work in a half hour,” Taeyong panted wiping the sweat from his brow. Yuta sucked his teeth.

“No…please, Taeyong.” Yuta locked his legs around Taeyong’s hip and felt the older man throbbing deep inside him. “Please, don’t stop. I’ll pay you for the day to make up for it?”

Taeyong sighed, rubbing Yuta’s trembling thigh lovingly. “I want to stay with you,” Taeyong whispered leaning down to tug the jersey off of Yuta gently. Yuta pouted trying to hold on to the jersey but Taeyong pressed his mouth into a thin line and Yuta reluctantly let go.

"I'm the only baker for the day since Doyoung requested off to add any finishing touches for band practice...ya know that thing you were supposed to be at hours ago?" Taeyong said matter-of-factly and Yuta sighed defeated, despite the sweet kiss Taeyong blew him. “I can't not show up, babe."
Yuta pouted, loosening his leg’s grip from Taeyong waist. “Fine.”

Taeyong drew himself to full height, watching the adorable pout of Yuta who prepared to slip away from him.

Taeyong winked before giving Yuta a way-too-wide grin.

Taeyong bit his bottom lips before aggressively steadying Yuta’s hips.

Yuta’s eyebrows scrunched in question before Taeyong smirked sadistically before stepping back a step before slamming his hips right back into Yuta, bottoming out in an instant. The later let out a sharp yelp that ended in a wanton whimper of pleasure.

"SIKE!" Taeyong chuckled, viciously, licking his lips before pulling Yuta’s ankles on his shoulder, pressing his lips against Yuta’s wincing toes. “You think I’m stupid? Why would anyone leave you to go to something tedious like work??”

“T-tae-,” Yuta’s stuttering only made Taeyong smile even wider before he pulled out slowly and thrust back in.

“You know that’s what you are right, baby boy?” Taeyong’s voice was deep and grated with lust and pure excitement as Taeyong pulled his wrist to his mouth to take off his Applewatch with his teeth before turning it off and tossing it carelessly over his shoulder, a crash in it’s wake. “My little personal piece of heaven….did you trade your halo to come down to earth? Are you trying to find your wings, babe?”

They missed work.

They both missed their respective practice.

They both ignored their phones.
Nothing truly mattered outside of Taeyong’s dorm.

Neither of them lasted pretty long after silencing the alarms, but Taeyong wasn’t deterred as he and Yuta rolled around nearly every nook of his dorm. Taeyong was surprised at Yuta's fervor, and how desperate he seemed despite Taeyong fulfilling his every request.

“I love you, Yuusuke.” Taeyong whispered his love into Yuta's skin, not nearly as quiet as he thought it was when he heard Yuta whisper back, in the midst of a pleased sigh.

“I love you too, Yongie. So much,”

Taeyong felt like the sunrise had risen in his chest and the world have stopped spinning for a moment. Taeyong slowed his hips down and felt Yuta grip on his shoulders tighten.

“Do you really mean that, Yuta?” Taeyong hissed feeling Yuta’s fingernails squeeze crescents into his back. Yuta shook his head, his arms trembling.

“No,”

Taeyong froze mid-stroke before pulling away just enough to gaze into the sweat, drenched, strung-out face of his lover before watching the light in pupils shine. Taeyong’s let out a struggling chuckle, caressing his nose against Yuta’s, fluttering his eyes closed and pressed his lips forward.

“You’re such a pretty liar, Yuta.”

As the snowfall got heavier throughout the evening, the room got steamier and somehow in the midst of switch positions applying more cherry-flavored lube, they forgot why they ever had an argument before. Somehow, to Taeyong it felt so much sweeter having Yuta in his dorm on a Friday afternoon, blowing off work and practice just to witness Yuta melting under his palm.

Hours later, Taeyong stared at Yuta who stood in front of him, fully dressed, wonderfully sore and a sea of twinkles in his eyes. Taeyong reached out to brush his thumb over the abused plump, pink
lip with a sigh, his eyes ghosting over Yuta’s relaxed features as Yuta turned his head to lay a soft kiss inside of Taeyong’s palm between his love and lifelines.

"Do you remember our first time?" Taeyong questioned and Yuta quirked up an eyebrow.

"The weekend you came to stay with me? How could I forget?" Yuta linked his arms around Taeyong’s neck who kissed Yuta’s forehead before placing his hands on the outside of Yuta’s hoodie, tracing his waist.

"I thought you were going to get the yakuza to kill me for confessing to you."

"If I had yakuza ties, I'd sic them on you for not preparing me enough."

"I was like 15 for fuck sake," Taeyong nuzzled his face into Yuta’s neck, embarrassed. “I didn't even last two minutes."

"You lasted—what…5 minutes the second go-round?"

"You were riding me." Taeyong responded before pulling back to pinch Yuta’s cheek. “And don't even start; you came before our all of our clothes came off. All I did was slip my tongue in your navel and--"

"You're an asshole." Yuta hissed punching Taeyong lightly on the chest, who in turn acted wounded. Yuta giggled gleefully as Taeyong reached to the coat rack to hand Yuta his coat. Yuta looked down at this coat between Taeyong’s hands, hesitant to take it; hesitant to leave.

"Remember what you told me back then?" Yuta asked timidly, toying with the cuff of the well-worn hoodie. Taeyong reached out to take Yuta’s hand in his. Taeyong smiled feeling Yuta squeezed back and Taeyong wondered. What would it be like to have Yuta as his boyfriend?

What would it be like to pick up Yuta up from band practice and drag him to the soccer team’s locker room for an after practice shower? What would it be like to knock on Yuta’s apartment door at 4AM because he was bored and needed a hug? What would be like to have Yuta complain to Taeyong about notes, band room drama and instruments Taeyong knew nothing about as he
continued to play Overreach? How would it feel to have Yuta sitting in his lap as they cheered for
Johnny at a basketball game at Sogang? What would it feel like to present Yuta with a huge,
cheesy, elaborate birthday gift in front of all of their friends?

What would it be to look Yuta in the face and I say ‘Let’s get married’?

Taeyong felt a stinging prickle at the back of his eyes.

"We said so much that night,"

"Do you remember?" Yuta’s question was dainty and painfully hopeful. “You said again today.”

"I did," Taeyong admitted. “I think we were just emotional since it’s the last time.” Taeyong’s
excuse was weak, but Yuta cleared his throat and nodded in agreement. Taeyong walked Yuta to
the door handed him his book bag.

“It’s late…do you want to just stay with me?” Taeyong offered, dipping his head to the empty
hallways. Yuta sighed.

“I’d love to, but I have so much to do first thing in the morning.”

"I'm sorry if I was a little rough," Taeyong apologized and Yuta raised an eyebrow.

"It's how I wanted it."

Taeyong hummed contently, reaching out to rub the tender spot behind Yuta’s ear with this thumb
as his other fingers curled around the back of his neck. He kneads the spot firmly, watching Yuta's
pert lips relax and his mouth falls open slightly. Yuta’s lashes were lush again his cheeks and he
let out a content moan.

Taeyong cautiously pulled Yuta to him and gave him a lazy, soft kiss that made Yuta’s knees weak
with anticipation and wonder. Taeyong tried to taper the kiss down, but Yuta’s fingers gripped his
shirt impatiently, whimpering with starvation and need as the two opened their mouths wider, the
soft clicks of their tongues, lathering each other noisily.
“Stop,” Taeyong whispered trying to push away but Yuta shook his head reaching for Taeyong again but Taeyong grabbed Yuta’s frail wrist and shook his head firmly.

“Be good to Jackson.” Taeyong said with reddening eyes. “I ruined all my chances. I’m not selfish enough to weigh you down. Be happy, OK?”

When Yuta gets home, he quickly buried himself in his sheets, trying to control his tears, but it was useless.

Yes, Jackson was “safer”. Jackson is a smarter choice, a more solid partner for Yuta. Someone who Yuta could grow with, have new experiences with and have a long, wonderful healthy relationship.

Yet all he ever wanted was splayed out in front him, finally showing a side to him Yuta always wanted to redeem… but it was all too much.

Yuta couldn’t risk it.

He just didn’t think it was worth the risk of ruining whatever happiness he could salvage. If he and Taeyong could be cordial and nice to one another, it would be better for everyone. He’d rather have Taeyong as just a friend, over having Taeyong being more, then the relationship sours and hate each other.

“Can I really pretend like I don’t love him?” Yuta asked mumbling into his pillow, clueless that his counterpart was wondering the same.

Chapter End Notes

No I'm not an angel either but at least I'm trying
I know I drive you crazy, but would you rather that I be a machine
Who doesn't notice when you late or when you're lying
I love you even more than you I thought you worried for
'Cause you're no angel either, baby.

-- "No Angel" - Beyonce

And if your wondering, YES "Whiplash" and "0 Mile" is my favorite bop, of all bops.

I hope you guys enjoyed that! I never wrote a single chapter this long and I've never written a smut so detailed, but I enjoyed the hell of it and I will do it more often! In the coming days please look out for these fics:

**Finger/Tip'd: [TY/JH]**
Taeyong, finally moves into his own apartment after dropping out of university to pursue dance. It's beautiful--900 sq feet, a washer AND dryer, open floor plan, spacious kitchen, separate tub and shower area, walk in closet an a prostitute next door who seems to fuck every night.

**Greyscale'd: [DY/TY]**
Doyoung puts an ad out on Craigslist. How the hell was he suppose to know his brothers' best friend was going to answer?

i love you all!
Georgy Porgy

Chapter Summary

*

It's not your situation
I just need contemplation over you
I'm not so systematic
It's just that I'm an addict for your love
Just think how long I've known you
It's wrong for me to own you, lock and key
It's really not confusing
I'm just the young illusion, can't you see?
-- "Georgy Porgy" - Eric Benet ft. Faith Evans

*

Chapter Notes

*

Y'all.

Y'all.

I'm back.

*WARNING, PETTINESS IS ABOUT TO ENSUE AND IT'S NOT RELEVANT TO THE FIC SO YOU CAN TOTALLY SKIP THIS PART*

So, I know you guys were worried and I love and thank all of you guys for the DMs and tweets on my handle. I did not abandon Bad Habits--but let me let y'all now what happened.

So this bitch, person named [I'M NOT GONNA EVEN GIVE HER THE FREE MARKETING] plagiarized the first two chapters of Bad Habits on Wattpad. The only version on Bad Habits that is on Wattpad is the Spanish translation which I've given permission for from another person who was willing to translate it.
And what made it worse was not only did she not ask permission (I would have said fucking no), not only did she try to justified it by slapping my name at the end saying "btw this isn't mine"... she made the damn cover photo for the fic Jungkook from BTS.

... /cries in no jams/

So disrespectful.

Like what in lateral fuck. Not literal--lateral. Due to this, I had to file 2 separate DMCA against her, had to email Wattpad four times & consult my lawyer. So if you wanted to know why that's why. I had to wait for the DMCA to be completed (I won obviously) before I could update, per the behest of my attorney. If I didn't make this clear before--this is a work of pure fiction. I own not the character, simply the words around them.

/sigh/

I'm not going to lie, I am a really mean person at heart. I know people don't say that often, but I cannot lie. I'm a good person overall, but piss me off and my wig is off. I cursed her out bad. No regrets here.

And I know she's reading this. And I know I shouldn't be mean, but if you're reading this, I hope that one day, your ultimate bias gets to have a tour and one of the concerts is in your city. I hope that you have the money. I hope that you get the time off from school/work to attend. I hope your parents/friends support you going. I hope you get P1. I hope you get the venue super early and that the staff likes you enough to secure you the BEST seat in the venue. I hope all of your fellow fans ADORE your outfit and that pimple you were worried about, clears up. And I hope that as soon as the concerts starts that you get hit the nastiest stomach bugs your little body has ever had. I hope it's so bad that you have to decide whether or not you want to run to the bathroom or take a risk that it's just a fart. I hope you take that chance. And SHART. And when your standing between 1500+ of your fellow fan girls stinking like a port-a-potty you look up to the sky and say "Oh God, what did I do to deserve this?" I hope you hear your UB singing in the middle of his best song: "Maybe you shouldn't have stole Rozlie's fic."

/ENDS PETTINESS/
Anyways--here's 15,000 words of what you've been waiting for. Here's Yuta and Taeyong complete story. This is why they hate each other. This is why they love each other. It starts with them 14/15 and ends with them 17/18. So it's five years before the first chapter.

**TW**: self-harm, mentions of suicide, violence.

If I'm missing a warning please, please, please let me know. I'm so desensitized that I have a hard time grasping what may trigger someone. Please be a doll and help me. Without further ado:

☀

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuta lids began twitching around nine AM due to the howling wind and heavy rainfall as Japan's monsoon season settled over Osaka in mid-March.

Yuta's eyes slowly peeled back, struggling to focus on the dimness of the ceiling wavering above him.

He tried swallowing but his throat felt so sore and irritated as if he was screaming for most of the night. His mind was floating in fuzziness and his body felt lethargic as he pulled himself to try to sit up; his lower back and thighs aching as if he ran for days and fell off a motorbike.

Yuta tried to move his right leg but felt a warm weigh on his thigh. His eyes trailed over to see tuff of dark brown hair. Yuta shot his hand out to brush the hair from the face.

"Taeyong?" Yuta's whispered in disbelief before the itinerary from yesterday raced in his mind.

1. Picking Taeyong up from the ferry with Takuya.
2. Madame Chiyo leaving for Singapore for eight days and taking most of the house attendants with her--leaving Takuya, Taeyong, and Yuta in the mansion alone with the maids and butlers.
3. Clinging to Taeyong.
4. Cuddling with Taeyong.
5. Kissing Taeyong in a sudden rush of emotions and bravery.
6. Taeyong kissing him back.

7. Begging Taeyong not to stop.

"Mhhm, Yuta?" Taeyong mumbled turning over to flick his eyes open for a second. His round eyes looked up to see Yuta and smiled tiredly. "Thank God, it wasn't just a dream."

Taeyong reached a sinewy arm out to cup a still dazed Yuta's neck and pull him down into a chaste kiss.

Yuta felt gold fill his veins thinking of last night, thinking of how wonderful life truly is.

"I'm here," Yuta whispered leaning in for another peck and Taeyong smiled before sitting up on his knees in front of a still visibly exhausted Yuta.

"I...uh, didn't hurt you too bad did I?" Taeyong's words were meek and shy, the opposite of how fifteen-year-old Taeyong was yesterday. Besides fumbling words and shaky fingers that Taeyong possessed--he was bold, patient and careful. Yuta kissed him again thinking of how sweet but confident Taeyong was. Taeyong surety is what made Yuta relax and stay calm as he forfeited his virginity.

"Not really," Yuta began nervously. "It hurt at first but it got much, much better." Yuta brushed a few strands from Taeyong's view. "You?"

"It was incredible. You're astonishing." Taeyong smiled lewdly and Yuta rolled his eyes. "But really, I'm sorry I hurt you--even a little. I think maybe I was too impatient at first...I'll do better next time." Taeyong intertwined his fingers with Yuta's. The younger of the two watched in mute joy as Taeyong lifted their fingers to his mouth and kissed Yuta's lithe fingers.

"Taeyong?" Yuta asked watching Taeyong's eyes swell a bit with tears.

"Do you love me? Like, honestly? Like how I love you?" Taeyong asked with a soft voice and Yuta nodded furiously.

"Yes. I love you. I love you more than anything, Lee Taeyong." Yuta swore that they told each how much they loved each other over and over again just last night, but somehow doubt filled
"Isn't this bad?" Taeyong worries his lip and Yuta shook his head.

"Eomma says love can never be bad as long you're not hurting anyone, it's OK."

"But if she knew--,"

"It doesn't matter though. It's love. Love isn't bad. How can our love be bad, Taeyongie?" Yuta cut Taeyong's words and Taeyong's eyes soften.

"This should be the last time; I don't want...this is a touch too much. Maybe, just for now? When we're older we can...I'll have more patience, I promise." Yuta could see that Taeyong's words were hurting him a bit. Apart of Yuta knew what Taeyong was saying was correct but last night was the best sensations he ever felt, he didn't want it to stop. Yuta tightened the hold on their hands.

"OK...I guess, for now, we won't...but I'm happy my first time was with you."

"Me too!" Taeyong's smile faltered slightly as Yuta cleared his throat.

"...doesn't this change everything?" Yuta's words were sliding into a whisper and Taeyong shook his head.

"It doesn't have to." Taeyong was anxious but he didn't think this could ever cause such a problem.

The two of them always loved each other much more than either ever expected and somewhere along the lines, both had given up fighting the force that was anchored in their hearts, allowing them to float away but never leave.

When Taeyong stepped off of the ferry yesterday, with an overnight bag and a wide smile, all he wanted to do was to kiss Yuta who had teary eyes, windswept hair, and reddening cheeks. To Taeyong, last night was just the natural flow of things.
He expected it from the way Yuta would sing little love songs to him over the phone or how sometimes when Taeyong in the middle of the night with a deep, frosted voice would tell Yuta that he loves his silly smile, his laugh and how just being close to him made him feel...different.

He was in love with Yuta for way longer than he wanted to admit. "Baby, this just means I love you in every way."

"Isn't this like inces--," Yuta nervously began but Taeyong cut him off quickly, his other hand cupping his face.

"It's not," Taeyong dipped in for a kiss, something Taeyong was dying for the past few years and finally was able to do without a slip of hesitation. "As heartbreaking as it was to find out and crippling it was to read that piece of paper from the geneticist, I thank God that we're not real brothers, Yuusuke." Taeyong's words were breathless as he caressed Yuta's cheek with his own. Yuta took a sharp intake of breath.

"Don't--," Yuta whined but Taeyong shushed him with a light kiss against the apple of his cheeks. "But you are Yuusuke. You being Yuusuke doesn't change that we had a lifetime together. It will never change the fact that I love you. Is it heartbreaking? Yes, I lost a brother, but look what I got instead. You'll always be the Yuta I grew up with but you're Yuusuke, too--the love of my life, all in one."

Taeyong could feel Yuta shiver as he moved closer, the sheets rustling as trembling hands pulled Taeyong for another kiss.

He felt knots in his stomach as Yuta pressed up against him, a roll of fire in his belly as his counterpart sighed again him. Taeyong sighed into the crux of Yuta's neck, kissing it gently.

Taeyong fantasized about this for much longer than before when Yuta was taken away, but he never thought it would be possible.

Taeyong was in awe last night at how Yuta completely melted under him, unhurried and bared--completely unfolded with barely a touch. Taeyong felt mirth and spirits run inside his veins last night, being awkward and 15 did nothing to build his confidence, but Yuta's glossy eyes looking up to him as they made love for the first time made Taeyong feel like he was much experience than he truly was. Not many teens can say they lost their virginities during a thunderstorm between
thousand dollars sheets in Osaka, but Yuta and Taeyong were anything but average.

"You sure you're not hurt, Yu-yu?" Taeyong mumbled as he laid Yuta flat on his back, his long fringe clouding most of his sight as he shook his head.

"Nah, I um...practiced once?" Yuta blushed before chuckling. "Twice?"

"Were you thinking of me?" Taeyong felt a jolt in his core at Yuta's confession, brushing his brown hair out of his eyes.

"I always think of you...every time."

"I thought it was only twice?" Taeyong teased and Yuta frowned being caught in his lie. Taeyong's eyes treaded down Yuta's naked body and then back up.

"Show me how you do it, Yuusuke." Taeyong's words were heavy and demanding, but his eyes were loving and playful.

"Taeyong, I thought we just said we wouldn't--" Yuta whined, trying to hide his face.

"Please, Yuusuke? Show me and I'll show you what I did when I thought about you, too."

Yuta's face reappeared from behind his fingers as if Taeyong offered him the world. Yuta balked suddenly and shook his head.

"Hyung, it's...embarrassing,"

"Just a teensy, tiny bit? You don't ever have to hide from me," Taeyong said honestly and Yuta pulled him for a smoldering kiss.

"Let me show you something else, hyung."
The rest of the week Taeyong and Yuta used to explore Osaka's every nook and cranny, finding out all the little secrets the old city had and the two horny teens made out at every little landmark they can find.

Luckily, Takuya was busy managing most of the new merger while Madame Chiyo is in Singapore. And because Yuta was doing better mentally and becoming more obedient, he no longer needed a shepherd. They took photos of the streams, the newly blooming sakura, shrines--ate as many matcha ice creams as they could fathom.

Yuta was also given the keys to the second house in Nagoya which Yuta's parents owned before they were married. It was a beautiful classic style bungalow with winding trails along the back and a quaint pond in the front.

Yuta cried when he first entered it, remembering vividly where he bumped his knee when he was two and when his mother and father chased him around the perimeter. To Yuta, it was much more domestic and was where he wanted Taeyong to see as soon as we're able.

They spent three nights in the quaint home swimming in the pool, laying out in the sun, watching movies and cuddling in the nights.

"This feels so natural," Yuta said sitting at the kitchen's bar as Taeyong made them dinner.

Yuta felt a sudden surge of emotions as he watched Taeyong trying to sing along with the Japanese trot song playing on the radio. It was Yuta's third time in the house and it was filled with photos of him and his parents and he never remembered the home from his memories before, but it was so familiar he couldn't help but fall in love.

"You said something, babe?" Taeyong said turning around with flour powered hands.

Yuta wondered staring at Taeyong's loving grin-- if this was the way his mother looked at his
father?

What would their future be like? Would they live in Nagoya?

Would they have eomma, Jisung, Taeyeon and Yesung visit during the festivals season?

Adopt three children, two dogs and sponsor a little girl's education in Sudan and Indonesia?

Yuta would still be able to run the Nakamoto company and maybe Taeyong would take soccer seriously and join a local league?

Would Yuta come home in a suit to a loud house, tripping over toys, happy puppies to see their children in the backyard playing with their father and his husband...his Taeyong?

"Yuta? Why are you crying?" Taeyong whispered as he swiped the liquid under Yuta's shedding eyes.

"I'm sorry, I just--."

"Is being here too much? Are there too many memories?" Taeyong asked, so softly. So considerate. There's no way Yuta didn't want to be with Taeyong forever.

"I just...maybe after graduation...from um, university...this...this is my house, now. You know, I inherited this from my parents..."

"Yes," Taeyong said firmly pressing a kiss to Yuta's forehead and Taeyong was trembling, "Yes. We'll move here. I'll join you here. We can make a life here. You and me, I promise."

The week ended way too quickly for any of them and before he knew it, Yuta was back at the ferry dock, but this time they were happy.

Taeyong pulled Yuta in for a hug and with a small movement, he even lands a quick kiss unnoticed by onlookers.
"I already sent the stuff for eomma, but this is for you." Yuta said shyly when Taeyong pulled away. Yuta held out an envelope and Taeyong peaked inside before rolling his eyes and pressing it back into Yuta’s hand.

"Money? We don't need this," Taeyong said softly with a smile. "Since mom started doing social work for the state and all the big kids have started careers...we don't need anything."

"This is for you, Tae...to get whatever you want." Yuta whispered shyly and Taeyong chuckled at his cuteness. Yuta had spoiled Taeyong so much with all the gifts, clothes and trinkets that Taeyong--well, Yuta--brought him a bigger, better luggage set.

Taeyong could barely believe that once upon time Taeyong would steal ramen and honey butter chips just feed Yuta. Now, Yuta was swimming in so much money that Taeyong couldn't believe it.

"Are you sure? You brought me so much stuff already,"

"What's mine is yours. I want to spoil you, just like how you spoiled me."

"The only thing I want is your heart. Spoil me with love and kisses," Taeyong pouted and Yuta grinned.

"It's yours, forever if that's all you want."

Too soon the bell tolled for the ferry to depart.

"Call me?"

"Of course!"

"I love you, Yu-yu."
"I love you, Yongie. See you in a few months!"

When Madame Chiyo arrived a week after Taeyong departed, Yuta is actually happy to see her and even came to the airport with Takuya to receive her. He sat in her office once she was done unpacking and begged her to tell him all about the potential merger. Not having an audience for a while, she proudly explained her brutal but poised tactics on how to over flatter, but underhand.

When she, in turn, asks Yuta about his week with Taeyong, Yuta smiles and shrugs—explaining nonchalantly that most of it was running up and down the city and teaching Taeyong Japanese.

"You remind me so much of Shinosuke," she said suddenly as Yuta unwrapped the chocolates she brought back for him. Yuta stopped mid-chew.

"Who do I remind you of, grandmother?"

"Your father," she said with a light shimmering in her eye. "He looked just as you did, all arms and legs and adventures. I was too busy building conglomerates to be a proper mother to him, but with you here. I don't miss him nearly as much,"

Yuta felt a lump in his throat as he carefully placed the chocolates back on the desk, clearing his throat. "Can...I um, could you tell me more about him, grandmother? I saw photos but...um, what was he like? Was he funny? Did he like sports? Did he meet...did he meet okaa-san in school?"

Yuta couldn't help how his voice cracked and Madame Chiyo remove her glasses to wipe her eyes.

"I was waiting for you to ask. And if you’re wondering, your father was hilarious; he laughed at the corniest jokes."

It was his first time that Yuta really heard about his parents. What they liked [video games], their favorite foods [jerk chicken and sashimi] -- he was enamored with every morsel of information and the piece in his heart he always was missing felt a bit filled.
After that, the glass castle wasn't nearly as cold as it was before. Yuta made a genuine effort to greet his grandmother with a smile and corny joke to make her chuckle in between their walks in the gardens.

♡

The months flew by but Yuta never missed the opportunity to call and chat Taeyong when he could. He didn't neglect his studies at the academy, making few friends, but remained in the top 5% every semester and even accompanying Takuya and Madame Chiyo to her business meetings whenever he was allowed.

When March pulled around and Yuta got his final report card, Takuya greeted him with a smile and his ticket to Seoul within the week.

"I'm very proud of you, Yuta." Takuya said proudly ruffling Yuta's hair playfully.

"Thank you, Takuya. I'm so thankful for you."

Takuya wasn't expecting to be bombarded with a sudden and brief hug, but he chuckled and hugged him back quickly before straightening Yuta's tie and pinching invisible lint from his suit jacket.

"Go on and present your transcript to Madame Chiyo. I'll be right behind you."

Yuta knocked on the door and with a perky 'come in', Yuta poked his head in to see his grandmother speaking with another guest.

"Oh, Yuusuke. Nagashima-sama, this is my grandson and future heir-Yuusuke. Yuusuke, this is Nagashima Koji-sama. He is the current CFO of Arashi Enterprises."

Yuta bows respectfully. "I am pleased to meet you, Nagashima-sama. I am sorry for my manners; I was just excited to greet my grandmother."
"Do not fret, Yuusuke. I was just taking my leave." the older man said as his attendant helped him up from his seat but his deep-set eyes focused on Yuta. "Wow, you look just like your mother when you smile. She was my daughters' best friend. I will take my leave, now Madame Chiyo."

Yuta bowed respectfully as the man took his leave. Takuya stood by the door as Yuta sat in the once occupied seat. His grandmother smiled.

"Yuusuke, what is it that you wanted to show me?" she asked calmly and Yuta cleared his throat before presenting the brown envelope with his transcript with both hands.

"It's my grades." he said proudly with a bow.

"All perfect marks," Madame Chiyo said simply, reviewing the sheaves of paper. "Second in your class? I see. What is that in your hand?"

"Oh, the ticket." Yuta said haphazardly and he also handed it to his grandmother who refused it. She instead turned to Takuya who was watching the scene with a soft smile.

"Terada-san, please cancel Yuusuke's flight to Seoul."

Yuta's smile sloughed off his face.

Huh?

"Pardon?" Takuya asked confused looking at Yuta's shocked expression and the Madame’s nonchalant face. "I...you asked me to book this flight once his grades were confirmed."

"Baa-chan?" Yuta asked softly, fiddling with the ticket in his hand. "It's already the end of the school year and all the exams are complete. Tomorrow is the last day. What did I do wrong, baa-chan?" Yuta asked with trembling fingers. His heart was thumping in his chest. "I'm one of the top students."
"You are number two," she stressed the last syllable like it was a communicable disease festering before her eyes. "You did not study enough," she said firmly and Yuta raised an eyebrow in sheer confusion. "You keep talking to that scoundrel."

"Baa-chan, Taeyong is no scoundrel," Yuta spoke up quickly. "He has nothing to do with this-- he encourages me to do better! He's the top of his classes too! Taeyong cheers me on, baa-chan. I would have barely made it through my final without his well wishes."

"Yet here you are-- number two!" She barked and Yuta flinched as it hit. "Second place does not deserve any accolades!"

"But the number one student in the school is a girl on scholarship from India with an IQ close to Einstein! She took three extra courses and can speak English! I was only 4 points away from her!" Yuta shouted, losing his cool. Takuya moved to calm Yuta down but Yuta's glare pinned him in his place. Yuta turned back to the stony face of his guardian. "There was no possible way to outscore Farrah Singh. She's a member of Mensa! I tried hard!"

"Terada-san, as I requested," she commanded again and Yuta began to fidget looking from Takuya's worries expression back to his grandmother's cold face.

"Baa-chan, please don't! If I was at another academy I would've been number one! I worked so hard! I did all that you asked, baa-chan! Please don't do this to me."

"Madame, the reservation cannot be canceled so suddenly." Takuya spoke up, trying to keep his voice even. "You even asked me to rent him a condo for this week visit."

Yuta felt his anxiety take over and threaten to eat him alive.

This can't be happening. This was the culmination of all his hard work.

With a pathetic sob, Yuta stormed out, wiping his tears.
Madame Chiyo reaches in her drawer to light a slender cigarette.

"Madame, may I please say something?" Takuya began quietly and the elder woman raised an eyebrow as she sat back down, looking over the grades for a second before tossing it carelessly to the side.

"Whatever for?"

"As Yuusuke-sama's personal attendant, I've seen Yuusuke grow within his short time here. It is not easy for him and it's extremely difficult for him to have to learn hiragana and kanji, but he is second in his entire class only because of his love for his kin. He's had many restless nights to honor his family and make us all proud." Takuya began pacing in front of the desk trying to quell his nervousness. "If you were to continue to...clip his wings, he may completely revolt."

"Pardon? How dare you, Terada-san?"

"Madame, Yuusuke will be eighteen within 2 years." Takuya said tersely no longer caring about his position but only about the family he's gained and what's he's not willing to lose. "Why would he choose to stay in Japan if we're making it difficult for him to transition? Why would he want to stay and run the business? Why would he not change his name and return to South Korea with what calls his "true family"?"

"He would never." Madame Chiyo shook her head in disbelief. "We've grown fonder towards each other. He calls me his baa-chan. We have talks and walks...he asks about Shinosuke and Midoriko all the time." the eighty-year-old began to clear her throat, trying to ignore the onslaught of emotions. "He lets me spoil him. He is my grandson."

"He grew fonder to you because Yuusuke felt like you loved him enough to be happy. After his attempt, you flew in the woman who raised him and his brother. You promised that if he got better, if he tried hard in school and if he learned how to handle business that you would let him have the summer break in Seoul. He's been wonderful but if you take this away from him, he'll make sure he'll attempt suicide in a more inconceivable way."

"If he dares, I'll cut him off." Madame Chiyo said flippantly and Takuya scoffed.

"If he dares, he'll be dead."
The thick slice of silence they fell over them was almost tangible. Madame Chiyo narrowed her eyes at her employee but Takuya continued, unfazed.

"Yuusuke cares nothing about money." Takuya said slowly, regaining the control of his manners. "He used to sleep four people to a mattress and was happy. He used to share one cup of ramen with five people and was happy. Money does not make him happy."

Madame Chiyo looks over to Takuya and stamps out her cigarette in defeat.

"Terada-san. Please prepare to accompany the young master on his flight."

Takuya sighs before slowly getting on his knees and bowing.

"Thank you for being so kind, Madame Chiyo."

♡

Yuta was supposed to be happy.

He was at the dinner table after the quick flight from Osaka to Seoul, but soon as he landed without warning the others, he felt a surge of warmth and excitement from everyone.

Everyone except Taeyong.

But Yuta was happy.

He was home.

He was next to eomma who was--after nearly 50 years was finally showing a little bit of gray in her hair, but she was still lively, barely a winkle and as fit as an ox. She was currently piling food on Yuta's plate, chastising him for getting thinner despite his tall stature.
Yuta found out that there were only a handful of people in the house now,-- Sicheng - a Chinese kid who eomma took in that was in a traveling troupe, Jaehyun, Taeyong, Doyoung and Taeyeon who's only home to sleep in between working on her Master's degree at Ehwa University.

Takuya was quite nervous, but Yuta didn't understand why--eomma was enamored with his good looks, perfect manners and gentle disposition. Takuya and Taemin had grown closer and Yuta had a sneaking suspicion that they were much closer than Takuya was leading on.

After dinner, Yuta runs upstairs to wash his hands and on his way downstairs he sees Taeyong beaming at him.

"Yuta!" Taeyong snickers with a sly smile, reaching for a quick touch on the shoulder but it ruined when Sicheng calls Taeyong's name.

Yuta barely felt jealousy in his life. But the way Taeyong quickly pulled away from Yuta to run to a whiny Sicheng made Yuta want to hurt something.

"Jaehyunnie," Yuta asked as he walked in the bathroom without knocking, reverting back to lack of home training and paltry privacy skills.

Jaehyun was sitting on the sink's edge brushing his teeth.

"Yeah, Yuta?" Jaehyun responded and Yuta frowned, leaning against the door.

"What's up with Winwin? He follows Taeyong everywhere." Yuta whined with a whisper. It was his second day and it was past midnight, but Yuta didn't want to go back to the condo he shared with Takuya.

Jaehyun sighs. "Wanna take a walk?"

It took them all of five minutes to throw on a jacket and head out to the middle of the city at night, landing at a convenience store for ramen.
"So much has changed within the year," Yuta said brusquely and Jaehyun nodded.

"Yeah. All of our hard praying paid off. Everyone's really well adjusted."

"Except me." Yuta sighed toying with his noodles. "I feel like a foreigner. Like, I don't belong anymore, even with Taeyong."

"Winwin kinda filled that place that you had left in a way. But he's here temporarily."

"So am I," Yuta sulked and Jaehyun snorted sardonically.

"No, not with Taeyong...no one can compete with you in Taeyong's eyes." Jaehyun said wistfully and Yuta raised an eyebrow.

"Really?"

"Yeah, I tried." Jaehyun huffed and the two shared a laugh.

On the way back, Yuta takes it upon himself to teach Jaehyun all the nasty words he knew in Japanese as they wondered the streets hand in hand. When they rounded the corner up the hill to where the house was, a pissed off Taeyong was sitting on the trunk of eomma's car, looking pissed.

"Where were you two?" Taeyong snipped and Yuta chuckled, still holding Jaehyun's hand.

"I missed ramen at 2AM, Yongie." Yuta mock pouted before rolling his eyes, looking around the car. "Where's the little chick that follows you around? Finally asleep?"

Taeyong eyes Jaehyun before looking back at Yuta intently. "Can we talk...privately?"

Jaehyun sucks his teeth and pulls away from Yuta who chases him for a bit to land a wet kiss on his cheek.
Yuta turns around from watching Jaehyun open the gate and step inside, he looks Taeyong up and down and pouts as he saunters over to Taeyong smoothly, already aware of how his skin glows and eyes shine under the street light.

"Yongie," it fell from his lips like a breathless moan as he moved closer; slinking in between Taeyong's splayed knees. "Didn't you miss me?"

"Not here," Taeyong whispered as he looked down at Yuta who was now fully leaning against the trunk.

"You're no fun, hyung." Yuta moaned, watching Taeyong's eyes slip close and his knees trembled. Yuta knew he couldn't be resisted.

"Tomorrow...come to my condo in Gangnam. I miss cuddling with you." Yuta pressed his face against the side of Taeyong's slender neck as the latter's hands gripped the back of his head lovingly. Yuta slipped his eyes closed...finally Taeyong was touching his too hot skin and Yuta felt desperate. "Being back home makes me dizzy. Hyung, I need you to myself."

Taeyong's hands twitches on Yuta's cheeks and kissed his forehead. "Just being around you calms my nerves. You make me sleepy, Yuta."

"I want you all to myself again," Yuta kissed Taeyong's palm as his hands slid up Taeyong's pajama clothed thighs. "I need your touch so fucking bad,"

"Not tonight," Taeyong chastised and Yuta rolled his eye.

"I know, not in the house." Yuta pouted before pulling away to let Taeyong climb down from his seat on the trunk. "But sleep next to me tonight, OK?"

Yuta sleeps peacefully next to Taeyong in the living room and in the morning before the house could stir, he lets himself up and out of the house to head to the condo.

"Hyung?" Yuta asks as he walks into the temporary home for him and Takuya to see Taemin in the kitchen, in just sweatpants and hickies on his chest and shoulders.
"Yuta--I thought you were...going to be at eomma's?!” Taemin shrieked as he tried to cover his chest with a terrycloth towel. Yuta raised an eyebrow.

"I was...but I come back here for my clothes... um...where is Takuya?"

"Jagiya~," Takuya groaned out as he stepped from the bathroom with a robe and scratches on his chiseled chest. Yuta has never seen Takuya without a sweater or his suit and had no idea what was hiding underneath…but damn.

Once Takuya noticed the grossed out expression on Yuta, Takuya screamed.

"OMG, why are you here?!" Takuya shouted aghast and Yuta scoffed.

"I live here until the week is up!" Yuta looked at the space between Taemin and Takuya before it clicked.

Oh my God

"What did you do to my hyung, Terada!” Yuta whined in disbelief.

"I--I um, shit." Takuya panicked and bowed repeatedly... "I...I....I'm sorry, I didn't know how--,

"He's my boyfriend," Taemin said plainly walking over to Takuya who was still panicking. "I love him, Yuta. Takuya, this is my kid brother Yuta. You know him as Yuusuke, but he's not just your ward anymore. Thank you for taking care of him."

Yuta rubbed his hand across his face, walking out of the kitchen. Yuta couldn’t say he was surprised. "Wow. This is...this is great. Do you know that eomma already loves him, Taemin-hyung?"

"She told me. I...I didn't tell her about us yet." Taemin said poking Yuta’s cheek affectionately. “You’re taller now! Gosh, look how cute you are now.
"Thanks, Taemin-hyung. My lips are sealed! But...um...can you guys like go on a date tonight? I kind of want to have the place to myself?"

Takuya nodded, his face red as he began to bow again. "I'm so sorry, Yuta. He's your brother, I should've asked first."

Yuta looked to Taemin before chuckling. "No, I owe you so much Takuya. I'd be honored to consider you my...hyung's hyung?"

"He lets me call him oppa if I've been good," Taemin whispered in Yuta's ear who nearly fainted at Takuya's expense.

After Yuta died of laughter and the two dressed and left, Yuta ran to the nearest Daiso to get more snacks than he can carry, and more candles than a three bedroom condo would need.

At 3PM sharp, there's a knock at the door.

Yuta tried to calm himself down, but his body was tripping him out.

He needed Taeyong to slip into his core and make him feel whole again.

Yuta swung the door open to see Taeyong.

...and Sicheng.

Yuta doesn't even try to hide his confusion.

"Hi, hyung!" Sicheng's heavy-accented Korean pipes through and the youngest of the three peeps over Yuta's shoulder. "Ooh is that ice cream?" Sicheng turns to Taeyong whose eyes soften on the Chinese orphan. "Taeyong-hyung can I have some ice cream?"

"Sure, go ahead." Taeyong smiled and Sicheng brushed past Yuta to run over to the bucket of ice cream on the coffee table.
"I didn't say he could have--why the fuck is he here?" Yuta hissed viciously and Taeyong frowned as he stepped in.

"He was abused pretty badly and isn't he used to being alone," Taeyong whined and Yuta growled.

"He's going to be abused if he does get the fuck outta here--," Yuta snipped and Taeyong sighed.

"Yuusuke--,"

"Yuusuke ?" Yuta bit viciously before looking Taeyong up and down in disgust. "--the fuck is up with you?"

"Why are you so angry?"

"I've been waiting for seven months to be alone with you and you invite someone else! I had this planned out to be a romantic couple of days!"

"Romantic...why?" Taeyong questioned peeling his shoes off and Yuta stared at Taeyong as if his look could make Taeyong spontaneously combust.

Did Taeyong swallow a rock?

"Take a wild guess!" Yuta hissed so Sicheng's annoying ass couldn't hear them from the hallways. "You—me—alone--bed?!"

Taeyong's eyes softened. "...we should've not done that..."

"We love each other." Yuta gasped searching around Taeyong's face. "It's what we want! We've been talking about it ever since--...that's why you didn't want to talk about it anymore?" Yuta was trembling at this point. "Why you won't kiss me?" Yuta's words were shaky and anxious. "Because of him? You fucking left me for him?"
Taeyong reached out for Yuta, desperate. "No, I could never--;"

The moment was ruined by the doorbell. Yuta sighed and shook away from Taeyong to open the door. It was Doyoung with heavy eyes and his binder in his arm.

"I'm sorry for just showing up, but I just came from cram school and I'm too tired to take another train," Doyoung whined before looking over Yuta's shoulder. "Oh, hi Taeyong! Sicheng!"

"Yeah, we're just hanging out," Yuta said almost annoyed before an idea flitted across his mind.

Yuta smiled and took Doyoung's hand in his.

"I was just going to text you. We're watching a movie, come sit next to me."

---

To say it was tense would be an understatement.

Doyoung was relaxed and excited as Yuta clung to him a bit closer than they've ever been, but Doyoung liked it. Yuta was always a good hyung to him and Doyoung missed his presence.

Yuta could feel the virtual daggers Taeyong threw at them as Yuta snuggled against Doyoung. Sicheng, ever so clueless, was just content eating chicken and ice cream.

"Doyoung, do you want a drink?" Yuta said with a killer smile and Doyoung nodded shyly, not use to the attention from someone as pretty at Yuta.

"I'll help you with the drinks," Taeyong said tersely and follow Yuta as they walked down the hall and into the kitchen.

"You think you're cute, huh?" Taeyong hissed and Yuta opened the fridge door nonchalantly.
"Fuck yeah, I do." Yuta's words were frustratingly careless to Taeyong's ears as he grabbed a few sodas, handing two to Taeyong who was still fuming. Yuta leaned in, his words heating up the shell of Taeyong's ear. "Doyoung thinks so, too." Yuta ghosts his lips over Taeyong's only to snort and walk out of the kitchen.

Yuta presented Doyoung with his drink and snuggled right up Doyoung’s arm.

"I'm tired, Doyoung-ah." Yuta whines, burying his face against Doyoung's neck.

"You can nap on me, Yuta-hyung."

Yuta rests against Doyoung who blushes and holds Yuta firmly.

♡

Later in the evening, Yuta sees the guys off—even a jealous Taeyong expressed that he ‘enjoyed himself’.

Yuta spent the rest of the evening trying not to rage quit by cleaning up the apartment, showering and getting ready for bed, an ache in his stomach at the thought about how Taeyong ruined their own chance at being together.

A bit before midnight, Yuta hears his doorbell.

Yuta scrunches his face reaches blindly for his phone and flips it open. There were no missed calls from Takuya or Taemin.

Yuta rolls his eyes and pulled on his robe, lazily stuffing his feet in his slippers.

He swings the door open to see reveal an antsy looking Taeyong who had furiously bloodshot eyes.

"Don't pull that shit again" Taeyong hissed as he crowded Yuta against the wall. Yuta tried to stare Taeyong back in the eyes, but his gaze was too strong, too dominating.
"Pull what?" Yuta's lowered his eyes, trying to stop his body's natural reaction to seeing Taeyong pressed so close, his head swimming with possibilities.

"Trying to make me jealous. Don’t fucking do that." Taeyong voice was deep and dangerous, his fingers curling around Yuta’s waist. "You know how I am. You know how I feel about you."

Yuta shoves Taeyong off him roughly.

"Oh fuck off. You replaced me! I'll just cozy up to whomever," Yuta walked to the living room flicking the lights on. "I'm surprised you noticed I was even alive with cirque-du-chicken next to you."

"Don't," Taeyong begged frail and Yuta turned at the cracking in his voice. "I wanted to punch Doyoung when he asked me what kinds of candy you like, which flowers are your favorites...I can't."

Yuta frowned before going to Taeyong and caressing his face. "Hyung," Yuta whispered, leaning for a kiss, but Taeyong jerked to the side.

"Don't," Taeyong mumbled and Yuta shook his head, his hands cupping Taeyong's face so he can look him in the eyes.

"Hyung, come here. I miss you," Yuta whined and Taeyong shivered as he placed his hands on Yuta's waist. Taeyong knew that Yuta had nothing under the robe.

"We shouldn't," Taeyong tried. He was trying to resist, but it was a waste of energy to try and deny Yuta anything.

"But I need you. I feel insecure too and I need you to make it go away." Yuta pleaded. "Only you can make it go away."

"I can't," Taeyong frowned trying to move away but Yuta only pressed up against him more.

"Of course you can." Yuta’s words were hot clouds around the shell of Taeyong’s ear. “You said
you would and I need you, hyung."

"It's not right,"

"If it wasn't right, why would you be here?" Yuta’s words were lush, filled with common sense and desire. “I love you and you love me and we haven't seen each other in--,"

"I don't love you."

/insert record scratch/

Yuta's head reeled back and he eyed Taeyong like he grew an extra head…or seven.

"Did you swallow a rock?" Yuta spat gazing Taeyong up and down, trying to ignore the burn in his chest.

Taeyong huffed and pushed himself away from Yuta, rounding the coffee table to create space between them. "You heard me. I don't love you, not like that."

Yuta mind went blank.

Yuta has been through a lot of horrific things in the last year and a half, but this was the most frightening.

Yuta feels like of all things that have happened to him—physical therapy at six, skin grafts on his shoulders, going hungry, being ridicule, finding out his whole life was a lie, stolen away from his family, attempted suicide #1, being bullied in school, contemplating suicide attempt #2-- that this was the worse.

"Can I ask you an honest question, Taeyong?" Yuta asked feeling anger twist up his chest. His fingers were clenching and unclenching--trying his best not to pick up a chair and slap Taeyong across the face with it.
Taeyong’s silence was the loudest emotion in the room. He looked down, refusing to look up at Yuta.

"Why did you do it?" Yuta spat and Taeyong didn't need further clarification on what they were speaking on.

It was the elephant in the room that everyone tried to ignore but was now presented to the forefront.

"Why did I? Why didn't you?!" Taeyong snapped his voice booming as he faced Yuta who stared at him with a slack expression. "I knew that your memories would come back eventually. You knew I wasn't your brother, you knew my little fib and let it grow--you fucking lived it! Why?"

"Don't twist this shit on me!" Yuta shouted pointing an accusing finger to Taeyong. "You ruined my childhood! My whole fucking life was tainted by your stupid lie!"

"Did I really ‘ruin’ your life?!" Taeyong wasn't backing down. "You would've been completely alone! I’ve seen that fucking glass mansion that they kept you locked in. Yuta, it's crazy!" Taeyong was screaming at this point, his emotion sliding off the rails. "We had a wonderful life together, Yuta! We were poor as fuck, packed like sardines, but you had everything! Are you telling me that you'd throw that away to be rich? You'd throw me away for this?!

"No...I would never." Yuta countered, trying to control the emotions that threatened to spill. "I'd...do you know why my baa-chan finally let us speak?" Yuta felt his chin tremble as he wrung his hands together trying to desperately calm himself but it didn’t work. “I tried to swallow a bottle of sleeping pills!” the sentence slipped from Yuta’s trembling lips, so softly and Taeyong almost missed it. “And I almost was successful if Takuya didn't save me!"

Once the words left his mouth, silence fell over the condominium. The silence eerie as Taeyong felt his knees weaken but he crossed the room in quick strides to Yuta.

"What--why would you try to do that?! Yuta, that's the worse--” Taeyong gripped his shoulders, trying to get Yuta to look him in the eye, but Yuta avoided eye contact. “Yuta, talk to me please.”

"I thought that if I did it, I could have that feeling just one more time before I died!" Yuta screamed trying to push Taeyong away but Taeyong held him tighter, Yuta slowly giving up fighting to keep his emotions in check.
Taeyong cupped Yuta's face in his hands and stared into the big, brown, watery eyes.

"What are you saying? What feeling?"

"The feeling I feel when I talk to you," Yuta's words were punctuated with hiccups. "When I touch...when I just breathe your air. The feeling of knowing that if I could just force myself to sleep and think that'll wake up next to you in my mind forever and not be cold on a mortuary table."

"...Yuta...what are you even saying?" Taeyong brushed the tears away. "Don't ever try to take yourself away from me. Promise me,"

Yuta bawled louder shaking his head in disagreement. "You don't understand. You have no idea how it feels. You're all I have. If I don't have you--,

Taeyong sealed Yuta's words with a kiss.

Yuta sighed as if he could finally, finally breathe.

Yuta lapsed his eyes closed as Taeyong kissed him again, this time firmer as his fingers slipping down his face to Yuta's trembling shoulder. Taeyong pulled away slightly to look at the serene look on Yuta's face as Taeyong slowly slipped the robe off Yuta's bare shoulder.

His fingertips grazing the silky, flawless skin.

"I understand more than you know." Taeyong's words were heavy with emotions. "You're my whole world Yuta, don't ever think about that again. Don't take my world away."

Yuta felt a wave of calmness teemed over him as Taeyong kissed him again, this time with more intent, more anxiousness.

Yuta sighed contently.
In the morning, Yuta woke up alone, but sore and unreasonably content.

After his breakfast, he headed down to the family home in Hongdae and surprisingly no one is home, except Taeyong who was in the kitchen apparently icing a bite mark at Yuta placed on Taeyong's otherwise blemish free skin on his collarbone.

Yuta leaned against the counter with a smirk.

"It was a mistake," Taeyong blurts out watching the content smile on Yuta’s face and the latter hums nonchalantly, inspecting his nails.

Yuta was still buzzing from the high of last night after effects. It was a brand-new experience for both of them. Not only were the two completely alone, they didn't have to be quiet and Yuta was anything but silent when Taeyong's touch was involved.

Taeyong did things to Yuta that he never even thought of; Taeyong slipping his tongue in foreign but welcomed places and hickies tattooed all over his body, even a few bites on the back of his thighs.

Taeyong was wild and all fire and passion and they didn't stop once even to catch their breath, they were making love to make up for the near year that they couldn't touch each other.

Yuta wasn't fazed by Taeyong's supposedly laisser-faire demeanor one bit.

"It sure was," Yuta sighed reaching to hug Taeyong who immediately shrugged him off.

"Don't touch me," Taeyong fussed, apparently annoyed and Yuta scoffed.
"Don't you think it's a little too late to play this game, Taeyong?" Yuta asked trying to hide his hurt with being slick.

"Yuta, I feel..." Taeyong began dropping the ice bag in the sink. "I feel really bad for what happened last night."

"Why?" Yuta questioned, this time seriously inching closer. "Stop with these mixed signals. We made love, over and over again last night. You said you loved me, seriously. I love you, Taeyong. Don't you know that we're meant to be together, Yongie? Why is this wrong? You said it yourself that this isn't wrong. That there's nothing wrong."

"I should've controlled my hormones better last night and...and when I went to Osaka last time." Taeyong spoke softly before shaking his head "It...it was a fluke."

Yuta felt a piece of his mind paused and whatever was blocking his anger prior was completely snapped wide open.

"Fluke?" Yuta asked in disbelief. "A fluke is buying Yakisoba and they didn't add the flavor packet!" Yuta barked. "Our...us...what happened in Osaka was not a fucking fluke!"

"We just fucked, Yuusuke." Taeyong spat bitterly. Yuta gasped as if burned. "That's all it was. Don't you think it's gross? Fucking shameful? You're my brother. That's how we were raised for a decade. No DNA test, no grandma, no papers can change the fact that what we did was sinful as hell."

"Taeyong, what are you even saying to me? Gross? Shameful?" Yuta was rubbing his hands against each other nervously trying to calm his nerves.

The last time Yuta felt this jittery he was contemplating how to end it all. The thought of them together in love is what kept Yuta going, the love that Taeyong felt for him kept him from falling off the edge so many times. It kept Yuta working hard, studying until the wee mornings and having the fortitude to prepare to take over a multi-billion company.

How could Taeyong fix his mouth to say this to Yuta? "What we did--what you did--you love me!" Yuta shouted losing his cool. "You told me you fucking loved me,"
"I didn't mean it like that! You misunderstood!" Taeyong spat back at him lamely.

Yuta stared at him blankly, crossing his arms across his chest, squinting at Taeyong who refused to meet his eyes.

"So, I'm supposed to fucking believe you telling me that you love me while you were fucking me was a "misunderstanding"? In my bed, last year--totally a misunderstanding, right? You fucked me last night until the sun greeted us. I can still feel you inside me... You told me you loved me like it was a *spell*, you kept repeating it in the kitchen, in the living room, in the hallway the bed, the kitchen again-- you kept saying it like it was fucking prayer! Your tongue was in my ass but still managed to tell me you loved me right, Lee Taeyong?! So I misunderstood that when you repeated it--,"

"Yuta!"

"No, you shut the fuck up," Yuta growled pinning Taeyong with just his glare. "You told me you loved me more than the need to inhale oxygen but that's a fucking misunderstanding? Well, fuck me--oh wait, you already did. But what was that a *misunderstanding*, too?" Yuta spat bitterly and Taeyong clenched his jaw and backed away from the counter and stared Yuta directly in the eye, challenging him.

"Yes, it was," Taeyong stated, flatly. "It was a mistake. *All* of this was a mistake." Yuta felt his stomach cave in at Taeyong's cold, painful tone with no emotion held in his eyes. "I regret it. *I regret it all.*"

Yuta felt like he was going to throw up. Like he was dying while standing upright.

"What are you saying to me, Lee Taeyong?" Yuta's trill in his voice was high and he could feel his adrenaline warning his body for what was going to happen next. Yuta’s demeanor was sinister as he stepped closer to Taeyong, eyes narrowing, daring him to say the unthinkable.

"I...I wish," Taeyong's eyes flickered with emotion before they settled coldly. "I wish I *never* opened my mouth when you opened your eyes."

Yuta's fist connected with Taeyong's mouth before Yuta could stop himself.
Yuta's left hook was even faster, but in split second, so was Taeyong's right jab.

A beat of silence followed before the boys started tussling noisily around the kitchen, Yuta using all the private karate lessons with Takuya to slam Taeyong into the fridge before latter kneed the Japanese male in the gut. Yuta yelped before he turned them around to drag Taeyong across the counter, the rice cooker and glass pitcher shattering before Taeyong elbowed Yuta in the chest.

Before long the boys were being ripped apart by Jaehyun, Doyoung and Sicheng who came from their run to the local market for snacks.

"I'll fucking *kill* you, Lee Taeyong!" Yuta screamed, blood spilling from his nose as Jaehyun tried his hardest to keep the wiry teen in his arms.

"I swear to God I'm going to break your legs--your ugly fucking face I'm going to ruin the fuck out of you, *you useless bastard*!" Yuta cursed violently as Jaehyun pried him away while Sicheng and Doyoung barely were able to hold onto Taeyong who was bloodied and snarling.

"Let me go! That fucking asshole sucker punched me! I'm going to fucking strangle you!"

"Sucker punched?!!" Yuta yelled from across the hall as Jaehyun dragged him to the living room. "Your punk ass should have expected that! You fucking piece of—JAEHYUN, LET ME FUCKING GO!"

Within twenty minutes both Taeyong and Yuta was on opposite sides of the living room with an extremely pissed off Jung Jaehyun between them.

"What the fuck is wrong with you two?!!" Jaehyun shouted. Yuta and Taeyong were tough, but they've never seen Jaehyun look so mad. "Did you swallow a goddamn rock? Fighting?! In your mother's house?!!"

The two didn't say anything but Taeyong watched in distaste as Doyoung fusssed over Yuta's nose and Yuta wanted to set the couch on fire at how Sicheng fretted over Taeyong's swelling eye with a cold can of coconut water.

"I don't ever want to see Taeyong in front of me again." Yuta said much calmer than expected and Sicheng face scrunched in confusion.
"What? But why, Yuta-hyung?" Sicheng asked sincerely and Yuta felt a drop in the pit of his stomach. Was Sicheng ever mean or nasty to him? No. He was just sweet, innocent and lovable. Yuta could see that anyone would want to look after Sicheng and now Yuta felt like shit for thinking Taeyong would be anything but tactful towards him.

"It doesn't matter," Taeyong's words were short and icy. It instantly bristled Yuta's feathers the wrong way.

"All of this was a fucking fluke anyways, right hyung?" the last word dripping with the stench of frustration and sarcasm. "Fucking thieving delinquent," the words tumbled from Yuta's mouth before he could think and the world froze.

Taeyong took a sharp intake of breath before taking the can of half-frozen coconut water and hurling it full force, making a painful smack between Yuta's eyes.

Yuta let out a painful howl, careening back before Taeyong's fist connected to his jaw before anyone could intervene.

"If I was ever a thief it was to feed you!" Taeyong screamed as he tackled Yuta with a hail of punches that Yuta could barely block. "You ungrateful, weak piece of fucking takoyaki--," Yuta manages to kick Taeyong off him before Jaehyun and Doyoung struggled to break them up.

Yuta shook himself free from Jaehyun's grip and stormed out of the house without another word.

When Yuta arrives at the condo he wants to douse the entire rental in kerosene and set it alight.

Everywhere reminded him of last night, of Taeyong…of mistakes.

Mistakes.
Yuta couldn't think of that right then, he had to think of a way to explain to eomma why he was leaving only three days after landing.

Yuta sat in the kitchen and sighed as he dialed her number, a cold bottle of soju on his swelling nose.

"Hello? My little prince?" Yuta felt so guilty hearing the cheer in his mother's lovely voice. How could he disgrace her by fighting in her house?

"Eomma, I have to head back earlier," Yuta said softly, his eyes filling with tears. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, no. I'm sorry! Are you, OK?" her voice was filled with understanding and concern. "Jaehyun told me that you and Taeyong had got into a tussle with a few of the neighborhood boys in the streets."

Yuta mouth fell open.

"...uh, yeah. They uh, were picking on us." Yuta lied.

He never lied to his eomma before.

No one lied to eomma.

Why would Jaehyun lie?

"You know that violence is not the answer--but I hope you got them good!" her voice had a lovely snicker to it before she cooed gently. "But if you must leave, that's fine. If you have any swelling, don't forget that ice will keep it down and Vaseline after peroxide. Remember what I always say, "
"Infections kill more than war,"

"Good! I'm glad you remember. I wish I could see you off, but I'll see you during winter break, right? Oh, and bring Takuya! I really like him. You can't find good Catholic boys everywhere, but he's really nice and proper. Maybe Takuya can rub that properness on Taemin... have you seen your brother's latest comeback? SM has him running around half naked singing on top of pianos and blue roses. What is the deal with the blue roses? I don't know, I'm not an artist."

Yuta nearly cries. He misses her already. All he wanted to do was curl up by her feet and listen to her ramble about any and everything.

"Eomma. I love you." Yuta said softly. "No matter what. You'll always be my mother."

He heard her laugh on the other side. "Of course, my little prince. Be safe and be sure to thank your grandmother once you come back for being so gracious."

♡

Takuya and Yuta left the next morning to Osaka. Once they landed, they dropped their things to the house in Nagoya. Takuya didn't question why Yuta decided to leave so early and barely noticed the healing bruises that Yuta had on his otherwise perfect face.

♡

It took a few months, but Yuta managed to almost forget about Taeyong.

Yuta immersed himself with loneliness, spending time at PC rooms in Tokyo, [even his 17th birthday in a PC bang], focusing on studying more and more.
Social media was spreading around the world, so through mySpace he was able to connect with most of the older family members back in Korea and it didn't feel like the distance was far--but he always allocated time to call eomma on Saturday mornings.

Ever since Yuta landed back in Osaka, he felt like something broke inside of him.

His heart never healed within those six months, his mental state was sound until he would think briefly about Taeyong--anything about him. Then Yuta felt either extremely upset or had to find a bathroom to console himself and hold back his tears.

One night, Yuta was strolling through the back way to his house in Nagoya.

It didn't take much to ask his grandmother to allow him to live alone in the home that once belongs to his parents. When she asked him about the trip to Seoul, he has responded that he tied up all loose ends and didn't plan on returning. Takuya was taken aback, but Madame Chiyo was overjoyed. He asked for the keys to the home in Nagoya and had been living on his own to gain 'experience' since. He would immediately come to the main home when he was summoned and had dinner every Wednesday with his grandmother as they discussed politics and business ventures.

He walked up the street briskly and was met with a sight he didn’t think he’d see when he got to his gate.

He was face to face to Taeyong.

He was now taller than Yuta, a bit muscular than the last time the two saw each other. His face was solemn but eyes bright as if he was genuinely happy to see Yuta.

"Go ahead." Yuta sighed, hiking his book bag higher on his shoulder as he stopped in front of Taeyong.

"What?" Taeyong asked confused and Yuta shrugged.

"Punch me, kick me." he shrugs lazily. His seventeen-year-old body was in no shape to fight Taeyong and win. "I'm too weak to fight back. Haven't eaten since yesterday."
Taeyong said nothing, but with tepid steps, Taeyong envelopes his arms around Yuta's waist and hugs him.

Yuta doesn't hug him back.

"Yuta?" Taeyong questioned and Yuta scoffed, a roll of thunder punctuating the action.

"Yuusuke," Yuta said sternly, staring anywhere but Taeyong’s face. "My name's Yuusuke."

"Yuta--," Taeyong pleaded before Yuta stepped away from Taeyong's embrace, even though Yuta craved it.

"What do you want?" Yuta spat. "What do you want, Lee Taeyong?"

"To...to sleep?" Taeyong said honestly. "I'm so tired. I called Takuya and he says that you usually just roam around midnight."

"Only when grandma is out of town." Yuta frowned. Of course, Takuya would tell Taeyong. "The walking at night keeps me sane. The bright lights make me less...likely to want to jump off a tower."

Taeyong's gaze fell. He grabs Yuta hand as the rain starts to pour. It was pelting them both, but Yuta hesitated as Taeyong pushed them both past the gate and Yuta let them into the house.

Taeyong stood at the foyer of the home.

It was much different from when Taeyong was there two years ago; the furniture was modern and bright.

Yuta motioned Taeyong to follow him through the maze of hallways, the walls littered with photos of what Taeyong assumed was Yuta's mother and father, expensive art, a few articles about the recent Nakamoto-Arashi merger and BoA and Taemin promotional posters.
Yuta stopped at a door and slid it open before carelessly motioning Taeyong to get in.

Taeyong stepped inside to see it was incredibly comfortable. The walls were dark, but the room was warm and cozy. One photo on the wall was an enlarged print of one of the photos from eomma's graduation just the night before Yuta was taken away.

Eomma was crowded by all of her children, but in the corner, clear as day was Taeyong planting a kiss on Yuta's cheek as the latter was in mid-laugh.

"You can sleep here tonight. I'll book you a flight back tomorrow." Yuta said coldly as he began to leave the room. Taeyong shot his hand out and gripped Yuta's wrist. Yuta froze before looking down at his wrist and then back to Taeyong's eyes.

They stared at each other for a moment but felt like years.

"I missed you," Taeyong confesses breathlessly and Yuta shook his hand free.

"It's late. There's a bathroom down the hall."

"Can I," Taeyong began nervously, not used to Yuta's callousness. "Could I lie down next to you... just for tonight?"

Yuta shook his head, his eyes painfully cold. The last few months had shaken off all the glitter and glory he had for Taeyong.

"No."

Yuta slid the door closed and padded to spare bedroom downstairs.

Taeyong sighed gently as he dropped his bag.
Taeyong knew he had no right to be there, but he couldn't help it anymore.

He needed Yuta with him. He *had* to bring him back.

Taeyong laid down on the bed that wasn't made, still smelled of Yuta and it made Taeyong whimper. Taeyong looked on the dresser to see a frame of Yuta and Taeyong in front of Osaka Castle, holding hands and in mid-laughter. He remembered that moment vividly, it was the best week of his life.

How did everything get like this?

Taeyong'll try again tomorrow.

He'll sit Yuta down and talk to him about everything one on one. He'll tell Yuta that's he's his everything.

That there’s nothing he regrets.

There was never a mistake.

If everything happens for a reason--Yuta was the reason.

Taeyong slips into slumber only after a few minutes.

♡

Taeyong was woken up by pressure on him.

Taeyong jolted awake to see Yuta was straddling his hips. Taeyong's vision was blurry but focused after a few blinks.
Yuta’s eyes were red and infuriated.

His hands firmly around Taeyong’s neck.

Taeyong blinks slowly as Yuta's breathed deeply, shallow and utterly erratic.

Taeyong probably should have feared for his life, but he didn’t.

He felt…he felt happy.

"Hi, my love." Taeyong's words were gentle and calming, but it only made Yuta's tears stream faster down his cheek. "I missed you."

Yuta bit his lips, his fingers twitching, threatening to cut off Taeyong's air at any moment. Taeyong smiled softly, admiring every little square inch of Yuta's damp face.

"Sometimes..." Taeyong began coolly. "I think that maybe we should have died in that car accident, Yuusuke. At least we would have been together,"

Yuta reeled back to land a sharp smack across Taeyong's cheek. Taeyong's head snapped to the left, blood rushing to his cheek as he slowly turned to face the maddening glare Yuta was giving him.

Taeyong slowly brought his left hand up to Yuta's face and brushed a wayward tear away.

"You were alone, right? In a foreign place-- here alone, and I was too stupid to realize how much it would affect us. I am so selfish." Taeyong brushed the fringe from Yuta's eyesight. "I still had my home. I still had my family. You were torn away from everything. Told you were something you never thought you were. Someone you never thought you’d be."

Yuta broke.
"You have no idea how you can make me feel, Taeyong." Yuta was trembling; his voice rattled by sobs as he tried to rub his tears away, but for everyone he dried, seven rolled back. "I loved you so much. I adored you but you broke my heart and pissed all over my hopes and dreams. Why did you do that to me?"

"I'm sorry,"

"No, you're not." Yuta countered his hands back around Taeyong's neck and Yuta was determined to end this one way or the other.

He couldn't do it anymore. He couldn't handle Taeyong's inconsistency. It was mentally taxing.

Something had to give and Yuta had nothing left.

"I am. I'm sorry as hell. I'm utterly pathetic." Taeyong voice finally began to show the pain he was in. "I was scared. I never felt this way, ever. This is frightened for me, too. You became my whole world when we were five, my one goal when were 14 and the love of my life at 16. What can I do? What shall I do, Nakamoto Yuusuke?"

Yuta tightens his grip a bit on Taeyong's neck.

Taeyong didn't try to pry him off.

"Do it. It's OK."

Yuta was trembling.

Taeyong wasn't.

Taeyong eyed the upper part of Yuta's forearm that was littered with faint, short horizontal lines. Taeyong’s bottom lip quivered as he reached out to ghost his thumb across the skin.

"I'm sorry. I caused that, didn't I?" Yuta watched mesmerized with how Taeyong's eyes fill with
unshed tears. "That's why I came, to find you. I came because I love you, but I know I caused you too much pain."

Taeyong sits up slowly, his lips pressing softly against Yuta's damp cheeks. Yuta looked over to his bedside drawer, a small razor that he snuck from Takuya's collection when he wasn’t looking. He had promised Takuya months ago that he wouldn’t hurt himself again, but he couldn’t stop himself from the temptation. He never thought about taking his life again, but the cutting made the pain of not having Taeyong around more bearable.

"Should we do this?" Taeyong's voice was light and calming, his eyes following Yuta's line of sight. "Should we be together... forever?"

Why was Taeyong so calm? Didn't he know what he was asking?

"I'm OK with this... every time I think about how I hurt you, I feel the urge, too. I'll go first, OK?"

Yuta sobs into Taeyong's neck his right hand still loosely around Taeyong's throat, his rage turning into despair.

"You caused me so much pain. So much,"

"I'm an idiot," Taeyong confessed, kissing Yuta's cheek as he lay on his back, Yuta still sitting on top of him. "Yuta, you can do this. I deserve this." Taeyong's eyes slipping closed as a tear finally fell. "I'm just happy that you'll be the last thing I ever see."

Taeyong gasped as he felt another slap across his face, this time, his lip stung as Yuta broke the skin. Taeyong looked up to see Yuta's eyes narrowed, snarling with anger. Taeyong smiled brightly with a chuckle.

"You're beautiful, you know that?"

"I hate you." Yuta wanted to mean it so bad.
He wanted to hate Taeyong, to truly forget him. To only have him be a childhood friend from the past--for him to *just* be Taeyong, who he was once joined at the hip with and not the center of his entire world.

Fate is a shady bitch with too much time on her hands.

"I know you hate me, love. I know, but I don't hate you. I can't. I never could, I fucking tried. I tried forgetting you, but it's pointless. You're the sun. Amongst a trillion stars--you shine the brightest." Yuta was trembling, and Taeyong swallowed a ragged breath.

"I'm sorry, I really am. Do me this favor, Yuta?" Taeyong asked before sliding his hands over Yuta's bony fingers on his neck. "Take your pretty hands and wrap them around my neck and squeeze. Press down until I'm done thrashing."

Yuta breaks down, bawling and Taeyong quickly gathers him in his arms and kisses Yuta's ear as the latter sobbed erratically in his arms.

Taeyong held Yuta tight, letting out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Whether this life or the next...be mine, OK?"

Yuta nodded into Taeyong's chest and Taeyong rubbed his back gently. Yuta pulled away after a few minutes, his nose red and eyes puffy.

"I'm sorry."

"No more apologies. Just kiss me." Taeyong begged and Yuta lunged forward instantly for a gentle peck.

Taeyong snorted, suddenly overcome with laughter.

"You were going to strangle me and now you're shy?" Taeyong kissed Yuta's nose and Yuta
laughed loudly. The adrenaline replaced with sense as he rolled to the side of Taeyong who also sat up, back against the headboard.

"I really came in this room with the full intent of strangling you," Yuta said plainly and Taeyong brushed Yuta’s hair behind his ear.

"Too bad I heard you a mile away. You're awkward and clunky. You're a terrible ninja." Taeyong snickered and Yuta made a move to shove Taeyong until Yuta noticed his leaking lip.

"Fuck, I'm sorry," Yuta began reaching for the Taeyong's chin to appraise the lip, and then his bruised cheeks.

"Kiss it better?"

Yuta leaned over to kiss Taeyong timidly. Taeyong pulled Yuta closer to him.

Taeyong missed everything about Yuta; loved how he crawled back into Taeyong's lap, how he trembled when he Taeyong sucked at his neck, the way Yuta moaned when Taeyong prepared him with sure fingers and lazy kisses and the way Yuta said Taeyong's name---no two syllables ever sounded so good.

+++

Hours later, they lay facing each other, Yuta's flesh was marked with passion marks that he would have a clue on how to explain to Takuya or his grandmother and Taeyong was surely going to not enjoy showering later with the scratches that littered his back.

"This has to be the last time, OK?" Taeyong whispered against the shell of Yuta's ear. Yuta smiled contently.

"OK." Yuta felt completely satisfied. It's irrational to think this would ever work. Yuta was satisfied with what they had.

The two washed...for the most part and got ready. Yuta gawked at Taeyong after they got dressed.
He wasn't the semi-round faced, awkward kid anymore. He was growing into a man and it showed.

"I want you to come back to Korea," Taeyong announced slowly and Yuta sighed and shook his head.

"Oh, no. I can't." There was nothing in Korea that he didn't have in Japan. Plus, he's falling in love with his future as a junior CFO and eventually a chairman. "As long as I visit for Choseok and Christmas, I'll be happy."

"I'm begging," Taeyong whispered, his expression pained. "It's torture living without you, baby boy."

Yuta shuddered at the pet name, his hickies coming alive. "You don't need me. Maybe back then when we had nothing but a tiny spot to sleep, but it's different now."

"I need you more than anything else, Yuta." Taeyong pleaded as Yuta sat down on the couch, trying not to give in. Taeyong begging was his ultimate weakness. "I proved that to you. Please don't deny me the joy of being in your presence every day."

"You denied me before." Yuta said simply. His words were clear and placid. The past six months taught him that the art of business has nothing to do with talent, but all with finding a way to do what you want.

"I love you." Taeyong was on his knees, in front of Yuta who sat on the couch, dumbfounded. "I always will and I don't care about whatever fuckboy fit I might have in the future, that's the truth."

Yuta shudders when he feels Taeyong's hand on his cheek and for a split second, Yuta almost nods. Yuta quickly himself together and jerked away, laughing pitifully.

"Taeyong, we can't. It's gross, remember? Shameful. Disgusting."

"Yuta--,"
"Leave Taeyong." Yuta's voice was so bitter and resentful. "Haven't we been here before? This is getting tired."

"Come back to me." Taeyong voice was frail and broken and all Yuta wanted to do was kiss the confidence back into Taeyong but that was unreasonable. "Come back home."

"Don't you understand?" Yuta whispered sinisterly. "This is my home."

Taeyong smiled through the few tears that shed.

"Don't you understand, Yuta?" Taeyong said joyfully as he placed Yuta's hand over his beating heart. "This is your home."

Taeyong sniffles before kissing Yuta's fingers.

Yuta sat there, shuddering, trying to hold in his emotions, trying not to scream as Taeyong stood up; trying not the beg for him to not leave once he watched Taeyong grab his backpack and he nearly lost his entire nerve when Taeyong walked out the door without another word.

Hearing Taeyong's steps disappear into nothing made Yuta finally double over with a wail.

He was alone.

Again.

When Taeyong got home later that evening, he was furious. He stomped up to the room and hid under his blankets and cried for hours.

He felt the bed dip beside him and a comforting arm on his shoulder over the blanket. He knew that touch.

"What happened?" Jaehyun's voice was gentle and calming and only made Taeyong cry even harder. Everyone was nice to him and he was just so unworthy of it all.
"Yuta d-d-doesn't want to come home," Taeyong stuttered, his stomach churning to knots. "He says he's going to stay in Osaka. It fucking hurts, Jae." Taeyong whined as he balled up, tucking his head.

"Hyung, we know that Yuusuke--," Jaehyun began before Taeyong cut him off.

"Jaehyun, his name is Yuta." Taeyong snarled before calming himself down. "That's the name I gave him, it's the name he loves."

Jaehyun didn’t respond, but instead curled into the bed with Taeyong, holding him as he cried.

♡

Taeyong became colder, more deceptive towards everyone outside of the family.

Every day, he fought the urge to call Yuta every night, but he just chalked it to whatever they were, it was over.

One particular day in November, he did it.

Taeyong was so anxious, filled with nervousness but he psyched himself up and did it.

He dialed Yuta’s number.

"Hello?"

"...Yuta. I...I just called to say...hi."

It was on November 9th.
Taeyong heard an exasperated sigh. Nine months had passed.

Yuta didn't even come for Choseok or Christmas.

He just sent expensive gifts and a video call with eomma.

Yuta brought Taeyong the most expensive of anyone's present, but he didn't care for a new gaming system.

All he cared for was Yuta.

"Taeyong, please don't call me again." Yuta’s voice was tired and monotonous. “Don't ever call me again."

"Is this the goodbye you want?" Taeyong sighed, trying to hide the hurt in his voice.

A beat of silence followed.

"Yes."

"click."

It was the first day of his senior year that Taeyong saw him again.

At first, he thought he was dreaming. Taeyong thought maybe he should have not eaten the 7/11 tteobeokki that was probably expired from yesterday, but there he was, flanked by Jaehyun and Ten-- Yuta stood.
He was taller, slender but still so fit—he was always beautiful, but Taeyong felt all the air swept out of his lungs when Yuta smiled at Doyoung who pulled him into a smothering hug. After the two split, Yuta looked to Taeyong who was still in disbelief. Yuta's eyes were shining, a ghost of a giggle still on his lips and Taeyong's heart leap in his throat, just astonished by how beautiful Yuta was--

Taeyong was furious.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" the words raced out of his mouth before he could stop and everyone froze and stared at Taeyong in shock—except Yuta, who inspected his nails carelessly— but Taeyong could see the slight tremble in them.

"This is my school, in my district. I passed the entrance exam." Yuta’s eyes peered into Taeyong’s finally after the first time in almost a year. “Got a fucking problem?"

Yuta's nonchalance made Taeyong fist itch to either punch him in the mouth or pin him down take him right in the middle of a crowded auditorium.

Taeyong growled and stepped towards Yuta who narrowed his eyes and did the same, they didn't get to reach each other due to the boys yanking them away before they could get too close.

"What's wrong with you guys!" Jaehyun hissed between them, trying not to make a scene. Jaehyun gawked at Taeyong as if he grew another head. "We wanted to surprise you--Taeyong, Yuta's back for good. He's going to finish his senior year then go to university here--in Korea!"

"I don't ever want to be around this asshole again," Taeyong spat and Yuta flicked Taeyong off with a grin.

"Likewise, you pointy bastard." Yuta said cutely, watching the smidge emotion flicker across Taeyong's handsome features with a sense of joy.

"What?!" Sicheng asked looking between both of his hyung. "Are you still mad about that fight from a few years back?!"

Yuta sucks his teeth before swinging his arm around Doyoung's neck and walking in the opposite direction as the ceremony began. Taeyong huffed and grabbed Sicheng and Jaehyun in the opposite
direction. Ten sighed and ended up following Yuta and Doyoung.

Taeyong found out later in the day when he got home that Yuta had asked eomma and Madame Chiyo if he could spend his final year in secondary school in Korea and he could stay for university on the condition that he gets admission into one of the SKY universities -- Seoul National, Korea Uni, or Yonsei. Taeyong couldn't be upset when eomma had tears in her eyes explaining how even though Yuta would be staying in his own in an apartment in Myeondeong--he would still have Sunday night meals with her.

-*&*-  
Due to everyone's schedule, the only time everyone was together was on Sunday night, for dinner.

During that time, Yuta and Taeyong were on their best behavior, confusing Ten, Taeil, Doyoung, Sicheng, and Jaehyun at first, but the moment of peace and normalcy was welcomed.

Sometimes, when Yuta was sure no would notice, he would reach under the table to his right where Taeyong always sat and place his hand on Taeyong’s thigh. The first time Taeyong nearly choked, but every time afterward, Taeyong would intertwine their hands.

It wasn’t much, but it was just enough affection to make them happy. Just enough to keep them at bay.

♡

It was a regular Saturday night for Yuta. He was reviewing a few scores from the school band, trying to read some of the sheet music when his doorbell rang. Yuta dug in his back pocket to fish out his phone.

No missed calls or texts.

It was 11:09PM.

Who the hell could it be at his door?
Yuta sighed and padded over to the door and unlatched it.

"Taeyong?"

Taeyong's eyes were dark with a sinister sensation that made Yuta's body rattle within his pajamas. "Taeyong, why the hell--,

Taeyong swallowed Yuta's words with a fiery kiss. Yuta didn't waste a second returning the hastiness, his hands quickly gripping at Taeyong's jacket, ripping it off his as Taeyong did the same with Yuta's pajama bottoms. Both of them were completely naked by the time they made it out of the hallway.

Taeyong pressed Yuta's body against the wall before dipping down and hiking Yuta up so his long, legs wrapped around Taeyong's waist.

"Taeyong-hyung," Yuta's moan was ragged and desperate as Taeyong carried Yuta and nibbled on his neck at the same time.

"I missed you, baby. You know how bad I wanted to drag you into the bathroom before class and fuck you senseless? Do you know how fucking delectable you look in a suit?"

Yuta mewed, utterly satisfied before Taeyong sat him down on the edge of the dining room table. Taeyong separated from Yuta for a moment to quickly shove the expensive candelabra and fine china off the table that cluttered with a thud on to the lush carpet.

"YAH! Those are fucking expensive--!" Yuta shouted before Taeyong gripped Yuta by the jaw and stared him intensely in the eye with such aggression that Yuta looked down meekly.

"Don't you want to be a good boy for hyung, Yu-yu?" Taeyong asked with a too gentle voice and Yuta shivered before looking up shyly, his cock twitching in anticipation. Taeyong eyes flickered from his lap back to Yuta’s pleading eyes with a grin.

"Ah...so you like when hyung calls you that?"
Taeyong drops his grip on Yuta's jaw and the younger of the two nods feebly and Taeyong kissed his aching cheek. He laid Yuta on the table and Taeyong dropped his hot over him.

"We...hyung, shouldn't we do this on the bed?" Yuta asked wondering just how sturdy the expensive table was. Taeyong smirked.

"Oh, we’ll get there eventually.” Taeyong licked his lips salaciously, appraising Yuta from ankle to hairline. “I knew you were always pretty but fuck, so much has changed in two years."

"Do...do you like it?" Yuta breathed out coquettishly and Taeyong moaned.

"I don't know what harder this fucking table or my dick right now."

Yuta whines as he feels Taeyong's lips claim his own.

"Yongie, please." Yuta kisses as Taeyong lips who nipped at the inside of Yuta’s bottom lip.

"I dunno...you've been such a naughty boy haven't you?"

Yuta shook his head, feeling Taeyong's lips trace his nipples. "I...I've been good, hyung, I have."

Taeyong laughed over the pert nipple before looking up. "You punched me during PE."

"You almost pushed me down the stairs," Yuta countered and Taeyong suckled on Yuta chest before pulling back up for a brief moment.

Taeyong pulled back to admire the gorgeous human under him. "I know your body...you're about to come already, huh?"

Yuta blushed and Taeyong licked a wet trail down Yuta’s chest, as the latter's moans getting louder, his fingers twisting even harder in Taeyong's hair.
Yuta was breathing way too hard as Taeyong suck a trail down, stopping at his pubic bone. Taeyong was right; he was going to come undone before anything even started. Taeyong's lips kissed the tip of Yuta's leaking cock; the hitch in Yuta's voice was too wound up. It was like music to Taeyong's ears and a second later Yuta let out a beautiful song as Taeyong swallowed him.

"**Fuck**, *fuck*, **fuck** Taeyong stop--I'm going to--," Yuta's moans bounced off the walls as he gripped at Taeyong's locks, who in turn moaned around Yuta's length and sucked harder. Yuta eyes crossed as he felt Taeyong's throat opened up and slide him down.

"Taeyong, this is too much--please!"

Taeyong pulled off slowly, Yuta's length twitching from his lips, trails of drool pooling at his chin. Taeyong wordlessly sat down in the chair and pulled Yuta's knees to his chest before placing an open mouth kiss to Yuta's taint. Yuta gasped, grabbing helplessly at the table cloth underneath him, his eyes rolling to the back of his head. His legs trembled as he felt Taeyong suckled at his insides.

"Yuta, did you always taste so good?" Taeyong mumbled around his hole and Yuta felt like his veins were on fire, he was so close.

"Taeyong-hyung," Yuta whined out as he felt Taeyong suck particularly deep around his hole and Yuta's back arched clean off the table, his body tensing as he spilled against his thigh and abs untouched. Yuta twitched, exhausted as he tried regaining his breath but Taeyong didn't slow down and continued to rim him.

"H-Hyung, please I already came," Yuta whimpered and Taeyong responded with a hard smack on Yuta’s left ass cheek.

"Who said I was doing this for you?" Taeyong whispered as he nipped his way up to Yuta's stomach before licking up the still warm cum from Yuta's abs. "I'm totally doing this for me. You're just getting the benefits, babe."

Yuta keeled loudly when Taeyong continued his ministrations on Yuta's hole. Yuta was oversensitive but it felt so good but so unbearably perfect. Yuta squirmed, trying to wriggle free, but Taeyong's grip on the back of his thighs had him pinned,

"Fuck,"
"Yuusuke~," Taeyong said in a singsong voice as he nipped at Yuta's thigh. "You're being so rude. You're ruining my dinner. Can't you let a working man eat in peace?"

Yuta's spent cock stirred to life.

When the hell did Taeyong get so good at dirty talk? It had Yuta hard within seconds.

It didn't take long for Taeyong's right hand to drop on Yuta's thighs, spread eagle on the table in front of him. Taeyong's lips were plump and glistening as his calloused fingertips traveled from Yuta’s thigh to his mouth, and Taeyong watched enamored as Yuta opened his mouth and sucked his fingers in. The sound that Taeyong made was nothing but hypnotizing. Taeyong's hand gripped his own length, his eyes slipping closed.

"Babe," Taeyong whispered, Yuta can see the tremble in Taeyong's core.

"Taeyong-hyung," Yuta's words were slightly gargled by the deft fingers swirling in his mouth. "Let me please you, too."

Taeyong smirked, tilting his head to the side as his eyes shimmered with adoration. "Everything about you is pleasing, baby. You just breathing is enough."

Yuta shivered at the showing of affection. Yuta knew he was loved so much. "I'll be good for you, hyung."

"I dunno. You've been being a naughty, naughty little fucking thing lately. Should I punish you Yu-chan? Right here on the dinner table?"

Yuta bit one of Taeyong's fingers and the latter groaned. Yuta sat up slowly, wrapping his legs around Taeyong waist and his hand on Taeyong chest as he kissed him slowly, his hands replacing Taeyong's own on the veiny cock.

"Were you surprised to see me?"

Taeyong shuddered as Yuta kept a slow pace on Taeyong's cock, Yuta sucked on Taeyong's
collarbone with a grin.

"I can't believe you're back. I thought about you, prayed for you every single day to come back to me." Taeyong's hand gripped Yuta's hair and he dipped his head down for a chaste kiss. "You should have never come back. Now I can never let you go."

"I'm yours, Taeyong."

They kiss passionately. Taeyong lifted Yuta again, this time he walked Yuta to the bedroom and laid him down on the bed. Taeyong buried his face into Yuta's neck as the younger of the two reached for lube in the drawer.

"How are you real? You've become so beautiful," Taeyong confessed, brushing Yuta's fringe away from his forehead.

"You should talk," Yuta gazed up into Taeyong's playful eyes. The same eyes he's been in love with for what seemed like forever. "You're unreal. I can't believe your mine."

"I'll always be yours." Taeyong's voice was light and playful, but his eyes were serious. "No matter what I say, no matter what happens."

Taeyong took his time preparing Yuta, eyes wide watching Yuta's body coil in pleasure. Even though it wasn't their first time, it was much different from any time before.

Yuta was heavier, twisted with muscles and prominent veins, no longer an arrangement of thin limbs, but a fucking masterpiece.

Yuta wasn't the boy he was in love with; he was the man that had his heart.

"You're so tight," Taeyong groaned, as he teased his third finger in. Yuta growled at the stretch that was so overwhelming, but welcoming.

"You're the only one," Yuta moaned and Taeyong stopped for a moment.
"Really?"

"Of course," Yuta eyes were wide and honest. "You're the only person that will ever touch me."

Taeyong smiled, kissing Yuta through a smile. "I can't even think of being with another person that isn't you."

"Let's keep it this way," Yuta giggled and Taeyong nodded anxiously.

Taeyong took his time with Yuta as much as he could, not wanting to rush or finish too soon, but the pleading in Japanese made Taeyong unravel. Yuta's voice was panicked and pleasured against Taeyong's deep and gravelly tone, bouncing off the walls.

Taeyong lit Yuta's skin from his clavicle to his ankles in hickies and bites. Yuta's voice was growing sore due to shouting out Taeyong's name and the groans that scrapped out of his aching vocal cords.

♡

Morning came too soon.

Yuta was lying down on his stomach when he finally woke up. His eyes focused on the light filtering from his balcony's sliding glass door.

Yuta could see Taeyong's perfect silhouette as Taeyong smoked a cigarette, leaning against the railing. He was already dressed, and staring at the skyline.

Yuta hissed as he stood up and grabbed the robe on from his bathroom to confront Taeyong.

Yuta was upset, furious and aggravated, but he didn’t even know why.
"Get the fuck out," the words leave Yuta's mouth before he could think as he slid the balcony door open carelessly. Taeyong turned around with a smirk before stamping the cigarette out and straightening up, towering slightly over Yuta with a sinister grin. Taeyong gripped Yuta by his hips and tugged him flush against him. Yuta tried to fight his blush, but couldn't. Taeyong tucked his head down to kiss Yuta lovingly on the lips.

"What's the passcode for the door, hmm?" Taeyong whispered teasingly, littering kisses down Yuta's chin. Yuta tried to keep his front of indifference, but his body wouldn't allow him.

"Why the fuck would you want that?" Yuta's words were harsh, but Taeyong saw right through it.

"So I don't have to knock next Saturday night,"

Yuta stared at Taeyong, mystified.

Taeyong pouted, playfully.

"Tell me. Please, baby boy?" Taeyong sucked on Yuta’s plump bottom lip. "I'll be here next week, with ramen and coco water and all the kisses your gorgeous ass can handle." Yuta coils in Taeyong, rubbing his hands to Taeyong's chest.

"070195,"

Taeyong chuckled before pulling away abruptly.

"Pathetic." Taeyong laughed shoving Yuta. Yuta stopped himself from punching Taeyong in the fucking mouth.

"You're a bitch," Yuta spat and Taeyong rolled his eyes.

"You sound like one when I fuck you, so that's even, right?"

Taeyong didn't even spare Yuta a fleeting glance as he stepped out of the room and Yuta heard the
telltale sound of the front door slamming shut.

Yuta tried to ignore the boulder in this throat.

Yuta furious slid the balcony glass shut before plopping back on the bed, wiping his eyes.

Why does this keep happening?

Why can’t he just say no?

Yuta rolled on his tummy again, hiding his face in the pillow to let his tears flow free.

Suddenly, his bedroom the door slipped open and in seconds, Yuta felt a soft kiss at his neck as Taeyong sidled next to him.

"I told you to fucking leave, you asshole." Yuta's voice was quivering and Taeyong turned Yuta on his back, watching the small beads of tears collect on his dark lashes.

"Just...just one more kiss, please?" Taeyong asked shyly and Yuta snorted.

"I thought I was pathetic?" Yuta voice held no bite, but was delicate and hurt, stripped away from his pride--desperate for the love he was promised. Taeyong smirked, planting another kiss on his nose.

"Ah, I'm like a gargoyle," Taeyong sighed, "but instead of turning into stone in the sun, I turn into a complete fuck boy."

Yuta swung his arms around Taeyong’s neck pulling him close and they kissed slowly, meaningfully.

Taeyong pulled away with a soft smack of their lips. "You know, I really do you love you? In every little way? I’m so in love with you I can barely breathe."
Yuta nodded in acknowledgment, eager for another kiss, not knowing that he wouldn't hear those words again until three years later.

"I can come on Saturday night, right my baby?" Taeyong asked meekly and Yuta stared at Taeyong, watching his eyes shimmer.

Yuta felt a twang in the depth of his stomach. A moment of foreboding.

A warning.

Say no, Yuta. This won't work. You know it won’t fucking work.

A tiny voice in his head advised.

"Yes," Yuta whispered sweetly, like a total love-stricken fool, clueless to the arrangement he created.

Sealing his fate.

Chapter End Notes

*[I'm not the only one that holds you
I never ever should have told you
You're my only world
Georgy Porgy, pudding pie
Kissed the girls
And made them cry
-- "Georgy Porgy" - Eric Benet ft. Faith Evans]*

I hope it was worth the wait for you. I've officially hit 500 comments and more than 100,000 words. Guys, this fic started as just a two-shot fic. Look at what you guys did! I love you all. I wish you all clear skin, a good school year and hope your credit score jumps up 18 points!
Goosebumps [Part 1]

Chapter Summary

I thoroughly enjoyed this chapter. Hope you will, too! I don’t have much to day besides thank you! This fic is now officially 110K words. Like. I can’t understand how I found the time to do all this but you guys really motivate me and I love all of yall.

Chapter Notes

I get those goosebumps every time
You come around, yeah
You ease my mind
You make everything feel fine
Worry about those comments?
I'm way too numb, yeah?
It's way too dumb, yeah.
-- "Goosebumps" Travis Scott ft. Kendrick Lamar

Taeyong snorted.

The next day was Saturday and when Taeyong saw Yuta at the lunch room, Taeyong wasn't fazed.

Yuta was wearing Jackson's jersey, almost proudly under his thick letterman jacket--speckled with badges and patches filled with memes as Yuta slid in the spot between Jaehyun and WinWin, directly across from Taeyong. Taeyong could clearly hear the worried murmurs from the rest of the group, but chose to ignore it in favor of watching the sweet blotch of red that formed on Yuta's cheeks.
He felt Taeil nudge him and the oldest of the group politely asked if he wanted to leave but Taeyong shook his head, eyes not leaving Yuta's face. Soft brown eyes flickered up to Taeyong for a moment, before looking back down at his tray.

Taeyong didn't blame the guys for being concerned. The last time the two were together in the cafeteria was weeks ago when they tried to rip each other's faces off. But Taeyong wasn't fazed.

"What's up, guys?" Yuta's voice was clip and strict as he greeted everyone. Taeyong eyes flickered down to Yuta's neck, a scarf hiding the little nasty bites Taeyong punctuated just hours before. Taeyong leaned his cheek on his fist and hummed in appreciation at the lovely view that Yuta entailed.

Maybe he was being too casual?

Too obvious?

But once again, Taeyong was not fazed a smidgen.

Taeyong tried to hide the snicker that threatened to surface as he watched Yuta trying to bundle the scarf closer around his neck to hide the obnoxious hickies Taeyong carefully laid on Yuta's alabaster skin yesterday. Taeyong made sure to light up Yuta's chest and clavicles with bite marks, blemishes as deep and red as his passion and a bruise the shape of his handprint on Yuta's hip.

Taeyong also didn't miss the soft twitch in Yuta's right knee when Yuta sat down. The same knee that was propped up over Taeyong's shoulder as he drilled in the tight tug of heat that only Yuta can supply.

He saw the way Yuta's eyes flirted over him again and again to steal a glance. Coffee colored eyes filled with a soft want and need that no amount of time and paltry verbal contracts would extinguish.

So what if he didn't have Yuta anymore? The way he had Yuta yesterday was enough to last him the rest of his life.

Taeyong wasn't fazed, one bit.
Yuta would feel Taeyong—the ache radiating up his thighs, the slight sting from Taeyong being a bit more careless than usual, cherry-colored stains Taeyong gripped onto Yuta's lithe hips—for days on end. Taeyong had Yuta so strung out yesterday—rattled every fucking screw *loose* and made Yuta beg for mercy that Taeyong didn’t feel like granting.

He let Yuta go out of love, not defeat; out of understanding, not for greed. Yuta was his as long as Yuta said he was and Taeyong knew Yuta wanted to be Taeyong’s forever.

That was enough from him.

Period.

He will let Yuta go as a lover, and regain Yuta back as one of many friends growing up...but it wouldn't erase the fact that Yuta has opened up shop in Taeyong's heart and Taeyong wasn't going to raise the rent. Yuta's going to stay in his heart where he belonged. Taeyong’s going to love him anyway he could.

"Yuta, why aren't you eating?" Taeyong asked sweetly, not missing how Yuta's fingers twitched on his iPhone. The table grew quiet and Yuta put his phone down to look at his tray, then back to Taeyong who picked up kimchi from his plate and placed it politely on Yuta's rice. Doyoung looked up at Taeyong who shrugged and Yuta rolled his eyes.

"I hate the school's kimchi," Yuta said flatly and Taeyong gave him a shrug.

"But still. You have to eat. It's bad enough you don't eat meat."

"You don't eat meat, either." Yuta shot back and Taeyong opened up his jacket with a flourish.

"And look at me." Taeyong began and Yuta snorted, trying to get rid of his smile.

"Come on today's a big day and you need energy. Don't be difficult,"
Yuta rolled his eyes, but he picked up his chopsticks and took a timid bite of the spiced cabbage.

"See! That wasn't difficult. How does it taste, Yuta?" Taeyong's voice was bright and cheerful and the guys nearly gagged at the excitement.

Yuta made a face, trying to hide the light in his eyes. "It tastes like your face."

"Well-moistened and acne free?"

Yuta shoveled more rice into his mouth, grimacing at the Taeyong's cheesy docile smile.

"I did not miss not talking to you at all," Yuta chuckled around a mouthful of rice and kimchi and Taeyong returns the giggle as he begins piling more of his kimchi on Yuta's plate.

"Hush and eat more of this crap, Yu-chan," Taeyong felt a kick on his shin and Yuta smirked at Taeyong's sudden yelp of pain.

"What the fuck is this?" The table looked up to see Johnny standing at the end of the table, dressed down his feet in SNU gear and hands gripping two carriers filled with coffee and Ten behind him carrying brown paper bags.

"Johnny? Yeah, apparently they talk now. It's...it's fucking weird." Doyoung said reaching over to grab a frappe from the carrier.

"Barely," Yuta groaned before grabbing a hot chocolate from the carrier and passing Taeyong an Americano. Taeyong brushed his fingers against Yuta's as he passed it to him, trying to ignore the goosebumps he felt.

It was Saturday, after all. Even his body knew what was up.

"I apologized. Now Yuta loves me again," Taeyong said in a lush voice and Yuta threw a crumpled napkin at him.

"I apologize. Now Yuta loves me again," Taeyong said in a lush voice and Yuta threw a crumpled napkin at him.
"Fuck you, Taeyong."

"Kinky." Taeil said boldly before sipping his green tea. Taeyong's jaw dropped and he playfully punched his hyung's shoulders.

"Taeil!"

The campus was filled with capacity with the school's bold blue and white colors, all the students, even the quietest of nerds were decked out in SNU pride. The guys decided to move another table together to accommodate more room as Yukhei, Hansol and Hyungwan joined in. Everyone was supposed to be paying attention to Ten and Johnny's tale of how they killed three spiders in Johnny's dorm at Sogang, but Taeyong couldn't dedicate his full attention to the story. All he could focus on was Yuta's left foot which Taeyong tapped against. Yuta gave Taeyong a sideways glance for a second before tapping back and moving his foot a bit closer to Taeyong's.

Taeyong masked his smile as excitement for Ten and Johnny's story, but Yuta accepting that little smidgen of contact was enough for him.

"Hey guys!"

Taeyong didn't even dare to disguise his obnoxious eye roll. Taeyong turned to the left at the end of the table to see Jackson Wang in all his gorgeous glory.

"Oh, look its Jackson-hyung!" Taeyong smiled gleefully, hoping that his smile was just as fake as his like for the senior. Taeyong saw a minuscule look of disdain flicker over Jackson's gleaming orbs before the senior plastered an equally plastic smile.

"Taeyong-captain, my favorite! Hi everyone!" Jackson greeted, still as cheery and lovable as ever. Yuta tried to move his foot from between Taeyong's but Taeyong's right foot clipped his Timberland back to its proper spot, between Taeyong's Jordans'. Yuta gave Taeyong a quick, almost panicking glance before looking back up at Jackson, who was gazing at him warmly.

"Morning Yuta! Don't you look good in my jersey?" Jackson's voice was loud and boastful but before anyone can answer, Taeyong sliced in with a snicker.
"He does, doesn't he? But he looks *waay* better in mine, isn't that right Yuta?"

Yuta felt his heart drop in his stomach as everyone laughed except him and Jackson.

Everyone thought it was funny--why would Yuta wear Taeyong's jersey? As far as anyone's concerned, this table is the first time they're ever been civil to each other in years.

Jackson's eyes ran cold over Taeyong's giggling facade and the football captain winked before patting Jackson on the back with a firm, not-too-friendly heavy-handed pat.

"Aww, don't be that way, Jackson-hyung!" Taeyong teased, eyes filled with mirth and joy. "Haven't you heard? Yuta and I have patched all the little cracks we had before. We *love* each other again! Can you fucking believe it? What luck." Taeyong emphasized as he reached over to Yuta's latte and took a long sip from the straw, Taeyong’s tongue wrapping around it slyly before returned it back to Yuta. Taeyong watched Jackson mull his mind over the indirect kiss and couldn't ignore the look of shock on Yuta's face.

"Hey peeps, I have to get to my political science class. It’s almost 9." Ten announced checking phone and Taeyong checked his watch and scoffed.

"I'm heading that way, too." Taeyong announced standing up, collecting his plates back on his tray. "I won't see you guys until tonight, so don't forget my fan chants. Lee Tae-Yong / Sa-Rang-Hae!"

Taeyong rose from his seat to give all the guys but Jackson whether they wanted it or not a kiss on the cheek [Taeil almost punched Taeyong]. When Taeyong got to Yuta, Taeyong giggled before kissing his index and middle fingers and tapping it quickly and promptly on Yuta's unexpected lips.

Taeyong didn't even wait for Yuta's expression, but he could feel the sensation of hate being seared into his profile by Jackson.

It felt good, though.

He wasn’t fazed at all. "See you guys later."
Ten and Taeyong walked side by side towards the poly-science building, listening to Ten talk animatedly about his week with Johnny in his dorm at Sogang University. Taeyong couldn't help but be happy for Ten who seemed to enjoy his days with his crush.

"So...you and Yuta are talking again?" Ten began with a raised eyebrow, nursing a hot chocolate. Taeyong chewed at his bottom lip. He hated being questioned over Yuta—he was hoping at it wouldn’t start an onslaught of questions.

"Yeah," Taeyong said fiddling with his car keys in his pocket. “I...we talked. We really talked, honestly.”

"So...did you confess?" Ten asked quietly as they climbed up the stairs

"Yeah." Taeyong said proudly but scoffed. "But he's into Jackson and Jackson isn't bad. He funny, athletic, handsome, great personality so...I don’t know. I just think that with all that's happened... I'm happy we can just be bros again.” Taeyong tossed his empty Starbucks cup in the trash as they stopped at one of the benches in the empty hall.

“What about you and Johnny?” Ten blushed, looking around them to make sure they were alone before leaning in with a wide grin.

"We kissed."

Taeyong let out an excited squeal. "You two kissed? Does he love you, too?"

Ten looked down at his lap and nodded aggressively. "Yeah, he does. We were making a gingerbread house and he kissed me...and I...we never got around to finishing the damn house.” Taeyong wrapped his arms around Ten and the Thai native squeezed him back.
"Oh my God, I'm happy for you, Ten." Ten’s face was red and he intertwined their fingers.

"Are you really OK with Jackson and Yuta? I kinda wanted us to double date one day."

"He's not mine to claim, Tennie." Taeyong said with a defeated sigh. "I'm just happy we don't hate each other."

"Ah, I have to get in my class now." Ten announced as they stood up once a door from a lecture hall opened and students poured out. "Mark and Haechan will be at Taeil's by 11AM."

"I'll see you tonight then. Don't forget to my fan chant, OK?" Taeyong said cheerfully and Ten blew him a playful kiss

"Of course! Lee Tae-yong! Sa-rang-hae!"

"So...are you and Taeyong really cool now?" Jackson asked as he fidgeted with his water bottle as they walked towards Jackson's suite.

Last night's snow produced the almost perfect wintery scene and any other time, Yuta would be jazzed to be walking with Jackson down such a pretty picture of perfect, but Jackson’s question made Yuta feel immensely uncomfortable.

Yuta cleared his throat awkwardly. "We hashed everything out," Yuta said hoping he didn't sound as nervous as he felt, worrying his lip. "We're just working on our friendship, I guess. We went from brothers to enemies almost instantly." Yuta explained rubbing his forehead. "We never had a chance to get over the shock of us not being related. We just started...hating each other. We couldn't understand that it wasn't the end of the world...just the end of like, one thing."
"What happened between you two? It's eating me up inside that you're going through--whatever it is--alone." Jackson stopped in his tracks and Yuta turned around to face him. Jackson's face looked sullen and moody, as if his question asked for much more than what was needed and he knew it.

"It's in the past, Jackson." Yuta said firmly, watching the warm air puff between them. "We talked. We're fine."

"If he touches you again, Yuta I swear, I'll--," Jackson began heatedly and Yuta sucked his teeth.

"Jackson. You just got here." Yuta said flippantly. "There are things between Taeyong and I that you won't know or understand. We used to fight, like all the time. We're different now." Yuta finished softly and Jackson curled his hand around Yuta's waist. Yuta didn’t have much time to react but didn’t try to fight the way he relaxed in Jackson’s hold. Jackson was so careful, so strong and so warm and the glint in his eye only harbored soft emotions and honesty.

"Yuta, I like you." Jackson said plainly, carefully brushing his nose against Yuta's cheek. Yuta slipped his eyes close and leaned into Jackson. "I don't know if I didn't make it obvious enough but I want all your attention. I was hurt when you didn't show up last night. I was waiting for you, mochi."

"Oh, hyung I'm sorry." Yuta meant it. He should’ve not answered the call, but just like now, his mind was going haywire. Yuta placed his hands on Jackson’s forearms, his cheeks against Jackson’s feathery skin. "I won't do that again. I'm sorry."

"You were with Taeyong, then?" Yuta hoped his eyes didn't give everything away. "I was," Yuta said and say Jackson's eyes glaze over and his jaw tensed, the arm around his waist clenched tighter. Yuta frowned before he kissed at Jackson's immaculate jawline and his cheek. He expected Jackson to blush or squeal or smile like he did when he was when they together a few days ago—but he didn’t. Jackson was annoyed—completely jealous and Yuta couldn’t act like he didn’t find it endearing. Yuta whispered Jackson’s name again as he pulled Jackson in for a hug and kissed his nose.

"Don't worry," Yuta said softly. "Focus on me and I’ll focus on you, I promise." Jackson breaks his stoic face and smiled wildly at the words.

"I will, mochi! You're the only person in my orbit, Nakamoto Yuta." Jackson said softly and Yuta truly believed it.
He couldn't have Taeyong the way he wanted, but Jackson wasn't a bad catch. He wasn't bad at anything. A part of Yuta desperately wanted to be with Jackson, to curl into him in confines the senior’s suite and let himself fall in love.

"You look so pretty in my jersey."

"Do I?" Yuta blushed and Jackson kissed at Yuta’s cheek in quick succession, causing him to squeal in delight.

"Of course, you're the prettiest thing in the world."

"What do you think what happened between Yuta and Taeyong?" Doyoung asked as he and Jaehyun took their beanies and scarves off as they entered Doyoung and Sicheng’s dorm.

Jaehyun let out a sigh. "They…uh, talked last night,"

"Is that why you ask to stay with me last night?" Doyoung asked peeling his boots off as Jaehyun migrated to the kitchen.

Jaehyun poured himself some juice thinking about when he came to the dorm yesterday evening after practice to see Yuta's Timberlands--which he knew was Yuta's due to the fact that no one else in the group could afford the pricey winter boots; Yuta’s expensive Supreme coat was on the floor and a half drunken coco water on the kitchen table accompanied with a bowl of uneaten cereal in the kitchen.

At first Jaehyun thought maybe an emergency happened and Yuta had to run to their dorm, but once Jaehyun heard soft sighs, laced with moans in unfiltered Japanese followed by Taeyong’s almost demanding groans, Jaehyun turned on his heels and made a beeline to Doyoung's dorm.

Jaehyun wanted to be surprised but he was a bit more heartbroken than anything. A small part of
Jaehyun still liked Taeyong but Jaehyun couldn't worry too much about that. Jaehyun had an inkling ever since he realized at the one black hoodie with the bleach stains transferred from one dorm to another nearly each fucking week. *We'll, at least they weren't fighting.*

"They were at the dorm talking through whatever their problem was. I think Jackson's presence made Taeyong upset in a way even he didn’t understand."

Doyoung hummed in agreement as he took a sip from Jaehyun's cup innocently and Jaehyun felt his heart flutter.

It was always something about Doyoung that made Jaehyun want to stop and stare and forget everything. He didn't know if it was the almost too pale skin, the gorgeous single lids that held too large eyes, the pink, lovely lips—maybe it was the smile? How it’s always genuine and affable, or maybe it’s the slim column of his neck as he knocks back the juice—Jaehyun’s mind creating ways on how he could mark the slender slope of his collarbones that peaked from jersey.

"You look so damn pretty in my jersey." Jaehyun’s words left his mouth quickly but he meant it; he tilted his head to the left, watching Doyoung's sharp features and soft blush.

"I look pretty in anything," Doyoung snipped with a little grin and Jaehyun chuckled before crowding Doyoung's space against the counter, their cores brushing. Jaehyun felt more confident than he ever had in years. He was used to their bantering, the flirty back and forth, but this time, something was different.

Jaehyun wanted something different.

"I bet you're prettier when you’re wearing nothing but just a blush," Jaehyun pressed a gentle kiss on Doyoung's forehead, feeling the goosebumps alighting his skin.

Yesterday, when Jaehyun asked to sleep over in Doyoung's room—the two cuddled for hours, Jaehyun's back against the Doyoung’s headboard, with the latter's back snuggled into his chest as they watched reruns of Running Man. Doyoung could barely pay attention to the show with Jaehyun nuzzling between the space between Doyoung’s slender neck and shoulders, humming contently. It was a type of intimacy Jaehyun craved, and he didn't want to share it with anyone but Doyoung.

Doyoung bit his lip, but he didn't shy away as they giggled. "I'm going make a goal just for you,
Doyoung-hyung." Jaehyun said sweetly and Doyoung's eyes lit up.

Ah…so that was it.

That’s what that something is…Jaehyun loves the look in Doyoung’s eyes when he smiles. When he’s happy.

Jaehyun wanted to always be the reason behind Doyoung’s happiness.

"Really? Just for me, Hyunnie?"

"Yeah, anything for you, Doyoungie-hyung." Jaehyun whispered with a playful smile. "What do I get if I manage to score one?"

"What would you want, Jaehyunnie? I’d give you anything." Doyoung’s words were firmer than the playful, light tone just moments ago. His eyes were bright and shimmering with something akin to longing.

Jaehyun's left hand traced up Doyoung's slender neck, his knuckles grazing the perfect jawline and Doyoung’s content humming was lulling Jaehyun closer and closer before Jaehyun's calloused thumb landed gently on Doyoung's bottom lip. Doyoung's eyes slipped shut and Jaehyun watched the beautiful, serene sight before him.

Jaehyun felt like he had waited long enough.

Jaehyun dipped his head to close the small distance between them.

His fingers slipped down Doyoung's neck and pulled him in closer. It was a simple press of lips but it felt like magic and thunderstorms under his skin as they kissed languidly, Jaehyun placing a careful hand on Doyoung’s waist.

Doyoung lets out a sigh that was years in the making at the touch; he swore that Jaehyun’s hold was the only thing keep him on the ground. How long had he craved unrestrained intimacy from Jaehyun? They were always close, but since high school Doyoung couldn’t help but notice how
Jaehyun grew from the awkward, pudgy kid that would follow him endlessly to a tall, muscular specimen of perfection wrapped in dimples and smiles.

It wasn't his first kiss and it was barely his most recent but even Choi Minho, who was older, with hands larger and stronger than Jaehyun's -- Minho’s hands could not emit the wild and untamed sensation of want like Jaehyun's palms created.

Doyoung's mind was spinning on its axis; the simplicity of the kiss made him forget where he was and the press of Jaehyun’s firm chest against his own made him feel like he was overheating; it was too hot. It was too much, but Doyoung was feeling particularly greedy.

Jaehyun felt Doyoung's quivering hands on his chest as the older of the two weakly tried to pull back but Jaehyun let out a rumble from the depths of his chest as he snatched Doyoung's thin wrists and place them on his chest. Doyoung whimpered wantonly at the aggressiveness and that little window of submissiveness made Jaehyun snarl sharply as he took that moment to slip him tongue against Doyoung's boldly. His core trembling at the almost rude moan of excitement Doyoung let out as he pressed his body against Jaehyun. Jaehyun in turn, sucked in Doyoung's tongue as his large hands found Doyoung's ass and squeezed before hiking him up to sit on the counter.

Jaehyun broke the kiss to look up into Doyoung's half-lidded eyes.

"Can I, Doyoung?" Jaehyun broke from a moment; mouthing desperately under Doyoung’s chin, begging shamelessly. Jaehyun wanted Doyoung more than his mind could register. “If I’m good tonight, could you be good for me?” Jaehyun was standing in-between Doyoung's thighs as he continued licking into his mouth as if he was his last meal.

Doyoung clipped his mile long legs around Jaehyun's back and kissed back boldly. Doyoung was trembling with need as he quickly shuffled his jacket off, Jaehyun helping halfway by ripping it off his broad shoulders. Jaehyun felt like they were the sun and moon was finally together. Jaehyun had one too many fantasies of having his favorite hyung like his, melting so fast that he was slipping through his fucking fingers like goo.

Jaehyun slipped a warm hand up the back of Doyoung's shirt and gently grazed his fingertips against Doyoung's spine and the later coiled into Jaehyun's neck and shuddered.

"Jaehyun, you could have me right now. I want you," the words were small and bold and Jaehyun could feel the shiver of Doyoung's thighs.
Before Jaehyun could respond with a firm “Fuck yeah,” and drag his hyung to the bedroom-- a familiar beep of the door lock interrupted them.

They stared at each other in shock before quickly separating.

"Hyungs? Hyungs?" Mark and Haechan rounded the corner leading into the kitchen to see Doyoung sitting on the counter with his legs crossed and his jacket askew while Jaehyun was sitting at the table glaring at an empty bowl, sweat at his brow.

"Uh, Mark--Donghyuck. Hi" Doyoung stuttered, clearing his throat, covering his lap with his jacket.

"Morning. Where the hell is the shower?" Donghyuck groaned tossing his backpack on the ground and waltzing over to the refrigerator and stuck his head in.

"I'm freezing." Mark whined pulling a chair across from Jaehyun who was finally slowing his breath down. Mark's eyes darted oddly between them Doyoung’s flushed face and Jaehyun’s nervous lip biting. "Hey hyungs, is there something wrong?"

"I ugh...I have to go to the field for practice." Jaehyun said suddenly jolting from his seat and jetting towards the door without giving anyone else a second look.

"It's 11AM, Jaehyun." Donghyuck deadpanned as he popped open a can of Sprite.

"Bye!" Jaehyun shouted and the door slammed closed.

"I-I-I have to go to band practice." Doyoung stuttered and stood up to throw his scarf and gloves on. Haechan raised an eyebrow.

"It's fucking 11!" Haechan put his soda down watching Doyoung scramble to leave the kitchen.

"Um call Jungwoo-hyung to show you around," Doyoung said over his shoulder, gathering his phone with uneven hands.
What the *hell* just happened between him and Jaehyun?

He needed to head to the gym and burn off whatever fever Jaehyun suddenly burned in his skin.

"Jungwoo-hyung graduated last year? From another university…in Spain…" Mark questioned, staring at the awkwardly moving hyung of his. "Are you OK?"

Doyoung left in hurry and without another word.

Mark and Haechan stared each other, confused and a bit lost for words. "Did they really just leave us here alone?" Donghyuck questioned looking at the empty hallway.

"Yeah..., that was weird." Mark began before standing up and unraveling his scarf around his neck. Donghyuck watched mesmerized at Mark’s flawless skin, so bright and pretty. Mark didn’t have to look to know Donghyuck was staring at him. It seems like all they ever do now is look each up and down, with a bit of wonder and a lot of curiosity.

Mark peeled his coat off before quietly sidling right next to him. "Do you...want to take that shower, now?"

Donghyuck blushed and turned away, but Mark’s hands hold his arms and turned him back, giving him a few sweet kisses to his cheek.

Donghyuck closed his eyes, trying to keep himself calm in Mark’s tentative hold. Lately, it's been so difficult for him to not give *in*. His mind was swarming with thoughts wilder and wilder than the last, so potent and so tangible that it had him taking way too long in the showers back at the dorms. When Mark confessed to him years ago, he didn’t think they’d get so far, but here there were: they were to debut next April, they were the strongest trainees on the roster and they were a couple in love. But things were just going way to slow for Donghyuck. He knew that Mark wanted to take things slow and have them both enjoy this time—but Donhyuck was eighteen and fucking horny.

The sheer annoyance of having to share a dorm with Renjun and Jaemin when Jeno and Chenle were across the hall with Mark was almost too much to bear. He was exhausted from having to text Mark to meet him in the hallway for a kiss at 3AM, which would turn hot within a few seconds and have Mark tell him that they couldn’t go overboard.
Overboard?

He wanted to jackknife off of the damn platform and drown within Mark.

As of late, Donghyuck’s been able to beg successfully for longer kisses, rougher words and even a few fleeting touches that set every single ounce of him in a whirlwind and had Mark shedding his cool for quick, fervent necking sessions that make Donghyuck tingle and beg for more than just a kiss.

"I'll go first," Donghyuck whispered nervously as he watched Mark’s warm eyes gleam with a hint of mischievousness. He felt his cheeks redden.

"You're so beautiful when you blush." Mark's voice was soft and cozy, his eyes dropping as his fingers skirted across Donghyuck's chin and clavicle who preened in the touch. "Your cheeks are like...rose gold. You know that’s what you are to me, right, Haechannie? My golden rose," Mark dipped down, brushing his nose against Donghyuck's. The young of the two felt so much delight when Mark would pile romantics on him. It earned Mark a soft giggle and a hug, "Go shower," Mark returned the hug back, landing a small kiss on Haechan's nose. “I'll find us something warm for us to eat." Mark pulled away to head towards the cupboards but Donghyuck grabbed his wrist firmly.

"Join me, Mark." he said in a small voice and Mark's face was confused. "Renjun, Chen Le, Jaemin and Jeno aren't here...we're never alone in the dorms. This is our chance," Donghyuck's words were low and impatient as he looked up into the older of the two’s eyes.

"Chance for what?" Mark asked quizzically, but not feigning innocent. Mark wanted to know what his Haechan wanted and hope it wasn’t as innocent as simply showering together. Donghyuck's blush reemerges as Mark walked back to Haechan, a look in his eyes that was hungry and vivacious and wanting the burgeoning man in front of him. “Channie, tell me what you want…please.” Mark’s words sounded nothing like the gay, cheery voice he was used to Mark speaking in. Mark’s voice lowered, seeping deep down into Donghyuck’s skin and fuck, he felt like he was coming undone with just the timbre of his voice.

“I can’t say,” Donghyuck began, gulping nervously. “It’s...too much.” Mark tilted Donghyuck’s chin up to look up; eyes locking but the brightness behind Mark's irises was a roll of smoldering embers and Donghyuck was the oxygen that was going to sear flames through the night.
“Is it? If you can’t say, maybe you can show me?”

Donghyuck’s breath hitched and Mark let a soft smirk grace his lips at his boyfriend’s next words.

“I…are you sure? I thought you wanted to take it slow?”

Mark smirked, looking nothing like the goody-two-shoes Mark wanted everyone to believe he was.

Mark sucked in Donghyuck’s bottom lip, causing the younger to let out a breathy sigh as Mark slowly explored Haechan’s mouth for a bit before inching him backwards. Mark laced his fingers with Donghuck’s and started walking backward out of the kitchen, luring him with a sly smile.

“I promise we’ll take it slow.” Mark’s voice was teetering between seduction and excitement. “Now is the perfect time, right? I can fold you up in my arms and not worry about who’s going to come in and interrupt us. I can tell you just how much I love you without anyone overhearing and I can finally kiss you without hurrying.”

“I trust you, Mark.” Donghyuck mumbled sweetly as he followed Mark and his pink frizzy hair deeper into the confines of the apartment. “I just want to experience something new with you.” His words were now equally heated, the teen’s gaze was strong enough to make Mark not pay attention and hit his back to the wall. However, Donghyuck kept advancing, pressing Mark into the bathroom door before. He tipped up slightly to capture Mark’s lips, nipping slightly at the bottom; goosebumps spreading like a virus over them both.

Mark let out an uncharacteristic hiss before he reached behind himself to open the bathroom door and gripped Donghyuck by the hip and yanked him in, slamming the door behind them.

Since Taeyong didn't have any classes, he decided to head to work a bit earlier to help with the bakery, which he knew would be teeming with business.

Taeyong drove through the community that was glistening will last night’s snow fall and the whirlwind of colors and mini-pep rallies on the sidewalks peddling gear for tonight’s showdown.
Taeyong slipped into the busy bakery to see Dean in his Yonsei gear playfully arguing with a group of older women at the till about who was going to win tonight. Dean spotted Taeyong and waved him over as Taeyong grabbed his apron.

“My precious Taeyongie, help these ajummas who seriously think that you guys have a chance of winning!” Dean whined.

Taeyong weaved through the busy bakery and rounded the counter to sidle up next to his manager.

"Ajummas, forgive my manager, he's used to losing *so much* that he's delusional." Taeyong teased with a grin and Dean yanked Taeyong in a playful headlock.

After serving the aunties their cupcakes and baguettes Dean nudged Taeyong and pointed to the back where the kitchen and employee lounge was.

"Taeyong, you've got a guest in the back," Dean whispered as Naneun came back from the kitchen with a smile on her face and clutching her phone.

Taeyong raised an eyebrow. "Who?"

"It's a surprise." Dean teased before playfully shoving Taeyong toward the backroom. Taeyong entered the employee lounge to see a familiar face.

"Ah, Namjoon!" Taeyong rolled his eyes, but the older male just grinned wildly as he looked up into Taeyong’s eyes.

"Taeyong!" Namjoon quickly scoops Taeyong into a hug that Taeyong reciprocates just as excited.

"Hyung! What are doing here?"

"I'm back from tour. A have a few free days…did you miss me?" Namjoon pouted as he gripped Taeyong’s hand and the latter snorted.
"Probably. Maybe I did, maybe I didn’t." Taeyong said coquettishly, with a soft smirk he knew that Namjoon always seems to melt at. “Maybe I missed having you trying to get my attention?”

"When are you going to let me take you out, Lee Taeyong?" Namjoon asked honestly, slinging his arm still around Taeyong's middle, Taeyong let it stay there. "You get prettier every time I see you."

"So Seokjin can murder me?" Taeyong giggled, watching Namjoon frown. “No thanks,” Namjoon pouted, but released Taeyong who pulled up a chair around the table.

"How's everyone?" Namjoon asked taking the seat across from Taeyong. “Nurse Jung? I follow everyone else on IG.”

"She's good,” Taeyong said immediately before correcting himself. “Actually, she fainted earlier last week due to dehydration, but she's OK.”

"Oh, I'm happy to hear she's OK!” Namjoon smiled. "We have only two days off, so I'll be at your game tonight. Can I wear your jersey?" Taeyong gave a lewd little giggle thinking about his spare jersey that Yuta wore just the night before.

"It's in the wash, I'm sorry."

"It's cool.” Namjoon was always polite and always so damn sweet. It made rejecting Namjoon’s affections harder every time they meet. “How about I take you to BigHit soon? You should audition. You're visually appealing, you can dance and your rapping is ridiculously good.”

"Nah. No way. You remember little Donghyuck and Mark? They're trainees for SM. I'm not interested." Taeyong shrugged and Namjoon sighed before standing up.

Namjoon stared at Taeyong seriously.

"Let's date, Lee Taeyong."
Taeyong sighed.

Namjoon was basically his type. Masculine, but not overly macho, politely, well-spoken, rife with talent and humor with perfect leadership skill and understanding. Taeyong wasn’t the submissive type, but if he was in a relationship with Namjoon, he wouldn’t mind be the one being cared for.

“Nope. Sorry, I can’t.”

"Come on, I'm really huge now.” Namjoon whined childishly and Taeyong couldn’t help but think it was fucking adorable. “I just finished a huge international tour! We even went to Brazil! Don't you want to come with next time I go? Kiss in the middle of São Paulo or the Amazon?” Namjoon's eyes lit with a gleam that made Taeyong curious.

Namjoon never hid how much he liked Taeyong growing up. His mother was one of the joint nurses at the hospital, so he was all too used to having Namjoon around, but now he was not the round face, ugly little kid he was in the past. He was strong, talented, handsome, and pooling with stardom. A small part of Taeyong wanted to give him a chance--to let Namjoon kiss him or at least let him take him on a date.

But Namjoon wasn't Yuta.

And if Taeyong couldn't have Yuta--no one else exists.

"Namjoon, I'm so sorry. Really. I’m like, madly in love.” Taeyong said a bit unsteadily. He has let down plenty of people before, but he really likes Namjoon, and maybe if he tried, he could really, really like him or have a successful relationship with the idol. “I'm really in love with someone else,"

"Who?” Namjoon asked, looking down at his cellphone the table. Taeyong huffed out.

"I don’t want to say, but trust me…if it wasn’t for him; I’d probably take you on that offer to kiss in Sao Paolo.” Taeyong’s words were honest and true and so was the blush on Namjoon’s perfect façade.

"Don't tell anyone--but every time I’m with V, I think of you.” Namjoon confessed and Taeyong rolled his eyes.
"Shit, every time I'm with you, I think of V."

Namjoon stood up and pocketed his cellphone. "Can you at least send me nudes so I can cry and fap later?"

Taeyong sat up slowly from his seat and sauntered over to Namjoon and with a naughty smile as Taeyong leaned up and pressed his lips to the corner of Namjoon’s mouth slowly before pulling away.

Taeyong knew Namjoon was too much of a nice guy to push for more, but wasn’t surprised to feel a pair of warm fingers on his waist as Namjoon pecked at Taeyong’s cheek.

"Whoever he is, I hate him." Namjoon hissed and Taeyong giggled as Namjoon stepped back.

"Don't forget my fan chant. Lee Tae-yong / Sa-rang-hae." Taeyong chuckled before walking backwards back towards the kitchen.

"Leave, Joonie. I have to get back to work."

Namjoon sighed and met his manager outside once he stepped out through the backdoor of the bakery. He wordlessly and slipped into the backseat of the chauffeured car with his lips tingling and his hands itching with regret.

Suddenly, his pocket started vibrating and he checked his phone.

Yongie-Yong

1 Attachment

Namjoon raised an eyebrow before swiping the message open.

Namjoon gasped, sharply before coughing violently.
"Are you alright, RM?" His manager asked looking in the rearview to see Namjoon’s mouth agape.

"Uh…ugh y-y-yeah." He stuttered before looking back down at the explicit photo Taeyong sent him. It was much better than Namjoon ever thought possible.

“It’s... perfect ,"

It was show time.

Yuta was standing in his windbreaker under the stands at the stadium. It was nearing the seven PM start time and the in fracture was shaking in excitement. Yuta felt like his body was retaliating against him—his hands trembling around the mace, his knees trembled in his sweats. It was just homecoming--granted the last game of the year--but he felt a peeling of knots collect in his belly as if something really wrong was going to happen.

But what could happen?

Win or lose, it would be a fantastic game, a wonderful way to end a good day. Between Taeyong and him brooking a peace agreement and having an exciting time in all of his classes, today was a good day.

“Nakamoto,” Dr Byun patted Yuta on the back as he came up behind him, dressed in a well-cut suit.

“We have a full house and MBC is doing a live stream. We’re going to have a great show.” Yuta nodded, but it was no hiding that he was on edge.

The cold makes the brass expand so the songs would be off a bit, but it should be fucking great either way.

At least he hoped.
Dr Byun gave Yuta the signal at the mouth of the entrance, the stadium cheering wildly as homecoming king and queen were announced. Yuta fumbled for a moment to grab his whistle around his neck and turn around and tooted it loudly, stopping all the giggles and conversation. “BAND! Gather round!” The band crowded Yuta and fuck, he felt a bit claustrophobic as sweat culminating at his brow; hot air from his breathe floated in gentle wisps.

"Look, win or lose we're going to--for a lack of better words--show our asses out here, mmkay?” Yuta began much more confident then he felt as he felt Doyoung’s hand on his shoulder, squeezing it confidently. “We are going to have so much fucking fun. Perfection is a disease, but what we're not going to do is embarrass our university. OK? Our parents and friends are out there and we're not going to fuck this up! This is the last game of the year and for a good amount of our seniors, it's the last game ever at Seoul National--OMG, HAYEON STOP CRYING OR YOU’RE RUNNING A LAP! IT TOOK HOURS TO CONTURE YOUR FACE!"

Everyone snuggled even closer together as Doyoung lead them in a quick prayer to ensure no one gets injured before nodding to Dr Byun who signaled the announcer to announce the band.

Yuta quickly lined the band up and fixed his SNU beanie over his head as his mace was tucked under his arm. Yuta blew the whistle and the percussion started the intro cadence, the wild beating of the dreams nearly made Yuta want to hurl, but after taking a deep breath, knowing that he had to be the leader he was born to be—he dove in.

Yuta's mind went blank as they he stared the march with Doyoung close behind him. "Auxiliary! To the front!"

The all 35 of the dancers suddenly, perfectly and effortlessly dressed in their sparkling one-pieces and dazzling boots lined behind Doyoung and Yuta as they exited from underground up to the stadium. Yuta was in sheer awe. It was filled with the bright colors, sliced down the middle and he could see ever since faculty member, even Dr Yi.

It was snowing lightly and it the lights only made the stadium sparkle. Yuta missed his second whistle, but thank god Doyoung was paying attention and whistled to signal the band to begin to play their alma mater. Usually, for home games the entrance would be quick, but not for homecoming. Dean Chae wanted the show to be as extra as possible and that's what Dr Byun would deliver. They marched through the stands to their section of the bleachers and Yuta had to try his hardest to ignore Ten, Taeil, Johnny screams for them but once he saw Mark and Donghyuck, Yuta grinned and waved!

"YUKKERI-OPPA! SARANGHAEYO" he screamed and Yuta had to tuck his head to laugh.
Doyoung and Yuta did all their tricks and antics with the crowd and amped them up as the rest of band settled.

Once that was over and the band was seated, Yuta quickly handed blankets to the dancers. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Yuta and Doyoung apologized to the dancers as he passed the thick, blue blankets.

"I can't feel my fucking ass cheeks, Nakamoto! When can we wear our sweats?" Chungha complained and Yuta was frustrated a bit.

"After the half time show! You can’t be bad and boogie in track suits--HAYEON, WHY ARE YOU STILL CRYING??"

After a while Yonsei band came in with lackluster performance and the SNU band gave them the most lukewarm, haphazard clap.

"Guys clap!" Yuta commanded from his group as the other band across the field took their seats

"They suck butt!" Doyoung turned around and pointed at the perpetrator.

"Wonho! You want to run with your tuba? SHUT UP AND CLAP!"

After they finished the national anthem and presentation of colors, they announced Yonsei football team before announcing SNU’s rooster and the crowd went wild when Taeyong and Jackson were announced and emerged from the sidelines.

Yuta’s favorite part of Saturdays during the football season was seeing Taeyong run out of the field, an upright piece of perfect limbs and this time, with new, freshly dyed light pink hair. Instead of being held by the usual headband, his bangs were secured by a way-too familiar cherry hair clip.

It was something about seeing Taeyong sweat, curse and exert him in a war amongst cleats and grass stains that made Yuta want to sizzle in his skin.
"Taeyong-hyung!" Yuta screamed thoughtlessly before it was too late. Taeyong turned around and once he spotted Yuta’s deer-in-the-headlights eyes, Taeyong’s face brightened up. Yuta, who was way too excited to get Taeyong’s attention quickly made a heart with his arms over his head and Taeyong blushed with his hands in his face and peaked through his fingers like the shyest school girl.

Yuta knew that he'd never have Taeyong like last night again, but what they had was true. Yuta wondered what would've happened if they loved each other openly?

Suddenly, a shock of white blonde hair lit Yuta’s periphery and Jackson was frowning as if hurt. Yuta shouted his name blew him a kiss and the Chinese man who instantly perked up and blew an obnoxiously adorable peck back.

"Damn, you're lucky," Doyoung sighed, poking Yuta’s side and Yuta let out a chuckle.

"Shut up!"

The teams greeted each and lined up on the pitch. Dr Byun picked up the megaphone and the band began to play the national anthem as everyone else was still. After a coin toss, Hongik had the first play.

The game was extremely intense. Jackson was barely letting a ball through and Taeyong as in top form as he kept pelting Hongik’s nearly impossible defense.

At the half time, the score was 3/3.

As Taeyong exited the field, he peaked from the entrance to watch the half time show, ignoring the head coaches’ request for drinks and rest.

Taeyong loved watching the showman side of Yuta who would turn a grimace into a flirty smile at a turn of the hat while conducting the band. The show was perfect—Taeyong didn't know a damn thing about marching band but he knew the half time show went off without a hitch.
Once the show was over, Taeyong caught Yuta’s gaze and the latter, sweat-drenched and exhausted but Taeyong gave him a thumbs up. Yuta chuckled before shooting Taeyong a finger heart in response.

Taeyong retreats into the locker room and accepts the cold water from the waterboy when Yonsei’s band takes the field.

Taeyong immediately goes to the drawing board in the middle of the locker room and quickly corrals the fatigued players. Taeyong quickly scribbles on the dry-erase board.

"Once we take at least a 2 point lead we can just tire them out." Taeyong began before sucking in a deep draught of Gatorade. “I’m going to be guarding the left flank and when you get the opening, the next goal is on Jaehyun."

Jaehyun’s drenched blonde hair shot up and he nearly spat out his water.

"What? Hyung, I can't." Taeyong raised an eyebrow before looking over to the rest of the team who nodded.

"Yes, the fuck you can. SNU on 3!"

Taeyong felt rested by the time the second half began; getting back on the field always felt before after a quick rest.

The remainder of the game is much more intense and it's nearly vicious. Hansol was out with sharp shin kick from the opposing team and somehow, Yonsei managed to even tired out Jackson --but he was holding his own making sure no more goals get through him.

All of SNU’s players kept handing Jaehyun the ball but the oversized baby was hesitating so much that Taeyong came to save the play a few times.

“Yoonoh, get your fucking head in the game!” Taeyong shouted as soon they got their last and final time out.
Jaehyun bit his lip, frightful. “I don’t know what is wrong with me, hyung! I’m nervous!”

“This game cannot be a tie. Ties are for equals and Yonsei ain't no fucking equal.” Taeyong growled before pulling Jaehyun in a hug. “If you can’t do this for yourself, shit--do it for the school!”

As their time out finished, the players went back on the field.

Taeyong felt the back burn with pressure—last night’s fun was finally catching up with him when the coach called for a timeout. Taeyong eyes slotted towards the bleachers where the band was.

Taeyong froze.

He saw Yuta, at the gate leading to the field, hyping the crowd wearing and wearing Taeyong’s jersey.

The jersey from last night.

Taeyong almost tripped once he realized that Yuta was leading his fan chant as he was sandwiched between a teary Hayeon and Ten who was waving the official crest of the university and a placard of Taeyong’s name in English.

Taeyong felt pats on his back from a few of his teams expressing their playful jealously. Taeyong’s gaze flickered to the right to see a pissed off Jackson who quickly walked back to the goal post without a word.

Taeyong snapped out of it and the game began again.

Yonsei didn’t have the ball for long as Yukhei quickly stole it to pass to Taeyong who felt thunder race up his body as he barreled down the field, weaving effortlessly through the players and he queued up to make a kick and it soared…

Right into the opposing goalie’s hands.
"Fuck!"

The goalie threw the ball back to another Yonsei player and Taeyong panicked.

He lost the fucking play and the time remaining was down to the seconds, but Jaehyun, out of nowhere, intercepted it and suddenly the nosiest, biggest cry baby he knew was zooming through other players.

Taeyong tried to nudge the Yonsei player who was trying to block Taeyong acceptability to catch a play; both of them expected Jaehyun to pass the ball to Taeyong but when Jaehyun didn't and zoomed by the both of them--Taeyong jumped in the air.

"Do it, Yoonoh! **YOU CAN DO IT, JAEHYUNNIE!**"

And he did.

Jaehyun faked the goalie out and kicked the ball to the left as the goalie dived right and it soared directly into the goal.

The whole stadium gasped as the whistled sounded and the game was won; Seoul National’s 4 to Yonsei's 3.

Taeyong ran at full speed before he jumped on top Jaehyun's back who still was suspended in shock for the sheer fact that he scored the winning goal. It was blurring of the senses.

Suddenly the field was filled as staff, fans and band members flooded the field. Taeyong felt a surge of adrenaline and he received the showering of accolades and pats on the head and shoulders.

Suddenly, Taeyong felt a familiar tug on his arm. He turned around to be met eye to eye with Yuta. The drum major was drenched in sweat despite the slow snowfall but Taeyong could clearly see that his initials were on Yuta’s cheeks, shimmering in the school colors.
Taeyong felt an emotion that was so familiar, as innate as breathing seize over him when he gazed upon Yuta’s giggling grin.

"Hyung, you were fucking phenomenal!" Yuta shouted despite being literally inches away from Taeyong in the midst of the overbearing crowd of cheers.

"Was I?" Taeyong asked quieter, his hand instantly reached for Yuta’s as the younger of the two’s hand and gripped it proudly. “Did I make you proud, Yuta?” Yuta tilted his head to the left with a sly grin.

"Don't you always, Taeyong-hyung?" Taeyong chuckled and on instinct pulled Yuta to him for a hug. Yuta smelled like clean sweat, winterberries and love. Yuta quickly hugged him back and Taeyong felt like he could float.

Maybe he could live like this?

Maybe Taeyong would relent and take Namjoon seriously…maybe a double date with Yuta and Jackson whenever he feels mature enough to not be so petty and possessive.

Yuta let go of the hug quickly to embrace Yukhei and then Jackson.

But for once, Taeyong didn't feel jealous.

He felt good.

For now, at least.

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Chapter End Notes

I get those goosebumps every time
I need the Heimlich
Throw that to the side, yeah?
I get those goosebumps every time
When you're not around me
You throw that to the side, yeah?
I get those goosebumps every time
-- "Goosebumps" Travis Scott ft. Kendrick Lamar

Remember a few chapters ago mentioned the blow up of the century? Be prepared for part two. :D

Thanks again for the love I know I'm not worthy of! So, I had too much fun with DoJae that was especially requested and the Markchan!

Love you guys!
Goosebumps [Part 2]

Chapter Summary

So.

I legit survived Hurricane Irma and three tornadoes this past weekend. I told ya'll I live in the Miami area and OMG, wtf. Thankfully, I only lost my power for two days. During that time I was able to reread and re-edit chapters 1-11 [OMG, why didn’t ya’ll point out my mistakes? LOL] There’s no more trees in my apartment complex, but /insert Kanye shrug/. I’m thankful and thanks to all the people who hit me up on twitter and IG to check up on me and my family. I love you, guys.

So. This is THE blow up. This is my F A V O R I T E chapter. I’ve been writing and adding to this chapter since chapter 5. Here’s 10K+ words! Let’s enjoy ourselves reading this~

Also, for my new readers—Hi, I’m Rozlie and yes, I am trash. I’m not a good person, OK? I’m telling you this now, so later when you want to tell me how I’m a horrific human being for tearing at your heart, I can say that ‘Chapter 19: Goosebumps [Part 2]’ that I gave you a clear warning.

Shall we begin, friends?

Chapter Notes

Peter Piper, picked a pepper
So I could pick your brain
And put your heart together
We depart the shady parts and party hard,
The diamonds yours, the coupe forever
My best shots might shoot forever like (brr)
-- “Goosebumps” – Travis Scott ft. Kendrick Lamar

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Yuta chuckled.

Yuta was thoroughly enjoying himself at Yonsei’s after party—it was a huge outdoor/indoor event that took up the greater part of the school's main campus. Even though they lost, Yonsei’s students were more than hospitable—but honestly, a good amount were a bit salty.

Yuta felt on a really potent high when Hakyeon, Doyoung and a few of the bodies he could in his car drove shouting their alma mater as he floored his Audi from the SNU campus downtown to their rival’s stomping grounds.

Yonsei greeted SNU with playful sneers until the dancers came through, stopping the entire party as everyone stopped and cheered the dancers who were dressed in their sweat pants and sparkly sport halter tops.

Yuta usually didn't like it when the dancers would do their sexy stand dances outside of games but it was a wonderful day and Hakyeon had stopped crying just long enough to execute their tantalizing routines.

Yuta felt incredible as he sat outside one of the frat houses and spoke animated with a few of Yonsei's drum majors about music, idols and Instagram memes.

Yuta was in the middle of acting out a particularly embarrassing time when he was playing his trumpet in his younger days—when he felt a warm hand slip over his waist.

Yuta stopped mid-sentence and turned to the right to see Jackson with a sly smile, dressed in all black and his letterman jacket with a new shiny patch sewn on the sleeve to commemorate his last and final win with the university.

Jackson was always stunning, but fresh from a shower Jackson Wang is high upon Yuta's list of favorites.

"I know you guys have to talk about music and stuff, but this just so happens to also be my date night." Jackson said politely to the group listening to Yuta's story. Yuta sighed playfully before Jackson pouted to him and Yuta yielded.
"You guys don't mind if I take him, right?" Jackson asked the group shyly and they all nodded.

"Not at all,"

"Fine, but follow me on Instagram-- nakamohoes_." Yuta said as farewell, allowing Jackson to politely pull him from the group.

Yuta and Jackson gave polite farewells before Jackson shepherd him away, large hand still on his waist as they walked through the light snow on the ground and brittle grass. Yuta rested against Jackson's shoulder as they shuffled towards the main hall where most of the party was truly happening.

"So...date night?" Yuta asked as they stepped in tandem. Jackson gnawed at his bottom lip, nervously.

"If that's OK with you? I never got to ask you, but is it OK?" Shy, unsure yet sexy Jackson Wang was also in this top 5s.

"Yeah, it's cool with me." Yuta said with a coquettish grin. "I haven't gone on a date in a while."

"We can totally change that!" Jackson whined, ending with a playful cackle that Yuta immediately mirrored as they made it in front of the hall with music blasting.

"Hey! Jinyoungie!" Jackson shouted out to a slender figure who had cute, big ears and a Yonsei basketball team windbreaker on. Jackson flagged him down and he grinned before running to Jackson with a hug.

"Youngie~! Oh Yuta, this is the center for Yonsei and one of my best, best friends Jinyoung. Jinyoung this is...Nakamoto Yuta, head drum major for Seoul National." Jackson nervously cleared his throat. "He's the one I've been telling you guys about."

Jinyoung's cheeriness was replaced with a soft frown before nodding politely.
"Hi. Nice to meet you, Yuta." Jinyoung nodded again to Yuta, his voice flat before turning to Jackson a bit coldly. “I'm going to go find Mark." Jinyoung’s words were strained and almost accusing.

He turned back around and walked back to the guys he was assisting before Jackson called him over with kegs of beer.

"He's usually nice, I promise." Jackson began, a bit embarrassed about Jinyoung's otherworldly behavior. "I'm sorry about that."

Yuta shrugged, pleasantly unbothered. "It's OK. My friends are dicks to new people too."

"Um, can I hold your hand? It's going to get even more crowded."

"Sure."

Jackson slid his warm palm across Yuta's pinched in waist and threaded their fingers together. Jackson's fingers felt so thick and warm intertwined with his and Yuta couldn't help but lean into the warmth a bit.

Jackson guided Yuta towards a sorority house where most of the music was coming from.

They swam through the crowd of dancing bodies and green bottles of soju to find a nice niche on a couch by the wall.

Jackson dotes Yuta with affection and attention as they talked about the game amongst themselves.

Jackson was all smiles; playing with Yuta's fingers as his friends from the campus came to say hi, even bringing the two drinks and snacks-- much nicer than Jinyoung was.

Yuta was a bit reserve, a bit nervous to speak to Jackson's main group of friends who were people Jackson was raised around--rich and affluent.
Even though Yuta was probably richer than all of them combined--they were raised with a certain amount of carelessness that Yuta could never adopt.

It was a bit more exciting since many students recognizing him from the halftime show and in the stands when he and Doyoung decided to show off a bit. The smiles and accolades he was swimming in had Yuta feeling extremely relaxed.

After finishing his drink, Jackson's skinship was a bit softer as he guided Yuta into a warm, welcomed back hug.

"Is this OK?" Jackson asked quietly and Yuta nodded, turning his head a bit to kiss Jackson's cheek.

"Perfect,"

Yuta couldn't remember the last time he's been around someone so attentive and docile. Yuta hated skinship in public, but he was sucking up the attention Jackson gave him like a sponge.

Even as more people walked up to Jackson and Yuta, Jackson didn't let go from his warm hold on Yuta's frame--rubbing his wrist or fingers even as he continued to have conversations in various languages--but never letting the conversation drag for too long so we could focus more of his attention on the Japanese man within his arms.

"Is this your boo, Jackson?" a pretty kid, named Vernon asked as and Jackson smiled against Yuta's ear.

"I'm working on it,"

Yuta felt a series of bubbles fill his core, warming pleasantly at how open Jackson was with his affections. Yuta uncharacteristically allowed himself to cozy deeper into Jackson's arms, the senior sighing contently in Yuta's ear.

So, this is how it felt?
Was *this* what Yuta was denying himself this entire time?

If Yuta wasn't with Jackson, he'd probably still be in his apartment, alone. And even *if* he had the nerve or aptitude to come to the after-party, Yuta'd never be brave enough to dance with another guy, or give anyone a chance to get to know him.

Taeyong was stopping Yuta from enjoying the full college experience, enjoying the eclectic party scene South Korea had to offer and healthy relationships this whole time.

Yuta felt like he was slowly becoming addicted to the sensation of Jackson smiling lips on his cheek, his thick, muscled arms around his waist and feeling his burning, firm chest against his back and his juvenile-like giggle every time he proudly introduced Yuta to whoever approached them at the time.

As Jackson talked to a few soccer players, Yuta slipped his eyes closed for a second. Jackson's hands were so hot on his narrow hipbones that he felt like it was going to leave scorch marks on his clothes once he moved them away. The touch didn't feel possessive, but it felt like he really was Jackson’s lover and it gave Yuta a weird type of high from the fact that Jackson wasn't shy about his feelings for Yuta.

There was no confusion, no second guessing, no games, no misleading fine print or rebate to use on another purchase for a later date--none of that shit.

It was simple.

Jackson liked Yuta and Jackson wanted *everyone* to know.

If Yuta allowed Jackson to love him--their relationship wouldn't be a secret. Yuta wouldn't have to feel empty and sad waking up alone or crippled emotionally for not being able to show his affection openly, only to *have* to mask it with outward viciousness. And if Jackson was anything like he is with friendships with relationships, the two would probably never argue or curse each other--something that grated his nerve and his pride with Taeyong over and over.

He knew Jackson would *never* make him cry--Yuta felt like Jackson wouldn't do anything but seek out Yuta's constant affection and provide Yuta with soft touches in the morning, squealing chuckles in the afternoon and lazy lovemaking at night. Even with the few disappointing glares Jackson and Yuta found themselves on the opposite ends of, Jackson held Yuta tighter, in an effort
to make Yuta know that Jackson cares nothing for their opinions.

"You and I are breaking so many hearts, huh?" Jackson commented after a while of them being alone and Yuta shrugged.

"Can't blame them, can we?" Yuta smiled.

"Shall we head to the kitchen for something to drink?" Jackson offered and Yuta nodded and Jackson smoothed his hands from Yuta's waist and they held hands as they tried to maneuver through the grinding bodies.

The kitchen was relatively empty [and really pink] as Yuta quickly set to making himself a drink

"No, no only two drinks," Jackson tutted and Yuta frowned and Jackson plucked the red up of Jack and coke from Yuta's dainty fingers.

"I'm not a baby, Jackson," Yuta pouted perfectly and Jackson struggled a bit before he sighed, looking around cautiously.

"Mochi, we're on a different campus and you're the most beautiful person here." Jackson's voice was deep and a bit brusque, but it was honest. "I just want you to be safe and aware of your surroundings. Last time you were at my place, you drunk too much. I just want to take care of you."

Yuta's frown slipped as his mouth was a bit ajar. He knew Jackson was caring, but he didn't realize he was so responsible and careful despite his aloofness. Jackson blushed a bit as he placed the drink on the counter.

"But I'm with you, Jackson-hyung." Yuta's words came out much more breathlessly than before and he knew it affected Jackson by the way his eyes lowered to Yuta’s lips for a moment. "I know you'll take care of me. You make me feel incredibly safe, hyung."

Yuta watched as Jackson's face let off a soft smile and his fingers softly thumb at the junior's hip. "Really? I make you feel safe?"
Yuta pressed his core against Jackson's feeling the radiating temperature, his deep chocolate eyes dragging from where Jackson and Yuta's hips were flush together up to the half-lidded eyes of the Chinese man breathing heavily in front of him. "Yes, hyung." Yuta's word were nothing short of a whine, a plea for something more and Jackson knew it.

"What else do I make you feel, Yuta?" Jackson's hand squeezed firmly on Yuta's hip for a moment, watching the soft moan that filtered from Yuta's plump lips. Yuta felt himself twitch in his pants and from the way Jackson pushed up against Yuta, Jackson felt it immediately and matched his excitement. "Come on, Mochi. I'm dying to find out. Please, do tell."

Yuta stared and Jackson smirked taking a sip from his cup.

Yuta licked his lips as he gingerly took Jackson's cup from his hand before taking a deep gulp.

Yuta's eyes scraped up and down Jackson's body watching Jackson eyes clouded over in a thick fog of lust. "Wanna come closer and find out?"

Before Jackson could react, the kitchen suddenly filled with sweaty, kinda stank party goers who came in for a refill.

Jackson reluctantly pull himself from Yuta as the mood was ruined.

Ề

When Taeyong comes to Yonsei an hour after Yuta, he was a bit sore and a bit tired, but he was fucking stoked.

He was dressed in his letter man jacket (adorned with new patches of his successful 3rd season) and sweats.

On his shoulders was perched a way too psyched Jung Jaehyun basking in his glorious win, adorn with a flower crown on his brown tresses as he ate dried cuttlefish chips from the homecoming trophy in his arms.
"Hello, peasants! It is I, your homecoming victor~. Jung Yoo-know I just fucking won--Jaehyun."
Jaehyun sneered obnoxiously tossing a handful of the chips in the air like the miracle child he was.

They were greeted with playful boos and a few empty cups thrown as they footballers giggled and Taeyong carefully placed Jaehyun down as they made it to the center of the sorority house.

"Aww, don't rub it in!" Lisa one of the water girls from Yonsei and one of the heads of the sorority house spat with mock annoyance.

Taeyong pouted as he offered her a cuttle chip and she ate it in disdain from Taeyong's elegant fingers.

"Lisa, I missed you." Taeyong cooed and the Thai med student bursts out in a toothy grin.

"I missed you too, Tae-oppa. You did a great job." She said cheerfully before watching the other SNU footballers enter behind Taeyong. "Come on in, you bastards. YEAH SO WHAT Y'ALL WON? YOU ARE ALL STILL UGLY!" Lisa shouted playfully and the rest of them walked into the party.

Jaehyun tapped Taeyong's shoulder. "I'll put the trophy in the car, I'll be back!"

Taeyong nodded wordlessly before one of his favorite party songs blasted through the speakers--what's a better way to celebrate a wonderful day than to turn the fuck up?

Taeyong was just finishing up dancing with a cute girl when he suddenly felt an arm around his waist, pulling him against another body.

Taeyong assumed it was Jaehyun behind him since he gets really touchy when he's hype and continued to groove until he turned around to see a beautiful smile on the person who was number one on his shit list.

It was Jackson.

"D'aww why'd you stopped? My dick was getting hard and everything, captain."
Taeyong clenched his jaw, trying his best not to strangle the senior.

"You were getting hard?” Taeyong snorted, still swaying his shoulders to the song coolly as if he was raging inside.. “I thought that little prick I felt was a zipper.”

Jackson smiled harder, obviously trying to hide just how much he wanted to break Taeyong’s immaculate face.

"Thanks for making my last homecoming, memorable, captain!” Jackson giggled as the next song came in and wordlessly the two began to rock together to the beat, barely inches away.

Taeyong was fuming.

Fucking annoyed to no end as they began to dance to the catchy, pop beat. If this was two weeks ago, Taeyong wouldn't have hesitated to dance cheerfully with Jackson, hell—Taeyong would’ve even teased Jackson a bit, maybe even flirt with the gorgeous elder--but this was not two weeks ago.

Taeyong wanted to push Jackson and kick him in the throat but damn East Asia's culture of absolute politeness!

" eat a cock Jackson Wang  We could have not done it with you, since you were barely blocking all the goals and whatnot."

Jackson brushed off the shade with a lopsided grin. "Hopefully, tonight I'll get the score the goal of a lifetime with a certain Japanese drum major and you can't block that.” Jackson hissed lowly in Taeyong's ear and Taeyong’s smile sloughed off of his face and Jackson's nose brushed against Taeyong's jaw before the Chinese man looked into Taeyong's wide eyes. "Gave you goosebumps, did I? Ciao!"

Jackson left as quickly as he came, ignoring the searing heat that Taeyong's eyes were boring into him as he slipped through the dancing bodies.

"There's no fucking way.” Taeyong growled to himself as he removed himself from the dance floor
to join the corner were the other SNU players were; he didn't contribute to their conversation, but he allowed Taeil to sit in his lap for the lack of space as the older talked animatedly about whatever.

Yuta was many things, but Yuta was in love with Taeyong--that was a fact.

Taeyong would respect their budding relationship, but there's no way that Yuta would sleep with Jackson.

That's not who Yuta was even if Taeyong kept claiming he was otherwise.

Yuta was always shy and reserved and was too savage to fall for the likes of Jackson and his cornflakiness.

Yuta slept with Taeyong just yesterday. It was wonderful; a freaking winter wonderland. A memory Taeyong'll never forget.

Jackson wishes he could be so lucky. Jackson would definitely have wait more than a merely week to have something as perfect as Yuta. Yuta’s a bit obnoxious and hella bougie and would probably make Jackson wait at least eight months, tops.

Jackson would have to do three Indian rain dances, sacrifice two goats and do the hokey pokey in Guatemala for 7 hours straight to even get a kiss from Nakamoto Yuta—of this, Taeyong was sure.

Even though the two agreed to keeping things platonic from here on out--Taeyong couldn't lie, he hoped he could somehow have Yuta wrapped around him a few times before fall was over, even if it was just cuddling.

Jackson didn't stand a chance.

Taeil soon leaves his lap and Ten, he and Johnny coerce Taeyong back to the dance floor once the DJ plays a string of danceable bops. Taeyong easily relents and within minutes he forgets about Jackson and Yuta and dances between Ten and Johnny.
He feels a tap on his shoulder and turned around to see Namjoon dressed in a low hat and all black.

Taeyong smiles brightly at the idol but rolls his eyes.

"Come on, you’d think I’d give up that easy?" Namjoon's voice was deep and sensual in Taeyong's ear and the student giggled cooly.

"I sent you the photo you wanted, Joonie." Taeyong pouted and Namjoon pressed his hips against Taeyong who bit his lip.

Namjoon was, once again, Taeyong's type and Taeyong would have to be inhumane to not feel a bit excitement at the handsome, manly idol taking care of him in ways Taeyong didn't consider.

"Silly Taeyong, that just makes me want you even more. Come on, one dance?"

"Is Jin here?" Taeyong asked on his tippy toes to see if could spot the other members of BTS. "I don't want him cutting me or Baby Hands. Jimin might be 3 foot nothing-- but his little hands hurt,"

Taeyong jokes but once he felt a tight grip on his slight waist he stops. Namjoon had a sinister smile on his plump lips and Taeyong felt goosebumps climb up his spine.

Namjoon leaned over to whisper to Taeyong's ear, his lips fluttering over the lobe. "One dance. If I can't have you, at least tease me a little."

One dance turned into several and Taeyong couldn't help but enjoy himself fully, he danced between anybody he could find, even sandwiching himself before Seulgi and Jimin.

Taeyong took a deep sip from every cup he was passed. Which were several—at least twelve cups slipped to and from Taeyong’s grip.

 Elves

Jackson and Yuta wasn't too far away, dancing with each other closely, sometimes in between a random boy or girl during the rapid changes in tempo. It was sweltering inside of the sorority house despite the light snowfall outside.
Then tempo slowed down, and the floor filtered down to couples as the rest presumably headed for
the kitchen for more drinks or outside to escape from the heat.

Yuta was fanning himself with his jacket collar before he felt the once strange hand latch on to his.
Yuta looked to his right to see Jackson, glistening with sweat-drenched hair as he grabbed Yuta by
the hand.

"I...can we-?"

"Yes!" Yuta said quickly and Jackson chuckled.

Jackson pulled Yuta to his frame by his waist and Yuta placed his hands on Jackson's sweat
drenched shoulders.

The air in the room changed completely, it was cooler, thicker, and to be completely honest, dank
as hell. Yuta had no idea when and where the smoke was coming from, but the heavy second-hand
high he was receiving was devious and did nothing to dull his senses, it heightened it.

Yuta's body swayed naturally against Jackson's core and Yuta couldn't ignore the mix of
excitement he felt and the calmness that he was drowning in. Yuta wrapped his lanky arms around
Jackson's neck, who in turn pulled Yuta impossibly closer. Yuta was feeling nothing but heat and
fire under Jackson's smooth skin. The neurons in Yuta's body were crackling under his skin when
Jackson slipped a tepid hand past Yuta jacket and under his damp t-shirt. Yuta shivered and let a
tiny moan slip over Jackson's pulse when he felt the latter squeezed right under his ribs and kissed
at Yuta's temple.

Yuta felt so right with Jackson; so comfortable and new.

Jackson’s nothing short of genius, funny, clever, a bit savage and he makes Yuta feel like pure
gold.

His touch was something that felt foreign but welcomed on Yuta's body and astonishingly, it didn't
feel like he was being used or manipulated. He believed that Jackson's touch was filled with
carefulness and unwavering support.
The feel of hard muscles dancing under milky skin was like magic under his fingertips when Yuta bravely returned the favor and slipped his hand under Jackson’s shirt, flitting over his slightly damp abs and resting on his sides. Jackson's lips were ghosting over his ear as Jackson let out an almost soothing growl of encouragement.

This was way, way too much. The teasing was getting so unbearable for Yuta. Yeah, patience is a virtue put Yuta couldn’t give a damn about anyone’s virtues once teasing was involved.

Yuta pulled back a bit and nudged Jackson's nose, softly. Yuta could feel the agonizing desire growing within him and gnaw around his soft edges.

Yuta ghosted his lips over Jackson's parted one as their noses bumped together with the swaying of the slow, want-filled R&B song bouncing off the walls. Their frames were pressed tightly against each other, hands that were once shy brazen and too slick for their own good. Yuta tiled his hips at the right ankle to make Jackson's breath hitch and Jackson responded with a shaky breath.

Yuta was getting too close.

"Remember what I told you, Yuta." Jackson's voice was deep, threatening in the sweetest of ways and it yanked Yuta's core to a sunken place of longing and contentment.

It was a clear warning--red flags, 5th grade safety patrol, stop signs and an old grandma with a sandal and broom getting ready to shoo a the neighborhood cat away.

Don't do it, Yuta.

But of course, when did Yuta ever listen to his conscience?

Yuta nodded, wetting his lips and tipped his head up slightly with a smile.

"I remember."
Yuta pressed his lips against Jackson's.

Yuta didn't know if it was the weed-heavy stink clouds permeating in the air, the drinks he snuck behind Jackson's back or the utter heat, but Yuta felt like a dam busted under his skin. The kiss didn't even feel like a physical touch, it felt like an emotion--like infatuation had a meeting with sultriness.

Jackson was a gentleman throughout, allowing Yuta to lead the kiss…but when Yuta nipped at Jackson's bottom lip, Jackson let out a breathless growl and sucked Yuta's bottom lip before slowly prying his mouth open with his tongue.

Yuta's body was humming.

It felt like it was his first kiss, but needier --more calculated and more centered. Yuta knew that Jackson was a different caliber of man, but he didn't know it was so exhilarating to experience. Like everything else Jackson was, he was an incredible kisser, the way his left hand raised to grip the side of Yuta's neck for more leverage; a deeper taste had Yuta's knees fighting gravity. Yuta felt his desire stir in his bones as Jackson led the kiss, submitting almost proudly.

Jackson’s tongue tasted like the peach-flavored vodka, his lips were like cool mint and his moans felt like deep dancing on a beach on a Friday night.

Yuta didn't think for a second that Jackson was kissing him so passionately because other people might be watching; Jackson was kissing Yuta with the emotions he felt and it nearly toppled Yuta over--but Yuta loved it.

It was like nothing he ever witnessed. It was like nothing he ever felt. Yuta knows he'll never forget this kiss.

The two broke for air for a second, but Jackson only allowed Yuta one quick, pathetic breath before slipping back into his mouth. Jackson's ears were full of the needy, sultry whines from Yuta as Jackson claimed every square centimeter of his mouth. Jackson was always one to go overboard, but he knew to reel his passion in a bit--he didn't want to scare Yuta away.

...but Jackson clearly warned Yuta though, so he made all his intentions known. Jackson didn't play games or want to make Yuta guess endlessly on what his feelings were. Jackson was many things,
but he always wore his emotions on his sleeve.

As the song slow song round into an end, Yuta slowly pulled away a bit, their bottom lips still grazing each other; still slick from their making out.

Yuta stepped backward, his eyes still closed.

"Mochi--," Jackson began worried that maybe it was too much but Yuta quickly kissed him again, soft and teasingly.

"I'll be back," Yuta's voice was lush and relaxed despite being a bit out of it. Whatever the fuck they were smoking in the corner was good and had to be expensive; definitely imported. "I'm just going to the restroom. Then I…I want you to take me back to your place;"

Jackson let out a low, deep, snarl that made Yuta's blood quicken and made his inside churn pleasantly.

"I've been trying to hold out Yuta. I’m seriously not trying to be that handsy type of guy," Jackson confessed his eyes narrowing, as he looked deeply into Yuta's eyes as if he was warning Yuta--again. "but if I take you home Nakamoto Yuta--;"

"You're so nice and such a gentleman, Jackson." Yuta pecked Jackson again, slower this time. Yuta felt his pride skyrocket feeling Jackson kiss back quickly. "And it makes me want to sit on it even more," Yuta watched Jackson shudder before kissing Yuta again, this time much more dominating the first. Yuta nearly buckled in half at Jackson's kiss, claiming him openly. It made Yuta dizzy.

Jackson's hand dropped to his sides before pulling away. "Go before I take you right here on the beer pong table;"

Yuta gives Jackson a lingering peck before squirming through a sea of bodies to get to the bathroom on the third floor.

Once he was in the outrageously pink bathroom Yuta checked to make sure the tub was empty before locking the door and coughing.
"The fuck are they smoking down there, tree bark?! *God*!" Yuta sighed, trying to clear his throat.

Yuta checked his watch and wow.

It's 11:52PM.

It's the longest he's ever been without Taeyong on a Saturday.

"No, I had him yesterday." Yuta mumbled as he quickly used the bathroom before washing his hands and splashing water on his face.

He was hot and anxious, and we really wanted to take Jackson home and kiss him all night to make him feel delicate and cared for since he no longer has Taeyong.

*Taeyong.*

Even though he's standing in the bathroom, he can't believe he's really here. His body was steaming with a new sensation and Jackson is making him want to cool off.

Yuta shifted a bit as he contemplated what the hell was going on his world. If Taeyong is now just an average hyung, he shouldn't and wouldn't care if he goes with Jackson right? Yuta surprised Taeyong with the unyielding support during the game and Taeyong didn't seem miffed when Yuta hugged Jackson after the game. He even looked pleased in a way.

Yuta made up his mind.

He was going to go to Jackson's suite in a bit and allow himself a bit of fun. Not too much, since last night was intense, but Yuta is a million percent sure that if he expressed to Jackson that he wants to go slow that Jackson would respect his wishes.

Yuta dried his hands and checked himself in the mirror before reaching for the bathroom door and swinging the door open to see Taeyong standing there, blankly in front of the bathroom door.
Yuta jumped, frightened at the distant, blank stare in Taeyong’s eyes.

Taeyong’s brilliant eyes were red, but he quickly stepped in, locking the door behind him.

"Let’s go, love. Please?” Taeyong’s voice was nothing, absolutely nothing like Yuta ever heard in his life. It was broken, raspy and barely holding on. Yuta couldn't even hold his breath.

He knew Taeyong was here, at the party--everyone was, but he did not expect this.

"Taeyong, I--,

"I got...I got us this little, cozy AirBnB a few blocks away.” Taeyong began with a speck of golden hope lace between his words. "It's perfect, babe. I...I...know our anniversary is coming next week, but I thought maybe we can celebrate it tonight?” Taeyong step forward timidly, and when Yuta didn't move away, Taeyong smiled brokenly as he shut the bathroom door behind him. "I even learned how to make this awesome dish for you, love. I almost burned the dorm down, but I perfected it just for you, Yuta."

Yuta allowed Taeyong to come closer and he couldn't mask how Taeyong's efforts made his heart melt.

An AirBnB in Mapo-gu would be expensive for a night and Taeyong's cooking had to be on Yuta's top ten weaknesses.

"Taeyong, I can't." Yuta began gently. Taeyong shook his head immediately.

"You're not playing fair, babe. I miss you." Taeyong's words were quick and anxious as he inched closer, his lips hovering over Yuta’s and he reached for Yuta’s wrist. "It's Saturday and I don't feel right... and I need you, baby boy."

"Taeyong--,"

"If...if you did all that downstairs to make me jealous...you won. OK?” Taeyong eyes were on the brink as he held Yuta wrist tighter in his grip, but Yuta was sure that Taeyong wasn't aware it was
hurting him. "I am so jealous. I am so angry. I could never hold you like that, kiss you like that in public, in front of everybody and I hate it. So much. He just... claimed you in front of everyone and I can't do anything. Yuta, I'm... I'm so hurt."

Yuta sighed, trying to avoid Taeyong's watered gaze. "Taeyong, what did you think was going to happen?"

"Not this! Not at all! I--,"

"You think I'm with Jackson to make you jealous?" Yuta began, swallowing the stone in his throat. "Taeyong, I really like Jackson. A lot. I forget all my hurt when I'm with him."

"Yuta, I understand your infatuation with Jackson, but sometimes what you think you want is not what you need, Yuta." Taeyong's words made sense, and Yuta faltered for a moment. "We need each other."

"We're nothing but heartbreak together." Yuta shook his hands free from Taeyong's stubborn grip. "You know, with Jackson I have a chance at a healthy, normal relationship. You and I...it's not healthy. This is not healthy."

"Yuta, I can't see you with nobody else." Taeyong voice hardened--nothing like the pleas less than seconds ago. His eyes narrowed and his voice was edging on vicious as he spoke calmly, so calmly it scared Yuta. "I can't. Like, I fucking can't. I rather go blind, Yuta. I rather die, I swear. Please,"

Yuta stepped back a bit after realizing the shift in Taeyong's demeanor would not get him out of the bathroom without someone's feelings being bruised. "I'm not going anywhere with you, Lee Taeyong."

"So, you're just going fuck Jackson Wang?" Taeyong asked with a delirious glare and bite in his voice. The whimsical begging turning stone cold. Yuta shrugged, resigned to his own intentions.

"...I kinda just wanted to suck his dick, but that'll work, too." Yuta shrugged carelessly and Taeyong's jaw dropped, his fist clenching as he shifted in his gait as if he read preparing to drag Yuta out of the bathroom by his hair and a big part Yuta thought Taeyong would and Taeyong himself would state that we was set to do.
"After last night?" Taeyong was obviously trying to control his anger, but the heaving in his chest and twitch alongside his shoulders were queuing for something else. "After everything? You know how I feel about you! Can't we at least try? Can't we work little by little? Why are you even entertaining Jackson when I'm literally right here?! Why can't we be a couple in love?!!" Yuta felt goosebumps scale up his chest at Taeyong's honest words, his begging. "Don't leave with him! Don't do this to us! I'm begging you, Yuta! You literally mean everything to me!" Taeyong was shouting, his anger gaining traction, but Yuta wasn't bothered.

"What we were yesterday, doesn't matter now." Yuta couldn't believe what was flowing out his mouth.

The old Yuta would have given up and followed the big bad wolf through the woods as soon as Taeyong asked why they couldn't just be a couple in love. But something within the last few hours, most likely his more solidified emotions for Jackson and Yuta didn't want to backtrack. So he wouldn't. "I'll be good for Jackson just like how you asked me to be."

Taeyong sneered, his face scrunching in disgust but before he could spit out a vile word-- Yuta stopped him.

"Ah, lemme guess. I'm just a slut, right?" Yuta began despite his trembling hands. He was so exhausted of this shit. "I'm a whore that'll let anyone split me open, right? I'm just a nobody not worth love right, hyung? Your words, not mine." Yuta found no satisfaction in spitting the nasty words Taeyong threw at him earlier in the week, but the way Taeyong's eyes cast down in shame was a bit of retribution. "Because I made it so easy for you to use me. So easy for you to toss me away. Now that I have someone that could treat me better but --I'm the bad guy for making a smart decision and leaving you? Anyone else with half a brain wouldn't put up with this, so don't ask me to!"

"Yuta, no. I know better now, I understand myself better." Taeyong said with a calm, even tone that made Yuta almost skeptical. "I'm just trying to win your heart the right way--I'm trying to do it properly but this isn't fair! You're jumping right into his arms in front of me! How can I try to win your heart with someone already ten points ahead?!"

"Don't you fucking dare, Lee Taeyong!" Yuta lost his cool at Taeyong's blatant accusation. "You've got some nerve! Jackson isn't ten points ahead--you were! He's the one fighting an uphill battle for my affections but he isn't whining, complaining or pulling any strings--he's trying and it's fucking working! You must think I'm a bucketful of stupid to think I could accept you or your words or your touches again." Yuta felt irritated and now he really wanted out of this girly and over cramped space. "I'm not falling for it. We already had our last dance, hyung."

Taeyong was not expecting that response. "I...I..., Yuta--,"
"Look at you, you're so selfish you can't even muster a fake apology to me or even just tell me to be OK." Yuta was now muttering to himself before he began to snap on Taeyong's lack of empathy. "Can't you just be my older brother? Just for once? Can't you just tell me to be careful? Or not to get my heartbroken? Or threaten to track Jackson down if he breaks my heart? You know what?" Yuta scoffed, masking the pain in his throat, his emotions almost too much to swallow as he threw his hands up in surrender. "That's fine. It's cool; fucking peachy. From this moment on--I don't care what you do--who you do or why you do it. Today was a good day, an unbelievably good day--but if you want to scrap every time we're around each other again--fine! If you want to say nothing, fine! If you want to acknowledge me, if you want to talk to me at lunch around all of the guys like today, fine! ....but I'll never be as foolish to let you touch me ever again. It never happened. Saturdays never happened. We never happened." Yuta words had more confidence and finality than Yuta felt, but he couldn't sink back into the clusterfuck that they were. Yuta didn't forget how Jackson's lips felt, how comforting his touch was or how much he liked him.

"Yuta, please--," Taeyong was all but on his knees at this point.

"What?" Yuta said plainly as he pointlessly washed his hands again, just desperate to occupy himself with anything but looking back at Taeyong.

"Please, let's just leave." Taeyong's voice was stripped of all the elements and the only thing left was an overworked, dual-chambered vital organ that churn out oxygen, blood and housed all of Taeyong's emotions. "I really cannot take all of this. I feel so insecure and only you can set me right, Yuta. When I have you, I have joy and peace …so please don't take that away from me."

Yuta stood up and dried his hands before glaring Taeyong for a moment, before bumping Taeyong's shoulder on the way out.

Taeyong grabbed his arm in a last ditch effort but Yuta shook him off.

Yuta stomped down the stairs with a knot in his throat as he desperately searched for Jackson

Yuta was so hurt, he couldn't believe Taeyong's selfishness and he should berate himself for being so foolish and constantly falling for Taeyong's constant mind games.

"Um, do you know where Jackson is?" Yuta asked one of the many people Jackson introduced him to and remembered that this one was one of his cousins, Jun.
"Oh, hi again. Um, I'm pretty sure he and others are on the other side of the SVT frat house. It's on the left."

Yuta thanked the handsome sophomore and made his hasty exit.

It was beginning to snow slightly when he headed to the adjacent house which had mostly trap music blaring, but before he could enter, he heard Jackson's melodic cackling.

Yuta rounded to the side of the house to see beer pong tables, a jacuzzi and a collection of couches and a bunch of people chatting animatedly. Among the people on the seats was Jackson.

Yuta's heart wrenches in joy and he's rushing towards him.

Jackson was sitting with his back to Yuta as the junior stopped short of the couch, wondering how he should act now.

Jackson suddenly motioned blindly for Yuta's hand without ever turning to him or looking at him. Yuta took the warm hand and tried not to look too alarmed when Jackson's rounds Yuta into his lap. Jackson did not even break a word of the conversation as he carefully settled Yuta on his thighs.

Yuta smiled as he snuggles into the spot, sitting sideways on Jackson's lap, his face right under Jackson's neck as the Chinese male talked animatedly about the latest episode of Show Me The Money.

"Punchnello had more talent than all of the judges--except Tiger JK. I don't care--fight me JB! Seriously!"

No one even batted an eyelid as Jackson had one hand secured around Yuta's waist and the other gesticulating animatedly. Yuta was enjoying himself as he just silently enjoyed the banter.

Whenever Jackson wasn't talking or didn't have anything to contribute to the conversation at hand--he would press a soft kiss to Yuta's shoulder or ear to make sure Yuta know he was thought of and not neglected.
He squeezed his arm around Yuta's torso and whispered sweetly into his ear.

"Let me know when you want to leave, sweetie." Jackson's words were warm and welcoming and Yuta nuzzled deeper against him.

"Nah, you're enjoying yourself."

"But I rather enjoy you." Jackson's smile pressed against Yuta's lips briefly. "I want to make like...like a nest of pillows and blankets in the living room and make you hot cocoa and kiss your cute lips until we're too tired to drag ourselves to bed. I'll make you breakfast and we can spend the whole day sleeping in." Jackson pop Yuta another quick kiss and Yuta giggled.

"You had this all planned out?"

"Yeah." Jackson admitted, his hand straightening Yuta's SNU beanie gently, making Yuta melt at how caring Jackson was. "Ever since the last time you slept over, I wake up disappointed that you're not there. Waking up next to you has spoiled me completely. All I think about now is how much I want you in my arms."

Yuta's blush was fiery red on his face. Yuta had never been told something so straightforwardly direct and honest.

Yuta was going to respond before the loud sound of grass and snow crunching stops in front of them.

Yuta looked up to see Taeyong staring daggers into Jackson.

_Ah, fuck._

Taeyong’s darkened eyes flickered to Yuta and a sinking feeling hits Yuta in the gut.

"Yuta, let's go. _Now._" Taeyong voice was cold and demanding and Yuta couldn't deny he felt
Jackson tense up. "It's late and you're drunk."

Everyone who was just a moment ago talking about the latest topic was apparently frozen and watched the suddenly tense scene.

Yuta looks over Taeyong’s shoulder to see Ten, Doyoung, Taeil and Jaehyun running over.

"Hey, Taeyong-hyung! Come on, let's not ruin a good night." Doyoung began, holding onto Taeyong's arm to steer him a few steps away from the couple, but Taeyong stood rooted in his spot in front of the both Jackson and Yuta.

Jackson looked down at Yuta and smiled, brushing Yuta’s lip with his thumb before standing up motioning Yuta to stand behind him before Jackson stretched nonchalantly and stepping in front of Taeyong with a snide smirk.

"It's alright, Taeyong-captain," Jackson smiled condescendingly before motioning behind him. "I promise I'll take Yuta back to his apartment safely. I'll even stay all night to make sure he’s OK… isn't that right, baby boy?"

The last three syllables out of Jackson's mouth was saturated with emphasis and Taeyong eyes flared as he made a sharp move towards Jackson but Doyoung's hand was holding him back. That didn't stop Taeyong from getting pissed the fuck off.

Yuta hissed. Why of all the fucking pet names Jackson could have said he had to choose that one?

"Baby boy?" Taeyong spat incredulously, his anger flaming inside of his core. Who the fuck did Jackson fucking Wang think he was calling his Yuta 'baby boy'?

Jackson's cheesy smile died on his lips as he stepped boldly to Taeyong--the lackadaisicalness gone and replaced with a scowl. "Yeah, my baby boy. Got a fucking problem with that?"

Taeyong quickly fist clenched as they were chest to chest but before they could snarl another insult, Yuta quickly slid between them, shoving them apart with strong and no-bullshit mannerism.
"Oh fuck no, we're not having this shit tonight." Yuta shoved them apart roughly. Yuta turned to Taeyong, incomplete disbelieve that their pettiness was being a full display for not one--but two universities. "I'm not leaving, Taeyong. Just mind your fucking business, alright?!" Yuta quickly turned to Jackson who was still glaring daggers at Taeyong. "Jackson this is my hyung, regardless of whatever has happened. Alright? This shit is not going down and you two's inner fuckboy will not be ruining this night!"

"Taeyong-hyung, leave Yuta alone, he's a grown man." Ten began, tugging at the back of Taeyong's jacket.

"Let's go, Taeyong." Jaehyun began, "Jackson will look after Yuta. Jackson is more than capable to look after him and he will be safe, right Jackson-hyung?" Jaehyun was satisfied when Jackson nodded.

Jackson was many things, but he was responsible. A model human and boy, it pissed Taeyong off.

Taeyong snorted, but he decided to leave.

Defeated, Taeyong turned away to leave with Jaehyun's arm around his shoulder.

But then.

Of course.

Jackson and his slick-ass mouth had to say something.

"Oi, your hyung is really so mean, Yuta." Jackson shouted obnoxiously, way too loud to be ignored from Taeyong who was only a few feet away before kissing Yuta on the forehead. "Don't worry, baby boy. I'll be a better hyung than he ever was."

Jaehyun felt Taeyong's body still under Taeyong's jacket and in a blink, Taeyong turned on his heels and rushed full force at Jackson with a vicious headbutt.

And they fight.
Not a scuffle, or just scrapping like two preteens.

Fists cocked back and landed painfully.

Jackson quickly circled his arms around his attacker and slammed Taeyong against the ground and started punching him in the face, but Taeyong caught Jackson with a solid uppercut in the neck that threw him off balance.

Taeyong took that time to pull the senior up to his feet and throw him against a nearby couch and start kneeing him in the gut before Jackson threw a mean elbow across Taeyong’s mouth and a landed another quick, painful jab to his cheek.

"Stop! Stop fucking fighting! Fucking quit it!" Yuta shouted trying to break up the guys but Yuta was suddenly thrown off by the force of a fist that he had no idea who threw.

Yuta's lip splits and the Japanese man reels back in pain.

The others wanted to jump in to stop the fight, but fuck it was way too much.

The two continued to grapple in the snow, Taeyong's premonition of fighting Jackson an all too real reality. They were really fucking each other up, cursing violently in a mix of languages some more for a bit before Taeyong clips Jackson's leg causing them to fall on top of each other, tumbling as more punches fly.

Curses and threats of breaking each other's necks were all anyone could hear and after seeing too much blood, the guys jumped in to separate the two, but not after Taeyong's fist tapped Jackson's bloody, dripping nose one more time.

Taeyong was in a rage.

You know the term "seeing red"? Taeyong didn't see red--he felt red. He could taste it, and all he wanted to do was paint Yonsei's gorgeous campus with the remains of Jackson.
"Let me go! I'm going to fucking kill him!" Taeyong snarled as he thrashed in Johnny's grip. "I'm to rip his pretty, little face off, I swear to fucking God!"

"Taeyong, calm down!" Johnny and Jaehyun shouted so fiercely that Taeyong had to comply.

Taeyong then noticed how Ten and Doyoung crowded around Yuta who was hunched over. Ten moved slightly to the left and Taeyong cold see clearly that Doyoung was nursing Yuta's split lip.

"Yuta? Yuta, baby --," Taeyong began trying to reach Yuta in Johnny's grip, but Jackson snapped.

"How dare you fucking bruise my Yuta!" Jackson shouted, almost successfully clawing out of Mark, JB and Jinyoung's grip as he tried to reach his foe.

"Your Yuta?!!" Taeyong's left eye twitched violently as he slipped from his letterman jacket in Johnny's grip and barreled towards Jackson only to be grabbed back by Jaehyun's quick and well-meaning arms around his center. "GET THE FUCK-- Yuta mine! MINE!" Taeyong shrieked savagely pushing Jaehyun and Taeil off before flipping the beer pong table that was between him and Jackson in a blind rage and before he could race over to Jackson again, he was being held back again.

Taeyong's breaths were heavy and short, his powder pink hair stuck to his sweaty, bruised face and he was bleeding profusely from his busted lip.

Taeyong looked wild, rabid and fucking broken.

"He belongs to ME you fucking pissclown and I'll rip your tongue out and use it as chewing gum if you ever fucking say that again! You hear me Jackson Wang?! I WILL FUCK YOU UP ON SIGHT!!"

Everyone froze and stood in their spot.

The words of the fight obviously reached the other party houses because there were much more people gawking Taeyong was like a feral animal, but this time when Taeyong felt Johnny's arm quickly around his waist dragging him away, Taeyong didn't fight it. He instead stared Jackson Wang down until he was in the parking lot several yards away.
"Jaehyun! Quick-- get my asthma pump in the trunk."

Taeyong felt extremely lightheaded and then suddenly realized that he was so fucking mad that he was barely breathing.

_Great._

Johnny quickly pressed Taeyong's back against his car.

"Taeyong!" Johnny shouted as Taeyong kept sucking in small clouts of air. "Lee Taeyong! I need you to breathe! OK? I need you to calm down or you're gonna pass out."

Taeyong feels his chest tighten, but in a second, Johnny pressed an inhaler in his mouth and Taeyong inhales, feeling his lungs expand and finally release from its scrunched placement.

Taeyong doubled over in a violent fit of coughs.

"Stand up, Taeyong!" Johnny muscled the now weary Taeyong upright and Doyoung is holding Taeyong's arms over his head to help with his circulation of air.

Taeyong felt woozy, and the pain of getting handled by a martial artist with years of training was starting to settle in.

"Fuck,"

"Are you OK? Here drink!" Jaehyun passes him a bottle of rum and Taeyong takes a swig and coughs at the strength of the brown liquor.

"You are a limited edition, one of a kind, Special K variation of fucking _stupid_, you know that Lee Taeyong?" Johnny snipped before slapping Taeyong upside the head. "Challenging Jackson Wang to a fight?"
"I won though!" Taeyong smiled with a mouth full of blood and a wet cough.

"Fucking idiot, get your dumb ass in the car!" Johnny shouted and Taeyong visibly shrunk before he slipped his sore body to the backseat.

Taeyong sat in the backseat, with his head in Doyoung's lap as he tried to mend to Taeyong's swelling eyebrow while Johnny and Jaehyun talked about the possible consequences as they drove away from the campus.

"Taeyong's on scholarship! Fucking Jackson Wang has money, but Taeyong doesn't."

"No one's gonna snitch." Johnny reassured the nervous sophomore. "Plus Jackson got his ass handed to him by Lee Taeyong who's barely a 150 pound soaking wet."

"But still! Everyone had their phone out, hyung!"

Taeyong was being doted on by Doyoung who was trying to get Taeyong's inner cheek to stop leaking with brown liquor and an old band shirt in the back of Johnny's car before he spoke up.

"Where's Ten, Yuta, Win and Taeil?" Doyoung asked as they rolled to a red light. Jaehyun checked his phone and sighed.

"At the park by the dorms"

When Johnny pulls into the park that was around the halfway mark to their dorm, Taeyong immediately spots Yuta who sitting on the swings talking animatedly to Ten, but he wasn't smiling.

At the sight of Yuta, Taeyong starts to feel a loving swell in his heart.

Yuta’s lip was busted but Taeyong was going to kiss that boo-boo all better.

"Taeyong, please don't!" Doyoung began but Jaehyun shook his head.
"Ten!" Jaehyun shouted before Ten and Taeil turned to see the rest of his friends and Jaehyun motioning the others away. "Just give Yuta and Taeyong some privacy to talk!"

Taeyong steps from the car to see Yuta rushing to him, but Yuta wasn't happy as he shoved Taeyong harshly who nearly lost his balance.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!" Yuta was screaming so suddenly that Taeyong didn't even hesitate to shout back—not thinking one bit.

"What's wrong with me ?! You were parading yourself around like Jackson's little cockslut! Embarrassing me !"

Soon as the words left Taeyong's mouth, everyone gasped.

Oh no.

“Ugh, I think we should give them a bit more privacy,” Taeil began as the guys gave them much more space to have them scream at each other at the jungle gym.

"Oh that's fresh coming from you Fucky McFuckboy!" Yuta countered with a sneer and looked Taeyong up and down in disgust. "Since when was I an embarrassment? You were the one that choked the whole fucking first quarter and damn near lost us the game! You don't deserve your jersey!"

Oh, shit.

“Um…I think we should just move much further back!” Jaehyun shouted to Ten and Taeil on the opposite side of the jungle gym where the argument was happening who moved 25 feet further away.

"Oh, is that what fucking General Tso told you?!" Taeyong felt his restrain breaking as he let out a sinister chuckle. "Don't even try it, you were having a fucking connipation over a halftime show no one gives a third-world fuck about! It would've been better if you actually worked on the show instead of hanging off the knobs of foreigners! Want an English lesson? You're a fucking flop,
“F**k it, I think we should just go home!” Jaehyun shouted over to Taeil and Ten who’s jaw still were on the ground.

Taeyong knew the words cut deep. He knew it because of the vicious fight that Taeyong knew Yuta inherited, faltered.

Yuta's eyes filled with tears and Taeyong felt like he won, but it was a cheap win to attack something as meaningful to Yuta as his passion about music.

"Stay away from me and stay the hell away from Jackson!"

Taeyong hissed and spat at Yuta's feet.

"Oh the both of you can literally fuck off of Yanghwa bridge! See if I fucking care!"

"I rather lose my eyesight than f**king than see you care," Yuta said flippantly, trying to hold his tears back.

"He'll just f**k you and forget your entire existence, you stupid sh*t." Taeyong snarled his eyes reddening as he held his tears in. Taeyong was doing it again, hurting Yuta so bad that it was hurting him. Like a double-sided knife. Taeyong watched Yuta’s injured bottom lip tremble.

"You’re speaking from experience, huh?!” Yuta shouted, but his voice cracked his tears leaked as he finally stepped away.

Taeyong watched, filled with regret as Yuta walked away towards Taeil and Ten who tried to comfort him.

"Get the f**k off me! I’m going home." Yuta whispered before passing Taeil his car keys and
walking away from the jungle gym.

-:*:*-_ 

Yuta walked briskly to his apartment, tears streaming with each step.

He was torn in so many ways.

When he sat this morning at the cafeteria with Taeyong’s smile greeting him—this was the last thing on he’d think would happen.

☰☰ 

When Yuta gets to his apartment, he immediately strips out of his clothes and runs himself a bath with epsom salt.

While he waited for the water, he walked to his kitchen to see Ponyo. He quietly sprinkled a bit of food over the rim.

Yuta leaned up against the counter, his naked ass pressed against the counter, as he pressed frozen peas against his swelling lips.

"Ponyo."

Yuta sighed.

"Damn it, Ponyo are you listening?"

Silence.

"Don't ever fall in love, OK? It's a fucking sham and men are fucking idiots."

Yuta walked back to his bathroom and glanced over to his split bottom lip.
He had no idea who popped him, and no clue why he tried to get in the midst of them, but Yuta couldn't see the two fight physically and actually hurt each other. He cared so much for Jackson, and he's never seen Taeyong get so violent.

"Oh fuck."

The weight of the situation just hit Yuta harder than the punch.

Taeyong just had a brawl on another campus, with someone richer and pettier than him and Taeyong's on scholarship. He legit threatened Jackson at least eight times.

"What a fucking idiot." Yuta whined in defeat.

Yuta had to pay so many people and call in so many favors to get Taeyong into SNU. Honestly, Taeyong, Jaehyun, Taeil and Winwin had the grades, but not the money, notoriety or connections to get to SNU especially since they had no familial ties and Taeyong had a spotty record and all were raised by a single mother.

Yuta, however was determined and coerced his grandmother to make a charity under a false name to fund their education. Yuta will never forget how hard eomma cried when she collected the mail to see that they all— but Yuta—received a full-ride scholarship to any SKY university of their choice.

Now, due to the muck up and slapstick agreement (bribes) he garnered for Taeyong's admittance was now in jeopardy because Taeyong could not go one full day without being a fuckboy.

Yuta slipped into the hot, sudsy water and let the water relax his tense muscles from last night and tonight's halftime show.

"If I was straight, this would have never fucking happened." Yuta mumbled to himself as he scrubbed his hair. "At most, chicks would pull shove each other, maybe call the other one 'fat' but no, I just had to fall for fucking jocks." Yuta lamented before his phone rung.

It was a romantic Khalil Fong song.
That meant it was only one person.

Yuta peered over the bathtub to see ‘Jackson Wang <3’ show up under his Kakao screen.

"Oh my God, why? Just drown me now, Jesus!" Yuta screeched before tapping the speakerphone.

" Yuta, baby are you ok?" Jackson asked quickly and Yuta sighed. Jackson's voice was mesmerizing.

"Yes, I am, hyung are you?"

" Yuta, look I'm really sorry. I should have not acted like the way I did ."

Yuta nearly sighed happily. How is it possible for someone to be so perfect and responsible?

"You didn't do anything wrong, Jackson. I don't know if Taeyong smoked whatever the fuck they were passing around but...it was just scary."

" Do you want me to come over ?"

"No, it's fine! Are you OK? Did you get home?"

" I'd feel better if you would kiss it better, Yuta ."

"I will. Tomorrow? For breakfast?"

"One condition, though."

"What?"
"Be mine, Nakamoto Yuta."

Yuta damn near drowned himself.

"Jackson, I--"

"Make this ass whupping I got worth it, please?" Jackson’s chuckle was endearing and cute and it was exactly that Yuta needed to hear.

Yuta smiled. He adored that Jackson could be so positive during something so nerve-wrecking. Yuta loved it.

Yeah.

Why the fuck not? Taeyong will get the fuck over it, eventually.

"I'll be your boyfriend, Jackson."

"And I'll be all you ever need, Yuta." Jackson said sincerely.

Jackson turned the conversation towards the recent showing for Hello Counselor he watched about kids living on their own too early when Jackson asked another question.

"Hey, am I on speaker phone?"

"Yeah, I'm taking a bubble bath."

Yuta heard an impatient whine on the other end.

"Babe, I'm coming over."
"It's fine. You don't have to..."

"I can't sleep, babe. Not after all this. I don't want anyone thinking they can have you. I'm not scared of Taeyong's little threats or his weak ass punches. I miss you already, Yuta. I know you miss me, too."

Yuta dried himself off before leaning against his bathroom wall and took a deep breath. "I do miss you, Jackson."

"I'm going to be at your door in ten whole minutes. If you're naked when you open the door, I won't be responsible."

When Jackson comes he's greeted by Yuta is fluffy oversized hoodie and gym shorts, still damp. Jackson locks the door behind him and softly kisses Yuta who ends up melting. Yuta felt his muscle relax under the dainty kiss.

"I'm sorry--for tonight and--," Jackson began nervously, anxious to express his regret. Yuta smiles warmly, placing his hands on Jackson's shoulders. Yuta loved the fact that Jackson wanted to apologize and it was heartfelt.

Nothing like Taeyong.

"Don't apologize Jackie, I'm here for you, OK." Yuta kissed Jackson, gentler than before. Jackson had a few bruises, but nothing to disfigure him. "Shit, I'm sorry. I didn't know Taeyong could be like that. He's my hyung, I'm sorry he--,"

"Shh," Jackson shushed him softly, "don't apologize. You did nothing wrong. You're not responsible for me or for him, ok?"

Yuta frowned as he took Jackson's hands in his own. God, he just wanted to forget the last three hours.

"Jackson, this week had to be one of the craziest of my life--, but you've made this week wonderful."
Jackson laughed his usually carefree laugh.

"Same. I'm crazy about you, Yuta."

Yuta giggles through a yawn and Jackson looks over to the clock to see it's nearing 3 am. "Mochi, let's go to bed."

Even though Taeyong has been between his sheets many a night before, this was different.

This was *his* boyfriend.

Someone who wanted him, someone who was proud of him, a person who would never spit vile words and try to demean him outside these walls.

"Am I still pretty?" Jackson groaned as he checked himself in the mirror as he was snug in Yuta's gym shorts and socks.

"Of course, a little bruised, but it's still good." Yuta kisses over his bruised cheek and Jackson holds him close. Jackson keeps his hands just above Yuta's hips and not an inch lower. His graciousness was so attractive and Yuta wanted to brag to whoever would listen that his *boyfriend* was in a class of his own.

In bed they kissed endlessly before drifting off to sleep.

Taeyong wasn't even an afterthought.

In the morning while cooking, Yuta and Jackson were so wrapped up into each other as they
cooked, Yuta didn’t realize that his phone was barely on 12%, or the plethora of missed calls and text messages until he went to the bathroom to brush his teeth as Jackson set the table.

Yuta picked up his iPhone and AppleWatch from the bathroom sink and gasped.

“Holy shit…19 missed calls? From…Taeyeon-noona?”

Jackson was in the middle of pouring a glass of orange juice when Yuta let out a blood-curdling scream.

Jackson dropped the orange juice carton in his grip and quickly raced to the bathroom to see Yuta holding his phone in trembling hands.

“Yuta! Baby, what’s wrong?” Jackson asked panicked as he looked at Yuta’s hands, body checking for blood before he held Yuta’s teary face in his hands. “Yuta, please tell me what happened?”

Jackson watched Yuta’s face wretch as he gave up trying to fight his tears.

He was trembling.

"My eomma...she's...she’s dying!"

Chapter End Notes

I get those goosebumps every time  
You come around, yeah  
You ease my mind,  
You make everything feel fine  
Worried about those comments?  
I'm way too numb, yeah?  
It's way too dumb, yeah  
I get those goosebumps every time  
I need the Heimlich  
-- “Goosebumps” – Travis Scott ft. Kendrick Lamar
Tag yourself. I'm the beer pong table.
Chapter Summary

That's me in the corner
That's me in the spotlight
Losing my religion
Trying to keep up with you
And I don't know if I can do it
Oh no, I've said too much
I haven't said enough
-- "Losing My Religion" - R.E.M

ChapterNotes

Hey guys! It's been forever, right?!

OK, so a few reason why this chapter is so late.

1 - I somehow manage to win P2 tickets to see KARD from Koreaboo on Twitter. Not only did I win the tickets-- me and my little sister had the best seats. Then during the P2 there was a group photo and I took that fucking time to express to BM that he was the culmination of all my fantasies--and you know what this gorgeous human said? "Oh, really? Niiiice!". I called him Daddy. He blushed and gave me and sister hi-5s. I'm also sure my kid sister flirted with Jiwoo?? J.Seph liked my hair. We were ratchet after we promised to behave. Anyways. It was GREAT.

2 - I got a promotion at work that caused me to move my office. Also this new promotion means that I cannot sit at my desk and manage at a distance or write this incredible feat of fanfiction. So, sorry!

3 - Thanks for dragging the hell out of me for the last chapter. Ya'll really let me know how ya'll felt and I love it! I love when you guys ask questions and give me your insight on the characters. I love when you feel the need to tell me off for making you feel emotions that another fic hasn't done. Three people legit went over the character limit! I'm flattered, truly. Keep the comments coming, and even if you don't comment, just look through them and you'll see that you're not alone!

This chapter, is ironically Jaehyun centered. Which is kinda crazy since Jaehyun is currently getting drag every each way [I can't save you, Jae. Dragging is equal-opportunity!].

OK, great. I'll shut up now! Enjoy!
Yuta inhaled.

Yuta didn't even bother to put his shoes on.

With shattered exhales, overexerted, aching limbs and a fragile state of mind-- Yuta grabbed his jacket from the coat rack and swung his door open.

Without even a fleeting glance--he ran.

Yuta didn't give Jackson another word as he bolted from his door and jumped down the flights of steps, not caring from the rough concrete scraping at his soles or looking back when Jackson shouted from the railing.

Yuta didn't give a damn as that it was fucking freezing outside as he ran full force towards Jaehyun’s dorm, hot his tears sizzling on his reddening cheeks as he gunned it on the salted concrete of the sidewalk.

"Eomma...eomma, please not you. It can't be you. God please, please not her."

Once Yuta made it the dormitories on the opposite side of campus, Yuta didn't even bother with the elevator and stomped frantically up the six floors until he reached Taeyong and Jaehyun's dorm on the 5th floor. Yuta slammed himself against the door and jiggled the handle in panic but the door was locked and he didn't have the key code. Yuta let out a wounded wail and he began beating his fist against the door before Jaehyun opened up.

Jaehyun’s once bright, smiling eyes were red-rimmed and lackluster with anguish that Yuta had never seen on his younger kin.

Yuta crumbled at the threshold of the door, barely grasping on to breath. "Yoonoh! Yoonoh-ah, please don't tell me--,"
inside the toasty, warm dorm.

Jaehyun held Yuta in his arms and moved quickly to kiss Yuta’s cheek before realizing that Yuta was trembling and nearly frozen.

"Yuta?" Ten began as he walked up behind Jaehyun before he could open his mouth; Ten touched the Japanese man’s hands and yelped in surprise. "Holy fuck, hyung! You're ice cold!"

"Where the hell are his shoes?" Donghyuck shouted as the others came down the hallway to witness Yuta’s cold frame at the crowded doorway. Jaehyun looked down to see that Yuta’s pale feet were nasty shade of magenta and blistered.

Jaehyun gawked at Yuta who’s lips were bluish, dry and cracked; his perfect teeth chattering.

"I...eomma." Yuta began in a soft, uneven tone before shaking his head and wailing. "We have to go see her; I need to see her."

Yuta began to slump in Jaehyun’s arms and Ten quickly helped him will the wilting Japanese man.

Taeyong, who was in the kitchen made his way to the entrance to see Yuta boneless yet trying to grip on to Ten’s arm.

"Oh my God! Yuta--," Taeyong shouted and Ten gathered Yuta with a better grip before barking instructions to the others.

"Jaehyun, help me bring him to the couch. Mark, run a bath in Taeyong’s room—hurry! Channie, start boiling water for tea!" Ten shouted as Johnny and Jaehyun moved Yuta to the couch where Taeil, Jimin, and Hansol were moments ago.

Taeyong watched wide-eyed at the scene in front of him.

It felt like time was slowing down like his world was fading into blots of gray and ash as he watched Yuta breath too slowly for his liking as Ten’s forearm disappeared in his backpack and he pulled out piece after piece of medical equipment.
“Johnny, his heart rate has slowed down.” Ten said after placing a pressure cuff on Yuta’s shivering arm and the stethoscope on Yuta’s wrist as Ten quickly counted the beat. “But he’ll be fine after the bath.”

Before Taeyong could blink, Yuta was being carried by Ten and Johnny into his bedroom where Mark has successfully drawn a steaming bath.

Tears lined Taeyong’s round eyes as he watched Yuta’s barely opened eyes, his lips mumbling incoherently as Ten shuffled him into the bathroom and shut the door.

This causes Taeyong to instantly snap out of his stupor and he rushed to his room in an attempt to see, touch, hold-- kiss warmth back into his beloved Yuta-- but he’s stopped a well-meaning hand on his chest.

Taeyong looked up to Johnny and Taeil who were guarding the bathroom door with a firm gaze.

"Let’s let Ten take care of him. He’s the nursing student here." Taeil said politely patting Taeyong’s chest. “Ten says he just needs to wash up and drink some tea.”

Taeyong looked over to Johnny and Taeil and bit his lip before stubbornly shaking his head childishly.

"No, please…you guys don’t understand.” Taeyong felt his anger rise up under his pale skin. They don’t know and they would never fucking understand and Taeyong hated the mere thought of someone telling him that he couldn’t see Yuta, his Yuta.

Taeyong stepped forward. “Hyung, I have to see him--"

Johnny diced Taeyong's words right within in his mouth mercilessly.

"Taeyong. No."
Taeyong’s jaw set in sheer annoyance at this point. "Is he OK?" Taeyong frowned deeply, not strong enough to argue with the older men, but he wasn’t going to quit.

Johnny sighed and shrugged, running his hands through his hair.

"He ran here with basically nothing and no shoes," Johnny began holding the bridge of his nose for a moment. “I’m guessing that his phone was off and he just checked it before running here.”

"Let me see him,” Taeyong began, desperately trying to sidestep the two makeshift bodyguards. Taeyong’s eye was glaring in panic when Taeil cut his movements. “I have to make sure he’s OK. Please.”

"Um, fuck no." Taeil said curtly as he gave Taeyong a short shove that held a bit of force letting Taeyong know that Taeil wasn’t joking around. “Let’s not act like you didn’t act a whole donkey last night and you guys both said some vile shit. There’s too much going on right now.”

Taeil’s tone was heavy with a snippy bite but Taeyong knew that Taeil was right.

Taeil was always right, but Taeyong didn’t want to hear what was right—he was desperate to hear Yuta’s voice—he didn’t care if it was wrong.

Yuta needed him—and yes, OK—granted, last night was horrendous—but Yuta wasn’t alright and Taeyong couldn’t let that fact slide.

Taeyong gulped, eying Taeil and Johnny warily who towered over him.

For a split second, Taeyong really considered shoving the two out of his way but Taeyong wasn’t that stupid; he wouldn’t win and that would make things worse.

Taeyong closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Yuta?! Yuta! I’m here, OK?!" Taeyong yelled boldly, his voice cracking at the end with the feeder bans of emotion just feet away from the door.
Johnny frowned for a moment, knowing that there was no way that Yuta [or anyone in the next dormitory] would have not heard Taeyong at that moment.

Taeil sucked his teeth before narrowing his eyes to chastise Taeyong but that was broken when all three of them heard a faint and unsure:

“Taeyongie?”

--from the other side of the door followed by Ten’s raised voice and a sudden onslaught sloshing water making loud contact with tile.

"No, Yuta. Sit down! There's too much shit going on-- \textbf{YUTA SIT YOUR NAKED ASS BACK IN THIS TUB!} "

"I want to see Taeyong! I need him!"

Taeyong felt like someone ripped open his chest out at Yuta’s usual bright voice being replaced with a meek, withering tone but the moment later it was filled with sunshine, wildflowers, and joy at the fact that Yuta was desperate to see him too.

From beyond the door, Ten’s vicious Thai was growling at Yuta to behave and Yuta kept whining weakly, repeating Taeyong’s name followed by small pleas.

“Yuta, listen to Tennie and get warm then you can come out!” Johnny bellowed and a small grumble was heard.

Johnny turned back to Taeyong who’s cheeks still had a glow and his eyes were filled with nebulas and charms that nothing could tamper that moment.

"Taeyong? Let’s take a walk," Johnny asked kindly, but it was not a question in the slightest.

Taeyong snapped from his daydream and nodded as Johnny led them out of the room, reassuring
the rest of the family members in the living room and kitchen that Yuta was fine as the two men grabbed their coats and scarves.

Taeyong allowed Johnny to led them downstairs and to a bench a few meters away from the main building.

Taeyong was bundled up cautiously, but he was still cold...he couldn’t imagine his precious Yuta running in such freezing weather with no coverings or proper footgear.

"Is eomma, OK?" Taeyong asked as they sat down and Johnny nodded before checking his phone for the time, it was a bit past noon.

"My dad called a bit before Yuta arrived. She's conscience and my dad moved her to his ward so he can oversee her directly," Johnny began, tucking his fingers in his coat pocket. “You guys don’t have to worry about the fees as far as the VIP room and amenities she’s been given. My dad says he owes her from way back,”

Taeyong felt content knowing that Dr Seo was one of the best cancer researchers on this side of the sea and an old friend of eomma’s.

“Once we get the call back from Taeyeon confirming that she’s called your other siblings, we're going to Hongdae."

Taeyong nodded aimlessly at Johnny’s words as he stared at his knees trying to keep whatever pieces of his mind he could salvage together with washi tape and a prayer.

"What happened yesterday, Taeyong?" Johnny asked after a while and Taeyong felt like that was the drop of water that made the well overflow. Taeyong sniffled as he dabbed his leaky eyes with the sleeve of his coat trying to muster the courage to finally confess.

Once he admitted this, there was no backtracking. Taeyong was so done with backtracking.

"I love him." Taeyong said boldly with his eyes shut, frightened of the response he’d receive.
"We know."

Taeyong snapped his eyes opened and gawked at Johnny who had a mask of total and complete indifference on his face.

"How--?"

"Context clues," Johnny shrugged coolly, blowing on his fingers to keep warm. “Or you doing everything except whip your dick our and mark your territory on Yuta like dog last night."

Another barrage of silence attacked and Taeyong felt like he couldn’t comprehend anything in this mortal world.

"I understand though,” Johnny began wisely. “I get it. You have feelings for your adoptive brother? Same.” Johnny admitted, thinking about how conflicted her felt when his parents decided to adopt Ten after eomma referred the then 14-year-old malnourished Thai boy to Dr Seo. The doctor and his wife fell in love with Ten’s bright attitude and loving spirit and before Johnny knew it, he had a brother. “In fact, I don’t think one person in your dorm right now that hadn’t have feelings for someone they’ve grown up with. But…you have to promise me no more of this Dr Jekyll/Mr. Hyde shit. That fight last night--,"

Johnny’s words were caught off by Taeyong’s sharp intake of breath as he glanced across the pathway to see a familiar sleek, all-black BMW park haphazardly in the parking lot and Jackson jumped out and scurried up the stairs towards Taeyong and Jaehyun’s housing unit.

Taeyong stood up in disbelief; his blood sizzling in an otherwise cool environment. Was Jackson really on his turf? During this moment of all times?

Wasn’t this considered a threat of war?

" Why the fuck is he here?" Taeyong spat but Johnny grabbed Taeyong’s wrist and tugged him back to the bench when he tried to accelerate forward.

"Isn't it obvious?” Johnny chuckled dryly. “He's here for Yuta."
Taeyong’s pristine face twisted in utter confusion. "For Yuta? That doesn’t even make sense! Why would he--,”

"Think,” Johnny said calmly patting Taeyong’s knee. “If Yuta ran here without shoes ten minutes ago because he just found out about eomma’s condition…how else would Jackson know that Yuta is here?"

Johnny watched Taeyong’s face slowly unravel as if someone yanked a piece of yarn from a scarf.

"What?” Taeyong sputtered, gnawing at this lip. "Nah, Jackson couldn’t have."

"He could, though. I’m sure he was.” Johnny was calm, but dry and honest as Taeyong turned to him in disbelief. “He was most likely over Yuta’s apartment last night, probably until this morning. Look he’s just in his SNU’s sweatpants and his shirt from last night."

Taeyong felt like he was drowning in a cloud of thick, cold smoke. Like he was being buried alive in darkness and force-drowning in hot sand—like he was living in a tangible myth like he was living the impossible version of reality.

Taeyong could feel his red and ravaging anger seep into bitter, grey, unconceivable disappointment.

Taeyong had fucked up.

"It’s my fault.” Taeyong panted pitifully watching Jackson disappear after stepping on to the 5th flight of steps. “Youngho, how can I fix this? Help me, please. I fucked up and I feel like I’m fighting with no arms.”

Johnny was taken back by the sheer feebleness in Taeyong’s voice and spirit like his optimism and light was violently snatched away from him.

Johnny turned to Taeyong and squeezed his knee comfortingly. "You have to let him go.”

“I can’t. I fucking can’t,.” Taeyong shook his head violently, screwing his eyes shut. The thought
of letting Yuta go was enough to trigger his breathing pattern to go haywire. “You don’t understand. I’m in love with him…like fucking crazy. I...I’m—he’s my whole world. I can’t remember a moment in my life where I--,”

“Just for now.” Johnny began patting Taeyong’s knee in an attempt to get Taeyong to focus and not lose his mental footing. “You can’t force him. If he’s decided to take a step forward, you cannot yank him back. You can’t pressure his hand.”

"I don't know how. I’ve fucked up so many times, Johnny. I can’t even explain how many times I’ve hurt him but he still let me love him—I never had to compete with anyone else and I’m afraid!” Taeyong voice was wavering between total collapse and being held together by the relief of expressing himself to a non-judgmental third party. “Hyung…What if…”

Johnny looked expectantly to the tear stricken face next to him before patting Taeyong’s shoulder warmly. ”’What if,’ what Tae? You can ask me. I’m here for you, man.”

"What if he never comes back to me?” Taeyong sniffled, his nose red and teary. “What if I never get the love of my life back?”

Johnny sighed, trying to control his own emotions. "Then you move on, Taeyong. You just move on.”

"Where's Taeyong?” Yuta pouted after the once steaming water had gone lukewarm and he had quit shivering. A pissed off Ten shoved a thermometer non-too-gently passed Yuta’s pouty lips.

"Shut it.” Ten snipped as he pulled off his now soaked thermal and threw it in the washing machine under the sink. “Taeyong’s probably in the living room while you were in here acting like a wet monkey.” Ten snipped before the beep of the thermometer went off and Ten snatched the thermometer out carelessly and checked it. “Alright, it seems that you’re OK now, but I need you to finish the rest of the tea. Now.”

“I don’t like ginger tea.” Yuta groaned as Ten handed him the large pink mug of the spicy tea. Ten raised a perfect eyebrow and tsked, beyond annoyed.

“I don’t like having to wrestle naked, near-freezing, wet Japanese men in the smallest bathroom I’ve ever been in-- but alas, here we are.” Ten passed the mug to Yuta who pouted. “Drink up. I’ll
find something for you to wear.” Ten finished as he opened the door to see that Taeyong’s room was empty. Ten quickly headed towards the drawers and picked out a shirt from himself [Taeyong will have to get over it if he complains] and continued to look for something very warm for Yuta.

"Is...is eomma OK?" Yuta asked nervously after a long gulp of the spicy tea.

Ten rubs his hands over his face and lets out a silent scream. "She’s alive... Just try to get warm. When Taeyeon-noona comes we’ll all drive to see her in Hongdae.” Ten said as he continued to search in Taeyong’s drawers for warmer clothes. “You're a whole fucking idiot for running here with no shoes. You have a damn car.”

"I didn't think." Yuta sighed and Ten reappeared back to the bathroom with a large fluffy towel and clothes neatly folded.

"That's obvious. Come on,” Ten said teasingly before Yuta pouted deeply before handing Ten the now empty mug.

Ten smiled warmly. “Alright, now I’m done being an asshole,”

Yuta chuckled a bit before getting up from the frothy water and accepting the towel and drying himself off before quickly jumping the warm clothing. Yuta then noticed Ten staring at him with a red face.

“...um, you got a lotta marks on you.” Ten began with a raised eyebrow and teasing smirk. Yuta looked at his left side to see fading hickies lined at where his hips met the rouching of the colorful boxer briefs. “Did Jackson get a bit rough with you? In a fun way?”

"No, it was Taeyong."

Ten’s hand froze half way to pick up the mug from the sink and slowly turned his head towards Yuta with a blank expression.
Yuta screamed internally at how the words just slipped right from his lips and into the cramped air of the en suite bathroom.

Yuta screwed his eyes shut as if he could apparate from the dreadfully tangible blanket of silence that fell between Ten and himself.

Yuta cautiously flicked one eye open in demented hope that he either teleported to the netherworld or that the Thai medical student didn’t hear his non-Fruedian-slip. A wavering eye fell on a static Ten, who’s arm was still frozen mid-way to the sink and his eyes spread wide.

Yuta let out a four-letter obscenity before he started sputtering for a reprieve.

"I mean, it's not--,

"We know."

Yuta heard a record scratch in his mind as he blinked plainly at Ten as if his eyesight abandoned him completely.

"What?"

"We know, Yuta." Ten began with an easy grin and snarky tone. "Sorry to break it to you, but we all fucking knew it and if didn’t we catch on before--Taeyong breaking his foot knee-deep in Jackson’s ass--yelling about how you're 'his' was the gold mine.” Ten snickered as he took the towel from Yuta’s hands and dried the Japanese’s man hair fondly.

"H-how?” Yuta stuttered childishly shaking his head from the well-meaning hands. This couldn’t be happening. “How do...how did you find out?”
"Taeyong’s not available on Saturday nights; you disappear on Saturday nights. The passcode to your apartment that everyone has is Taeyong’s birthday; you forgot to remove the sticky note on your fish’s new tank that Taeyong obviously brought you one day after work; the fact that you don’t have asthma, but you have the expensive, specific brand of refills that Taeyong uses in your drawer right next to your bed with a spare in emergency inhaler. Wanna know what’s also next to your bed? An industrial size of pump-action lube that’s never in the same place on Sundays and you never run out. On top of that, you never took any real interest in your girlfriends—oh and how easy you fall into the loving dongsaeng role to Taeyong when you two fraudsters are around eomma—oh shit and the way you guys think no one can see you when you two stare each other down? —I mean… you are literally begging to suck his dick when no one is looking—oh and this fucking jacket with the bleach stains? One week Taeyong wears it to my swim meet and then on the following Monday you’re wearing to class—should I go on?"

Yuta’s jaw was basically unhinged.

All this time Yuta believed he and Taeyong were being careful sleuths, but they were literally the opposite.

"Why didn’t you guys saying anything?" Yuta began trying his best to collect his thoughts but nothing was making sense. This was fucking wild to Yuta’s world. “I don’t understand how you guys just…just let this happen?”

"You guys’? Don’t drag us into this like we’re responsible. No offense, but there's other shit going on in the world.” Ten said in English before taking a blow dryer and quickly drying Yuta’s purple locks. “You two are adults and we assumed that you two had your reasons. It wasn’t our responsibility. We all have our own problems and school and sports take up so much of our time. It really wasn't our business and we kinda thought you guys were working whatever issues you guys have in the background. It was fine, you guys didn't fight all the time because you barely saw each other as far as we knew.”

Yuta felt so foolish. Yuta felt as if he was a fucking fool for denying Taeyong’s feelings in favor of not being ridiculed or a shame to the family.

The guys knew all along.

All the heartache was for naught
Jaehyun was still holding on to the red-eyed, emotionally flustered Doyoung when Mark knocked on the suite door to announce that someone named Jackson was at the front door.

“I’ll be right out,” Jaehyun called out over his shoulder before turning to cupping Doyoung’s damp cheeks. "Youngie, I'll be right back." Jaehyun whispered fondly before dipped his head to give Doyoung a faint kiss on his pouty lips. Doyoung sighed and pressed back into the kiss eagerly. Jaehyun let out a soft groan at Doyoung’s eagerness; his body trying not to react inappropriately but after the Taeyong sent the two to gather a few things at the empty AirBnB in Mapo-gu...the two had stayed the night and...well, things had changed between them in a significant way.

“Why is Jackson here?” Doyoung mumbled and Jaehyun pecked him again, reluctant to walk away from Doyoung’s beckoning lips.

“It’s fine, babe.” Jaehyun reassured firmly, but calmly before kissing at Doyoung’s pulsing temple. “I'll be quick and make sure nothing gets started. Johnny took Taeyong for a walk a while ago.”

Jaehyun exited his room and patted Mark on the back in thanks as he shifted down the hallway before opening the front door to see Jackson standing with two brown bags and a soft frown. Jaehyun gave Jackson a strained smile.

"Hey,” Jaehyun began and Jackson nodded in greeting. “Hyung, my dorm is kinda filled to the brim right now. Can we talk in the laundry room?"

Jackson nodded again before allowing Jaehyun to lead him down the hall to the empty, toasty laundry room.

"Is your mom, OK?"

Jaehyun’s heart soared at Jackson's sincerity as the Chinese male looked nervously over to Jaehyun. The later gulped anxiously.

"No...um...she's...her kidneys are failing. We have no idea what's going to happen--," Jaehyun didn't get to finish due to Jackson pulling him into a warm, strong and welcoming embrace.
Jaehyun let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding as he returned the hug, sincerely.

"Here," Jackson said after a while as they broke apart and passed Jaehyun one of the brown bags in his hand. “This is my family’s signature healing tea—a three hundred year Chinese recipe of Chinese and Korea hibiscus, echinacea, gingko and a hint of mint. My mom doesn’t have the best health, but she swears that it helps.”

Jackson’s worried, but hopeful rambling made Jaehyun smile a little as he bowed politely as he received the bag with both hands.

“If Mrs. Wang swears by it, I promise I’ll give it to my mother as soon as I see her. I promise.”

Jaehyun’s words cause Jackson to smile sadly as he hands it over. Jackson then clears his throat before oddly looking around at his feet.

"Is Yuta, OK? He just bolted…scared me half to death."

Jaehyun was half tempted to lie to Jackson about Yuta's whereabouts, but Jaehyun was sick of lying. He felt all he ever does is lie lately and all it does is hurt him in the end.

Jackson wasn’t nasty or malicious and he was genuinely concerned from just his demeanor as he stood.

"Yeah, he is.” Jaehyun begins after a while. “Ten is tending to him.”

A spell of silence floated between them and Jaehyun didn’t know what to say next, but hopefully, Jackson handled it perfectly.

"Jae, I'm sorry about last night." Jackson's words were firm and honest, not a drip of falseness in his speech. "I did not set a good example for you, the team or the university. What transpired marred an otherwise epic day. I should've behaved properly and not allow myself to be a terrible model of what a hyung should be."

Jaehyun chewed at his lip. Jackson was so genuine and repentant.
Jaehyun understood why Yuta is so enamored with Jackson. Any other person would easily have brushed it off or avoid responsibility.

Who wouldn't fall from him?

"Jackson-hyung," Jaehyun began squeezing his nose bridge as he tried to figure out how to say his next sentence gently. "There are ... things ... between Taeyong and Yuta that's complicated--,"

"I know."

Jaehyun head snapped up as he glared at the Chinese male's unusually calm face.

Jackson blinked slowly as Jaehyun's face scrunched up before shaking his head and trying again.

"Hyung, what I mean--,"

"Jaehyun." Jackson stepped a step closer, not breaking eye contact with the younger as he repeated. "I know. And that's why I asked Yuta out." Jackson shrugged his shoulders with resolve and a bit of pride. "That's why Yuta said yes."

"What?" Jaehyun gasped incredulously. "You asked him out?!” Jaehyun felt sirens in his head.

Holy shit.

"Since when?"

"As of 2:47 this morning," Jackson spoke calmly, stepping back a bit to lean against one of the washing units. "We were together up until he checked his phone this morning. Here I brought his shoes, jeans and coat."

Jackson presented Jaehyun with the large brown bag that had Yuta's items folded perfectly, even
with matching scarf and gloves that Jaehyun quickly noticed were brand new and not Yuta’s usual pair. Jaehyun accepted the bag but not before shaking his head and chuckling dryly.

"Jackson," Jaehyun began with a clenched jaw, irritated beyond belief. "You are one of the smartest people I know...but you thought that after last night--all of the shit that went down last night--that a relationship was the best thing to ask for? That complicates things!"

"Only for Taeyong." Jackson snipped with a flat shrug as he shifted his stance from one foot to the other. "Jae, I need you to understand…I'm apologizing that did not set the proper example for you --but outside of that? I regret nothing else. I will continue to pray for your family," Jackson finished in a soft tone before he attempted to exit the laundry room before Jaehyun quickly tugged on his coat.

"Hyung, please--,"

"Imagine the person you like, Jaehyun." Jackson began as he turned back around to face the gentle teammate. "Go ahead, I want you to imagine them. Beautiful, majestic just a heavenly human...this person who you adore and you know you will love--the stars in their eyes, a laugh on their smile, the sound of gossamer arias in their voice. You see them everyday and you fall in love with every second--but they are afraid and are missing out on love--scared to love, be loved and cherished because they're infatuated with someone else who doesn’t appreciate them like how you do. Doesn't appreciate the honor of being around such magic. Imagine this perfect, gorgeous, funny, creative, god-fearing, intelligent, shade-throwing, musical embodiment of sunshine craving your attention, begging for your touch and affection because they've felt deprived of it for so long." Jackson’s words sunk deep within Jaehyun’s chest. If Jackson’s goal was to invoke a powerful emotion within Jaehyun’s lungs, he was being successful.

“Just imagine,” Jackson began leaning again the entrance of the laundry room as if guarding his heart. “Imagine them wanting to be with you and you wanting to be with them. This pillar of hope and happiness actually wants you too! How honored would you feel? Imagine them being afraid because of what one person--who doesn't appreciate them, who hurts them and yank their feelings around--has made them too scared to let go. Your precious love can genuinely let go, but for some reason or another--they're terrified of stepping one toe out of that cage of guilty and toxic emotions. What would you do, Jaehyun?" Jackson's tone was low, his eyes were glistening as his prominent Adam's apple bobbed dangerously in his slender throat. "Would you just let them rot in that cage? Watch them smile with an empty heart as they break down inside and you just sit back and do nothing because you’re scared of their douchebag brother and some red tape?"

Jaehyun falls silent watching Jackson fight to keep his appearance from crumbling--all over Yuta.
Jaehyun knew that Yuta and Taeyong's relationship was unfathomable, odd, and maybe a bit dramatic but never did Jaehyun know it was toxic or so bad that Yuta was going through this.

It now began to click why Jackson felt so strongly and was being such an asshole to Taeyong last night. Fuck, Jaehyun thinks for a second that he would have, too.

Jackson was literally trying to fight for Yuta's affection.

"Exactly. You know what you'd do? You'd break the cage. You'd take the pretty bird from its horrid cage, you mend it. You love it. You show it how loving and caring relationships are supposed to be and then you let it free." Jackson's bitter tone began to light tremendously as he looked to his fingers nervously before sniffling. "You let it fly. You let it go in hopes that it's willing to stay with you. You pray that it chooses you. And if the pretty bird doesn't choose you… at least you know you tried. At least you loved it—even if it was just this once."

Jaehyun looks down at his feet, thinking about all the new, luminous emotions he felt when he watched Doyoung sleep last night. Worried that even though they had confessed, and Jaehyun had made love to him, that Doyoung would regret it. After all, Doyoung did cheat on Choi Minho. Even Jaehyun couldn’t believe that Doyoung had.

"This is a difficult time for you, don’t worry about anything but your mother." Jackson cleared his throat politely before reaching to squeeze Jaehyun's shoulder. "No matter what, I care for all of you guys. We're a team, a big SNU family."

Jaehyun looked up to Jackson and produced a small genuine smile.

"Thank you, Jackson."

"I will take care of Yuta.” Jackson said confidently, bowing slightly. “Please don't worry." Jackson pulled Jaehyun into a warm hug. "Please keep praying hard. She'll get through this."

Jaehyun buries his face into Jackson neck and hugged Jackson sincerely.

✞

Taeyeon was in the apartment by the time Jaehyun came back with Minhyuk-hyung who nursed a
large cup of coffee, trying to keep Taeyeon calm as she checked her phone constantly waiting for a phone call from Jinki and Dahye at the hospital.

Taeyeon looked like a ghost of herself.

Jaehyun knew that she was considered the leader of the family even though she was not the oldest or even the first adoptee, but outside of BoA and Jisung, she was always in charge and Taeyeon had stayed home the longest. Her skin was paler than usual, her makeup from the day before wasn't washed off and she was wearing her Ewha sweatshirt over a pencil skirt—a clear indicator that after her last lecture, the current head of the molecular science department at the infamous all women’s university did not sleep last night.

"Is everyone here?" Minhyuk asked Jaehyun who nodded curtly.

The living room was small and it was cramped with sixteen other close friends and family members from the neighboring universities and a few of the younger kids from the high schools closer to Seoul who all took the train to Jaehyun’s dorm after getting the call about eomma from Taeyeon.

"Everyone from the city is here, including the trainees.” Minhyuk began and he looked around, noticing a few people missing. “What about everyone else?"

"Key and Dino are already on a flight. JYP takes the juniors phones after 9PM so Daewhi and Sam aren’t here. Taemin is in a different time zone & I can't reach him—which might be better that we tell him after tonight's concert. Jisung, Jyeon and Peter’s flight leaves tonight's. Let's just start.”

Taeyeon motions to Jaehyun who stands up and clear his throat—which seems to clamp up at the sight of Doyoung’s tear-stricken face.

"It's...eomma is getting to the final stages of kidney failure.” Jaehyun said trying to even his tone for the sake of his sanity, but the gasp that nearly everyone let out felt like a ton of bricks was pressing against his chest. “Last week, she was admitted to the hospital, a few days ago but I swear ... I was just told it was dehydration. I didn't want to scare anyone. I'm sorry. " Jaehyun began solemnly, clutching own hand tightly. The living room of the den was packed tight Rena, Jimin, Taeil, Johnny, Winwin, Yuta, Taeyong, Ten, Hansol and the others. "I...I was trying to find the right to time to tell everyone but Taeyeon called me early this morning and told me she hadn't left the hospital since that night. I'm so sorry guys. It wasn't my intention--I,"
"Can't she find a donor?" Taeil began to spare Jaehyun the hurt and embarrassment of the unsavory spotlight as Taeil began consoling a shivering Winwin.

"She's raised so many children in her lifetime. I'm sure she can find a donor within us if the wait is too long!" Yuta said holding an inconsolable Mark who had his arms tightly around the Japanese man's middle.

"We can go and get tested to make sure we match!" Hansol began with a bright start.

"I'll give her both my damn kidneys--" Jimin, wiping her tears began but Taeyeon shook her head.

"I tested as a match and she denied it." Taeyeon began solemnly, taping her fragile fingers against her temple. "Also, her strict Catholic upbringing is against transplants and transfusion."

"So," Doyoung began with a sardonically sneer, "So, a 2000 year old religion made by Romans about a Hebrew who walked around in a sundress and gladiator sandals is going to determine whether or not my mother fucking lives?" Doyoung snapped and Jaehyun rubbed his face in frustration and the small crowd began to bicker amongst each other.

Jaehyun wanted to scream—like honestly fucking scream. Nothing was more ironic to him than the fact that more than half of eomma’s adopted children had grew into being atheist despite literally being raised in the church. Every time a little, infinitesimal mention of religion when eomma wasn’t present would sparkle a whole Bill Nye the Science Guy v. Ned Flanders scale of bickering.

"Doyoungie --,"Jaehyun began with a plea before Taeil cut him off.

"See, this why I'm an atheist," Taeil mumbled and Hansol huffed and rolled his eyes.

"O.M.G—WOW. You don't believe in shit—la-di-fucking-da." Hansol snipped scoffing at Taeil who was getting heated. “Every time, Taeil-- you just have to put it out there that you don’t believe in fucking nothing--," "

"Get off Taeil's case, Hansol!" Jimin began trying to mend the situation but Hansol wasn’t having it.
"He always has some slick ass remark!"

"Oh fuck off, I have a mind of my own--,"

Mark unwrapped himself from Yuta and stood up abruptly.

“I’m sorry, can you all please shut the fuck up?” Mark said in the calmest tone Jaehyun think he ever heard in his life. Everyone gawked one of the quietest maknaes as everyone’s voice died into silence. “This ain't the time or place. If you haven’t fucking forgot—our mother is dying.”

Taeyeon furrowed her eyebrow, obviously upset at the disrespectful swearing Mark was using, but Taeyeon probably couldn’t think of a better way to get the matter under control.

“Mark, you’re right. We’re sorry that we are failing to set a good example.” Taeyeon apologized and Mark nodded guiltily before squeezing back between Donghyuck and Yuta, the later patting his back fondly.

After a few beats of silence, a deep sniffle was heard and Hansol had his head down as he used his shirt to dry the onslaught of tears.

"Why? Why is eomma doing this to us? Why hasn't she considered the transplant? Doesn’t see under the transplant? Doesn’t see understand how much we love her—we need her.” Hansol began mumbling into his shirt.

"We have to see her,” Taeyong said quickly as he stood up. “I think if she sees us all…if we can talk to her—maybe she’ll relent. Everyone email your teachers and let them know you won’t be in for the week and pack your things.”

Jaehyun’s wrist a gentle squeeze. "I'll head to back to the city to get Mark's and Haechan's things,” Taeyong motioning over to Yuta. “Yuta, let's go." Taeyong said calmly and Yuta quickly kissed Mark's forehead before standing up.

"Are you both--," Ten began before Yuta countered quickly.

"I feel a million times better and nothing's more important than eomma.” Yuta’s words were clear
and determined as he zipped up the jacket Jackson was kind enough to bring. “Right now is not the time to focus on anything but the family. Let’s meet back here in an hour. Taeyong, let’s go.”

Yuta snuck out behind Taeyong out into the hall while and into the elevator while everyone was beginning to gather their things.

It was eerily silent in the elevator. Yuta could feel Taeyong’s warmth beside him and it nothing to calm his nerves. It had him on edge.

What do they do now?

What should Yuta say?

Yuta wanted to lurch for comfort but his insides were so mixed up; he couldn’t even think.

"I have to head back to my place." Yuta began nervously, his skin feeling warm and cozy after his bath. "I have to pack."

"She'll be fine, right?"

Taeyong voice was slight, stretched thin and wavering--reminding Yuta too much of when they were both little patients in the hospital.

Yuta reached out and laced his hands with Taeyong despite the little voice telling him not to; but he couldn't help it.

It wasn't natural for Yuta to see Taeyong’s presence almost age regress right in front of his eyes due to fear of the unknown.

Taeyong squeezed Yuta's fingers but was beyond frightened to look at Yuta.

Johnny's words stuck onto the insides of his core and as much Taeyong wanted the elder to be wrong, Johnny was right.
He had to let Yuta go and he would...eventually.

But right now, Yuta was a familiar blanket that could keep him warm and keep his sanity well-knit and not ripped into shreds.

"Just pray, OK?" Yuta said and with a light, optimistic tone. Tae-noona says that we can visit during visitation hours today. I'll meet you front of Doyoung & Sicheng's dorm in 20 minutes."

Taeyong cleared his throat nervously before he pressed the elevator to stop. Yuta frowned, eyes laced with misunderstanding before Taeyong turned to him with almost timid eyes and unsteady hands as he cupped Yuta's now blushing face.

Yuta’s body halted as Taeyong moved in closer, his large hands still encapsulated Yuta's glowing cheeks. Taeyong eyed Yuta's bruised lip before laying a cautious, feathery kiss to the healing bottom lip.

"I really didn't mean what I said about the half-time show." Taeyong whispered ashamed, his eyes downcast before giving Yuta another meek kiss before Taeyong releases his hold from Yuta's gorgeous features. "It was phenomenal. I couldn't keep my eyes off of you. You worked hard and it showed. I was just mad and wanted to hurt you because I was hurt."

Yuta didn't want to feel the sprinkle of gold and joy that glittered in his chest at Taeyong’s words. He hates to admit that Taeyong’s opinions hold more weight than anyone else’s approval, so hearing Taeyong renege on his harsh words was an incredible feeling; especially since he put so much into it.

"Are you apologizing for last night?" Yuta asked and Taeyong lifted an eyebrow and snorted.

"Oh no. Just that."

"Tae," Yuta began with an overused groan of annoyance.

"Not right now, love." Taeyong shushed Yuta immediately with the pillowy words and docile touch to his shoulder.
Yuta knew that he should have told Taeyong right then and there that he and Jackson were an item, but the emotions that he desperately wanted to be uttered from Taeyong were prostrated right in front of him!

How could Yuta fix his mouth to tell Taeyong now?

"Once eomma is alright, we'll figure this out so we can be happy together, OK?" Taeyong finished as he resumed the elevator, tugging Yuta’s body within his arms.

Yuta closes his eyes and swears internally.

✞

The drive was quiet for the most part.

Taeyong kept encouraging Yuta to eat the spicy ramen from the convenience store to warm him up.

"I'm not even hungry," Yuta whined and Taeyong giggled playfully as he cruised to a stop at a red light.

"At least sip the broth, it'll keep you warm. Are your feet, OK?" Taeyong asked motioning to the hot packs on Yuta’s feet. “Those blisters are ugly."

"Your face is ugly," Yuta spat playfully annoyed and Taeyong snorted softly before reaching his right hand over to pat Yuta's thigh briefly before retracting it back to the wheel.

Yuta missed the brief touch. It warmed him more than the steaming bath or SHIN ramen cup in his grip.

"It'll be, OK. Eomma will pull through. We'll pull through,"
Taeyong’s hand fell back on Yuta’s thigh and stayed there as Taeyong steered confidently with his left.

It didn’t take long for Yuta to drift to sleep.

 оборот

"I hate hospitals.” Taeyong began as he sat next to Yuta who was frowning at the bandage on his arm from the blood testing. “Remember when eomma wanted us to become nurses like her?"

Yuta leaned his head against Taeyong’s shoulder instinctively. "Being nurses or doctors wouldn’t be nearly as terrible as when she wanted us to be a part of the church? You and me as the clergy? Fucking Yuck,"

Jaehyun, who was next to Taeyong chuckled as they waited in the lounge. “That’s nothing. She wanted me to be a priest. Me? A priest?”

Taeyong let out a long, aggravating snort that wasn’t nearly as funny as Yuta’s and Jaehyun’s reactions they tried to stifle their laughter as other people in the waiting room eyed them judgingly.

After their laughter died down, Taeyong turned to Jaehyun, noticing their side of the waiting area was empty.

“Are we the last ones to see her for the day?”

Jaehyun nodded, sipping his Sprite slowly as if buying himself time. "Boah-noona just emailed me. She'll be here in half a day and SM won't let Taemin leave until the last concert tonight. Then he'll be on a flight here by tomorrow. Jonghyun and Key will be here tonight."

"That's good that they'll be here by tomorrow," Yuta said to Jaehyun who was clacking the back off his phone.

"I know. I'm happy."
Soon the three were motioned into the very nice, comfortable hospital room that was elegant and well-lit. At the center of the room was a sight that made Taeyong whimper and turn to Yuta.

Their eomma was sitting up, her thin, small hands were wrapped around her weathered rosary and her hair was down, now more grey than the natural chocolate color.

Her face was sunken in a bit and skin was lacking its usual vitality.

When she looked up, her eyes shimmered with joy and she tried to sit up a bit straighter.

"My precious sons!" Her usually vivacious voice tried to poke through, but it was obvious that it was strained. "Oh Jaehyunnie, look at how strong you've grown!"

Jaehyun crossed the space in large strides before he sat at the plastic chair next to her bedside and reached for her hands before pleading.

"Mom, please accept the kidney. Seven of us matched. Please, mommy I’m begging." Jaehyun's words tumbled quickly from his mouth as his hand trembled. Eomma chuckled lightly.

"Oi, how can I can take something so precious from any of my children? I'm already old!" She countered faintly trying to keep the happiness in her voice but it obvious that she wasn’t nearly as good as she was portraying.

"Mother, please." Jaehyun voice was breaking as he tried to keep himself together, but it was as successful as filling a bucket of water with a fork. “I understand that you raised children that weren’t your own for decades and you treat us equal, but mom listen to me. I’m your only blood child, your miracle baby--,"

"Yoonoh," she stopped him with a gentle shushing of her voice. “All of your brothers and sisters are my miracle children, too. Never forget that."

A sniffle caused her to look over Jaehyun’s shoulders to see Taeyong bawling his eyes out as he gripped Yuta’s hand tightly, the other arm trying to hide his face.
"Yuta, Taeyong! Oh, look at my crybabies!" she laughed kindly motioning the two closer to her. "Oh, hush. Haven’t I told you that you both are ugly criers?"

"Eomma, please." Yuta began as the two kissed her forehead and she patted their cheeks.

"How is school? Taeil-ie told me you’re on the Dean's List!" she began proudly as she motioned them to pull the chairs closer to her. “One of the nurses told me your game was on the TV. I told them about how good you are! I saw the half time show Yuta! Yuta, you were majestic, my little prince! And did you see how our Yoonoh scored? Aish, Taeyong you're a natural-born captain.” Taeyong couldn’t help to chuckled pathetically at her praises. She was always so proud—even though she claimed for years that she hated bragging, she would gloat about her children to anyone who was willing to hear.

"...my...my teammate and a close friend of Yuta gifted us some tea to give to you." Jaehyun began after a while, presenting a sleek, black box with a white and gold ribbon and emblem on the side.

A huge part of Taeyong wanted to slap the box out of Jaehyun’s hand but he couldn’t even think of being so jealous at time like this.

Yuta watched as eomma opened the box to see four cylinders of loose leaf tea and expensive diffusers made of what looked like gold.

"Oh, how exquisite! It is very fragrant and such high quality." She smiled widely as she picked up a cylinder and read the emblem and placed one of her hands on her lips. “Oh, Wang Collection Group?"

Eomma looked up at Jaehyun who shot a small panicked look to Yuta who gulped before speaking up.

"His family name is Wang."

"Oh, I know the Wang Collection Group all too well!" Eomma nodded warmly before placing the tea back in the box. “The Wangs were the only people were kind enough to give a single mother like me a loan for our first home. Once I paid them back, they insisted on donating the land to our home years ago. Please bow deeply when you three see him and give him my heartfelt thanks. Treat him to a meal.” The glow in her face is unmatched and Taeyong feels a thump in his stomach.
and he doesn’t know what to label the new emotion.

He hates Jackson Wang even more, but at the same time...he can’t.

Taeyong wants to crumble. Even his fucking mother likes Jackson.

"Is he nice to you?" Eomma’s voice was piqued in happiness, not seeing the how Jaehyun and Yuta visibly tensed.

Taeyong really felt like a fool.

"He's perfect...kind and a hard worker." Taeyong began softly feeling his eyes fill with tears and he looked down in shame. "He treats Yuta very preciously."

Eomma scoffed at Taeyong’s words and began to smile gently as she patted his hands in comfort.

"No one treats our Yuta more preciously than you, Taeyong. You're Yuta's guardian angel."

Taeyong's neck almost snapped at the speed in which he looks up to his mother, her smile dazzling and her dimples still deep despite her age. He could feel his tears slip over the apples of his cheeks and gives Yuta’s hand a squeeze.

"I will continue to try harder, eomma. I promise."

A soft knock is heard and it’s the nurse telling them that visitation was over and that eomma needed her rest. Yuta and Taeyong get up to leave, but Jaehyun asks just for a few minutes and thankfully, the nurse grants him extra time and Taeyong and Yuta join the rest of the family in the waiting room.

“Is there something else you need to tell me, Jaehyun?”

“Yes,” he begins nervously before sitting up. “There’s...there’s someone I like...I...there’s someone I love.”
Eomma gasps and giggles almost childishly before coughing. Jaehyun quickly reaches to give her the cup of water next to the end table. She accepts it and drinks to soothe her throat.

“Oh heavens! I’m sorry, I got too excited! You love someone? Are they pretty? Studious?” the delight in her voice made Jaehyun’s tears roll endlessly down his face.

“Yes.” Jaehyun sniffled as he wiped his face with the sleeve of his shirt. “They’re all of that and more, mother.”

“That’s wonderful, Yoonoh. Love is incredible…a sensation that should not be tampered with. Have you told this special angel that’s taken my son’s heart?”

“No…I don’t know how. I’m scared. I’m…I feel like I’ll mess this up…and they’re not…traditional.” Jaehyun chose his words carefully, trying his best to position the fact that he’s in love with an atheist to his fiercely religious mother. “…They were raised in the church, but no longer believes. They’re a bit arrogant and as much I as I love them, I’m afraid it won’t work because we’re so different. I’m afraid.”

Jaehyun began to cry quietly as his mother pet his hair soothingly.

“Shh, listen to your eomma, Jung Yoonoh.” She began firmly and Jaehyun tilted his head to stare up at features similar to his own, but his mother was looking at him, but her gaze was far out as if remembering something painful. “Whatever you do…go for it. Don’t worry about what someone cannot do. Only what they can. Only how much they love you.” Jaehyun sat up once he realized the tears collecting in her ducts as she finished her sentence. “Don’t be like…your father. If they don’t believe in God, that’s no one’s business—not even your own. You pray over them anyways. Arrogant? Show them humbleness. Different? Show them that different just means you love in a more creative way. Love is the strongest emotion God ever created. It was never intended to be easy, it was intended to be worth it.”

Jaehyun bit his lip, preparing himself for the next words he was going to utter.

“What if I can’t give you grandchildren?”

Jaehyun felt her hand tense for a moment before she let out a sigh.
“I’d love to have grandchildren, but I think I have enough crying brats like you to fret over, right?”

Jaehyun laughs for a moment before bursting into tears.

He was going to miss this.

He was going to miss going to talk to his mother to make him confident, to make him strong and to make him a better human. If she didn’t accept this kidney, she will die.

And if she dies, so will all of the things that Jaehyun loved about the world.

☧

Jaehyun left eomma’s room a half-hour later to see Doyoung in the waiting room, his hands clasped together, his mouth muttering a gentle prayer before the older of the two looked up with red-rimmed eyes.

“Jaehyun,” Doyoung gasped as he snapped his wrist apart in fright.

If this was any other scenario, Jaehyun would have taken the precious opportunity to ask why a devout atheist was praying, but Jaehyun just wanted to lay down in Doyoung arms like they did last night.

“Let’s go home, hyung.”

Doyoung didn’t ask about the conversation and Jaehyun didn’t supply any answers as they drove the familiar streets to Hongdae and to their old house, where the lawn was overcrowded with parked cars.

Taeyeon had called and mentioned that the rest of the family would be in the other properties in Busan and Ilsan for the night and return in the morning since there was a severe shortage of space.

Doyoung entered the passcode for the home and they were greeted with a comforting mountain of
shoes and no house slippers left.

The house was loud and filled with the old pitter-patter of racing feet, loud voices shouting over games of cards, voice attempting to hit high notes, video game button-smashing and smelled like rice and coffee.

Jaehyun snorted and instantly felt like everything would be alright.

The pile of shoes at the entrance hadn’t been that huge since the night eomma graduated for university a few years back. A small hill of kiddie shoes must mean that Jisung brought his wife and 3 kids too!

“Guys, Doyoungie and me are back.” Jaehyun announced as he rounded from the hallways to the large living area where everyone was sitting, but who he saw sitting on the couch comforting Yoona—who was only 11 and eomma’s last adoptee—had Jaehyun’s blood boiling.

"Get the hell out of here," Jaehyun spat viciously and the others’ gasped except the man in question—who stood up abruptly and narrowed his gaze to the much younger man that shared his height and stature.

"Don't you dare talk to me--,"

"Fuck you, Choi Minhyung.” Jaehyun said firmly as he shook off Doyoung’s well-meaning palm off his elbow. Jaehyun was unreasonably livid. How dare Investigator Choi—his own deadbeat father had the nerve to show up to his dying mother’s foyer in the middle of their family crisis? “You were never there for Jung Kyungah so don’t you fucking start now.”

Jisung—the eldest of all the siblings and eomma’s first child began to chastise Jaehyun. “Jaehyun, I know you're upset but that’s not how to talk to your father.”

“Oh no,” Jaehyun began with a scoff waving Jisung off in a manner that Jaehyun never did before. Jaehyun had nothing but respect for all of his family, especially Jisung, but today was not the day. “This is has nothing to do with any of you and all of you will stay the fuck out of this. You do not understand; you do not know how upset I am.”

Jisung wanted to object, but his wife Li Hua placed a calming hand on her husband’s wrist briefly
before motioning their twins and newborn towards the patio outside. Yoona quickly followed behind and Jisung stepped back as Jaehyun turned to face Investigator Choi in the crowded living area.

"You let the most beautiful woman on earth suffer because you didn't want to be a man." Jaehyun emphasized as he chuckled in disbelief that he was going to finally say all the things that he felt in his heart after years upon years of bottling it up. "You didn't want to be a father or a husband or anything of use to her and now that my mother is on her death bed--now you're here?! How fucking convenient!"

"You don't understand--,"

"No-- you don't understand." Jaehyun cut him off sharply. "You turned a blind eye! You tried to convince her to get rid of me!" Jaehyun hissed viciously through closed teeth and the house let out a collective gasp. Jaehyun could hear Jisung growl in anger and Jaehyun tried his best to keep himself for folding in half from the fact that Jaehyun had found out about when he stumbled across a diary that eomma kept up until Jaehyun was born. "You're a piece of shit—no, I take that back—you're just a whole shit. You let her go through her pregnancy with me alone. You let me live my whole life without you--alone. And I get it, you weren't too keen on the idea that eomma wanted to adopt several children; you didn't want to raise kids that weren't yours but at least you could've shown your child a bit of love or attention--oh wait, I forget—how is my hyung, Samjoo?" sarcasm boiled around the words that cut deeper into his estrange father's heart as Jaehyun's furious steps began to close the gap between them. "Samjoo's lame-ass didn't even finish his rinky-dink community college and he only plays video games all day and here I am--at the most prestigious school in this hemisphere with honors, and I even made the winning goal last night--but you never call me, text, fucking send me a damn snap about how good I am, how proud you are or at least how you don't regret my fucking presence. So Choi Minhyung, let me tell you what you're not going to do—you're not going try to waltz up in here as if you mean something when my eomma is dying!"

"I loved her!" Investigator Choi began and probably had the intention on finishing but a swift left hook in the jaw stopped all possible conversation.

A collectively gasp shot out and Taeyong, Taeil and Hansol quickly pulled the erratic Jaehyun who was still kicking wilding as they pulled him back and Jihye and Sohee help the older gentlemen up on his wobbly feet.

“Calm down, Jae! You can’t just punch your father--!” Taeyeon began before Jaehyun ignored him and kept trashing in Taeil, Hansol, Taeyong and now Jisung’s grip.

"You left because she was supposedly barren! Then you turned tail and married the first money-
hungry whore that would have you--"

"Jae!" Taeyeon hissed aghast at his behavior but Jaehyun was too busy trying to reach his father to strangle him.

"And then, like the piece shit you are you cheated on your wife, strung Kyungah along and then went back to your wife once eomma was pregnant with me--and now you want to show up?!
Where were you when we got kicked out from multiple apartments? Or when the older kids had to steal to feed us younger ones, when Kihyun started selling drugs to help with rent or the fact that you knew Yuta wasn't a Lee and you lead the investigation that had Yuta ripped away from us?
Huh? You didn't even show up to her graduation or my entrance ceremony, you fucking asshole!"

"Jae! Calm down, you're going to have a panic attack if you don't fucking calm down!"

Jaehyun allows himself to be manhandled to one of the seats on the other side of the room as Ten quickly checks his pulse and mumbles to Dahye to get Jaehyun some water.

"If...if she dies," Jaehyun began after a moment of silence and the room and all its witnesses fell silent. "If she dies...I swear you better not show up to her funeral." Jaehyun voice began to crack tremendously suddenly, glaring from the tears clouding his view as his voice barely could eek out a final threat. "I swear. You better not even say a prayer for her soul--she needs nothing from you, you deadbeat bastard!"

Jaehyun suddenly felt a hard smack across his cheek.

He panted and looked up to see Taeyeon’s narrowing eyes, filled with tears staring down at him.

"She's not going to die.” Taeyeon ground out before her will breaking and her tears breaking into rivers. "Don't say that or I'll punch you! I will fucking hurt you if you say that! Curse your father if you want, but you leave her out of this. She’s not going to die! So shut up." Taeyeon enveloped Jaehyun in her arms and cried into his chest as he held his older sister in his arms.

"This is Jung Kyungah's house,” Yesung began coldly looking over to the defeated older man bitterly. “If her son wants you to leave, I will escort you out.”
It took four hours, a half-empty bottle of vodka and dinner to bring the house back to a form of normalcy after Jaehyun kicked his father from the home. While everyone was asleep, Yuta and Taeyong were restless and found themselves roaming around Hongdae in the wee hours of the morning.

"I forgot how pretty it could be at night," Yuta began as they walked on the cobblestone bridge over a small, nearly frozen pond.

"I forgot how pretty you look in the starlight." Taeyong whispered almost shyly as he picked a posy from the brushes aligning the walkway and stopped Yuta mid-step.

Yuta giggled at the silly expression on Taeyong's face as he gently pushed the purple strands behind Yuta's pierced ear, adorned with the small yellow and orange flower. Taeyong took that moment to delicately trace his finger over Yuta's cheek; his breath catching in his lungs when Yuta let a soft chuckle, coupled with a luminous grin.

"Alright, how do I look now with my new accessory?"

Taeyong looked up bashfully before looking down and meeting Yuta's coffee-colored eyes.

"You look heavenly, Yuta."

Yuta wasn't expected such a deeply-seated comment. Taeyong watched in amazement as Yuta's cheeks inflamed.

"It's almost 1. Maybe we should head back? I'm sure everyone has calmed down."

Taeyong nodded and slipped his hand within Yuta's as they strolled down the winding streets.

Once they reached the home, Yuta opened in the rear passenger door of his car and Taeyong followed suit, rifling through their bag of goodies from the convenience store as Yuta adjusted the driver and passenger seats for more room and place the heat on.
Taeyong popped open a hot coffee can and passed it to Yuta who slipped his gloves off.

"Ah, I love when the weather's like this," Yuta sighed happily with a quick sip, allowing himself to sink into the leather seats in the back. Taeyong hummed next to Yuta in pure contentment as Taeyong's slipped his fingers over Yuta's pink cheeks. Yuta looked to Taeyong to see that Taeyong was much closer than before, his lips parted, his gaze focused with a soft glint of anticipation.

"Today was such a long day for you, babe." Taeyong began before dipping his head for a moment to lay a soft, sweet kiss on Yuta’s lips before pulling away slightly. "I booked a suite at a hotel up the road. Why don't you rest there? I'll stay here and probably squeeze between Sandeul and Hansol in the living room."

Yuta's heart warmed at Taeyong's polite consideration, but after last night's bizarre happenings, he could not let it glaze over.

"Taeyong, we need to talk." Yuta began timidly and Taeyong instantly pouted before sitting up straight in this seat.

"I know I should apologize about the after-party. But I won't." Taeyong said stubbornly after reaching for a bottle of brew.

"I'm admitting I was kinda wrong, OK? But I'm not sorry I decked the halls with Jackson Wang’s face."

Yuta squeezed his nose bridge with his fingers, trying to prepare himself for what he's about to say next.

"Jackson is my boyfriend now."

Yuta expected Taeyong to spit out his drink.

He expected Taeyong to curse, scream, cry--Yuta even expect Taeyong to grab him by his
shoulders and force him into the leather, to take Yuta in the back of the car until Yuta was a shivering, submissive, sated, crying mess.

What Yuta didn't expect was Taeyong shrugging his shoulders and draining his can of coffee in sheer nonchalance.

"Congrats. Your first boyfriend." Taeyong’s voice was so dry and careless that Yuta thought that he misheard him.

Minutes had passed in silence and suddenly Yuta felt like Taeyong wasn't going to explode...he even opened a pack of Swiss Rolls and offered one to Yuta who took shyly.

Taeyong was too relaxed, Yuta thought. Not knowing that Taeyong's mind was thrashing in his skull.

"I never had boyfriend before," Yuta began after ten minutes of silence.

Taeyong scoffed. "Plenty of girlfriends."

"I stole yours out of spite. I told them that you didn't like them and once they agreed to me and you didn't fight back, they left me too. I didn't like them."

"But you like Jackson?" Taeyong began harshly before quickly easing back into a voice of indifference. "The most boastful, arrogant shit you could find?"

"I guess I have a type,"

"He doesn't suit you." Taeyong countered opening a pack of Skittles more harshly than intended.

"You adored Jackson up until the last few weeks, don't you lie. He's fucking perfect." Yuta defended quickly and Taeyong rolled his eyes, bitterly offering the candy to him.

"But he ain't me."
Yuta smiles genuinely at Taeyong's childish whine. Yuta grinned widely, he loved pouty Taeyong—he also loved how Taeyong always offered Yuta food first, no matter how hungry Taeyong was—Yuta always came first.

"You're right. He's no you." Yuta confessed before placing his hand on Taeyong's trembling wrist. "And maybe that's why I like him? He's different,"

Taeyong says nothing for a while before looking up at the ceiling of the car before looked down at his lap.

"I'm not going to stop,"

"Stop what?"

"Trying to make you mine, Yuta."

Yuta reeled back at the staunchness in Taeyong voice and untampered amount of determination in Taeyong's large eyes.

"Ever thought that maybe I don't want to be yours?"

"Nope. Never. I always wanted you to be mine. And I know you want me to be yours, too."

Yuta wanted to punch Taeyong, but thought against it.

Now was not the time--actually now was not the fucking time for any of this shit to go down, but since he's in the backseat of his Audi with the former lover/brother in front of the home of his dying mother/godmother/former nurse—whatever...this was the fucking time, apparently.

"The night before the homecoming game, I wanted you." Yuta began seriously; his patience running low and spreading thin. "I was willing to let myself be your lover, your boyfriend...I wanted us to be something tangible...something real. I wanted to take you out the movies, I wanted
us to take a nice long trip to Chang Mai, to hold your hand and scream to the world about us... but you gave me up. You conceded and told me to be good for Jackson. So I did." Yuta began frustrated as he picked at the uneaten Swiss Roll. "I listened. Now it's a problem?"

"I...I didn't give up on you. I never would...but I didn't want you to have regrets. We've only been with just each other, Yuta and... I didn't want you to think that "what if?" in the back of your mind. I wanted to be fair to you!" Taeyong voice was exasperated and tied down with a hurt that he was holding on to for longer than he was letting on. "I wanted you to be free--I don't own you. You were mine because you let me, have you. You granted me that privilege, you granted me the pleasure of holding you. You have every right to take it back, you have every right to look and explore and not be tied down by emotional baggage. You have a right to have a...a relationship even though it will pain me. I wanted a fair fight. I wanted you to chose me but I forgot who I was up against. Jackson is mint-condition, right? Rich, immaculate background, great upbringing, spotless record, intelligent, athletic, woke, cultured, friendly and honestly--he's fucking gorgeous. He's a piece of shit, but he's a well-polished turd. I wanted you to chose. I thought you loved me, but I guess I tainted that too. I called your bluff and now...well."

Taeyong words came to a quick, but soft halt.

His cheeks were flushed, his fingers were wrapped right around his now empty soju bottle and his bottom lip trembled slightly.

"Well?" Yuta asked timidly and Taeyong scoffed before shrugging his shoulders haphazardly.

"Here we are." Taeyong began with a light snort, he forced a brilliant smile hiding his expression but the tears in his eyes prove otherwise. "You have a boyfriend and I have a broken heart."

†

Chapter End Notes

★

Every whisper
Of every waking hour
I'm choosing my confessions
Trying to keep an eye on you
Like a hurt, lost and blinded fool, fool
Oh no, I've said too much
Now I've said too much
-- "Losing My Religion" - R.E.M

Happy belated birthday to our beloved Osaka Prince! We love you, Yuta!

Alrightie. I gotta go watch all of Taemin's promos. Let's hope for quicker updates!

There's officially only nine chapters left. So, come on! Comment and let's talk or hit me on twitter!
Open Up

Chapter Summary

If I'm drowning won't you take me to the waterfall?
Lay stones in front of those banks
And keep me underwater til' I'm breathing
Throw me in the fire til' I'm frozen
Frozen, frozen, frozen
Teach me til' I don't know what I'm doing
-- "Open Up" - Gallant

Chapter Notes

/sigh/

I sure you know by now, but one of my favorite people -- Kim Jonghyun is no longer with us. This is an extremely difficult time for me because on December 11th, I buried my one of my best friends from high school who committed suicide. You guys definitely know how much I love SHiNee and saw them earlier this year with my younger sister who had Jonghyun as her ultimate bias. She fell in love with him at first sight and his music helped her through extremely tough times and her own depression. I also found out one of my beloved friends has breast cancer and is aggressively on chemo the same day. Can I you understand why it took time for me to write? Could you understand, just for me? If you are mourning, can we mourn together? This is a very difficult time for me--for all of us. And what hurts is that Jonghyun is mentioned in this chapter, briefly. I had a whole Jong/Key arch I wanted to go for, but I can no longer do such a thing. I didn't want to completely remove Jonghyun because I could never do that to someone I truly loved. Can we all hug? Can I just tell you guys I really love you and I don't understand how you guys can show me love when I'm like just a mean person? I have depression but it's high-functioning and I don't feel it as often as I do my anxiety. My anxiety cripples me. I feel anxiety every time I update because I think no one is reading this fic sometimes or I feel like you guys secretly hate me? I want you all that's reading this to tell our parents, family, friends, pets--everyone that they did well. That they are worth it. I'm happy we are friends. KPOP is not just a genre, it's a friendship. You guys do so well. I love you all, so much.

I really wanted to be done with KPOP. I never loved anything like how I loved SHiNee. I saw them in person and witness greatness--how can I just invest myself now? Is OK for me to still love Taemin or Taeyong when they can literally slip away from us and we can't do a thing about it? Do you feel like this to? Let's drink some coconut water and talk one day, please?

I really wanted to delete all my fics, but my husband--who also--begrudgingly--admits his love for SHiNee--especially Minho and Jonghyun--told me that my writing might make somebody feel better, or feel a bit normal. That this might help us all heal. [Poor guy has no idea the sin I write] but he told me that giving up is not what Jonghyun wants us to do. Jonghyun wants us to carry on, and he'll have our backs and look over
us when times get hard. [I'm really happy I married this guy!]

So let's celebrate his life, his left nostril, his dino-like features and his literally angelic voice.

I love you, Jonghyun. You really did do well!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the winter of his senior year that Yuta finally revisited his grandma, this time with a manila folder in his trembling hands and a knot in his throat.

He was kneeling in front of her in her main office in Tokyo and the octogenarian stared down at Yuta in complete disbelief. Yuta quickly averted his eyes, wanting to shrink into nothingness.

Within the last few years, they've grown fond of each other—Yuta especially.

“How dare you?” she hissed, shaking her cane at him from a safe distance, yet Yuta was terrified. Her aging swiftly in the last five years did nothing to shake the fact that a part of Yuta was terrified and enamored with her. Nakamoto Chiyo was many things, but she was a self-made woman who fought hard for what she had. She taught Yuta fortitude and all the pertinent skills of the trade that would ensure he would fit to run her empire—and Yuta was more than ready…but now, Yuta felt like he’s jeopardizing it all.

This was it.

Yuta did it just a few days ago, but in his heart, it was just destiny.

“I’ve officially changed my name, obaa-chan.” Yuta began bowing softly. “I’m still a Nakamoto… but I’m just Nakamoto Yuta now.”

“Are you ill?” her voice was like scalding oil. “You are barely a legal adult!”

“I… I petitioned the Japanese and South Korean consulate.” Yuta began as he tried to keep his composure. All he wanted was Taeyong to be here, to hold his hand and encourage him because
right now, Yuta felt like he was being suffocated.

Yuta was aware of what this would do—how this would affect his relationship with his only living relative but to him—to Yuta this was solidifying who he truly was.

He was never Nakamoto Yuusuke.

Yuusuke closed his eyes and died in a car accident with his parents.

Yuta was born soon as his eyes were opened several weeks later—christened by an over-energetic boy with eyes bigger than his face; named by a hyung that he couldn’t imagine living without.

“Yuta? Are you sick in the head? I will write you out my will so quick your head will spin! I will redact every penny I placed towards your education!”

“I…that’s OK, baa-chan.” Yuta’s eyes were clouding his vision, but he could still make out the distorted view of his grandmother. “Taemin-hyung says he’ll cover the cost of my tuition. I don’t need money, grandma. I’ve been accepted to all three of the SKY universities. All I must do is choose. I love you, grandmother. I will make you proud, I swear on my life—I will repay you for being so nice to me—for allowing me to see my other family so freely.”

"Why are you doing this to me, Yuusuke?" she wailed, for the first in meeting her, the older lady showed full emotions. “I lost my son…my daughter-in-law, I already lost you once. You are all I have left in this world! I sacrificed Shinosuke’s entire childhood to work like a dog in the corporate world! I missed his soccer games, I missed tucking him into bed, I missed his entrance ceremony because I was too busy trying to break the glass ceiling without laying on my back! I did all that so that you, Shinosuke and Midoriko would never have to work as hard. So, I can finally enjoy time with the son I barley knew and watch him grow into the man his father was too chicken shit to become. The day I got that call, Yuusuke….I almost killed myself in the same spot you’re kneeling! Did you know how guilty I felt? He was only 31 and I lost you too, I ---please don't take this away from me."

Yuta was told countless times by everyone he met in Japan about how hard his grandmother worked, but he never knew how much she sacrificed—and how much she lost.

"Grandma,” Yuta pleaded, wiping the condensation under his eyelashes. “I cannot hide who I am anymore. Who I truly am. I can't pretend I'm Yuusuke when all I've ever been is Yuta. I’m still
"I love them more than I could ever love anything else. I don't need to be an heir. I have love."

"You stupid child," Madame Chiyo spat acidly as she stared Yuta down like an ingrate. "You think they love you? They love money—not you!"

"No, he loves me!"

The words were tumbling out of Yuta’s mouth before he could catch himself. His face reddening as Chiyo huffed out a scoff and cackled maliciously.

"You mean that little liar who set this all up? That’s who you’re doing all of this for? Some boy?! Some stupid infatuation?!"

"His love is enough," Yuta didn’t even dare to try to cover up what he meant. It was true—he loved Taeyong. Taeyong was his entire world. He could imagine denying that fact no matter who he was in front of. "I love him. When I watch old video of my mother and father, I see how much they were in love. I know that expression, grandma. I wear it every time I see Lee Taeyong.” Yuta confessed boldly before pleading. “I really love him. Can’t you at least understand that, baa-chan?”

Madame Chiyo shook her head, and snorted. “Let me tell you something as a woman, Yuusuke. Any stupid thing a woman ever, ever did—she did for a man. And that’s the God honest truth. This little lying degenerate you think you “love” will leave you heartbroken and you will look back
in shame knowing that you ruined your future to be with him."

Yuta looked to his grandmother who sat down at her seat, shaking her head. For a moment, Yuta thought she was wrong—before immediately realizing that maybe she was right.

Maybe she is.

Maybe she isn’t.

Maybe Yuta shouldn’t be listening to anyone but himself?

Yuta smiled sadly before bowing deeply to his grandmother. "Any future without him is ruined. So, I’ll take my chances. I’m not a woman, but that’s fine. I’m OK with doing stupid things."

A few days later, Yuta was back in Seoul, in his condo with Taeyong playing with his dark strands.

"I don't think I'll ever go back to Japan." Yuta said suddenly as they laid down. It was so cold and Taeyong insisted that they make love in front of the fireplace, which Yuta happily obliged.

"Why?" Taeyong asked, his lips popping against Yuta’s naked shoulder blade. “I thought we were going to live in Nagoya together after graduation? I’ve even been studying my katakana~."

Yuta turns around and kisses Taeyong sweetly, taken away by the sweet hopefulness in his voice. "I don't want to be reminded anymore. I want to be Yuta. Yuusuke is dead."

"No, he's not." Taeyong whispered against Yuta’s lips, saddened. “That's who you are. That part of you is so important."

Yuta wanted to contest Taeyong’s opinion, but Yuta was too tired to fight back, sleep taking him as he buried his face deeper in Taeyong’s chest.
"Any guys older than 20, wake up!" Jonghyun sung loudly into the room that had Taeyong and Doyoung in the top bunk, Jaehyun, Yuta on the bottom, Minhyuk and Lucas on the floor while Mark and Haechan shared the small twin in the corner. "Let's go pick up a Christmas tree!"

Mark sat up and Donghyuck whimpered disappointed. "Why do you have to be 20? I want to pick out a tree!"

Jonghyun completely disregarded Mark’s complaints before shouting again.

"We’re leaving in twenty minutes!"

The eight males—Jaehyun, Jonghyun, Taeil, Taeyong, Yuta, Kibum, Taemin and Jonghyun piled into two different cars and ventured to the nearest market to pick out a tree. It was peaceful until Taemin was somehow spotted by a fan and the group had to find a way to quickly escape the market all while toting an evergreen tree that was heavier than them.

On their way home, Taeyeon called Taemin and asked they could stop by a store to get snacks for a campfire later in the evening. Before the group knew it, they were in a market—this time, Taemin was covered head to toe with a coat, a mask, a wig and a cap.

Taeyong and Jaehyun oversaw getting the drinks and Yuta abandoned his post with Kibum to look for Taeyong.

Taeyong was in the aisle alone, appraising type of soju.

Yuta swallowed nervously and sidled next to him. Yuta watched as Taeyong side-eye him briefly before looking back to the bottles of soju.

Apart of Yuta wanted to be a bit hurt by the wary glance gave him, but space was what he did ask from Taeyong but…he didn’t want to be completely brushed off either.

"Hey," Yuta began, his tone light and friendly. Taeyong turned to him and smiled cynically.
"Hey Mrs. Wang." Taeyong scoffed suddenly interested in the labels slapped on the bottles of liquor.

Yuta huffed annoyed. "Oh, come on."

Taeyong raised a well-groomed eyebrow before placing a few bottles in his cart. "What? It's funny. You're with Jackson, right?"

"Seriously," Yuta pouted trying to gain a bit of attention. "You won't even look at me."

"It hurts." Taeyong’s words were soft and frail. Yuta tried not to show the guilt on his own face as Taeyong continued. "I'm trying not to show it. Can't you have some mercy?"

"It's been three days since we even spoke, Taeyong!"

"3 days, 8 hours, 34 minutes and ....12 seconds?" Taeyong said nonchalantly looking at his Apple Watch. "But who's counting?"

Yuta's face drops significantly as Taeyong grabs another handful of bottles and walks away without looking back.

After checking out, the boys again attempted to pile in the car to realize that they literally didn’t have any space between them and all the goods purchased.

“Why didn’t we get another fucking car? We have like eight between us!” Key sucked his teeth as they stood in the parking lot.

Jonghyun rolled his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I just thought it could be like old times—when we’d take mom’s car--,”

“Yeah, but we’re all like giants now.” Jaehyun giggled, the tumble of warm air puffing in the cold air. “You didn’t take into account that we’re not scrawny twigs anymore,”
“Not to be a drama queen, but I can’t risk a saesang finding me. Can we at least try to squeeze in?” Taemin all but whined nudging Key who was nodding.

“He’s right. We don’t know if the chick that recognized him before let the other crazies know that Tae’s back in this area.”

“You guys go, I’ll just wait for someone to drive back.” Taeyong said passing Taeil the bags he was carrying. “It’s not even a far walk.”

Jonghyun was going to disagree but Yuta quickly piped up.

“Yeah, I’ll stay and walk with Taeyong back to the house. It’s not too bad. If it starts to storm, we’ll call or take the bus. It’s been forever since we walked from Daiso.”

Doyoung raised an eyebrow but didn’t say a word before turning to Jonghyun.

“I mean they volunteered, Jonghyun-hyung...” Doyoung nodded before he tugged Jaehyun into the back seat next to Taemin and Taeil.

Key shrugged. “Alright. If anything, call me and I’ll swing back.”

Taeyong gnawed at his lip as the guys piled into the SUV and waved before driving off. Taeyong looked at his gloved fingers, too intimidated to say anything before he began to walk, not giving Yuta a backward glance.

“Taeyong,” Yuta began as Taeyong began to ignore him, trekking out of the Daiso parking lot. “Taeyong, come on! I know you hear me!”

Taeyong kept his head down and kept walking quickly as Yuta struggled to keep up.

“Tae! Can you please stop being so childish? Talk to me,” Yuta growled and Taeyong snorted.

“What is there to say? I literally have no words for you, Nakamoto-soon-to-be-Wang Yuta. You
asked for space and now it's too much? Pick a struggle.”

Yuta stopped for a second, scrunching his nose in distain as Taeyong turned into an alley. Yuta hissed annoyed before running after Taeyong passing him in the alley before turning to face him with his arms out, eyes narrowed and determined to stop Taeyong who sucked his teeth—annoyed.

“Can you move, please? I’m just trying to walk back to the house.”

“Not until you talk to me, Taeyong. Can’t we just talk?” Yuta pleaded and Taeyong put his head down before looking up suddenly, his face taking on a completely different expression as the corner of his lips ticked into a smile.

The smile.

Yuta then took into his surroundings. There were in a narrow, semi-lit alley, secluded with an abandoned car backed at the end.

Yuta panicked for a moment, putting his hands to his sides awkwardly.

Taeyong took a dainty, careless step forward and Yuta timidly took one back. “Yuta…can I ask you something?”

Yuta felt his breath fill his lungs but apparently wasn’t coming out quick enough. Taeyong didn’t wait for an answer before advancing carefully.

"You wanted space, and I gave you space, right? But it’s not too much space—so much that you demand my attention? So, tell me--what the line in the sand—or snow rather?"

"W-what do you mean?"

Taeyong grinned softly at Yuta’s stuttering before taking steps forward and Yuta backtracking until he hit the trunk of the abandoned vehicle at the end of the dead-end—trapped.
"What can't I do now, hmm? Can I not hug you?" Taeyong’s gloved hands were suddenly on his hips and in an instant, Yuta felt weightless as Taeyong hiked him up to sit on the trunk. Yuta gasped as Taeyong’s hand’s slid to his thighs and squeezes as Taeyong nestled in between them.

Yuta felt too hot.

It was 33 degrees and snowing, but fuck! His knees were incasing Taeyong’s waist, the latter’s breath right under his chin and Yuta was fucking losing and yes, yes, yes it felt so hot.

“Can I not hold your hand? Kiss you? Make love to you until we feel like our souls melted together?” Taeyong’s words were so soft and slow as his hands searched for Yuta’s as Taeyong pressed the words into Yuta’s clavicles as he placed the younger’s arms on his shoulders as if where meant for Yuta to hold. “Can I no longer dig into your body until you feel me in your core?”

Yuta’s flesh prickled into little bumps. Taeyong was so close, practically folded within him after not being able to touch him for nearly a week—even though he was so close, so near and receptive and Yuta missed it. He missed it all.

But.

"We can’t do that anymore, Taeyong." Yuta said nervously, struggling not to flex his fingers over Taeyong’s shoulders and pull him close like his body demanded. “I can’t,”

Taeyong’s eyes fluttered open, his eyes fixated on the flesh of Yuta’s neck, close enough touch… lick… bite. "If you ever, ever let me touch you again…I swear to God you wouldn’t even be able to remember your name."

The words were the best threats Yuta ever had the pleasure of hearing and he felt every syllable against his wavering jugular. Yuta couldn’t suppress the moan as Taeyong laid an almost barely-there kiss on his neck.

"Taeyong,"

"I would break you in the sweetest way," Taeyong continued as his open mouth swiped from Yuta’s jumpy Adam’s apple to under his chin. “Break you out of this sick little spell Jackson has
you under and I'll put you in a trance that all the holy water in the Vatican couldn't snap you out of it."

"Hyung --,"

Taeyong chuckled slightly as one of the hands that were securely on Yuta’s hip cupped Yuta’s cheek to bring Yuta’s slightly lidded eyes to meet Taeyong’s. "Whether it’s two minutes or two weeks, I will make you forget all about him."

Yuta screwed his eyes shut. As if shutting his eyes would make the burning sensation in his loins cease or the sinful images of Taeyong would instantly stop—and it didn’t. If anything, it got worse.

"Jackson is my boyfriend."

Yuta’s words were firm and as strong as he could voice. When Yuta opened his eyes, Taeyong staring at him with the blankest, driest, most nonchalant gaze, as if watching paint dry.

"OK?" Taeyong questioned dismissively and Yuta rolled his eyes.

"Taeyong, I’m--"

"He wouldn't even know what to do with you.” Taeyong snorted with a little quirky smile as he licked his lips, thinking about all the ways he had Yuta already and more to come. "He wouldn’t have a clue about how you want, how you need it,"

"I'll teach him,"

"You'd be a shitty teacher and you know it.” Taeyong dismissed, nothing even sparing himself to stop from laughing in Yuta’s face like how he did. “You don't even know what you want. Jackson is a really nice guy who would probably want it missionary so he can gaze into your eyes and wax lyrical about stars aligning or some shit—but that's boring.” Taeyong chuckled his face glowing as he squeezed at Yuta’s thighs briefly, watching the glimmer of lust that powered Yuta’s bright eyes. Taeyong gnawed at his lip, looking as delicious as Yuta knew he was. “You would hate that shit. I know the naughty little kitten you are, the baby boy that begs for hyung to train you properly. I give you what you need."
"Jackson is my boyfriend," Yuta repeated and Taeyong pouted mockingly, pinching Yuta’s rosy cheeks.

"Are you telling me or reminding yourself?" Taeyong’s finger releases Yuta’s cheek and instead caresses from his hairline down Yuta’s nose and landing gently over Yuta’s trembling mouth. Yuta didn’t dare breathe as Taeyong’s warm thumb pet over the pink, slightly chapped pair of lips.

Yuta shivered.

Taeyong grinned.

"Let’s play a game." Taeyong smiled. “I’ll ask a question—and if you answer correctly, I’ll take one step back. If you lie, I get to take one step forward."

Yuta shook his head, tucking it down and avoiding Taeyong’s gaze.

"Those are bullshit rules.” Yuta scoffed, trying to regain himself over literally being under Taeyong’s thumb. “How would you know I’m lying?"

"I could always tell when you lie," Taeyong said in a sing-song voice and Yuta grumbled, clearly not entertained at the fact that he’s half-hard, nearly gave in and suddenly, cold as fuck as Taeyong moved away just by barely a foot.

"I’m not playing," Yuta hissed as he moved to get off the trunk of the car but Taeyong put his hands out as Yuta did just minutes ago. Yuta sucked his teeth and rolled his eyes as he crossed his arms over his chest and remained on the trunk of the abandoned car.

"Who’s a better rapper, Tupac or Biggie?" Taeyong asked with a cheeky grin and Yuta rolled his eyes. Taeyong was serious.

"Tupac,"
Taeyong nodded and took a generous step back.

"Alright, that was too easy. What's your favorite color?"

"Grey,"

Taeyong takes another step back without a word and Yuta couldn't understand how Taeyong could go from the sexiest person he ever laid his eyes on to a puff of childishness—but Yuta loved it.

"Who's a better kisser? Jackson or me?" Taeyong asked with a impish grin. It was quickly peeled off his face.

"Jackson," Yuta answered so quickly that it made Taeyong’s eyes narrow.

With a clenched jaw, Taeyong took a step back.

"Who's a better gentleman? Jackson or me?"

"Jackson,"

Taeyong was now fully fucking offended. "What? Does he pull out chairs and shit--,"

"Step back," Yuta demanded and Taeyong let out a set of English curses before stepping back with a bruised ego and now more determined than ever.

"If you wanted to go a vacation to Paris right now who are you taking? Jackson or me?"

"Jackson,"

Jackson’s name rolled from Yuta’s mouth effortlessly but Taeyong let out a bright giggle as he proudly stepped forward.
Yuta instantly began to protest but the sharp gaze Taeyong gave him was followed by a sultry smile made Yuta clamp his mouth shut.

Yuta looked away.

Shit, Taeyong really could tell.

"If you could kiss someone person at New Year’s, who are you choosing? Me or Jackson?"

"Jackson," Yuta tried again before Taeyong puffed his chest out and took a step forward. Yuta felt his face flush.

"I hate you," Yuta snarled and Taeyong took a jolly skip forward. Taeyong was now only a few steps away. Yuta could feel his body’s reaction to Taeyong’s sinister smile and pouty lips.

"When you’re alone at night, who do you wish were next to you?"

"Jimmie!" Yuta said excitedly and Taeyong scoffed trying to hide his giggle before stepping back.

“Jimmie? Really, Yuta?”

"He's so cute!" Yuta said fondly remembering the little toy puppy that their mom babysat years ago where they were only eight.

“OK, that’s fair! Next question!” Taeyong licked his lip as he pulled his head up, showing Yuta a full look at the long expanse of Taeyong’s elegant, flawless neck. Taeyong knew what he was doing. He was winning.

"When you use those toys that you have in your old shoebox on the left side of your top shelf, under your old winter clothes in the hallway closet that you think no one knows about--who do you think about?"
Yuta gasped at Taeyong’s question.

Yuta had no idea that anyone knew about his toys or that—how—Yuta was felt so embarrassed and so exposed. There are some toys in there that Yuta was ashamed to have but were his favorites to keep him at bay during the days he couldn’t have Taeyong—fantasies and guides…and ropes and knots and *accessories*!

"How did you--,"

"Who?" Taeyong demanded quickly and Yuta huffed indignantly.

"Seo In Guk," Yuta lied and Taeyong smirked proudly as he stepped forward, swinging his arms playfully as if he was just given a treat.

"Do you think of me, baby boy?"

"No!"

Taeyong steps closer. This time he was one step away from Yuta and Yuta felt like this was much more than just a game.

Taeyong took off his other glove, delicately as he was no longer laughing. There was no glimmer of kidding left as Taeyong glared at Yuta. "Would you be mad if I took you right here?"

"Taeyong! This is not--!"

"Would you stop me?"

"Yes-I-!"

That was the last lie Taeyong needed and before Yuta knew it—he was warm again.
Taeyong slides in impossibly closer, naked hands on Yuta’s thighs and he could feel the fire under them. Yuta wanted those hands on his chest, in his hair, gripping his body and shaping him into whatever Taeyong desired.

Yuta’s lobe was sandwiched between Taeyong’s lips, giving a teasing suckle and Yuta’s eyes fluttered back, trying not to moan but too weak to push Taeyong away. "Do you really think I wouldn't fuck you right here?" Taeyong’s words were like gold in Yuta’s veins and he could barely breathe. “You think I have any shame? Babe, I'm fresh out."

Yuta’s strength was slipping, but weakly—he tried. "I'm with Jackson,"

Taeyong tongue reached out to lick at the spot under Yuta’s ear. "New Guinea has a vast population but only sent no more than eight individuals to the Summer Olympics in 1976."

Yuta pulled back slightly. "What?"

Taeyong frowned playfully. "Oh, I'm sorry! I thought we were just spouting useless facts that are not relevant to this conversation."

"Taeyong!" Yuta hissed nearly smacking him on the head before Taeyong giggled and playfully avoided the attack.

"Last question." Taeyong offered as he tried to catch his breath. Yuta shook his head. This shit was so tiring!

"Taeyong, can’t we just go back to the house? It’s snowing."

Taeyong nodded. “This last one and then we can head back? This last question and we can forget this all ever happened, OK?”

Yuta stopped struggling and nodded his head.

He was not expecting the next question.
"Do you love me?"

Yuta gazed at Taeyong’s unsure eyes and nodded.

"Of course. We’re--,"

Taeyong shook his head, politely shushing Yuta. "No. Not like that family and friends shit. Are you *in* love with me?"

Yuta’s mind started shouting in his skull.

Yes.

Yes

FUCKING YES.

Are you fucking *stupid*, Lee Taeyong?

You think I’d do all this shit for some *like*? If you don’t fucking—are you blind? Did that football clonk you in the head??

Have I not given you enough signs?!

See, this is why TWICE’s “Signal” won ‘Song of the Year’ because people like you obviously DO NOT UNDERSTAND SIGNS.

LEE TAEYONG, WHY ARE YOU SO—ASDKLKA;DSADKF;ALSDF

Y/E/S.

YES, I LOVE YOU—WHY ARE YOU SUCH A HEADASS?

Why can’t we stop playing these games?

*Love me, Taeyong*.

Yes, Taeyong.

Yes.

Yes.

A million times, *yes*. 
"No."

The one syllable fell from Yuta’s lips despite all the voices in his head screaming at him to say ‘yes’.

Taeyong’s motions freezes. His hands slip away from Yuta instantly as if burned—and he was.

Taeyong was burned.

The rejection was so palpable that Yuta felt it in his throat.

Yuta was lying.

Of course, Yuta was lying but somehow Taeyong swung his head down and stepped back before turning away and walking towards the opening of the alley.

Yuta wanted to scream that it was a mistake—that he didn’t mean it—to yell his love for Taeyong until his throat runs raw and useless but Yuta was as frozen as the scenery and as empty as the sky.

Suddenly, at least twenty feet away, Taeyong stopped walking, his back turned to Yuta.

Suddenly, Taeyong shrugged off his coat and placed it on one of the piles of cardboard boxes that lined the adjacent wall. Yuta inspected Taeyong’s light pink hair and his black long sleeve thermal that framed his body snuggly, loving the slight softness in Taeyong’s bodyline. Before Yuta could speak, Taeyong turned around, with a slow, fire-churning grinned that had Yuta’s body quivering.

"You really are a shitty liar," Taeyong declares before stalking over to Yuta and attacking his lips.

Yuta moaned as Taeyong slipped his hot, honeyed tongue into Yuta’s mouth, kissing his slowly and firmly as Taeyong quickly made work of Yuta’s coat, slipping his fingers over Yuta’s back, curling like fire into Yuta as the later tried to meekly fight him off.
"Taeyong…stop," Yuta breathed out once Taeyong allowed them to break apart. Taeyong quickly obeyed Yuta. The latter was still gripping Taeyong’s collar, Yuta’s long legs still wrapped around’s Taeyong’s torso. Taeyong swallowed hard, trying to keep his hands still.

"Look me in my eyes and tell me that you want me to stop." Taeyong asked honestly, meeting Yuta’s eyes. Taeyong saw the swirling lust that was swimming all over his face as their eyes met—Yuta’s gloved fingers instead rubbed at Taeyong’s clavicle before Yuta forced himself to stop.

“I-I-…hyung, I…” Yuta’s words were falling him miserably. Of course, he didn’t want Taeyong to stop. He didn’t—, he never wanted what they were to cease.

"Tell me to stop, and I will." Taeyong’s voice was sincere and concerning but Yuta instead buried his face in Taeyong’s neck. Taeyong rubbed at Yuta’s back and shoulder as he tucked his head down to kiss his beloved softly.

"I would never force you, you know that?" Taeyong whispered after a short series of kisses and Yuta was too content being wrapped into Taeyong to do anything but whimper for more kisses which Taeyong granted.

"I know." 

"I would never make you do anything you wouldn't want to do."

Yuta nodded, kissing at Taeyong’s neck. "Taeyong, I know."

"I would never blackmail you into sleeping with me,"

Yuta looked up quickly. "Taeyong, why are you saying this?"

Taeyong took a deep breath before kissing Yuta’s lip gently before pulling Yuta’s jacket back over his shoulders. "Because when you want me, you can have me with no hesitation."

Yuta shook his head, trying to gain his bearings. "I'm not a cheater,"
"I know, but I'm not too bad with pickpocketing," Taeyong said with a gracious smile as he held Yuta’s cellphone and wallet in his left hand. Yuta chuckled—he didn’t even feel Taeyong’s hand on his ass—but Taeyong indeed had nicked his items. Yuta quickly snatched it back and Taeyong snickered.

A moment of silence fell between them and Taeyong sucked his teeth.

"Break up with him." Taeyong’s voice was gentle, but Taeyong was being firm and honest. “You don’t know him like I do. You think that notorious flirt isn’t going around being… **Jackson**?” Taeyong was suddenly turning red and impatient. “Hurry up and dump him so I can show you off, pretty baby.” Taeyong’s voice softens immensely and Yuta felt his heart thump wildly in his chest.

“Sh…show me off?” Yuta asked quietly, “Like to everyone?”

“Yes.” Taeyong’s voice was confident, brutish and proud. “You’re mine. I’m yours. I’ll show you off to whoever. I’ll hold your hand, your books, your heart—like I want to do all of that. I’m gonna make you breakfast in bed and feed you strawberries and-and touch your butt,”

"What?" Yuta began incredulously with a little giggle but Taeyong was serious like a heart attack.

"I’ll take Ponyo for a walk. I’ll let you burn incense and let you talk about music and I'll, like, rub your tummy as we watch TV. I don’t know how else to tell you that I’m serious about us."

Yuta felt a smile pull on his face as Taeyong puttered on with lovely possibilities. Yuta stepped from the back off the trunk of the car and pulled Taeyong for a hug.

Taeyong hugged back, smelling Yuta’s hair before the younger of the two pulled back.

“Taeyong. I can’t do that right now. There’s so much going on, that I can’t.”

Taeyong nodded.
“I know…I’m being selfish. I know you love me. That’s enough…but soon, right?”

“Soon.”

Back at the house, it was noisy as The 5 Taes- Taemin, Taeyong, Taeil, Taeyeon, and Taewoo cooked and Li Hua taught some of the younger kids Chinese hand games.

After a loud, noisy dinner, Hana and Jimin got the younger ones to sleep and most of the adults leave for their accommodations. Those who stayed—Taeyeon, Yesung, Key, all three of the Jonghyuns, two of the Jisoos, the two Minhyuks, Dara, Dahyun, Hani, Taeyong, Mark, Haechan, Jisung [adult] and Jisung the minor, Taeil, Doyoung, Jaehyun and the rest stayed to have a huge campfire with smores, cocoa and overall general conversation.

But the conversation quickly turned to eomma, and Jisung insisted that now would be the best time for everyone to say whatever’s on their chest.

Tears, shouts, and hugs follow after some of the siblings took that time to quickly address whatever issue they could in their judge-free zone.

Suddenly, it was Jaehyun's turn and he didn’t hold back.

"You guys don’t know how it feels…like how this all feels for me right now. My mother is going to die.” Jaehyun’s words were sudden and heavy as if they were a physical weight straining his lungs. “Eomma tried so long to have a child and then I came along…but I never felt special. I felt like I had to share her with everyone. She’s my mommy. I want to be selfish and for her to belong to me for once."

Jaehyun hid his face as he began to cry and gentle pats and his shoulder as he was cooed and comforted, but that was before Key snorted.

“You’re such a fucking idiot,” Key spat viciously, ignoring the shocked looked on everyone’s faces. Taemin reached a wary hand on Key’s wrist as if to calm him down but Key shook it off. Key, Jonghyun and Taemin we’re adopted from the same agency and the three were the closest of them all. Jonghyun began quietly pleading with Key, but the fashion editor sucked his teeth, looked
at Jaehyun with a disgusted glare as he stood up.

The campfire directly between them.

"No, don’t fucking ‘shh’ me and don’t any of you lot look at me like I’m crazy. Jaehyun is an idiot.” Key said firmly before glaring at Jaehyun who was hiccupping and clutching to Doyoung’s wrist. “If eomma treated you any different-- everyone would hate you. You might even hate her. Can you imagine if she ever gave anyone of us preferential treatment how the rest of us would feel? Did she ever love you less? Did you ever feel unloved?! Or fucking abandoned like every single one of the rest of us that wasn’t so fucking lucky?!” Key snapped. Key was also the more volatile of the children, but it was hardly ever towards his own kin.

Jaehyun was trembling at his point, staring at Key with watery eyes. Key was a snappy fighter, but he was never this mean. Jaehyun looked around trying to meet anyone else’s gaze but everyone was looking down, shamed—as if Key’s claims had any validity. Jaehyun quickly realized that it did. That what he said could have triggered a landslide of emotions within everyone at such a delicate time.

"No," Jaehyun whispered as everyone stared at him with a mix of envy and sympathy. Jaehyun felt like he was paralyzed. “I…I-I-I never felt like that,”

"Ever stopped and think about Jisung? Jisung was her very first child. Eomma then took in Boah and the others—at least nine of us before you were even thought of! Jaehyun, have you ever thought how we felt now that your birth invalidated our existence? We felt like we were abandoned all over again!"

"We all raised you preciously,” Taeyeon began solemnly, plucking the grass by her feet, as Yesung was thumbing her tears away. “We never told you, but when eomma came home with you from the hospital, she wouldn't even let us breathe on you. She would push us away for you—I remember I got too close to you…I was just curious because I never seen a newborn and I was so excited to finally meet you outside of her tummy…and… and eomma actually shoved me away.” Taeyeon’s voice was thick with emotion and she tried to shake away the well-meaning hands on her shoulder and back comforting her. “I don’t blame eomma—she never thought she’d have a child. You were so precious, and she had you later than most women, so she was just being careful. She apologized to me over and over and I think once she realized what she was doing, she relaxed instantly. She brought us older kids to the park one day and explained that you—even though she carried you—that you were not more important than us. Ever since then, she always treated us the same.”

"She was my eomma for 13 years before you were even thought of.” Jisung began slowly, trying to keep his emotions about him. “I hated you when you were born, Yoonoh. I’m sorry. I was in university, but I was no longer the precious first son. I hate to say it, but being her first child was
what kept me off the streets.” Jisung began clearing his throat. “Her eyes would always light up when she would talk about me. She always referred to me as her guardian because even at 9, dirty and hungry, I would always watch over her—even though she was much older. She would tell everyone that I was her first son and that I was destined to be her son. I was shit in school, I could barely read back then—but I was the eldest son and I couldn’t let my eomma and dongsaengs down. Then you were born…I could barely function. It wasn’t until I came home that she reassured me that she could give birth to a million sons, but I was always her first. I have loved you ever since. I always will, Jaehyun.”

The once chipper air of having a horde of family members who hadn’t seen each other in a while had died into disappointment as the night winded down.

Doyoung helped get the house ready for the night after the horrendous campfire—a week had passed since they’ve arrived, and everyone had comfortable accommodations set within the city so the house wasn’t so crowded.

“Jaehyun?” Doyoung asked as he knocked on their old bedroom to see that only Mark, Haechan, Hana, Seohyun were up and on their phones.

“Have any of you seen, Jaehyun?”

Mark who had his head in Haechan’s lap, looked up to Haechan with a pointed look.

“He…he told me not to tell, but he said he has to clear his mind so he’s in the front yard. He said he wanted to be alone, hyung.”

Doyoung sighed and nodded his head. “OK. Get some sleep, I’ll drive you two back to SM in the morning.”

Doyoung wished them goodnight before stepping on to the front yard to see Jaehyun sitting on the bottom step of their porch with a cigarette in his hands.

"They all hate me, hyung," Jaehyun began before Doyoung could speak.
"No, we don't," Doyoung said quickly and Jaehyun scoffed, pressing his palms to his tired eyes.

"Of course, you do. I'm a selfish brat and everyone sees that!" Jaehyun’s voice was wobbly and worn as if he spent the last three hours crying. “Everyone took care of me preciously—I remember vividly Jisung and Taeyeon raising me while eomma worked 2-3 jobs and I repay them by having a tantrum about how eomma is mine? Of all fucking times?!

"She is your mother, we were all abandoned by ours.” Doyoung countered looking at the back of Jaehyun’s blonde head as stood a few behind him. “You have every right to voice how you feel,”

"How I feel? I wish you knew.” Jaehyun flicked his cigarette butt coolly before standing up, his shoulders slumping but he didn’t dare to turn around to face Doyoung. “I'm so selfish and I'm such a fucking liar. It’s no wonder you rather go to Minho instead of me,”

Doyoung sucked in a breath.

He was not ready for that.

"It's different with--,"

"No, it's not.” Jaehyun said boldly before turning to face Doyoung. “Not for me.”

The silence was too loud.

Doyoung stared down from his vantage point on the porch as Jaehyun looked up from the last step. Jaehyun’s pretty face was illuminated by the street lights—his eyes were irritated from being squeezed of tears and rubbed with doubt. His blonde strands were array from running his hands through them nervously, his nose red with cold, his lips chapped from being gnawed at thinking about his selfishness, and he was dressed in a sweater that was several to sizes to big—most likely a gift from Key before the campfire mess began; his entire being was vulnerable and honest and Doyoung swore on his life that there was nothing more beautiful to him than Jaehyun just then.

"I'm in love with you, Doyoung." Jaehyun’s emotions were rattling in his throat, but he continued. “I know I told you before, but I can’t tell you how much I mean it. I love you.”
Doyoung felt like he was being kicked in the stomach at how hard he gasped—shaking his head violently.

Doyoung was told this about two weeks ago—when they were just on a quick mission to pick up things from an AirBnB Taeyong brought but no longer needed.

The rented condo was chic, nice—way out of Taeyong’s price range—but they didn’t question it and Doyoung quickly picked up the few things Taeyong asked for.

When Doyoung went to look for Jaehyun In the luxury condo—he found the football star pouring himself a glass of expensive wine into an elegant glass.

“Jaehyun. Taeyong asked us to just pick up this bag and jacket.”

Jaehyun smirked before pouring another glass. Doyoung found himself staring—Jaehyun still had a flower crown on his head and a seductive glint in his eye. "Jaehyun--,

“Come on, we totally deserve a drink, don’t we? You put on an amazing half-time show tonight. I scored the winning goal—come on, bunny.”

Doyoung rolled his eyes. “It’s late. Plus, I’m tired from having to perform, party and then pry Dick 1 and Dick 2 off of each other.”

“All the more reason for a drink,” Jaehyun snorted as he presented Doyoung with the glass, a silly smile on his features.

Doyoung’s slim fingers cupped the stem in his hands and from Jaehyun’s hold before tentatively taking a sip. The wine was smooth and sweet, much too easy to drink as he watched Jaehyun watching him intently.

“…about earlier today—back at your dorm before Mark and Donghyuck arrived--,”
“You mean “interrupted”?" Jaehyun’s smirk was getting wider as he stepped closer to Doyoung who cautiously stepped back before Jaehyun reached for the now half-empty glass in Doyoung’s hand and place it on the kitchen island.

“Jaehyun--," Doyoung began weakly but before he knew it, Jaehyun was pressed against him and Doyoung shuddered instantly—oh, it felt so fucking good just to feel Jaehyun against him.

“Can I, Doyoung-hyung?” Jaehyun whispered in the same tone hours before the homecoming game when Doyoung had his legs wrapped around Jaehyun’s pinched in waist and tearing his coat off. “Wasn’t I good tonight?”

Jaehyun’s voice sunk to a new level of deep and Doyoung was dragged down to as Jaehyun’s large hand cupped his jaw and Doyoung shivered, nodding frantically. Doyoung didn’t even try to resist as Jaehyun slotted their lips together for the second time that day. Doyoung sighed into Jaehyun’s mouth as the younger of the two maneuvered them out of their clothes and into the first bedroom they could find.

Nervous fingers, bold confessions of love and Doyoung’s pleas for Jaehyun to keep the flower crown on filled the air as Doyoung took his time riding the younger man underneath him who in turn was moaning in pleasure with every motion, Jaehyun’s lips mumbling his love to the beautiful man above him.

*

That was all almost two weeks ago. Of course, they hadn’t had a moment to speak about it in-depth, but here there were.

Jaehyun sniffled momentarily. "I love you, Doyoung."

Doyoung sighed, holding the bridge of his nose trying to gather himself. It wasn’t the first time he’s been confessed to, but it was the first time he was also eager to confess back. "Since when?"

"I realized when eomma sent Taeil and me to LA for school." Jaehyun cleared this throat, trying to look up, but he was terrified of the rejection he knew he’d received. “I missed everyone, but I was dying just to hold your hand again. In America…it’s different. People don’t have to hide who they love and I…I dreamed of walking next to you and not being afraid."

"I’ve been in love with you since the night you left. I regretted not going when eomma offered."
Doyoung’s response was much easier than he thought, it was comfortable and warm—just like the
glimmer of happiness that twinkled in Jaehyun’s gaze. “I always woke up…missing you so much. I
ached for you. I still do.”

Jaehyun hesitates for a second before reaching his hand out for Doyoung to take; Jaehyun’s eyes
were watery, glistening with love and happiness. Doyoung took Jaehyun’s hand and he all but
yanked Doyoung in his arms and spun his around—latching on his hyung tightly.

"We can't," Doyoung mumbled as Jaehyun’s hands slipped to encircle his waist. Jaehyun nosed at
Doyoung’s profile.

"Why not?"

"Because," Doyoung began weakly before Jaehyun back up slightly to give them some air between
them.

"I know we grew up together but we're not--it’s not wrong."

"No, it's not that...it's...I can't." Doyoung began shaking his head and stepping back slowly.
Jaehyun tried to reach for him but suddenly Doyoung was speed walking away from the front yard.

"What's wrong?" Jaehyun whispered as he quickly caught up with Doyoung who was wiping his
eyes as he all but jogged out of the yard. “I love you, hyung. Is it Minho?"

Doyoung shook his head as he walked down the incline of the sidewalk, annoyed at how soft
Jaehyun looked. Doyoung wanted to stop walking and kiss Jaehyun’s breathless but he couldn’t.

He could not.

"No...after...after the night you and I spent together...I told Minho that I think we would make
better friends.”

Jaehyun visibly lit up, his eyes shining. "Then belong to me, hyung. Let’s date."
Doyoung shook his head slowing to a stop. "You can’t! We can't!"

Jaehyun turned Doyoung around to face him. "Why?! Why can’t we being together. I love you and I know you love me."

"Because eomma has done so much!" Doyoung shouted, furious as he slapped Jaehyun’s hands off his shoulders. “She deserves so much and I’m not going to ruin it!"

"Hyung!" Jaehyun snapped before Doyoung quickly cut him off.

"You deserve to have a wife and for your wife to give you all the children eomma couldn't have!" Doyoung hissed desperately as his tears slid down his face, turning cold on his flustered cheeks. "Eomma deserves grandchildren,"

"Doyoung, you’re not making any sense!"

Doyoung felt like his lungs was not sufficient enough to receive the air it was trying to take it. "Eomma is loving and benevolent and the most beautiful soul on earth, just do her that favor, for all of us, please."

"I won't have anyone but you!" Jaehyun growled, trying to ignore the hiccupping that was happening as he spoke—as he begged. “I refuse to be with anyone but you Doyoung—I swear!"

"Jaehyun, we were raised fucking Catholic !" Doyoung said in a slow, almost demeaning tone. “Your mom is basically a saint and if she were to find out I corrupted her only son--!"

"She loves you!" Jaehyun screamed as if he was terrified—but he was, he truly was. He loved Doyoung for so long and wanted to love him for so long and now that he had him—he cannot imagine anything otherwise. “Doyoung! You’re basically her favorite! Eomma is accepting of any of God’s children don't you get that? She accepted Dahye and Taemin when they came out! She didn't abandon them or tell them to never come back! She didn’t slap them with the good book or even batted an eye! She even told Taemin that he better bring home a good Catholic boy and now he has Takuya! I don’t understand what you’re saying!"
"It's different with you!"

“It’s not! If you think you’re going to use religion to get out of this—I’ve got news for you!” Jaehyun suddenly gripped Doyoung’s collar and pressed him against a gate. Jaehyun ignored Doyoung’s shocked expression and continued. “Me being Catholic or believing in God doesn’t mean I follow every fucking rule some wrinkly white guy is a dress and ugly hat tells me—it just means that I get on my knees to pray to a higher power to say I’m thankful for every single thing I have and there’s nothing I’m more thankful for than you!"

The rumbling of silence that followed made Doyoung’s expression soften immensely. Doyoung watched Jaehyun pump cold air in and out of his lungs rapidly—his tears streaming down his perfect jaw, the rouge in his cheeks from the cold nipping at them and the wonderous, immense devotion in Jaehyun’s eyes made Doyoung relent.

Jaehyun sniffled before bringing his hands Doyoung’s thinly clad shoulders, all the way to his fingertips. “Doyoung, I’m going to say something okay?”

Doyoung nodded. There was no reason to fight. Jaehyun loved him—it was written all over his face—and Doyoung wouldn’t try to erase it. "Yes, Jaehyun?"

"I'm going to marry you." Jaehyun poked at Doyoung's chest with all the seriousness of a deadly threat. "We will adopt children just like eomma has. I will tell you I love you every day."

Doyoung wanted to protest. "Jaehyun,"

"I'm not asking, hyung. This isn't up for debate.” Jaehyun spat, visibly upset and furiously determined. “I love you and I know you love me. Life is short and I’m not going to get married to some woman, have kids and be miserable to please my mother and then have you on the side like your something to be ashamed of. I’m not like him—I will never be like my father. I would never do to you, what he did to her."

Doyoung's bottom lip trembled before looking down in shame. Doyoung never wanted to make that connection, but he now understood why Jaehyun got so disgusted with the idea.

Jaehyun tilts Doyoung’s chin up as his expression changed and Jaehyun tipped down to kiss him solidly on the mouth. Doyoung sighed into the kiss and quickly returning it—trying to ignore the wetness on his cheek as his tears slipped.
Jaehyun breaks the kiss gently before smiling brightly, his dimples turning into caves on each side of his grin. "Now, let's go to sleep."

Doyoung intertwines their hands together. “OK, love. Let’s get some rest.”

Jackson was snatched from his slumber by a sudden pounding on his door.

The fencer just completed his final dissertation for graduation and the only thing he fucking wanted was sleep.

But nope.

Whomever the fuck was banging on his door at 1:27 in the afternoon was about to get their ass beat .

One of his hands shoots out from his mountain of blankets and groped at the floor for his Samsung. He checks his phone to see the blurry pic of him and Yuta and checks to see thirteen missed calls from Yugyeom and Mark each.

Jackson turned over on his bed as the pounding continued—Coco barking incessantly made him want to scream and ignore it but Jackson knew he couldn’t.

Jackson kicked his sheets off his bed, cursing in whatever language his mind could grip as he stuffed his feet aggressively in fluffy panda house slippers and made a vicious beeline down his hall and nearly swung the door to see a seething Mark Tuan.

“Are you fucking stupid ?!” Mark shouted as soon as the door was opened, and Jackson could feel the blood pounding in his head.

He hated when Mark yelled. His eyes would narrow, his jaw would clench and his nose would wrinkle and it was absolutely adorable, but right now it was aggravating Jackson.
He didn’t want to deal with Mark’s bitching. If there were two things Mark was really good at—being tall and bitching were a tie for number one and Jackson had been in a sour mood ever since Yuta left out of the city to visit his family during this difficult time almost two weeks ago. All Jackson wanted to do was spend time with Yuta--to comfort him--and he couldn’t.

“Why are you and Gyeom blowing up my phone?! It’s fucking Wednesday.”

"You risked everything for him?” Mark ignored as he stomped inside of the dorm, kicking off his shoes violently and commanding Coco to the spare room. “Are you stupid? Did all that blonde dye eat into that fucking noggin of yours! You fought Lee Taeyong on Yonsei’s grounds! You could've been expelled over some boy! I can’t believe you!"

"I did! So?” Jackson snapped, eying Mark up and down viciously. “No one snitched and no one’s fucking hurt!”

"Yes, you are! I can fucking tell! Why would you even fight Taeyong? He's one of your favorites! You trusted him with the team for fuck’s sake!”

"I'm...,” Jackson began awkwardly motioning with his hands. He was tired and fucking frustrated. “Yuta is Taeyong’s brother...ugh...or fucking something like that?” Jackson began flippantly trying to think of the details, but his brain was not having it. “They were raised as brothers. Yuta and I are a thing and Taeyong got jealous or overprotected or some shit—look we fought.”

Mark perched his hands on his hip. Jackson fought the urge to roll his eyes at the impending drama that he knew was to come. “What? That—that didn’t make a fucking modicum of sense. Why the fuck would Yuta and Taeyong being related mean you fought Taeyong?” Mark asked briskly as he leaned against the kitchen island, staring Jackson in complete disdain. Jackson sighed before ruffling his own hair in agitation.

“Yuta and I are dating.”

Jackson expected a drop of silence after saying it so openly but apparently, Mark was not letting that happen.

"Are you fucking kidding me right now?!” Mark screeched, his mind reeling. “You just met him—like fucking Tuesday or something!”
Jackson gritted his teeth as he clenched his fists. "I met him like in passing a few times-- but yeah, Yuta is my boyfriend."

Mark scoffed, gnawing at his lip before giggling sardonically. "And getting wrecked by his brother did what for your budding relationship? I'm curious."

Jackson was feeling his temper slip a little bit out of control with Mark’s sarcasm, but he calmed himself down enough to at least try to get him some orange juice. "I did not get wrecked--we fought and he started it and I finished it."

"You could've gotten expelled over Yuta. Over Nakamoto Yuta? He's not even all that!"

"Oh shut up!" Jackson spat slamming the fridge door harder than expected. "He's so much prettier than you—if anyone above a subterranean creature can see that you compared to Yuta— you’re just wallpaper. You're mad that no one’s out here fighting for your fucking honor. I know that your precious Junho-hyung wouldn't."

Mark grimaced trying not to show how hurt he was by Jackson’s vicious words. "Leave my boyfriend out of this!"

"Ditto!" Jackson snapped back, and suddenly the only thing could be heard was their deep and erratic breathing. Jackson looked down, trying not to watch the hurt in Mark’s face. He never meant to compare the two and he knows what he said was hurtful and stupid but--

"You're pathetic."

Jackson’s head snapped up so fast, his eyes barely kept up. Mark has the decency to look ashamed, but it lasts only for a quick moment.

"What the fuck did you just call me, Mark Tuan?"

"Sorry,” Mark scoffed. “And I don't mean "I'm sorry," I mean you're a sorry-ass person. You could've ruined your whole career--disgrace everything over someone so insignificant like him--,"
"Mark.” Jackson voice was dangerously low and threatening. “Shut your mouth or I will hurt you.”

The silence that followed after was enough to suffocate both of the men, smother them with how tense the air was.

Mark felt his heart drop into his socks.

"You love him, don't you?” Mark accused taking a tentative step forward, and Jackson didn’t even dare change his expression. “You’re in love with Yuta already, aren’t you?”

Jackson looked away and nodded. "I'm pretty sure I do."

"But," Mark stepped closer to Jackson with an outstretched hand before Jackson smacked his hand away—stumbling backward before shoving Mark away.

"No, no, no don't do that.” Jackson wailed trying to push Mark away quickly. “You don't get to do that! Back the fuck up!"

"Jia-er!” Mark called out desperately, his heart wrenching as Jackson stepped away from him, screwing his eyes shut as if trying to block out the world—block out Mark.

"No! We had something Mark!” Jackson began with a trembling lip and watery eyes as he tried to stare Mark in the face and not feel the heartbreak that he desperately tried to smoother. “I thought you and I had something. I know I was that little puppy dog following you around a few years ago—I was all but on my knees begging for your attention Mark… but you put me to the wayside. You only wanted me when you felt less than and I made you feel like gold whenever you were in my arms, Mark. All of our friends knew how I felt about you—you knew! You never wanted to put a title on us—but for fuck sakes we visited each other’s family, we were each other’s emergency contacts, we moved in together and we even fucking adopted Coco together! Whenever I told you how much I wanted to be with you, you said you wanted to focus on school but then I fucking blink and you're with Junho-hyung!!”

Mark watched as Jackson began to pace nervously, trying to regain his emotions. “Jackson, you don’t understand—,”
“Don’t you dare look at me like I’m crazy because I’m with Yuta.” Jackson sliced Mark’s sentence down the middle, breathing hard as he tried to keep his emotions together. “Don’t fucking question me if I fell in love or if I have someone I can actually give my all to.” Jackson shuffled from one foot to another as he pinched the bridge of his nose trying to keep his tears in.

This was not fair.

Mark was one of the first friends he ever made in Korea. He was his cousin’s Tao friend and it took nothing for Mark and Jackson to be joined at the hip. Suddenly Jackson was with Mark’s five other friends—but it was no secret that Jackson was in love with Mark—even going as far as trying to get Jaebum and BamBam to sneak in Mark’s ear about how much Jackson liked him.

The night they slept together for the first time when Jackson was a senior in high school and Mark a college freshman was one the best of Jackson’s life. And once Mark kept coming back almost every night boosted Jackson’s confidence ten-fold. Before he knew it and he was cuddling with Mark at Jinyoung’s dorm or holding hands when the group ran around the town. No one was surprised when Jackson and Mark moved in together on an on-campus suite despite their year difference, no one was surprised when he would kiss Jackson square on the lips in front of them for the first time and no one was surprised when Jackson brought Mark back home for Lunar New Year.

However, everyone was shocked when Mark introduced Junho as his boyfriend. When asked, Mark simply said that Jackson and Mark were never boyfriends and never asked each out.

But after two years, living together, raising a pet and fucking Mark into the bed every night—Jackson didn’t think he had to.

“I love Yuta. He's perfect for me and yeah Taeyong might be a hating asshat right now, but he'll accept it. He’ll have to because I’m not letting Yuta go without a fight. I fought for him once and I’ll do it again! So please, pick up your sad little face get the fuck away from me, Mark.”

Silence fell between them.

"Mark. I want you to leave.” Jackson said as he backed Mark into the hallway. “Don't call me. Don't message me. Don't come here again."

"What are you saying, Jacks?” Mark began with watery eyes. “Jackson Wang, what are you telling
Jackson opens the door for Mark to leave, Jackson staring out and no longer looking at Mark. Mark takes the hint and with glistening eyes, he leaves without another word.

Jackson slams the door close and leans against it, trying to cover up his own sobs that were deafening loud in his dorm and pained heart.

After the dreadfully eventful night, the house was getting more crowded, so Taeyong, Yuta, Mark, Donghyuck, Dahyun and Hyunjoo slept in the den. They initially had the pull-out bed, but Bo-ah called for them to stay with her in her ridiculously spacious condo in Daegu.

Taeyong and Yuta had the pull-out bed to themselves. By habit or on purpose, Yuta cuddled into Taeyong and the latter didn’t mind. They had the comforters laid out amongst multiple pillows and sheets like a nest and it was almost two AM and Yuta felt restless especially after what happened earlier between them. It was a small feeling of velvet fire under Yuta’s skin that he desperately needed to snuff out.

“Yuta, I’m trying to sleep,” Taeyong’s words were sweet and warm on Yuta’s lobe and the latter felt a shiver slowly roll from his neck to the back of his thighs.

“Then rest hyung, I’m just trying to get comfortable.” Yuta’s voice hitched as Taeyong’s hot hand landed on Yuta’s hip and dragged him flush against his own. The air between them was too hot, too steamy.

Yuta knew that this was the perfect time for him to leave, to moved from the den and go to Taeyeon’s old room with the girls but Yuta was frozen. Taeyong’s fingers on his prominent hipbones was like a stake in the ground.

“If you’re going to cozy up to me, I need to you to stay still and fall asleep,” Taeyong voice was thick, but oddly calm as if he was scolding a child. “Otherwise, it’s going to be a long and uncomfortable night for me, Yuta.”

Yuta nodded before burrying his face into Taeyong’s clavicle. Taeyong’s breath hitched. It was so warm under the sheets, so warm that they perspired a bit. So warm that’s Yuta’s lovely scent was cooking and Taeyong’s mouth was watering.
Suddenly a soft ringtone—a gentle Khalil Fong song made Yuta tense up.

Jackson was calling.

Yuta gasped as tried to reach over to behind Taeyong where both of their phones lay just like their owners.

Yuta reached over, but his wrist was caught by Taeyong’s. Yuta looked down to see Taeyong’s eyes screaming, pleading to him in the moonlight. An expression Yuta never seen on Taeyong’s face lit his features.

Taeyong was heartbroken.

Yuta could see Taeyong swallow deeply before shaking his head as if he was begging.

Begging for Yuta to not answer the phone.

Begging for Yuta to not ruin this moment, this night…not to ruin them.

Yuta froze; completely speechless as the ringtone stopped and the call was missed.

Taeyong let out a breath of relief that seemed to weigh several tons.

Yuta closed his eyes, feeling Taeyong’s fingers slide gently from his fingers up his forearm up Yuta’s shoulder and landing at the fine hairs at the back of his neck.

“You’re sweating,” Taeyong whispered hotly, under the sheets bringing Yuta’s face so close that their lips were only a quarter of an inch apart. Yuta was shivering, the anticipation heavy. “Is it too hot for you?”

Yuta shook his head. “N-no, I like it…I love it like this,” Yuta’s hand slowly teased the hem of
Taeyong’s thermal, his fingertips slipping under and feeling the creamy, damp skin. Yuta felt the ragged breath from Taeyong’s lips ghost over his own.

It’s been too long.

Yuta felt like he was losing his mind.

Yuta lunged forward to take Taeyong’s lips but was confused when he was met with air as Taeyong dodged the kiss and abruptly sat up.

Yuta stared up dumbfounded as Taeyong sat up rubbing his hands on his face.

The cold air hitting them like a smack in the face as the sheets fell along their waist.

“Taeyong--,”

"I can't." Taeyong choked out a heart-wrenching sob. “You're...you're not mine. I shouldn't have let you touch me just now, I’m sorry. You belong to Jackson—that was not very responsible of me, I’m sorry.” Taeyong began trying to control his sobs. “And that's...his family gave this land to eomma when no one would. He's nice to you. Be nice to him. I promise, I'll only be just your brother and friend from now on.”

"Taeyong," Yuta sat up next to Taeyong who was trying to hide his face into the collar of his shirt.

"I'm not good enough. He's better than me in every way—that’s what you said. I have no right to be fucking crying right now when I put you through all that shit. I had you and I didn't cherish you."

"Taeyong,"

Taeyong quickly turns to his right to unhook his phone and proceeds to get up and grab his coat and head to the backyard. Yuta in shock quickly mimics his motions all the way down to jamming his sneakers on his feet and following Taeyong’s trail.
"Hyung!"

"Don't!" Taeyong shouted over his shoulder as he frantically ran his fingers through his strawberry colored hair. “You have someone else. It's not like how it was with the little girlfriends we had--I see it real between you two."

“Taeyong,” Yuta called out as Taeyong effortlessly hopped over the stone fence and to the sidewalk. Yuta quickly followed his motions but Taeyong started walking faster as they got to the sidewalk. “Taeyong! Quit running away!"

Taeyong’s legs kept at its stride despite his tears overflowing. "He's touched you, Yuta-- he's kissed you--he probably--you belong to--,"

"You!" Yuta finally reached Taeyong, clamping his hand on his shoulder and swiveling him around, but Taeyong hung his head down, refusing to look at Yuta who was desperately trying to meet Taeyong’s gaze. “I belong to you, Taeyong. I always have—I… I think I always will."

Taeyong brought his hands to Yuta's hand and pushed them away and sighed "Don't. Let’s just agree to be away from each other. It hurts. It hurts so much, but it’s better this way, right? We can live like this. I won’t hurt you if we're not around each other but you keep chasing me and I'm conflicted.” Taeyong’s voice sounded so distant, so flimsy, meek, and down right defeated. Yuta felt his heart bleed out at the tone and all Yuta wanted was to hug him.

How the fuck did the two boys from the car accident end up like this?

Yuta gripped Taeyong’s wrist. "Taeyong--, please just--!"

"You won, ok?!" Taeyong laughs sadly, filled with deep sobs and heartache as he pushed Yuta’s hands violently off of his own. “You fucking won. You're a fucking winner, Nakamoto Yuta!” Taeyong chuckled sardonically with spite and false praise. “You wanted to break my heart, right? You wanted to make it even? You did it! Yay! Congrat-u-fucking-lations, dongsaeng."

Yuta felt his body lock up as if cement was poured over him as he glared at Taeyong so hard his eyebrows were almost a perfect V.
"How dare you!" Yuta snapped using whatever willpower he had in his body to not grab Taeyong’s face and repeatedly slam it against the pole behind him. “Y-Y-You thought this was a fucking game? You...y-you thought this was fucking a game of Clue? Of fucking chess?!”

Taeyong’s tears were nonexistent as he huffed, completely dismissive of Yuta’s outburst. "Of course, it was for you. Everything is a fucking play you directed and I’m just your lead actor."

"For me?! Are you fucking insane?!" Yuta screeched taking two steps back and raising his fist as if to box Taeyong’s face into the concrete but Yuta quickly tried to reel in his anger, instead pointing an accusatory finger in Taeyong’s face. “You ain’t shit, Lee Taeyong! You’d think I’d put my feelings and emotions and-and-and my fucking body out for a little chuckle here—and hardy-har-har there? You think all this emotional fuckery is some form of method acting?! Get the fuck out of here with that! How could you even say that this was a game to me!”

"Yes, the hell it is!” Taeyong’s voice was now at the same pitch as Yuta and they began to attract a bit of attention as they were no longer in their neighbor but on the streets having a battle of emotions worth a bucket of caramelized popcorn. “I gave you everything, Yuta! I gave you whatever I had even when I had nothing—I tried to act right, I was honest with you! I told you I wanted to be with you! I asked you to be my boyfriend fucking—what three times?! I tried to be more affectionate and apologetic and even telling everyone that I don’t want us to be at odds anymore and you just turned and jumped on fucking Jackson Wang’s cock within the same week you said you’d give me a chance?! On Sunday morning I begged for a chance but by Wednesday you were already with Jackson! That sounds like a fucking game to me!”

Yuta’s mouth felt like it was filled with sand and fire. Yuta could see where Taeyong may have felt that way—but that does not make any of his actions excusable.

"I gave you my heart, you egotistical shitfuck!” Yuta spat with such vile that Taeyong felt his heartbeat quicken at how Yuta’s nose scrunched in frustration and unfiltered anger. “I gave you all of me every fucking Saturday for half a fucking decade but you played with my emotions one too many times! You had me for so long! And now that Jackson's here--I'm special?!”

"Yes.” Taeyong chuckles nervously, his voice small and quivering. “And I'm so sorry, love. I am terrible, aren’t I? It literally took…s-s-someone else having you to make me realize how important you are to me and I’m so sorry, babe. I really am an idiot"

Yuta felt all his anger dissipate for a moment. "No, you're not.”

Taeyong pressed his palm against his eyes, his nose cute, red and dripping before he quickly wiped
it away. "Yes, I am. Seriously, truly. I want you and I'll never have you again."

Yuta continued to stare at Taeyong pick himself up emotionally and Yuta quietly leaned against the brick barrier next to him—mentally drained and his heart too heavy for his chest.

Yuta has no idea how long they stood there, back to the wall of a shop closed the night and watching people walk by on the sidewalk and the traffic piling up even though it has to be nearly one AM in Hongdae.

But Yuta is still enraged, even as the snow falls lightly. Still mad at Taeyong, mad at himself--so mad, that Yuta suddenly bursts out in laughter.

But not that ‘Oh, I’ve remembered something funny’ laugh. It was a deep, spiteful, mocking laugh and Yuta couldn’t taper it.

Taeyong turned to Yuta, completely taken back by the sudden ark of laughter. “Yuta--,”

"How does it feel, hmm?" Yuta’s eyes narrowed but he maintained a cynical glint in his eyes, a nasty smirk on his face as he watched Taeyong’s eyes quiver with emotion. “How does it feel to have something so precious to you snatched right from under your nose? By one of your favorite hyungs?"

Taeyong snarled and stood up, his fist clenching.

Yeah, Taeyong fucked up but he was apologizing. He was trying to be responsible and not give in to temptation like he desperately wanted to—he was being honest and trying his damndest to respect Jackson and Yuta’s budding relationship no matter how much it hurt him and now Yuta has the fucking gall to make fun of him? "Yuta, shut the fuck up!"

"Or what?" Yuta’s laugh was piercing and vindictive, making Taeyong feel small and insignificant as Yuta raised the corner of his lip in disgust—as if Taeyong was just a nuisance to his otherwise peachy evening. “You're not angry that you lost me, you’re mad by the fact that Jackson made me his in 5 days? Shit, even God made the world in seven."

Taeyong gritted his teeth, his disbelief turning in a ball of fiery rage that Taeyong felt was quickly getting out his control. From the glare in Yuta’s eyes, he was doing it on purpose—for whatever
reason, Yuta wanted to push Taeyong’s buttons—to get one last rise of him—to strain the devious proverbial red string of fate that was nothing but a noose around their neck.

"Yuta, shut up or I swear I'll--,"

"You'll what?" Yuta’s voice was deep, threatening as he inched closer to Taeyong, caging the taller against the stone barrier that kept Taeyong from tumbling down into the small frozen stream beneath. Taeyong felt his temper rap viciously against his sanity as Yuta continued to assault his emotions. “I'll give you props though, hyung! You trained me so well, by day 3 I was already on his bed, practically begging for it, but Jackson didn't fuck me. He could’ve easily, but he showed restraint and respect. I don't care what no one says--the Chinese are so fucking polite. But the morning after the homecoming game he wasn’t as withholding. Jackson’s mouth can do more than just smile,"

Taeyong’s jaw slowly fell open and his eyes narrowed, furious as he inched closer to Yuta, the Japanese male taking steps back at Taeyong took them forward, but the smirk on Yuta’s face remained even though he knew this time his hyung was ready to snap. Yuta was hoping that Taeyong would throw the first punch, Yuta wanted to fight. He needed to feel physical pain—anything was better than the pain he felt inside at this point.

"Did you really let him touch you when you probably still had my come inside you?" Taeyong’s voice was barely above a whisper—barely audible to the cars and street life of Hongdae—but Yuta could hear the unmistakable tone of utter disgust laced in Taeyong’s fierce words. “Did you really let him touch you? My bites all over your skin? My handprints pressed into your curves—my fucking confession still in your ear--are you really that slutty?!"

Yuta stared blankly at Taeyong before shrugging nonchalantly. "Probably."

Taeyong eyes widened.

Yuta let out a loose chuckle, followed by a scathing peer at Taeyong’s profile as the later clenched his jaw. "Yeah, you're going to need new fucking derogatory terms. Every time you call me a slut, it makes me kinda determined now. Being called a slut basically just gets my nipples hard now."

Taeyong pinched the bridge of his nose and shook his head. "I should have never fixed my mouth to say that." Taeyong sounded deflated and tired, as if all the fight he had was melted away and all that was left was this depressive shell. “You did nothing to deserve that. You’re everything to me—everything under the sky I would give you. You’re my prince. This is why…this is why I’ll just let you go. I’m seriously no good for you. You deserve so, so, so much better than what I’ve been
Yuta’s eyes soften and his heart shuddered with warmth. Even though it was something he knew, even though it was something Yuta was aware of, it felt so good to hear it sincerely.

Yuta sighed, the scathing emotions fizzing out into a pile of painful emotions and hurt feelings in the pit of his stomach.

This was the end.

Tonight, a snowy night in late November was the night he and Taeyong was truly done.

Yuta didn’t know why it pained him so bad. This was what was best. It’s what he wanted.

"You're right. I have better now, Taeyong." Yuta begins softly, running a trembling hand through his now snow frosted strands, as he watched Taeyong try to mitigate his feelings. "Jackson will protect me. Jackson will care for me and love me. I have Jackson…and he has me. He’s mine and I’m all his."

Yuta let’s out a long, fatigued sigh before controlling his impulse to fall into a heap on the floor and cry—instead, he tucked his numb hands into his coat pocket and turned to walk back towards their house at least four blocks away.

Yuta wouldn’t take his fifth stride when he’s suddenly shoved forward, almost slipping from the snow-covered ground and barely stops himself from toppling over.

Yuta quickly looks down and realizes he didn’t trip on anything—he was pushed.

He turns around and looks up to see Taeyong a few feet away with a blank, frightening gaze and a wavering Adam’s apple.

“Did you just--?”
"Punch me," Taeyong’s voice was pulled tight with anxiety and frail. “Yuta, please.”

Yuta raised an eyebrow, totally confused and at this point, exhausted. "W-what?"

"Hurt me,” Taeyong demanded as he stepped closer, “but don’t ever hurt me like that. I don’t ever want to hear you say that again."

Yuta shuffled back nervously, clueless. "Say what? That Jackson has me?"

Another shove.

This time it was firmer and nearly knocked Yuta off balance. Yuta cursed and nearly retaliated with a punch, but Yuta didn’t want to fight, he just wanted to go in the shower and be left alone. Taeyong stared blankly, his eyes red-rimmed before squeezing his eyes shut as if trying to keep his cool.

"Tell the whole world, I don’t care. I just don’t ever want you to say that bullshit in front of me," Yuta grunted annoyed.

If it was a fight Taeyong wanted, Yuta would give it to him.

"Or what? I belong to Jackson. Jackson is mine and I’m--," Taeyong quickly cocked his fist back and Yuta was preparing for the blow—for Taeyong to hit him first so Yuta could justify the fact that he was going to beat the bricks out of Taeyong and drag him up and down Hongdae—but instead of a punch, what Yuta got instead made him gasp.

Taeyong’s fingers clapped the back of his neck and roughly pulled Yuta into a kiss that makes him see stars, constellations, nebulas, galaxies, Martians and the dark side of the moon.

Yuta melts into the assault--kissing Taeyong back feverishly—Yuta’s head turning into a cloud of desire; his body tingling with the perfectly familiar sensation of gold filling his veins, fire in his
pore and lust in raising from the tip of his toes on up.

Yuta was whimpering, shivering…praying to God that Taeyong never stopped kissing him with so much desperation at 2:12AM in the snowfall in the middle of Hongdae on a Wednesday.

Yuta missed this.

After almost two fucking weeks-- he was finally eating after having a fast. He was finally taking a shower after running a million miles in the Mojave.

Taeyong’s lips moved to his jaw and Yuta felt himself shake as Taeyong desperately frantically showered him with kisses, gnawing sweetly, yet desperately on Yuta’s cheek and lips as if tomorrow would never come

"Lie to me," Taeyong pulled away just barely to catch their breath; his eyes were closed tightly as if Yuta would slip from his grip and out of his life forever. “Just this last time…tell me that you are mine, Yuta."

Yuta nodded quickly, matching Taeyong’s overzealous lips and Taeyong shook his head slightly, trying not to go overboard, but his sanity was slipping away.

Taeyong didn’t have the strength to claim his sanity back once Yuta responded.

"Make me, Lee Taeyong.” Yuta’s affirmed confidently as he pulled Taeyong closer to him, his panicked hand clutching at Taeyong’s chest through his coat. “Just take me—right here, right now."

Taeyong couldn’t deny how Yuta’s begging made his heart swell with relief and joy. "That's stealing," Taeyong teased as Yuta quickly pushed Taeyong against the window pane of a closed antique store as he kissed and grazed his canines against Taeyong’s Adam’s apple, the latter lolling his head back to allow Yuta to nip at his neck. A smirk on his features when Taeyong saw a few pedestrians whispering disapprovingly at how the Yuta shamelessly staked his claim on Taeyong in the wide-open, public, busy streets.

"That’s what you do best right, Taeyong?" Yuta mumbled as he tacked their lips together, this time slower, sweeter than nectarines. “Take me back. Keep me, please.”
"You're right." Taeyong affirmed before cupping Yuta’s face and burning his almost cold glare into Yuta’s docile and submissive gaze. “You will never think of another person after I'm done with you tonight. You will never look at another man but me.” Taeyong accentuated every single syllable of the pleasurable threats with a sweet kiss as he gripped Yuta’s jaw, the younger was panting in soft whines, his eyes bright and far out, teetering on consciousness and subspace with every kiss. “When I'm done with you Nakamoto Yuta, I'm going to brand you with my lips; I'm going to ruin you, fucking wreck you—I will remind you of our promises years ago."

"Hyung, please." Yuta rubbed his face against Taeyong's palm, peppering it with soft kisses and the older of the two cooed softly as his grip loosened and he swirled them around so Yuta was now pressed firmly against the glass. Yuta’s eyes fluttered closed until Taeyong gripped both of his wrists tightly and planted them firmly above Yuta’s head, causing the Japanese man to huff in a mild panic as Yuta watched the almost devious glint in Taeyong’s eyes. His pink fringe was shadowed over his eyes and the grin on Taeyong’s face was nothing short of nasty and almost threatening.

"I'm going to make you cry in pleasure, Yuta. You are going to beg me to never stop. By the end of this night, the only Jackson you'll remember will be the 5 and I’m going to have you so wound up you’ll never even order Chinese take-out again."

Chapter End Notes

Why don't we open up sometime?
Sell me that gold in your veins
I want your fortress next to mine
Every nightmare on your plate
Can I trust that you won't mind
My sanity slipping away
Ooh baby, why don't we open up?
-- "Open Up"- Gallant
* 

/sips tea/

Taeyong said “The only Jackson you’ll remember will be the 5.”

OMG. The next chapter is a 12K smut. Can you even imagine??

Tag yourself, I’m the glass window.

Once again, thanks for all the love! Thanks for making this fic grow to it's potential!
You all work so hard!
Chapter Summary

Ya’ll.

This shit is filthy. I cannot believe I wrote this.

If you don't like smut please do not read [honestly, how did you get this far???] Please pay attention to all the tags.

I put @__nocturnale through a lot beta-ing this shit.

If you loved his chapter, please direct your love to @__nocturnale on twitter. She’s one of my closest IRL friends!

Also, HAPPY ANNIVERSARY GUYS! BAD HABITS IS OFFICIALLY A YEAR OLD!

CAN YOU BELIEVE YA’LL PUT UP WITH FOR A YEAR??! I LOVE YOU ALL!

Chapter Notes

_I shy away in my mind_
_And hope someday I can share this place with you_
_You'll be the first one defined_
_The shadows that make the girl you undo_
_Cause the man that you are is defined_
_By the way that you act in the light_
_Break or seize me_
-- "Lights On" - FKA Twigs

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ten minutes later they were in a hotel room up the street.

Taeyong had booked it prior but had not made any use of it besides to store his luggage—but right now, with Yuta’s trembling fingers holding the keycard in his grips as Taeyong pressed his swelling crotch against the niche of Yuta’s lower back—this room was going to see a ton of action.
“Hurry, hurry cherry bomb~…” Taeyong whispered teasingly at the shell of Yuta’s ear as Yuta tried to seal back a moan as Taeyong’s right hand snuck to the front of Yuta’s core before boldly slipping under his waistband of the jeans. “It’s been weeks and hyung’s going to give you the best dick of your life, baby boy.”

Taeyong’s fingers nimbly slipped past the elastic of Yuta’s boxer’s brief and Yuta whined. “Taeyong—please, we’re in the hallway--,” Yuta’s words were cut off with a loud moan as Taeyong bit at his pierced earlobe—his eyes rolling back as Taeyong’s hand curled around Yuta’s painfully hard length that was tenting his jeans.

“Taeyong!” Yuta hissed annoyed and Taeyong’s focus was on Yuta’s blushing cheeks. “How could you just--,”

“Because it’s true.”

Taeyong shoved Yuta against the door, wasting no time pinning him against the door, and sucking
at the underside of Yuta’s neck—tasting the cool, salty flavor on his taste buds. Taeyong felt the goosebump raise against his tastebuds and felt like he was feasting.

"Not the neck please,” Yuta managed to whisper out as Taeyong wrapped his hands around Yuta’s wrist. “…I…just not right now."

"When we got back on campus I am going to mark you from your ears on down, you hear me?” Taeyong’s words were bold and firm with determination as he pulled away just enough to make his words audible. “I'm going to burn all your scarves so you're going to have to show off all these bites. I want everyone to know whom you belong to.”

Yuta nodded, promptly. "Yes,"

"Yes, what?” Taeyong growled, gnawing at Yuta’s bottom lip and Yuta whimpered.

"Yes, hyung."

Taeyong caresses Yuta softly, letting his grip on Yuta’s wrist free before slowly stepping backwards—Yuta froze in place, awestruck.

"Undress for me, baby.” Taeyong requested as he shrugged off his own coat. Yuta barely blinked before he tried to quickly shed his clothes.

“Nah-uh. Slower, please.” Taeyong says politely and Yuta huffs before slipping out of his shirt and jeans with a bit more patience. Yuta felt his throat tighten at the look of pure admiration Taeyong held in his eyes every time Yuta revealed a new patch of uncovered skin. Yuta didn’t understand how he could’ve missed the obvious love that filled Taeyong’s eyes all these years.

Once Yuta was completely stripped down at the threshold, Taeyong felt the blood in his veins boil in anticipation.

They fucked a million times—but this time was different. This time there wasn’t an illusion hanging in the back that maybe Yuta felt the same.
Yuta loved him just as Taeyong loved Yuta.

Taeyong was determined to make sure neither of them would ever forget this night.

Taeyong’s eyes scrape up and down Yuta’s nude body and all Taeyong could think about was how he loved every single inch of the skin presented. Yuta however, is shivering—despite the warmth of the hotel room.

“Why are you staring?” Yuta asked, almost shyly and Taeyong grinned widely.

“Because you’re mine. Hyung adores you.”

Yuta felt coils of desire wrap around his lower loins as Taeyong began taking in every single centimeter—Yuta felt his excitement physically and tried to cover himself from Taeyong’s eyes.

Taeyong quickly shook his head, motioning for Yuta to move his hands away. “No, move your fingers.”

Yuta rolled his eyes in annoyance. “Taeyong-hyung, this was embarrassing. You’re just staring at me.”

Taeyong’s watched the red splayed across Yuta’s cheeks as his hands fidgeted to cover himself fully, but his length still peeked out.

“It’s just me. Don’t you know how much I adore you? Please?”

Yuta relented after seeing the soft smile on Taeyong’s face, the twinkle of admiration made whatever was holding Yuta back free. Yuta bit his lip and let his hands fall to wayside next to him, his hard-on in full display and Taeyong licked his lips looking down to Yuta and then back up to his already half-lidded eyes.

“Ah, so this what you wanted to hide?”
Yuta breath trembled in his throat. Yuta didn’t know why, but being on display like this...being appraised by Taeyong for his pleasure only was turning Yuta on way more than he would ever consciously admit. It was as if Taeyong’s gaze had hands on him with every glance. Yuta could feel his precome pearl at the top of his shaft.

Taeyong felt like he wasn’t going to get through the night without his inhaler. It’s was something about Yuta, completely naked and just waiting that made Taeyong’s mind reel rapidly; he couldn’t get his thoughts together. Shy, nervous but absolutely stunning—Yuta was worth every single piece of heartache—and Taeyong’s didn’t know where to start first.

Should he kiss Yuta?

But where?

Fuck, there were literally hundreds of centimeters to kiss, fuck, gnaw into, pry apart, suck—Taeyong’s was staring a feast.

Taeyong then watched in amazement as a silver string of precome drop from Yuta’s tip and land right on Yuta’s toe.

Yuta took a sharp inhale as the felt those soft lips against his foot. Taeyong looked up-to see another drop of precome and Taeyong quickly lapped at it.

Yuta whined as his knees trembled, screwing his eyes shut. This was already way too much for him to handle.

"Look at me," Taeyong commanded suddenly and Yuta couldn't dream of disobeying. Yuta tilted his head down to look into the blown-out pupils over taking Taeyong's face as his breath ghosted over the head of Yuta’s cock, already looking too comfortable on his knees.

Yuta was shaking.

The room was bright; filled with an artificial light that illuminated every corner of the suite—it was brighter than any natural light and Yuta swore he could see everything in Taeyong’s mind.
Yuta inhaled sharply as Taeyong leaned forward, his eyes not daring to blink as he took one hand to grab Yuta at the base and gave Yuta's dribbling head a lascivious kiss; Taeyong's lips distorting beautifully as he smeared the precome over his tongue.

Yuta let out a hybrid of a shrill and a groan as he lolled his head against the door with a thump of defeat; his toes curling like burnt paper. Before Yuta could catch his breath a merciless slap on his thigh had him howling in pain and hissing at the punishing sting.

"Hey, eyes down here." Taeyong's voice sounded like gravel and felt like velvet as Taeyong kissed the reddening handprint. Yuta whimpered trying to muster his strength to look down, but he was afraid he would spontaneously combust into fucking flames.

Yuta loved having Taeyong's mouth on him but usually, the setting was dark, with a warm glow of candles--but this however, was too fucking much—the brightness was too much.

"I can't," Yuta exhaled feeling Taeyong stroke him gently and Taeyong nipped over a fading hickie at Yuta's hipbone. "It's too bright."

"You're brighter than anything I've ever felt, love. Don't you want to watch me watch you unravel?"

Taeyong's words hovered right over Yuta's ultra-sensitive navel and with a soaked tongue, Taeyong swirled his tongue in the divot and Yuta let out a bone-numbing shriek in pleasure-- his eyes instantly darting down to lock with Taeyong's eyes as the latter smiles around his bellybutton.

"That's my good boy." Taeyong teased before dipping his head back to suddenly suck Yuta in. Yuta trained his eyes on Taeyong as he wanted, and Yuta was smitten with what he saw. Taeyong's flushed cheeks were hollowed, pink lips stretched over his length, the spit spilling from the sides but never quite sliding down his hyung’s chin had Yuta’s lungs grabbing to air poorly but the flutter in his heart when he saw Taeyong's eyes widen a bit as he took Yuta deeper made him feel a type of arousal Yuta didn't know existed before.

This is what he was missing with semi-darkness and candles? Yuta could have had this--this looking up at him every time.
Yuta bucked his hips timidly; his moan deepening as he brushed a few damp, stray strands of pink hair that clouded Taeyong’s face for a moment. Yuta tested his limits as he bucked into Taeyong’s mouth, tickling Taeyong’s absent gag reflex and the latter moaned around the cock anxiously, almost proudly and promptly takes Yuta deeper.

Yuta screamed in excitement; lolling his head back in ecstasy as Taeyong worked but a sharp slap in the ass got him back to reality.

When Yuta tilts his head back down to focus on his lover who was glaring.

“Look.”

It was simple command, but it was uttered with such emphasis that Yuta was sure his soul had officially transcended.

Yuta nodded wordlessly and watched again as Taeyong went to work.

Yuta wailed. Yuta wanted to give up—it was too much pleasure and Taeyong as poignantly determined to make Yuta melt and Yuta wasn’t even aware that he was still on the earth.

Yuta was sure his head was going to be a pile of mush as Taeyong's hand gripped Yuta's thigh and hitched Yuta's left leg over his shoulder as Taeyong shoved his face deeper into Yuta's crouch. Yuta shook his head rapidly as he felt his dick tip downward in Taeyong's throat.

"T-t—Taeyong—no—I--!" Yuta cried out screwing his eyes shut before Yuta looked down to see Taeyong's huge eyes glaring up in pure amusement before a slow slurp made Yuta shiver and grip at the puffy, pink strands. Yuta could hear the proverbial organ playing at the funeral for his willpower as he began fucking Taeyong’s hot, sloppy and slick throat. Taeyong's eyes rolled and he moaned around his mouthful of Yuta. The latter could only see the whites of Taeyong’s eyes for a moment and he felt his balls tighten on Taeyong's chin.

"Hyung, yes...yes, yes !" Yuta’s mouth couldn’t stop as he worked his hips overtime, careless fucking Taeyong’s mouth. “Tae—Taeyong, please….keep sucking--tongue--fuck--I'm going to--,”

Taeyong quickly slipped off with a soaking sinister smile as Yuta gasped for air as if he was held down by boulders in the sea.
"Oh," Taeyong said way too innocently as he slyly stroked Yuta, looking up with red, swelling lips. "You thought that you're going to come? Yeah, fucking right. The only thing you're going to come is undone." Taeyong stood up and gripped the back of Yuta's neck and the younger hissed at the slight sting that made him throb painfully in anticipation. Yuta was fucked up and all he wanted was Taeyong to break him.

Taeyong slipped his tongue in Yuta's mouth and proceeded to kiss him breathlessly; cooling slob against his chin should've made Yuta disgusted but it did the exact opposite. Taeyong sucked on his tongue and Yuta's bones melted.

Yuta couldn’t find a single thought in his head that wasn’t filled with Taeyong, so he purposefully slowed down their kiss, Taeyong exhaling softly as he followed Yuta’s lead and their lips meshed softly. Yuta wrapped his arms around Taeyong’s neck and his hyung pulled him in closer.

“Hyung.” Yuta’s words were soft, almost inaudible and Taeyong hummed contently.

Taeyong pulled back slightly before grinning. "Lay on the bed, on your back."

Yuta complied, trying to regain his breath as he made his way to the large bed at the center of the modern, brightly lit room. Taeyong took off his shirt and socks but only undid his belt and button as perched on the dresser across from the bed and took out a cigarette pack from his pocket before lighting one.

Yuta laid down nervously on the bed, trying to hide himself with a pillow and Taeyong tsked in annoyance.

"My love, what are you doing?" Taeyong smiled as he blew out a soft curl of grey smoke from his mouth. “Let’s not pretend I haven’t kissed every square inch of you.”

Yuta felt the tips of his ears burn as he looked at Taeyong from across the room. "I'm shy! These lights are bright as hell. You can see everything!"

"Shy?" Taeyong giggled in an uncharacteristic carefree manner that had Yuta’s heart racing. His favorite Taeyong was Joyful Taeyong. Yuta was honored to be the one to give him that happiness. “Yuta-ah, don’t be coy. There's nothing about you I don't love; I adore you. Move, the pillow! Let hyung see!”
Yuta shook his head and pouted. Yuta hadn’t shaved in two weeks, he ate a whole bunch of rice this week and didn’t feel the like the sexiest person despite Taeyong’s affirmations. "Hyung—can’t we turn off a light or something?"

"Yu-ta, Yu-ta! I have fan chant and everything!" Taeyong fished in his pocket for his phone and flicked on the flash light.

Suddenly, Yuta was looking up at a cheesy Taeyong who was literally fanchanting his name and waving his phone enthusiastically. “Yuta-oppa! Saranghae-yo! Yuta-chan! Suki-desu~!”

Yuta felt his cheeks grow hot as he watched Taeyong fangirl over him and Yuta couldn’t admit how touched and warm he felt from Taeyong’s support—no matter how silly it was.

Yuta rolled his eyes before tossing the pillow aside with an obnoxious flourish that made Taeyong wolf whistle and clap proudly as Yuta covered his face with his hands. Yuta put on a little sexy smile for Taeyong as he laid down on the bed, propped up on his elbow with a smug giggle that made Taeyong's eyes light up.

"Look at my pretty baby, all laid out, cock dripping wet? Jackson wouldn't even know what to do with you, baby boy."

Yuta watched amazed as Taeyong appraised his body, shamelessly. The way Taeyong took a drought of his cigarette as he watched astonished at every pore of his lover had Yuta wanting to hide.

Sometimes Taeyong’s glare was too intense—the emotion too raw and tangible—but Yuta was done with running. This was his hyung, his lover—Yuta will gladly take every single unit of energy Taeyong gifted him and paint his soul with it.

Yuta knew that Taeyong only smoked when he was two steps away from losing himself completely. With his candy floss pink and tousled hair, his muscles rippled with lean, slender muscles that had a sprinkle of bruises from his fight earlier, the city lights illuminated his hair and a gossamer ringlet of grey slipping from his lips--Taeyong looked like every piece of heaven that he could ever imagine.

"Hyung?" Yuta asked cautiously and Taeyong's eyes shot up to Yuta's face.
"Mhm?" the sound was supple, warm and so welcoming.

"Take what's yours," Yuta said boldly, spreading his legs wider, propping up on hands and lolling his head to the side innocently. Taeyong watched in bewilderment at how open Yuta was being, how he cocked his head to the side, beckoning him with little words and minute gestures that almost made Taeyong plummet into instantly wanting to strip bare and dig into Yuta's bones, breath, and flesh and just live there.

He loved Yuta; this slick, confident version of Yuta who's begging for a stretch he can barely handle and a night he'll never forget.

Taeyong stubbed the cigarette on the ashtray next to him before getting up and nestling himself down and between Yuta's legs on the bed. Yuta quickly threads his fingers through Taeyong's hair and pulled him in for a chaste kiss that Taeyong reciprocates with no hesitation.

Kissing was always easy; it was never complicated and Taeyong always made Yuta make it feel like it a treat—better than candy, cookies or finding $20 in the pocket of your favorite jacket.

Yuta slipped his hands from Taeyong's hair to his chest. Taeyong’s chest wasn’t swelling with pecs but Yuta loved it the same—how soft his skin was, the muscles that stretched under his fingers and the way Taeyong’s breath would hitch when the pad of Yuta’s fingers would slide over his nipples was one of Yuta’s favorite things.

What Yuta didn’t expect was Taeyong suddenly clamping his hand over Yuta's wrists.

“Taeyong--,” Yuta gasped out sharply before Yuta heard the familiar clinking of Taeyong’s belt buckle. Yuta’s mouth fell open in confusion as Taeyong grinned teasingly before his right hand yanked the belt from the loop of his pants.

"Oh no, hyung will not have any of that,"

"What?" Yuta asked as Taeyong giggled innocently before the other hand quickly tied and bound Yuta's bony wrists to the railings on the headboard with the strap of leather.
Yuta whimpered obnoxiously before trying to pull himself free from the restraint but couldn't. Yuta felt his heart slam against his ribcage in every emotion except fear.

This…was *new*.

Yuta looked up from his fringe to Taeyong above him, grinning proudly as he brushed Yuta's lavender strands from his line of sight.

"Please?" Yuta begged. "Hyung, please I just want to touch--,

"You've been a very bad boy, Yu-chan." The voice Taeyong mustered has every blood cell in Yuta’s upper body abandon ship and heading south. It was deep, dark, murky waters and Yuta was going to be pulled down and drowned in the heat he felt. “Leading me on, lying to me...running off, letting another man touch you? Soiling what's mine? Don't you think I have to teach you a lesson, hmm?” Taeyong's fingers were tracing over Yuta's cheeks, before he placed a kiss on his lips. "It's only fair isn’t it, Yu-chan?"

"Hyung," Yuta began with a breathless, desperate plea before he nodded quickly. "Please, I messed up. Allow me to touch you? I'll be good," Yuta bartered as if his life was on the line and Taeyong tsked, disappointed.

"You know I'm jealous type, Yu-yu. I don't even want another person breathing on you much less letting some unworthy swine fiddling with my sweet, precious, pretty, paper doll."

"I--," Yuta began but Taeyong shushed him lovely, his finger over Yuta’s lip. Yuta whimpered lightly as he kissed Taeyong's calloused fingertips before the nimble digits slipped down and over the slight ridge over Yuta's rib that was the most visible scar from their accident years ago.

Taeyong’s eyes met Yuta’s for a moment before Taeyong’s dipped his head down and kissed it slowly. Yuta felt his eyes sting feeling tender lips dance over the scar tissue.

God, he loves Taeyong so much.

"Shh, it's OK. I won't hurt you." Taeyong whispered as he kissed over each rib as Yuta inhaled and exhaled deeply as if he was petrified. “I'd never hurt you when you trust me so much to be vulnerable like this.” Taeyong lifted his head to meet Yuta’s glittering eyes. “You would probably
let me do anything to you, huh?"

"I could never say no to you, hyung." The worlds tumbled out Yuta’s mouth like a song; his voice soft, pleading, and dire. "I can't say no to you. Not like this. Not when you erase my pain; you make me feel perfect. You're my everything. I worship you."

Taeyong pulled away at the desperation in Yuta’s faded vocal cords and cupped Yuta’s face, who’s eyes were unfocused and wide with lust. "You’re in subspace? I-I- I've barely touched you." Taeyong was in awe as he caressed Yuta’s cheek; the latter turning towards the warmth in his hand and kissing his palm. Taeyong felt overwhelmed with a sense of honor that the beauty in his hands was blessing him with. "You're giving me so much right now, my love. I'm not even worthy."

"Hyung, punish me." Yuta’s words were shaky, but his gaze was steady on Taeyong’s. “I made a mistake. Punish me,"

Taeyong sighed contently before diving to give his beloved a delicate kiss.

"Safeword?" This was Taeyong first time having Yuta like this.

Taeyong had fantasized about this. Throughout the years, the two always at least tried each other’s fantasies once or twice to see if they’d both enjoy it, but Taeyong was surprised that Yuta seems to be with it tonight. Bondage was always something Taeyong was always wanted but was nervous to try. Yuta alluded that he didn’t like the feeling of being restrained so Taeyong abandoned the piles of fantasies he had of Yuta tied in an elaborate tangle of crimson red rope--even now, Taeyong just wanted to show that he was in control of the show for just a moment, but Yuta slipping into subspace like he was always meant to be obedient to him had Taeyong’s heart running with a fiery passion that he was nervous to contain.

Yuta shook his head before pouting. "You would never hurt me, Taeyong-hyung. I’m yours. Anything you give to me is good and gold…even if it hurts."

Taeyong felt a stream of pride race in his core. He really didn’t deserve all that was in front of him. Taeyong brushed the damp hair from Yuta’s forehead before hovering his lips above Yuta’s own.

“What do you want?” Taeyong pleaded with wavering hands and Yuta lips parted slowly was the words seeped out with heat and desire.
“You.”

Taeyong’s teeth shot out to gnaw at his lover’s bottom lip, and Yuta let out a sharp intake of air before Taeyong began to trail kisses and nips down Yuta’s torso before firm hands manhandled Yuta into place.

Yuta was too out of it. His mind was teetering between control and total lack thereof. He could feel his body roll in trembles, the overwhelming desire to be touch was making him dizzy. Yuta’s lips parted to beg again, but suddenly his back was arched inward, his knees dangling in front of his line of sight as Taeyong sat on his heels.

Yuta’s breath hitched, and his eyes widened as all of his weight was placed on upper back, Yuta’s knees almost touching his shoulders as he looked up to see Taeyong’s darkening eyes. Yuta wanted to protest but once Taeyong straightened up and slipped his large, warm hands across the underside of Yuta’s thigh, Yuta’s ability to form words flew miles away.

Taeyong spread Yuta’s legs open slowly as if he was trying to commit every skin cell to memory, as if he’d never get the chance to do this again. Yuta closed his eyes he felt Taeyong’s lip pressed against his perennial with a delicate kiss.

Yuta felt so exposed. He was wide open, on full display and he’s sure the bright, superficial lights did nothing but give Taeyong quite a view.

Yuta could feel Taeyong’s heartbeat as he pressed Yuta’s closer to his chest to fix the angle and Yuta felt his toes flex as he felt warmth breath right above his exposed taint. “Yuta-aah…” Taeyong dragged those three syllables over puckering skin slowly and Yuta’s stared up at the almost upset look on Taeyong’s face, his lips barely hair width away from Yuta’s most intimate place. “Look.”

Yuta watched as Taeyong’s damp tongue slipped past puffy lips and right into him.

Yuta was trying his hardest not to outright let out a shriek at how Taeyong literally devoured him. Yuta’s eyes screwed shut as he tried to close his legs, but Taeyong’s nails dug into the back of Yuta’s knee’s as he held his lover’s limbs open and left sloppy licks and salacious sucks from Yuta’s balls on down. The sounds alone had ripples of gooseflesh pop on his skin—the sounds were loud and wet, loud enough to almost drown of Yuta’s panting and moans.
“You…taste…so fucking good…” Taeyong groaned between a series of licks and Yuta could feel his dick jump excitedly. Yuta desperately wanted to yank free from the restraints as he watched pearl after pearl of silken string leak from his cock and pool on his chest. He wanted to grab Taeyong’s mouth closer into him; he wanted to flip them over and ride Taeyong’s face like a car with three flat tires on a bumpy road—he wanted Taeyong to just --

Suddenly Taeyong pulled back, his breath shallow, his mouth and chin drenched in drool and the sight made Yuta moan and twitch. It was something about watching the infamous, perfect, prim and tidy Taeyong looking disheveled and mouth sloppy that gave Yuta a rush of heat.

Taeyong released the vice-like grip from Yuta’s knees, rubbing the area for a moment before inching back a bit to have Yuta completely on his back, but one his ankles rested on Taeyong’s shoulder as Taeyong quickly fished in his back pocket for an all-too-familiar packet of Cherry Bomb flavored lube.

“Where did you--,” Yuta gasped out and Taeyong was already smearing the sweet-smelling, clear lube on his fingers when he shushed Yuta sweetly.

“Details, details.” Taeyong smirked before running the pads of his fingers against Yuta’s already moisten hole. The sense of pride he felt when Yuta whimpered was enough to feed his ego for a year. “Don’t worry about anything but how well you’re going to take hyung tonight.”

Yuta shuddered as he felt the oh-so-familiar sensation of Taeyong’s slender finger slip past his tight ring of muscles. Yuta quickly tried to roll his hips down to take more, but Taeyong steadied him with a sure hand on his hipbone, commanding him without a word.

"So tight...every time," Taeyong groaned as he petted slowly at Yuta’s insides. “You’re the stuff of dreams, Nakamoto Yuta. I swear to god, you can’t be fucking real.”

Yuta whimpered at the praise, his body reeling from being on the edge and all Yuta needed was for Taeyong to just touch that spot—to flick on the switch lost inside him and make Yuta spill all over.

“Hyung…more. More, please.” Yuta preens, his voice raspy and desperate as Taeyong gives him a docile, almost welcoming smirk. It was soft, sweet and way too deadly for Taeyong to utilize.

"Do you deserve more, hmm?"
Yuta nodded his head frantically and Taeyong giggled before mimicking him, but shaking his head 'no' and pouting teasingly. Yuta let out an exasperated groan before swallowing nervously. Yuta couldn’t trust his voice when Taeyong was teasing him like this. "Yes, yes please hyung?"

Taeyong carefully slipped in a second finger in and this time Taeyong fingered Yuta with careful strokes, wide and slow, but purposely not curling his fingers. The melody from Yuta’s mouth was nothing short of heavenly—but the sounds of Yuta’s body and his fingers were making Taeyong’s body tremble with a searing lust.

"Listen to sounds you're making,” Taeyong announced gleefully before leaning down to give Yuta a soft kiss, but all in Yuta’s ear—all he could hear was the wet, obscene sounds Taeyong’s fingers were causing. It turned Yuta on more than he cared to ever admit. “Yuta…you're so tight but you practically blossoming right open for me. I wish you could see how pretty, how clean, how pretty you are down here.” Taeyong presented each word to Yuta’s ear before nibble on the shell and Yuta whimpered as Taeyong let out a cute giggle. “Succulent cherry bomb indeed"

"H-h-h-hyung," Yuta began. “Please, I need you inside me.”

"You're basically sucking my finger in; do you hear that?” Taeyong took this time to slip his fingers completely down and out of Yuta’s heat and push his digits back in slowly, the sound was making Yuta want to be fucked for days on end. Taeyong groaned in excitement as he felt Yuta clench around his fingers. “You heard that right, Yu-chan? That's you, waiting for me. And oh you're going to wait.”

Yuta shook his head, yanking at the restraints above his head pathetically. "Taeyongie-hyung, please I need it. I'll be good, so good --,"

Taeyong sat right back on his haunches, his fingers still in Yuta as he grabbed one of Yuta's legs and placed it right to his shoulder and gave the ankle a soaking wet kiss. Taeyong took his moment to gently slipped in a third finger and watched Yuta’s face contort in awe. Peels of precum was pooling at Yuta's belly button.

"I want you, hyung.” He whined, his body coiling in anticipation as Taeyong’s fingers fucked him steadily—but it wasn’t enough. “I want you now, please"

Taeyong cocked his head the side and frowned. "Did you say the same thing to him?” Yuta shook his head. Taeyong’s voice was small and cold—and Yuta hated it.
"No, I swear--," Yuta is cut off by a tickle across his prostate—it was fleeting and not enough. Yuta barely got to internalize the sensation before suddenly Taeyong’s fingers were gone from his body.

Yuta whimpered at the dreaded feeling of emptiness but he could clearly see Taeyong rip open another packet and smear the lube on his length. Yuta’s mouth salivated at Taeyong’s veiny hand stroke the impressive length; his own neglected cock reacting with a deep twitch that made Taeyong chuckle.

"Hyung," Yuta began softly and Taeyong smirked.

"Want to suck my cock dry, don’t you Yu-chan?" Taeyong’s voice was demeaning and filled with mirth and teasing as he ghosted his lips over Yuta’s as Taeyong rubbed his heavy cock against Yuta’s precome slick dick. “You want it down your throat even though you can’t take it? Hmmph? I’ll even record it…just so you can see yourself cry and slob and fucking gargle around my head? You’re always so sloppy when you do, no grace to it--spit and come painting your face and all desire for more. Is that what you want? You want to please me that bad?"

Yuta nodded with wide pleasure-seeking eyes. *Anything*. Yuta would do anything and *everything* Taeyong wanted.

Yuta was snapped from his lewd thoughts by a smack on the thigh.

"Yeah, fucking right. Only good boys get that privilege." Taeyong snickered before stopping abruptly and hissing sinisterly. “You're no good boy."

"I can be,” Yuta’s voice was supple and malleable as he tried to hold back a moan as Taeyong twisted his fingers. “I will. I promise…I just want you to be nice to me.” Yuta swallowed a knot in his throat thinking about how much he loved Taeyong throughout the years. “I just want you to be sweet to me like before.”

Taeyong furrowed his eyebrows before sucking his teeth in indignation. "You didn't give me a chance," Taeyong muttered, not expecting Yuta to react.

"You waited too fucking long.” Yuta said with a clear, irritated tone as his eyes watered. “You hurt me! And I…and I still--!” Yuta snapped and Taeyong's fingers stilled. The wild desperation was deep and seriousness in Yuta’s eyes made Taeyong feel small. “Even after all the pain, I just
wanted you to be good to me.”

Taeyong was pinned by Yuta’s gaze, and even though Taeyong was in the position to have all the power, Yuta had him ensnared by the heart. “I pushed too far, I know. But you made it seem like you leapt.” Taeyong admitted as he slowly slipped his fingers out, wiping them on the bedspread before he held Yuta’s legs by the knees before covering Yuta’s frame with his own. “I was stupid, immature and naïve. Forgive me?” Taeyong kissed at the spot right above Yuta’s Adam’s apple and Yuta sighed feeling Taeyong’s chest pressed against his own. Taeyong’s skin felt cool and welcoming. Yuta quickly wrapped his legs around Taeyong—who didn’t even bother taking off his jeans and lined up against Yuta’s entrance.

Yuta nearly cursed when Yuta felt Taeyong pull back a bit to grab his length and poke at Yuta’s puckering hole, smirking slightly as the cute little sound it made. Yuta whimpered, trying to rock his hips to entice Taeyong further but the restraints on his arms made it impossible.

“Taeyong. Hyung, fuck me.” Yuta whispered breathlessly and Taeyong used his knee to spread Yuta’s thighs further apart. Taeyong’s eyes were half-lidded and glittering with a want that was every variation of dangerous one could imagine—but Yuta saw a hint of something—poorly-held restraint.

“Beg for it. Be a good boy and beg for my cock,” Taeyong’s left eyelid twitched as Taeyong began to lose his patience and slowly pressed forward—just enough for Yuta to feel that pressure before immediately pulling back. Yuta gasped, his fingers curling around his bound wrist and a series of shudders take siege on Yuta’s knees.

Yuta looks up to see Taeyong’s bottom lip trembling as Taeyong began to breath harder, his lungs sinking in shallower.

Taeyong was bluffing. He was desperately trying not to fuck into the tightness and mash Yuta’s lithe body into the bedsprings.

“Please ,” Yuta’s Japanese was soft and docile as the glint in Taeyong’s eyes changed with each syllable. “Taeyong-kun, please just take what’s yours already.”

Taeyong whimpers, as if the words curled into his skin as he sunk into Yuta—groaning as Yuta’s back bridges over the sheets, his dusky nipples pert and on his display before Taeyong slots his mouth over the pebbled skin before sinking in deeper.
“Taeyong—I—more—deeper, please I need--!” Yuta’s whines were the last catalyst Taeyong needed as felt his mind shut down and without warning, pulled out and slammed deep inside of Yuta so strongly the younger gasped violently.

"Hyung!" Was all Yuta could fully shout before being fucked mercilessly against the sheets. Yuta was screaming in violent joy in whatever language his mouth could form as Taeyong beat at his insides with an unmatched fervor, every thrust tapping at his prostrate. Their bed was creaking in protest, the headboard slamming against the wall in obnoxiously loud claps but the sweet, slick sound of skin on skin and Taeyong’s groans versus Yuta embarrassment moans was what filled the hotel suite.

Taeyong releases his hold on one of Yuta’s knees to untie Yuta’s wrists, which honestly lost feeling for a bit but Yuta didn’t fucking care. He immediately wrapped one arm around Taeyong’s shoulder as the other hand buried itself in Taeyong’s drenched carnation-colored hair. Yuta felt his joints ache but couldn’t be bothered to ask Taeyong to slow down. They hadn’t fucked in what felt like months and Yuta didn’t want to feel anything than the greatness of Lee Taeyong above him.

"Taeyong....babe, it's so fucking good. Please, don't stop I’m going--," Yuta’s stuttered but before he could come, he felt Taeyong harshly pull out of his body. Yuta instantly felt empty but didn’t have time to react before suddenly Taeyong was pushing himself off the bed before standing up and pacing around the room--murmuring harshly under his breath as if mentally bothered.

Yuta tried to focus his mind, but he suddenly felt a bout of vertigo when Taeyong turned around with a pale face and shaky hands. Yuta quickly sat up, confused and frightened. "Taeyong?"

"Lie to me, please. I'm begging you."

Yuta stared in awe as Taeyong stopped in front of the bed Yuta was perched on with a look of fear and nervousness packed inside his irises.

"Yuta. I need you to tell me.” Taeyong sounded every bit like a lost child begging for help as he placed his own shaky hand over his heart. “Tell me I am the only one."

Yuta couldn’t speak, couldn’t even inquire before Taeyong suddenly shouted. Taeyong fist was beating on his chest as he stared at Yuta with the most helpless eyes Yuta had ever seen in his life. “I need you to tell me you love me and only me! Lie to me please!”
Yuta stared up from his frozen spot on the bed as Taeyong eyes began to tear up.

Is this really what Yuta had done to Taeyong?

The once proud, obnoxiously confident and combative Lee Taeyong was reduced to a meek, trembling, nervous mess of what he once was, and it was all because Yuta didn’t take his declaration of love and regret seriously. Yuta didn’t want to admit that yes, Taeyong may have begun the denial—but Yuta was the catalyst. Instead of recognizing Taeyong’s fuckboy track record and persistent reluctance as Taeyong trying to protect his own feelings and guard himself for being vulnerable—Yuta took it all literally at face value.

Instead of realizing that Taeyong himself was probably just as confused as he was, instead of Yuta giving Taeyong 100% of his attention when Taeyong was obviously attempting to turn a new leaf—Yuta jumped ship and literally allowed the first guy he bumped in to drag him away from Taeyong as if the two never were.

Yuta never knew he had the power to bring the most confident individual he ever met and reduce him to the begging soul in front of him.

Taeyong needed validation, and the fact that Taeyong—with all his charm, grace and every notch of perfection was literally begging for validation from Yuta—whether true or false was enough to make Yuta want to crawl on belly and give up on life.

Yuta felt his emotions rush behind his irises and Yuta swung his head down before nodding weakly.

Apparently, that wasn’t enough and Yuta felt a sudden grip on his left ankle as Taeyong dragged him from the center of the bed and yanked him to his feet. Taeyong held Yuta flushed against his body; his warm hands rubbed up and down Yuta’s arms, his lips pressed against the side of Yuta’s flushed face, right next to his temple. “I promise,” Taeyong’s voice was as solid as tissue paper in a typhoon as he nuzzled his nose against Yuta’s ear lobe. “I’ll…I’ll always be here if…if he fucks up or if you get lonely. I’m fine with that…I’ll be your dirty little secret…I’ll be that bad habit that you can’t shake off…in exchange, just lie to me a little when we’re like this? That way I can at least pretend you’re mine again. That way it won't hurt so much.”

If Yuta didn’t hate himself before, he despised himself now.
Yuta turned his head to meet Taeyong’s eyes, but there were closed and Yuta felt like trash watching the serenity on Taeyong’s face as he placed a gentle kiss on Yuta’s lips as if he was trying to placate him; asking for permission to still matter to Yuta.

Yuta felt sick.

Taeyong deserves many things—but to offer himself to be some kind of side piece for Yuta when Jackson wasn’t around wasn’t even close!

Taeyong was strong, beautiful and Yuta could name eight people off the top of his head would commit murders to be with the man kissing at his cheeks. Taeyong was too good to just some hidden secret—Taeyong deserved someone who would love him, cherish him, someone who would never hide him or keep him as some treasure hidden in the night. When it was mutual, it was fine but to have Taeyong on the side like he wasn’t everything Yuta ever wanted in life was preposterous.

“Lee Taeyong, are you crazy?” Yuta whispered in disbelief before Taeyong slowly peeled his eyes open and slipped his hands over Yuta’s waist, his thumbs rubbing at his skin softly.

“Only for you, babe.” Taeyong mumbled with a desperate smile and Yuta believed him. Didn’t Taeyong see his worth? That he was a million times better than Jackson was—or could ever be? That Taeyong was like, fucking perfect. He was intelligent, docile-spirited, warm and looked after everyone he cares about like it’s his mortal duty. Taeyong suddenly hiked Yuta up by the back of the thighs and Yuta quickly wrapped his legs around Taeyong’s waist, lifting him as he didn’t weight a thing. “Yuta, don’t think so hard. It’s OK. I’ll play my role to everyone else. Just...for me? I would love if you could just...” Yuta was staring right down at the fragility in the teary eyes. "Tell me pretty lies, love."

Yuta looked down to Taeyong and thumbed his tears away. There was nowhere else Yuta wanted to be.

"I won't lie anymore.” Yuta said slowly, dipping his head to press his lips against Taeyong’s. “I love you. I mean this. I’m not just saying this, I mean this will all my heart. You’re the only one I love Lee Taeyong."  

Taeyong sighs into Yuta's collarbones before slipping back inside of Yuta. Yuta lets out a drawled out moan as Taeyong presses Yuta against the wall and starts fucking him gently.
“Yuta, you can’t take it back this time. I can’t let you. I won’t let you.” Taeyong pushed deeper into Yuta and the latter wrapped his legs even tighter around him. Taeyong felt his heart sing with happiness. “You love me, right? You said that...that you belong to me. You’re the only person in my whole world.” Taeyong sets a soft pace. “I want to be with you forever. Only you. Nothing can change that.”

“Taeyong...I fucked everything up didn’t I?” Yuta looped his arms around Taeyong’s neck; hiccupping as he felt his emotions overrun despite the stream of pleasure he was facing. “I’m sorry.”

“No. I should have been more honest. I basically drove into the arms of another man because I couldn’t be man enough. You didn’t do anything that no sane person wouldn’t.”

“Taeyong. Take me back. Please say you’ll forgive me and take me back.”

“Promise to be mine forever and I’ll never break your heart again. I love you and I’ll show you behind closed doors and out to the world.” Taeyong half-moaned as he gripped tighter at Yuta’s thighs. Taeyong adored feeling Yuta’s weight on him like this, feeling his love all around his was euphoric. “I love you. I mean it. I’ve always meant it. There’s nothing about you that’s a mistake. Please, love me. Please love me like how I love you.”

Yuta nods, holding Taeyong closer.

“You promise, Taeyong? For real this time?”

“Yes, baby.” Taeyong groaned as he gnawed at Yuta’s collarbone. Yuta responded by clutching at Taeyong’s hair, causing him to growl. “My perfect fucking baby. You’re mine.”

“Yours...,” Yuta proclaimed proudly, nodding rapidly as Taeyong began to quicken his pace and Yuta swears that he was going to get fucked into the wall. “Taeyong, I’m yours...I’m all yours,”

“Louder, I want everyone to know,” Taeyong demanded, his nails digging to the thighs he held up.

Yuta tossed his head back, hitting the wall with a thump as he snaked his hand to his leaking cock and as the other gripped Taeyong’s shoulder. "Fuck, fuck I’m going to--," Taeyong gnashed at Yuta’s bottom lip as Taeyong began to mercilessly fuck up into Yuta’s body.
"Say it!"

"I'm yours, all yours!" Yuta comes with a yelp and Taeyong quickly turns them around and tosses Yuta on the bed before fucking him until Taeyong comes right after.

Taeyong plants unorganized kisses Yuta in’s lips, causing Yuta to giggle gleefully as they tried to regain their breath. Taeyong’s arms holding him up from crushing Yuta, but Yuta ran his hands all over Taeyong’s face and body anxiously as if he’s afraid Taeyong would disappear suddenly.

Taeyong chuckled on Yuta’s lips and the latter mimics him fondly. He was still buried inside of Yuta, he could still feel the little trembles in Yuta’s chest when he exhales.

“Did I tease you too much, love?” Taeyong nips as Yuta’s swollen bottom lip and Yuta let out a shudder and Taeyong could feel Yuta’s spent cock between stir to life. Taeyong glanced down to see before looking back at Yuta’s blissed-out visage.

“You play way too much, Taeyongie.” Yuta whimpered as he felt Taeyong’s velvet tongue tease right over his jugular slowly and meticulously. “Hyung,” Yuta began as he felt Taeyong’s hand slip and pet at his slowly but surely hardening length. Yuta arched his back some as he felt Taeyong growing hard inside him again as he nipped at Yuta’s elongated neck. Yuta’s mouth fell open, with soft groans before he regretfully felt Taeyong slip out of him.

Yuta opened his mouth to file a formal complaint before he was suddenly flipped over and on his hands in knees in a matter of seconds.

“I’m going to play with you all night, Yu-yu.” Taeyong finished his sentence with a sharp spank that echoed through the hotel room. Yuta’s whimper made Taeyong’s blood sear with eagerness as he rubbed his greedy hands over Yuta’s plump ass. The type of joy that raced in Taeyong’s mind as he watched a splotch of pink the shape of his hand over Yuta’s pale cheeks almost scared him. The satisfaction of knowing that he can create bruises all over his skin in gorgeous patterns and Yuta would wear them under his layers of clothes that only Taeyong could see the designs—touch them, kiss them, fucking make new ones…this what it must feel like to be an artist and get new set of paint and tools.

Taeyong moistened his lips and licked a devious trail from Yuta’s crack before gripping his thighs and pulling Yuta’s ass to his face.
Yuta let out a gasp sharp enough to cut when he felt Taeyong’s sly tongue slip deep inside of him.

“Oh—fuck,” Yuta whined as he felt Taeyong lap at him sloppily; Yuta’s arms gave out once he hears Taeyong respond with a carnal growl before spreading Yuta’s cheeks wider to run the tip of his tongue over Yuta’s puffy, rosy rim. “Th-that’s so nasty, hyung.” Yuta whimpered as he wiggled his hips further against Taeyong’s face. The latter groaned with enthusiasm before pulling away slightly and placing sweet kisses over the hole.

“You think this is nasty? No, this is nasty.” Taeyong’s asked before he sat upon his knees behind Yuta and gripped a handful of purple tresses and yanked. Yuta moaned at the rough treatment as his back pressed flush against Taeyong’s chest. Taeyong sucked as Yuta’s ear before angling his lips right over Yuta’s.

Taeyong lunged forward to capture Yuta's pouty lips and moaned in sheer excitement when Yuta shameless opened his mouth to taste themselves in Taeyong's lips. Taeyong shuddered at Yuta’s eagerness and didn’t hesitate to slip his hand down Yuta’s muscled core to coax him back to hardness.

Taeyong broke away from the kiss to pant wantonly in Yuta's mouth.

"I can't tell you how much I fantasize about that. I love it when you do that," Yuta admitted boldly as he ground his ass on Taeyong's now rock-hard cock.

"Making your fantasies come true is my favorite kink." Taeyong whispered to the back of his lover’s neck before positioning himself right at Yuta's synching hole. Yuta couldn’t handle the feeling of having guaranteed pleasure so close, so no one could blame Yuta for trying to push back to get least feel Taeyong’s bulbous head against his impatient hole but instead, Yuta was greeted with a smack on his left as cheek and his hair fisted as Taeyong yanked Yuta's head back. Yuta felt the sting in his scalp tingly into nothing but ecstasy down his chest as puff of heat and desire crowed the right side of his neck as Taeyong nipped at the swell of his shoulder.

"Beg for it, like a good boy and hyung will fuck you good."

"Please, hyung.” Yuta sounded so pathetic, even to his own ears—but pride was not something cared about right now. “I want you to fuck me like you mean it,"
Taeyong throbbed excited against Yuta before carefully easing Yuta to his hands and knees once more. He barely could compose himself as he rolled his hip forward, his mouth slack as he slipped into the warmest sensation he ever felt.

Yuta panted into the sheets and arched his back, painting a pretty picture for Taeyong who slipped in all the way to the hilt. His warm hands sliding up and down Yuta slick curves as he set the pace slowly.

"Hyung, faster please,"

"Your punishment isn't over," Taeyong strokes in and out slowly, Yuta can feel Taeyong's cum seeping down his thigh and Taeyong could feel every ridge of Yuta's tight canal. Yuta muttered softly against the pillow, trying to push back eagerly.

"Wait, I just want to feel all of you." Taeyong moaned in a pitch higher than usual. Yuta clenched down and Taeyong whined sharply and began to throb. Yuta slipped away from Taeyong who looked like he was going to come again. Yuta sits on his knees to match their height on the bed as Yuta's kisses a dazed Taeyong before stroking his cum slick throbbing length. Taeyong whines almost helplessly, he was so close to coming again.

"I've been a good boy for you haven’t I?"

Taeyong nodded his eyes fluttering. "So good for me, Yu-yu. Love you," Taeyong was like a zombie as he bucked into Yuta's hand and Yuta was way too pleased with Taeyong’s completely blissed out and so malleable.

"Can I get my reward? Can you please fuck my pretty little face, now?" Yuta’s voice was pleading, cute—all the little fucking things that make Taeyong want to spasm hard.

Taeyong nodded impatiently and Yuta turned them around so Taeyong was sitting in the edge of the bed and Yuta pinned Taeyong with just his eyes as he sank down to his knees on the plush carpet.

Yuta swallowed Taeyong down in one smooth motion and Taeyong's eyes rolled back as Yuta gagged slightly but kept on taking Taeyong's impressive length down his gullet.
"Fuck!" Taeyong growled clutching the duvet under him but before he could recover himself he felt Yuta grip his wrist and place his hand on Yuta's head. Taeyong nearly came as he curled his fingers through Yuta's damp strands. Taeyong pulled out of Yuta's mouth roughly before thrusting back in. Yuta gagged contently as he began to relax his throat to accept the harsh pleasure.

"You're so fucking nasty, Yuta. I can't believe I've made you like this. You like it when hyung fucks your mouth? Hmm? Answer me,"

Taeyong’s demanded as Yuta gasped; looking up with teary large, lust driven eyes. "Yes, I love it when you fuck my mouth, hyung."

Taeyong smirked wickedly as he slipped two fingers in Yuta's mouth and Yuta whimpered happily, eyes glued to Taeyong's line of slight as his tongue flickered all over Taeyong's fingers as Taeyong rubbed his dick with the other hand.

"Where do you want hyung to come, hmm? On your pretty little face? On your sinful tongue or do you want me to unload down your throat like the nasty little thing you are?"

Yuta nipped at Taeyong’s finger before answering. "Surprise me,"

Taeyong growled as he retracted his fingers and shoved his cock back pass Yuta’s mouth.

Taeyong fucked Yuta's face for a short time before the older of the two began to whine and hiss impatiently as his orgasm surged through. Taeyong pulled out from Yuta’s mouth and jerked himself into Yuta's open mouth sighing in relief as he watched his hot cum pool on Yuta's tongue.

Taeyong felt like his soul left his body at how to spasmed. He barely registered reality when Yuta was suddenly sitting in Taeyong’s lap, but on instinct wrapped his arm around his waist and quickly accepted the kiss he was given.

Taeyong presses his lips to Yuta’s only to moan loudly once he realized that Yuta didn't swallow yet.

It was the sloppiest kiss that they ever shared but Taeyong loved how nasty Yuta can get, even slurping the bit of cum that dribbled off Taeyong’s bottom lip made Taeyong grow hard again against Yuta's already thriving member.
Taeyong had no idea but suddenly he was licking the remnants of his cum from Yuta's mouth and the next he was pushed on his back with elbows propped up and Yuta was being split in his dick.

Taeyong groaned when he felt and saw Yuta sink into his newly hardened cock and Yuta began to bounce and holy fuck, Taeyong was dead.

Yuta began to buck down on Taeyong's cock like it was the last night on earth and Taeyong felt an onslaught of pleasure but just watching Yuta exhaust himself--arching his back, gyrating his hips and moaning with his raspy, throat-fucked mouth was enough to make him faint.

Taeyong gripped Yuta's hips to steady himself mid-thrust before Taeyong fucked into him mercilessly.

Taeyong wanted to remember this moment for the rest of his life.

It was snowing again, the twinkle of the lights and the brightness of everything made everything look magnified. Yuta was so beautiful, Taeyong was having such a hard time to not swoon at the beauty in front of him. Yuta was a tireless lover; their recovery time was barely existent and Yuta was anything but lazy.

Yuta stuttered his moans as Taeyong poked his prostate over and over again, determined to watch Yuta spill and make a mess of them just once more.

"Such a good fucking dongsaeng. Such a pretty little thing that's all mine." Taeyong’s could feel Yuta clench sporadically. "Who do you belong to?" Taeyong demanded and slipped his eyes close, gnawing at his lip.

"Y-you...Taeyong-hyung!"

"Don't ever forget it, Yuta."

Yuta planted his hands on Taeyong's chest as his mouth open and Taeyong could feel Yuta's left thigh trembling more than his right. Taeyong hissed, he knew all the little tells of Yuta's body--Yuta was going to come again.
"Ooh, you're gonna come for me again, baby?" Taeyong words were playfully sin-laced and Yuta bit his lip in anticipation. Taeyong slipped his hands from Yuta's waist and up his shoulders before pressing Yuta's chest to his own, Yuta rested his forehead against Taeyong's shoulder as the older of the two fucked into him, slowing down their pace immensely.

"Taeyong, I love you. " Yuta said in Japanese and Taeyong smiled against Yuta's cheek.

"I love you more than you'll ever know,"

Yuta felt his heart tingle with joy as Taeyong slowly turn them both of their sides, still connected as Taeyong lifted Yuta's thighs around his waist as he continued to fuck into Yuta slowly, teasingly. Yuta groaned reaching for his abandoned cock to stroke.

"Hyung, hurry please!"

"Why should I hurry? We have the rest of our lives."

Yuta felt a sting in the back of his eyes as Taeyong kissed at his clavicle. Yuta nodded, too afraid to trust his voice. Taeyong continued slowly until Yuta felt clench around him, his orgasm crawling up his spine relentlessly. Yuta opened his mouth to beg for Taeyong to go faster, but Taeyong picked up the pace, tossing one of Yuta's quaking thighs over his shoulder as he pistons deeper, driving them both to orgasm.

After a while, Taeyong slowly pulled out of Yuta before yanking him into a tight hug. Yuta chuckled at how Taeyong clung to him tightly before he heard sniffling.

"Ah, Yongie~ are you sad?"

Taeyong shook his head no as he buried his face into Yuta's sweaty neck. "Ah~. Are you happy?" Taeyong nodded rapidly before pulling away and sniffling a bit. His gaze was so intense and fragile it made Yuta's heart skipped a beat.

"Your heart is my mine now. You can't take it back. You...you can't give it away."
Yuta sat up slowly next to Taeyong, so their eyes met. "My heart was never anyone else's."

"I'm serious, Yuta. I won't stand for it. I've always loved you like this. I just trying to protect my heart, I didn't mean to tears yours apart."

Yuta stares at Taeyong with his red nose, fluttering eye lashes and trembling bottom lip.

Yuta always wanted to hear these words but now he’s hearing it so sincerely, he felt paralyzed.

"That's in the past, OK? Let's not hold things over each other's heads now. We have each other. I want us to start from scratch." Yuta said surely as he thumbed Taeyong’s tears away. Taeyong’s chuckled before sitting up and facing Yuta who did the same.

What Yuta didn’t expect was for Taeyong’s to stick his hand out in greeting.

Yuta froze.

In an alternate reality, it wasn't raining that night.

Maybe their cars just passed each other.

Maybe Yuta and his parents would go back to Nagoya and Yuta's mom and dad would get scolded by Madame Chiyo for taking a trip without telling anyone.

Maybe Taeyong's father would be brave enough to tell his family & friends that he's in love with Taeyong's mom despite the fact she's 10 years older than him and divorced and they now have a son.

Maybe Yuta would be more than happy to take over Nakamoto Enterprises, but his dad would rather have Yuta focus on growing up.
Maybe Taeyong would have a bit of animosity toward his dad, but has his mothers' full support to pursue dancing and his father brags about how handsome and talented his son is.

Maybe one day Taeyong goes to Japan with his best friend Ketly and accidentally spills his coffee on another person?

Maybe Yuta's in a rush to go a meeting he bumps into a foreigner who spills coffee on his suit?

Maybe the person Taeyong spills coffee on laughs it off & invites him for drinks?

Maybe the person that spills coffee on Yuta is too pretty--to the point that Yuta can't but ask him out?

"I'm Lee Taeyong."

"Nakamoto Yuta."

Yuta shook Taeyong's hand and pulled back into reality.

Yuta's hand cupped Taeyong's cheek fondly and Taeyong scooted closer, so their foreheads met.

"What...what if we never met?"

Taeyong frowned slightly. "I think that we would have. I feel like maybe...never mind, it's stupid--,"

"What?"

"I...I think we would have met somehow. We're...I think...Eomma says that everyone has a soulmate. Whether friends or otherwise, that we're destined to be with. I think that you're mine?"
Yuta felt tears well up in his eyes and nodded.

Yuta eased Taeyong on his back before climbing back into his lap. Taeyong looked up at Yuta with a gaze that was so pure and emotional.

"We were destined to be together, hyung."

Taeyong nodded before reaching out to bring Yuta's face closer.

Taeyong kissed Yuta slowly as the later lifted his hips up to position himself right above Taeyong's hard length and slowly sunk down. Taeyong's toes curled and he let out a shaky breath into Yuta's mouth.

Yuta could feel Taeyong getting harder inside of him and Yuta loved the sensation of Taeyong trembling under him. Yuta slipped his tongue into Taeyong's awaiting mouth and began to grind his ass on Taeyong's cock with slow circles of his hips and moaned Taeyong's name right into his mouth.

Taeyong’s toes curled; he loved it when Yuta rode him. It was something about feeling Yuta's warm weight surround him, something about Yuta taking over and controlling the pace always got Taeyong queued up in want.

Yuta felt Taeyong's grip on his thighs flutter as his hands slipped up to his ass. Yuta’s hips flattered for a moment when Taeyong spread his cheeks apart and a slender finger rubbed over where they connected.

"Oh fuck, Taeyong..." Yuta squeaked as Taeyong snatched Yuta bottom lip and sucked it lewdly. Taeyong's hand disappeared for a second to grip Yuta's wrist and guide it behind him.

"Touch it." Taeyong demanded in a sizzling tone. "Feel how well I stretch you out? How slick you are....feel how well you handle your hyung, mhmm? Such a good baby boy,"

"I love being good for you, hyung." Yuta felt his face blush terribly as Taeyong gave Yuta's ass cheek a firm spank that caused Yuta to leak from his painfully hard dick. Yuta watched as Taeyong’s thumb and forefinger gather the precome that dropped on Taeyong’s abs from Yuta’s length. Yuta hips stuttered as he watched Taeyong smear the precome on his own tongue and
"You taste like heaven, Yu-chan."

Yuta gritted his teeth before increasing his distance and speed, watching Taeyong's mouth fall open as Yuta nearly unsheathe from Taeyong to slam back down before slowly slipping off.

Yuta stopped briefly to roll his hips against Taeyong before slipping off.

Taeyong whimpered in protest.

"Love, where you going?" Taeyong asked as he sat up, stroking his abandon cock as Yuta began to push the clothes and ashtray off the half-height dresser. "Baby, I miss you already. Hurry back!" Taeyong whimpered before Yuta looked over his shoulder with a sinister smile before he perched himself on the dresser.

Taeyong raised an eyebrow before Yuta stood up on the dresser, his head nearly touching the ceiling as he looked down and giggled at Taeyong.

Taeyong’s eyebrows ticked up, but appreciated how perfect Yuta was. He could see every nook and cranny of his lover in this bright light.

Taeyong made a mental note: They would never fuck in the candlelight again.

"Yuta, I know I always say I want you to jump on my dick, but I swear I did not mean it literally."

Yuta only snorted before winking.

"Grab your phone, play me a song."

Taeyong froze for a moment before racing off the bed, nearly breaking his neck as he tripped over the sheets and fished his coat for his phone.
Taeyong walked back looking at his music app before stopping in front of Yuta.

Taeyong looked up and to see Yuta looking like god Taeyong was sure he was.

"Baby boy" Taeyong said softly as he kissed Yuta's knee that was eye level before looking up and rubbing Yuta's calves. "What do you have planned, my god of all things savage and musical?"

Yuta preened at the praise but motioned behind Taeyong, so Taeyong went back to the bed to get a good view.

"I'm putting on a halftime show...just for you."

Taeyong’s mouth formed an ‘O’ before beaming proudly. Yuta returned the grin.

"Pick a song...a sexy song." Yuta asked, almost shyly because of the way Taeyong stared at every single pore in his body as if Yuta was made of gold and joy.

Taeyong’s quickly connected to the Bluetooth speakers on the ceiling before he carefully selected a song.

Once Yuta heard the first three seconds of the song, he instantly rolled his eyes and frowned severely.

“LEE TAEYONG!”

“What?” Taeyong asked innocently as he sat up with his back to the headboard.

"Change the song!" Yuta shouted with red cheeks—Yuta even tried to cover up by grabbing a lampshade and placing it over his junk—as if the song could see him and judge him.

"What?! This song is fucking perfect---" Taeyong’s defended staunchly before Yuta sucked his
teeth, annoyed.

"Can you please choose a song that I can dance butt naked for you that wasn't created by our big brother??!"

“But it’s sexy!” Taeyong’s countered, refusing to change the song. “Why are you covering your dick?”

“BECAUSE I CAN HEAR TAEMIN’S VOICE! CHANGE THE FUCKING SONG OR I WILL GO HOME, I SWEAR!”

“Omo, stop being dramatic and swing your dick around, Yuta!”

“TAEYONG!”

"OK, Ok, I'm sorry. God. So picky. All you had to do was pop that bussy—,”

“TAEYONG!”

Taeyong snickers as he scrolled through his vast selection – a bit disappointed that ‘MOVE’ wasn’t a good enough choice— before stopping at a song in particular. Taeyong’s smile slipped from his mouth before he looked up to Yuta whose cheeks were still flushed.

“Are you ready?”

Yuta nods hesitantly before Taeyong tapped the tempered glass of his phone and let it drop to the wayside as the first chords of the songs began.

Yuta felt a trail of goosebumps climb from his ankles to the top of his crown as FKA Twigs’s “Two Weeks” played.

Yuta remembers vividly when the song first came out because Taeyong would not stop talking about how perfect the vocals were, how immaculate the MV was—and how much he wanted to
play it in Yuta’s skin.

Yuta tossed the lampshade carelessly away before locking eyes with Taeyong and beginning his show.

Taeyong was used to having Yuta in his hands' thousands of times but to see Yuta dance is such a sultry way made Taeyong feel like he was as going crazy.

Taeyong never ever was able to see him like this...so sultry, so carnal...it made Taeyong’s move closer as Yuta seduced him like sirens to a lovelorn sailor.

Taeyong was sitting at the edge of the bed when Yuta did the unthinkable.

Yuta was facing the wall, winding his hips in ways that most girls wish they could when Yuta dropped into a full split.

Yup, Taeyong was dead.

Yuta arched his back forward, pushing his butt out as he looked over his shoulder coyly to see Taeyong’s jaw dropped.

"Hyung, I'm waiting for you,"

Taeyong wasn't sure if he'd live to be 28 or 98.

But what he was sure of was that at this very moment, where Yuta was in a split on the dresser with his tight ass on full display begging to be fucked would be a lasting memory.

As if in a trance Taeyong slowly stood up and watched in pure amazement as Yuta's slender limbs stretched into a perfect line. His ass was pert, plump and round as a peach and his tight pretty dawn-tinted hole was on display, puffy and slick from being filled constantly.

"Nakamoto Yuta," Taeyong whispered as Taeyong placed both hands on Yuta's thighs and
massaged them gently as he kissed the top notch of Yuta's sweaty spine. "You _never_ cease to amaze me,"

Yuta's breathe was quaking as he felt Taeyong's calloused fingertips glide up and down his thighs as Yuta leaned more forward, causing his back to arch deeply and poke his ass out more.

"I...I want to always amaze you, Taeyong."

"You always do," Taeyong's hands made his way over Yuta's cheeks, now curved into a more perfect shape. He kneaded the flesh gently, enjoying the thin layer of plushness right over the large tight muscle. "Every time I witness you breathe amazes me." Taeyong kisses Yuta's shoulder. "Loving you is the greatest joy, I've ever felt."

Yuta felt his chest get heavy with emotion and Yuta fought the sensation to cry in joy. Yuta fought the urge as Taeyong pecked at his cheek, urging a Yuta to turn his head to the side to kiss back briefly.

"I love you too,"

Taeyong's kissed down Yuta's spine and sucked particularly hard on the dip of his back, creating a bright hickie right above his crack. Yuta sighed, pushing back as Taeyong slipped to his knees and grabbed each cheek and kneaded them open as he lapped at the crack, moaning into the hole when Yuta pushed back into his mouth, his tongue teasing. Yuta tried looking over his shoulder but all he could see his Taeyong damp pink hair bobbing as he tongued fucked Yuta's ass.

Yuta felt like he was floating as he whimpered and whined after feeling Taeyong’s wet mouth and warm breath make him shiver in pure sin.

"Taeyong, hurry...I need you inside me." Yuta pleaded and Taeyong mumbled something illegible between his cheeks and continued on suck at Yuta's rim. Yuta shuddered at the overstimulation but Taeyong made no motion to move.

"Hyung, did you hear me?"

Taeyong gripped Yuta's left cheek mercilessly before nodding eagerly, his nose still between Yuta's cheeks.
Yuta bit his lip, "Hyung, please stop teasing. I'm begging for-.

A sudden hard slap on his ass made Yuta jolt in actual pain that was quickly placated with a gentle kiss. Another slap quickly followed, and Yuta felt stinging behind his eyelids as he mewedled at the stinging.

Fuck, it hurt so good.

Taeyong continued to splash red handprints on Yuta's cheeks as he rimmed him until Yuta was a quiet, sobbing mess.

Taeyong stood up, his mouth wet and glistening pressed against Yuta's shoulder. Taeyong slipped his grip from Yuta's ass to his lover’s waist and busied himself on Yuta's pierced ear.

"Why can't you let me devour you in peace? Hmm, my pretty baby?" Taeyong mumbled around Yuta's earlobe and Yuta's body tensed at the cute pet name. Taeyong noticed and giggled as he wiped his thumb over the dampness in Yuta's cheeks and the later slotted their lips together. "You like it when I call you my pretty baby?" Taeyong fingers slipped across Yuta's buds and he moaned as he arched his back deeper, his head falling back and under Taeyong's neck.

"Yes, daddy. I like it."

Taeyong's mind blanked out for a full second as his mind tried to process how painfully hard he became just off of one five-letter word.

Suddenly, Yuta had Taeyong's large hand gripping his neck and turning it to face him as much as he could over his shoulder.

Yuta could see Taeyong's face through the mirror and it was almost frightening the way the sick smile slipped onto his face. It was smirk Yuta never saw before. It looked sinisterly playful, but how Taeyong held him was anything but. Yuta felt a bit afraid.

Before Yuta could open his mouth and apologize Taeyong pressed Yuta forward on the dresser pushing ass out completely to the edge as Taeyong quickly applied more lube to Yuta and himself.
"You better grab on to something, my pretty baby. Daddy’s gonna give you exactly what you want." Taeyong demanded and Yuta shivered, his cock was aching hard between the unforgiving wood and his belly as he pressed his forehead against the mirror and did as he was told as Taeyong slipped a finger inside.

Taeyong chuckled as his other hand rubbed over Yuta's thighs.

"When you’re in a split like this.... you’re so fucking tight, like a fucking virgin. I'm totally gonna split you open. You want that pretty baby? Should daddy give you what you want?"

Yuta nodded feverishly pushing back on Taeyong's digit.

Taeyong was right—with Yuta in a full split and arched so deeply, his internal muscles would be taunt and his ass would be so much of a tighter fit—even just Taeyong's index finger was beginning to feel like it was too much but Yuta didn't care. He wanted to feel Taeyong’s heavy weight inside him and the promises of pain immediately followed by pleasure was what Yuta yearned for.

"Use your words,"

"Daddy, please? P-p-please just—"

Taeyong growled into Yuta’s neck and slowly stretched Yuta's unbearably tight hole as the other handheld him in place.

Yuta was writhing in pleasure as Taeyong slowly entered Yuta, the bottom howling at the burn of the stretch, reminding him of their first time and Taeyong responded with a hiss, his breath ragged as he completely sheaths himself inside of Yuta. Yuta felt like a vice grip around Taeyong, but it was so warm and soft inside that Taeyong could only kiss at Taeyong’s shoulder.

Taeyong's hand reached out to pulled Yuta upright, his legs still perfectly straight as Yuta held his upper body by his arms, his breath quick and his arms trembling.

"Yuta, am I hurting you?" Taeyong asked sincerely as he rubbed Yuta's ass littered with palm-
shaped welts, affectionately. "Should we stop?"

"Yes, it hurts." Yuta confessed before slowly gyrating his hips and moving Taeyong's hand from his tummy, lower to his crotch. "But it feels so good, daddy."

"Fuck," Taeyong nearly shrieked as he watched Yuta's swollen, now Apple-red colored ass cheeks bounce one at a time in a slow rhythm.

Taeyong shuddered before steadying Yuta's hips and punching the air out of his lungs once Taeyong began to piston forward at a slow pace before speeding up as Yuta began to clench around his cock pleasantly.

Taeyong's other hand began to jerk Yuta in tandem as Taeyong teeth sunk into the back of Yuta's neck.

Yuta felt like he wasn't consciousness.

He felt too many things, too many good things all at once; he was being fucked deeply and harshly, the constant tap against his prostate making him drool down his chin and dribbling precum into Taeyong's large hands, his right calf was cramping up from him being in a split for too long, his head was thumping against the wall causing the sweat from his hair to drip to his chest and then the pressure of Taeyong's other hand snaking from his hip to grip on his neck, cuffing his Adam's apple possessively made Yuta feel glad to be alive.

He wanted Taeyong to own him, to make Yuta his very own in every way imaginable.

Yuta was having the best fuck of his life.

"Daddy--fuck...oh... daddy please!"

"Please what, pretty baby?" Taeyong spat as he bit harshly at Yuta’s lobe. “Tell daddy what you want and I might just be nice enough to give it to you.”

"Harder." Yuta whines feeling his orgasm chugging into his core like a series of snares in his veins.
Yuta could feel the edges of his eyesight fray eagerly. "Fuck me *harder*, bite me *harder*, choke me *harder*, spank me-."

Yuta was cut off by Taeyong's grip on his neck tightening over Yuta's slender neck, before Yuta could register a basic thought his ass was being spanked mercilessly while a searing pain on his fragile hole was quickly replaced by pleasurable abuse on his prostate as Taeyong fucked Yuta so hard that the dresser began to bump erratically against the wall. Yuta's eyes rolled to the back of his eyes, his breath caught in between Taeyong's tightening grip as he felt a sting on his shoulder blade where Taeyong bit him hard enough to break skin.

Yuta's body seized up as his orgasm snatched him from consciousness.

"Yuta? Yuta, baby?"

Yuta grunted as he felt a few firm taps on his cheeks.

Yuta grimaced, instantly feeling like he got ran over by a truck.

Yuta slowly peeled his eyes open, the bright lights almost burning.

“Oh! Let me shut a few of these off!”

Oh.

Taeyong was here?

So, Yuta was safe, at least.

The lights were turned off and only a soft spotlight above him was turned on and dimmed.
Yuta sits up slowly, hissing at how his lower back complained when Taeyong came back with a worried gaze as he quickly sidled next to Yuta.

"Oh thank god, I thought I killed you." Taeyong wailed as Taeyong quickly gathered Yuta in his arms for a kiss. Yuta sighed contently, his mind still fuzzy, but being in Taeyong’s arms always made Yuta feel relieved. “I was too careless. I’m sorry. I went overboard. I was too rough.”

"No, I wanted it rough.” Yuta hushed Taeyong with a soft series of butterfly kisses. “It was the best,”

Taeyong gasped a bit at the praise before tilting his head slowly, lulling Yuta into a gentle, meaningful lip lock. Yuta felt at ease in his heart that wasn’t there before tonight. His heart felt light and almost unfettered as if it had piles of pressures on it before.

Taeyong slowly pulled away, his eyes shining as he gently brushed Yuta’s strands from his eyesight. "You sure I didn't hurt you? I think I was too careless... too excited.”

"No, it was perfect.” Yuta reassures Taeyong’s sweetly, but the latter’s eyes was downcast. “I'm sore, but I love feeling sore after what we do—what you do to me. It makes me remember you throughout the week...but I don't need to remember you throughout the week now,”

Taeyong’s face scrunched up. "Why?"

"Because I want you make love to me every day." Yuta blushed and Taeyong grinned, pressing his lips against Yuta’s temple briefly.

"Of course, anytime you want it,"

Their eyes meet again, and this time Yuta feels almost overwhelmed by the emotions ingrained in Taeyong’s stare.

"I love you. I mean it." Taeyong’s said firmly taking Yuta’s hands into his own. Yuta swallowed, his eyes burning with unshed tears.
"I love you more."

Taeyong chuckles before bringing Yuta’s knuckles to his lips and kissing each one.

"Yuta, you're everything I've ever loved! You make me so happy!"

Taeyong’s joyful outburst made Yuta’s view cloud with tears and Yuta swung his head low to try and hide his sobs.

Taeyong cooed at Yuta sweetly, lifting Yuta’s chin so he could dab his tears away.

“Why are you so beautiful, huh?” Taeyong asked as he ruffled Yuta’s hair fondly.

"Because you make me feel beautiful, Lee Taeyong." Yuta managed out with a tiny whisper and Taeyong pulled Yuta closer to him.

Taeyong pulls Yuta into his lap, gently wrapping Yuta’s arms around his neck. "Kiss me, Yuta."

Yuta listens.

Not too long afterwards, Taeyong carried Yuta into the ensuite bathroom and runs Yuta a bath filled with bubbles and sweet oils.

Yuta pouted when Taeyong leaned against the adjacent sink. “Tae, you’re not going to join me?”

Taeyong smiled softly, watching Yuta almost get swallowed by bubbles. “I showered while you were sleeping."

“So, you’re just going to watch me bathe? Creeper~!”

Taeyong winks before heading back to the room to gather and fold their clothes.
Yuta is completely tired and quickly begins to wash his hair when he feels something odd against his scalp.

Yuta glances at his hand before screeching.

"The hell is this?!"

Taeyong raced into the bathroom in his boxers panicked until he saw what Yuta was shouting about.

"Oh," Taeyong’s said slowly, instantly looking down at the suddenly attractive tiles. "It’s a ring....It's um...at the house I found my old box and I found my mom's wedding band.” Taeyong explained meekly. "I had it in my pocket and didn't want to lose it,"

Yuta stares up blankly at Taeyong who was avoiding his gaze.

"So, you put it on me when I was sleeping?"

"It didn't fit me," Taeyong lied quickly.

Yuta blushed deeply and looks at the ring with bright cheeks as Taeyong tried to look away.

"I mean, I might lose it too," Yuta said cheekily as he rinsed his hair.

Taeyong shook his head firmly. "You won't,"

"I dunno,” Yuta chided playfully as he appraised the gorgeous, simple band. “I'm a klutz--;"

"YUTA, JUST WEAR THE DAMN THING!"
Taeyong snapped and Yuta thinks it's fucking adorable. Yuta slowly stands up from the tub and allows Taeyong to wrap him up in a fluffy towel. Taeyong meticulously does not make eye contact with Yuta who just smiled like the cat who got the canary.

"Taeyong, before I agree to...wear this...I have a question?" Yuta asked sweetly and Taeyong’s eyebrows scrunched up before shaking his head.

"No,"

Yuta pressed his lips against Taeyong’s clavicle "Tradition or modern?"

"Go to bed," Taeyong gasped as he hustled Yuta out of the bathroom and into the freshly changed sheets of the king-size bed. "It’s time to go to bed, Yuta. It’s freaking six AM."

"I look good in a tux, don’t I?" Yuta asked almost innocently, but the way Taeyong’s hand stilled before nudging Yuta between the sheets was all the answer Yuta needed. “Should we honeymoon to Paris right after?"

Taeyong’s desperately tried to hide his smile with indifference. "I don't know what you’re talking about,"

"Mhmm, really?" Yuta asked breathlessly as Taeyong slipped in the sheets behind Yuta, the younger instantly turned to face Taeyong with excited eyes. “How about pets? I really want one of those naked cats."

"Naked cats?" Taeyong asked in distaste. “You mean the ones that look like fucking meowing foreskins?"

Yuta grinned widely. "Yeah, I want one!"

Taeyong glared at Yuta in disgust.

"Never mind, give me the ring back."
Yuta quickly tucked his left hand behind his back and planted a soft peck on Taeyong’s lip. "No. I want modern and a naked cat."

Taeyong didn’t answer but instead pulled Yuta closer to him before kissing Yuta on the crown as Yuta buried his face into Taeyong’s chest.

Taeyong kissed gently at Yuta’s hair as he felt Yuta’s body go lax with sleep—one arm pillowed Yuta’s head as the other caressed at Yuta’s lower back.

Taeyong sighed, his own eyes heavy with exhaustion as he watched Yuta sleep.

“Traditional or modern? I don’t know, Yuta. I don’t care either...I just think you’d look perfect it’s my last name next to yours.”

Taeyong smiles a bit before reaching above the headboard to switch the last light off.

Taeyong felt Yuta stir a bit and Taeyong gathered him in his arms again, Yuta’s head on his chest.

“...I think your last name would look good next to mine, too.”

Taeyong felt his heart skip a beat.

Yuta fell asleep with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

When I trust you we can do it with the lights on
When I trust you we can do it with the lights on
When I trust you we’ll make love until the morning
Let me tell you all my secrets
And I'll whisper 'til the day's done
-- "Lights On" - FKA Twigs
Please comment? Was it good? Was it cringey? I'm nervous, omo.
Do For Love

Chapter Summary

§

Yall.

OMG, it's been so long. I'm sorry. I got a new job promotion [that lets me travel on company dime and i get paid wellll!!] that makes my life so much EASIER. So many things have happened and honestly, the only way to find out what the hell is going on in my life is twitter.

But SHINee's BACK!!!

And also, the NCT Lightstick is ugly as fuck, but I don't care I'm buying it. I don't care if it looks like an ugly Roblox, it's ours now.

11K words.

Guys, "Bad Habits" is wrapping up really soon!

This chapter is based off of one of my FAVORITE Tupac song. Enjoy! And don't forget to comment! I wonder who's still here after all this time!

§

Chapter Notes

I shoulda seen you was trouble right from the start
Taught me so many lessons
Like how not to mess with broken hearts
So many questions
When this began we was the perfect match, perhaps
We had some problems but we workin at it, and now...
-- "Do 4 Love" - Tupac Shakur

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jaehyun slowly peeled his eyes back as he felt the first rays of the sun lay lazily across his eyelids.
He felt inexplicably warm with Doyoung buried solidly in his arms; face burrowed into Jaehyun's neck, his arms secured around his torso made Jaehyun heart thump in excitement unmatched. Making love to Doyoung last night was every piece of magic and Jaehyun doesn't think he'll ever tire of it. Last night confirmed everything that he already knew but being in love Doyoung and having him love Jaehyun back was incredible. Doyoung was finally his and nothing would stop him from loving Doyoung—even for a second.

But there was a nagging emotion gnawing on his insides that Jaehyun couldn’t ignore any longer.

Jaehyun sighed before he slowly crept out of the bed, trying to root around for his jeans and a clean shirt. He really did not to wake Doyoung, but he manages anyway in his tired.

“Jagiya~,” Doyoung whimpers as he rubbed his eyes and Jaehyun heart clenches with sweetness at the innocence on Doyoung’s face half covered by the pillow. Doyoung lets one eye slowly peel open as Jaehyun dips down and rubs sweetly at Doyoung’s exposed tummy.

“Sleep in,” Jaehyun said much more braver than he felt as Doyoung all but curled into Jaehyun’s side. “I have to go somewhere.”

“No…come on, jagiya.” Doyoung’s voice was deep and groggy and the way Doyoung sat up slowly in a manner that made his muscles ripple like waves under his milky skin made Jaehyun throat go dry. “Stay. I’ll make you breakfast.” Doyoung whispered, and Jaehyun wanted to give in desperately but he couldn’t.

Jaehyun gave Doyoung’s pouty lips a soft series of pecks before standing up. “I’ll come back before you know it, bunny.”

Doyoung’s eyes furrowed and he tossed a pillow to Jaehyun who effortlessly blocked it. “Don’t call me bunny you weirdo!”

“You liked it last night, right?”

Doyoung blushed before Jaehyun sat back on the bed, only to lay a slow, malleable kiss against his lover’s lips, feeling the waves of deep-seated emotions flutter against his gut as Doyoung returned the kiss with the same amount of delicacy.
It was barely seven AM but no one was up. Throughout the days, less and less kids stuck around not because they didn’t care, simply that they all had lives and careers and couldn’t stay the entire time—especially since Eomma was set on not receiving a kidney.

Jaehyun walked into the den to see a heap of pillows and comforters but no Taeyong or Yuta. Their shoes and phones weren’t there either.

“They’re probably fucking in the laundry room,” Jaehyun hissed rolling his eyes before grabbing Yuta’s car keys that were on the table and heading outside. Oddly, he expected Yuta’s car to be outside—but not Taeyong’s.

Jaehyun drove to the hospital with a heavy heart but mind filled with determination. His mother had to listen to him. She was going to accept the kidney whether Jaehyun had to snatch from his side and slap her with it.

* ✤ *

His palms were sweating as he walked down lengthy corridor towards her room, but his heart broke once he turned the corner.

Investigator Choi Minhyung was standing outside his mother’s room with a large bouquet of sunflowers.

“Leave.” Jaehyun spat as he halted directly in front of the male who didn’t look surprised or upset—just tired as Jaehyun as he just sighed.

“You know… I first saw your mom when we were 12.” Jaehyun’s father began as he glanced as his son who favored his mother. “She was really tough but protective. She would fight anyone who was mean to me. When anyone got picked on me, she would just go up and punch them square in the face. But she was truly delicate and sensitive, and she liked me even though I was a total wimp. She became my best friend. I would follow Kyungie all day…I was afraid to be without her. I would even sneak out of my classes in high school to wait outside of hers. My parents didn’t like it at first, but Kyungie? She matured into a beautiful human.”

Jaehyun felt his heart quiver in his ribcage at his father’s soft words about his mother. Jaehyun had never had any acknowledgement from his father about his mother or even heard stories from their past. When Jaehyun asked about his father, eomma would simply say that he was very important and very busy. Jaehyun would never pester her further, but when he was eleven and he realized that his father was within arm’s reach—for some reason, Jaehyun didn’t care.
He especially didn’t give a fuck now. Not when his mother was barely hanging on. This was not the time for some shitty reconciliation.

“You need to leave.” Jaehyun said firmly, cracking his knuckles—the nerves getting the best of him. “If you don’t leave, I cannot guarantee this will be a good visit.”

Investigator Choi chuckled, completely nonchalantly. “I’ve been here for a half hour trying to figure out how to apologize.”

“Easy.” Jaehyun smiled a phony grin before sneering. “Don’t. My mother doesn’t need anything from you.”

Jaehyun’s father chuckled bitterly and shook his head as if disappointed. “You’re right. Kyungie never needed me…But I love her. More than anything. I always think that if I just waited that we could have just had you and been a wonderful family.”

could have just had you...

A small part of Jaehyun was happy.

It was all he ever wanted growing up was to have his mother and his father…but just Jaehyun? No. Never that. Jaehyun was aware that growing up poor, with too many siblings probably wasn’t ideal to some, but it made him into a better, more grateful person. He wouldn’t change that for the world.

“I have a wonderful family.” Jaehyun said with his voice a million more stable than how he felt inside. “Jung Kyungah helped orphan that no one wanted and turn in to the biggest moguls in Korea and the biggest Asian talents in this hemisphere. She turned those orphans into well-adjusted, mostly God-fearing, nice, respectful people and most importantly-- I didn’t need you. Mom doesn’t need you.”

“But she needed me, and I failed her.” Jaehyun’s father admitted bitterly with much more emotions than Jaehyun anticipated.

Jaehyun nodded and snickered sardonically. “You did. You are a failure. Take your sunflowers and fuck off.”
Jaehyun meant to shout his harsh words at his father but instead it felt into a tiny broken voice that still managed to carry just enough hurt to get this point across.

The silence that followed as Jaehyun’s tears began to slowly trickle down his face was finally enough to make his father look away from him momentarily.

“She won’t accept any kidneys?” he asked and Jaehyun snorted to mask his sob, trying desperately to hold on to the rage he was feeling, it was quickly dissipating to an inexplicably stream of hurt. A part of Jaehyun—a small part—of Jaehyun desperately wanted his dad to hug him, to tell him that he loves Jaehyun and that even there he wasn’t there before than Jaehyun wasn’t going to have to deal with his mother death alone. It was a small part—it was loud in his mind and gripping at his heart.

“No, she won’t. She’s going to die fairly soon.” Jaehyun sniffled before clearing his voice and quickly thumbing his own tears away. Right now was not the time for him to break. Choi Minhyung didn’t deserve the pleasure. “I’m going to have to watch my mother die and you’re here bitching about nothing.”

Jaehyun didn’t dare look up but once he heard his father footstep approach him and felt a hand reach out Jaehyun quickly slapped it away. Jaehyun didn’t care about the social mores of East Asian traditions, Jaehyun was about to knock his father the fuck out if he even thought about comforting him.

“Go to your precious wife and son and leave us alone.” Jaehyun snapped in a tone that was dangerously low in his throat as he stared daggers into his father’s sullen face.

“You are right here and so is she,”

Jaehyun didn’t even try to mask how much that statement threw him off.

“Oh, get off of it. I’m precious to you? Me? Jung Jaehyun? Where were you when I was born?”

“Standing right here—February 14th, 3:17AM.” His father remarked quickly and Jaehyun’s eyebrows furrowed. “I was so nervous. Kyungah worked the whole pregnancy and I was too ashamed to go in. I was afraid…but when I heard your cries and I knew you were OK. …But just like then, I’m afraid to go in.”
Jaehyun closed his eyes, trying to steel his anger, but the metal was being to *scald.*

Jaehyun knew that his mother worked tirelessly during the time she was pregnant with him, but hearing his father—who was well-off say he was *worried* about her when he literally watched her slave—

“*You’re pathetic,*” Jaehyun spat, irritated beyond measure. “*You’re a despicable waste of human resources and I have no idea what my mother saw in you enough to actually lay down with a vile, unworthy nothing like you—*”

“I love your mother more than anything!”

“*Bullshit!*” Jaehyun snapped, making a few nurses turn their heads, but Jaehyun wasn’t in the mood to taper his anger. “You didn’t love her more than your mother’s approval. You didn’t love her more than your current wife. You didn’t love her more than your badge. Now 30 or so odd years later she going to die and now you care? You don’t love her.”

Jaehyun’s father narrowed his eyes and Jaehyun instantly hated that they looked so identical in their anger. “What do you know about love and sacrifice?”

“I know *everything* about love and sacrifice, I had a fucking first person view of it. I saw my mother take food out of her *own* mouth to feed children she didn’t bear. She could have lived a cushy life as your other woman. She could have easily taken care of me and herself twice over with just her salary as a nurse but she didn’t, did she? She saw children that needed her, that she knew she could love so she took on more than she could bear, sacrificed my quality of life and a bit of her mental, physical, and emotional abilities to provide *love.* I thank god you don’t know shit about it. Do you know how many times I cried as a kid because I wanted to live with my dad and mom like everyone else? I’m happy that you are a coward because if not I wouldn’t be standing here today about to walk in there and tell my mom that I found the one. That I’m in love with someone who I’m going to give my whole life to and it’s the best emotion I’ve ever felt.”

Jaehyun father pursed him lips, nodded. “I’m happy for you and this woman you found.”

Jaehyun chuckled and hissed “Ooh, ready for some more disappointment, Investigator Choi?”

The satisfaction of watching the blood drain from his face was almost enough to make Jaehyun
forget he was entirely pissed. Jaehyun just came out to his dad and for some reason, it was so cathartic.

Jaehyun’s father began with a bitter, almost chastising tone. “I should’ve been in your life—,”

“I’m happy you weren’t.” Jaehyun said boldly, standing straight and proudly. “I would’ve not met him otherwise. And I love him. I love him more than anything else and I regret nothing.”

“Yoonoh, that’s a sin—,” His father began using his given name but Jaehyun quickly sliced him words off.

“So, is cheating on your wife, shellfish and mixed linen so...even? Maybe? I’m calling that even.”

The blanket of silence that fell over the two was almost paralyzing before Jaehyun scoffed.

“Just leave. It’s what you do best.”

Jaehyun didn’t give a fleeting glance as he quickly stepped past his father and into the wonderous and comfortably spacious private room where he mother was stationed. Jaehyun will forever be grateful to Dr. Seo for making sure that his mother was comfortable.

Jaehyun rounds the little corner to see his mother speaking with a familiar woman.

“Mrs Hong?” Jaehyun asked shyly to indeed to see his mother chatting with the well-dressed woman.

“Jaehyunnie? Oi, you’ve grown so much. So handsome!” she gushed softly before Jaehyun smiled and allowed the small woman to hug him.

“Hi. How is Joshua?” Jaehyun asked their family lawyer who was more like family than anything else.

“Joshua just got accepted into Yale. I’ll let him know you asked for him. I was just leaving.” She
said politely before pinching his cheek and turning to his mother. “Kyungah, I’ll have these notarized for you by tomorrow. But I have to ask you as a friend to reconsider.”

“Unnie, I understand. Take care, Jinsoo.” Jaehyun’s mother chastised sweetly before Mrs Hong grabbed her briefcase and patted Jaehyun on the shoulder lovingly. Kyungah then looked to her son and gave him a soft smile.

“I’m so surprised to sleep my little sleepy solider up so early!” she said with a bit of exuberance but Jaehyun could see right through her. Her eyes were tired and damp, her skin pale, her hair showing much more gray than before and her always delicate hands were littered with tubes. Jaehyun tried to his hardest not to cry out; he had to get this point across.

“Why was Mrs Hong here, mom?” Jaehyun asked softly as he pulled up a chair next to her, instantly taking in her small hands in his own large ones.

“Just wrapping up the will and testament.” She sighed before lifting her other hand to pet his hair docilly. “There isn’t much, but don’t worry. I’ve left you enough to go to graduate school.”

Jaehyun slipped his eyes closed as if trying to remember the sensation of his mother petting his hair because she’d float away at any moment. Jaehyun didn’t want to lose his mother. He didn’t want to lose anyone.

“Are you really going to give up, mom?” Jaehyun whimpered looking up with watery eyes. “Mommy…we still have time.”

“Do we?” she asked whimsically as if disregarding his statement, but her voice was still sweet and loving. “How’s this person you’re in love with? I heard there was quite a stir the night before.”

Jaehyun knew the word of last night’s bonfire desire would reach her. Of course, Jaehyun was sure it was Key who told her. Key was always the spitfire of the group, but he was also a terrible mommy’s boy and would never hesitate to run to Eomma to explain himself—especially when he was wrong.

“Mom, do the surgery.” Jaehyun sighed, and his mother’s hand froze mid-stroke and Jaehyun took that time to take both of her hands in his. “You cannot do this to me.” Jaehyun was breaking. He was desperate. “You cannot take away the only mother any of us have ever had.” Jaehyun took a shaky sigh and felt caged in. He sniffled deeply, ready to barter and throw in his last trump card.
“Mom…don’t…don’t you want to see your grandchildren?” Jaehyun’s conscience weakened as his heartache was taking over every single piece of rational thought. His voice was thick with emotion, strangling him. “I’ll...give you grandchildren if you want—and they’ll be really yours—,”

“Yoonoh.” Eomma whimpered, and suddenly the world came crashing down. Jaehyun never remembered seeing his mother so broken in that moment, but at least he knew he won.

✦

Yuta woke up with a soft whisper in his ear, warmth pressed into his back and arms circling his waist.

“Babe?” Taeyong whispered gently, pecking the shell of Yuta’s ear and the latter groaned before slowly turning around in Taeyong’s arms and burying his face into Taeyong’s clothed chest. “Yuta, it’s two in the afternoon. I brought you breakfast.”

Yuta slung a long leg over Taeyong hip and grunted. “I’m comfortable.”

“Come on, let’s head back home? We left in the middle of the night and I’m sure Jaehyun thinks we’re dead.”

Yuta cursed in Japanese before slowly getting up, his muscle cursing Taeyong who had the nerve to grin slyly as he looked over all the bruises that were mapped out on Yuta’s skin.

“Stop staring, you demon.” Yuta snipped, covering himself with the comforter. Taeyong mock pouted.

“I’m just admiring my handiwork, that’s all.”

Taeyong half carries a fully dressed Yuta to the café down stairs and treats Yuta to a hot, chocolate mint cocoa and muffins as they sat next to the window of the quaint bakery that was a bit busy and brightly lit.

“Last night was…” Taeyong began as he stirred his cappuccino shyly. Yuta’s face also lit up in a blush.
“We should never talk about that again,” Yuta said curtly and Taeyong raised an eyebrow.

“What are you, crazy? I want to scream it out—everybody-!” Taeyong began with a boisterous voice before Yuta nearly spilled his drink reaching over to slap a hand over Taeyong’s mouth. It still didn’t stop the shops patrons to give them a look.

“S-s-sorry! My boyfriend is just loud. I’m sorry!” Yuta chuckled nervously as the others simply kept amongst their business. Yuta slipped his hand away from Taeyong’s mouth. Yuta looked at Taeyong who looked like the sun had risen under his skin.

“Why the hell are you looking at me like that?” Yuta asked eying Taeyong oddly and Taeyong reach over to Yuta’s left hand’s ring finger that had his mother’s wedding band and rubbed it fondly. Yuta felt his heartbeat in his ears at how smitten Taeyong looked.

“Y…you called me you boyfriend, in front of everyone.” Taeyong said quietly with a small, yet exuberant smile. “Do it again.” Taeyong smile was now fat and bright. “Hurry, hurry, say it again!”

“Taeyong-,” Yuta began raising an eyebrow before Taeyong quickly knocked over the napkin off the table in a flourish causing the patrons to stare at them. Yuta gasped before Taeyong started throwing sugar packets at Yuta who was aghast.

“Taeyong! Stop fucking throwing stuff—you little shit-,” Yuta growled as Taeyong began to giggle obnoxiously before a waiter pulled up next to them.

“Is there a problem here?” the waitress said sternly and Taeyong stifled his giggle as Yuta had to pull a smile to young albeit upset woman who picked up the napkin dispenser and placed it back on the table with disdain.

“I’m sorry. My boyfriend is just being childish, please don’t kick us out.”

They were still kicked out of course, but Taeyong was happily holding Yuta’s hand, nomming noisily on a muffin as they walked back towards the house.

“You really got us kicked out.” Yuta huffed and Taeyong wrapped his arm around Yuta’s waist and kissed behind his ear.
“Call me your boyfriend again, babe? Please~. Sounds so sweet coming from your lips~,”

“Fuck off,” Yuta whined semi-annoyed, but soaking up the attention before Taeyong nearly made him trip at how he clung on to Yuta as they walked through the sunny afternoon in Hongdae.

“Go on, tell me babe.”

Yuta was about to open to his mouth to tell Taeyong to shut up but Yuta’s phone rang and Taeyong let go of Yuta ask if he was made out of fire. Yuta froze in his spot and dug in his pocket to answer the phone, but he already knew who it was.

The cinnamon sugar of the muffin felt like salt and ash in his mouth as he looked away, with a bruised expression as Yuta forwarded Jackson’s phone call.

And just like that, reality strangled Taeyong’s confidence and murdered the joy he felt right where he stood.

Yuta pocketed his phone quickly before crowding Taeyong’s space and reaching for Taeyong’s cheek, but Taeyong shook the warmth on his cheek off before furrowing his eyebrows; painfully pissed off.


The tone in Taeyong’s words were twisted and pained. Yuta gnawed at his bottom lip.

“I will break up with Jackson. I promise,” Yuta confirmed as he watched Taeyong look at his muffin and roll his eyes before dumping it in a rubbish pin next to the pole they were in front of. “Yongie? I will, but not through text. That’s terrible.”

Taeyong’s frown didn’t budge, so Yuta cupped Taeyong’s cheeks and pulled into a delicate but firm kiss. Taeyong could feel the heat of the sun on Yuta’s lips, and the sun rays showering his crown made Taeyong kiss back with passion. It was four in the afternoon and there they were—kissing out and in the open. Taeyong couldn’t be too mad.
“I love you.” Taeyong whined slowly pulling away to kiss Yuta’s nose. Yuta sighed happily, pressing his forehead against Taeyong’s. Of course, he’s going to break-up with Jackson, but a part of him felt guilty. He cheated on Jackson and ignored his call and messages. The least he could do is meet with Jackson and break it him easily.

“I love you more, hyung.” Yuta responded before holding Taeyong’s hand into his own.

Doyoung officially got out of bed about an hour after Jaehyun left. Doyoung was up, but exhausted from the night before. Doyoung has no idea if he’ll ever get used to the soreness after having sex, but he could only complain afterwards because during? Doyoung couldn’t complain for a second. Every part of him craved Jaehyun and they’re wasn’t a nook in his mind that wasn’t madly in love with Jung Jaehyun.

Doyoung showered slowly [despite Taeyeon and Seohyun banging on the bathroom door] and got dressed and began to fix up the house – giving a mean stink eye to Taeyong and Yuta who walked through the door as Doyoung made breakfast. Taeyong looked like a proud peacock and Yuta was essentially trying to ignore Taeyong who instead clung to him.

Doyoung was about to say something pretty inappropriate to the two when all of their phones rang, including Haechan’s phone on the charger and Doyoung’s on the counter. The alert tone let him know it was a group chat and probably Jisung asking if they want breakfast.

Doyoung continued to wash the dishes before Taeyong let out a scream that was too high-pitched to be a joke. Doyoung quickly turned away to walk out the kitchen to see Taeyeon, Yuta, Taeyong, Seolhyun, Jimin, Dara and Yesung spread out amongst the living room gawking at their phones in disbelief.

“Guys? What’s wrong--?”

Taeyeon looked to Doyoung with tears flooding her eyes, threatening to spill.

“She’ll accept a kidney.”

Doyoung felt ringing in his ears as if he was hit at full force. His eyes began to water before Taeyong began to crouch on his knees, breaking down.
“Are…are you fucking kidding me?” Doyoung asked before a thunder rumble of feet from upstairs lead to the stairs where Taeil and Hansol stopped at the threshold.

“Did you get the text too?!” Taeil screamed before laughing. “I don’t know what the fuck Jaehyun did—but—Wait! Taemin-hyung is calling me--,” Taeil began before picking up the phone and yelling in joy on the other line.

Doyoung felt like the world was askew. Doyoung felt the earth shift for a moment before turning on his heals and rushing back to the kitchen to pick up his phone and with trembling fingers quickly thumbed in his passcode. He tapped on messages and pulled up the 40+ ‘Hongdae Homies’ chat that Haechan titled the family group chat to see Jaehyun’s message:

I just talked to eomma. She said she’ll take a kidney!!! Don’t ask me how I convinced her—just pick up some sunflowers!!!!! HONGDAE HOMIES, FIGHTING

Doyoung felt like he was going to faint. He was so out of it he didn’t even feel Taeil grabbing him back his wrist, throwing his shoes at him and pushing him into the car on the way to the hospital.

By the time they got to the hospital, Junsu—who was the closest match after Jaehyun was already getting prepped for surgery as a donor. The doctor had to kick everyone out of eomma’s room after they oversaturated almost every free available space with sunflowers—the huge bouquets Taemin send from Japan could barely fit in the hallway.

After four hours of camping out in the hallways, literally napping on top of each other, the surgeon came out to announce that the surgery was a success and that both patients were in stable condition.

Kyungah regain consciousness some hours later and lead the small group in prayer—and for the first time in a long time—Doyoung prayed and truly meant it. It wasn’t until later that night, spooned into Jaehyun’s arms did he finally ask.

“Hyunnie?” Doyoung asked carefully as he slowly turned to face Jaehyun who was obviously exhausted. Jaehyun had a long day and it wasn’t hard to understand why.
“Hmm?” Jaehyun hummed, pecking Doyoung sweetly. “Yes, babe?”

“Tell me,” Doyoung began desperately, his eyes shining in tears and his throat still sore from sobbing so hard earlier. “How? …how did you do it? How did you convince her? She was so staunch about how it’s against her religion and—how the fuck did you do it?”

Jaehyun smiled lazily, his calloused fingertips brushing the fringe from Doyoung’s view. He felt his heart thump wildly in his chest just watching Jaehyun look so calm and serene. Doyoung had no idea why he ever thought that being with Jaehyun was ever wrong.

“She wanted to see you…as a blushing groom.”

Doyoung felt his body lock in disbelief as Jaehyun smile easily, kissing at Doyoung’s forehead affectionately.

“What? You…you told her?” Doyoung’s bottom lip quivered and Jaehyun snorted.

“She knew. That woman always …just knows.”

Doyoung felt a sob bubble in his throat. This could not be real. “A-and she isn’t mad? She isn’t disappointed?”

Jaehyun shook his head and pouted a little. “She’s still a little disappointed with you being an atheist—but she says she’ll respect it if you just sing during Christmas. She thinks it’s unfair if you completely remove yourself out when Jonghyun, me, Taeil and Taeyeon do carols. She’s was not happy when you decided to not sing Christmas carols last--,”

Jaehyun was cut off by Doyoung pulling him into a smoldering kiss that did everything except cool the fire in the in his loins. Suddenly, the world was brand new again and melting in his arms as Doyoung slowly straddled himself across Jaehyun’s lap. Jaehyun laid his hands on Doyoung’s thighs and squeezed firmly, swimming in oblivion at Doyoung’s response—which was a low groan and soft canting of his hips.

Eomma was out of the hospital within a week and a half and half-excited—half-annoyed when she got home to see her home—all the furniture was out of order and nothing was in place—but she decided to chastise them later—even though her children chastised her soon as she tried to start
cooking dinner.

Christmas was here, and Kyungah was excited that almost all of her children were there except Key and Jonghyun who Kyungah had a nagging sensation that they were spending it together at Key’s apartment down the road.

During that night, the door bell rang right as Junsu and Jisung was lip-syncing to ‘Jinglebell’ rock and Jaehyun went to get the door—most likely Dr Seo or Mrs Hong with well-wishes, but after a few minutes, she noticed her son wasn’t back yet.

“Yuusuke, sweetie~,” Kyungah said sweetly to Yuta who had his head in her lap. Yuta looked up to her and pouted.

“Eomma~, stop calling me Yuusuke. That’s what I want for Christmas.” Yuta pouted and Kyungah rolled her eyes. No matter how big they grew to be, they were so noisy.

“Alright, my little prince. I’m sorry. But let eomma get up for a second.”

“Is my head too big?” Yuta pouted with aegyo and Kyungah stifled a chuckle. Yuta definitely was the funniest and most clever of them all and she always had the hugest weak spot for him.

“No. It’s perfect, for my little prince.” Kyungah quickly stood up, petting the kids who sat lotus style on the head on her way out of the living room before her slipper socks padded down and past the kitchen and to the front door.

The door was slightly ajar, but the voices she heard was enough to make a panic set in.

“Yoonoh, who’s at the door?” Kyungah asked as she opened the door to see her son’s red face as he glared at his father.

Kyungah felt her heart rate thump wildly at seeing Minhyung. A large part of Kyungah felt like a total fool but she couldn’t deny that despite the years of suffering and pain, she was still madly in love with him as she was when they first meet during Christmas mass. He was dressed sharply—his hair salt and peppered but still full and combed well and his eyes—the slightest shade of hazel that still made her feel weak.
“Merry Christmas to you and your family, Investigator Choi.” Kyungah said sweetly, smiling softly despite the tremble in her hands when she saw him holding a handful of sunflowers and yellow roses.

Minhyung swallowed thickly. “I’m no longer an investigator. I decided to retire.”

Kyungah nodded in recognition before reaching out to touch Jaehyun’s shoulder gently. Kyungah knew her son was upset just by his presence and despite whatever Kyungah felt, she rather have her son comfortable above all else.

“Congratulations on your retirement. I hope you have a Merry Christmas and bountiful Lunar New Year. Come on, Jaehyunnie—let’s show Taeyeon and Yesung that we can totally out duet them!” Kyungah said cheerfully and Jaehyun visibly as Kyungah guided him towards the door.

“Kyungie-noona!” Minghyung shouted and the wizened woman froze and so did Jaehyun as they both turn towards him. “Can…may I please speak to you? Privately?”

“No, you may not!” Jaehyun shouted and Kyungah slipped her eyes closed before clearing her throat.

“Jaehyun, do not shout at your father.”

Jaehyun’s eyebrows straightened from their furrow as he heard the soft, almost meek tone in her voice. He hadn’t heard his mother refer to the former investigator as his father in years. Jaehyun frowned before watching his mother stare at his father with a glint that Jaehyun was horrified to see.

“Mom? Mom—no. He doesn’t deserve to even be in your presence—”

Kyungah simply raised her hand, motioning Jaehyun to silence. “Jaehyun, go on and check on the gingerbread cookies. I have to speak to your father.”

Jaehyun looked between the space between his mother and father rapidly as if they’d disappear but holy fuck this is not what he wanted. Jaehyun used to waste every birthday wish, every Christmas
prayer on praying that his dad would come back and love him and his mother—but Jaehyun was know a grown man deadest on protecting his mother heart.

“Mom--,” Jaehyun began but Kyungah simply squeezed his hand and nodded for him to head inside. Jaehyun gave his father a fleeting glare that could melt half the block before kissing his mother’s hand and reluctantly walking inside to give them privacy.

Once the door was closed, Kyungah looked to her one-time fiancé and sighed.

“How have you been, Minhyung?”

He had the decency to be ashamed as he looked up to meet her twinkling eyes. “I should be asking you that,”

“Well, I have to say getting the kidney of a 31-year-old is pretty nifty. I feel a bit guilty taking something so precious from my child but—I guess it payback for the grey hairs?” Kyungah voice was light and sweet, bubbly like her personality as she swung her arms around a bit. “I even got a cool scar out of it. Dr. Seo says I can get a tattoo over it. Can you imagine? Me at almost sixty getting a tattoo?”

Minhyung felt his eyes sting with unfallen tears at how even every trial and tribulation—Kyungah always managed to be positive and cheerful.

“I’m so, so sorry for abandoning you, Kyungah. I’m sorry.”

Kyungah stopped swinging her arms and put her head down at those words. Her throat clenching a bit before she spoke up.

“I think you should leave now,” she shook her head and turned towards the door before he shouted.

“I left her!”

Kyungah froze mid-turn and heard her heart beat wildly in her chest as he continued.
“You said that last time. You told me you left her last time and that was a lie.”

“I mean it this time. I really left her, Kyungie. I told her that I didn’t love her. I told Samjoo that he’s not the son I wanted. He’s lazy and inefficient—nothing like Jaehyun who’s strong and intelligent and talented. I gave up my position and I told my mother that I don’t care about what she thinks—that I love you. I want to be with you—even if we’re half a century late. I love you. I don’t care if we even just spent one day together. Please.”

Once those nervous words flew from his mouth, Kyungah felt weak. It was all she ever wanted to hear. She was always in love with her ex-fiancé and even in her wildest dreams never thought they’d be together—but now here he is with tears and sorrows was offering her all she wanted.

She was strong woman—but she was just a woman in love. A classic fool for love.

Kyungah began to wipe her tears.

“You don’t know what love is. Love isn’t this. Was it so hard to love me?”

“No, loving you is easy—so natural. You’re everything I ever wanted.”

“But I was barren, up until Jaehyun. I was too straight-laced. I was too Mother Teresa like. You called me Princess Diana because I wanted to simply care for children that didn’t get love. You gave me such a complex. You made me think that loving me was hard—that it’s a chore. But, I know that it’s not. I’m worth love. My children give that to me. There love is more than enough than these expired emotions you have laying here. All you are doing right now is keeping me away from my children and your tears are simply helping to defrost the steps.”

Kyungah didn’t even waste a moment to hear his rebuttal if he had one before turning on her heels. The sound of her slippers crunching under her was like a period on their conversation—and the last sentence of this chapter of her life.

She quickly stepped into the home and turned to towards the closed door with longing; her heart aching but her mind sound as she slowly, but confidently locked the door. Decades of wishing, hoping and praying brought her to this point and despite loving Choi Minhyung since she was 11—she was not a slave to her emotions—at least not anymore.
“Mom?” Jaehyun whispered to her right and she nearly jumped, not realizing that Jaehyun was there the entire time. The look in his eyes confirmed that he indeed eavesdropped on her conversation with his father and she hated, absolutely hated how much Jaehyun looked like his father just then. Kyungah tried to steel her emotions but couldn’t as she let some tears slip down her face.

“I…” she began, trying to pull her cheery, worried-free mask on her face, but her tears were flowing too quickly, her hands trembled too strongly and her mouth refused to smile. “I… I loved him so much, Jaehyunnie.”

Jaehyun enveloped his mother’s tiny frame within his arms as she quietly cried; letting her walls fall just for a while.

✎

Christmas came and went, and suddenly it was a few days before the New Year and since it was a few of the children left—Taeyong, Yuta, Jaehyun, Haechan, Taeil and Doyoung went out into outskirts to meet up with Johnny, Hansol and Ten for celebratory drinks.

“To eomma!” Jaehyun toasted with his soju and the guys noisily followed at the booth of the restaurant. Yuta felt his cheeks glow with the soju [even if he had tw sips] they consumed and the fact that Taeyong kept his arm wrapped around Yuta’s shoulder the entire time. Coupled with the few little breathless whispers that lined his earlobe, Yuta’s entire being was ready.

“I just booked this really nice hotel on the other side of the street. 4-stars…” Taeyong’s lip grazed Yuta’s earlobe with every syllable, causing nothing heat warm under Yuta’s navel. “They even have mirrors on the ceiling… want to watch me to fuck you cross-eyed before the end of the year?”

Yuta’s soda nearly spilled out of his nose.

Once Yuta was done with him mini-coughing fit, he was blushing a deep red as Taeyong’s hand slid down his back slowly, completely oblivious to everyone before hooking Yuta by the waist and pulling him closer to Taeyong—who kept his conversation with Hansol over the latest Marvel movie—as if nothing happened.

It was going well until Haechan—who apparently drunk much more than he could handle at his newly-minted legal status. 
“Guys, I don’t feel too good.” Haechan slurred as he leaned his head on Doyoung with a pained expression. Hansol fretted before reaching over to touch Haechan’s forehead.

“Oh, wow. He’s burning up. We should probably take him back to SM.” Hansol stated firmly before looking to Ten who was on Haechan’s left and checked his forehead also.

“Geez, he drunk so much. We can’t take him to SM—those saesangs are still there once they found out Haechan and Taemin-hyung are from the same home. We should take him home.” Ten stated as Haechan began to hum in misery.

Yuta pipped up over his perilla leaf. “I’ll take him back to eomma’s and comeback.”

Taeyong’s face soured. “What? No, Haechan can die in the backseat until we’re done. No one told him to drink brown liquor.” Taeyong all but pouted before Yuta placed his hand on Taeyong’s knee under the table and slid it higher before leaning to whisper lowly.

“I’ll go pack a bag for us and come right back,” Yuta teased before standing up abruptly. “Guys, I’ll take the maknae home and comeback.”

Yuta didn’t give Taeyong a letting glance as Hansol helped him carry Haechan in the backseat of Yuta’s Audi. Half way on the way back, Yuta felt his pocket vibrate. At a stop light he opened his messages to see a message from Taeyong.

pack the fuzzy handcuffs

Yuta chewed at his bottom lip before chuckling to himself and looking at his notifications. Once again, he missed three calls by Jackson, which is all honesty was the norm. Jackson called three times a day and all Jackson received was forwarded messages or messages left on ‘read’.

Yuta parked and carried, the half-sleep, half-drunk Haechan up the path to eomma’s house until he noticed a sleek, black BMW parked. Yuta shrugged passing it, until he saw the pretty little decal in the corner of the windshield that had the emblem of Hong Kong.

Yuta froze.
“Oh, he fucking wouldn’t.” Yuta mumbled to himself before dragging Haechan up the steps and quickly entering the passcode into the home.

Soon as Yuta nudged the door open with his hip, he heard the unmistakable laugh of Jackson Wang coming from the dinning room.

Yuta dropped Haechan on his face.

“Damn it!” Haechan slurred from the floor and before Yuta could react, eomma rounded o the opening of the hallways with a bright smile that faltered seeing one son in shock and the other in a heap.

“Yuta! Did you guys get him--Yuta did you get him drunk? He just turned legal!” Eomma chastised and Yuta barely recovered as he helped Haechan up, eomma’s fingers reaching to pinch Yuta’s side. He yelped before his mother patted the know a bit sober Haechan’s cheeks.

“I would do more damage, but it seems that you boyfriend came to visit!” Eomma smiled easily and for the umpteenth time in his life, he felt fortunate. “I’ll get Haechan into his room. Good see Jackson in the dinning room. I’m almost done with dinner.”

Yuta’s feet felt heavy as he rounded the corner to the dinning area to see Jackson sitting at the table chatting amicably with Li Hua in Catonese as Jisung, Dahyun and Soobin chimed in here and there.

Yuta felt time slow down when Jackson’s eyes finally met his own. Jackson was dressed in a smartly, in a all-black—his hair wonderfully styled to show his forehead and he had one of the babies in his hand, looking like the perfect father as he bounded the babbling 8 month old in his arms. Yuta felt a tingle of warmth fill his body with the soft, loving affection Jackson held in just a simply gaze.

“…Jackson?” Yuta asked softly, and Jackson’s grin grew, causing a stream of irregular heartbeats to take over.

“I’m happy you haven’t forgotten me completely, mochi.” Jackson’s English was gentle and soothing and just loud enough that Yuta knew exactly what he said.
Before Yuta could respond or jump through the fucking glass window to escape, eomma came back with a sweeping smile before picking up the baby from Jackson’s arms.

“Aww, it seems Yeri is in love with a new oppa.” Eomma said sweetly as she carried her with one arm and petted Jackson’s head affectionately. Jackson giggled sweetly

“She’s so lovable, Ms. Jung. You have a beautiful family.” Jackson all but cooed as the older woman blushed a bit at his sweet words.

“Thank you, Jackson-ssi. You’re so kind. I’m happy Yuta has someone like you. I won’t worry as much now.”

“Eomma,” Yuta began awkwardly, and Jackson quickly piped up.

“I promise to look after him, Ms. Jung.”

“Wonderful! Dinner is almost ready.”

“Please allow me to help!”

“Oh no, you’re a guest!”

“Hopefully, not for too long.”

“Aiigoo, so filial. How can I say no to such a cute face?”

What the fuck is going on between the hallways of his home?

Yuta sat down at the table, awestricken. Holy fuck. Jackson is here—in his house!

A few minutes later, they six of them were sitting down for dinner and Yuta had no idea if he’d survive between eomma complimenting Jackson’s kindness or the fact that Jackson seemed so hopeful and happy despite the fact that Yuta had ignored him for the past month. As they sat
across from each other, Jackson didn’t even let his admiring gaze or easy smile falter for a second as he answered the questions from the family with ease.

“Aigoo, Yuta I had no idea that your boyfriend is so kind and polite!” Eomma said patting Yuta’s hand and Jisung snorted.

“Or rich!” Jisung was quickly nudged by his wife, Li hua, to shut it.

"I guess it makes sense since Yuta is rich too." Taeyeon adds matter-of-factly. “I mean, he set to inherit the biggest overhaul of teas and Yuta’s going to inherit the 5th biggest lithium battery company in the world. It works!”

Yuta was fixing his mouth to refute that he’s going to inherit before the door opened and a few seconds later he heard it close.

FUCK.

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Yuta froze in his seat as he saw Doyoung, Jaehyun, Taeyong and Hansol enter the dining room.

Yuta watched in fear as Taeyong’s face folded in confusion and then rapid anger as their cluelessly loving mother smiled with glee.

“Oh, you boys are back? Quick, come sit for dinner!”

To say it was awkward would be an understatement.

Taeyong forced himself to sit right next to Yuta [despite Taeyeon’s annoyance] and Doyoung and
Jaehyun was eagerly trying to get Taeyong to not acting a fucking donkey in front of mother who is still recovering.

Jackson’s cheesy smile didn’t falter one bit.

“You are very handsome, Jackson-ssi.” Eomma cooed over him shamelessly and Jackson has the decency to blush.

“Ms. Jung, please call me without formalities.” Jackson said sweetly before pouring her more tea respectfully. Jackson brought an herbal tea for her recovering and Yuta was wondering what the hell Jackson laced it with to have eomma eating out of his hands.

“If you insist!” her smile was affable as she thanked him with a nod of the head. “You can just call me ajumma,”

“May I call you eomma?” Jackson asked with a childish whine and Yuta heard Taeyong’s chopstick slip from his hands and clang on the table.

Yuta felt his left knee tingle.

Nothing good ever fucking happens with his left knee tingles.

“Why not! Oh, you’re so polite!”

Yuta sneaks a peak to his right to she Taeyong seething. His fist clenched around his napkin and he was basically shaking—oblivious to only eomma.

“Eomma, maybe it’s time to rest.” Doyoung began with a fake smile. “It is a bit late.”

“You’re right, I shall. Jackson, thank you for taking care of my boys.” Eomma stood up and so did Jackson and she gave him a firm hug. “I’m happy that Yuta can rely on you.”

Taeyong shot up out of his seat to physically PRY his mother away from his nemesis but Yuta’s
sudden grip in his wrist was almost heartbreaking. Taeyong snarled and looked down to Yuta who was all but begging.

“Of course. It’s my pleasure. Rest well.”

Taeyeon and Jisung came from downstairs to guide her back to her room to rest. As soon as they were out of earshot, Taeyong nearly snapped.

"Ah, let me guess you don't think anyone's good enough for Yuta?” Jisung said with almost a bored look on his face before pouring himself more soju. “I feel the same way about just about all of you."

"It’s natural to feel that way.” Jimin said docily before helping clear the table.

In less than a minute they were left alone at the table with just Jackson, Yuta, Taeyong, Jaehyun and Doyoung.

"You really came here." Taeyong snarled and Jackson winked.

Jackson smiled easily, taunting. "I really did."

"Guys," Yuta warns trying to bring the foolery down, but it seems that Jackson was on that fuckery tonight.

“Your momma loves me,” Jackson grinned, smiling around a quick sip of water. “Everyone’s momma loves me.”

Taeyong retorts trying his best not a continuation of their last encounter in the dining room. “I hope you choke on the next thing that goes in your mouth,”

“Hmm, that’s a weird way to refer to Yuta.”

Doyoung squeaks as Taeyong nearly vaults over the table to choke Jackson who was instead
looking demure, perfect, and beautiful and Taeyong fucked hated it.

“Who the fuck even invited you? I’m sure Yuta deflected every pathetic phone call.” Taeyong’s voice was filled with acid, but Jackson’s response was sweet and flowery.

"It's cold and I wanted to make sure he's warm."

"I've kept him plenty warm," Taeyong hissed lowly and Jackson’s once effortless mask cracked in anger.

"Guys?" Yuta whimpers caught in the middle as he caught Jackson’s once calm mask of snarkiness break and the hurt and anger was seeping through, spilling on the table and laying in Yuta’s lap. He didn’t want Jackson to be hurt.

"I always take care of Yuta's needs. All of them," Taeyong spat and Jackson snorted, disgusted and annoyed.

"Not well enough. I mean I'm his boyfriend. Why would he need me if there was an adequate you?"

Taeyong was preparing at toss his rice bowl across the table when Taeyeon and Jisung came back with bright smiles and they continued the dinner. Jackson and Taeyong calmed their breathing and continued to act cordial despite the toxic miasma of hate permeating in the air.

Yuta felt like he was going to have a migraine once he felt Jackson’s foot gentle tap next to his own, almost comforting. Yuta looked up shyly to see Jackson shooting him a soft, apologetic smile. Yuta’s heart throbbed with a warmth—Jackson didn’t come all the way here to start a fight or proclaim Yuta as his—he came to see him out of concern and genuine affection after being ignored for so long.

Jackson wasn’t some huge arrogant asshole—Jackson just trying to be a good boyfriend and Yuta was too busy jerking his sensitive heart along the gutter.

"Babe, can you pass the radish?" Yuta asks motioning to the radish that was on Jackson’s left. Jackson grinned brightly before reaching for it…
Only to see that Taeyong also lunged for it.

The table got oddly quiet as both men’s hands hovered over the thinly sliced radish slices.

If this was an anime, there would have definitely been static between the heat gazed Jackson and Taeyong shared.

Thank God the sounds of Haechan throwing up his innards from upstairs broke the serious tension.

Jaehyun quickly stood up and swiped the radish and quickly brought it to Yuta’s side.

“I think we should call it a night. Taeyong, come on—let’s go check up on Haechan,”

Taeyong gritted his teeth before getting up and following Doyoung upstairs as Jackson said goodbye to Jisung, Taeyeon and the others before Yuta escorted him outside to the light snowfall.

"Jackson, can we talk?" Yuta asks as he walks Jackson to his car, the street lights did nothing made the snow look like shimmering in his hair. Jackson’s was still smiling as he reached out for Yuta’s fingertips, ignoring the ring he felt on Yuta’s finger.

"Of course, babe." Jackson said softly leaning coolly against his car, gazing at Yuta as if he was only thing in the world. A small part of Yuta wanted to let Jackson in. To love him because it’s obvious what Jackson feels for him is true and genuine.

"I’m sorry for not answering…I just don’t think right now is the best time--"

Yuta’s words were cut off by Jackson’s lips pressing against his own. It was dainty, soft and more importantly warm and sincere. Yuta didn’t have the power to push Jackson away as he pecked his lips over and over, each kiss sweet and short. "Don't be so nervous.” Jackson giggled as he rubbed Yuta’s wrist fondly. Yuta hated himself at how Jackson’s cheeks glowed with affection. “I think she’ll accept us. That’s a miracle. I’m happy your mom made it through! Let's visit her properly for Lunar New Year?"
Jackson gave Yuta a sweet kiss on the forehead before opening the driver side door and stepping in. "Jackson," Yuta began weakly but Jackson brought the window down before pushing to start the engine.

"I wish I could stay longer mochi, but Gyeomi told me that Mark is drunk too and JB has him. I have to collect him before he ruins their night." Jackson grins brightly, looking Yuta up and down like he was made of gold and happy thoughts. “I can’t wait to properly take care of you. We’ve been dating for a month and we still didn’t have a proper date. Maybe at a swanky place in Gangnam?”

Yuta didn’t respond as Jackson buckled up and pulled out of the driveway leaving Yuta standing in place. Jackson left with a cheery wave and drove back to the main road and Yuta wanted to scream. Fuck! Jackson was unnaturally sweet and caring and it only made things a million times harder. Yuta wished Jackson as an arrogant asshole and not the idyllic boyfriend.

Yuta sighed as he turned around to walk back in the house to see Taeyong staring darts into from the top of the porch.

FUCK.

Yuta actually shrieked before fretting immediately as he feet quickly crunched on the snowing covered grass. "Yongie, please don't be mad, it's not-,

"Love, I know." Taeyong said firmly Yuta stepped up to look into his beloved eyes. Taeyong didn’t look mad...he looked irritated beyond measure. “I couldn’t hear, but I could read your body movements…said it all.” Taeyong looks down as if embarrassed before bracing himself and staring into Yuta’s chocolate orbs, filled with hurt and annoyance. “What did you ever say to Jackson for him to be so confident that really fucking thinks he had a chance against me?”

Yuta gnawed at his lip, the guilt flooding into his mind as he recalled all the many steps that led him and Jackson to where they are now. Yuta was the culprit. Taeyong really made him feel like Yuta had no choice but to move forward and poor Jackson is strung along. “It’s doesn’t matter. I just love you, only you.”

Taeyong pressed their foreheads together briefly before easing Yuta into a tiny, almost caution kiss. Yuta sighs into the warmth, the soju from earlier making him feel lush in Taeyong’s arms as the latter decides to deepen the kiss. Yuta felt a tingle underneath his skin at how Taeyong pulled him in close under the harsh light on the porch as the light snow fell in the midnight air. Yuta felt a sensation he never felt before, but it dazzled him beyond belief. Taeyong leaned away cautiously,
nipping along the inner seam of Yuta’s lip, reveling in the little whimpers he received from his lover before giggling at the way Yuta’s breath spiked in excitement.

“Was my kiss better than his?” Taeyong teased, gazing at the blissed out, half-opened stare Yuta gave him—his cheeks rosy and his bottom lip trembling slightly and it had nothing to do with the cold.

Yuta nods, his mind hazy as he reached in to suck in the warmth of Taeyong’s lips. Taeyong smiled softly. He wasn’t going to be selfish and he wasn’t going to picky. Taeyong just wants Yuta and having him in his arms right at this second was all he could care about.

When Jackson got back to his dorm an hour later, he wasn't surprised to see Mark resting on his couch in one of his oversized sweaters watching old reruns of Golden Girls. A huge part of Jackson wanted to kick Mark out but watching him nurse a hot cocoa with his reading glasses on was too much. Jackson hated how much he loved Mark. He hated how perfect he looked bundled up on the couch, appearing much smaller than ever before.

Jackson slammed the door shut, a bit guilty at how Mark shot up, eyeing Jackson almost nervously as he placed the mug on the coffee table. Mark was the most beautiful person he’s ever laid eyes on and suddenly, the pain made Jackson want to gouge his eyes out.

"I thought you were drunk." Jackson questioned, but it sounded nothing but accusatory as Jackson roughly pried off his Timbs and made his way over to the living room, his arms crossed and eyes narrowed.

Mark has the decency to look ashamed as he lied. "I was."

Jackson wanted to feel at fault due to the innocent gleam in Mark’s eyes, but Jackson steeled himself. "No, you weren't. Why are you here? I told you don't want to see you--or hear from you."

Mark sighed defeated, his face crestfallen. "But you came when Gyeomi said I was shit-faced."

"That's only because I respect your parents.” Jackson spat matter-of-factly. “Get out."

Mark sat frozen on the couch, his eyes lowering before clearing his throat. "Did you go to see him?"
Jackson scoffed. Of course, Mark would bring up Yuta. "It's none of your business,"

Suddenly Mark, looked up at Jackson and stood up. Even from their few feet distance of Jackson leaning against the kitchen’s counter and Mark’s territory by the couch, Mark’s presence was almost overpowering as he began to smirk. "Let me guess--Yuta wasn't picking up your calls? Again?"

Jackson bites the inside of his lip before turning around to try to calm his nerves. Mark always went for the jugular. No grace or manners, just a pretty mouth that spits bullets right into the matter. Jackson quickly decided to ignore Mark and in tandem, ignore the fact that Yuta completely ignored him—forwarded calls, messages left on read, IG messages left unopen for three weeks were damaging to Jackson’s confidence and did nothing but tear his heart apart—but he would never let that show—even to Yuta.

But Mark knew.

Mark always fucking knew.

Jackson was able to successfully brew himself some winter mint jasmine oolong when he finally turned around to see Mark on the other side of the kitchen’s island, staring at Jackson with a shit-eating smirk.

"You know he's fucking Taeyong, right?"

Jackson freezes for a moment before continuing to add a pearl of honey to his steaming tea before carefully crossing his arms and leaning casually against the counter.

“I do,”

The two syllables dropped from Jackson’s lips before taking a slow slurp from his tea, allowing it to warm him before looking at the shock expression on Mark’s face.

"And you're still pursuing him?"
Jackson shrugged, unphased by Mark’s histrionics. "I am."

"Why?!" Mark shouted, completely in disbelief over the fact that Jackson was apparently OK with the fact that his boyfriend was fucking someone else. “Why are you chasing after someone who obviously is involved with another person?”

"I dunno, you tell me Mark?" Jackson quipped after taking a sip and motioning to the air. “Here the fuck you are; in my apartment."

Jackson could clearly see Mark trembling in either anger or emotions as Jackson sipped his tea before continuing.

"The reason is because Yuta deserves better. It's because I love him. He's infatuated for now but Taeyong is a fuckboy with little patience and a temper. Yuta will be tired of that shit and I'll be here."

"How?!" Mark shouted, his teeth gnashing and his face furrowed in anger and apart of Jackson was madly in love in the passion that only Mark can conjure. “Why are you sitting here like you’re second best?! Jackie, how could you just reduce yourself to be his fall-back routine?"

"I was yours for years--only this time, I'm sure that Yuta likes me.” Jackson didn’t even try to fix the pitifulness in his voice. “Does this make me pathetic? Fine. I don’t care."

Mark couldn’t believe his ears. The Jackson Mark knew would never reduce himself to being number two to anything. Jackson Wang hated to lose and would never settle anything less than perfection…but here he was, broken despite a tough façade and holding on to a false hope that his beloved would be his own.

Mark felt his heart being ripped out of his chest. His kaka was literally shaking; craving love, attention, affection, and warmth.

This is what Mark had left in the wake of all his selfishness.

"Jackson, I'm sorry I hurt you."
Jackson snorted, looking down to try to shake the burning his felt behind his eyes.

"I'm sorry that I let you."

The silence that followed was heavy enough to crush Mark’s windpipe—but he persisted.

"Can I stay here...tonight?" Mark’s voice was like smoke floating carelessly over dark waters. It was warm and familiar as he slowly stepped in front of Jackson who was holding on to his mugs desperately with two hands before Mark placed his slim fingers over Jackson’s. “With you? Please?"

"No." Jackson said a hundred times more roughly than he anticipated.

"Jacks--,"

"I know how this goes!" Jackson quickly slapped Mark’s hand out of the way before the latter stepped back and Jackson tossed the mug carelessly into the sink before staring Mark down again. “You'll stay over--order some of my favorite food and then we'll cuddle up with Coco and then you'll make a corny joke about how we'd make good parents--I'll make a cornier joke about how I'm going to leave the tea shop and company in Coco's name and we'd laugh and laugh and then suddenly your ankles are on my shoulders and I'm fucking you into the cushions--then you wake up in the morning and run back to Junho as I'm stuck trying not to drink to numb myself from the goddamn pain. Same ol' fucking song and dance!"

Mark cautiously stepped back at Jackson’s acidic tone. “I...I didn't know that I was hurting you so much--,"

"How did you not FUCKING know?" Jackson's outburst was deafening. Jackson began to breathe in deeply, his rib cage expanding and clenching tightly before he began tearing up. “After you left I was trying to drink myself to death. Anything to dull this fucking ligature you had over my heart and now I’m better and now I’m moving on but here the fuck you are trying to throw a monkey wrench into my happiness? I don’t care if Taeyong is fucking Yuta I just care that Yuta shows me affection and gives me hope that maybe he could be mine if I try hard enough! Is it pitiful? Fuck yeah it is, but I rather familiarize myself with this pain then hold on to you! Yuta is a paper cut. You, Mark, are a goddamn shotgun to the mouth!"

Mark’s wide eyes and trembling bottom lips was enough to try to bring Jackson’s rage down by
several notches. Jackson quickly started to massage the flesh between his index finger and thumb. For some reason, it always calmed him when he felt like he was going to lose his cool.

Mark sniffled before speaking up meekly within the window of silence. “I broke up with Junho.”

Jackson slips his eyes close. His anxiety was coming in waves and there wasn’t enough Xanax in his bottle to calm the gamut of emotions running in his mind.

“I’m sorry that you broke up with your boyfriend. Can you kindly show yourself the fuck out?” Jackson asked sweetly, his hands shaking as the motioned towards the exit.

Despite that, Mark looking soft, small and so delicate began to step forward to Jackson again. “Jia-er, I need my best friend right now.”

Jackson couldn’t stop his voice breaking as he pressed his palms over his shut eyes. “Please call Bam, Gyeomi, Jinyoung, JB or Hyuna — Jackson Wang is not available to you anymore. I won’t let you hurt me, Mark.”

“You left me high and dry for someone you barely knew.” Jackson cut him off viciously, his eyes red and struggling to hold back his emotions. “I loved you so so much. I was a fool for love; I was a fool for you—but never the fuck again.”

“Jackson, please. I need you. Even if it’s just for one night.”

Jackson could feel himself weaken.

He missed everything about Mark.

His smile, his skin, his touch…his voice when Jackson teased him endlessly before slipping deep inside, feeling him shiver in anticipation as Jackson nibbled at the well at the bottom of his neck that was hugged by slender collarbones.
He missed the welts Mark tore into his shoulders when Mark begged in his lullaby-like whimpers for Jackson to take him deeper, faster and harder. Jackson missed how something as impossible as salt tasted like mounds of sugar on Mark’s porcelain-like skin, how Mark’s body bloomed into little splashed of maroon and red after Jackson had his fill of devouring his skin.

Jackson missed it all.

“I’m not cheating on my boyfriend.” Jackson said firmly, pulling strength from out of nowhere. “I’m not some towel you can use to wipe up your fucking mess. I’m not a band-aid for some other guys bullshit.”

Mark’s cheeks were wet with tears as he desperately crossed the distance and quickly got on his knees in front of Jackson.

Jackson gasped.

He was losing this battle. “Please...I need you. I feel so unloved and so unwanted.” Mark cried as he reached for Jackson’s hand’s in his own before placing his forehead right below Jackson’s navel.

Fuck.

Jackson felt his skin tingle with anticipation. Mark was on his knees, begging for him. It was snowing at one AM and Mark was most beautiful when he was crying, pleading for it. Jackson was strong, but not fucking invincible.

Jackson’s left hand slowly lifted Mark’s chin skyward so Jackson could see the shiny, dark pearly shimmer in Mark’s deep watery eyes. Jackson couldn’t help but be enamored as he thumbed a tear away before crouching to meet Mark at eye level, before whispering:

“You feel unloved and unwanted?” Jackson asked hurt and Mark nodded rapidly. Jackson sighed and shook his head. “Good. It don’t feel good, do it?”

Mark barely had time to react before Jackson stood up abruptly and headed out the kitchen,
grabbing his keys.

Jackson didn’t even give Mark a second glance before jamming on his boots and slamming his door close.

Jackson felt his heartbeat in his eyes as he rubbed his tears roughly off his cheeks before driving the short distance to Yuta’s apartment.

Jackson quickly jammed in the keys on the keypad and quickly took off his boots. Jackson tried not to pull at his hair in frustration but instead fed Ponyo and nestled himself on Yuta’s couch.

Jackson didn’t think that love was this fucking painful, or this this fucking stupid. Why is that all the pretty boys were nothing but heartache and trouble?

Jackson pulls out his phone from his pocket and dials ‘Mochi <3’ and just like how he expects from the 50 times he’s called Yuta, Yuta doesn’t pick up.

Jackson wasn’t an idiot he knew damn well why Yuta didn’t pick up.

Jackson knew that he was a sucker for tall boys with pale skin, sharp jawlines, gorgeous smiles that masked heartless and brutal tactics. Jackson knew that once he found out about Yuta that he should’ve left him be. Jackson knew that after being hurt by Mark that he should have given up.

But Jackson was a sucker for love.

There wasn’t much he wouldn’t do for love. Even if it hurts him.

Chapter End Notes

§

Me and you a happy home, when it was on
I had a love to call my own
I shoulda seen you was trouble but I was lost, trapped in your eyes
Preoccupied with gettin’ tossed, no need to lie
You had a man and I knew it, you told me
Don't worry bout it we can do it now I'm under pressure
What you won't do, do for love?
You tried everything, but you don't give up.
-- "Do 4 Love" - Tupac Shakur

§

Guys, thank you so so so so much! I love and appreciate you all! Thanks for the love and support! I can't even begin how much to explain how much I love you guys.

I redid this chapter like 4 times and @__nocturnale was annoyed with how many times she had to beta it!

Did you guys like it? Poor Jackson!
Loveeeee Song

Chapter Summary

Hello hoes, if you are reading this on April 1st and think this is an April Fool’s Joke, I’m a grown ass woman and I do not play them games. ■ ■

Also, if you are reading this, I shit you fucking not, I am in Seoul, South Korea. I am literally in my hotel in Jongno-ru as I type this. Long story short—wow, Korea fucking SLAPSSSSSS and starting 2021 I’m gonna be working here.

In addition, if you are reading this on April 2nd, IT’S MY FREAKING BIRTHDAY [twerks on a handstand on the nearest non-porous surface]. 28 year-old~ Where’s my senior citizen discount???

Furthermore, if you are going to see NCT in Miami [I CAN’T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING], I will be there too!!

I know you guys hate me, but look. As you guys know, I’m a mom, a wife, a manager [yes, bitch I got another promotion] and if everything goes right, I might be traveling to Korea for months at a time. Ya girl is busy. But I will try my best to not have these huge gaps of time between chapters. This is the second to last chapter. Any all all updates is on my twitter @koffeebuttr_ or @rozerlieA

Without further ado, hoes--

 URLRequest

Chapter Notes

Boy lately, you been stingy with your time
Got me wondering, I'm wondering if I'm on your mind
Boy I just wanna be in your possession
You say I'm the one you want so come express it
-- "Loveeeeee Song" Rihanna ft. Future

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuta seriously just wanted to take a shower.
The last couple of days were bliss, but now they were back on campus, on a lazy Sunday before the semester began again.

Yuta felt Taeyong’s lips graze against his shoulder as the older of the two lathered his chest with measured movements. Yuta felt his breath hitch among the foam and the heat of Taeyong’s shower in the dorm. There was barely enough room for them to even turn around, but Yuta was so content sandwiched and toiling in love and joy.

“I love you,” Yuta said softly, melting into Taeyong’s arms and Taeyong held his slippery grip a bit securer.

“Love you too,” Taeyong whispered, his teeth nipping at Yuta’s lobe. “I love my baby boy so, so much.”

Yuta chuckled as he squirmed carefully in Taeyong’s arms. “I don’t think I’m ever going to get tired of hearing that.”

“I hope not, because I’ll never get tired of saying it.” Taeyong said firmly before turning Yuta within his arms. Yuta flicked a bit of shampoo from his forehead and when he was done blinking, he was staring into the huge, stripped-bare-and-honest eyes of the love of his life. “Yuta...can you forgive me? Honestly? For the pain that I caused? That I inflicted, on purpose because I was a coward?”

Yuta blinks back tears.

“Yes. Of course, I forgive you.” Yuta responded, reaching a sud-soaked hand to caress Taeyong’s brighten cheeks. “I mean it, hyung.”

Even though he nodded, Taeyong didn’t seem convinced and it was obvious.

“Yongie.”

“Can...can you really forgive me for lying...for causing all of this—,”
“No one can blame you——,”

“But I *remembered.*” Taeyong said viciously, more venom towards himself than to Yuta by any means. “I never had memory loss. You didn’t get your memories as Yuusuke until you were twelve, but I **never** forgot mine and I selfishly changed the course of your life——,”

“For the *better!*”

“Yuta,”

“You were right.” Yuusuke hissed, his anger rising in steady increments. “I would have grown up in a glass castle with no love——no eomma or the noonas, dongsaengs and hyungs—and no you!”

Taeyong sighed, his eyes reddening before sniffling a bit. “I…I will always, **always** feel so guilty.”

Yuta chuckled, his anger slipping into nothing but warmth. “And I’ll **always** feel so grateful.”

After a couple of kisses and reassuring words, the two dried off and dressed comfortably before Taeyong plotted tiredly on the bed. Yuta was going to cuddle next to Taeyong before he noticed a small box on the left drawer. Yuta walked right over to it and inspected it closely.

“Yongie?”

“Yeah, babe.” Taeyong’s voice was muffled by the pillow he was faceplanted on.

“What’s in the safe?”

Taeyong felt his body turn rigid.

He sighed.
He forgot to move the safe to his closet away from nosey eyes. “Open it,”

“What’s the combination?”

Taeyong smirked before turning on his back and staring at Yuta and winking.

Yuta rolled his eyes before turning back to the safe and guessing the passcode. Once it opened Yuta blushed.

“You’re such a cornball,”

“Excuse me for being romantic,” Taeyong said in mock offense.

Yuta carefully opened the lock and was confused when he saw a series of little notebooks, most marked with years dating back to their teen years. “What the hell is this?”

Taeyong pouted before walking behind Yuta and kissing the back of his neck and giving him a loving back hug.

“It’s every kiss we ever shared.” Taeyong said softly, pulling out the first one. “I started tallying after that one night in Osaka. I mentally jot each one and then tally it here. My goal is 10,000 before I die…and as of now…including the kisses in the shower… It’s at 997.”

Yuta felt his hands tremble holding the notepad. Yuta felt like the wind was knocked out of his chest. All these years Yuta truly thought he was in a one-sided love—not having a clue that Taeyong was more in love with Yuta that Yuta could have ever thought.

Yuta quickly turned around in Taeyong’s arms—the latter was wearing a shit-eating grin—a smile so bright that Yuta felt his knees tremble.

Taeyong slowly tilted his head to the left and gave Yuta a gentle peck. Taeyong giggled when Yuta quickly gave him a peck back.
On the third kiss, it felt like the world had shook. Yuta slowly opened his mouth and Taeyong took every breath of Yuta. Suddenly, they were on the bed, passion and warmth between their fingers and peace in their mind.

The next day Taeyong had to work a double shift and despite all of his begging, Yuta had to let Taeyong leave to work.

Taeyong had suggested for Yuta to go back to his dorm to at least let it out and retrieve Ponyo from Ten—who was apparently petsitting the fish.

But Yuta felt ill in the pit of his stomach.

Ponyo wasn’t with Ten—and there was a reason why Yuta didn’t want to go back to his dorm.

But he couldn’t avoid it forever.

Yuta wait until he knew Taeyong was gone to get himself ready to drive the short way to the other side of the campus to his dorm.

Once Yuta types in his keycode and opens the door, he’s not surprised to see his dorm still with Christmas trim and Jackson Wang standing in the kitchen, sprinkling food in Ponyo’s bowl.

Jackson's head pops up. His soft blonde hair covering his reading glasses—his soft lips stretching into a lovable smile.

Yuta feels his heart jump wildly.

Oh no.

“Hey, love! You’re back!” Jackson smiles brightly and before Yuta can respond, Jackson has a hand on the small of Yuta’s back and he’s being kissed breathlessly.

Yuta felt his emotions flip on its axis. Yuta slipped his eyes closed and felt the birth of every sultry
goosebump on his skin as Jackson held him close, their nose bumping softly before Jackson nipped sweetly at Yuta’s bottom lip.

“I don’t have a lot of time,” Jackson whimpered hotly, his lips blindly finding Yuta’s anxious ones. “But here’s your Christmas gift.”

Jackson disappeared for a moment and grabbed a black velveteen box and before Yuta could mentally prepare, Jackson opened the box with a flourish.

“Ta-da!” Jackson chuckled and Yuta’s eyes dropped to the box in his hand. It was single gold bangle—a very similar one that Yuta knew he’s seen before—identical to the platinum one Jackson always wore.

Suddenly, Yuta remembers common fucking sense. “I… I don’t think I should accept this.”

“Shush. You have to, please?” Jackson pouts a bit as he carefully extracted the expensive thin bracelet from the box and reaching for Yuta’s trembling wrist and fastening it on. “It’s a gift. It’s bad luck to turn down a gift, especially from your boyfriend, right?” Jackson asks sweetly and Yuta nodded mutely, watching Jackson kiss his wrist delicately. Jackson slowly cupped Yuta’s face and kissed him again, this time it lingered on Yuta’s lip like a secret. Yuta was pulled back into reality back by a song suddenly blaring.

Jackson groans before fishing for his phone in his back pocket. “Damn it. I have to run. Meet at mine for dinner at 7? Please~?”

Yuta couldn’t find any words, but his head nodded automatically. Jackson chuckled affectionately before kissing Yuta’s forehead.

“OK, babycakes. See you at 8~,”

Yuta slipped his eyes closed as he heard Jackson’s footsteps and then the door closed right after.

Suddenly, Yuta felt his head spin. His breath violently quaking in his chest and his stomach was rumbling and burning as if he was boiling from the inside.
Yuta quickly bolted to the bathroom and violently threw up his meager breakfast.

His nose burned with acid, his heart was rattling in pain and he could not stop his tears.

Yuta was almost conflicted.

*Almost.*

Yuta would meet Jackson at his dorm tonight. Return the bracelet, and just let whatever emotions he has for Jackson die out.

It’ll be better this way.

☾

When Taeyong begrudgingly got to work, he quickly realized that they were overstaffed.

“Taeyong, why are you here?” Hyuk asked and Taeyong raised an eyebrow.

“It’s Wednesday! I always work doubles on Wednesday!” Taeyong explained and Dahye rolled her eyes.

“Firstly, it’s Monday. Plus, it’s been super slow for the past week. You can head home.” She said patting his shoulder. “The new schedule will be up later tonight, but I’m sure you work tomorrow night.”

Taeyong’s frown easily turns into a lecherous grin. Dahye removed her hand quickly.

“Eww, the heck is wrong with you?”

“I’m going back to bed with my boyfriend.” Taeyong didn’t bother to see their expressions and quickly took off his apron and jumped back into his car and back to campus.

☾
Taeyong didn’t see Yuta’s car in front of the dorm and decided to drive over to Yuta’s instead.

Taeyong quickly and sloppily parked his car and began to run towards the entrance until a sight causes him to stop in his tracks.

Jackson was walking from the dormitories speaking quickly on the phone but with a sweet smile on his face that Taeyong knew only Yuta could cause.

Once Jackson spots Taeyong, the older of the two simply grins and waves excitedly, walking quickly to Taeyong as if they were old chums again. Taeyong gritted his teeth and marched over to Jackson with purpose.

“Oh captain, my captain.” Jackson laughed with a sardonic smirk. “Anyone ever tell you, you look dick-sucking-good in your little café uniform? You in an apron just does something to me, I swear.”

“Where did you just crawl from?” Taeyong demanded brusquely and Jackson raised an eyebrow, licking his lips.

“From between the legs of my lover. What about you?” Jackson asked nonchalantly as he pocketed his phone and rolled his shoulders back, carelessly. “Gonna sneak yourself in and use all that mock-brotherly love to steal a few kisses?”

Taeyong felt the tips of his ears grow red and his face hot. “What did you just say?”

Jackson’s smile sloughed off his face into a thin line and his eyebrows narrowed in disdain. “Lee Taeyong…remember when you were a freshman? You followed me everywhere; hanging off my nuts and calling yourself my favorite. I’d give you anything back then, kid. When I had too much on my plate, I made you captain because I trusted you. But what I’m not going to do is just give you Yuta.”

Taeyong bared his teeth and stepped closer, breathing Jackson’s personal space. “He’s already mine. He’s always been mine.”

Jackson didn’t budge and snorted haphazardly. “I did a hell of a job fucking that up though, ain’t I?”
“Yuta is my boyfriend.”

“OK. But he’s mine too, apparently.”

“You’re a liar.”

“And you’re ugly.”

Jackson guffawed childishly before stepping backwards for a moment and tapping his bracelet on his left wrist and giving Taeyong a condescending wink before walking away.

Taeyong didn’t like the way his heart thumped in his chest or the unsettling feeling that seemed smelted into in his bones over Jackson’s overconfident and nonchalant-ness.

Taeyong calmed himself just enough to quickly run to the entrance and raced up the stairs knocked on the door in record time. After a few agonizing beats of silence, the door opens and the scene before Taeyong makes him feel violently ill.

Yuta was standing there at the threshold with watery eyes and obviously kissed lips. Yuta has a toothbrush in his hand and a total look of surprise as if seeing Taeyong was a reason for shock.

Taeyong heart stutters as he notices a bright gold band on Yuta’s wrist that Taeyong could swear on his life Yuta never owned earlier—too familiar to a platinum band he saw only two minutes ago.

“Yuta-,” Taeyong sounded shattered.

Yuta had the common sense to look down in shame as he rubbed his burning nose.

Taeyong felt like someone had ripped out his ribcage—this time from behind his back; leaving nothing up innards and blood and disdained globs of flesh pooling at his ankles. Taeyong couldn’t even feel sad.
Feeling sad would mean it would be sudden and unexpected—like a shock or a surprise. But the feeling that replaced the sensation of sorrow had graduated into a despicable level instead. The emote that replaced Taeyong’s sadness was expectancy. It was surety. It was complacent.

“Just say it,” Taeyong said in a voice that a minute fraction of his own; pathetic and expectant. His eyes were staring at Yuta blankly. “Just say you love him.”

Yuta had the mitigated gall to snort as if it was impossible—but Taeyong knew that impossibilities were just the emotional shitposts of a naïve soul.

“I’m not in love with Jackson,” Yuta said dismissively with a fake smile. “What are you crazy? You’re my boyfriend.”

“So is he!” Taeyong spat. “He’s your boyfriend, still,—after everything? All that we’ve been through…that you put me through?”

Yuta sighed in resignation simply. “Look…he caught me off—,”

“YUTA, I DONT WANNA HEAR THAT SHIT!” Taeyong shouted so abruptly that Yuta looked up to the rage in Taeyong’s eyes that he was actually afraid. Yuta had never seen Taeyong this physically upset in all of their life together. Taeyong’s eyes didn’t radiant the boundless river of sweetness and calm that Yuta was used to. “You just had a chance now, right? Or-or did this shitty piece of fucking gold just show up on your wrist by accident?!” Taeyong yanked Yuta’s wrist in a vise grip as the other cowered. Yuta couldn’t help his throat going dry and his eyes wavering as Taeyong threw his wrist back haphazardly and began to pace around the living room.

Taeyong stopped his pacing in front of the stove.

The kettle was recently cut off.

There were empty take-out containers from a Chinese barbeque place that Taeyong used to frequent with Jackson next to Ponyo’s tank.

Taeyong felt his eyes burn before slipping them close.
So, that meant that Jackson was in Yuta’s apartment the entire time.

Here, Taeyong is *knocking* to get in, but Jackson had the keep combination. Yuta lied—Ponyo wasn’t being pet-sat by Ten. Jackson was taking care of Ponyo.

Taeyong placed his palms on his face and grunted. “I need to be alone right now—,”

“Taeyong—,”

“Get out!” Taeyong screamed—tear spilling from his eyes and spit flying. Taeyong sounded everything like a wounded animal on the edge of its life.

Yuta was stunned, watching Taeyong take quick and angered breaths. “Hyung—,”

"How could you let him?” Taeyong spat in sheer disgust motioning wildly to Yuta’s wrist. “I love you; did't you think how I would feel seeing this on you?”

"I asked him not too, but--why am I explaining this?” Yuta sighed before beginning again, but he did not get very far. “Taeyong, you *know*—”

“I *know* he fucking loves you and you let him!” Taeyong voice was cold as he quickly tried to wipe his tears.

Yuta felt his heart skip at that accusation—but somewhere Yuta knew it was true.

But was it really his fault? How could anyone seriously blame him for being stuck between the two—even just for a moment. “What about me and my feelings--?”

“Yuta, fuck you!” Taeyong snapped viciously as he glared at Yuta with watery eyes, trembling hands and a broken voice. “Fuck you! Fuck you and fuck your feelings! You purposely—time and time again agitate my emotions to fucking comfort Jackson! Just dump him already!”
“It's complicated, Taeyong--!”

"Make it uncomplicated!" Taeyong hissed before he stalked up to Yuta, held his hands and finally sunk to his knees—begging. “Be with me, Nakamoto Yuta…and only me.”

Yuta felt all the air that intended to go to his lungs freeze in his throat as Taeyong kissed his palms and continued to begin a quivering voice. “Be my boyfriend, Yuta. And if you can't be my boyfriend…Then be my fiancé! And if you can't be my fiancé, be my fucking husband and if you can't be, that let's adopt kids and be the father of my fucking children!”

"Taeyong,"

"I won't fall asleep...." Taeyong began firmly, his reddening orbs looked up to Yuta with all the pain and suffering that ever befallen him. “On the flight, I won't fall asleep. I'm not gonna miss your excitement when we get off the plane in LA. I'm not gonna miss you crying when we go to a shitty courthouse and I'm not gonna fuck up my vows. I've been studying English for three years to get it all right. I already applied for my visa. We'll fly the week after and go to our parents' graves and honor them. And then to eomma’s to where everyone will be there to celebrate us." Taeyong cleared his throat for a bit before looking down at the tear stains on the hardwood floors, baring his soul. "We can move to Japan so you can run your family business and no one would know about our past. You can introduce me as your husband...if you want. I'll give up my dream to play for a major league and I'll just stay by your side. I love you from since I first saw you. I thought I was in heaven because you looked like an angel.” Taeyong took Yuta’s hands and kissed at his knuckles before looking up with all the hope he had left within him. “Y-you were never a bad habit, Yuta.”

There certain moments in your life where you can know it’ll be a cliff note in the autobiography based on your life.

This moment had its own chapter to one former Nakamoto Yuusuke.

“Taeyong...I never had a moment where I didn't love you.” Yuta whispered in a frail voice as his tears fell. One landed on Taeyong’s cheek and Taeyong laughed brokenly when he felt Yuta’s delicate fingers wipe it off and caress him.

"Then how can he compare? Love me and only me, please."

"He can't compare.” Yuta fell a blossom of truth and finality run through his veins. “Nothing
Yuta didn’t realize when his feet left the ground, but the hug Taeyong scooped him into nearly knocked the cool out of him.

“I love you so much. I’m sorry I made you feel this way.” Yuta apologized as Taeyong continued to bawl into the crook of his neck.

“Are you crazy? I thought I was going to die.” It was muffled, but Yuta heard it clear enough as he patted Taeyong’s back as the older continued to sniffle.

Taeyong moved them to the couch where he laid his head against Yuta’s chest.

Almost an hour passed and they both calmed down before Yuta made a move to sit up.

“Am I heavy?” Taeyong said in the cutest way—his pouty lips and blushed cheeks made Yuta fall in love all over again.

“No,” Yuta reached over to kiss Taeyong’s lips and the latter sighed. “But I’ve got to go,” Yuta stood up and Taeyong reached out.

"Where are you going?” Taeyong questioned nervously and Yuta motioned to his wrist.

"To give Jackson his bracelet and let him down gently."

Taeyong took a deep breath but remained seated. "OK. I trust you. I'll be here,"

Yuta kissed Taeyong a firm kiss before grabbing his coat and making a stern beeline for Jackson’s dorm. Yuta’s heart felt like an amalgamation of joy and a dash of sorrow.

Did he love Jackson?
Yes?

Maybe—fuck, he didn’t know for sure but he was sure in Taeyong and his commitment to their relationship.

When Yuta arrived in front of Jackson's apartment, he could hear telltale sign of shouting and bickering—something utterly foreign to his ears.

Yuta knocked for a moment perform dialing on the keypad and entering.

Yuta took a few steps in to witness a furious Jackson Wang and a teary Mark Tuan arguing in Mandarin in vicious and hurt tones.

Yuta froze and tried to take a step back, but the movement was caught by Jackson’s periphery.

“Jackson?” Yuta began a bit hesitantly as he rapidly looked at Mark and the brewing atmosphere he stepped into.

"Yuta, babe.” Jackson’s anger disappeared into a straining smile as he quickly stepped over to Yuta and held his hands warmly into his own. “This isn't an ideal time--,”

"Mark! Stop!” Jackson said before pushing Mark back and putting himself between Mark and Yuta sternly. “I'm sorry Yuta, I know you like Jackson and all but, I'm in love with him, OK?” Mark said heavily with all the emotions one human can ever have. “I've been in love with Jackson since I met him and you can't have him.”

"What does he have that I don't, huh?! What does he do for you, Jia-er that I fucking haven't?!" Mark screamed with such raw emotions that it had Yuta taking a step back, even though he safely
behind Jackson’s broad shoulders.

Jackson hissed violently. "He doesn't dick people around and fuck with their emotions for starters!"

Mark cried harder, his nose red and dripping as he sniffled, his voice softening. “I… I never meant to hurt you. I never meant to do anything but love you, Jackson Wang. Anyone can see that. You know that you mean… you mean the world to me.”

“Mark Tuan, please get your ‘never-meant-to’ ass out of my apartment.” Jackson’s words were cold and cut-throat before Mark’s face dropped into despair.

Mark put his head down and without another world, walked silently past the two and out of the door.

Jackson cursed quickly in his mother tongue before sighing to turning to Yuta who still had a remorseful façade.

"Sweetie, I'm sorry you had to see that--"

"You love him, don't you?" Yuta’s words were quick but gentle. Jackson took a fraction of a moment to gain his mental footing before clearing his throat.

"What's important is that I love you, Yuta." Jackson confessed sweetly, his large and warm hands cupping Yuta’s cheeks lovingly. It was the first time Yuta heard Jackson say it, and the way Yuta's heart tattered against his ribcage made Yuta happy in the most depressing way.

"I love you too, Jackson.” Yuta spoke honestly into Jackson’s shining eyes. “...but I can't compare to Mark.”

Jackson lets out a frustrated sigh and shook his head. "Don't, baby. Don't because of Mark---he'll get over it."

Yuta smiled easily, his eyes burning but his heart singing.
Yes, Yuta loved Jackson as Jackson loved him.

For some reason, that was just enough for Yuta.

"He won’t." Yuta giggled as tears slipped out and Jackson’s thumb was warm as it wiped the fallen drops. “Jackson, the way you look at Mark--,”

"--is the same way you look at Taeyong."

Yuta’s eyes locked with Jackson’s briefly before the pain and disappointment behind them made them both share a moment of silence.

"But I do love you, Jackson. Your smile, your laugh, your personality.” Yuta said effortlessly as it was the truth. “You’d be the perfect partner."

Jackson chuckled, a tear slipping from the corner of his eye before Yuta quickly brushed it away. "But I wouldn’t be Taeyong. And you wouldn’t be way-too-tall Mark Tuan."

Yuta snorted before Jackson kissed Yuta’s cheek and placed his forehead against Yuta as the two held hands.

A minute of silence passed between them, but as the two men pressed their foreheads together—Yuta thought about what their relationship would have been if so many elements weren’t involved.

Yuta smiled.

Maybe in another lifetime, he could barter with a fistful of tears.

"Aish, I never got to fuck you." Jackson whined childishly and Yuta snorted before they both broke out into a fit of giggles.
"Ditto." Yuta laughed before suddenly getting swept up into Jackson’s arms. Yuta hugged Jackson back as the older of the two held him tightly.

Yuta rubbed Jackson’s back affectionately before looking up and brushing his nose against Jackson’s. Jackson blinked slowly before brushing their lips together for a final kiss.

"Jackson, thank you.” Yuta said sweetly and Jackson kissed Yuta’s forehead before musing his hair. Yuta gently took the bracelet off his wrist and handed it to Jackson who grinned. “Go get Mark Tuan, hurry!"

Jackson laughed his annoyingly cute little chuckle and quickly raced towards the door to jam his sneakers on his feet and grab his keys.

"Tell Taeyong if he fucks up, I will beat his ass!” Jackson said firmly pointing at Yuta. “I fucking mean it!”

"Scouts honor~," Yuta raised his hand to his temple in mock salute. Jackson had one foot out the door before turning to look at Yuta and he sighed before smiling bright.

"See you around, mochi."

A half hour passed, but Taeyong was still pacing up and down like a mad man in Yuta’s apartment in worry.

What if Yuta didn’t have the emotional fortitude to go through with breaking up with someone as charming as Jackson? What if Jackson begged and Yuta couldn’t resist?

When Taeyong heard the tell-tale sound of the keypad his heart nearly leapt out of his skin.

“Yongie?” Yuta’s asked and Taeyong all but bum rushed him with the same excitement of a child waiting for their parent to arrive home.

"How was it?” Taeyong asked softly and Yuta snickered, showing his bangle-free wrist.
"Amicable. He loves Mark Tuan….and I love you, Taeyong." Yuta’s voice dropped to a deep, sensual treble as he wrapped his arms around Taeyong’s neck. The latter felt his hands shiver as he placed them on Yuta’s waist and pulled him in close.

"I love you, Yuta," Taeyong whispered like he whispered it a hundred times before but now, from the way Yuta was looking up at him with eyelids encasing a brown cesspool of never-ceasing devotion, Taeyong felt a string of emotions he never felt before. "Only belong to me," Taeyong sighed sweetly before dipping his head down to take in Yuta’s lips sweetly.

Yuta let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding when Taeyong lips touched his own. Yuta felt a curl of fire as he pushed his tongue carefully past Taeyong’s lips. When the latter moaned, Yuta felt a jolt of electricity run its course before walking Taeyong backwards into the bedroom.

Taeyong fell to his back into the covers and Yuta quickly joining him as he straddled Taeyong’s hips and tilted Taeyong’s chin upward to kiss under his chin.

Taeyong sighed contently, his mind was mottled with lush thoughts as timid whimpers escaped his shivering and pouty lips. Yuta sucked at the Taeyong’s neck, reeling in the almost kitten-like sounds that Taeyong was emitting, fueling a desire to nip into Taeyong’s skin to hear what else Taeyong’s voice wanted to orchestrate. Taeyong’s hand reached for Yuta’s belt and the latter moaned in delight before sitting back on Taeyong’s thighs and undoing his own belt with his left hand while he unbelted Taeyong’s with his right.

A flurry of cotton threads later, they were both naked and panting as Taeyong flipped Yuta on his back but soon as he was able—Yuta flipped them back so he was on top of Taeyong.

Taeyong glared up at Yuta’s smug and defiant smirk so heavy and heedy that Taeyong felt his insides quiver in a way he never thought possible.

It was something about the confidence that Yuta was exhibiting, the power in his stare, the way his wrist held Taeyong’s down that had Taeyong’s inside flushing in a foreign way.

“Take me,” Taeyong slipped out between heated pants; begging pathetically. "Make me yours, Yuta."

Chapter End Notes
Can you love me for poor?  
I'm searching for my soul  
Whoever turned you cold  
You need to let him know  
I can work miracles  
I work it physical  
And when I love you close,  
You can feel my heart breathing through my clothes  
-- "Loveeeeee Song" Rihanna ft. Future

See? I told you guys that everyone would have a happy ending. Yall doubted me, eh?  
Anyways, the next and final chapter will be up within a week!  
Epilogue, anyone? Please don't forget to review, your comments kept this story alive!
AUTHOR’S NOTE

Hello everyone. I know everyone is expecting the final chapter of Bad Habits but I just don’t know if I can.

Early this morning, my best friend and beta for all my fics, @_nocturnale lost her battle with stage four breast cancer. Ciante was my best friend and in our short time together were as thick as thieves. She would always encourage me to be a better person and would help me bounce off ideas for every fic while we sat in her white Jeep blasting ‘Bad Habits’ by Maxwell in a Chipotle parking lot at 4AM. She was the type of person who loved and supported hard and even when I felt like completely giving up on this fic or my dreams to go to Korea, she would alway say, “Hoe, you GOT this. You do this for you!” She was the biggest SHINee stan, and me and friends find it so meaningful that she decided to leave the world of pain to greet Jonghyun with a sweet happy birthday.

Ciante, where ever you are in the greatness of heaven and space, I hope you know I love you, I miss you and one day you and I will reunite and we can be together again!

-Roh

Instead of commenting on this chapter your condolences, please feel free to send her love to her twitter handle @_nocturnale.

I love you guys. I will continue Bad Habits and all my fics in her honor.
Well, here we are.

The end!

I’ve had so many up and downs the past two years but you’ve guys have been so nice and sweet to me. I’ll always love you guys and thank you for uplifting me when me and Ciante needed you. We laid her to rest last Saturday and I was convinced I wouldn't have the strength to continue, but I know my best friend.

She wouldn't want me to give up.

So without further ado; the final chapter of 'Bad Habits'.

Never seen a sunshine like this
Never seen the moon glow like this
Never seen the waterfalls like this
Never seen the lights off like this
Never dug anyone like this

-- "Fortunate" by Maxwell

See the end of the chapter for more notes
"Make me yours, Yuta."

Yuta’s body froze mid-breath.

Yuta’s lips slowly peeled away from the too familiar warmth beneath him. Yuta couldn't have heard Taeyong right.

“...W-wh...what?” Yuta questioned lamely as his eyes dart to his beloved beneath him. Taeyong’s face flushed a dazzling hue of pink as his almost timid eyes met Yuta’s widened orbs with determination and depth of adoration.

“Take me,” Taeyong’s whispered with sure and steamy words as he cupped Yuta's cheek, watching Yuta gaze down at him in utter confusion.

Yuta heard the alarm of a radioactive meltdown blare in the confines of his mind as his mental state began to glitch and malfunction.

Was Taeyong asking Yuta to...

"Babe, I...I -uh--," Yuta began with wobbly words but he was cut off quickly.

“Take care of me.” Taeyong’s eyes were shy and brimming with wonder and warmth as they looked down at his own twiddling fingers that toyed nervously with his ear. Yuta usually would have cooed at how adorably shy his sweetheart was behaving if Yuta wasn’t desperately trying to figure out what the fuck he was being asked to do. “I...I’ve never done this before...I mean, you know that...but I was...I thought about it a few times and...it's what I want us to try. Please?” Taeyong’s words were so humbled and sweet yet anxiously docile.

Once Yuta heard the silver of nervosa in Taeyong’s usually sure words, Yuta immediately composed himself mentally.

Taeyong never looked as tiny and vulnerable as he did right there underneath him. Yuta felt a stream of want and desire to protect and cherish bleed into his veins.
A part of him wanted to keep Taeyong close; the protect him in his moment of vulnerability while another part wanted to expose this rare side of Taeyong—pin his arms above his head and watch his cheeks run the shade of raw, unfiltered emotions. What would Taeyong look like panting and emotional? Yuta almost felt guilty at the thought.

"Are you sure?" Yuta asked cautiously, as he dipped down rubbed his nose against Taeyong’s before landing a chaste kiss. Taeyong reacted slowly, a small smirk gracing lovely lips "It may hurt,"

"I’ve hurt you, too.” Taeyong sighed before pressing his lips to Yuta’s, using a dainty finger to trace along Yuta’s shapely jaw bone. “You’re the love of my life, Yuta. Make me belong to you...in...in every way. I want this.”

Yuta felt himself throb at the sweetness dripping in Taeyong’s unguarded voice.

“I—,”

Taeyong slipped his fingers into Yuta’s hair and pulled him forward for a liplock that made Yuta’s toes curl. Taeyong slid his tongue into Yuta’s eager mouth and sighed...slow, supple and sweet. Yuta felt the desperation in how Taeyong's hands trembled vastly differ from the methodical manner Taeyong wet every corner of Yuta's mouth with his tongue; curling in ways Yuta never thought possible as his hands could barely hold on to him. Yuta didn't want to rush Taeyong and even though Yuta had a few fleeting thoughts, he never expected such an offer on the table...

Yuta was shit at self-control and despite his attempts to grab on to the reigns...

Who the fuck was he kidding---it’s Taeyong.

The most beautiful, narcotic-level of addiction embodiment of grace and lust. Yuta didn’t have a fucking chance against his hyung.

Taeyong bowled his tongue alongside the roof of Yuta’s mouth, causing the latter to pant as he felt Taeyong’s other hand coil around his stiffening cock. Yuta shivered as he felt Taeyong pump him slowly and purposefully; Yuta felt his mind whiteout for a moment at the sudden rush of pleasure as he muttered into Taeyong’s mouth impatiently before gripping the back of Taeyong’s neck and squeezing slightly.
The sound Taeyong made when he threw his head back shot right to Yuta’s dick. Yuta repeated it again, his grip even tighter and Taeyong let out the most delicate little mewl that had Yuta’s other hand swiftly slip to grasp tightly at Taeyong’s quivering thighs. Yuta leaned away for a splinter of a second to push Taeyong flat on his back and Yuta hovered above him. Yuta stared down at Taeyong menacingly as the older of the two had the audacity to look blissed out and docile.

Yuta perched on the bed with his knees between Taeyong’s sinewy legs—spread open, damp and waiting. Taeyong gazed up to Yuta with parted, pink lips licked slowly by his tongue as he milked Yuta’s cock with surer strokes as he witnessed Yuta’s eyes rolled to the back of his head at how good Taeyong’s grip felt. Taeyong still felt a peel of fear of the unknown slip into his mind, but right now he was too keyed up on confidence he didn't know he had.

“I want to feel you inside me....” Taeyong whispered sinisterly against the pierced shell of Yuta’s ear as Taeyong spread his legs out more. “Let’s become one properly.”

Yuta felt goosebumps rise down his spine just at the neediness of Taeyong’s begging. Everything felt like it was moving in slow motion, but all the motions were at full-speed. It was dizzying.

Yuta gripped Taeyong’s hand from his cock and gripped his wrist above his head, abruptly.

Taeyong’s eyes narrowing slightly at how Yuta manhandled him as it to complain, but the evidence of his excitement was digging into Yuta’s thigh.

Yuta noses at Taeyong’s clavicle before kissing the slender line of bone delicately, all-too satisfied with the hitching of breath under him. Yuta vividly remembers his first time and how much it hurt afterwards, so he was going to make sure this time— Taeyong ’s first time-- was perfect.

Yuta reached blindly for the lube that’s usually stashed underneath his pillow to makes sure it’s within arm’s reach as he gnawed teasingly on Taeyong’s nipple. Taeyong’s little streams of breath hitched an octave and a half higher as Yuta’s fingernails teased the seam of his shaky thighs. His thighs felt like melting velvet under Yuta's fingers, strong and twisted with muscles like wrought iron and quivering slightly in excitement.

Taeyong arched his back as he let out another desperate whine the moment he felt Yuta’s soft lips descend the tender spot beneath his collarbone, his mind fizzing out into a cauldron of fog and fruition.
“Yuta,” the two syllables dripped like spittle from Taeyong’s gasping mouth as Yuta’s kisses turned into bites that wandered lower and lower than ever before. Taeyong’s mind was a blank canvas and besides the overwhelming urge to open himself open and submit to every single whim his boyfriend laid out in front of him, nothing else was on his mind.

Taeyong’s latticed his fingers through Yuta’s now sweat-dampened hair as he mouthed lower until Taeyong felt nips of teeth right under his belly button.

“Holy fuck—,” Taeyong yelped with a jolt and Yuta carefully lifted his head up and gave Taeyong a toothy grin.

“You like that?” Yuta teased, his hands squeezing at Taeyong’s hips. The latter sat up on his elbows and nodded feverishly.

“Do it again,”

Yuta’s smile sloughed off of his face into a nonplussed grimace.

Taeyong suddenly felt like a disobedient child under that gaze and a part of Taeyong grew much more turned on than he’ll ever soberly admit.

Yuta pressed his lips into a thin line, visibly displeased. “Oh no. That’s not how we ask, is it?”

“I’m sorry,” Taeyong panted breathlessly and quickly. Suddenly, the thought of Yuta being disappointed or displeased with him was enough to have Taeyong’s mind melt with shame “Please, Yuta...please?”

Yuta felt a peel of fire hit all of his neurons at the look of submission Taeyong was giving him. His eyes were half-lidded but burning with unadulterated want; his lips were bruised and pink from being gnawed at and his chest rose and fell with shivers of anticipation. Yuta felt a fire in him that he never wanted to extinguish.

“Anything you want.”
Yuta teases around his bellybutton with small suckles and nibbles, just enough to weave Taeyong into a twitching mess.

Yuta moved lower to line kisses along Taeyong’s muscled thighs and sucks a hickie dangerously close to the crux of Taeyong’s groin.

“No—,” Taeyong whined as he tried to push Yuta’s head away from the inside of his left tight. “T…too much,”

Yuta pulled away slightly; raising his eyebrow before snorting.

*Slap.*

Yuta ran his tongue over the fresh handprint that was reddening as Taeyong whimpered, his cock jumping at the rush of pleasure he felt.

“Yes? What you *begged* for?” Yuta’s voice was sickly sweet, his mouth hovering over the growing bruise. Taeyong nodded, pouting as he slipped his eyes close, focusing on the burning skin under Yuta’s lips.

Taeyong sighed, enjoying the sensation until he felt Yuta’s hand snake up his torso and felt dainty fingers pet at his lips. Taeyong opened up, allowing Yuta’s forefingers to slip into his mouth. Yuta cursed at the way he could feel the silken inside of Taeyong’s cheeks as his tongue pranced around his digits teasingly.

Yuta smirked, guiding his mouth back over Taeyong’s when he slipped his fingers away, only to pet at Taeyong’s rosy bottom lip.

Taeyong’s glistening eyes were drenched with lust and dazed with stars galore.

“You’re like a little kitten, aren’t you?” Yuta’s voice was silken and sleek and Taeyong didn’t know how to register it. He was so fucking turned on all his blood had run south and he felt deliriously light-headed in the more exciting of ways.
Yuta brushes his hard-on against Taeyong’s as the latter whimpered coyly before nodding rapidly.

“Yes. For you, anything.”

Yuta’s heart swells with a sensation of power too strong to be anything placed into syllables.

“Good kitty.” Yuta murmurs, brushing the fringe from Taeyong’s sweat-laden forehead, watching in awe at how Taeyong’s lashes fluttered shut. “Be a good kitty for your oppa and you’ll feel nothing but sparkles and see nothing but stars.”

Taeyong nodded, sightlessly as Yuta’s full lips pressed against his forehead delicately. Warm blankets of fuzzy thoughts and the impression of bubbles under his skin had Taeyong barely lucid. Taeyong couldn’t say what exactly made him want to do… this but it just felt right and Taeyong felt so protected and Yuta was always just so sweet and--

Taeyong’s powdery thoughts were yeeted to the left once he felt Yuta swallow his cock in one fell swoop.

Taeyong felt his mind drip into a mass of moans and mental misfits as he felt Yuta spread his thighs wider and take him in deeper.

Yuta sucked dick like it was an art. Like, really. He did.

Taeyong knew this and Taeyong knew that just by one unexpected expert curl of his velveteen tongue could have Taeyong tapping out and begging for mercy or release—whichever Yuta saw fit.

Taeyong feels faint already--his mouth wide open, but nothing but whimpers escape and to the point, he arches his damp back off the bed had Taeyong feeling like the world is shifting.

“No...” Taeyong utters as he throws his head back, writhing. “It’s too much...stop,”
Yuta head snaps up, wipes his mouth and sits up.

Taeyong took that time to catch his breath but kept staring at Yuta with expectation.

“You asked me to stop,” Yuta said with a slight smirk. “Ah, don’t pout. Consent is sexy.”

Taeyong’s face fell. “No…please—Yuta, please --,”

Yuta quickly took the pleas from Taeyong’s mouth and swallowed them whole.

The kiss had Taeyong’s mind topsy-turvy; completely breathless as Taeyong circled his quivering arms around Yuta’s shoulder to pull him closer.

Yuta pulled back harshly, gripping Taeyong’s perfect jaw. Yuta pressed his forehead against Taeyong’s and growled. “I don’t fucking think so. I should punish you for that, right? Hmph? Should oppa punish you for being such a naughty tease?”

Taeyong trembles, but nods firmly and the grin Yuta gives him was enough to make Taeyong almost regret agreeing.

Yuta pecks Taeyong’s lips before making his way down Taeyong’s body—but what Taeyong didn’t expect was Yuta to push his knees to his chest and ---

“Hey--!”

Yuta moaned sweetly into Taeyong’s taint as he continued to eat Taeyong like he was on the menu.

Taeyong wasn’t expecting it in the slightest but it felt incredible, way too good that Taeyong tried to close his legs, but it only emboldened Yuta to take a firmer grip to keep his knees open.

After a short time Taeyong gave up—simply biting his lips and whimpering encouragement as one hand planted itself on Yuta’s head encouraging Yuta to tongue fuck him even deeper. Taeyong loved eating out Yuta but had no idea how good it would feel if the roles were reversed.
Once Yuta felt Taeyong’s toes curl around his shoulders, he knew it was time to stop otherwise Taeyong was sure to come from his tongue alone. When he pulled away to stare up at his boyfriend, Yuta felt a surge of pride at how ruined Taeyong looked—chest heaving up and down in an erratic tandem, his forehead plastered in dark strands, lips as rouge and as abused as sliced raspberries, eyes dilated and out of focus, blush painting from his eyelashes to his chest.

Yuta felt a swell of pride that he was the only person to ever see Taeyong this wrecked.

Yuta dips down to kiss Taeyong’s forehead as his right-hand slips between sweat-drenched thighs. Yuta carefully rubbed at Taeyong’s taint. Taeyong tensed and immediately looked up with a panic gaze at Yuta. Yuta shushed him sweetly, petting at the synching hole.

“It’s OK. I won’t hurt you,” Yuta kissed at Taeyong’s ear, trying his best to ease the nervosa that he knew Taeyong would be feeling. “Take slow, deep breaths...”

“Yuta—,”

“Trust me,” Yuta begged as he pulled back slightly to properly lube his finger. “When I push in, you push out but just a little, OK?”

Taeyong nodded, still visibly panicked before Yuta ducked down to kiss at Taeyong’s neck. Taeyong moaned in delight at Yuta’s mouth on his neck, nibbling on his sweet spot and tongue tasting over the teeth marks left from before. Taeyong wrapped his arms around his boyfriend’s shoulder, so lost in the feeling that he almost didn’t realize that Yuta was slipping his finger in.

Almost.

Taeyong groaned, tensing up at the intrusion. Yuta, however, had his jaw wide open as he placed his forehead upon Taeyong’s chest. Yuta only got barely passed a knuckle in and Yuta couldn’t believe how tight Taeyong was.

“You…Yuta…it feels so…,” Taeyong panted and Yuta kissed over Taeyong’s pec lovingly.

“Shh, it’s OK.” Yuta shushed him sweetly even though Yuta’s dick was aching. Taeyong listened
and willed himself to take the finger all the way in. “It’ll get better, just breathe. Deep and easy… just like that.”

Taeyong allowed Yuta to guide him through the assisted breathing and soon, Yuta was able to slip in a second finger.

Taeyong felt open and odd, but the expression on Yuta’s face—as if he couldn’t even handle feeling the inside of Taeyong made Taeyong’s ego rise.

“It’s…it feels weird.” Taeyong mumbled after slipping his eyes close, the once unwelcoming intrusion slowly, but surely began to feel real… really good after a while.

“It’s because you’re a virgin.” Yuta slipped the fingers completely out and then gently back in, twisting his fingers slightly and hissed in anticipation watching the puckering star bloom just for him. “You’re so fucking pretty and tight.”

Taeyong’s dick flinched and he moaned lightly—Yuta didn’t miss the blush on Taeyong’s face.

Yuta smirked and sat back on his heels to get a better view of the salivating sight. “Good little kitty. Does it feels when oppa does this?” Yuta asked as he twisted his finger a bit and Taeyong nodded rapidly; his hand shooting out to the side to grip the blanket. Yuta went a bit deeper and rubbed to the right and—

“OH FUCK—,”

Ka-ching!

“Jackpot,” Yuta smirked as he watched Taeyong’s breath deepen and his body coiled up. Yuta smirked as Taeyong panted and looked around Yuta’s face nervously.

“Was that—,”

“Oh, yes.” Yuta grinned as he added more lube to his fingers and pet them against Taeyong’s entrance. “Yes, it was—,”
“Again,” Taeyong blurted out as he bit his bottom lip and nodded eagerly.

“Aht aht, what did I say about being demanding?” Yuta tsked in disappointment and Taeyong’s face fell.

“Sorry. Please?” Taeyong’s shaky breathe were peppered with nothing but submissiveness and saccharine and Yuta could barely take the cuteness.

“Sorry what?”

Yuta watched Taeyong pout adorably. “Sorry, oppa. Please .”

Yuta grinned devilishly as he began teasing a bit more before slipping in a third finger after the second.

Taeyong hissed, but this time it wasn’t of discomfort.

Taeyong’s spread his knees wider, he sat up on his elbows and ground down on Yuta’s fingers and the latter dipped to mouth at his chest.

Taeyong’s hips twisted and snapped looking for that sweet spot and Yuta carefully but deeply fingered Taeyong, purposely missing that spot.

“Please. Please , touch me there, again.”

Yuta bit his lip; as much as he wanted to tease Taeyong—Yuta felt that Taeyong begging for release was the sweetest sound he ever heard. With a flick of his wrist and a quick angle change, Taeyong was coming almost violently under Yuta as he rapidly tapped against the nub.

Taeyong was a heap of mumbling mess, spreading his own come messily on his abs and he enjoyed his first prostate-induced orgasm.
“Oh fuck, that was so good.” Taeyong’s moaned as he kisses Yuta almost shyly but Yuta gripped Taeyong by the nape of the neck and pushed Taeyong back on the bed.

Watching Taeyong unravel beneath him, around his finger had Yuta’s dick nearly blueballing. Yuta barely had any cool left. The images of Taeyong coming in a silent scream, eyes screwed shut, his right hand gripping Yuta’s shoulder and the other frozen for a few moments before clapping into a fist as ropes of come splay on Taeyong’s abs—it was burned into his mind, and he desperately needed to see Taeyong lose his fucking mind on his dick.

“Babe, can I—,”

“Fuck me, Yuta.”

Yuta fell something in himself sneak out from the dark corner of his mind.

A part of him that Yuta suppressed for years suddenly reintroduced himself to the general population.

Yuta felt a smirk spill on his face.

Yuta latched himself on to Taeyong’s neck, sucking and nibbling until he couldn’t see anything but purple blotches on pale, slender skin.

“Not...not too much,” Taeyong whined sweetly, enjoying the sensation of a hot tongue and teeth gnawing at his fair skin and Yuta felt like he was going to explode at how innocent was Taeyong sounding.

“I’m not going to hold back. You’re mine, right baby?”

Taeyong nodded his head, but that wasn’t enough.

“I said, you’re mine, right?”
Taeyong arched his back when Yuta gripped his wrist and squeezed them above his head. Taeyong almost didn’t recognize this version of Yuta above him but it made his cock spring back at attention. God, his boyfriend is so fucking tantalizing.

“**Yes! Y-yes, Yuta—baby, anything.** I’m yours—!”

Yuta kisses Taeyong sloppily; sometimes missing his mouth entirely as he moved down to Taeyong’s chest, biting and leaving hickies that blossomed into the sweetest blooms before his eyes.

Yuta _finally_ understood why Taeyong always wanted to mark him up so badly.

Taeyong was his, all _his_. No one was going to come and take him away.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” Yuta proclaimed at Taeyong felt his face flush.

“No—I’m too...too skinny,”

“That’s a lie. I love _everything_ about you,” Taeyong felt Yuta kiss delicately into his skin and Taeyong felt his breath hitch in his throat. He felt so raw. So open and organic and exposed but Yuta calling him beautiful made his emotions swell in his eyes.

“You...you mean that?”

Yuta giggles into Taeyong’s hipbone before looking up to him.

“There’s nothing about you that I would change. I love you.”

Taeyong felt his heartbeat stop for a moment before looking down and biting his lip to stop it from quivering. Taeyong wasn’t always so confident about his body so when Yuta presumably chose Jackson over himself, he felt that it was due to his physique. Jackson was basically a demi-god, and even though Taeyong was muscular for his slender frame, he couldn’t help but feel a bit insecure.
Taeyong let out a breath of relief he didn’t know he was holding in.

Taeyong looked up to Yuta hovering over him with worries and loving brown eyes.

Taeyong wanted to say something. *Anything*. But instead, he reached out with a shaky palm on to Yuta’s cheek. When their eyes met, for some reason—even after years of looking into each other eyes—this time was … *different*.

Yuta crawled himself upward until he was covering Taeyong’s body with his own, not daring to break eye contact.

“I love you,” they said at the same time.

Yuta chuckled and Taeyong felt his eyesight become flooded.

They kissed breathlessly as Taeyong felt his tears slip down his cheek. Yuta tenderly kept kissing Taeyong, allowing the tears to fall and accepting them for what they were. They could have had years of undying love but their own fears held them back. Yuta pulled back some to brush a few of Taeyong’s tears away.

Yuta gently guided Taeyong to lay flat on his back, grabbing one of the pillows to place under Taeyong's hips for extra support and comfort.

“If it hurts too much, just tell me please.”

Taeyong nodded, definitely not trusting his voice as he watched Yuta lube himself up.

In no time at all, Yuta gripped Taeyong’s left hipbone with one hand and the other guided himself in slowly.

Taeyong breath hitched and Yuta caressed his hip with his thumb to calm him.

“Deep breaths. I won’t hurt you, love.”
“I know...I know...I trust you.”

Yuta blew Taeyong an air kiss for a moment before Yuta slipped his eyes closed and inched himself forward little by little.

The sheer tightness was almost blinding. All Yuta could think of was how tight and hot and warm — so fucking warm the inside of Taeyong’s body was--- it was almost sleep-inducing how good it felt. Yuta’s mind melted and it took all of his fucking strength to not jackhammer wildly into the vice-like grip.

“Yu...Yuta—,”

Yuta opened his eyes and he was not ready for the sight.

Taeyong was leaning back on his elbows, sweat dimpling his brow, upper body flushed a faltering pink, his bottom lip pouty and trembling, his cheeks dark pink and his eyes were partly covered by his bangs but the gaze was unmistakable.

“I...deeper, please?” Taeyong begged shamefully, looking away after asking and Yuta smirked.

“Are you asking me to fuck you deeper, my naughty kitty?”

Taeyong kept his gaze down before nodding, shamefully. Yuta felt nothing like his fingers. It was just a feeling of being stretched was a bit uncomfortable, but the sensation of being filled made Taeyong’s mental state jump in the most mouth-watering form of delirium and Taeyong wanted more.

Yuta tsks in disappointment. “That’s not how you—,”

“Oppa, fuck me deeper, please ?!” Taeyong whined, almost aggressively as he moves his hips a bit and Yuta’s eyes rolled to the back of his head for a moment before narrowing in on Taeyong.
“Such a naughty kitty.”

Yuta pushes Taeyong’s shoulders down to the mattress and in one fell swoop, Yuta was fucking Taeyong with slow and deep strokes as requested.

Yuta never even imagined topping before but he sure as shit was going to do top again.

Yuta couldn’t believe how lucky he was—Taeyong was so receptive and docile and the absolutely perfectly whiney, moan-ridden bottom that anyone could dream off.

Yuta held Taeyong close as Taeyong moaned his name over and over as Yuta kisses at his Adam’s apple as he piston into him.

“Ah—, oppa~!” Taeyong moaned too loud into Yuta’s ear and Yuta felt his thighs weaken at the honeyed voice. Yuta pauses mid-thrust and pulled away slightly, trying to stop himself from coming right on the spot.

“Holy fuck—don’t,” Yuta was panting, pressing his sweat-drenched forehead against Taeyong’s for a moment of reprieve.

Taeyong pressed quick kisses on Yuta’s forehead as he shuddered and clenched tightly around Yuta.

“Oppa ,” Taeyong moaned as he slowly rolled his hips up and Yuta threw his head back and cursed. He felt himself throb against the confined of Taeyong’s slick and plush walls and didn’t think he could hold out any longer.

“Don’t ,” Yuta warned darkly and Taeyong instead smirked and pushed the fringes from Yuta’s face and teased.

“Yuta-kun...Yuta-chan...Yuta-sama….Yuusuke?” Taeyong moaned teasing as he rolled his hips, content with watching Yuta eyes roll to the back of his head and hiss.

“If you keep this up, I’m going to lose it.”
Taeyong grinned before sitting up and wrapping his legs around Yuta’s torso. Yuta felt the heat magnify between their bodies and Yuta held his lover tight in his arm before Taeyong slipped his tongue into Yuta’s ear.

“What shall I call you, baby boy?”

Yuta grunted before gripping Taeyong’s ass and fucking into him ruthlessly.

Taeyong’s moan was caught in his throat as he came from the sudden onslaught a moment later.

Taeyong still was recovering from the aftershocks of an orgasm so strong, his even is eyelid was twitching--before Yuta quickly turned Taeyong on his stomach and lined himself up at Taeyong’s entrance before bending over and whispering delicately in his ear.

“Making you come is so easy...I’m going to ruin you all night, baby.”

✩

The next morning Yuta woke up sore. Like really sore in muscles he didn’t even think he had, and he surely didn't use on a daily basis.

He was sure he was in his bedroom, but the sun was too high in the sky for it to just be morning.

At first, it didn’t hit Yuta immediately what happened until he woke up to the smell of eggs, rice, and soup.

Yuta instantly blushed thinking about the night before and...and the many kinks he realized he had. He and Taeyong did a lot yesterday, from blowing Taeyong while he was basically hanging off the bed to taking each other in the shower and if the candle wax that dried around his nipple was a clue--
"I am so shameful," Yuta groaned to himself with a chuckle before peeling the wax off and quickly throwing on pajamas and rushing the bathroom to brush his teeth and shower.

And the shower sucked ass because he didn’t realize that Taeyong had carved so many open wounds in the form of scratch marks on his back.

After slipping into a robe and slippers, Yuta walked into the kitchen to see a sight that made his heart stop.

It was Taeyong with his back faced to Yuta as he cooked on the stovetop. His hair a bit damp from maybe a shower and his movements were a bit stalled in his legs but he was proudly singing to an old R&B song from the 90s to Ponyo as he made breakfast.

Yuta wasn’t noticed yet by Taeyong, so he took that time to admire all that he loved about Taeyong.

The way he walks into a room as if he owns it; the way he’s humbled in front of seniors and how much everyone respects him…

And how fortunate Yuta really is that he has Taeyong, who truly loves him.

It was then, Yuta realizes that a day in mid-January as his boyfriend butchered a perfect Maxwell song--- that he loves Lee Taeyong and living without him would be a reality that he wouldn’t want any part of.

Yuta truly doesn’t want to live without him.

Taeyong suddenly turns around at the bridge and yelps once he realizes that Yuta was standing a few feet away just staring at him. Yuta’s eyes darts to the lovebites and hickies that danced up and down Taeyong’s neck. Yuta looks to Taeyong’s face who was smiling brightly, holding a skillet of fried eggs.

"Good morning, love.” Taeyong stated affectionately, a glowing of warmth and affection in his gaze. “Hungry?"
"Marry me."

Yuta said the words so quickly and so sternly, even he didn't realize it until it was too late.

Taeyong drops the frying pan in a cluttering mess on the floor.

“What?” Taeyong’s eyes widen comically. “You can’t.”

Yuta raised an eyebrow, flabbergasted. Yuta was so tired of people telling him what he can't do, and this was something that Yuta was sure on.

“Can’t what?”

“Propose to me! I already proposed to you!” Taeyong shouted and pointed an accusatory finger at Yuta. Yuta shook his head in total disagreement.

“When?!” Yuta scoffed, stepping closer, his voice raised his nostrils flaring. "When the hell did you propose to me?!”

“In the hotel!” Taeyong countered with a snarl and Yuta sucked his teeth in frustration.

“You’re lying! I was knocked out!”

“You’re wearing the ring!” Taeyong shouted gesturing to Yuta's left hand aggravated. Yuta raised an eyebrow and began to rage.

“You put it on me!”

“YOU AGREED!”

“I WAS UNCONSCIOUS!”
Suddenly, the front door to the dorm chimed with the keypad and Jaehyun and Doyoung stepped in, dressed warmly and holding hands. "Hey guys--," Jaehyun began before he stopped at the threshold of the kitchen to see the two on opposite sides of the kitchen bickering viciously.

Doyoung and Jaehyun glanced over to Taeyong, then Yuta and then the frying pan on the floor as the two continued to shout and point over each other almost violently.

“…yeah babe, let’s just come back later,” Jaehyun said calmly as he directed Doyoung back out the door and locking it with the keypad.

Doyoung looked back to the door and then to his boyfriend who began to walk away towards the elevator. Doyoung then heard a crash and then more shouting.

“Yoonoh--are they yelling over--?,” Doyoung asked as he quickly followed Jaehyun down the hall. Jaehyun turned to Doyoung and smiled.

“Let’s just go back to your dorm. I think they'll be just fine.” Jaehyun snorted with a giggle before holding Doyoung’s hand and leading him inside of the elevator.

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**Two years later**  
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“Ah, babe! This is the wrong terminal!” Yuta cried out before glancing at his watch.

It was the summer after their university graduation in the spring and Yuta and Taeyong decided to go to Japan for a fun vacation before Yuta would have to buckle down and begin to prepare to take over for Nakamoto-Arashi Inc.
It was a wonderful four weeks spent revisiting landmarks where they were when they were reunited as teens, cat café’s, soccer games, fashion shows [Taeyong’s definitely more interested in fashion then he was ever before], visiting Taemin and Takuya’s newborn daughter—and as far as Taeyong was concerned, a month wasn’t long enough.

“Huh?” Taeyong answered as he looked over on his phone. “Babe, this is the right terminal.”

Yuta looked up at the ticker that had the airlines and boarding times. He did not see their flight back to Incheon.

Yuta knew he should have booked the tickets—maybe Taeyong’s Japanese wasn’t as sharp as he thought it was. “The right terminal is all the way on the other side. Come on,” Yuta sighed as he reached out the hand that didn’t have his carryon luggage to Taeyong.

Instead, Taeyong took Yuta’s hand only to plant a kiss on it.

Yuta rolls his eyes, but his cheeks pinken. Even after all these years, Taeyong was a hopeless romantic. “Hurry honey, we’re gonna be late!”

“Sweetie, I tripled checked it! Do you know how long I’ve been planning this? Look--;,” Taeyong promised as he flips through his phone before showing it to Yuta.

Yuta squints at the small print but can read the English before hissing. “Lee Taeyong! This is for an American flight! This is terminal is for flights outside of Asia! We have to get to Incheon!”

Taeyong raises an eyebrow and inspects the page in total disbelief. “Wait—what?”

“Yongie! You booked the wrong flights!” Yuta exclaimed exasperated. Fuck, that means that they have to rebook and it’s not like Yuta's strapped for cash, but he was craving their warm king-size bed in their flat in Hannam-dong and cuddling all night. Yuta sighed, before looking at his phone and then to face Taeyong.
What Yuta didn’t expect was Taeyong to give him a wide, warm grin.

“Oh... wow, it seems that I booked a week vacation in LA instead of a direct flight back home to Seoul,” Taeyong said deadpan with a hint of a smile. “Oh, whatever shall we do?”

Yuta raised an eyebrow and made a face of annoyance before groaning. “Taeyong! I have a meeting in a week! How could you—,”

Wait.

Yuta freezes. He looked up to Taeyong who was wearing the kindest smile Yuta has ever seen….the same smile that he saw so many years ago when he woke up from what was sure death in the hospital...the smile that changed his life forever.

“Taeyong—,” Yuta looks skeptically up to see Taeyong with a shit-eating grin and pulling a black velveteen box in his hand.

Yuta felt his eyes and heart clench with emotion.

“Lee Taeyong—,”

Taeyong simply intertwined his fingers with Yuta before guiding the dumbfounded man toward the terminal to the now boarding flight.

Yuta felt the world shift under his feet when Taeyong looked over his shoulder to his, a gleeful smile on his lips.

“Come on, Yuta! Did you wanna see who’ll fall asleep on the flight first?”

Yuta masked his sob with a bright, emotional chuckle before nodding confidently, squeezing the man that would be his husband for the rest of his life.
Who says all bad habits are bad?


Chapter End Notes


Fortunate, to have you girl
I'm so glad, you're in my world
Just as sure, as the sky is blue
I bless the day, that I found you

-- "Fortunate" by Maxwell

^.^

Thank you so much for making this one of the most popular NCT fics. I hope that in the future I can have more time to work on the ones I have out as WIPs. I hope you guys get to see NCT this year and I will be at NCT in Miami, so if we meet let’s hug or dm on twitter @jaehyundred.

Most importantly, take care of your health and each other! Breast cancer is the second leading cause of death amongst women. Early detection is key! Please click here for more facts on breast cancer awareness.

NCT fighting!

End Notes

Let's stalk each other on twitter y'all.

@jaehyundred

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