A Tired Little Hamster

by ReeLeeV

Summary

When Kihyun is too tired to even stand, the others take it upon themselves to take care of him.

Notes

Requested by @exactlydeliciousgiver (Tumblr) as part of a project I'm doing with Druekee called MONSTA X Fanfiction Requests Forum!

Request: OT7 where Kihyun is overworked and the others take care of him.

Come by our page to leave a request of your own! And, if you're a writer yourself, feel free to check out our requests and write something to submit to the page, if you'd like~ https://mx-requests-forum.tumblr.com/

See the end of the work for more notes

Kihyun throws down his bag with a sigh, his body screaming in pain. He’d worked hard today on the choreography, absolutely dedicated to memorizing the last of his moves, and he’s certainly regretting it now. He goes over to the couch and flops down, his sweaty shirt sticking to his body in the most annoying of ways. He can feel the others’ eyes on him, watching him wearily as they...
Can’t go to sleep, he tells himself, not yet. I have to cook dinner, finish up laundry, and then of course there’ll be dishes to clean after dinner… Kihyun sighs once more, a sound of exhaustion and exasperation. So much to do, yet so little time in the day… and so little will to do it all.

“Hyung?” Changkyun’s voice softly asks, earning a grunt of acknowledgment from the older. He feels someone sit beside him, and he’s fairly certain it’s the maknae. He’s the only one brave enough to get close to him when he’s in this kind of mood.

“Do you wanna take a shower?” his dongsaeng asks gently. “You seem really tired… why don’t you go take a bath so you can sleep?”

“That would require getting up, Kkungie,” Kihyun tells him simply, covering his eyes with a hand, “and I don’t think I can right now.” Changkyun pouts at this, and glances up at the sound of approaching footsteps. Next thing he knows, Kihyun is being plucked up from the couch and carried bridal-style towards the bathroom.

“You get the shower first,” Hyunwoo’s voice rumbles in Kihyun’s ear. Kihyun makes a small whining noise in his throat in protest, but doesn’t squirm. He knows he ought to take a shower, but his legs still feel like jelly, and he highly doubts he could even stand on his own in his current state. Hyungwon is already standing at the edge of the sink, a toothbrush poking lazily through his plump lips, when the two enter the room.

Hyunwoo sets him down gently, but Kihyun wobbles a bit despite his best efforts at stability. His eyes fall shut as he takes a deep breath, just trying to stay awake at this point. He feels slender, long hands on his arms, and he shuffles in the direction Hyungwon leads him.

Hyungwon watches the vocalist wearily. He helps the older undress and step into the tub, under the spray of already-running water. Kihyun glances around for a moment, his eyes only half open as he confusedly looks for the shampoo bottle. Hyungwon sighs in defeat as he strips as well and steps in after him.

He reaches around the shorter man and grabs the shampoo. He nudges Kihyun gently towards the water, pouring out an adequate amount of the soap into his hand before massaging it into Kihyun’s scalp. A low hum slips past Kihyun’s lips at the attention, and his head tilts back ever so slightly to allow Hyungwon to work.

“Please don’t overwork yourself like this again, hyung,” Hyungwon finds himself muttering worriedly.

Kihyun typically isn’t one to rely on others much, as he’s too busy taking care of everyone else to do so. The younger has to admit, it’s a nice change that he gets to take care of one of his most caring hyungs for a change, but he can’t help but be concerned all the same. The older must be truly fatigued to be so pliant now.

After the shower, Hyungwon helps Kihyun out of the tub and hands him a towel.

“Thank you, Wonnie-ya,” Kihyun mutters, his eyes still barely open. His voice is barely audible, thickened and slowed with tiredness. Hyungwon hums in reply, and waits for the older to wrap the towel round his waist before guiding him from the bathroom. He turns as if to go to the kitchen, but Hyungwon firmly turns him in the opposite direction, towards the bedrooms.
“Let go, dongsaeng,” Kihyun tells him, glancing back towards his original goal. “I need to cook dinner.” Hyungwon rolls his eyes and drops his hand, having reached the door.

“Minhyuk-hyung already ordered us all pizza,” Hyungwon argues. “Now you just go to sleep. One of us will come and check on you later.”

“I still have laundry to do…” Kihyun goes on, trying to shake out of the younger’s hands, but Hyungwon only tightens his grip.

“Jooheonney and Hoseok-hyung have that covered,” he says. He pushes Kihyun towards the door, leaving absolutely no room for argument as he adds, “Sleep well, hyung~” He then saunters off without another word, massaging the back of his neck with a hand as he walks towards the kitchen.

He finds himself smiling as he thinks of his dongsaeng’s words. He pushes the door open with his shoulder and falls onto the nearest bed. It smells different, not like either of his roommates. It smells like fruits, chocolates, and oak. Kihyun can’t help but smile at the familiarity, knowing it to be Hoseok’s perfume. He snuggles against the pillows, finally allowing his eyes to fully shut as he thinks of how maybe he doesn’t have to do everything on his own, after all.

He awakens some time later, surprised by the snores filling his ears. He glances around himself, his mind coming out of a haze, and can’t help but chuckle under his breath. The other members are all cuddled around him, each in a seemingly less comfortable position the more Kihyun stares at them all. The maknaes are curled up around his legs, while Hyungwon is hugging him round his waist. Minhyuk has situated them both so that Kihyun’s head is resting on his chest, and his arms are holding the vocalist close. Hoseok is on Kihyun’s other side, while Hyunwoo is holding both him and Minhyuk in his warm embrace.

Kihyun sighs defeatedly, though his heart swells at the love and care surrounding him. He snuggles closer to his hyungs, humming under his breath as he closes his eyes once more. He’ll go back to sleep for now.

*If Minhyuk didn’t get them to clean up after dinner,* he mentally grumbles as he begins to drift off once more, *I’m gonna kill him.* He chuckles to himself, shaking his head as he falls into a deep sleep.

End Notes

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