

Some Like It Hot

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Some Like It Hot

by [cwfangirl_78](#)

Summary

Wooyoung's least favorite time of the year is the annual Summer Blowout.

A group of beach-front resorts on Jeju Island, including the resort Wooyoung's parents ran, host a huge party to celebrate the arrival of summer break. The Summer Blowout was one of the many ridiculous beach-themed events that the beach-front collective held throughout the summer. Without time to recover after cramming for his finals, Wooyoung has to rush home to prepare for the arrival of hundreds of guests, who are desperate to waste their trust funds on cocktails and ocean-side views.

When a guy with devilish good looks and cute dimples plans to stay the whole summer, Wooyoung's intentions for an ordinary break explodes like fireworks.

Notes

Hi everyone! I had this idea to write a summer themed piece where a rich asshole(but actually a sweetheart) aka San ruins Wooyoung's ideal summer in the best way possible.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Part One

Wooyoung felt like he was melting into the floor. His head weighed heavily on his hand, his cheek smooshed on his palm. He was not prepared for whatever Yunho was about to ask him.

“Wooyoung please come out to the Summer Blowout tonight” Yunho begged, pouting in an attempt to get his best friend to join him.

The Summer Blowout was an annual festival that welcomed guests to the beachside attractions on Jeju Island. Wooyoung’s parents happened to run the Seaside Resort, which was one of the many resorts that were a part of this beachfront collective that held ridiculous beach-themed events throughout the summer. Wooyoung tried his best to avoid the crowds of stuck-up VIPs that liked to judge everything from the quality of silverware to the amount of ice in their blended margaritas.

“No amount of puppy dog eyes will convince me to go out tonight. I just got back this morning and my parents already have me working at the front desk to deal with the crowd of college students that want to get wasted tonight,” Wooyoung turned to the computer to check the never-ending list of guests that plan on checking in that afternoon.

“But it’s Hongjoong’s first gig as the DJ, even Yeosang wants to come! Besides getting drunk and dancing with a bunch of other students is the best way to relieve all that stress from finals,” Yunho smiled brightly.

Wooyoung grumbled, the exhaustion from a week of pulling all-nighters to study was clouding his judgment. The phone rang, saving him from giving into his friend's request. Wooyoung cleared his throat and used his best customer service voice to answer the call. “Hello this is the front desk of the Seaside Resort, my name is Wooyoung. How can I help you?”

Yunho continued to obnoxiously pout as a guest talked on the other line.

“No problem Mrs. Kim, I’ll send housekeeping right up with some new towels. Have a great day.” Wooyoung slammed the phone down and turned to look at Yunho. “Fine,” he rolled his eyes, “I will go with you guys.”

Yunho pumped his fists in the air. “I’ll come get you at 8.”

Wooyoung was winging out his smokey eyeliner when he heard a knock on his bedroom door. During the summer break, his parents let him and Yeosang share one of the smaller apartment styled suites that was located near the other on-site staff quarters. He straightened his posture and smirked in the mirror. He looked hot all dolled up in a caramel short sleeve button down, light blue jeans, and a thin black choker. Another loud knock at his door,

interrupted his thoughts of self-praise. He huffed and yelled “coming!” at the direction of the door.

Wooyoung opened his door to see Yunho with his arm thrown around Yeosang. Yunho’s other arm reached out to pull Wooyoung through the threshold.

“Let’s get drunk!” Yunho began chanting as the trio headed out of the suite towards the beach, dragging the younger two with him.

Wooyoung couldn’t help but smile as he joined in. “Yeah! Let’s get drunk!”

Four shots and two mixed drinks later Wooyoung, Yeosang, and Yunho were dancing in the VIP section closest to the stage(perks of having your friend DJ the party.) Normally Wooyoung would have avoided any close interaction with the regulars of the VIP section, all stuck-up rich kids who waste their parents money on designer brands and fast cars, but he couldn’t resist the chance to tease Hongjoong by hollering obnoxiously. The drinks were also half-off.

Yunho slung one of his arms around Wooyoung’s shoulders, nearly causing him to spill his Mai Tai on the ground. Yunho spun around him and dropped to the floor, playful rolling his body against Wooyoung’s own. Wooyoung laughed loudly and pulled Yeosang by his waist so that he could join in on their playful antics. Yeosang covered his face in embarrassment but swayed with his friends regardless. The trio jumped in time with the bass and sang their hearts out despite the volume of the music.

Yeosang leaned over closer to Wooyoung’s ear. “There’s a hottie at 12 o’clock starring directly at your ass,” Yeosang yelled so that he could be heard over the music.

Wooyoung rolled his eyes. “You know I don’t go for VIPs,” he yelled back but he couldn’t resist a quick glance over his shoulder. His eyes scanned the crowd before landing on charming eyes and devilish grin. He turned around and found Yeosang giving him a knowing smile. The attractive face wasn’t one that he recognized but if it belonged to someone in the VIP section it meant trouble.

When Wooyoung turned around for another quick glance, the face disappeared into the crowd. Wooyoung shrugged and turned to continue dancing with his friends, who were trying their best to twerk in their semi-drunken state. Before Wooyoung could join them in the mini contest that they were having(Yunho was winning at the moment), a body slammed into him, knocking him onto the floor. Wooyoung took a moment to process that the collision had caused someone’s Blue Hawaiian to spill all over his clothes, leaving a vibrant blue sticky trail. Shocked at the sudden end to his fun, Wooyoung’s eyes slowly tracked the alluring set of legs in front of him. His eyes continued up and landed on a face he’d seen before. Wooyoung felt stuck to the ground, frozen with the realisation that it was the same guy from earlier. Yunho broke the intense eye contact between the pair and helped Wooyoung to his feet. Wooyoung groaned, realizing that the sticky feeling had seeped through his clothes.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t watching where I was going.” The stranger’s voice was as enticing as his appearance.

“Is that because you were staring at my ass instead?” Wooyoung retorted, clearly displeased that his evening was ruined.

“No- I just knocked into my friend.” The stranger gestures to the tall red-headed guy next to him, who looked apologetic.

“I’m sorry bro, I got long limbs that do whatever they want.”

Wooyoung rolled his eyes and looked back at his friends. “I’m going to head back to change out of this mess, I’ll try and come back in time for the fireworks.”

Yeosang nodded, “text us if you can’t find us later.”

Wooyoung weaved back through the crowd eager to get out of his drenched clothes. Just before he reached the edge of the make-shift venue he heard a voice call after him.

“Wait, hey you!” the stranger called out and reached out to grab his shoulder.

“What do you want?” Wooyoung snapped.

The guy retreated his hand. “I’m sorry, but could you help me? My shirt also got ruined.”

Wooyoung looked down and noticed that the guy’s thin white tank top tucked under an open button down was also covered in the Blue Hawaiian drink.

“Saint Laurent shouldn’t be ruined by cheap cocktails.” The stranger smiled awkwardly hoping that Wooyoung would help him.

“Just,” Wooyoung paused at a loss for words. “Follow me.” Wooyoung grabbed the stranger’s wrist and pulled him towards his room at the Seaside Resort.

“Oh hey, you’re staying at the Seaside Resort too?” the stranger commented as they neared the buildings.

“Not quite. I work there.”

“Oh.” The stranger paused. “Umm I’m San by the way.”

Wooyoung dung his keys out of his pocket and unlocked his door. “Wooyoung; now give me your shirt so that I can put some stain remover on it and hope that your precious luxury goods aren’t ruined.”

San wasted no time, removing both of his shirts, exposing leagues of tanned skin and rippling abs. Wooyoung had to turn away, trying not to get affected by the exposed skin(it’s been a long time since he got laid.) He snatched the garments and walked farther into his suite to the tiny closet in his kitchen that had his washing and drying machines. Wooyoung removed his button down and realized that his jeans were also ruined by the blue drink. He inhaled deeply and tried not to scream.

He realized that he would have to pass in front of San nearly naked to get to his other clothes in his bedroom, he cringed at the awkwardness of that situation. Acting quickly before his confidence faded, Wooyoung shut the laundry machine and started a load. He walked as fast as possible without looking like he was bolting through his suite. He felt San's intense stare check him out again. When he safely made it to his bedroom, Wooyoung hastily grabbed another pair of jeans and a floral button down to wear. He paused and dug out an old oversized t-shirt for San(so that his abs wouldn't distract him).

Wooyoung returned to his living room and found San leaning against the back of his couch, trying not to be invasive in Wooyoung's space. Wooyoung shoved the extra shirt he grabbed in San's general direction. "Here you can wear this."

San stood up, invading Wooyoung's personal space. Wooyoung could feel the heat coming from his skin and averted his eyes.

"Thank you," San smirked and slid the shirt over his head. The fabric hung elegantly from San's frame, like the shirt was his own.

"No problem, I'll have housekeeping swap the shirts tomorrow."

"How old are you?" San asked.

"W-what?"

"How old are you?" San leaned closer, not hesitating for a second. San's awkwardness shifted to something more compelling, something that made Wooyoung's knees weak.

"21." Wooyoung tried his best to stop his face from turning red. He wondered if his apartment was stuffy from the summer heat.

"Hmm me too. Do you go to college?" San adorned a face that left no room to question his intentions, he was getting closer to what he wanted.

"Yeah, I'm a business dance double major at Seoul National." Wooyoung felt like his tongue was moving against his brain's wishes. He should be staying away from the VIP guest, not falling into this trap.

"What a surprise. I go there too, I'm a Communications major. I'm shocked that I didn't notice such a cutie around campus." San's eyes scan over Wooyoung's body and his tongue darts out to wet his lip.

Wooyoung took a step back, clarity washing over him. "I think you're getting the wrong impression from me. I do not sleep with guests, especially VIPs. So you can keep your half-assed pick up lines, charming eyes, and flirty smiles for the next hot body you see. Okay Casanova?"

"You think my eyes are charming?" San laughed.

"Urghhh you are so infuriating," Wooyoung huffed.

Suddenly, San got a hold of Wooyoung's wrists and pulled Wooyoung's body against his own. Their faces were close enough that Wooyoung could feel San's warm breath. Wooyoung felt locked in place, his desire to pull away conflicted with his curiosity to know how San's lips would feel against his own.

BRRING! BRRING!(insert Filter by Park Jimin as Wooyoung's ringtone)

Wooyoung jumped away from San's grasp, the sound of his phone ringtone pulled him away from San's spell.

"Hello?"

"Youngie~ why aren't you at the beach yet? The fireworks are about to start!" Yeosang sang on the phone.

"I'll be there in a minute."

"Wait, are you still with that hot guy from VIP?" Yunho's voice chimed in on the other line.

"No, we'll talk about it later."

San playfully raised an eyebrow at his mention.

"Woo, can you bring another blanket, it's so cold," Yeosang requested.

"Sure Sangie, I'll meet you at our spot." Wooyoung ended his call.

He turned his attention back to San. "Out!" Wooyoung pointed at the door.

San put his hands up in surrender. As he exited the room, he turned over his shoulder. "I hope to see you again, Wooyoung." He winked and headed off towards the party.

Wooyoung closed the door and fell against the frame. He shook his head, hoping that whoever this San person was, he wouldn't cause Wooyoung any more problems. He took a moment to recuperate before tracking down a blanket to bring to his friends.

Wooyoung went on with his life trying to forget about the Summer Blowout and settled into a routine for the summer. Working shifts at the front desk with Yeosang, distracting Yunho during his bartending shifts, spending his free hours enjoying the beach or dancing in the resort's multipurpose room attached to the gym, and forgetting about returning a certain guest's shirt(and his dumb abs.)

It took three days before Wooyoung ran into San again. Wooyoung and Yeosang loved to people-watch under a large sun umbrella on the beach. The pair claimed a couple of lounge chairs and observed the guests enjoying the sand and water.

"Mrs. Kim from floor 4 definitely got jaw reduction surgery." Wooyoung sipped on his Mai Tai, enjoying his free happy hour drink of the day.

“Her jawline looks the same as last summer, you’re crazy,” Yeosang slapped Wooyoung’s shoulder in disbelief.

“Alright, maybe it’s just the sunlight, but she should break up with her new boyfriend. He’s way too upright for her sense of humor.” Wooyoung rolled onto his stomach and rested his head on his arms. He was so content with the tranquil atmosphere, he felt like he could fall asleep.

“Hey, aren’t those the guys from the Summer Blowout party?” Yeosang pointed to a group of three guys aggressively splashing water at each other.

Wooyoung lifted his shades and sure enough it was San and his red-head friend. “No,” Wooyoung spoke too quickly, making him sound suspicious.

“Are you sure? I think Jung-ho is with them, let’s go say hi,” Yeosang moved to get up.

“No!” Wooyoung sat up violently, reaching for his best friend not to leave him. “I mean let’s finish our drinks and join them later. Yunho’s supposed to meet us here, anyways.”

Yeosang looked at his best friend before shrugging and relaxing in his chair.

“You never said what happened with that guy at the fireworks.”

Wooyoung looked at the guys on the beach and watched them leave the water to pick up a volleyball. “Nothing happened. He was an asshole, just like the rest of the VIPs.”

“Why do you hate all VIPs, they’re not all like he who must not be named. Yunho’s technically a VIP too.”

“Fine, I don’t hate all VIPs, but most of them are rich assholes who just piss me off because they think they’re better than everyone else who-” Wooyoung was cut off, something knocked him forward. He whipped around and saw that said object was a volleyball. Wooyoung bolted to his feet, picked up the volleyball, and marched over to the group of boys.

“You’ve got some nerve, hitting me!” Wooyoung chucked the ball at San, hitting him in the stomach. Wooyoung tore his sunglasses off so that San could see his glaring eyes better.

“Wooyoung, it’s a pleasure to see you again,” San smirked. Unfortunately for Wooyoung, San had decided to leave his shirt a few too many buttons undone and wear swimming shorts that sat low on his hips. The afternoon sun illuminated San’s sharp features and Wooyoung noticed that his hair was tinted a dark purple in the daylight.

“What kind of an idiot has that bad aim? Did your daddy not give you enough attention so you decided to bother me instead?”

San’s friends stopped pushing each other and hovered closer to the commotion.

“Wooyoung, baby, please-”

“Baby!? Who the fuck are you calling baby?” Wooyoung fumed.

Yeosang caught up with Wooyoung and wrapped an arm around his shoulder trying to ground him. “Hey Jungho, when did you get here?”

Jungho was a regular guest every summer, so Yeosang and Wooyoung knew him well. He tentatively took a step forward to answer Yeosang. “I arrived today. These are my friends Mingi and San, we used to play volleyball together.” Jungho’s eyes flicked towards Wooyoung and San, the pair caught up in a staring contest.

“I’m Yeosang and this is Wooyoung.”

The tallest of the bunch smiled. “I’m Mingi.”

“San.” San stopped staring at Wooyoung to flash his dimples and cute smile at Yeosang. Wooyoung scoffed at the innocent act.

“We’re looking for more people to join our team for the upcoming volleyball tournament, would you guys be interested?” Jungho continued, wary of the tension growing between Wooyoung and San. The volleyball tournament was another one of the absurd activities that was hosted on the beach each summer.

Yeosang offered a small smile, “we’ll think about it. I’ll let Yunho know that you’re back. We should all meet up sometime to catch up.”

“Whatever. Count me out, I’m going back to my room,” Wooyoung shoved Yeosang off of his shoulders and headed back to the resort.

“I better go with him. I’ll see you around, it was nice meeting you guys.” Yeosang called out, following Wooyoung.

Just as Wooyoung thought he was in the clear, he heard San call out. “You still have my shirt Wooyoung!”

Wooyoung groaned and walked faster, rushing to leave the beach before he punched San and his stupidly cute dimples.

It didn’t take long for San to figure out that Wooyoung worked at the front desk of the resort. He had made it his personal agenda to bother Wooyoung by calling and complaining about ‘problems’ that seemed to be magically fixed by the time Wooyoung threatened to call someone else.

At first it was “can I get someone to help me fix the air conditioning, I think it’s broken?”

Then it was “the shower’s not hot enough, can you come up and check it out?”

And finally, “would you recommend something on the menu, something that’s as delicious as you?”

“I’m not your personal servant!” Wooyoung yelled into the phone after it rang for the fourth time that day. “My apologies Mr. Park, I thought you were a prank caller. No, I’ll have someone bring your dry cleaning up to your room.” Wooyoung stuttered on the phone after lashing out at an innocent guest.

Yeosang snickered at Wooyoung’s embarrassment and continued to organize paperwork.

“That’s it! Can you pick up the phone for the rest of today?” Wooyoung pouted at his friend.

Yeosang took a moment to think about it before he said, “no.”

“Why not? Can’t you see that this guy is being an ass?”

“This is way too entertaining for me,” Yeosang laughed and pinched Wooyoung’s cheek.

Wooyoung swatted his hand away and frowned as he continued his work. Twenty minutes later Wooyoung and Yeosang’s cell phones vibrated at the same time, alerting them that Yunho had texted them in their group chat.

Yunho: I got our table outside, come find me when you guys clock off :)

“And that’s our cue to clock off and say goodbye to annoying VIPs.” Wooyoung cheered and got ready to leave the lobby.

Wooyoung and Yeosang entered the attached restaurant and found Yunho waving at them. After getting settled and ordering their food, Wooyoung noticed his best friends sharing glances at each other, communicating telepathically.

“Just spit it out, what’s going on with you guys?” Wooyoung sighed.

Yunho shared one more worried glance at Yeosang before speaking. “Well, I texted Jungho and we met up this morning. I’m really glad that he was able to come out this summer. Anyways, we got to talking about the volleyball tournament and Sangie and I were thinking about joining his team.”

“Seriously?” Wooyoung asked in disbelief.

“Yeah, I think Hongjoong and Seonghwa are planning on joining this year. All seven of us are meeting up tomorrow for lunch.” Yunho paused, “you should come with us.”

“Absolutely not!”

“It’d be good to catch up with everyone, we’re not asking you to join the team,” Yunho pleaded.

“-but you’re more than welcome to join if it will mean you’ll work out all that sexual tension between you and San,” Yeosang added on.

“We do not have sexual tension! That guy is just a complete ass, you literally heard him bother me at work all day today!”

Yeosang ignored Wooyoung's protests. "So the fact that he looks like he was sculpted by the gods and looks exactly like your ideal type has nothing to do with why you're avoiding him?"

"Don't you think you could put whatever issues you guys have aside for an hour or two and have lunch with us?" Yunho tried to disrupt the argument between Wooyoung and Yeosang.

Wooyoung frowned. If this had been any other year, Wooyoung would have cheered at the chance to have lunch with his friends and support them playing in the tournament.

"I'll pay for your lunch." Yunho offered as a last resort knowing that Wooyoung is a stubborn person.

Wooyoung raised his eyebrow, debating his options. A free meal and a chance to see his friends was quite tempting, why did San have to ruin everything? "Just don't expect me to be friendly with San, cause that will never happen."

Yeosang and Yunho shared one more amused look between each other, but they continued the conversation, moving past the San issue.

Part Two

Chapter Summary

Ateez finally meet up for lunch and they play volleyball.

Chapter Notes

I don't really know how volleyball works but I tried my best!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wooyoung was looking forward to having lunch with his friends because he hasn't seen some of them since the summer prior. He felt like he had matured with another year of real world experience at university. He had defined more muscle on his lean dancer figure and dyed his hair back to black, which gave him more confidence, ditching the awkward teen phase. All of those feelings of pride and excitement were replaced by a burning rage when Wooyoung entered the restaurant and saw San throwing himself over one of his friends.

"Wooyoung! Come join us!" Seonghwa noticed Wooyoung standing in the middle of the restaurant and ushered him over, unaware of his betrayal.

Wooyoung wanted to turn around and run the other way since the only empty seat was across from San, who still had his arm securely around Seonghwa like the pair had known each other for years. However, Wooyoung's stomach growled, making his desire for food more important than his hatred of San at that moment. He put on a fake smile and sat down at the table.

"Nice of you to join us," Yunho smirked next to him.

Wooyoung shoved his elbow into Yunho's side and faked a laugh. "Nice to see you losers too."

"Hey, the black hair is cool, it suits you more than the lavender." Seonghwa leaned forward to compliment Wooyoung.

Wooyoung beamed and tucked the long wavy strands behind his ears. He decided that Seonghwa was redeemed after that comment. "Thank you, I thought I would go back to my natural color for a bit."

"Oh, you used to have lavender hair? I love that color." San asked,(finally) turning his attention to Wooyoung. San's arm was back in his own personal bubble, making Wooyoung

feel another swirl of emotions as San looked at him with intense curiosity.

“San do you remember that time when your blonde hair turned green after we went swimming at the party last fall?” Mingi chimed in from the other end of the table, where Yeosang and Jungho were engaged in an arm wrestling contest. Hongjoong appeared to be officiating their contest, since his phone was on the table with a list of guidelines and rules.

“Yeah, my hair was pretty fried after that, I’m never going to trust store-bought bleach again.” San brushed his hand through his purple locks. Wooyoung tried to imagine what other colors San had dyed his hair and what suited him the best.

“Don’t forget that time you looked like a skunk cause the basketball team decided to start a prank war.”

“I pulled off that look!” San pouted. “They were only jealous because we made it to the championships and they didn’t.”

“Wow, you guys are that good at volleyball? Maybe you don’t need us,” Hongjoong chimed in.

“Not to brag or anything but the volleyball team is the pride and joy of the sports department of Seoul National.” Mingi smiled brightly, posing with his hands on hips and chest puffed out.

“Wait, you guys go to SNU too? How come we’ve never seen you around?” Yeosang asked.

“Probably because you and Wooyoung never leave the dance practice room,” Yunho mused.

“That’s because he never listens to me,” Yeosang said.

“He doesn’t listen to anyone,” Seonghwa added. The whole table erupted into laughter.

“Hey, I’m feeling very attacked right now,” Wooyoung glared at his friends, who laughed even harder.

Luckily for Wooyoung, the waitress stopped at their table with hot food, sparing him the continuation of embarrassing stories. Yunho passed a dish of tteokbokki to Wooyoung, who almost started to drool at the sight.

“I love you so much right now!” Wooyoung grabbed Yunho by the neck and placed a kiss on his cheek.

Yunho flinched and wiped the area of Wooyoung’s attack with the back of his hand with a look of disgust. “You’re welcome,” he said flatly.

The rest of the group began their discussion of practicing for the volleyball tournament and assigning positions on the team, so Wooyoung tuned them out in favor of enjoying his free meal. After several tasty bites, Wooyoung took a sip of water. His eyes travelled towards San’s plate and he noticed a pile of vegetables growing on the side.

“Are you going to eat those?” Wooyoung asked, raising his eyebrows.

San turned his head towards Wooyoung, cheeks full of food. “I don’t like them,” he said softly.

Wooyoung wondered how someone so annoying could be so cute all of the sudden. Wooyoung shook his head, “just give them to me, I don’t want to waste food.”

San nudged his plate forward tentatively, expecting Wooyoung to chastise him more.

From the other side of the table, Yeosang seemed to have noticed the interaction. He wiggled his eyes suggestively at Wooyoung. Wooyoung shot daggers back at him and mouthed the words “shut up.”

“Wooyoung, are you sure you don’t want to be on the team? I don’t mind just sitting out this year.” Seonghwa asked politely.

“No thanks, participating in team sports sounds like the worst possible thing I could do with my time,” Wooyoung said in a matter-of-factly tone.

“Are you sure you’re not just a sore loser?” San jeered, his cuteness from just a moment ago completely vanished.

“I’m not a sore loser, I think ball sports are a waste of time.”

“You sound like someone who’s too cowardly to admit they’re just simply bad at playing.” San leaned back against his chair and tucked his arms behind his head.

“I’m not bad at sports, I’m very coordinated, thank you very much. I don’t need some dumb jock telling me what I can and can not do.”

“Prove it,” San smiled. “Join the team,” he dared.

Wooyoung paused, but it was too late; he had already fallen for another one of San’s traps. “You know what, I will join, just so you can shut your mouth!”

San looked way too satisfied. “Good, see you at practice.”

“Whatever, just text me when you’re practicing.”

“Alright, now that that is settled, I guess Hongjoong and I will be the subs, if you guys need us.” Seonghwa said carefully after Wooyoung and San stopped yelling at each other.

Wooyoung spent the rest of the lunch, tuning everything out, in favor of picking at the rest of his meal and sulking. He hated feeling this childish, but San brought out the worst in him.

Despite the fact that there was an annual volleyball tournament, Wooyoung had never seriously played the sport. If he was going to be active he preferred to swim in the pool or the

ocean, ride a bike around the island, and most importantly dance. Therefore, he was completely fucked.

He had no idea how he managed to set himself up like this but he wasn't going to let San get the best of him. At least that's what he convinced himself when he woke up early the next day, dragging Yeosang with him, to start learning some basic skills. He refused to make a complete fool of himself.

"How exactly am I supposed to help you with volleyball? It would have been much easier just to convince Jungho to teach you if you bribed him with iced coffee or twenty bucks." Yeosang complained as the pair walked towards to set up courts on the beach.

"You know damn well why I need to practice and I'm not about to let San think that he's better than me just because he's on the VIP list." Wooyoung kicked the sand, pretending it was San's perfect face. "That and Jungho would probably make fun of me the entire time."

"We're supposed to be on the same team. If you and San want to rip each other's clothes off, take it somewhere outside the court okay?"

"We are not going to do that-"

"Well well well, look who we have here. I knew you couldn't resist my handsome face." Of course San had the same idea to get to the courts before the other guests. He propped a volleyball on his hip and looked too smug for it being so early in the morning. His constant presence was becoming a serious pain in the ass for Wooyoung.

"We're just here to practice," Wooyoung huffed and tried to avoid San's direct gaze.

"Great, let's practice together." San's dimples were on display as he smiled.

Mingi walked up behind him and slung his arm around San. "Morning, are you guys here to practice with us?"

"I don't need your help," Wooyoung spoke at San harshly, ignoring Mingi.

"So you're ready to admit that you're a sore loser?" San quipped.

"Never," Wooyoung barked back.

"Alright, Yeosang do you want to practice with just me and Mingi then, since Wooyoung is clearly better than all of us?"

"You're a fucking dick," Wooyoung cursed under his breath. He felt uneasy at the idea of his best friend getting closer to his rival. Wooyoung shoved his shoulder into San, knocking the volleyball out of his hands, and stormed towards the court. "Well? Are you going to join? Or do I have to find another set of jocks to practice with?" Wooyoung spat out, frustrated with himself that he's choosing to work with San just because he doesn't trust him.

San looked at Yeosang for an explanation for Wooyoung's contradictory behavior. Yeosang just shrugged and jogged to catch up with Wooyoung.

Mingi and San approached the court and split up at the net. “Okay, let’s divide into pairs. I’ll team up with Wooyoung, if that’s okay with you?” San asked patronizingly.

Wooyoung considered refusing San for a moment before agreeing. Wasn’t there a saying keep your friends close and your enemies closer?

“Let’s play rock paper scissors to see who serves first,” Mingi suggested to San.

San beat Mingi with the knowledge that his best friend likes to choose paper. He picked up the volleyball and spun it in his hands and retreated to his side of the court. He held the ball out to Wooyoung. “Do you want to serve hotshot?”

“Shut the fuck up,” Wooyoung grabbed the ball and set up to serve it. He was just about to hit the ball into the air, when San pulled on his shoulder.

“You’re doing it wrong,” San informed him like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“I am not!”

“Oh yeah? What were you planning on doing then?” San paused and restarted, “nevermind let me help you.” He walked up behind Wooyoung and wrapped his arms around him.

Wooyoung struggled to get out of San’s hold.

“Would you stay still?” San’s breath tickled Wooyoung’s neck, making him stop his comotion. “Alright you need to step and glide your arm into the serve,” San brought back Wooyoung’s right arm and repeated the motion of lining it up with the ball.

Wooyoung felt like he was suffocating in such close proximity to San. San’s warmth radiated his cold body, sending shivers down his spine.

“Your legs should be shoulder width apart and bent,” San used his knees to nudge Wooyoung’s legs into the proper position.

Wooyoung felt like putty under San’s hold. Wooyoung wondered if San could feel his heartbeat through his back.

“Make sure your wrist is facing this way or the ball will go flying in the other direction, okay?” San continued to guide Wooyoung’s arm in the right motion.

Wooyoung nodded, his throat was too tight to form any coherent words.

San took a step back and all of the warmth was gone, reminding Wooyoung of the cold morning air. Wooyoung shook his head to snap out of his momentary confusion. He widened his stance again and wound up his arm. He swung his arm as hard as he could, sending the volleyball flying towards the other end of the court.

“Nice!” San exclaimed, already shifting closer to the net, preparing for a counter attack.

The boys were able to keep a consistent rally going between them. Wooyoung's agility proved to be quite advantageous in the shifting sands.

But all good things must come to an end. He was caught off guard when the volleyball hit him square in the chest, knocking him on his ass.

"Yah! You can't do that! That's not a part of the rules!" He cried out.

"You want to bet?" Mingi laughed, Yeosang giggling next to him. They high fived each other and prepared to serve again.

San walked over to him and extended his arm out to help Wooyoung up. Wooyoung shoved the limb out of his face but San put it right back in front of him. Wooyoung sighed and accepted the offering. San pulled him to his feet and brushed the sand off of his back. "Don't worry we're still crushing their asses in this game." San's smile made Wooyoung's heart skip a beat. Wooyoung blamed San's unexpected kindness on the fact that San was just in a competitive mood and didn't want his mutual hatred to interfere with the game.

The four of them continued their game, which led to San and Wooyoung's victory. San ran to Wooyoung and squeezed him in a tight hug. After a few seconds of celebration Wooyoung reminded himself that he probably shouldn't be hugging the guy he claims he hates.

He pushed San off of him and looked a little panicked. "Let's switch teams for the next round."

Wooyoung wasn't sure if San had a look of disappointment or if he also remembered their rivalry. "Okay, whatever you want. Do you think you and Yeosang think you're ready to go up against me and Mingi?"

Wooyoung was already on his way to the other side of the court. "Yeah we can totally take you guys."

Mingi crossed under the net to switch sides, a little confused as to why they were switching teams so soon, and Yeosang looked too amused for Wooyoung's liking.

"Sangie you can serve," Wooyoung settled into a crouching position near the net, preparing for an offensive attack.

After some consistent rallies, Yeosang and Wooyoung were losing to the other boys but they were enjoying the playful energy between them.

When it was Yeosang's turn to serve again, Wooyoung snuck up behind him and pushed him forward, trying to sabotage his serve. Yeosang turned around and frowned at him, he raised his hand to punch Wooyoung in the chest. Wooyoung dodged the hit and ran away giggling.

"Stop trying to mess me up, we're on the same team," Yeosang complained.

Wooyoung stuck his tongue out and Yeosang responded by flipping him off. Yeosang ignored Wooyoung's high-pitched laughter and went back to serving. The last thing everyone expected was for the ball to hit San square in the head, making him stumble a little.

Everyone erupted into fits of laughter, the ace player looked completely baffled. San's cute yet clueless expression made Wooyoung want to coo. Wooyoung's smile faltered, he needed to stop getting distracted by San, he still hated the guy.

The group resumed their game, which resulted in Mingi's and San's victory this time. They decided to end practice for the day as the humidity was becoming too unbearable. Wooyoung picked up his water bottle and felt the adrenaline of the intense practice slowly leave his body. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw, San approaching him. Wooyoung tried his best not to panic.

"Hey, you did a good job today, I'm glad you're joining the team."

"I'm glad that I was able to meet your high expectations of me," Wooyoung said, rolling his eyes. Wooyoung took another sip of water to avoid making eye contact with San.

"Do you want to grab some food with me?" San asked.

Wooyoung almost spit out his water. "What?" he choked out.

"I asked if you wanted to get food with me?" San asked again.

"I-I just remembered that I have to help my parents with something. Something super important. I'll see you guys at practice tomorrow," Wooyoung babbled. He waved at Yeosang and Mingi and he darted away.

Bonus:

"Please tell me I'm not the only one suffering by watching those two idiots dance around each other?" Mingi approached Yeosang after the group decided to end practice for the day.

"No, it's quite painful to watch." Yeosang stared at Wooyoung trying not to choke on his water while San talked to him on the other side of the court. "I honestly don't think they have enough brain cells to figure it out themselves."

"So we should intervene?" Mingi asked, tipping his head back to drink from his water bottle.

"Yes, most definitely. After our lunch yesterday both Seonghwa and Hongjoong texted me asking me what was up with all the tension."

"Jongho asked me the same thing and I was like 'bro I have no idea.' You know Seonghwa mentioned that he's throwing a party after the tournament." Mingi looked at Yeosang with a mischievous grin.

"That's the perfect time to lock them up and get them to figure out their shit." Yeosang extended his hand out to Mingi, "It was a pleasure doing business with you."

Mingi shook Yeosang's hand and smiled. "Same here."

After a busy schedule of squeezing volleyball practice into every possible slot of Wooyoung's sparse free time, it was finally the morning of the volleyball tournament and Wooyoung felt nauseous. Even though he had a week's worth of improvement, he was still concerned that he would fail his friends. He didn't want to admit it but he did change his mind on his strict avoidance of team sports. If it was with his friends, then maybe it wasn't so bad. Mingi and San were becoming solid additions to his group of friends, to the point that Wooyoung could tolerate being in San's presence without engaging in a verbal battle. But that was mostly due to the fact that Wooyoung avoided any possible chance to have a one on one conversation with him. He made certain sacrifices for the greater benefit of the team, if he avoided San instead of confronting the hatred he had for him, so be it.

Wooyoung glared at his clock on his nightstand. Six am was too early for him to be up and functioning but he couldn't lie still in his bed any more. Frustrated, Wooyoung decided that he could shower and attempt to eat a good meal before going down to the beach for the big event.

After getting cleaned up and dressed, Wooyoung decided to tie his hair up in a little ponytail and wrap a bandana around his head. He applied a generous amount of sunscreen and grabbed a pair of sunglasses, knowing that the sun was going to be an extra challenge he would have to battle throughout the day. He walked into his kitchenette and rummaged through his fridge to find the best ingredients for an omelette. While the egg was cooking, Wooyoung unlocked his phone to see if any of his friends were awake. It looked like he was the only one up so early, he was disappointed that even Yunho was still offline. He decided that we would message his team's group chat to give them some encouragement.

Wooyoung: Morning losers I hope you're ready to kick some ass today! :)

Wooyoung smiled, satisfied with his message. He took a quick selfie in a cute pose and sent it in the chat too. He set his phone down and flipped the egg. He unlocked his phone again and saw that someone was awake and read the message. It was the devil himself, San. He held his breath when the three dots popped up indicating that San was typing. They disappeared for a moment, but returned once more. Wooyoung couldn't handle the anxiety building within so he set his phone down and turned his attention back to his breakfast. The egg was fully cooked, so he carried his plate over to the countertop and took a big bite of his omelette. His phone vibrated making him jump a little. He carefully swallowed his bite and picked up his phone.

San: Good morning, I can assure you that I'm ready to kick ass today ;)

Wooyoung choked on his spit when he saw the attached image that San sent. At first glance it seemed like a cute photo since San was winking and wore a dimpled smile. His purple hair was an adorable, fluffy mess on his head. However, the rest of the photo revealed that he was very much still in bed, his naked skin peaked through the duvet he was wrapped up in. If San wasn't so much of a dick, Wooyoung would have admitted that he was very attractive and exactly Wooyoung's type; the right combination of cute and sexy. Wooyoung's mind drifted to the first time he saw San and later that night he saw San without a shirt. His phone buzzed again, snapping him out of his thoughts and indicating that the others were awake.

Jongho: (barfing emoji) please put some clothes on

Mingi: Good luck San is allergic to shirts

Yunho: Does anyone want coffee before warming up? I can pick it up!

Wooyoung released a breath and typed out his order. Wooyoung was thankful that Yunho always looked out for everyone. Wooyoung hoped that he could stop fixating on everything related to San.

(Wooyoung did not stop thinking about San.)

Wooyoung was buzzing with energy after he ingested a moderate amount of caffeine. His friends were passing the volleyball amongst themselves while they waited for their first match. Wooyoung didn't really understand the specifics of the championship, the only thing he knew was that they were supposed to play three games with the hope that they would win each one. He knew that he should be conserving his energy, but he was too nervous to keep still.

Wooyoung was attempting to use the right combination of obnoxious dance moves to distract Yeosang and Yunho from watching the current match. His killing move was adding cute sound effects. Wooyoung thought he was successful when Yunho giggled and Yeosang cracked a smile. Successful with his personal mission, Wooyoung turned his head and saw Seonghwa and Hongjoong approaching his team. He vaulted over to them and practically jumped into their arms. Hongjoong tried to push him away and Seonghwa froze in place, patting Wooyoung's back.

"Good morning!" Wooyoung greeted his older friends.

"Who let Wooyoung drink caffeine?" Hongjoong grumbled.

"It's definitely Yunho's fault," Jungho walked over, sipping his black coffee.

Wooyoung released Hongjoong from his clutches, but continued to cling to Seonghwa.

"Since when do you drink coffee?" Hongjoong asked Jungho.

"The kids are all grown up, it's okay," Seonghwa put his hand on Hongjoong's shoulder. "We just wanted to wish you guys good luck before your first match."

"Thanks Mom and Dad," Wooyoung smiled.

"Yah! I am one year older than you!" Hongjoong scolded.

Wooyoung, Jongho, and Seonghwa burst out laughing.

"Team 3, Sink or Swim, and Team 5, ATEEZ, please come to the main court. Again, Team 3, Sink or Swim, and Team 5, ATEEZ, please come to the main court," the announcer's voice

rang out into the crowd.

Wooyoung's friends started to make their way to the court. Wooyoung wasn't sure where the team name came from but he thought it suited his team.

"ATEEZ fighting!" Hongjoong and Seonghwa yelled out from the sidelines.

Wooyoung turned over his shoulder and sent finger hearts in their direction. Wooyoung joined his team's huddle.

"Alright, remember what we went over in practice; call out if you're going to go for the ball and work on those formations." San acted like their unofficial team captain. "Okay, great. ATEEZ on three. One, two, three!"

"ATEEZ!" The team cheered.

San walked to the middle of the court and met the other team's captain for the coin toss. The other team won, so they decided to serve first.

Wooyoung took his position on the front left side of the court and squatted down, preparing for the first serve. The referee's whistle blew, signaling that it was game time. The ball flew into the air and passed over the net, spiraling towards Wooyoung. Wooyoung braced for the impact and hit the ball up into the air, setting it up for Yunho to smash it over the net.

Wooyoung felt like he closed his eyes for a second to blink and when he opened them, they were at the end of their third and final match. Their opponents were effectively tiring Wooyoung's team by engaging in long, strenuous rallies. The two teams were currently tied for the match point.

The volleyball was spiraling towards Wooyoung, he dove forward in hopes that he would be able to get his body under the ball. Just as he was dipping down, his ankle shifted under his weight, causing him to land one of his knees. Sand flew up in the air at the impact of the volleyball landing just beside Wooyoung.

Wooyoung felt his stomach drop, if he was unable to pull himself together his team would suffer a loss after working diligently to make it to the finals. Yunho rushed to Wooyoung's side to help him to his feet.

"Are you good?" Yunho asked.

"Yeah I'm fine. Sorry I'm probably going to make us lose," Wooyoung hung his head, once he was standing on his feet.

"Hey, we haven't lost yet," Yunho smiled, before walking back to his spot on the court.

Wooyoung nodded at the encouragement and prepared his stance. The server on the opposing team hit the volleyball with a strong force, but it landed just outside of the marked court, rewarding Wooyoung's team with another point.

Wooyoung watched as Mingi wiped the sweat from his forehead and served the volleyball high into the air. Wooyoung thought they maybe still had the potential to win, the others were still determined. His team had a consistent rhythm and moved in sync with one another.

Their opponents struggled to receive the serve but managed to hit it over the net. Yunho used his height as an advantage to block the attack. The teams continued to rally until Wooyoung had the opportunity to hit the ball over the net. Two members on the opposing team called out to receive the ball resulting in both of them headbutting each other and failing to hit the ball. Yunho wrapped his arms around Wooyoung in celebration, the others cheered and congratulated Wooyoung on his attack. Wooyoung's earlier mistake made up for the joy he felt when he beamed from his team's compliments.

With their one point lead, Mingi served the volleyball again. The opponents received the serve by smashing it over the net. Junho dove onto his knees to set the ball for someone on their team to smash it. From his position in the back, San took a giant leap up into the air and smashed the ball with great force. Before Wooyoung could process what had happened, the referee blew his whistle.

"The winner of the 2021 Annual Volleyball Tournament is ATEEZ!" the announcer yelled through the microphone.

Wooyoung felt so relieved, he almost started to tear up. He was pulled into a huge group hug, as his team jumped joyously. They spun around in a circle, unable to contain their excitement. Wooyoung felt like this was one of those cliché moments that only happened in movies. But it would make this summer unforgettable.

As the main event was winding down, guests slowly retired to their respective lodgings, emptying the beachfront. The sun was setting over the ocean horizon, casting warm orange and pink hues on the beach. Wooyoung had returned to the beach after bringing a handful of the Seaside's lounge chairs back to their proper storage container. He searched for his friends so that they could begin celebrating their victory. Wooyoung found Mingi and Junho carrying Hongjoong into the water, purposely getting his clothes wet. His eyes scanned across the beach and he found Yunho and Seonghwa conversing with a pair of players from a team they had played against earlier in the day. Yeosang was adjacent to them, petting an elderly couple's dog. Wooyoung looked farther and spotted San collecting trash from the stands. Wooyoung took a deep breath, he shrugged his backpack higher on his shoulder and headed in that direction.

"Hey, San, can we talk?" Wooyoung cautiously approached the other.

San turned around and smiled, but his eyes seemed concerned considering their history. "Yeah, what's up?"

"Well, you're going to be here for most of the summer and our friends are obviously very close, so we'll probably be seeing each other a lot."

"How did you find out that I'm staying here the whole summer?" San raised an eyebrow.

“I asked Jungho,” Wooyoung said without realizing he had revealed he had been asking his friends about San. “Besides the point, I wanted to apologize for my ill mannered behavior. I shouldn’t have judged you for your VIP status.”

“Don’t worry I won’t write a bad review that tarnishes your superior customer service.”

Wooyoung narrowed his eyes. “Hey, don’t be mean, I’m trying to say sorry!”

“You’re cute when you’re flustered.”

Wooyoung felt his cheeks warm up at the sudden complement. “I- I have your shirt.”
Wooyoung pulled out San’s shirt out of his backpack and held it out to him.

“Oh? You kept this? I thought you would have burned it after I not so accidentally hit you with a volleyball that one day.”

“You did that on purpose? Maybe I shouldn’t return this then,” Wooyoung pulled his arm back.

“No,” San grabbed his wrist. “Please, I should have found a more mature way to get your attention.”

Wooyoung huffed and shoved the shirt back in San’s direction. “Here, just take it.”

San smiled brightly and slung the shirt over his shoulder. “Thank you, Wooyoung.”

Wooyoung ignored the fluttering feeling in his chest and turned his head away. “Yeah, no problem. The stain was actually pretty easy to remove.”

“So, what now?”

“Um, I’m going to go back to my apartment and cool down for a bit.”

“I mean about us,” San corrected.

“Oh, well I was going to suggest that we try to be friends, it would probably be best for the group if we didn’t hate each other’s guts.”

“That sounds like a good place to start.” San put his hand forward and Wooyoung awkwardly shook it.

There was an extreme pause in the conversation before Wooyoung returned his hand to his side. Wooyoung didn’t know how to act around his ex-enemy and potential new friend. “Are you going to Seonghwa’s party later?” he asked curiously.

“Yeah, I’ll be there.”

“Cool, I’ll see you later.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

San's soft smile made an impression in Wooyoung's mind as he turned around to start getting ready for the festivities happening later.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave me a comment or kudos if you guys enjoy reading this!
It's going to be one hell of an after party ;)
But yay Wooyoung and San are finally on good terms! But will it last??

Also to clarify the 99 liners all go to SNU but everyone else goes to different universities, but most of them know each other from summers on Jeju Island.

Part Three

Chapter Summary

A lil part never hurt nobody.

Can Wooyoung and San's new friendship survive the night?

Chapter Notes

content warning!

sexual harassment: one character touches another without consent

slight dubcon: two characters kiss under the influence of alcohol

violence: nothing graphic just a drunk brawl

so just be aware if those themes are triggering in any way

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Winning a sports competition that was organized by a group of rich beach-front resort owners and their (evil) VIP donors should feel like you were on top of the world. This was not the case; Wooyoung felt his anxiety return.

He spent the last few hours taking a well-deserved nap, eating fried chicken with Yeosang and Jongho, and putting on an outfit that resembles his sexy guy persona. He had managed to pull his skin-tight leather pants on his tired legs, even though he'd probably regret the effort required to take them off later in the night. He wore a green sweater vest that displayed his toned arms and matched it with a simple chain necklace. His hair was slicked back and his eyes were defined by smokey eyeliner.

The upcoming party should be a time to look hot, get drunk with his friends, and celebrate their win. After smoothing things over with San at the beach, Wooyoung had nothing to worry about. He attempted to swallow the nerves that threatened to crawl into his throat and continued to make his way to Seonghwa's party with Yeosang and Jungho.

Seonghwa's great aunt owned a quaint home not far from the Seaside Resort. She let him stay there during the summer break in return for keeping it clean and dust-free. That didn't stop Seonghwa from hosting some of the best parties on the island, just as long as everything was spotless the next day.

Wooyoung opened the unlocked door and took a moment to adjust to the neon lights and bass-heavy music. His senses were flooded with the smell of alcohol and nicotine.

“Jungho, let's find Seonghwa and get some drinks. Wooyoung can you find the rest of the guys?” Yeosang, brushed past Wooyoung in the tight entry way.

“Yeah I can do that.” Wooyoung walked through the foyer and headed to the living area, which was crowded with more people than he expected. Wooyoung found Mingi and Yunho situated on the couch at the far end of the room. Hongjoong was in the opposite corner monitoring the music selection. Wooyoung attempted to walk around the crowd of people that were grinding on each other in a way that was almost too indecent for public eyes on the designated dance floor.

“Wooyoung?” A voice called out to him.

Wooyoung spun around to see who called him. “Felix?”

Felix smiled and ran into Wooyoung's arms. Wooyoung embraced the younger in a tight hug. Felix instinctively wrapped his legs around Wooyoung and Wooyoung patted his butt a few times before setting him back down.

“What are you doing here?” Wooyoung asked, not expecting to see one of his friends from the dance community in Seoul.

“My dance crew decided to come to Jeju for two weeks. What are you doing here?”

“I work here during the summers, my parents run the Seaside Resort.”

“Wow, that's a sick gig.”

“Yeah, why don't you join my friends for a drink? We won a local volleyball tournament today, so this is kinda our celebration.”

“You played a team sport?” Felix questioned in disbelief.

“Don't get me started.” Wooyoung led Felix towards the couch Mingi and Yunho had claimed for their group. Absent-mindedly, Wooyoung continued to search through the crowd for familiar faces(or one in particular that had cute dimples and charming eyes) as he and Felix approached the corner.

“Are you looking for San?” Mingi's voice boomed over the music.

“No, of course not,” Wooyoung yelled back, embarrassed he got caught searching for the other.

“Well, he took a call outside, he should be back any second.” Mingi and Yunho's twin smiles had Wooyoung feeling like he was unaware of a secret between them.

“Hi I'm Felix! Who's San?”

“Come sit down, Yeosang went into the kitchen to get more drinks with Jungho.” Wooyoung gestured to the empty spot on the couch next to Yunho.

Wooyoung squeezed in between Felix and Yunho, relaxing into the cushions. He couldn't help but to continue to scan his eyes through the crowd. This time his gaze met up with an intense, yet familiar stare from the far side of the room. Wooyoung was expecting to be greeted with a matching smirk but the man on the other side of the room wore an expression he hadn't seen before. San had returned, just like Mingi had suggested, but his face appeared dejected despite their mutual win earlier in the day.

"Wait, San as in Choi San?" Felix asked.

"You know him?" Mingi turned to Felix.

"Sort of," Felix replied.

San stood out in the crowd of intoxicated bodies like a brewing storm, dressed in a sleek all black outfit that perfectly outlined his athletic figure. San strode across the room to Mingi's side, barely sparing Wooyoung a glance.

"Hey man, why do you look like all of your plushies have been confiscated?" Mingi asked his best friend.

San opened his mouth to reply, but Yeosang announced his return to the room by shouting and raising two bottles above his head, victorious in his search for more booze. Seonghwa and Jongho trailed behind him with additional bottles and cups in their arms.

"Felix! What are you doing here?" Yeosang asked, setting the bottles down on the small table in front of the couch. Felix leaned forward to hug Yeosang, nearly toppling over in the process.

"My dance crew is visiting Jeju for a couple of weeks, I just bumped into Wooyoung. How long have you guys been into volleyball?"

"It's more like volleyball found us, our friend Jungho here was putting together a team and he introduced us to Mingi and San," Yeosang explained.

Felix waved and smiled at the new people he was meeting. San barely spared Felix a glance in favor of staring off into the crowd, whereas Mingi matched Felix's smile with an equally wide grin.

"And you remember Hongjoong and Seonghwa, they helped us with our showcase last spring," Wooyoung gestured to his other friends.

Yeosang twisted around to uncap the bottles he brought, poured two drinks, and handed them to Wooyoung and Felix. Seonghwa and Jongho filled the other cups they brought with them and passed them around to their friends. Seonghwa signalled Hongjoong from across the room to join their toast.

"Congrats, you guys killed it today!" Hongjoong yelled.

"Yeah!" the other boys cheered together.

“ATEEZ on three, one two three-”

“ATEEZ!” The group pushed their glasses together and drank it’s content. San wasted no time refilling his cup and chugging a second round of the assortment of alcohol that has been placed in front of him.

Once Yeosang finished his drink he turned around to look for a spot to sit down. “Hey, you stole all the space over here,” he pouted at Wooyoung.

“Just sit here,” Wooyoung patted his lap and pulled Yeosang into his lap, the gesture was normal between the long-time friends. Wooyoung set his drink down in front of him and wrapped his arms around Yeosang’s waist.

San refilled his cup for the third time in the short couple of minutes since his return, he grimaced slightly at the burning liquid going down his throat. “You guys did great out there today, but I need something stronger.” He turned on his heels and wove his way into the crowd on the dance floor.

Wooyoung briefly wondered if San was avoiding him or if there was something else going on. San seemed excited to go to the party when Wooyoung had talked to him earlier, but he was acting stranger than usual. Wooyoung shook his head, it wasn’t his problem.

Yeosang shifted in Wooyoung’s lap to refill his drink, which caused a shooting pain down his leg.

“Sangie, you gotta get up, my legs are going numb,” Wooyoung said, pushing his friend forward to encourage him to stand up. “Come on, let’s get up and dance for a bit.”

Yeosang stood up and finished the contents of his drink. He reached out to help pull Wooyoung to his feet.

Wooyoung threw his arm around Yeosang’s shoulder and turned to his friends. “We’re going to dance if anyone wants to join.” The duo moved deep into the swarm of students, enjoying the flow and rhythm of the music. Felix followed the pair eager to show off some of his dance moves.

Song after song, Wooyoung felt euphoric releasing all the anxiety he had in his body from earlier. He was truly in his element when he danced. The compact space of the room forced Felix to dance pressed close to Wooyoung, not that he minded. Wooyoung was used to dancing with his friends in such close proximity. Yeosang had decided to take a quick break and get some fresh air after a couple of songs, but if Yeosang was there Wooyoung was sure that he would also be dancing with no space between them due to the constraints of the room’s size.

A stranger decided to push his way to the middle of the group and continuously bumped into Wooyoung’s back, knocking him over a little. Wooyoung tried to just shuffle forward to gain

more personal space, but the man continued to graze his arms against Wooyoung's body. Wooyoung was annoyed so he pushed the guy back, in hopes that he would get the message.

"Hey aren't you that twink from the volleyball game?" the stranger garbled in a drunken slur.

Wooyoung's eyes shot open with rage. He turned around to look at the stranger, it was one of those annoying jocks from a team they had played earlier in the day.

"Hey, your friend is cute too," the man referred to Felix. In an instant, the man's large hands were on Wooyoung's ass. "You're ass is better though," he breathed down on Wooyoung's face.

Wooyoung closed his eyes for a moment and when he opened them again, he saw an arm swing out in front of his face, hitting the man in the jaw. The man stumbled backwards, releasing Wooyoung from his grip. Wooyoung gasped, when he realized that the arm was attached to the one and only San(where did he come from?)

"What the fuck are you doing?" Wooyoung asked angrily, not appreciating San's intervention.

"He had his hands on you," San replied stumbling, clearly intoxicated.

"I don't need you to rescue me!" Wooyoung yelled back.

The stranger had taken the pair's dispute as time to regain balance and he lurched towards San. The man's fist collided into San's face, sending them both tumbling to the floor. A loud crash startled everyone who had their attention drawn to the commotion. San and the stranger were aggressively wrestling and managed to knock into a large vase, which scattered glass bits everywhere.

Wooyoung felt helplessly frozen in place. He watched as Yunho and Mingi rushed to break up the fight.

"Hey get off of me! I got to his ass first" the man slurred as Yunho restrained him.

Wooyoung punched the guy square in the nose, pleased when he heard a slight crack and saw a rush of blood. "Get the fuck out of here, you better hope I never see your face again," Wooyoung spat out at the man.

Yunho and Mingi picked the man up and dragged him out of the party.

Felix placed a hand on Wooyoung's shoulder. "Are you good?"

"Yeah, I'm fine he got what he deserved," Wooyoung shrugged. Wooyoung turned to look down at San, who was sitting on the ground, wincing at the bruises on his face. Wooyoung sighed and put his hand out.

San looked up at him and tilted his head. He looked like a confused kitten, hesitant to accept help.

“I know where the first aid kit is upstairs, come with me.”

San took Wooyoung’s hand and Wooyoung pulled him to his feet.

Wooyoung kept his grip on San’s hand and led him out of the room. He dragged him up the stairs and took him into the bathroom at the end of the hall. When the door closed it diffused most of the noise and chaos from downstairs. It took a moment before Wooyoung realized that he still had his hand clasped with San’s. He quickly dropped San’s hand and pushed San’s shoulders so that he could sit on the edge of the bathtub. He turned around and began to search for some medical supplies in the cabinet above the sink. Wooyoung flicked his eyes in the mirror and noticed that San was touching his cut again.

“Stop touching it, you’re going to infect the wound.” Wooyoung warned, resuming his search for rubbing alcohol and cotton swabs.

San slowly put his hand back into his lap and pouted. “It hurts,” he mumbled.

Wooyoung found his desired objects and walked over to the tub. He swung his leg over the edge so that he could face the cut on San’s cheek. He poured the rubbing alcohol onto a cotton swab and brought it to San’s face. He gently tucked his free hand under San’s jaw. “This might sting a little.”

San winced as Wooyoung dabbed the wound. San jerked his head back when Wooyoung moved to another spot along the cut.

“Stop flinching.”

“It’s cold,” San whined.

Wooyoung blew air onto San’s face causing him to flinch again. “Stop being a baby, you were such a tough guy earlier. But just for the record I can take care of myself.” Wooyoung pulled out another cotton swab and poured more alcohol on it. He started cleaning the streak of blood at the corner of San’s lips, likely from one of the stranger’s punches.

“I didn’t like the way he puts his hands on you.”

Wooyoung hummed in response, a little too focused on continuously dabbing the cut to process what San meant by that. Being up close to San, Wooyoung took the time to appreciate the strong lines that composed his stunning features.

“Wooyoung,” San spoke softly.

“Yeah?” Wooyoung continued to space out on the cut on San’s face(and his lips.)

“I think it’s clean enough.”

Wooyoung blinked into focus and quickly dropped his hands from San’s face, as if he had turned into hot lava. He frantically pulled out the Hello Kitty band aid that he found earlier

and shoved into San's hand. "Here, you put this on yourself." Wooyoung stood up and started putting the supplies back where he found them, avoiding San's eyes. Wooyoung turned on the sink faucet and washed his hands to keep himself busy.

San stood up and approached him. He wobbled a little, indicating that he was not completely sober.

Wooyoung could feel San's breath tickle the hairs on the back of his neck. He couldn't help the involuntary shiver that went down his spine.

"Can you do it?" San slid next to Wooyoung so that he could rest his back against the sink counter. He held the band aid in between two of fingers attempting to get Wooyoung's recognition.

Wooyoung froze for a moment before turning off the faucet and whipping his hands on the nearest towel. He inhaled deeply before plucking the band-aid from San. He wanted to punch the smirk that adorned San's face. He unwrapped the packaging and discarded the excess paper. He turned towards San, who was leaning back with both hands propped up on the edge of the counter. Wooyoung shuffled forward, annoyed that his feet knocked into San's long legs. Wooyoung carefully put the band aid on San's cheeks and brushed his thumb across it to make sure it was secure.

"Are you good now?" Wooyoung asked.

"I need one more thing."

"What is it this time?"

"A kiss to make it better."

Wooyoung glared at San. "Fuck no."

"Please," San pouted with pleading eyes. He brought one of his hands up to tap his bandaged cheek to indicate that he wanted a kiss there.

Wooyoung had done his job to patch San up, would a peck that only took a fraction of a second kill him? Without letting his thoughts consume him, Wooyoung swiftly placed a kiss on San's Hello Kitty band aid. "Happy now?"

San looked slightly shocked that Wooyoung actually kissed him. San moved his index finger to the opposite corner of his lip that was cut. "It hurts here too."

"You have no shame," Wooyoung huffed.

Wooyoung leaned in to give San the same quick peck as earlier but just as he was about to plant the kiss San tilted his head, causing their lips to brush. Wooyoung pushed himself backwards and his foot got caught on the rug, which sent him flying backwards.

San pulled Wooyoung's flailing arms and yanked him forward. Wooyoung's body crashed into San's, their lips colliding together once more. Wooyoung felt immobile as San's other

arm wrapped around his waist to steady him. San moved his lips against Wooyoung's with a softness he didn't know San possessed.

Wooyoung recalled being in a similar position the night he had met San. Last time he had fought his desire to give into San, but he couldn't resist chasing the pleasure after knowing how San's lips feel against his. Wooyoung followed San's steady movements and slotted their lips together to deepen the kiss.

San's breath reeked of a mixture of strong alcohols but Wooyoung couldn't care less at that moment. San's lips moved in practiced motions, which surprised Wooyoung considering he was drunk. Wooyoung moved his arms that were crushed between their chests so that he could rest them on San's wide shoulders. One of Wooyoung's hands slid up the back of San's neck and tugged on the purple strands. San responded to the sensation by tightening his hands on Wooyoung's lower back. Wooyoung's sweater lifted up, exposing a patch of his warm skin to the cool air of the bathroom. Wooyoung gasped and San took the opportunity to flick his tongue on Wooyoung's lower lip, awaiting permission to enter his mouth. Wooyoung widened his jaw and let San's tongue slide into his mouth. Wooyoung relished the feeling of San's velvety tongue against his. He flinched when felt something cold drag across the roof of his mouth and his brain short circuited repeating an error message that read: *Choi San has his fucking tounge pierced !*

Wooyoung couldn't prevent the loud moan that escaped his throat. He felt his knees threaten to buckle beneath him.

"Fuck baby, you sound good," San groaned, planting a few kisses along Wooyoung's sharp jaw line.

Wooyoung hated how the combination of San's low voice and the pet name affected him so much. He pulled at San's hair to redirect his mouth back to meet his own. Wooyoung kissed San with a fervor that caused their kisses to become messy with saliva.

Knock! Knock!

"Wooyoung? Are you in here?" A voice that Wooyoung recognized as Yeosang's came muffled through the other side of the bathroom door.

Wooyoung pulled back harshly, causing San to bite his bottom lip. "Oh, fuck." Wooyoung attempted to completely detach himself from San as he watched the door handle turn. He quickly smoothed his sweater back down, hoping he didn't look as wrecked as he felt.

Yeosang's head popped through the door as he instantly spotted Wooyoung. "What the hell happened downstairs while I was gone? Everyone said that some guy grabbed you and San got into a fight with him." Yeosang paused as he observed a panicked Wooyoung gap at San who had his hair sticking in all directions and wore a doopy smile. "Oh, hi San."

San waved at Yeosang, smiling brightly. His expression turned sour as he hastily pushed off of the counter and ran to the toilet. He proceeded to vomit as Wooyoung and Yeosang engaged in a non verbal exchange.

Yeosang walked into the bathroom and knelt down by San to comfort him while he was throwing up. Wooyoung's heart was pounding for the longest minute in his life as Yeosang patted San's back.

"Let's get you home," Yeosang helped San to his feet. "Wooyoung, can you call an uber and text Jungho to find another ride?"

"Y-yeah, I can do that." Wooyoung pulled his phone out of his pocket.

In the ten minutes it took for the uber to arrive, San had passed out in Yeosang's arms, making it difficult for the trio to get downstairs. Wooyoung took one of San's arms, Yeosang had the other, and threw it over his shoulder so that they could carry San's weight. Yeosang and Wooyoung struggled to carry San down the stairs, they had to make regular stops to make sure they didn't tumble down the steps.

"Why the fuck is he so heavy?" Wooyoung complained.

"Probably all of his perfect muscles," Yeosang replied.

The pair continued their descent onto the main floor. The aftermath of the fight had been cleaned up and replaced with intoxicated college students. Out of the corner of his eye, Wooyoung saw Seonghwa dancing on top of a chair, Hongjoong attempting to coax him down before he broke anything. He laughed to himself knowing that Seonghwa was probably going to regret hosting this party in the morning and continued his struggle of maneuvering San out of the house.

Once Yeosang and Wooyoung successfully crammed San into the car, they were faced with another problem.

"What are we going to do with him once we get back to the resort?" Wooyoung asked Yeosang, San was squished between them in the back seat.

"He can crash on your bed, he's not going to fit on our tiny couch."

"No way, he can sleep on the floor for all I care," Wooyoung protested.

"Woo-wooyoung? Wooyoungie?" San mumbled, interrupting them.

Wooyoung turned to look down at San, his head hung forward and his eyes were still shut so it was hard to tell if he was fully awake or not. "Yeah?"

"You're so sexy," San smiled and flopped his head onto Wooyoung's shoulder. He wrapped an arm tightly around Wooyoung's waist and promptly went back into a deep sleep.

Yeosang attempted to cover his giggles by coughing, but Wooyoung was not fooled.

"Well, I don't think San's letting go of Wooyoungie anytime soon," Yeosang laughed.

“Oh fuck off,” Wooyoung cursed at his friend.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave me a comment or kudos if you guys enjoy reading this!

Felix entered the picture! I clearly watched a lot of Kingdom because Wooyoung and Felix had one of the cutest friendships on the show! Also San and Wooyoung finally kissed!! Haha that's going to be a fun mess to solve.

Also I won't be uploading another chapter next week because I'm in the middle of moving and I have writers block. I hope to sort everything out soon so that there isn't a long hiatus.

-Cass

Part Four

Chapter Summary

It's the morning after and Wooyoung just wants to forget the events from the night before, but reminders keep popping up in unexpected places.

Chapter Notes

I finally got out of my writer's block!! I think I might start uploading new chapters on Fridays now.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wooyoung was woken up by the sound of his phone ringer. He groaned, he wanted his bed to swallow him up. He didn't want to leave his bed because that meant that he would have to face his poor decisions from last night. He tried to move so that he could at least turn off the phone that had interrupted his slumber, but his blanket seemed to have weighed a thousand more pounds than usual. Wooyoung squirmed until he realized that the thing that was weighing him down was in fact a body. Wooyoung groaned again, he distinctly remembered dropping San's body on the farthest edge of his bed when he returned home last night, too tired to move him anywhere else. Sometime in the middle of the night San must have wrapped his long limbs around Wooyoung's body as if he was his personal body pillow. Wooyoung snaked an arm out of San's reach and grabbed his phone from his nightstand.

"Hello?" Wooyoung spoke with a groggy voice.

"Wooyoung! I hope I didn't wake you up?" Wooyoung's mom's voice came through the phone speaker.

"It's okay Mom, I should get up soon for my shift anyways." Wooyoung tried to shake San's arm and leg off of him, but they only seemed to tighten around him more.

"Okay, I just wanted to congratulate you on your win yesterday. I had no idea that my son was so good at volleyball. You'll have to invite your friends over for dinner sometime."

"Sure," Wooyoung agreed as he continued to detangle himself. When Wooyoung was finally able to pry San's limbs from off of him, he rolled off his bed before he could get trapped again.

“Oh, one more thing, I wanted to remind you that we have that dinner with some potential investors on Tuesday. Make sure you’re ready at 7 o’clock, because we invited the investor’s family to join us.”

San started to groan in his sleep, so Wooyoung hurried to end his call with his mom before questions were asked. “That’s great mom, but I gotta go. I’ll see you on Tuesday.”

“Okay, don’t forgot-”

“-7 o’clock. Love you, bye.” Wooyoung hung up the phone. He ran a hand through his hair and looked at the sleeping figure that occupied his bed. Wooyoung hoped that San didn’t remember what happened last night. Wooyoung decided that he could pretend it never happened, just so that he could get through his day without having an existential crisis over his enemy-turned-friend. Wooyoung dragged his palm down his face and got up from the floor. He went to his dresser and carried on his morning routine, ignoring the person curled up on his bed.

When Wooyoung was all ready, he entered the kitchen, where Yeosang was busy making a pot of coffee for them.

“Good morning, how is sleeping beauty?” Yeosang teased.

“Passed out like a rock still.”

“Okay, well I left him some pain killers on the counter and some extra coffee.” Yeosang handed Wooyoung a cup of coffee.

“I’m sure he will appreciate our gracious hospitality again,” Wooyoung grumbled.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Yeosang raised his eyebrows.

“Nothing, are you almost ready for work?” Wooyoung got up and headed for the door.

“You’re not getting away with this easily,” Yeosang warned.

“Watch me,” Wooyoung stuck his tongue out and dashed out the door of their apartment.

Wooyoung was bored. Some days things were so slow that he couldn’t even mess around with Yeosang while they worked together (both of them at the level of bored that they would probably murder each other if they other talked). Wooyoung had already reorganized the travel brochures twice and restocked the mini fridge at the entrance of the lobby, filled with refreshments for the guests. The lobby door swooshed open and a friendly face walked through.

“Felix! What are you doing here?” Wooyoung sat up in his seat behind the front desk.

“Hi! I wanted to check on you since we didn’t get to spend that much time at the party last night. Do you want to grab lunch with me?”

“Yeah! I’d love that.” Wooyoung spun around in his chair and called out to the office behind him. “Sangie, I’m taking my lunch now!”

Yeosang appeared in the doorway. “Okay, don’t get lost in the bathroom again.”

Wooyoung groaned, Yeosang was still waiting to hear about what had happened the night prior and Wooyoung was trying his best to forget it ever happened. Wooyoung stood up and walked around the counter. He linked arms with Felix and headed to the restaurant attached at the other end of the lobby.

“What’s he talking about?” Felix asked as he was dragged away.

“You can just ignore him.”

Wooyoung and Felix fell into a natural routine as they enjoyed their meal together. The pair were known for being inseparable at various dance competitions they attended, despite their opposing teams.

“So, are there any hotties that caught your eye this summer?” Felix asked curiously.

Wooyoung stopped mid-bite. “Did someone put you up to this?”

“No, but I couldn’t help but notice that Choi San is staying in town.”

Wooyoung rolled his eyes and picked up his glass of water.

“God, the things he can do with his tongue,” Felix added absent-mindedly as he popped a fry into his mouth.

Wooyoung choked on his water, sending him into a coughing fit. He felt his cheeks heat up from both the embarrassment of choking and what Felix was insinuating. His mind betrayed him with flashes of San’s tongue and how it felt both heavenly and sinful.

“He’s quite hard to resist, I completely understand if you wanted to jump him,” Felix continued much to Wooyoung’s dismay.

Once Wooyoung had regained his composure, he protested his attraction to San (someone needs to tell Wooyoung he’s not as inconspicuous as he thinks.) “Nothing is going on with us! Why does everyone think that? We’re friends!” Wooyoung pauses before he backtracks. “Actually, we’re enemies who just get along for the sake of our friend group!”

“Shit, I did not mean to strike a nerve,” Felix put his hands up in surrender.

Wooyoung frowned and stole one of Felix’s fries. “How do you even know about him? He goes to SNU…” Wooyoung couldn’t help but to indulge his curiosity.

“Well, you know last summer I was teaching at that dance center in Busan, right?”

Wooyoung nodded, continuing to eat his food.

“Everything was going great until San showed up for one of my classes with his broad shoulders and cute dimples. He was clearly inexperienced with dancing but quickly became an outstanding performer. He’s very unforgettable so it was very noticeable when he suddenly stopped showing up. I only saw him one last time after that.

I was staying late at the studio one night and on my way out, I noticed that someone else was in one of the practice rooms. I went to investigate hoping that I didn’t have to call the cops on a burglar. But it was San, he was clearly upset, but he didn’t want to talk about it. He was glad that I ran into him because he wanted to thank me for helping him discover a new passion. He said that volleyball wasn’t really for him, but his family wouldn’t let him do anything else. Then, he started crying and suddenly he was kissing me and I don’t know why but I kissed him back. I can never go back to that room without thinking about what happened that night.” Felix blushed at the last part.

Wooyoung didn’t know why he felt so nauseous as a thousand more questions flooded into his head about San.

Felix noticed how dejected Wooyoung looked. “Rest assured, it was just a one time thing. Last time I even heard about him was in my school’s newspaper. Something about the star of the SNU volleyball team who absolutely destroyed my school’s team.”

Wooyoung hummed, but still wore a blank expression.

“If you wanted him, I wouldn’t blame you. I know he can be irritating at times, but deep down he’s a sweetheart.”

Wooyoung scoffed, if San was a sweetheart, he clearly hadn’t shown that side to him.

“I’m serious, if you get to know him, he might surprise you. You need to stop being so stubborn and let yourself enjoy things,” Felix encouraged.

“You’re starting to sound like Yunho and Yeosang.”

Felix laughed. “Your friends know you better than you think, they’re here to call you out on your bullshit.”

“Maybe I need new friends,” Wooyoung joked.

“No you don’t. You love us too much,” Felix smiled confidently.

“Shut up,” Wooyoung reached over to steal another fry, before Felix could stop him.

A few hours later, Wooyoung was having a staring contest with the clock, counting the seconds until he’s off of his shift. He was startled by the lobby door opening, usually it was pretty empty at this time of the day. Most guests had returned from their evening meals. A man with a helmet carried in two bags filled with togo containers.

“This is a delivery for the King’s Suite.” The man set the food onto the front desk and dashed out the door before Wooyoung could ask any questions.

Wooyoung stood there a little dumbfounded, he looked at Yeosang for an answer, but the latter was engrossed on his phone.

“If you take that up, I’ll clock you out at the proper time,” Yeosang offered, clearly not interested in moving from position to track down a guest.

“Okay, fine I’ll take this to the suite.” Wooyoung picked up the food and made his way to the elevator.

The King’s Suite was the most luxurious suite on the Seaside Resort. It was practically a penthouse on the top floor of the main building. Mostly rich executives from Korea’s mainland cities stayed there on vacations with their secret girlfriends or mistresses.

Wooyoung reached the large double doors and knocked briefly, hoping for a brief interaction with the guest. One of the large doors opened, revealing an unexpected figure.

“San?” Wooyoung was bewildered by the person in front of him.

“Oh hi! Is that the jajangmyeon I ordered? Come on it,” San opened the door for Wooyoung.

Wooyoung had to close his mouth so that he wouldn’t look like a fool as he entered the suite. He had only been in the room a handful of times, mostly because his parents didn’t trust him in their highest quality suite. Wooyoung took his time to observe the large open layout of the suite. Just the kitchen alone was bigger than his and Yeosang’s bedrooms combined. He would probably chop off his right arm for the opportunity to cook there.

“You can put the food right over here,” San pointed to one of the many empty marble countertops in the kitchen.

Wooyoung rushed over to set the food down. He suddenly remembered San’s presence and rushed to leave the suite. “Good night,” Wooyoung spoke as he headed back to the door.

“Wait!” San called out.

Wooyoung turned around, a little flustered by his awkward behavior.

“I ordered plenty of food, you have some with me? As a thank you for taking care of me last night.” San scratched the back of his neck and looked off to the side.

Wooyoung wanted to say no and forget about what happened the night before. Just as he was about to refuse the delicious offer of hot fresh food, he noticed something off in the air.

“Is something burning?” he asked cautiously.

“Oh fuck!” San turned around and bolted to the kitchen stove. There was a big pot on the stove with a clear trail of smoke coming from it. San took off the lid, more smoke billowed into the room. Wooyoung dashed to turn off the burner and turn on the fan above the stove.

“Don’t just stand there, open up the windows before we all get showered on by the sprinkler system and I have to evacuate the whole building!” Wooyoung yelled at San.

San dropped the lid he was holding and went around the suite to open as many windows as possible. Wooyoung carefully brought the pot through the suite to the balcony door. San ran to open the door for him. Wooyoung placed the pot down outside so that the smoke detectors wouldn’t go off.

Once the pair had stopped panicking from the disastrous fire, Wooyoung started giggling. Wooyoung’s laugh was high pitched and loud, but San joined him after collapsing on the floor.

“I guess the great Choi San isn’t perfect after all,” Wooyoung spoke in between his chuckling.

San sighed. “No, I’m not perfect.”

Wooyoung stopped laughing and looked at San, who was hunched over with his resting on his knees. Wooyoung looked away and peered into the pot that was still smoking a little. “What were you even trying to make?”

“Ramen,” San mumbled into his body.

“Didn’t you just order a bunch of Jajangmyeon?” Wooyoung was confused.

“Yeah, I ordered it in case I couldn’t make this work.” San propped his head up to look at the burnt pot. “I wanted to figure out a way to thank you for taking care of my drunk ass last night, I don’t even remember how I got back here.”

Wooyoung cringed, did San remember what happened in the bathroom? “Well jajangmyeon was a nice thought, but you really don’t need to thank me for last night.”

“I don’t normally get that wasted, I just had some family drama I wanted to forget...” San trailed off.

Wooyoung nodded, but didn’t want to press San into revealing more than he wanted to share. “Well maybe I will take you up on your offer for free food, since I saved you from burning down the whole building.”

“Yeah?” San looked at Wooyoung. “Alright let me go get some chopsticks and we can eat in my room, so that the food won’t be ruined by the burnt smell in the rest of the place.” San jumped to his feet and re-entered the suite.

Wooyoung stood on the balcony for a moment longer, enjoying one more breath of fresh air before going back in to help with the food.

Once they had organized what they needed, they rushed into one of the four bedrooms farthest from the kitchen, in hopes that the burning smell wouldn’t infiltrate the room. San insisted that Wooyoung sit on his bed while he walked to open the slider door that connected to the wrap-around balcony. Wooyoung carefully sat on the edge of the bed, knowing that the

duvet probably cost more than most of his belongings. The bedroom was spacious even with the large four-poster king bed filling the middle of the room. Wooyoung noticed two doors on the opposite wall that he assumed led to the closet and private bathroom.

“Do you want to watch a movie?” San gestured to the large flat screen across from the bed. He kicked off his slides and jumped on the mattress. He relocated the pile of plushies at the headboard to one of the side chairs to make room for Wooyoung.

“Sure...” Wooyoung carefully took off his shoes and crawled onto the spot San had cleared for him. “You have quite the collection,” Wooyoung gestured to the pile San had moved.

“Oh, yeah the plushies. I’m obsessed with cute things like that, plus I can’t fall asleep unless I’m cuddling something.”

“That explains your death grip on me this morning.” Wooyoung mumbled as he reached forward to bring the food containers closer to his lap.

“What?”

“Uhhh, after you passed out at the party Yeosang and I brought you back to our room. I honestly had no idea that you were staying in this suite. You obviously wouldn’t have fit on our tiny couch and Yeosang abandoned me as soon as we made it inside so I just dragged you onto my bed.” Wooyoung tried his best to explain the situation.

San looked down, trying not to get embarrassed by the hassle he caused his friends. “Oh, well thank you for all your help. I appreciated waking up in bed rather than the street. Did anything else happen that I don’t remember?”

(You mean besides shoving your tongue down Wooyoung’s throat?)

“No, nothing happened at all.” Wooyoung said quickly. “What movie did you want to watch?” Wooyoung began opening the containers of food to avoid more questions, so he missed the smirk on San’s face.

“Do you want to watch Pirates of the Caribbean?” San switched the TV on and scrolled with a selection of films.

“Sure, that sounds good,” Wooyoung began to gingerly eat the jajangmyeon before it got cold.

San and Wooyoung settled in a comfortable silence as they ate their noodles and watched the film together. When both of them had finished their fill of food, San got up to clear the containers.

Wooyoung took the opportunity to check his phone, he saw that he had five messages from Yeosang(shit.) He immediately dialed his best friend.

“You better be dead in a ditch or kidnapped if you need my help.”

“Hi Sangie,” Wooyoung cringed. He knew Yeosang wasn’t serious, but he must be annoyed that Wooyoung went missing for over an hour when the task should’ve taken a few minutes. “This guest tried burning down the building, so I had to help with damage control.”

“Wooyoung! Do you want an ice cream bar?” San shouted down the hallway, loud enough that the phone picked up the sound.

“Who was that?”

“There’s mint chocolate and caramel!” San shouted again.

“Woo what’s going on?”

“-I’ll text you when I’m on my way back, bye!” Wooyoung hung up his phone.

San appeared in the doorway with two ice cream bars, he looked at Wooyoung’s phone in his hand. “Oh, sorry were you on the phone?”

“It’s okay. It was just Yeosang wondering why I’m not back home.”

“Right,” San paused, with the ice cream still in his hands. “Are you guys together?” He asked hesitantly.

Wooyoung burst out laughing and tipped his body forward.

San stood in place, awkwardly wondering what was so amusing.

“Sangie and I have been best friends for almost seven years. We just share a room together during summer break. You are not the first person to assume we’re dating though,” Wooyoung explained once he stopped laughing.

“Oh, that’s what I thought,” San chuckled awkwardly. “Did you want mint chocolate or caramel?” San asked eagerly, changing the subject.

“Mint chocolate, but don’t tell Hongjoong or he might end all ties with us.” Wooyoung sat up to accept the ice cream bar.

“Oh is he a mint choco hater?” San asked as he took the other bar and went back to his spot on the other side of the bed.

“Yeah, he claims that it’s like toothpaste.”

“Gross,” San scrunched his nose.

“Right, mint is a common culinary flavor!” Wooyoung was trying his best not to let the ice cream melt on the duvet by eating it quickly.

“Oh, I wanted to ask when do you have your next day off?” San licked the side of his ice cream bar. The light flickered off of his piercing, reminding Wooyoung that it does in fact exist and it wasn’t a part of some weird fever dream he had.

“T-tomorrow,” Wooyoung answered, a little breathless.

“Okay cool! I was wondering if I could ask you to be my guide around the island? I haven’t had much time to explore and my family is visiting for a bit later this week. I wanted to show them around while they’re here.”

Wooyoung felt a sharp pain in his skull, so he grimaced and pinched his nose bridge.

“Maybe I shouldn’t have asked if it was going to cause you this much pain.”

“No, I just got a brain freeze.”

“Put your tongue on the roof of your mouth.”

Wooyoung gave him a look, like that was the dumbest solution he’s heard of.

“Unless you’d like me to do it,” San smirked.

“Keep your tongue out of my mouth!”

“You weren’t complaining last night.”

Wooyoung grabbed the nearest pillow and wacked San’s head. “I thought you forgot what happened last night!” Wooyoung squawked.

“I definitely remember making out with you, but everything after that is a blur. I also wanted to apologize for kissing you without asking... I was such a mess last night.”

“Just as long as you don’t try it again, I’m sure we can forget it ever happened.”

“Okay,” San agreed. “So tomorrow?”

“Right, I was going to run some errands, but I guess I can make a couple stops for the best tourist spots.”

“Sounds good, we can meet in the lobby at nine am!”

“Yeah.”

San took another bite from his ice cream bar, his eyes flicked between Wooyoung and the screen in front of them. “Do you want to watch the next one?”

Wooyoung looked down at his unfinished ice cream and realized that he didn’t want to move from his position on the comfiest bed he’s ever been on. “Sure, why not?”

San beamed and clicked the remote to load the next film.

I hope you guys liked the beginning of San's backstory from Felix's perspective, it wasn't planned in my original outline but I thought it fit well with the rest of the story. There's more to come about the enigma that is Choi San.

Also San and Woo spending quality time together?? And they have a (not) date set up? Is it a recipe for disaster or a recipe for a new beginning?

Part Five

Chapter Summary

Wooyoung willingly decides to spend the day with San?? And how are dinosaurs, black sports cars, and glasses all related? Read more to find out!

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry that I was unable to upload a chapter last week, I had finals for one of my classes and now I'm searching for a job so I've had very little time to write. I may have also spent an entire day binge watching Imitation with my friend lol. I stan Sparkling and Shax now.

Also I'm so happy that this fic made it to 1k hits!! Thank you so much for reading this indulgent work and sharing the love.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Shit!” Wooyoung cursed. His phone alarm didn't go off at eight am like he had intended, instead Wooyoung was woken up by a text from San at 9:17.

San: Hey, were you still planning to make it today?

Wooyoung jumped out of his bed and rushed to the bathroom. When he got back to his room, he threw on some sweat shorts and an oversized t-shirt. He grabbed his phone and frantically texted San.

Wooyoung: I'm so sorry! I overslept, I'll be downstairs in a min

San: No worries, I'm glad ur not standing me up -3-

San: I'll be waiting outside!

Wooyoung groaned, putting in his contacts would take too long. He'd have to wear his glasses. Without a second thought, he stuffed his wallet into his backpack, pushed his hair into a cap, and dashed out of his apartment.

Yeosang was nowhere in sight, so Wooyoung assumed he was in the clear. Was he really sneaking around to hang out with San? Before Wooyoung could dwell on that, he stepped into the resort's lobby and slammed into someone.

“Wow, Wooyoung you need to slow down,” Yunho put his hands out to steady Wooyoung.

“Sorry Yunho, I wasn’t looking where I was headed.”

“It’s okay, do you want to come over to play some games later? I was thinking about inviting all of the guys over.”

“Sure, I’ll let you know when I get back. But I gotta dip, I’m so fucking late. Text me the details!” Wooyoung continued to run through the lobby, sending Yunho a quick wave.

When Wooyoung made it outside, San was nowhere in sight.

Wooyoung: I’m just outside of the lobby. Where r u?

Wooyoung glanced up from his phone, as he watched a sleek black car roll up in front of the carport attached to the entrance to the resort. He scoffed, the car looked so ridiculously expensive that only someone like Bruce Wayne could own it. The driver’s door opened and out stepped Choi San.

“What the fuck,” Wooyoung stood there in shock, still a little out of it to process the image in front of him.

“Good morning, are you ready?” San asked brightly. He was dressed in an oversized black blazer, high waisted trousers, and a simple white t-shirt. He looked effortlessly put together, compared to Wooyoung who got ready in less than a minute.

“This is yours?” Wooyoung gestured to the car.

“Oh, Nyx? Yeah I brought her with me,” San says nonchalantly.

“You named your black car after the goddess of night?”

“Yes?” San answers hesitantly.

“You never fail to amaze me.”

“Really?”

“No, but let’s get moving. I have lots to show you and I want to get there before there’s a bunch of tourists.” Wooyoung walked around the car and entered the passenger side.

San re-entered the car and the pair took off for their day trip.

“No, I’m not taking you to the dinosaur museum.” Wooyoung frowned. After a couple of hours of driving across Jeju for the best scenic spots, the pair decided to stop for a meal and enjoy some of the local seafood.

“Come on, we can just go for a few minutes,” San begged.

“It’s a complete gimmick and a tourist trap for little kids, just like half the other museums on this island.”

“Please,” San pouted and scrunched his nose.

Wooyoung felt his heart strings tug, looking at San’s face was like an overload on cuteness. He quickly used his chopsticks to shove a large bite of food into San’s mouth. San looked shocked at the sudden intrusion, but chewed and swallowed the food Wooyoung gave him. Wooyoung resumed eating his own meal, to distract himself that he just fed San from his own chopsticks(aka indirect kissing).

“We could just drive by,” San spoke, breaking the silence.

Wooyoung laughed for a moment and then with a blank face denied San, “no.” Wooyoung picked another bite of food and moved to shove it into San’s face. San jerked his head back, but Wooyoung reached forward with his other hand to tap his jaw as a signal to open up. San reluctantly opened his mouth again and rolled his eyes as he ate another bite.

Despite their argument over the dinosaur museum, Wooyoung and San’s meal went well for their standards. Wooyoung was surprised he was able to enjoy the meal without it ending in a yelling match. He was scared of how well they actually got along.

“Before we head back to the Seaside I need to pick up some groceries.” Wooyoung went through the mental checklist he had in his head as they strolled back to San’s car.

“Do you like to cook?”

“From time to time, my kitchen here is so tiny and the oven never works properly, it’s a pain in the ass to make anything semi-elaborate.”

“You’re welcome to use my kitchen, I think I’ve learned that I should stay clear of it,” San offered.

“Oh I couldn’t, I think that it would be unprofessional-”

“-Wooyoung, relax, we’re friends. You can use my kitchen,” San insisted.

Wooyoung wanted to refuse again, but San seemed just as stubborn. “I guess I could use a new taste tester. Did you know there was this one time Yeosang ordered food, even though I was already cooking?”

“Hmmm did he?” San answered distractedly as he stared at Wooyoung.

“What’s wrong? Is there something on my face?” Wooyoung brought his hand to wipe his cheeks thinking that there might be a remnant of the food they just ate.

“No, you just look really cute in glasses.”

Wooyoung stopped walking and attempted to process San’s comment. San noticed Wooyoung’s absence next to him and turned around. “Did I say something wrong?”

“I look like trash today. I didn’t have time to put in my contacts or wear makeup.” Wooyoung covered his face with his hand as he nervously adjusted his half black half clear glasses.

San reached forward to remove Wooyoung’s hand from hiding his face. “You look especially handsome today, even without makeup or contacts. I can see your features more clearly.”

Wooyoung blinked, unable to do anything else, as San’s thumb brushed over his beauty mark. Wooyoung broke eye contact and looked off to the ground. “Umm, thanks.”

“You’re welcome,” San smiled and started walking forward again. “Oh by the way, Yunho texted me about gaming later. I told him that we should all meet up at my place, since I’ve been dying to hook up my xbox to the big flatscreen. You’re still planning on coming, right?” San stopped in front of his car and propped the door open, waiting for Wooyoung to catch up.

“Like I would give up a chance to beat your ass.” Wooyoung smiled as he slid into the passenger side of the car.

San chuckled and entered his side of the car. “I’d like to see you try.”

Wooyoung was officially going to murder San. There was no way in hell he was going to let San beat him at his favorite game. Wooyoung gripped his controller tighter and tried to move his fingers faster. He watched in agony as his health bar rapidly decreased.

“No, no, no, Noooooooooooooooooo!” Wooyoung yelled as his avatar died on the enormous TV in front of him. He kicked his legs out in frustration and tossed his offending controller in front of him.

“Yoooooooooooooooooooo!” Seonghwa and Yunho yelled at the intense match. Their other friends were adding to the commotion by adding obnoxious sounds and laughing at Wooyoung’s reaction to losing to San.

Wooyoung spun around to give his friends a dirty look. He felt a hand play with the hair at the nape of his neck. He froze as San gave his neck a light squeeze. Wooyoung quickly shrugged the hand off of his neck and turned around to face his opponent. San was smiling sweetly as if he hadn’t just kicked Wooyoung’s ass.

“We’re playing this again,” Wooyoung reached forward to grab the controller that had flung out of his hands.

“Best two out of three?” San asked, raising his eyebrow.

“Fine with me,” Wooyoung fiddled with the controller to start a new game.

“Wait, let’s add some stakes. Winner gets to ask for any favor from the loser.”

“Deal,” Wooyoung agreed with the hopes that he would finally get the chance to humiliate San, or get him on his knees. Wooyoung shook his head, he needed to focus on winning and

not some fleeting fantasy.

By the end of the second game, Wooyoung was successful in regaining his dignity. His friends erupted into another bout of noise and excitement from their places on the couch behind the battling pair. Wooyoung smirked at San, who had his jaw clenched in frustration. Wooyoung wasn't going to give up without a fight.

"Ready to go again, or do you need a break?" Wooyoung mocked.

"I'm always ready for you, baby." San said confidently. He used his controller to restart the game.

Wooyoung's smile faltered. More chaotic noise came from the tallest of the group; Seonghwa, Yunho, and Mingi.

"Baby? Who is baby?" Jongho asked Yeosang, who was squished next to him on the end of the couch.

"Wooyoung, but he's in denial," Yeosang answered.

"What the fuck Yeosang?" Wooyoung yelled at his best friend. Wooyoung let out a small scream when he realized that this opened up an opportunity for San to attack his avatar in the game. Wooyoung let out a huff of frustration as he ignored his friend and focused on the game. If San was going to play dirty, Wooyoung would have to do the same.

After a few minutes of struggling to regain the upper hand, Wooyoung gave up and pinched San's side. San let out a small squeal, before using his elbow to knock into Wooyoung. Wooyoung retaliated with a harder shove, using his elbow. Unexpectedly, San used his full strength to push Wooyoung. The sudden movement caused the controller to slip out of Wooyoung's grip.

As Wooyoung tried to regain his balance, San grabbed his freehand and pinned it to the floor, causing Wooyoung's back to hit the floor hard. He felt the air leave his lungs as San towered over his body. Wooyoung felt like he was being undressed by San's eyes and he secretly loved the attention. In the distant background, the video game indicated that Wooyoung's avatar had died, leading to San's victory.

"I win," San smiled with his signature cheshire grin. San's loose t-shirt hung off of his chest, exposing his defined collarbones. His purple hair fell from his forehead, giving him a dark halo around his devilish face.

Wooyoung's heart was beating erratically, his hand clutching the controller was struggling greatly against San's hold. Why did San have to be so infuriating and attractive at the same time? More importantly: why did Wooyoung want to kiss that smirk off of San's face?

The audience behind them howled at the sudden shift in tension. Wooyoung jabbed his knee into San's ribs, which sent San flying off of his position above Wooyoung. There was a knock at the suite's door.

“Pizza’s here!” Yunho shouted. Everyone scrambled from their positions to try and reach the food as soon as possible. Wooyoung took his time, still a little dazed from practically being manhandled by San. By the time he reached the kitchen, the rest of the group all had a slice or two in their hands, devouring them quickly. Jongho handed Wooyoung one of the remaining slices from the box.

“Thanks.”

“No problem,” Jongho replied.

Wooyoung took a couple of bites out of his pizza as he listened to Mingi and Hongjoong discuss their favorite musicians and rappers. Wooyoung watched as Seonghwa apologized softly for knocking into San on the other side of the kitchen island (this kitchen was a dream to Wooyoung). San offered Seonghwa a smile with full cheeks, a complete 180 from the dark gaze he had over Wooyoung just a few moments earlier. Seonghwa cooed at the adorable look and used his head to softly bump into San’s since his hands were full of pizza. Wooyoung felt his stomach drop. He didn’t realize that he was glaring at Seonghwa and San (again) until Yeosang nudged him.

“Someone looks jealous,” Yeosang spoke softly so that only Wooyoung would hear him.

“I’m not jealous!” Wooyoung hissed back.

“Would you guys be interested in staying longer? We could watch a movie or something?” San offered to the group, interrupting Wooyoung and Yeosang’s quarrel.

“Are you sure we wouldn’t be overstaying our welcome?” Yunho asked.

“Nah, I like you guys. You’re always welcome to stay whenever you want.”

Wooyoung felt a little confused. San had offered something similar to him when they went out for lunch. It made sense that he offered his place to the whole group, they were just friends after all.

“What do you guys feel like watching? Action, comedy, or horror?” Hongjoong asked.

The group immediately offered conflicting answers.

“Hold up, let’s vote. Who wants to watch action movies?” Jongho and Wooyoung raised their hands. They smiled at each other and high-fived.

“What about comedy?” San raised his hand.

Wooyoung frowned, there was something suspicious going on.

“And horror?” Yunho, Mingi, Yeosang, and Seonghwa all raised their hands.

“Okay, I guess we’re watching a horror film,” Hongjoong concluded.

The group made their way back to the large sectional couch. Wooyoung quickly finished the last few bites of his pizza. When he returned to the living room, he knew something was up. The only available seat was in between San and Seonghwa. The rest of the group was comfortably sprawled across the couch and the floor, leaving no room for Wooyoung to sit anywhere else. Wooyoung jumped onto Seonghwa's lap, craving his attention. Seonghwa wrestled him a little before shoving him off onto the floor, nearly landing on top of Yunho.

Wooyoung huffed, the movie had started playing and someone had turned off the lights to increase the scare factor. He accepted his defeat and settled next to San. Wooyoung did his best to ignore San's presence, but it was difficult when their legs were pressed against each other (fitting seven full grown humans onto one couch was challenging). Wooyoung fidgeted with hands, deciding to cross them on his lap. Horror wasn't his favorite genre of film, but he was happy that he was spending so much time with all of his new friends.

Part way through the film, Seonghwa handed him a bowl of popcorn, passing it down to the end of the couch, so that everyone got a snack. Wooyoung took a gracious handful, before intending to hand the bowl back to Seonghwa. Seonghwa pushed the bowl back to Wooyoung. Wooyoung tilted his head, was he supposed to take more?

Seonghwa pointed to the other side of Wooyoung, indicating that he should pass the bowl to San. Wooyoung rolled his eyes, before taking the bowl and shoving it into San's chest without sparing him a glance. San jumped and clutched onto the bowl, a few pieces spilled onto his lap and onto the couch. Wooyoung was not expecting San to be so startled by the action. Wooyoung gave San a quizzical look as San took a portion of popcorn before handing it back to Wooyoung. Wooyoung shrugged his shoulders and passed the bowl back to Seonghwa, who accepted it now that San has his share.

Since the group was watching a horror film, jump scares and other intense stalkings were bound to occur. Wooyoung flinched at the first one. After taking a moment to calm down, he noticed that San had jumped as well, almost violently so. San seemed unaware that he managed to reach out towards Wooyoung's thigh. Wooyoung wanted to brush San's hand off his leg, but another jump scare caused San's hand to tense harder. Wooyoung noticed that San was shaking slightly, trying his best not to show that he was actually afraid.

Wooyoung took a moment to consider what he should do. The room was dark enough that he could probably get away with comforting San without his friends giving him shit for it. Wooyoung reached for San's hand. The sudden brush against his skin caused San to pull his hand back. Wooyoung pulled back harder, linking their fingers together, in an attempt to ground San. San looked at Wooyoung and opened his mouth to apologize, but Wooyoung cut him off by using his free hand to tilt San's head onto his shoulder. San's tense shoulder seemed to relax a little, even though he increased his grip on Wooyoung's hand every time there was an suspenseful part of the film. Wooyoung felt better now that San was settled and less jumpy.

The pair stayed curled up for the remainder of the movie. When the credit began to roll, Wooyoung shoved San's head off his shoulder and unclasped his hand. San looked confused for a moment, before he straightened out his upper back, sore from being in the same position for so long.

Hongjoong yawned, causing a chain reaction from some of the other members of the group. “I think I’m going to head out now, I gotta get up early and work on some projects.”

“Yeah, I should head out too,” Seonghwa agreed, following Hongjoong off the couch.

“Well, you guys are more than welcome to spend the night here,” San offered.

“Sleepover!” Yunho and Mingi cheered.

“Maybe next time,” Seonghwa replied, draping an arm over a sleepy Hongjoong as they headed for the door.

“Goodnight, then,” San called after them, finally getting up from the couch himself.

“Yeosang, should we head out too?” Wooyoung turned to his friend.

“Nah, we have the night shift tomorrow because you have that dinner with your parents, remember?” Yeosang refused to move from his spot on the couch, a clear indication he had no intentions on going home.

“Oh, well, if it’s not too much trouble...” Wooyoung looked sheepishly at San.

“It’s no problem at all,” San smiled. “We just have to share a bed.”

“What?” Wooyoung gawked at him.

“Yeah, there’s only three beds and there’s six of us, so we should share.”

On cue, Mingi, Yunho, Yeosang, and Jongho bolted off of the couch to claim the available bed space in the additional bedrooms.

Wooyoung felt stuck on the couch, there was no way he could beat any of his friends to a free bed, so that means...

“Guess that means, you’ll have to sleep with me.” San smiled with his signature cheshire grin.

“Did you plan this?” Wooyoung accused.

“Me? Never. I suppose you can stay out here on the couch. Although it does get quite frigid in the mornings, so it’s up to you.” San sauntered off to his room, leaving Wooyoung on his own in the living room. Wooyoung flung his head back onto the couch cushions and let out a groan in frustration.

I hope that you guys enjoyed this chapter, filled with Woosan's charming banter.
Thank you for all of the support! Look out for the next chapter in a week!

Part Six

Chapter Summary

Does Wooyoung take up San's offer to share his bed?

Cue: one bed trope

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wooyoung was shivering, actually shivering. None of his so-called friends had spared a single blanket (he tried stealing one from Yeosang and Jongho's room but Jongho's strength proved Wooyoung's endeavors useless). Wooyoung sat up on the couch and stared at the walls warming his friends, while he was left to suffer in the cold. Wooyoung was too stubborn to go back to his own room and too stubborn to take San's offer up, by joining him in his room.

So what was there left to do? Wooyoung bolted to his feet; he decided to take the middle road and give San a piece of his mind (cause that's always worked out well).

Wooyoung knocked loudly on San's door, expecting to demand some blankets or something else to keep him warm. San couldn't just assume that Wooyoung would be fine with his cheeky comments and sweet smiles. Wooyoung raised his fist again, but the door swung open. Standing before Wooyoung was San, his purple hair was damp, he must have just gotten out of the shower. His torso was bare, practically on display (I swear this man owns shirts, he just doesn't seem to wear them when Wooyoung's around...). Wooyoung's eyes drifted lower to the sweatpants sitting low on San's hips, accentuating the defined V.

San cleared his throat, casually leaning against the door frame. Wooyoung snapped his eyes up.

"I'm cold," was all that Wooyoung could get out of his mouth.

"Then come on in," San shifted to the side, gesturing for Wooyoung to enter his room.

"I just want to grab a blanket so I don't freeze to death on the couch," Wooyoung crossed his arms and walked past San.

"You'll be warmer here. It's not like we haven't shared a bed before." San closed his door and made his way to where Wooyoung was standing in the middle of the room.

"That was different, you- ... I-" Wooyoung trailed off, struggling to concentrate with the way that San was looking at him.

San raised his eyebrow.

“Can you put on a shirt?” Wooyoung blurted out.

“Why? Am I distracting you?” San took a step forward and flexed his muscles.

Wooyoung slapped San’s shoulder.

“Ow,” San brought his hand up to his shoulder, as if Wooyoung’s hit truly hurt him.

“Just give me a blanket.”

“Can you ask politely?”

Wooyoung frowned and crossed his arms again. He was not going to give in that easily.

San sighed. “You’re too cute for your own good.” San went to his bed and picked up a throw blanket, throwing it over his shoulder. “I’ll sleep on the couch, you can sleep on the bed.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I’ll sleep on the couch.”

“I don’t want you to be uncomfortable, so you can take the bed and I’ll sleep on the couch.”

“You don’t need to be so selfless, I’m fine sleeping on the couch.” Wooyoung attempted to take the blanket off of his shoulder. The blanket refused to budge an inch as San grabbed the other end.

“It’s my bed, I can decide who sleeps in or not and I want you to sleep here.”

Wooyoung pulled harder. The two engaged in a tug-of-war with the blanket. “Why are you so stubborn?” Wooyoung gritted through his teeth.

Wooyoung let go of the blanket, he was frustrated with San’s ability to not budge. Without thinking Wooyoung grabbed San’s face with both of his hands and pulled him down to meet his lips in a fierce kiss. Wooyoung felt his lips burn with the memory of the last time they had done this. There was no trace of alcohol clouding the sensation this time.

Wooyoung pushed forward trying to chase the feeling and deepen the kiss, but San pulled back. San looked into Wooyoung’s eyes and searched for an answer to his brash actions.

Wooyoung turned away, embarrassed for not thinking this through. Maybe he completely misread San’s flirty compliments and the tension between them as something more than a friendly rivalry.

“Wooyoung, please look at me,” San requested softly.

Wooyoung wanted to tug that blanket over his head and run away to end his misery. Wooyoung’s feet refused to move, so he slowly lifted his head.

“I don’t want to fuck this up anymore than I already have-”

“-it’s fine, San, we can just forget that this happened-”

“-I don’t want to forget.” San reached forward to hold Wooyoung’s wrists. “I had the best time spending the whole day with you; listening to you laugh at my stupid jokes and arguing about the best fish to eat. I feel horrible for taking advantage of you at Seonghwa’s party and I want to do this right. You drive me crazy, Wooyoung.”

The air felt heavy as Wooyoung tried to process what San had confessed.

“I’ll uh be in the living room, if you need anything.” San turned around, shoulders slightly hunched.

Wooyoung reached out to grab San’s wrist before he left the room. “Ask me again.”

“What?” San turned back around to Wooyoung.

“Ask me to stay with you.” Wooyoung stated as his heart rate increased.

San laughed and tipped forward, brushing his hair off of his forehead. “You always like to push me in every direction.”

Wooyoung blushed slightly, maybe he had taken his one-sided rivalry too far. “Just ask me again.”

San looked Wooyoung directly in the eyes. “Wooyoung, will you sleep with me?”

“Asshole,” Wooyoung kicked San without any hesitation.

“Alright, alright I’ll stop teasing.” San tugged on Wooyoung’s hand and guided him towards the bed.

“Are you sure you’re not just trying to get me to be your personal pillow?” Wooyoung asked with a teasing smile.

“Hey, I can’t help that I’m a cuddler, you know what you’re getting into.” San carefully placed his plushies off of the bed to make room for Wooyoung.

“Whatever.” Wooyoung carefully approached the bed, and pulled back the covers. He was still rather cold from the freezing temperatures of the living room and couldn’t wait to get under the fluffy duvet. “At least try to stay on your side of the bed.”

Wooyoung was woken up by the sound of a phone camera shutter. He opened his blurry eyes and saw four human-like shapes standing at the edge of the bed. He brought a hand up to his eyes and rubbed them trying to get them into focus. Wooyoung heard another flash go off and snapped his eyes open. The blurry shapes were suddenly his friends, all creeping on him sleeping.

“You motherfuckers better get back here!” Wooyoung yelled as his friends bolted out of the room. He wanted to chase after them, but an arm wrapped around his waist secured him to the bed.

“Young-ah, why are you yelling? It’s so early,” San mumbled into his pillow, his voice thick and gravelly. San’s eyes were still closed as he cradled Wooyoung in his arms.

Wooyoung rolled around to face San, his heart fluttered at the soft sound of the nickname. Wooyoung usually didn’t like it when people shortened his name like that, but it sounded divine coming from San’s lips. “Our friends are too nosy,” he pouted, not wanting to leave the comfort of San’s large bed or deal with they’re millions of teasing questions.

Wooyoung was thankful that San had put on a shirt before they went to sleep, otherwise that would have been even more suspicious (and very dangerous for Wooyoung’s own conscience). “Sannie, we have to get up soon,” Wooyoung called softly brushing the hair out of his face.

San nuzzled his head further into the pillow and Wooyoung’s chest. “You’re too comfy.” San looked in the morning, his purple hair was extra fluffy and his lips were extra pouty.

Wooyoung wanted to lean forward and press kisses all over San’s face.

“Fuck,” Wooyoung cursed under his breath. Maybe Yeosang was right, Wooyoung might have a big fat crush on his so-called rival Choi San. Wooyoung couldn’t deny that San was perfectly sculpted by the Gods and despite the fact that they can’t go a day without arguing, San is one of the kindest people that Wooyoung has met. To have such an epiphany when said person is literally clinging to you in the early hours of the morning, made Wooyoung’s instincts tell him to run, so he did.

Wooyoung shoved San’s arm off of his waist and bolted out of the bed.

San sat up, still half-asleep, curiously looking at Wooyoung’s sudden movement. “What’s wrong?”

“I have to go. I left my sheets in the dishwasher. Bye-” Wooyoung fumbled out as he scrambled out of the room. Wooyoung made his way to the kitchen, where he found his friends circled around the coffee pot.

“Let’s go,” Wooyoung grabbed Yeosang’s hand, not offering an explanation.

“Don’t you want coffee before you go?” Mingi asked, offering a mug in his direction.

“Another time.” Wooyoung gave a small smile and tugged Yeosang out the door.

Yeosang didn’t say a word until they made it back to their room. Wooyoung collapsed onto the floor and released a deep breath, before letting out a scream.

“Are you okay?” Yeosang asked, concerned with Wooyoung’s sudden desire to leave.

Wooyoung groaned, he might as well endure the teasing and tell Yeosang what happened. “I like San.”

“Okay?” Yeosang looked at Wooyoung like he failed to see what was wrong with that.

“But he’s my rival, we’re always fighting, and he probably hates me anyway, so it’s hopeless.”

“Did you just come up with this now?” Yeosang let out an amused huff.

“Unfortunately, god I’m so stupid. I can’t face him after I kissed him.”

“You kissed San?”

Wooyoung hadn’t meant to reveal that he and San had made out, but he knew that Yeosang wouldn’t stop teasing him until he knew the whole truth. “We kissed at Seonghwa’s party and now it’s weird between us, I think he’s only being nice to me because we had to take care of his drunk ass. I don’t know what led me to do it but I kissed him last night. He was being too chivalrous and wanted to give up his bed for me, while he slept on the couch. I just kissed him and he pulled away from me, so we compromised and shared the bed. Then this morning he looked so cute snuggled up in the bedding, I wanted to kiss him again. So before I could fuck up again, I had to leave.” Wooyoung sighed and raked a hand through his hair.

“So you left San, alone in his room after kissing him last night?”

Wooyoung slapped Yeosang’s chest. “Why are you more concerned about him?”

“Because you are sending him mixed signals. You kiss him in one moment, then leave him the next.”

“I don’t see how that matters-”

Yeosang flicked Wooyoung’s forehead.

“Ow! What was that for?” Wooyoung rubbed his forehead.

“San likes you back!”

Wooyoung laughed. “You should be comedian Yeosang.”

“The whole group has been trying to figure out a way for you two to get your shit together and date already. The mutual pinning is painful to watch.”

“What the fuck,” Wooyoung mumbled softly. “Well, now he really hates me because I ran out.”

“Hey, you can make it up to him.” Yeosang wiggled his eyebrows.

Wooyoung gaped at his best friend. “You want me to use my body?”

Yeosang flicked Wooyoung's forehead again. "No, you idiot. Ask him out to the carnival this weekend. Win him a plushie and then you guys can be gross together."

"I don't know. I don't have a good track record when it comes to me making the first move."

Yeosang placed his hands on Wooyoung's shoulders. "Wooyoung, trust me, San is crazy about you."

"San had said the same thing last night," Wooyoung smiled sheepishly.

Yeosang faked throwing up into his hand. "You guys really deserve each other."

"I'm going to pretend that that was a complement." Wooyoung leaned forward to hug Yeosang. "Thanks Yeosang, I can always count on you to help me from overthinking."

Yeosang accepted the hug. "You still owe me a coffee after you made me leave mine behind," he added.

"Yeah that's fair." Wooyoung agreed.

San: Hey! You left your keys here this morning. Can I drop them off later?

"You should tell him to come over when we're done with work."

Yeosang's voice scared Wooyoung, he hadn't noticed the other reading the text message over his shoulder. "Don't scare me like that!"

"What?" Yeosang looked completely unbothered.

"Just mind your own business!" Wooyoung complained.

"Yeah, that's gotten you nowhere, so you need my help." Yeosang reached over Wooyoung's shoulder and attempted to take his phone.

Wooyoung clutched his phone, trying not to get it stolen. "I can flirt just fine on my own."

The pair fumbled for possession of the phone. Much to Wooyoung's horror, the phone fell on the table and began to dial San's number.

Hello?

"Shit!" Wooyoung cursed, but quickly picked up the phone to talk into the receiver. "Hi San." Wooyoung shot daggers at Yeosang. "Sorry I didn't mean to call you. I was going to reply to your text, but my hand slipped. But uh we should meet up when I'm off the clock, so I can get my keys cause I forgot them," Wooyoung rambled.

Oh? That sounds good. What time should I meet you?

"I'll be back at my place just after 4pm."

Cool. I'll see you then.

“Great! See you later!” Wooyoung frantically hung up the phone, ending the call before it got extremely awkward.

“That was really smooth, buddy.” Yeosang patted Wooyoung’s back in consolation.

“I panicked! Okay? I’m never going to be able to look San in the eyes ever again!” Wooyoung curled inwards.

“You are so dramatic.” Yeosang rolled his eyes.

“I learned it from the best.” Wooyoung flashed a smile at his best friend.

Yeosang let out a fake laugh, following normal antics between the two.

Wooyoung only had a few minutes to prepare before San would come over. Wooyoung didn’t know why he was putting so much effort into how clean his room looked since San would only be there for a moment to drop off Wooyoung’s forgotten belongings. Yeosang had decided (was bribed) to hang out with Yunho so that Wooyoung and San could “talk”.

Wooyoung did his best to collect dirty dishes back into the kitchenette and collect dirty laundry in the hamper. A knock at the door disrupted Wooyoung’s nervous stream of thoughts. Wooyoung was tempted to jump out his window and never face any of his San related problems. With a deep breath, Wooyoung approached his door and opened it for San. San looked charming as ever, dressed casually. Wooyoung felt a pang of guilt for abandoning San earlier that morning, but he had to take some time to address the fact that he likes San.

“Hi,” Wooyoung spoke a little breathlessly.

“Hey,” San offered a shy smile.

“Do you want to come in?”

“Sure.”

Wooyoung held the door open for San to enter his living space. “Do you want anything to drink?”

“I’m fine, thanks.”

“Yeah, no problem.” Wooyoung struggled to stand still with the slightly awkward tension in the room.

“Um, here are your keys.” San pulled out Wooyoung’s keys from his pocket. Wooyoung was lucky that he remembered to grab his phone and wallet that morning, but his keys must have fallen on his dash out the door. Luckily, Yeosang had lent his spare keys to Wooyoung.

“Thank you. And for coming all this way here.” Wooyoung accepted the keys into his hands.

“No problem.” San paused, the room filled with an uncomfortable atmosphere, since they didn’t know how to act around each other now that they had danced around labeling their relationship. “I guess I’ll head out now.”

“Wait!” Wooyoung yelled louder than he intended. “I uh- What are you doing on Friday?”

San cocked his head to the side.

“Cause I’d like to go to the Carnival with you?” Wooyoung explained further.

“Are you asking me to go out with you?” San asked warily, clearly shocked.

“Yes?” Wooyoung spoke, unsure in his determination.

San started laughing in a high pitched sound that Wooyoung found too lovely for no particular reason.

“What’s so funny?” Wooyoung asked worriedly.

“It’s just that I’ve been trying to ask you out since the first day I saw you here and I think you were the last person to notice.”

“Oh…” Wooyoung absorbed San’s confession. “So is that a yes to the carnival?”

“Sometimes I question why I like you, but fuck you’re really cute.”

Wooyoung blushed. “I - uh do not handle competition well, it may have clouded my ability to recognize that I like you back.”

“It took you long enough.” San stepped forward.

Wooyoung closed the gap and leaned in to San to kiss him.

This time San returned the heated kiss. Wooyoung’s hands went back to cup San’s jaw and San’s hands came down to rest on Wooyoung’s waist delicately. San pulled away to plant soft and wet kisses on Wooyoung’s face and jaw, causing Wooyoung to burst into giggles.

Wooyoung smiled as San stopped his attack and gave Wooyoung an innocent kiss on the lips. Wooyoung gasped at the sudden feeling, the kiss growing less innocent as the seconds went by. He closed his eyes and reciprocated the kiss. San moved his hand to the small of Wooyoung’s back to press their bodies closer, slotting their legs together. Wooyoung welcomed the intrusion of San’s tongue into his mouth, relishing the cool feeling of San’s piercing against his hot mouth. San pulled Wooyoung closer into his chest, so that there was no longer a gap between their bodies. Wooyoung surged forward, biting San’s lower lip and dragging it back with his teeth.

San pulled back, his bottom lip looked red and swollen from all of Wooyoung’s ministrations. “Are you convinced that I like you now?”

“Not at all,” Wooyoung weaved his fingers into San’s purple hair and yanked him closer. His appetite for San’s lips was unquenched, he needed more convincing.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter is a little short, I tried to include as many as fluffy moments as possible. I love Wooyoung and Yeosang's friendship so much.
Also the next chapter is going to contain a lot of angst sorry not sorry.

Part Seven

Chapter Summary

Wooyoung and San have just confessed their mutual attraction to one another, how long will the happy couple last?

Chapter Notes

Content Warnings:

A character experiences an anxiety spiral and someone gets slapped
nothing too serious but I thought I'd include some warnings anyways

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wooyoung met up with Seonghwa and Hongjoong for brunch at the Seaside Resort's attached restaurant the following morning. He felt a little guilty about not spending as much time with them this summer since he's been preoccupied with San. Regardless, Wooyoung was glad that his friends wanted to see him.

Seonghwa listed off his favorite booths that he wanted to visit when the Carnival was set up later that week. Even though Wooyoung hated most of the events hosted by the cohorts of the beach-front resorts, the Carnival was something he's enjoyed since he was a kid. Artists and vendors from around the island set up festive booths, game stations, and amusement rides.

Wooyoung's parents sponsored their own booth to promote their resort and donate part of the proceeds to wildlife protection efforts. Throughout the years, Wooyoung and his friends volunteered at the Seaside's booth(they were also bribed with free food provided by Wooyoung's parents). Hongjoong was currently discussing the playlist he planned to play through their portable speaker system. Seonghwa chided him for including a few explicit songs, reminding Hongjoong that this was a family friendly event. Wooyoung only knew a few of the songs he listed since Hongjoong liked to experiment with a wide range of music. Wooyoung ignored most of the conversation since he knew the two would continue to argue over the selection.

Out of the corner of his eye, Wooyoung noticed two familiar figures passing through the lobby, headed towards the beach. Wooyoung's mouth twitched into a smile as his eyes lingered on San and Mingi tossing a volleyball between them. San recognized Wooyoung and immediately stopped in his tracks to wave at Wooyoung.

Wooyoung returned the wave and blushed as San sent a flying kiss in his direction. San pulled out his phone to indicate to Wooyoung that he should read the text message he was going to send. Wooyoung took out his phone and watched as the messages appeared on his screen.

San: Hi baby!

San: I miss you :))))

Wooyoung smiled softly and typed out a response.

Wooyoung: Yah! Stop calling me baby!

San: You love it~

San: I can see your smile from here.

Wooyoung: (eye roll emoji)

San: What r u doing rn?

Wooyoung: Eating w/ Seonghwa and Hongjoong, what r u up to?

San: volleyball w/ Mingi, my coach wants us in peak physical condition even during the off-season

Wooyoung: oof that's rough, have fun tho!

San: Thanks baby. Can I meet you later?

Wooyoung: I can't tonight (frown-y face emoji)

Wooyoung: My parents invited me over for dinner, we can meet tomorrow?

San: Yes! babjsdbfk

Wooyoung was confused by the sudden keyboard smash in their text conversation, so he looked up to see Mingi dragging San in a choke hold. San struggled to escape, Mingi's height and long limbs were advantageous. Wooyoung giggled at the interaction.

Seonghwa stopped talking with Hongjoong and acknowledged Wooyoung's sudden noises. "What's so funny?"

Wooyoung looked away from San and back at his friends sitting across from him. He cleared his throat. "Uh, nothing, a guest tripped."

Hongjoong turned around, but Mingi and San were no longer in sight. Probably making their way to the beach volleyball courts.

"They're gone now, sorry I'm paying attention."

Wooyoung felt his phone buzz and pulled it out one more time.

San: I gtg baby (crying face emoji) Mingi wants to play before it gets too late.

San: ttyl ^ 3 ^

Wooyoung only knew a few things about the dinner he was attending:

- 1) He had to dress semi-formally
- 2) He had to be on his best behavior
- 3) His parents closed off their sky lounge to host these potential investors
- 4) He was going to absolutely hate every second of it

Wooyoung loved spending time with his family but these business dinners with potential investors had Wooyoung feeling like his every move was being viewed under a microscope. He often spent the night only speaking when spoken to and wearing a polite, but forced smile. When he was younger, he would invite Yeosang over so they watched scary movies together. But now that he was older, his parents requested that he observe the dinners in hopes to present a functional familial image.

Wooyoung dug into the depths of his closet to find his dressiest clothes. They were buried deep at the back since he preferred comfy oversized clothing that was easy to dance in. Eventually, he found a simple blue button down and black slacks. He left the top two buttons undone and decided that it was too hot for a tie. He pulled out a matching black blazer in case it did eventually cool down and decided to pair off the look with his favorite bracelets and earrings. Wooyoung looked at his mirror one last time to pat down his wavy black hair and deemed himself ready for the night.

Wooyoung made his way out of his room and spotted Yeosang, Yunho, and Jungho huddled around the TV arguing over what game to play.

“Hey guys, I’m on my way out!” he yelled at them.

“Bye, have fun!” Yunho cheered him on, knowing that he hated these types of functions.

“Thanks, see you later!” Wooyoung waved goodbye to his friends and headed out to the skyline bar.

Wooyoung found his parents waiting outside of the reserved dining area, they were dressed elegantly.

“Wooyoung!” his mom called out.

He picked up his pace and hugged both of his parents.

“My son looks so handsome!”

Wooyoung smiled at the compliment. “Thanks, Mom.”

“You know that your mother would worry less if you had dinner with us every once in a while,” Mr. Jung advised his son.

Mrs. Jung smacked her husband on the chest. “Oh stop, our boy needs to go out with his friends and enjoy his youth before he gets too old, like us.”

“Mom, you're not old! Dad on the other hand...” Wooyoung teased his father.

Before Mr. Jung could playfully retaliate, Mrs. Jung opened the door to the secluded dining area. “Come on you two, let’s get seated.”

Wooyoung followed his parents and waited for his seating assignment.

“Okay Mr. Kim is going to sit at the far corner of the table. Your father will sit across from him. I will sit across from Mrs. Kim and Wooyoung you will sit here, across from Mr. Kim’s eldest son. He’s around your age.”

Wooyoung groaned internally. This was going to be worse than he anticipated. His mother always expected that he would become best friends with the children of the various investors and VIP guests that his parents invited to their dinners. Just because he was near the ages of the guests it did not mean that he got along with them. It’s one of the many reasons why he can’t stand the righteous VIP guests, all eager to brag about their fast sports cars, their designer clothes, and how the Seaside was subpar to the thousand of other resorts they’ve visited. The last time Wooyoung got close to one of the spoiled brats, he ended up with a broken heart and he still hasn’t quite recovered from it.

Wooyoung wanted to make a mad dash for it before the Kim family arrived and return to his room so that he could spend the rest of the evening watching movies with his friends. Before he could plan his escape or claim that he has food poisoning, the Kim’s announced their arrival.

Mr. Kim entered the room, followed by his wife. Mr. Kim had a sharp jawline, a long nose, and small eyes hidden behind wire frames. Mrs. Kim was petite and had a small round face. She looked at least 15 years younger than her husband, but Wooyoung was sure that it was mostly due to plastic surgery.

“Mr. and Mrs. Kim! Thank you for joining us!” Wooyoung’s father greeted the guests.

“Thank you for the invitation, Mr. Jung,” Mr. Kim responded in a chilly voice that sent an uncomfortable tingle down Wooyoung’s spine. There was something oddly familiar to the man that Wooyoung couldn’t pinpoint.

“This is my wife and my eldest son Wooyoung,” Mr. Jung pointed out his familiar members. Wooyoung gave the couple a quick bow, trying not to be too disrespectful.

“Is your son joining us this evening?” Mr. Jung questioned the absences of the last guest.

“Aish that punk never knows when to arrive on time. He probably wants to attract all the attention by arriving late. He always fails to respect the most simple rules even though he is my eldest son from my previous marriage,” Mr Kim complained as he made his way to his assigned seat, Mrs. Kim followed. The Jungs also resumed their seats.

“Oh, well we’ll save a seat for him across from Wooyoung. They’re the same age right?” Mrs. Jung offered a calm smile. Wooyoung grimaced slightly, just his luck that this kid was actually the same age. Their parents would assume that they would have plenty in common.

“My son is a third year student at Seoul National University.”

“Oh really? What a coincidence! Wooyoung also attends that university,” Mrs. Jung happily exclaimed. “What department is your son a part of?”

“He’s in the Communications Department. My husband plans for him to take over the company one day,” Mrs. Kim answered as Mr. Kim turned his interest towards the drinks menu. “What do you study?” Mrs. Kim directed her question to Wooyoung.

Her high-pitched voice was already irritating, but Wooyoung cleared his throat and answered anyway. “I’m a double major in Business and Dance.”

“How lovely! I love dance!” Mrs. Kim exclaimed.

“I don’t know why you would waste your time on some silly theatrics. It’s not going to help you in the real world.” Mr. Kim frowned, still peering over his spectacles as he inspected the menu. He turned to Mr. Jung, “What’s the finest bourbon you have?”

Mr Kim’s opinionated commentary was beginning to piss Wooyoung off, but he was expected to just nod along with whatever prejudices this old man said. Wooyoung had only known Mr. Kim for ten minutes but he knew that this man was someone who would never go out of his way for others. Wooyoung wanted to speak up about why the arts are just as important as business, but his father spoke before he could.

“I could have an old favorite of mine, brought up from the cellar. It’s an imported bottle from Belgium. The chef has something extra special prepared this evening that will pair well with the rich flavor of the bourbon.”

“Excellent, I’ll have a glass of that.”

“-I’m sorry that I’m late! I got lost trying to find my way here,” a voice called out announcing the arrival of the last expected guest.

Wooyoung felt his heart sink into his stomach as he turned around towards the person entering the room. There standing in all of his handsome glory was Choi San.

His purple hair was slicked back and he wore a fashionable two toned black and white blazer. An undershirt was forgotten to reveal his toned chest. If Wooyoung wasn’t so shocked by San’s presence, he probably would’ve started drooling.

Wooyoung felt fuzzy and numb in confusion, why was San here?

San avoided Wooyoung's eyes and made his way to introduce himself to Wooyoung's parents.

"Hello, my name is Choi San, I'm Mr. Kim's eldest son. I apologize again for my tardiness." San bowed to everyone.

"Ah, it's okay! We were just beginning, you can take your seat," Mr. Jung chuckled.

"-my son deserves no such excuse for his lateness," Mr Kim interrupted.

Wooyoung's eyes never left San's face as he carefully watched for an indication that those words hurt him or an explanation to his sudden involvement with potential investors.

Mr. Jung looked between Mr. Kim and San and tried his best to come up with a solution to ease the accumulating tension. "We're all here, that's what matters." Much to everyone's delight, the servers arrived with their food and drinks.

Wooyoung angrily picked at his food, attempting to let out his frustration. Wooyoung's eyes bore into San, but San did his best to ignore them. The rest of the table quietly enjoyed their meals, engaging in simple small talk, which made Wooyoung want to scream. He didn't want to know about how Mr. and Mrs. Kim's flight to Jeju went, he wanted to know why San (Wooyoung's crush? Ex-rival? Summer fling?) was sitting across from him like he didn't recognize him.

What kind of game of humiliation was this? Wooyoung was waiting for the bomb to drop that his crush on San was a pathetic waste of time and this entire summer was just a ruse to expose Wooyoung as immature and pitiful for every thinking that San truly liked him back. He wouldn't be able to handle the aftershock of his feelings exposed for tonight's amusement, just like last time. Wooyoung gripped his hand harder around his chopsticks, barely noticing the metal digging into his hand.

"Wooyoung, dear?" his mother's voice interrupted his anxious thoughts.

Wooyoung looked up and noticed three sets of eyes on him. His father must have taken Mr. Kim to his office to discuss more important business aspects while their wives and children were left to enjoy more strained conversations. "Pardon?"

"I was just suggesting that you should take San to the Carnival this weekend! You're younger brother will be back from summer camp and I'd love for all of you boys to get along. I have a feeling that this collaboration between our families is going to prosper for a long time." Mrs. Jung gushed.

Wooyoung almost laughed out loud. He and San have been "getting along", alright. If shoving their tongues down each other's throats could be considered "getting along."

"Sure, Mom, I'd love to take our esteemed guest around the festival and personally extend our hospitality," Wooyoung used his best customer service voice to hide the fact that he was

extremely bitter.

For the first time that evening, Wooyoung noticed San's eyes on him, but Wooyoung did his best to ignore them.

"Perfect! San, can you promise me that you will do your best to take care of my sons?" Mrs. Jung asked.

"I promise," San replied, looking directly at Wooyoung. Where did this guy get the nerve to make promises like that when he broke a thousand more by showing up at this dinner unannounced?

Wooyoung scoffed and quickly covered it up with a cough.

Mr. Kim and Mr. Jung had returned from their secluded conversation. Mr. Jung stuck his hand out. "It was a pleasure doing business."

Mr. Kim accepted his hand and gave it a firm shake. "I look forward to our work together."

"We hope that you guys enjoy the rest of your stay! Please feel free to contact us if you have any concerns and I hope that we can continue to host San for the remainder of his summer break." Mrs. Jung extended her kindness to their VIP guests.

"I don't plan on going anywhere else," San offered Mr. and Mrs. Jung a soft smile.

Mr. and Mrs. Kim retired for the evening and said their good-byes to the Jung family. Mrs. Jung stood up behind Wooyoung and rested her hand on his shoulder. "Your father and I are also going to retire, but feel free to stay with San so that you too can get to know each other better." Wooyoung's mother was practically begging Wooyoung to play nice all in favor of pleasing their new investors.

Once his parents left the room, Wooyoung took one look at San and rolled his eyes.

"Hey," San spoke softly, noticing Wooyoung's unpleasant mood.

"Don't 'hey' me," Wooyoung spat, abruptly getting up from his chair to leave the room.

"Wait, Wooyoung!" San called out.

"Why did you lie to me!?" Wooyoung yelled out, making direct eye contact with San.

"I can explain-" San attempted as he stood up from his chair.

"Explain what? That you are the mysterious son of the only investors that are keeping my parent's resort from going into the ground? Or that maybe you're using me to eventually lash out at your father since you need a nobody to take the fall for your ill behavior?" Wooyoung started walking out of the dinning area, San close on his heels.

"I would never use you like that-"

“What if you had an elaborate plan to seduce the manager’s son so that you could piss off your father by pretending to like men?” Wooyoung paused for a moment letting his reeling thoughts come to a halt. San stopped trying to interrupt Wooyoung, which meant that something that he said was true. “Oh my god, you fucking knew who I was at the Summer Blowout! You purposely spilled your drink on me so that you could get into my pants and ruin your dad’s business deal all because what? He never paid attention to you or never went to one of your volleyball games? I’ve already played this game, I’m not doing it again.”

“Wooyoung, please! I-”

Wooyoung turned around and slapped San across the face. “Go to hell San! I never want to see your face again!” Wooyoung marched away before he could process the hurt look on San’s face. Once Wooyoung was around the corner, he felt something damp on his cheeks and realized that tears were uncontrollably streaming down his face. Wooyoung started running towards his room, never looking back.

When he arrived he pulled the door open and began sobbing. Yeosang, Yunho, and Jongho all paused what they were doing and turned to see Wooyoung at the door. Yunho bolted from his seat and rushed to Wooyoung's side.

“Wooyoung? What’s wrong?” Yunho reached his arm out to one of Wooyoung's shoulders.

“He fucking lied to me,” Wooyoung hiccupped in between sobs.

“Who lied?” Yunho asked. Both Yeosang and Jongho stood up and approached Wooyoung ready to comfort him or hunt down whoever hurt him.

“Motherfucking Choi San is the son of Mr. Kim, my parent’s newest investor!” Wooyoung yelled out in complete despair. “He didn’t tell me,” Wooyoung said softly. “This is just like last summer all over again.”

Wooyoung cried harder, Yunho pulled him into his chest and hugged him tightly.

Yeosang reached forward to rub his back. “I’m not entirely sure what happened. But San is nothing like that blood sucking leech. I really believe that he cares about you, but also if you need us to go kick his ass we will.”

“Oh yeah, I’m ready!” Jungho cheered, flexing his muscles, trying his best to get Wooyoung to laugh.

Wooyoung smiled a little, before tilting his head away from where it was buried in Yunho’s chest. “Sorry, I probably got snot and tears all over your shirt.”

“Don’t worry about it. Let’s get you into bed and we can talk about it more tomorrow, okay?” Yunho helped Wooyoung to his feet and brought him to his room.

“I’ll make you some tea!” Jongho called out as he dashed back to the kitchen.

Without saying a word, Yeosang collected some of the fuzzy blankets from the couch that the boys had been using during their movie night. Wooyoung changed into some sweatpants and Yeosang tucked him into his bed. Jungho returned with a mug of warm tea and handed it to Wooyoung. Wooyoung felt himself relax a little as his friends did their best to comfort him. Once Wooyoung finished his tea, he settled under the blankets. Yunho ruffled his hair before speaking, “we can talk about this tomorrow, but try to get some rest for now.”

“Thanks you guys, I’m sorry for being so emotional.”

“Hey, don’t apologize for having emotions. We’ll talk tomorrow.” Yeosang confirmed.

The trio left his room and Wooyoung slowly drifted to sleep, too exhausted from the evening’s events.

Chapter End Notes

Ouch! The slap of betrayal hurts like a bitch, can Wooyoung ever forgive San?

I'm sorry to end this on such a cliffhanger, but things will be thoroughly explained in the next chapter, I promise! The infamous dinner scene was one of the first scenes that I planned out when I started this fic, so it's crazy that it finally happened. I might have to delay next week's update since I'm changing jobs soon, but I hope to post it sooner rather than later, so be on the lookout!

Part Eight

Chapter Summary

San and Wooyoung have a little chat about the dinner party that ended disastrously.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for not updating this last week but the part is finally here! I finally have some days off so I can hopefully catch up on writing!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Wooyoung?”

The voice softly woke Wooyoung from his deep slumber. He felt so stiff and sluggish. He slowly blinked his eyes open, Yeosang was standing above him.

“Hmmm? What time is it?” Wooyoung said groggily. He sat up and leaned back into his pillows.

Yeosang sat down on the edge of his bed. “Just after 10.”

“Shit! Don’t we have to be downstairs?” Wooyoung started getting up, but Yeosang pushed him back down.

“Don’t worry about it, Yunho is covering for you. I’m just about to go down myself, but I wanted to check in with you first.”

Wooyoung closed his eyes, right, San. “I don’t know where to begin.”

“We don’t have to talk about it now, but you should know that San came by this morning with your favorite ice coffee.” Yeosang held the iced coffee out to Wooyoung. “Don’t worry I sent him away, saying that if you wanted to talk to him, you would reach out.”

Wooyoung took the coffee and inspected it closely. “How does he know my order?”

“I don’t know,” Yeosang sighed.

“He just appeared at last night’s dinner and barely looked at me. He acted as if this was our first time meeting and I was just waiting for someone to tell me that the whole thing was just a prank.” Wooyoung curled his knees into his chest. “I confronted him after and Yeosang, he

knew who I was at the Summer Blowout. I feel like such an idiot actually believing that he genuinely cared about me. This is just like Jaeseok all over again.” Wooyoung grumbled into his knees.

“Wooyoung, you know I hate that son of a bitch more than anything for using you, are you sure that San did the same?”

“Well, no. I guess I’m not one hundred percent sure, but there were a lot of odd things that happened yesterday. I kept thinking about how betrayed I felt and I just started making up this scenario where San only started talking to me so that he could use our relationship to sabotage his dead-beat father. He didn’t correct me, so I just assumed that something I said was right. And don’t get me started on his dad. Mr. Kim is despicable. He suggested that majoring in dance was a waste of time. I wanted to throw my shoe at him right then and there. After that he had a really weird way of refusing to accept San’s tardiness. Like San was only a few minutes late, but suddenly it was the worst act of disrespect? I hate all these VIPs for a reason. On top of all that, my mom wants me to take San to the Carnival this weekend, even though I already asked him to go on a date with me there! The whole thing is a fucking mess, I don’t know how so much could go so wrong in just a few hours.”

“I don’t want to pressure you into anything you don’t want to but maybe you could talk to San?”

Wooyoung gave Yeosang a dirty look.

“Just to get some closure, maybe things aren’t as bad as they seem.”

Wooyoung took a moment to consider Yeosang’s suggestion. “Okay. I may have jumped to a lot of conclusions last night, thinking that I was just a way for San to ruin his father’s reputation just to toss me aside like a Grindr hookup.”

“I know how stubborn you are so just think about it okay? Text me if you need anything.” Yeosang ruffled Wooyoung’s hair.

“Thanks Sangie, I don’t know what I would do without you.” Wooyoung hugged his best friend, before letting him go to work.

After Yeosang left, Wooyoung looked at the messages on his phone.

7 Missed Calls from: Sannie

12 Unread Messages from: Sannie

Wooyoung opened the messages from San.

San: Wooyoung?

San: Can we please talk about this?

San: I really want to explain myself

San: Please

San: I just want to talk

San: Even if you never want to see me again

San: Woo?

San: I guess I'll talk to you tomorrow

San: Hey

San: I just dropped off some iced coffee.

San: I'd really like to talk things out if that's okay with you?

San: Please text me back when you get the chance

Wooyoung sighed, as much as he wanted to stay in bed, he should probably apologize for slapping San. He cringed, it was not his finest moment. Wooyoung needed to know if San was the same kind of asshole who broke his heart last time or if this was a huge misunderstanding.

Wooyoung glared at his phone, he should get this over with.

Wooyoung: Let's talk, meet me at Cafe Blue at 3pm

San's reply came almost instantly.

San: Thank you, Wooyoung! See you then

When Wooyoung arrived at the cafe, he was surprised to see San already seated at one of the booths with an oceanside view. San perked up from his seat and waved to Wooyoung.

Wooyoung slid into the seat across from San and noticed two matcha lattes and a strawberry cake on the countertop.

"Hi," Wooyoung spoke, trying to clear the awkwardness.

"Hi," San replied.

Neither spoke for a moment, so much for avoiding the awkward tension.

"-I'm sorry-"

"-thank you-" They both spoke at the same time.

"Sorry, you go first," said San.

“Umm I wanted to say that I’m sorry for slapping you yesterday.” Wooyoung fidgeted with his fingers. “I shouldn’t have let my emotions control my actions.” He paused, “however, I felt betrayed when you showed up out of the blue yesterday and then you completely ignored me. That was so not cool.”

“Yeah I kinda deserved that slap, I should have explained to you who I was from the beginning. That was completely unfair of me.”

“I would like to know who you are, because I sure as hell have no idea anymore,” Wooyoung crossed his arms.

“Why don’t I explain from the beginning? If you still want to listen to what I have to say,” San asked hesitantly.

“I’m all ears,” Wooyoung leaned back into his seat and took a sip of his latte.

“Well, I should probably confess that I did know who you were at the Summer Blowout. I actually knew who you were before we bumped into each other. And just for the record I did not mean to spill my drink all over you, I was just very nervous and it slipped.”

“How did I get knocked onto the floor?” Wooyoung complained.

“As you probably know, Mingi has no control over his limbs and he pushed me just a little too hard in your direction trying to encourage me to talk to you.”

“Why was it so hard for you to come up to me?”

“Because I’ve had a crush on you since the end of freshman year.”

Wooyoung choked. “What?” his voice squeaked.

“One day after volleyball practice, the main doors of the gym facility were locked so I had to go upstairs to exit. I noticed that someone was using one of the practice rooms up there, even though most of the gym was closed at that hour. I poked my head in and I witnessed the most beautiful boy dancing.” San smiled as he reminisced in the memory.

Wooyoung gasped.

“I lost my breath watching him move across the floor with such ease. I felt dazed as he repeated the dance over and over again. I knew that I had to see him again so I managed to convince Mingi to come with me to the Spring Showcase. And wow that was even more intense, I hated every second when I blinked because I was worried that I missed another precious detail. It made me realize that life wasn’t just about making it to the next volleyball finals or finishing my communications degree so that at best I could become another version of my father. Life is about passion and loving who you are unconditionally. I wanted that for myself so badly.

Unfortunately, my life got in the way and I couldn’t do much about the infatuation I had on this boy. It wasn’t until the beginning of my sophomore year, when I got the chance to see him again. We ended up in the same Art History lecture. He always sat between his two

friends in the class, so I didn't have the guts to go up and talk to him. Some more time passed and I saw him once more at this summer party on Jeju Island. And he was just as ethereal as I remembered."

Wooyoung stared dumbly at San, trying to connect the dots in his backstory.

"So, Wooyoung, I did know who you were at the Summer Blowout, but I had no idea that your parent's ran this place. If I had, I would have told my father to stay clear of it. Last night, I was still unsure of how you felt about our relationship so it was just easier to pretend that we we're meeting for the first time. I'm sorry that I ever made you doubt my intentions with you." San took a break to take a sip from his latte, his throat a little dry from the long explanation.

"You've had a crush on me since my freshman spring showcase!" Wooyoung blurted out.

San laughed, "that's all you got from that story?"

"No, but how did you continue to like me after that? I fell in the middle of that performance, it was one of the worst ones I've ever done at SNU," Wooyoung gawked.

"And you got right back up on your feet and continued to dance, it was amazing."

"I think you need to get your head checked. Also I had no idea that you were also in my Art History lecture."

"It was a pretty big class and you were always chatting with your two friends so I never felt comfortable coming up to talk to you."

"I guess I ignored all my other classmates in favor of chatting with Changbin and Yeonjun, I'm sorry," Wooyoung looked at his lap, slightly ashamed for not noticing San.

"It's okay, I should've had the balls to come talk to you."

"I'm just so confused because you've been so cocky and bold around me, I can't really picture you as shy."

"I'm not as straightforward as you are, but I finally got my head out of my ass and I decided that I should try to get to know you properly rather than admire you from afar."

"Aish, you have to stop saying things like that." Wooyoung reached over the table to swat San's shoulder.

"I can't help it," San smirked.

Wooyoung couldn't help but to blush every time he saw San with his signature smile.

"I have two questions for you."

"Shoot," San leaned back into his chair and crossed his arms.

“Why do you and your dad have different last names?”

“I started using my mom’s maiden name after she passed away seven years ago.”

“I’m so sorry for your loss.”

“Thank you. I really miss her sometimes but I know that she would be proud of me if she were still alive today. My step mom does her best to support me but she has her own kids from her previous marriage so she can’t really care for her husband’s adult son who only seems to rebel against his father.”

Wooyoung was not fond of Mr. Kim and the more he heard about him the more he began to detest this man. “Do you mind if I ask how she died?”

“She had breast cancer for a couple of years and eventually spread to other major organs.”

“That really sucks, I’m sorry I don’t really know what to say.”

“It’s alright, you have another question for me?”

“Yeah, I ran into Felix during Seonghwa’s party and he told me that you joined the dance class he was teaching in Busan last summer.”

“That wasn’t a question,” San said sternly.

“Oh uh-”

“-I’m just kidding. My dad forced me to come with him to Busan for some boring real estate conference last summer. I managed to convince him to let me join some sort of class or activity to keep me from serious boredom. So I went to the community center and I saw that there was a beginner’s hip hop dance class. I immediately signed up because someone somewhat inspired me. It didn’t last long though, my dad discovered that it was dance and immediately had me withdraw from the course. He sent me back home a few days later.”

“Oh, okay. Cool.” Wooyoung said without knowing how to ask San what he really wanted to know about that summer.

“You wanted to know why I hooked up with Felix, right?”

“What!? No-,”

“It’s okay. I’m revealing all my secrets today, what’s a few more? Felix is someone that I will always be grateful for. I felt completely defeated after all the shit my dad said about how dancing was not for men like us. So, yeah I really craved comfort and one thing led to another.”

“You really didn’t have to explain yourself. I was just curious I guess.”

“Was there something else you wanted to know?” San teased.

Wooyoung suddenly remembered Felix's comment about how talented San is with his tongue. "Nope! Nothing else!" Wooyoung took a fork and shoved a chunk of strawberry cake into his mouth.

San stared at Wooyoung's lips. "You have a bit of frosting on your lips."

"Where?" Wooyoung rubbed one corner of his mouth.

San reached his arm forward just stopping before he could touch Wooyoung. "Can I?"

"Y-yeah-" Wooyoung stuttered as San used his thumb to brush the cream frosting from his lips.

"There, you're all better now."

Wooyoung was transfixed on the sight of San licking the frosting off of his thumb.

"So does my embarrassing crush on you earn me a date with you to the Carnival this weekend?" San continued nonchalantly.

"Embarrassing? You just went on and on about how I'm your muse and inspired you to become more than the jock protege your father wants you to be." Wooyoung protested.

"So is that a yes?" San widened his eyes.

"Yes, you idiot, of course I want to go out with you. Consider yourself forgiven for not telling me your relation with our new investors and for ignoring me during that awful dinner."

San pumped his fists in the air in celebration.

"But be warned, Sangie and Yunho will probably kick your ass if you make me cry again."

San leaned forward and pecked Wooyoung's cheek. "Thank you, baby."

Wooyoung felt his cheeks heat up, once again. After a moment of enjoying San's mini happy dance, Wooyoung's smile faded and he groaned. "Fuck I forgot my mom wanted me to bring my brother with us."

"The more, the merrier?"

"He's seven! The little menace needs constant supervision."

"How hard can babysitting be? We just have to keep him entertained."

"You would be surprised. And no PDA! My brother can not keep his mouth shut and he will tell my parents the second he sees them again."

"No kisses?"

Wooyoung shook his head.

“Hugs?”

Wooyoung shook his head again.

“Holding hands?”

“Nope, nothing,” Wooyoung crossed his hands and pushed them outwards.

San pouted. “But you're affectionate with all your friends!”

“You can tough it out for a few hours. You’ve been waiting since freshman year, what’s a few more?”

San placed his elbows on the table and rested his chin in his palms, trying hard to convince Wooyoung to change his mind. “What’s the real reason? Are you still trying to punish me for last night?”

“No!”

San raised his eyebrows in disbelief.

“I won’t be able to keep my hands to myself if I’m allowed to touch you.” Wooyoung said softly, staring at the floor. “Besides, it's our first date and everyone that I’ve known my entire life will be there, so we can keep our hands to ourselves.”

“Fine, but only because you're cute.” San took another bite from the cake.

Wooyoung stuck his tongue out at San. “I’d love to continue hearing about the impact of my performances on your life, but Yeosang will have my head if I’m not back home soon.”

“It’s alright. I’m glad I was able to clear the air and I’m looking forward to our date on Friday.”

“Thank you for everything.”

“It was my pleasure,” San winked at Wooyoung.

Wooyoung stood up and walked over to San’s side of the table. He bent over and placed a long kiss square on San’s cheek. “Bye!” Wooyoung spun on his heels and started walking away from San.

“Bye baby!” San called out.

Wooyoung flushed again at the use of the nickname and couldn’t stop smiling the whole way home.

I hope you guys enjoyed this part! It's pretty dialogue heavy but it's important to San's background and intensions with Wooyoung. The carnival date is coming in the next part!!

Also is anyone else a San-calling-Wooyoung-baby enthusiast?

Part Nine

Chapter Summary

It's the day of the Carnival!! And it's Wooyoung and San's first date!

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for 2.5k hits!!

When I started writing this I had no idea that it would be this successful so thank you all for the support <3

Also I've been dying for the release of Deja Vu (only a few more hours!!) The teaser was so hot, I don't think I'm going to survive this comeback season lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The morning of the first day of the carnival was filled with anticipation and excitement. The carnival was one the main featured events that brought in the most tourists and various kinds of entertainment. Wooyoung was practically skipping on his way to his parent's place, he was excited to see his brother after some many months away at college. When he opened the door, he was greeted with his younger brother jumping into his arms.

“Wooyoung!” his brother called out, equally excited to reunite with his older brother.

“Kyungmin!” Wooyoung tightly hugged his brother and spun him around in a circle. He set his brother down and to get a good look at him. “You’ve grown so much!”

“I’m catching up to you! And look, I lost my front tooth!” Kyungmin opened his mouth wide so that Wooyoung could get a better look at the missing tooth.

“Wow, you’re growing up so fast!”

Kyungmin beamed.

Their parents smiled fondly at their reunion.

“We have to start setting up the booth, but I want you boys to have fun today.” Mr. Jung said.

“Please treat San with respect and gratitude, he’s our special guest after all!” Mrs. Jung walked over and patted Kyungmin’s back.

“Will do, Mom.” Wooyoung sighed and waved after his parents.

As soon as it was just the two of them, Kyungmin turned to Wooyoung. “Who’s San?”

“He’s-” Wooyoung hesitated. “He’s the son of Dad’s new co-worker and he’s my friend from college.”

“Oh, cool!”

“Come on, let’s get you ready for the Carnival.” Wooyoung ushered his brother to collect their essentials for their day out.

San was waiting for Wooyoung and Kyungmin by the entrance of the Carnival. His designer clothes blended in with all the other rich tourists but Wooyoung was too enraptured by his signature smile to notice how he looked amongst the crowd. San waved at the Jung brothers when he spotted them.

Kyungmin tugged on Wooyoung’s hand, eager to meet his new friend. San squatted down to Kyungmin’s level so that he could introduce himself. “Hey kiddo, I’m San,” San extended his fist out.

Kyungmin bumped San’s fist. “Hi, I’m Kyungmin! Look, look, look, my tooth came out!” Kyungmin eagerly opened his mouth to show off again.

Wooyoung admired San fondly, appreciating his attitude with his younger brother.

“That’s awesome, did you show your brother?”

“Yeah! It was the first thing I told him.”

San looked up at Wooyoung and greeted him with a simple “Hi Wooyoung.”

“Hi,” Wooyoung replied. As the pair stared at each other, Wooyoung wondered how he was going to survive the whole day without resisting the temptation of touching San. Wooyoung liked casual touches with all of his friends; slinging his arm over their shoulders, tickling fights that resulted in a pinching war, and even going as far as planting pecks onto their cheeks for encouragement and routine teasing. Kyungmin tugged on Wooyoung’s shirt, snapping him out of his desire to treat San with the same touches.

“Where do you want to go first?” Wooyoung ruffled Kyungmin’s hair.

“The rides! The rides!” Kyungmin began jumping up and down.

“Does that work with you?” Wooyoung asked San.

“Fine with me,” San turned to Kyungmin and held out his hand. “What’s your favorite ride?”

“Kraken! Kraken! Kraken!” Kyungmin took San’s hand and began speeding towards the ride.

“What’s the Kraken?”

“The best ride! It’s the tallest, fastest, speediest, ginormous ride here!” Kyungmin replied.

“We have to check if you're tall enough this year, because there is a height requirement.” Wooyoung reminded his brother.

Kyungmin pouted. “I grew two inches since last summer. I’m tall enough!”

The trio made their way to the lengthy line for the Kraken ride; it filled most of the walking pathway outside of the ride. One of the workers stopped them before they could join the cue. “I have to check his height before I can let you in.” The worker pulled out a colored stick that marked various heights allowed for certain rides.

Kyungmin stood up as tall as he could before going on his tippy toes. The top of his head was just an inch below the threshold.

“Sorry, kid. Maybe next year.” The worker brushed them off as he went to check another family into the line.

Kyungmin looked defeated, his eyes were a little teary.

“Hey, don’t worry about it. The little kid rides are just as fun!” San tried to cheer him up.

“Don’t you love that one ride? The one with all the fish?” Wooyoung continued on.

Kyungmin sniffled. “Yeah, we can go to that one,” Kyungmin couldn’t hide his disappointment but looked forward to other attractions.

Soon enough, Kyungmin was squished in between Wooyoung and San as they waited for the child’s ride to begin. An annoying animated voice ushered excitement for the ride to begin and listed all the safety precautions. As soon as it finished the ride lurched forward and a theatrical child’s song blared through the speakers.

Wooyoung wanted to be done with the ride as soon as the annoying song reached his ears. When the ride was complete, Wooyoung stood up to get off of the bench so that they could move on to another one.

Kyungmin pulled him back down and chanted, “Again! Again!”

Wooyoung groaned and gave a pleading look at San who looked too amused given the situation. Wooyoung reluctantly sat back down and went through the ride as many times as Kyungmin wanted, being the best older brother that he was.

When Kyungmin decided he had his fill from the rides, he was eager to look at all the game booths and arts tables. He dragged San and Wooyoung over to one of the many ring toss booths and gaped at one of the prizes tied at the top of the tent.

“I want that one!” He pointed at a large fluffy shark plushie.

San turned to the attendant working at the booth and began pulling out his wallet. “How much for the large shark?”

“500 tickets,” the worker replied, not bothering to spare San a glance as he was engrossed in a game on his phone.

“And how much in cash?” San inquired.

“Look, man, no amount of cash is going to get you the shark. You have to play to win,” the worker snickered.

San glanced down at Kyungmin, who yet again looked utterly disappointed. San couldn’t let Kyungmin’s day be ruined by another setback.

“Alright, we’ll return when we have enough tickets.” San held his hand out for Kyungmin and led him towards some of the other booths.

Wooyoung followed the pair as they marched over to one of the balloon dart games stations.

San paid the attendant at that station and received ten darts. He stretched his neck and rolled his shoulders. He nodded at the attendant indicating that he was ready for the timer to begin counting down. San threw the first dart and completely missed the targeted balloons by a few inches.

Wooyoung let out a laugh that he covered up with a cough. San turned over his shoulder to raise his eyebrows at Wooyoung. Wooyoung held up his hands in surrender.

San threw another dart and missed again. He straightened up and threw another dart, this time just grazing a balloon. The balloon popped and exploded its paint contents onto the board behind it. San threw his fourth dart, missing his target again. He gritted his teeth as he threw his last and final dart. He hit another target as the timer went off. San turned around to the brothers behind him and noticed their matching unamused looks.

“I’m a little rusty, I’ll get those tickets in no time,” San wore a determined look, he fished out more money to give to the attendant. This time he was able to hit five targets in twenty seconds. Proud of his improvement, he waited for the attendant to hand him the tickets he earned. San was shocked when he was only handed ten tickets.

Wooyoung snickered at San’s perplexed expression, Kyungmin even went up to him and patted his leg in consolation.

“Do you guys want to give it a try?” San asked.

Kyungmin jumped at the opportunity to play the game. He played just as well as San hitting six targets in the limited amount of time.

“Good job, kiddo. You’re definitely going to get all the tickets!” San encouraged the younger. San set Kyungmin up to play another round. “Do you want to try after him?” San turned to Wooyoung.

Wooyoung was beginning to wonder when he was going to receive San’s attention.

“Sure, I might as well try. Do you have any pointers?” Wooyoung asked coyly, tucking his locks behind his ear.

“I’m not the best but you just want to throw the darts like this,” San imitated the movement by snapping his elbow forward.

Wooyoung tried to follow the motion by repeating the action a couple of times.

San shook his head and stepped closer. “May I?”

Wooyoung nodded and San resumed a position behind him, similar to the time he helped him serve the volleyball.

“Flick your hand like this,” San brought Wooyoung’s wrist back and forward again.

Wooyoung hardly paid any attention to the movement and focused on San’s close proximity. The way San’s arms were carefully wrapped around Wooyoung’s torso and San’s chin hooked over Wooyoung’s shoulder only encouraged Wooyoung’s mind to wander. San’s demonstration slowly ceased as he also recognized how close he was to Wooyoung. Consumed in their own world it would only take breath for their lips to meet.

“Are you going to go?” Kyungmin’s voice interrupted the moment.

Wooyoung cleared his throat. He needed to focus while his brother was present and not daydream. “Yeah, I’m ready.”

Much to San’s amazement, Wooyoung hit fifteen targets effortlessly. When Wooyoung turned around with his fifty tickets, he finally noticed San’s shocked expression. “Must be beginner’s luck,” Wooyoung shrugged. “Come on, let’s go to the dancing games before they get super crowded.”

San’s awe only grew as Wooyoung continued to out-do both San and Kyungmin at every game booth they visited. Wooyoung collected the majority of the tickets, racking up a couple hundred in just under half an hour.

Kyungmin proudly went up to the first booth they had visited and handed to the ring toss attendant the 500 tickets required to obtain the shark plushie. The attendant glared at the matching smug looks Wooyoung and San wore as he handed Kyungmin the prize.

“Let’s go show Mom and Dad!” Kyungmin held the plushie in one hand and yanked on San’s hand. San let himself get pulled by the kid but turned around to Wooyoung pretending to

want to escape the youngest's grip. Wooyoung giggled fondly at the others and followed behind them.

As they neared the Jung's booth, Wooyoung saw his parents joined by some of his friends handing out flyers and talking to various tourists.

"Mom! Dad! Look what I got!" Kyungmin ditched San's hand to run to show his parents the new stuffed animal.

"Wow! Did you get this all by yourself?" Mr. Jung ruffled Kyungmin's hair.

"No, Wooyoung and San played all the games and we got so many tickets and then we got sharkie!" Kyungmin explained.

"It seems like you had a blast. Thank you so much for taking care of my sons," Mr. Jung addressed San.

"Ah, it was my pleasure."

Mrs. Jung had just finished talking to a tourist and came over to join the conversation. "How are you doing, San? I hope that my sons have not annoyed you to bits by now, they tend to fight over the newest catch."

"Mom!" Wooyoung protested.

"I'm just kidding. Have you eaten yet? That reminds me, I'll have to invite you over to try some of my cooking. Maybe I'll make Wooyoung cook, since he wanted to be a chef when he was younger."

"Mom, please!" Wooyoung pleaded.

"I'm sorry, I'm just so excited that you boys seem to be getting along so well!"

"No need to apologize, your sons are lovely and great company. I'd love to come over and enjoy both of your cooking." San glanced at Wooyoung. "It was a great idea to meet here, both of your sons are the best companions for my first carnival on Jeju."

"Oh, that's wonderful to hear! How does Monday at 7pm sound?"

"That sounds fantastic," San smiled.

Wooyoung was suddenly caught in a loose choke hold.

"Hey punks, what have you been up to?" Yunho asked, holding Wooyoung down in a playful manner.

Wooyoung sprung out of Yunho's hold and retaliated by biting his arm.

"Ah!" Yunho yelped.

Yeosang, appearing out of nowhere, warned San. “Careful with this one San, he likes to bite. When we first met in primary school we were playing tag and then before I knew it, he bit me.”

“Yeah, his claim on his friends basically includes the ritual of biting them. He also did it to me shortly after we met in college.” Yunho added on, now with his arm comfortably resting on Wooyoung shoulder, as if the pair hadn’t been fighting earlier.

Wooyoung wanted nothing more than to hit his best friends in this moment for the things that come out of their mouths.

“Regardless of how Wooyoung picks his friends, he picks the sweetest gentlemen that volunteer to help out his poor folks.” Mrs. Jung gushed. “Oh Wooyoung! Before I forget you will not believe who came by earlier to help out with the booth! I sent him to go pick up more boxes from the storage room.”

Wooyoung looked at Yunho and Yeosang for clues, but both looked clueless to who Mrs. Jung was talking about.

“Here he is!” Mrs. Jung cheered as she noticed a man heading towards the table with more gift boxes.

“Jaeseok,” Wooyoung breathed.

“Hello, Wooyoung.” Jaeseok greeted him. Jaeseok was tall, slender, and had a friendly smile that must attract everything in his favor. “Do you mind if I steal Wooyoung for a moment Mrs. Jung?”

“Not at all, I can keep our helpers busy.” She winked at Wooyoung’s friends.

“Thanks, Mrs. Jung.” Jaeseok pulled Wooyoung aside.

Mrs. Jung turned to Yunho, San, and Yeosang. “Will you boys be darlings and help me unload this box, while I greet the customers?”

“Sure, Mrs. Jung,” Yunho smiled. He sent a distressed look in Wooyoung direction as soon as she left. “Do you think he’ll be okay?” Yunho asked Yeosang hesitantly in a low voice.

“He better be fine or else you might have to bail me out of jail,” Yeosang gritted through his teeth.

“Who the fuck is Jaeseok?” San whisper-yelled.

“That piece of garbage is Wooyoung’s manipulative ex. Long story short, the fucker outed Wooyoung to half of Seoul and claimed that Wooyoung was just some gold digging slut who couldn’t wait to jump into his pants.”

San let the anger bubble over inside. “Do his parents know?” He said after a moment of processing.

“Unfortunately, no. They’re convinced that Jaeseok is just as darling as his generous parents. They happen to be on the board of directors for the resort chain on this side of the island.”

Well, now San knows why Wooyoung reacted so poorly to his sudden connection with the Jung's most recent investors.

“I don’t know what he’s doing here, he’s supposed to be exploring Europe this summer,” Yunho added on.

“Whatever he’s here for, it only means trouble,” Yeosang concluded.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry this chapter is on the shorter side, but there's a part two to this night that will be coming soon~

My school year is about to begin so my uploads are going to be more infrequent, but don't worry I plan to continue this fic. Thanks again for all the love :))))

Part Ten

Chapter Summary

Wooyoung's ex enters stage left, how will that effect San and Wooyoung's secret date? Are things bound to explode like fireworks or bloom like flowers?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t punch you right now,” Wooyoung scowled at the man standing before him.

“Is that any way to greet an old friend?”

“What are you doing here Jaeseok? Shouldn’t you be halfway around the world in the Mediterranean right now?” Wooyoung crossed his arms.

“Wow, I’m flattered you remembered that.” Jaeseok faked a shocked expression.

“I’m serious. What do you want from me?” Wooyoung wanted this interaction as short and sweet as possible, which meant that we wanted it over before it began.

“The truth is that I missed you, Woo.” Jaeseok reached forward to hold onto Wooyoung’s hand.

“Don’t call me that!” Wooyoung tore his grip away as if Jaeseok’s touch was scolding.

“You were the best thing to ever happen to me. I know that I was selfish, by letting my jealousy get the better of me when I started all of those rumors about you. I was controlled by my demons, but I’ve changed. Please, forgive me, we’re meant to be together.” Jaeseok reached forward again, this time successful in capturing one of Wooyoung’s limbs.

“Absolutely not!” Wooyoung struggled out of Jaeseok’s grip.

“What’s going on here?” San appeared by Wooyoung’s side in a heartbeat, assessing the situation. Wooyoung took the opportunity of distraction to knock Jaeseok’s hands off of him.

“Nothing that requires your assistance, I’m just having a private conversation,” Jaeseok smiled at San, trying to get him to leave.

“Well, I would prefer if you would stop harassing my boyfriend,” San protectively wrapped his arm around Wooyoung’s shoulder.

Both Wooyoung and Jaeseok looked at San quizzically.

“Boyfriend? And what’s your name?” Jaeseok’s attention suddenly glued to San.

“Choi San.” San answered without his arm budging from Wooyoung.

“Choi San? Nice to meet you, I’m Lee Jaeseok.”

“Nice to meet you too. Now if you’ll excuse us, we have some plans to explore the rest of the carnival.”

“It was nice catching up, Wooyoung. I’ll see you around,” Jaeseok winked at Wooyoung and took his cue to leave.

Wooyoung let out an irritated sigh as soon as Jaeseok left their eyesight.

“What’s wrong, baby?” San let his arm drop from Wooyoung’s shoulder so he could interpret his face. “Did Jaeseok say something? I can kick his ass, I know taekwondo.” San curled his fist in the air ready to go after the other man.

Wooyoung rolled his eyes. “I can handle Jaeseok by myself. I’m annoyed that you didn’t ask me to be your boyfriend.”

“Huh?” San lowered his hands.

“I know that this is our first date and that you’ve liked me for two years but you should at the very least ask me to be your partner rather than blurting it in front of my ex.”

“I feel like you’re messing with me again.” San squinted his eyes at Wooyoung.

Wooyoung smirked at him. “Of course I am. Now come on boyfriend,” Wooyoung giggled. “We have to show Kyungmin the rest of the carnival before the fireworks.” Wooyoung rose on his toes and planted a kiss on San’s cheek.

By the time night fell, Wooyoung, San, and Kyungmin were stuffed from street food and had played their hearts desire of arcade games. Kyungmin had taken the opportunity to claim San’s hand while they winded through the crowd (Wooyoung was NOT jealous of his younger brother). Wooyoung was in charge of taking care of “Sharkie” (Kyungmin’s most beloved plushie as of today), holding the large bag of kettle corn that had been half consumed by the three, and juggling a handful of other sweet treats from various food stands.

“Alright, San. Our next plan is a Jung special. At precisely 7:26 pm we will get on the ferris wheel so that at 7:30 pm when fireworks go off we will have the best seat in the house. Is that right, Kyungmin?” Wooyoung proposed.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Kyungmin cheered, still refusing to let go of San’s hand.

“Sounds like a great plan!” San smiled endearingly and quickly glanced at his watch. “We have 13 minutes, until we need to be on the ferris wheel. What should we do in the meantime?”

“How about we watch some of the street performers and chill out for a bit?” Wooyoung suggested wanting to sit down after wandering around the Carnival all day.

“That’s cool with me,” San started leading the Jungs towards the seating area near a small stage.

Wooyoung ungracefully unloaded the contents in his arms onto the bench and flopped down next to the pile.

San chuckled at the sprawled out position that Wooyoung had resumed. He sat next to Wooyoung, placing his head onto his shoulder. Wooyoung instantly tried to pull back, because this kind of intimate gesture would break the no-touch rule he initiated (Wooyoung also tried his best to ignore that he’s already broken the rule several times already).

San noticed Wooyoung’s hesitancy, but pushed his head back down on his shoulder. Wooyoung opened his mouth to protest. San shushed him. “Take a break, no one is watching.”

Wooyoung’s eyes flashed to Kyungmin, who was sitting on the other side of San and completely immersed into the dazzling performance in front of him.

“When are you going to perform like this for me?” San asked softly, gently pushing Wooyoung’s bangs out of his face.

Wooyoung observed the group of young teen girls dressed in pleated skirts, dancing to a popular girl group song. “Since my number one fan so kindly requested it, I’ll pull out my mini skirt and heels,” Wooyoung teased.

“That’s not-” San stuttered, turning his head away from Wooyoung.

“I’m just teasing, it’s not my style of dance. And I’d love to perform for you sometime.”

“I’m free tomorrow,” San replied, implying that we wanted to see Wooyoung again as soon as possible.

Wooyoung snorted to himself, of course San went back to his suave self in less than a minute of being flustered. “I get off of work at 6:30,” Wooyoung replied.

“Great! I’ll order something so that it will be ready by the time you get to my room.”

“Oh, so you think you earned yourself a second date?” Wooyoung lifted his head off of San’s shoulder to eye him suspiciously.

“I think I’ve earned it. I did help you win your brother’s new favorite plushie.” San gestured to the plushie sitting on Kyungmin’s lap.

Wooyoung raised his eyebrow and appeared to consider the likeness of another date. “Well you already claimed to be my boyfriend, so I suppose a second date wouldn’t be that bad.” Wooyoung settled back onto San’s side.

“Good,” San muttered into Wooyoung’s hair as he placed a swift kiss on the crown of his head.

Wooyoung eyeballed San since he had the audacity to do that when his younger brother was right in front of them.

San avoided Wooyoung’s killer gaze and looked up at the ferris wheel. “Is it time to go into line for the ferris wheel?”

Wooyoung pulled out his phone to check the time. “We can wait another minute or two.”

“Good,” San repeated as he snaked an arm around Wooyoung.

Wooyoung sighed deeply and shifted closer into San’s embrace. After a few minutes, the couple decided to start collecting their belongings and Kyungmin to gather at the Ferris Wheel. They stood in line and just as predicted they made it on time at 7:26.

The sun had set prior in the night, painting it with vivid orange hues. Those splashes of color had faded into a deep blue by the time the boys got onto the ferris wheel. Kyungmin happily strode up to the cart and sat on one side of the bench (Sharkie had the seat adjacent to him), San and Wooyoung followed suit, sitting across from him. As soon as the gate latched, the ride churned forward, lifting the cart into the air. Lights from the roller coasters and game stations grew distant into blobs. The cart continued to ascend until it reached the top of the wheel, clicking into place. At exactly 7:30, the first firework went off, sending sparks into the evening sky.

Kyungmin eagerly turned around to get a front-row seat to the firework show. He made sure that his seat partner also had a good view of the spectacle. San reached forward to stop the youngest from leaning so far forward, in case he would fall off the ride. Wooyoung dragged San’s arm away from Kyungmin and interlocked their fingers. “He’ll be fine, let’s enjoy the view,” Wooyoung reassured San.

Fireworks continued to spray vibrant colors into the skyline, creating a visual symphony of dazzling lights. San studied the reflection of rays that glinted and glimmered in Wooyoung’s eyes. He slowly drew their intertwined hands up to Wooyoung’s face, and used his thumb to brush the mole that kissed Wooyoung’s left cheek.

Wooyoung jumped slightly at the contact, yet San continued to sweep his thumb across Wooyoung’s skin.

“All the stars that I need to look at are right here.”

Wooyoung felt his cheeks burn, but he couldn’t drop the eye contact that San had maintained. Wooyoung held his breath for so long that he started to hiccup.

San dove forward to connect their lips in a tender kiss. Wooyoung pressed his lips forward, chasing the overwhelming feelings that he was experiencing. San skillfully parted Wooyoung’s mouth and began sucking on his lower lip. Wooyoung was convinced that San was the most proficient kisser and Wooyoung has had his share of kisses. Wooyoung

hiccuped again, forcing the two to separate their lips. Just before they reconnected, Kyungmin let out an excited cheer, still immersed in the firework show. “Are you watching this?” Kyungmin asked, turning to look at San and Wooyoung.

Wooyoung hiccuped once more, preventing him from speaking, so he just nodded.

San laughed at Wooyoung’s cuteness and replied to Kyungmin “Yeah, we’re watching with you.”

Satisfied, Kyungmin turned back around to watch the lights explode. San leaned back in to kiss Wooyoung again, but Wooyoung pulled back and shook his head. San pouted but sat back in an upright position. They continued to watch the fireworks, with their hands intertwined between them.

Wooyoung’s insides felt warm and fuzzy as he walked with San back to the Seaside Resort’s booth. Kyungmin had passed out from all the excitement from the fireworks show (it was also well past his bedtime). San carried the youngest on his back. Something about the sight made Wooyoung’s heart flutter as he followed behind San.

“Aigo! San you didn’t have to carry my son all the way back here,” Mr. Jung stepped forward to collect his kid from San.

“It was no problem. He passed out just after the fireworks.”

“Thank you so much for taking care of my sons today. I hope that you were able to enjoy the festivities!” Mrs. Jung came up next to her husband.

“It was my pleasure, do you need any help taking down the booth?” San asked, still eager to help.

“You’ve done so much today, Wooyoung on the other hand should go help Yeosang and Yunho with the tent,” Mrs. Jung requested.

Wooyoung sighed but went over to help clean up with his friends.

“Ayyy, Wooyoung! Where’s lover boy?” Yunho teased as soon as Wooyoung strode over to them.

“He’s talking with the parents,” Wooyoung nodded over his shoulder.

“Discussing the marriage already?” Yeosang asked with a smirk.

“No, but I think my mom wants to adopt him, which would just be awkward for everyone.”

“You look more smitten than usual. I assume your date went well, despite the six year old third wheel.” Yunho mused.

“More like I was the third wheel, but yes, tonight went well. So well in fact that San earned a second date and-” Wooyoung paused for dramatic effect. “And he’s now my boyfriend!” Wooyoung cheered.

Yunho and Yeosang squealed and fluttered their fingers in Wooyoung’s face, acting like excited school girls.

“Shhhhhh! My parents are going to hear us!” Wooyoung swatted his friends.

Yunho and Yeosang continued their squabbling and began chanting “Wooyoung has a boyfriend!”

Wooyoung rolled his eyes dramatically before returning to the task at hand; disassembling the tent. Wooyoung’s friends stopped their commotion and helped Wooyoung with the take-down process.

“Guess how many people asked for Yeosang’s number today?” Yunho asked as he unclipped the cover from the frame. Yeosang groaned off on his side of the tent.

Wooyoung struggled to unpin his side of the frame, before he replied. “I have no idea, three?”

“Eight!” Yunho giggled, enjoying the embarrassed look on Yeosang’s face.

“Oh my god, that’s twice as many as last year?” Wooyoung gasped.

“Please, I’m just trying to do my job,” Yeosang grumbled as he attempted to hide under the tarp.

“I’m sure your handsome face is the reason half the people even show up at our booth,” Wooyoung winked at his Yeosang.

Yeosang hid behind his hands. “Please, stop!” Yeosang pleaded.

“Just saying, your face belongs on the cover of a magazine.” Wooyoung continued to tease Yeosang by coming up and pinching his cheeks.

Yunho finished collapsing the frame and stood up straight to add onto the conversation. “You’ve got a pretty face Yeosang, but can we hurry up? I don’t want to freeze here all night.”

Yeosang and Wooyoung turned to their older friend and both stuck their tongues out in a mocking manner.

After successfully putting the tent back into its proper bag, San sauntered over to the group. “Hey guys!”

“Hey San, we’re just about finished up here,” Yunho greeted him.

“Did Mrs. Jung get you to sign the adoption papers? Or was it a prenup?” Yeosang stepped forward.

“What?” San scrunched up his nose in confusion.

Wooyoung pushed his best friend aside. “Ignore him.”

“San, do you want to walk Wooyoung home? Yeosang and I can finish cleaning up here.” Yunho offered.

“Yeah, I can take him home,” San smiled, ever so eager to prove that he’s a gentleman. “Are you ready?”

Wooyoung glanced between his friends, who made obscene faces behind San’s back. “Yeah, let’s get out of here,” Wooyoung took San’s hand and started walking back to the resort.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys like the second half of the Carnival Date!! I had to include at least one scene with fireworks in this fic and yes the romantic ferris wheel kiss was necessary. Let me know what you guys think so far!

Part Eleven

Chapter Summary

Wooyoung gets a little makeover before his second date with San.

Chapter Notes

I'm back with another update!

Content Warning!: smut

If you want to skip it you can start reading after the first break indicated by the "---"

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wooyoung stopped walking when he and San reached the door to his room. “Well, this is me.” He looked down at their hands clasped together and wished that he didn’t have to let go, as if all the momentum from the evening would fizzle away once San left.

“Thank you for a wonderful evening, Wooyoung,” San leaned forward to plant a kiss on top of Wooyoung’s knuckles, while maintaining eye contact. “I’ll see you tomorrow for our second date.”

Wooyoung’s brain felt like it was going in shock with how the simple gesture was making his insides flutter. “Goodnight,” Wooyoung squeaked. He quickly turned on his heel and struggled to open his door. As soon as the door swung open, Wooyoung paused before he crossed the threshold. “Wait! Sannie-”

“Yes, baby?” San was standing exactly where Wooyoung left him, as if he knew that Wooyoung would call after him.

Wooyoung tugged on the front of San’s shirt and crashed their lips together. San stumbled forward to meet Wooyoung halfway. Their tongues met in the middle fighting for dominance, making their lips lock in a messy interaction. Wooyoung’s other hand slid up San’s back and tangled itself into San’s hair, making the strands stray from the neat style they had been placed in for the evening.

San’s hands found their purchase on Wooyoung’s waist, squeezing hard. Taking the lead, Wooyoung yanked San forward once more and pushed him against the door to lock it into its frame. Wooyoung pinned his thigh in between San’s legs and drove his hips forward. San threw his head back as Wooyoung simultaneously tugged harder on his hair.

Wooyoung decided to detach his lips from San's so that he could litter a combination of fluttering kisses and crude bites onto San's inviting neck and collarbones. San tightened his grip on Wooyoung to close the impossible distance between them. Wooyoung relished in the sounds that escaped San's throat as he slowly dragged his tongue up San's jugular and nipped the crown of San's ear with his teeth. Wooyoung pulled away panting, admiring his work (San looked absolutely debauched and it made Wooyoung's body sing with joy).

"Fuck, Youngie," San groaned out.

Wooyoung wasted no time returning back to devour San's lips. San dipped his hands under Wooyoung's shirt and caressed the soft skin on Wooyoung's lower back. A small shiver went up Wooyoung's spine at the contact. Wooyoung sucked San's bottom lip in between his teeth to turn the skin a darker shade of red.

San moaned at the sensation. He removed one of hand's from Wooyoung's back and positioned it under Wooyoung's thigh. San hitched Wooyoung's leg onto his hip, lining their crotches together. Wooyoung's hips stuttered forward, eager to chase the addicting friction. Wooyoung suddenly wanted all of their clothes out of the way, so that he could explore every dip of San's skin.

"Sannie~" Wooyoung purred in San's ear.

"Baby~" San's voice was hoarse, the lower octave stirred something deep in Wooyoung's gut.

"Less clothing, more kissing, bedroom now," Wooyoung demanded, reluctantly peeling himself away from San's obsessive touch. He headed towards his room seductively stepping out of his clothes and leaving a trail for San to follow.

By the time San leisurely made his way to Wooyoung's bedroom, Wooyoung was leaning back in the middle of his bed in all of his naked glory. San pulled his remaining clothing off, while maintaining his hungry gaze on Wooyoung. Wooyoung felt his skin spark with desire as he was being watched. San slowly approached one side of the bed and began crawling up to Wooyoung, decorating kisses on almost every inch of Wooyoung's exposed skin.

Wooyoung felt like every kiss ignited a fire inside of him, he was starting to twitch with anticipation. San kissed Wooyoung's calves, thighs, hips, and tummy. He paid special attention to Wooyoung's nipples by poking his tongue out to tease the buds. San trailed a few more onto Wooyoung's collarbones before reaching Wooyoung's mouth in a desperate attempt to reunite their lips. Wooyoung braced his arms against San's biceps and appreciated how San had caged him in between his thighs and arms. San pulled away, nipping slightly at Wooyoung's lip. Wooyoung attempted to chase the sensation but San laughed, copying Wooyoung's earlier move.

"Can I suck you off, baby?" San asked into Wooyoung's neck as he sucked on the prominent veins.

"Yes," Wooyoung whimpered.

San made one more mark on Wooyoung's neck and sunk down lower. Wooyoung felt another shiver go through his body as he felt San's hot breath on his cock. San darted his tongue along the tip, making Wooyoung shut his eyes. San continued licking the tip before dragging his wet tongue from the base to the tip. San's piercing seemed to linger on Wooyoung's cock, creating an addictive hot and cold sensation.

Wooyoung's fingers were clenched in the sheet below him, unsure how he was so worked up already. San went back to playing with the head of Wooyoung's cock, his piercing flicking at the slit where pre-come was steadily leaking out. San suddenly wrapped his lips around and sunk down as far as he could go. Wooyoung let out a loud moan and tried his hardest not to buck his hips into the warm cavern of San's mouth. San continued sucking as hard as he could and started bobbing his head in a steady rhythm. The warm, fiery feeling in Wooyoung's gut began growing exponentially. Wooyoung felt like his orgasm was approaching rapidly, his hands found his way to San's hair and tugged. San pulled off but continued his ministrations with his tongue.

"Sannie~ Fuck! -mmm gonna-ah" Wooyoung mumbled.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Wooyoung bolted up in his bed, as he snapped out of his state of unconsciousness.

"Wooyoung, get up! We're going to be late!" Yeosang's voice yelled through his door.

Wooyoung looked at the clock on his bedside table, it read 9:48. *Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.*

"I'll be out in a minute!" Wooyoung called out to his best friend, his voice was still a little groggy. Wooyoung was then hit with the realization that he just had a wet dream about his boyfriend. He still felt quite flushed and pent up, since he was so rudely interrupted from his fantasy. He pulled a pillow from behind him and turned to scream into it, hoping that the foam would muffle his anguish. Wooyoung climbed out of his bed and hoped that a freezing cold shower would be the solution to get him to forget the ghost of San's lips on his skin, his husky voice in his ear, and the sinful use of his tongue piercing. It was going to be one long day.

"Are you excited for your second date with San tonight?" Yeosang asked when the front desk had reached a particularly slow wave.

"Yeah," Wooyoung grumbled into his hand, his arm was the only thing keeping his head from slamming onto the table.

"You don't sound too sure of yourself," Yeosang raised his eyebrow.

"Everything was wonderful last night." Wooyoung reassured his friend. "San was caring, romantic, and a true gentleman. He even got my brother attached to his charms! San walked be all the way back to our room last night, but--"

“-but?” Yeosang filled in.

Wooyoung huffed out a breath of air. “Don’t laugh at me but he left me with a swift peck on my cheek andimsopentupihadawetdreamlastnight.” Wooyoung blurted out the last part, hoping that Yeosang wouldn’t really hear his predicament.

Yeosang started chuckling profusely once he realized what Wooyoung said.

Wooyoung turned to hit Yeosang’s shoulder. “I told you not to laugh, dickhead.”

“I’m sorry, but Jung Wooyoung is worried about seducing his boyfriend? San would recite poetry to you if you simply snapped your fingers, no doubt it would be easier to make him fall to his knees. You must really like him, if you’re that worried.” Yeosang mused.

“I’ve only known him for like a month!” Wooyoung protested. “That’s besides the point, we had all this sexual tension when we first met and now it’s all kissing under the fireworks and walking me to my door. Usually I’ve been the only one to make grand romantic gestures in my past relationships. Is it too much to have San fuck me within an inch of life, hold me with his strong arms and kiss me with his pierced tongue?”

Yeosang held his arms out as if he was attempting to put space between himself and the mental image Wooyoung had just created. “At least you have priorities set. Anyways, I think you need to remind yourself that you are the basically sex on legs. If you want to seduce San, you just need to wear *the pants* .”

“But I only wear those clubbing, we’re just going to chill on San’s couch eating takeout and watching movies tonight,” Wooyoung supplied, confused at Yeosang’s plan.

“Well, that’s all you’ll be doing with that attitude.”

Wooyoung glared at Yeosang.

“Here’s what we’re going to do; we have 45 minutes before we get off of work and you go see your boyfriend. Let’s get Seonghwa over here to do your makeup, Jongho can go grab your tight-ass pants-”

“-we really need a new name for them-”

“-fine, your ‘please fuck me’ pants.”

“That’s not any better!”

“Did you already decide what you guys are going to get for food?” Yeosang continued, ignoring Wooyoung.

“No-”

“-okay, I’ll pick a place and send it up with room service.”

“San doesn’t like vegetables.” Wooyoung added.

“I’ll make sure to order lots of protein and carbs for any activities you choose to do. Any questions?”

“Yeah, do I really have to wear *the pants* ?”

“Absolutely, now go call Seonghwa, I’ll call Jongho.”

Thirty minutes later, Seonghwa was half-way done with Wooyoung’s makeup and Jongho had just arrived with Wooyoung’s certified “fuck me” outfit.

“Never make me go through your underwear again. I’m so traumatized by what you have in there,” Jongho shuddered as he handed the clothes over to Wooyoung.

“Thank you Jongho,” Wooyoung sang, blowing a kiss to Jongho. Jongho frowned and swatted the air as if he was blocking the kiss from reaching his face.

“Wooyoung, please stop moving. I have to make sure that your eyeliner is even.” Seonghwa scolded him.

“Normally I just smudge it out and call it day,” Wooyoung pouted.

“I know, which is why I’m helping you now.” Seonghwa paused before continuing to work on Wooyoung’s eyeliner.

Wooyoung tried his best to sit still, trusting that Seonghwa knew what he was doing, but he couldn’t help but squirm with excitement. It had been quite some time since Wooyoung had gone all out with the intentions to get someone to join his bed. Wooyoung enjoyed flirting and socializing with his friends all the time in Seoul, but he couldn’t remember the last time he had even gone clubbing, let alone hooked up with someone. Obviously, this time was different than just some grinding and heavy petting on a stranger, this was Wooyoung’s new boyfriend (which he still couldn’t believe), who had no idea that Wooyoung wanted to get dicked down tonight. Hence Yeosang’s plan to dress Wooyoung in an outfit that would show off his assets.

“Alright, I’m done with your eyes. Go get dressed and then I’ll do some last minute touch ups,” Seonghwa sighed as he leaned back.

Wooyoung hurriedly jumped down from his chair and dashed to get changed in the stock room. After struggling to get his legs into his pants, Wooyoung tugged a tight fitting mock neck top. It was a stark contrast to the comfy oversized clothes that he normally wore during the summer. Wooyoung collected himself and returned to his friends.

“Damn, I did such a good job,” Seonghwa muttered to himself, when Wooyoung appeared.

“ *We* did a good job,” Yeosang corrected. “San’s going to lose his shit over you.”

Wooyoung picked up his phone from the counter and used the reflection as a faux mirror.

“Yeah? You think so?” Wooyoung started fidgeting with his bangs, barely sparing his friends

a glance.

“Shut up, you’re hot.” Yeosang rolled his eyes.

“Alright, get over here, so I can finish your makeup,” Seonghwa ordered, gesturing for Wooyoung to sit in the office chair in front of him.

Wooyoung set his phone down and sauntered over to the chair (as best as he could in *the pants*). He let Seonghwa powder his face and add highlight to the sharpest features of his face. Seonghwa finished it off with a light mist of setting spray and a light swab of lip gloss on his lips. Wooyoung smacked his lips together, smearing the gloss over his lips. He pursed them out and turned back to his friends. “How much time do I have?”

Jongho looked at the clock on the back wall. “It’s 6:34.”

“What!? Why did you say anything?” Wooyoung complained.

“Artistry takes time. Also you can be fashionably late, San won’t be mad when you show up like that,” Seonghwa remarked.

Wooyoung reached out for his phone, trying to message San and apologize for his tardiness. Yeosang seemed to predict his move and grabbed his phone first. “Wooyoung, you know how to play hard to get. Rule number six is-”

“-never text first,” Wooyoung finished the line. “Okay, fine I won’t text San. But I’m going to leave now and hopefully not return until late tomorrow,” Wooyoung winked at his friends.

Jongho fake vomited to the side, Seonghwa looked pale, and Yeosang sighed. He usually ignored Wooyoung’s innuendos.

“Goodnight guys! Thanks for all your help!” Wooyoung collected his phone and made his way to the elevator.

His friends grumbled out their responses, wishing him a goodnight in return. Well, that was the hope, right? So why did Wooyoung feel like his heart was going to drop into his stomach? He was certified sexy, so tonight was bound to go in his favor.

When Wooyoung got to San’s door, he took one more deep breath of reassurance, before knocking on the surface.

It took less than a second for the door to swing wide open, revealing San. San immediately did a double take and started to blatantly check out Wooyoung with a dark look. Wooyoung suddenly felt very overdressed in his carefully crafted outfit. San had swapped out his usual button down for a pair of black joggers, a muscle tee, and a beanie. He was the definition of boyfriend material standing there with messy hair poking out from under his hat. The warm ambient light filtering through the doorway gave him an effortless glow.

Wooyoung cleared his self-conscious thoughts. He's hot, San's hot, they're boyfriends and they're going to have a good time tonight. "Are you going to let me in?" He regained the upper hand, with any flicker of doubt leaving him as his eyes turned sultry.

"Yeah," San rasped out. "Come in, baby." San stood to the side and let Wooyoung walk through the door frame.

Wooyoung stood on his toes and placed a brief kiss on San's cheek before continuing through the door. San stood there a little stunned and took another lengthy moment to look at Wooyoung('s ass in *the pants*).

When Wooyoung got to the kitchen he turned around, surprised to see San so close on his heels. "Sangie ordered food for us. If that's okay, it should be here any moment."

"Yeah, that's fine." San caged him against the counter. "Are you going to greet me with a kiss?" San asked without skipping a beat.

Wooyoung grinned. "That depends on if you kiss me fir--"

San swooped down and kissed Wooyoung hard on the lips, cutting him off. Wooyoung eagerly leaned into the kiss and wrapped his arms around San's shoulders, trying to familiarize himself with the expanse of his back. The gloss that was adorned on Wooyoung's lips was quickly transferred between the two. San tightened his grip on the counter and used his body to press Wooyoung against it. One of his hands snaked down to grip the back on Wooyoung's thigh. Wooyoung took this as a sign to jump up onto the counter. As soon as Wooyoung was settled, San's tongue found it's way into the warm crevasse of Wooyoung's mouth, eagerly trying to engage Wooyoung for a battle in dominance. The corner of Wooyoung's mouth crept upwards, he had San right where he wanted.

San reluctantly pulled away from Wooyoung. He rested his head on Wooyoung's shoulder, taking a moment to catch his breath. "Fuck," San cursed into Wooyoung's collarbone.

"We should probably check on our food," Wooyoung giggled at the look of disappointment on San's face. This was working perfectly with Wooyoung's plan.

San sauntered off to retrieve the food from the door. When he returned, Wooyoung jumped down from the countertop and took the bag from his hands. As he assessed the to-go containers, San crowded behind Wooyoung, hooking his chin over Wooyoung's shoulder. San pressed a few butterfly kisses to Wooyoung's jaw and neck, distracting him from the task at hand.

"Sannie, can you grab us some plates and chopsticks?" Wooyoung asked sweetly as if he wasn't affected by the soft kisses.

San hummed into Wooyoung's neck, making no effort to move from his position as he continued down to Wooyoung's shoulder.

Wooyoung raised his eyebrow. He turned his head to face San. "Please?"

San lifted his head to look into Wooyoung's pleading eyes. "Sure, baby."

The two prepared to eat their dinner in front of the massive TV in San's living area, happy to enjoy their meal together.

Chapter End Notes

I'm finally trying to break some of the sexual tension between San and Wooyoung, we'll see if Wooyoung's plan actually works out or not tho in the next part. Let me know what you think in the comments, I love talking with you guys!

Like always, thank you guys so much for reading this fic, I can't believe it's already at 3.5k hits!! That's so crazy!

End Notes

Please leave me a comment or kudos if you guys enjoy reading this!

I hope to publish part two sometime next week!

-Cass

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