

## Compromises

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Characters:	<a href="#">Jeon Wonwoo</a> , <a href="#">Wen Jun Hui</a>   <a href="#">Jun</a> , <a href="#">Kwon Soonyoung</a>   <a href="#">Hoshi</a> , <a href="#">Lee Seokmin</a>   <a href="#">DK</a> , <a href="#">Yoon Jeonghan</a> , <a href="#">Kim Mingyu</a> , <a href="#">Xu Ming Hao</a>   <a href="#">The8</a> , <a href="#">Choi Seungcheol</a>   <a href="#">S.Coups</a> , <a href="#">Lee Jihoon</a>   <a href="#">Woozi</a> , <a href="#">Hong Jisoo</a>   <a href="#">Joshua</a>
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# Compromises

by [criesmom](#)

## Summary

Wonwoo is surrounded by love; from his friends, for his friends, his friends loving each other. He just wishes he knew how to express that love

## Notes

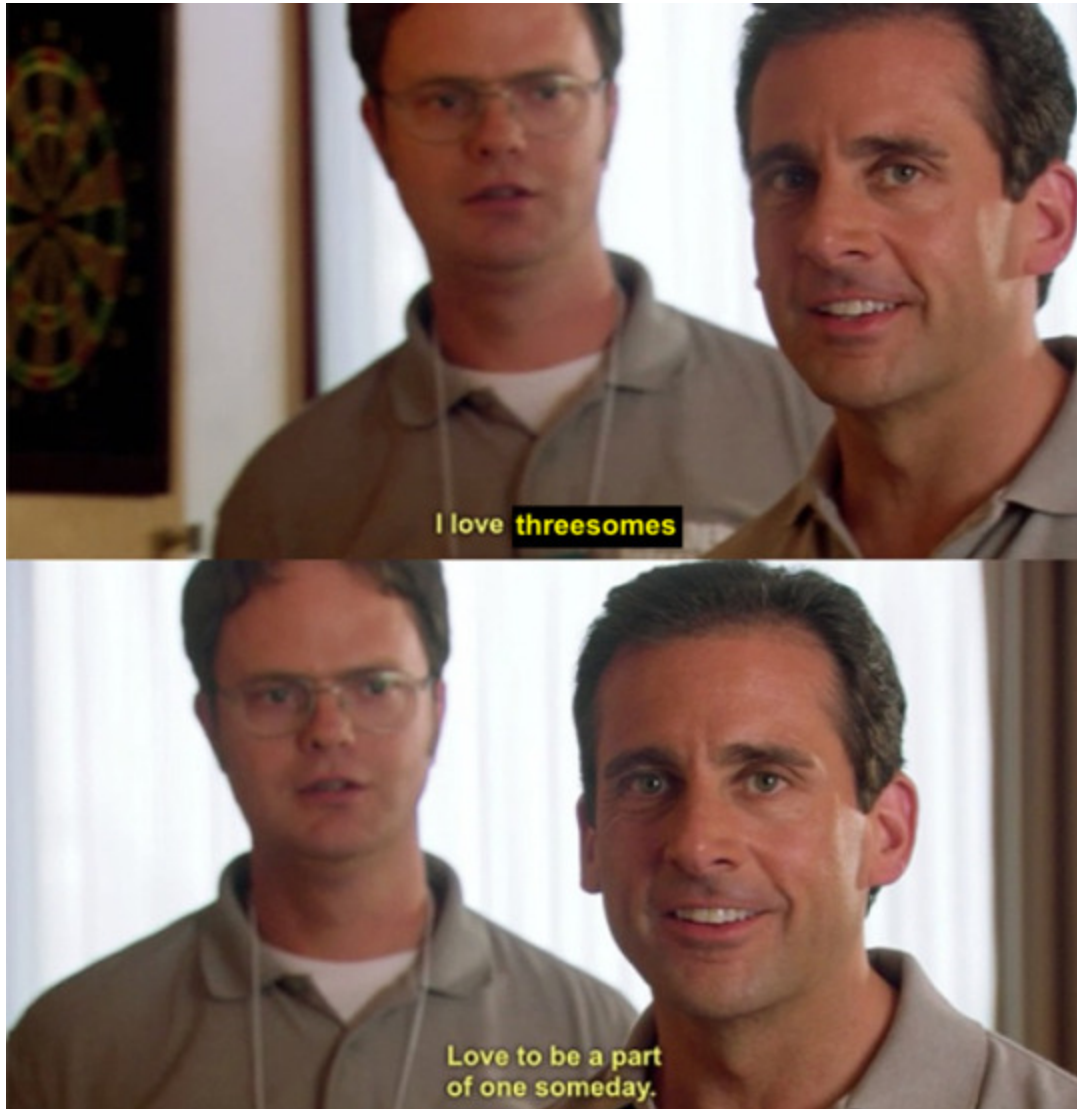
a direct continuation from Wrong Number !! not sure how long this one will be but we'll see how impatient I get lol

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

# Chapter 1

[the tallest mf I have ever seen] hey what are your thoughts on threesomes?

[string bean looking mf]



[string bean looking mf] why do you ask

[the tallest mf I have ever seen] do you wanna have one with me and Hao?

[string bean looking mf] sure why not

[the tallest mf I have ever seen] sweet don't tell them though it's a birthday present

Wonwoo locked his phone and dropped it on his bed. He scratched absently at his bare stomach, his other hand under his head. He considered texting the boy he was seeing –

someone he'd met in the back of a psych class – but brushed it off as he heard the front door open.

When he leant out of his bedroom door, he saw Soonyoung almost tripping over himself in his effort to drag Seokmin into the flat. They toppled over onto the couch, mouths fast on each other and Wonwoo sighed, closing the door quietly as he returned to his bed. He turned his phone over in his hand a few times before shrugging to himself and pulling up his texts.

**[Book Fuck, 10:17pm]** you up?

**[Momhui, 10:19pm]** unfortunately

**[Book Fuck, 10:19pm]** can I crash at yours tonight? Soons is about to bone Seokmin on our couch

**[Momhui, 10:20pm]** ah, young love

**[Momhui, 10:20pm]** things aren't much better here tho

**[Momhui, 10:21pm]** p sure Jeonghan's having a fucking orgy

**[Book Fuck, 10:22pm]** rip us

**[Book Fuck, 10:25pm]** wanna meet at the park?

**[Momhui, 10:26pm]** 5 mins

Smiling to himself, Wonwoo lifted his legs up and used the momentum to sit up on the edge of his bed. He pulled on a pair of jeans over his boxers, grabbing the first hoodie his hands found on the floor. He grabbed his wallet and threw his bedroom door open loudly, startling Soonyoung and Seokmin on the couch. Seokmin was avoiding eye contact while blushing a deep red, and Soonyoung sat up with a shocked expression. They were both shirtless.

“Wonwoo, I didn't realise you were home, shit.”

Wonwoo held up a hand as he walked to the front door to stuff his feet into a pair of sneakers. “It's chill, I'm heading out anyway.”

He didn't bother doing up his laces; only wanting to leave them alone as soon as possible. The air outside was cold as he walked through darkened streets to the small playground he and Junhui often spent time at. It was old and far too small for them, but it served well as a quiet place where Junhui could smoke in peace.

Junhui was already there when Wonwoo arrived, sitting in a swing as he rocked himself with a foot on the ground. He was tapping a packet of cigarettes against his hand, and smiled as Wonwoo rounded the corner. Wonwoo sat in the swing next to him, digging his hands into the pocket on the front of his hoodie. Junhui turned to look at him.

“Jeonghan was, in fact, having an orgy.”

Wonwoo's nose wrinkled. "How the fuck does he manage that in your place?"

Junhui shrugged, tapping a cigarette out of the pack and putting it between his lips. "Pure and unbridled talent, I guess." He patted his pockets. "Shit, you don't have a lighter, do you?"

Wonwoo chuckled, fumbling around the objects in his pocket until he was able to pull a lighter from it. He held it a safe distance from Junhui's face and flicked it on, letting Junhui light his cigarette on it. The small flame illuminated his face softly, accentuating the curve of his lips. Wonwoo took his thumb off the lighter and the flame went out.

Truth be told, Wonwoo didn't need a lighter. He didn't smoke, spare the odd drag when he was with Junhui, and he didn't like candles as they made his nose itch. A lighter was the last thing he needed in the world – but Junhui often forgot to take one with him.

After Junhui took a drag from his cigarette, he offered it to Wonwoo who politely declined. They sat for a while in silence, smoke billowing from Junhui's mouth and dissipating into the night. It was turned gold by a street light nearby, the edges of the clouds still blue. When it was finished, Junhui flicked away the butt and took out another. Wonwoo again offered his lighter, this time wordlessly, and lit the cigarette between Junhui's lips.

Junhui shook his head, tapping off ashes. "I need to quit."

Wonwoo huffed a laugh that held no humour. "No kidding."

Junhui nudged Wonwoo's arm and they swung side to side in wake of the movement. "My uncle died."

His voice didn't give away any emotion, so Wonwoo turned to read his face. "As in recently?"

"A few hours ago." He looked up at nothing in particular.

"I'm sorry."

"I didn't really know him. Mum didn't even know he had cancer until my grandma told her he was dead."

"Are you okay?"

Junhui didn't answer immediately, instead looking down at the cigarette in his hand and flicking the end of it to get rid of more ashes. He shrugged. "I guess. It's weird, because I didn't know him." He lifted the cigarette to his lips, took another drag, and spoke before exhaling. "I need to quit."

They didn't speak for the next half an hour; both happy to absently swing and think to themselves. At some point, Junhui had taken out and lit another cigarette, only to watch it burn slowly down to the butt. When it was finished, he flicked it away and stuffed his hands in his pockets.

"Seokmin's nice."

Wonwoo nodded. “He’s fucking funny when he’s not being embarrassed.”

“He sure does blush a lot,” Junhui said through a laugh. “How do you feel about him and Soonyoung?”

Wonwoo rolled his eyes; he was sick of this question being thrown at him every five minutes. “I’m happy for them.”

“Yeah, but aren’t you a little bit upset? I know you say you don’t have any feelings for him anymore, but you guys were in love for a long time.”

Wonwoo looked at Junhui, who looked right back at him, face serene.

“I’ll always be a little in love with him, I guess. But not like that anymore.” He sighed heavily. “I don’t know, man. It’s just not that deep.”

Junhui nodded, adjusting himself in the swing seat a little. “You know better than anyone else. It’s just hard to see you guys not together, you know? Plus it’s only been six months.”

“We stopped being in love before that, though. Shit man, I wish I could still be in love with him, but life doesn’t work like that sometimes.”

Wonwoo’s phone buzzed against his fingers in his pocket.

**[Eel Boy, 11:46pm]** Sorry, it’s safe now

**[Edgelord, 11:47pm]** it’s fine, I’m with Jun so I might not be back for a while

**[Edgelord, 11:48pm]** hope the dick was good

“That him?”

Wonwoo pocketed his phone before Soonyoung could get angry at him. “Yeah, he and Seokmin are done.”

Junhui didn’t ask him if he was going to leave, so he stayed sitting in the swing. A car drove past on the road behind the playground, the lights moving on the playground equipment. After another while of silence, Junhui checked his phone and sighed.

“How long to orgies usually take?”

Wonwoo laughed. “No idea; I’ve never been in one.”

Junhui snorted. “I find that hard to believe.” He rolled his shoulders and tipped his head back, stretching out his neck and making his skin pull taught over his Adam’s apple. “Can I crash at yours?”

“Sure, hopefully they don’t start up again in the middle of the night.”

Junhui laughed as he stood up. “Dude, it *is* the middle of the night.”

Wonwoo stood as well. “You know what I mean.”

They walked more or less in silence, both with hands in their pockets and shoulders brushing together. Junhui asked if they could stop at a convenience store, where Wonwoo pretended not to see the packet of cigarettes in amongst his chips and energy drink. When they got to the apartment, they crept up the stairs as quietly as they could so as not to wake Hejin downstairs. Junhui had his own pair of house slippers for the apartment, considering he was there so often. Wonwoo supposed that Seokmin would get some too, eventually.

Seokmin was in the kitchen, wearing only his boxers and one of Soonyoung’s shirts. After a second glance, Wonwoo realised it was one of his shirts that had migrated to Soonyoung’s wardrobe. Seokmin watched them come in, frozen to the spot as he held two glasses of water.

Wonwoo smiled at him. “Have fun?”

Just as Wonwoo wanted, Seokmin flushed from his chest up and started spluttering. Junhui tutted from behind Wonwoo’s shoulder.

“Quit being mean to him.”

Wonwoo protested as Junhui walked past him and over to the fridge. “I’m not being mean.”

Junhui made a sarcastic “mhm” noise as he opened the fridge and put his energy drink on a shelf. He shut the door and turned on his heels, putting a hand on Seokmin’s shoulder.

“He stopped maturing after the age of thirteen; ignore him.”

Seokmin looked as if he wanted to say something else, but decided not to and walked briskly back to Soonyoung’s room. Junhui shook his head.

“He’s just a kid.”

Wonwoo shrugged, walking into his own room and sitting on his bed. Junhui came in a moment later, wrinkling his nose at the clothes dumped on Wonwoo’s floor. It wasn’t a complete mess, but it certainly wasn’t tidy.

“Do you ever do your laundry?” Junhui asked, picking his way across the room to sit next to Wonwoo. Their shoulders brushed together and Wonwoo swallowed.

“Only when it makes me wanna kill myself.”

Junhui’s smile took up his whole face. “Edgy.”

“That’s me,” Wonwoo said, standing up and pushing his jeans down his legs. He held them out and dropped them. “Edgelord McGee.”

Junhui's laugh bubbled out of him with a slight wheeze as he watched Wonwoo empty his pocket onto his night stand. "Chill out Jared Leto."

Wonwoo smiled, pulling his hoodie over his head so he was left in his boxers and slippers. Junhui let out a low whistle.

"Now this is a look and a half."

Wonwoo laughed. "It's part of the summer collection. You need a shirt to sleep in?"

Junhui shook his head, standing up as Wonwoo kicked off his slippers and lay down on his bed.

"I'll probably need one in the morning, though." He struggled to get the cuffs of his jeans past his ankles, using one hand to tug them as the other balanced him against the wall. "Move over."

Wonwoo did so, making room for Junhui on the bed. Junhui pulled the duvet over them and plastered himself to Wonwoo's side, tucking the duvet under the edges of his body. Wonwoo knew it was because he didn't like having a draft, but it didn't stop his heart from jumping. He pulled his hand out from under the covers, reaching around Junhui to turn off his lamp. Rather than tucking his arm back by his side, he wrapped it around Junhui's shoulders.

He brushed his thumb over Junhui's shoulder, rumpling the fabric of his shirt a little and pulling it over his collarbone. Junhui's hair smelled like coconut oil and cigarette smoke, soft as it tickled Wonwoo's chin.



## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

This chapter is pretty much just everyone teasing Seokmin lmao sorry

When Wonwoo woke, Junhui's head was still firmly planted on his chest, right where it turned into his shoulder. One of Junhui's legs was draped over Wonwoo's, foot snaking around to hook their ankles together. Junhui's arm was across Wonwoo's torso and his hand was sandwiched between Wonwoo's shoulder blade and the mattress. Wonwoo felt so comfortably entangled with the boy in his bed, so at peace and so warm, that he almost fell asleep again.

Almost.

The sound of pans clanging together in the kitchen made Junhui flinch, and he groaned in protest as he curled up even closer to Wonwoo's side. He nuzzled his head into Wonwoo's shoulder, mumbling something incomprehensible against his skin.

Wonwoo chuckled. "Morning, sunshine."

Junhui continued his groan. "What time is it?"

Wonwoo, whilst trying not to disturb Junhui, reached over to his bedside table and looked at the time on his phone. "Twelve past eleven."

"Hm. Do you think Jeonghan's finished his orgy yet?"

Wonwoo laughed. "Better stay here to be safe."

Wonwoo could hear the smile in Junhui's hum as he rubbed his cheek on Wonwoo's shoulder again. "Are they making breakfast?"

The air was starting to smell distinctly of bacon. "Probably. If we get up now they'll probably make us some."

Junhui moved his head so that he could look up at Wonwoo. This brought their faces very close together; Junhui's lips ghosting Wonwoo's chin.

"I haven't had a cooked breakfast in months."

Before he could chicken out, Wonwoo pursed his lips against Junhui's nose, then quickly threw the duvet back. Junhui flinched against the cold, but quickly rolled over and swung himself off the bed. Wonwoo watched on in amusement as Junhui struggled with his jeans,

hopping around Wonwoo's room as he cursed in Mandarin. Eventually, he gave up, abandoning the jeans on the floor in favour for running out to the kitchen.

Wonwoo followed shortly after, only bothering to pull on a pair of track pants. Junhui was sitting at the breakfast bar as Seokmin cooked some bacon in a pan, Soonyoung pressed against his back with arms around his waist. Seokmin turned to look at Wonwoo, giving him a bright yet embarrassed smile.

“Hungry?”

“What are you making?” Wonwoo walked over to the fridge, opening the door to stare blankly at the shelves.

“Uh, bacon, eggs, beans, sausage and toast.”

“No eggs, thanks,” Wonwoo said, grabbing Junhui's energy drink. He placed the can on the bench as he took the seat next to Junhui.

Junhui gave an appreciative groan. “Thank you, past me. Your foresight was amazing.”

Wonwoo laughed, placing an arm on the back of Junhui's chair as Junhui cracked open the can and took a few swigs. Soonyoung peeled himself from Seokmin's back to lean on his elbows against the bench.

“What brings you here?”

Junhui wiped the corner of his mouth where the energy drink had leaked a little. “Jeonghan was having an orgy.”

Seokmin dropped a rasher of bacon into the pan, yelping when hot oil splashed back up at him. Soonyoung looked over his shoulder.

“You okay babe?”

Seokmin wrung his hand. “I think so.”

Junhui scoffed as Soonyoung turned back to face them. “You're going to have to get used to that, Seok.”

Wonwoo felt a smile tugging at his mouth. “Yeah you can't go giving yourself first degree burns every time someone mentions sex.”

Soonyoung gave them a pleading look. “Leave him alone.”

“I'm not a prude, you know.” Seokmin's voice was even, but the back of his neck and the tips of his ears were red. “I'm just not used to people bringing up orgies at the breakfast bar.”

Wonwoo choked down a laugh. “What, do you just have sex with one person at a time? That's cute.”

Soonyoung shook his head. “You really are the worst person in the world.”

Wonwoo smiled innocently at him. “Love you too babe.”

Soonyoung then turned back to lean against Seokmin’s back, meaning he didn’t see the warning glance that Junhui shot Wonwoo.

When Seokmin had finished dishing up, they migrated to the living room. They ate more or less in silence, the national news playing on the television at a low volume. At one point, Junhui dashed back into Wonwoo’s room to answer his phone as it rang, still in the back pocket of his jeans. When it was clear he was taking the call out of the room, Soonyoung leant forward and hissed at Wonwoo.

“Are you hooking up with Jun?”

Wonwoo choked on his toast, grabbing Junhui’s energy drink to soothe his throat. “No, what the fuck?”

“You’re out here, shirtless, and he isn’t wearing any pants.”

“He’s also asexual, you ignorant fuck.”

Soonyoung’s blush blossomed delicately across his cheeks. “Asexuals can be sex positive, *you* ignorant fuck.”

Wonwoo gave up entirely on whispering. “I am *not* having sex with Junhui.”

At that moment, he heard Junhui laugh behind him as he walked over to sit next to him again. “I can confirm that I am, indeed, still a virgin.”

Seokmin spluttered into his orange juice and Soonyoung rubbed his back. Junhui rolled his eyes.

“You know, for someone who isn’t a prude, you sure are weird about sex,” Junhui said, biting into his eggy toast.

Seokmin shrugged as he blushed. Soonyoung smiled fondly at him, brushing Seokmin’s cheek with the back of his fingers.

“You can’t blame him; he only lost his virginity a few weeks ago.”

Seokmin’s eyes went wide and he swung his hand to give Soonyoung a dull thwack to his chest. Soonyoung simply giggled in response.

“We already knew that, Seok,” Wonwoo said, enjoying the way Seokmin’s eyebrows rose even higher. “The walls are thin.”

Seokmin groaned, covering his face with his hands as he rubbed it. “I wanna die.”

Wonwoo shrugged, reaching over to take some extra sausage off Soonyoung's plate. "Don't be embarrassed; I think it's cute Soonyoung had to teach you what to do."

On his life, Wonwoo had never seen that shade of red in nature. Seokmin looked as if he was about to either explode, pass out, or projectile vomit. Possibly all of the above.

Deciding to give Seokmin room to recover, Wonwoo turned to Junhui. "Who was on the phone?"

"Jeonghan. It seems the orgy has finally come to an end."

Soonyoung huffed a laugh, eyes still on Seokmin as he fidgeted next to him. "Just now? Did he go all night?"

Junhui shrugged. "I didn't ask. All I know is that I can safely return to my own bed without risk of someone's cum landing in my eye."

Seokmin's voice was small as he spoke. "You guys are very explicit."

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After Wonwoo had seen Junhui off, he traipsed back upstairs and fell into a bean bag as Soonyoung and Seokmin had claimed the couch. He watched as Seokmin struggled to navigate Skyrim for a while before turning his attention to Seokmin himself.

"Your friends asked me to have a threesome with them."

Seokmin froze, then looked at Wonwoo with an expression he couldn't read. "Why do I need to know that?"

Wonwoo shrugged. "Figured you have a right to know; they're your friends."

Seokmin wrinkled his nose. "I stopped wanting to know about where they stuck their dicks after they blew each other in the same room as me."

Soonyoung snorted, then tried desperately to compose himself. "Did you say yes?"

Even though it was a perfectly sensible question, Wonwoo was a little taken aback. "Of course I did, have you seen Mingyu? Boy could get it any day of the week. And don't get me started on Minghao's hands."

"I won't," Seokmin said pointedly. His character on screen was killed by the dragon and he dropped the controller in frustration. "Is it like a casual thing?"

"Yeah, I think it's Minghao's birthday present?"

Seokmin fake gagged. "I won't tell them then. And please don't give me any details when it happens; I'll get enough of it from them."

Wonwoo laughed as Seokmin went back to the game. As Soonyoung walked Seokmin through the controls, Wonwoo's mind wandered. He thought about the night before, when Junhui told him about his uncle. About how Junhui had said he needed to quit, even as he exhaled smoke. About the packet of cigarettes Junhui bought with his chips and energy drink. He frowned.

"What do you do when you think you might have feelings for your best friend?"

Soonyoung smirked from where he was sitting with a hand on Seokmin's thigh. "You get them to watch a shitty drama with you and then you take the piss out of it until you inevitably kiss him."

Wonwoo shook his head. "That was love at first sight, it doesn't count."

Seokmin looked between the two of them. "Is this some obscure reference I'm not getting?"

Soonyoung looked at Seokmin, seemingly realising what had happened. "Oh, uh. We were talking about us."

Seokmin nodded, though he was clearly a little uncomfortable. "Love at first sight?"

Not wanting to see them tip toe around the subject, Wonwoo interjected. "When we were eleven, but that's old news." He smiled to himself. "I wouldn't kiss Soonyoung if it was the only thing keeping me alive."

Seokmin nodded again, pausing the game and setting the controller down in his lap. "When Minghao and Mingyu first caught feelings they just talked to me about it and sulked. It was fucking annoying and then Mingyu finally manned up and kissed them and they've been together ever since."

"Why are you asking about this anyway? Are you in love with me again?"

Wonwoo rolled his eyes. "I literally just said I would rather die than kiss you." He looked down at his lap, pulling at his sleeves. "It's Junhui."

Soonyoung sat up so quickly that Seokmin flinched. "So you are hooking up with him!"

Wonwoo grimaced. "No, what the fuck?"

Soonyoung laughed softly, settling back into Seokmin's side. "That's gonna be interesting; you having feelings for an ace kid."

Wonwoo groaned, sinking into the bean bag further and tipping his head back. "I don't even think I *want* to have sex with him."

"Who the fuck are you anymore?"

Wonwoo closed his eyes as Seokmin spoke. "I don't get it."

“Wonwoo’s hypersexual and doesn’t know how to express affection without sticking his dick in someone.”

“Which is difficult to do,” Wonwoo added, “when the person you are feeling affectionate towards cried the last time he saw a dick.”

Soonyoung quickly clarified. “It was Jeonghan’s accidentally and we’re not exaggerating when we say he turned up at our door in tears.”

“To be fair,” Wonwoo said, sitting up again, “he was sleep deprived.”

“So what are you going to do?” Soonyoung asked after a silence.

Wonwoo shrugged. “Ignore it until it goes away, probably.”

“Sounds healthy,” Soonyoung said, but he seemed to understand Wonwoo wanted to leave it, as he pressed the button to take the game off pause and continued walking Seokmin through it.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

Wonwoo gets spookt and Soonyoung is a good friend

## Chapter Notes

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

Wonwoo couldn't help himself staring at Junhui's lips as they wrapped around his cigarette.

"I thought you were going to quit."

Junhui gave a lazy smile. "So did I."

They were in the street that ran through the middle of their university, standing right under a "No Smoking" sign. It had been a week and a half since Jeonghan's orgy, but Junhui was still smoking.

"Do you need like, any help quitting?"

Junhui thought as he took another drag. "Probably, I don't know. I haven't given it that much thought."

Wonwoo left it at that. He looked down the street to see Jihoon walking towards them with an armful of text books. Wonwoo lifted a hand in front of Jihoon to catch his attention, and he stopped short, blinking up at Wonwoo.

"Shit, I didn't see you guys."

Wonwoo laughed. "You good?"

Jihoon heaved a sigh, squeezing himself into the space between them and slumping against the wall. "I have a thousand assignments and my boyfriends are fighting."

"Shit, is everything okay?" Junhui asked, offering what was left of his cigarette to Jihoon.

Jihoon turned it down politely. "It's nothing major it's just fucking annoying." He shifted his books into one arm and used his free hand to massage his temples. "They either ignore each other or yell and I can't tell which is worse."

Wonwoo shared a look with Junhui over Jihoon's head. "I'm sure it'll blow over soon."

Jihoon lowered his hand. "I hope so. I haven't been fucked in a week. Sorry, Jun."

Junhui shrugged. "I live with Jeonghan."

"Fair point." Jihoon looked at the time on his watch. "Shit I gotta get going. I'll see you guys around."

"Good talk, Ji," Wonwoo called after him, making Junhui laugh.

"Do you think," Junhui said, after flicking away the butt of his cigarette, "they fight over him?"

Wonwoo laughed. "Seungcheol holds his arms and Joshua holds his feet and they pull back and forth."

"Exactly."

They watched people walking past in silence for a while. Out of the corner of his eye, Wonwoo saw Junhui reach to his pocket for his pack.

"Don't."

Junhui sighed, but folded his arms across his chest. "You have any other classes?" Wonwoo shook his head. "Wanna come over and watch a movie?"

Junhui and Jeonghan lived in a real house with several bedrooms and two bathrooms. They insisted they had just found a good deal, but the others had their suspicions. When they walked into the kitchen, Jeonghan was standing by the bench in a dressing gown. He looked exhausted, with makeup smudged across his face and his hair still taped back for a wig. Wonwoo hated to think what his pillow looked like.

"Morning, Jeonghan," Wonwoo greeted him cheerfully, making Jeonghan wince.

"Shut up," he whispered. "God my head's gonna explode."

Junhui smiled sympathetically. "Late night?"

"Shh, you talk so fucking loud. I just got in."

Junhui lowered his voice to match Jeonghan's. "Did the show just end?"

Jeonghan shook his head, then groaned in regret. "I went home with someone. I'm gonna take a shower. Can you make sure I don't drown?"

Junhui rubbed Jeonghan's back. "Sure thing."

Wonwoo watched Jeonghan traipse slowly out of the room. "Poor guy."

They decided to watch cartoon reruns rather than a movie, because Junhui had to leave every five minutes to check on Jeonghan upstairs. Eventually, with Wonwoo and Junhui's help,



Jeonghan managed to get into bed and was asleep before he was even lying down properly.

When they went back down stairs, Wonwoo sat in the corner of the couch and Junhui curled up against his side, legs tucked up beside him. Wonwoo was paying more attention to Junhui's weight on him than to the cartoons. Junhui's breathing and synced up with Wonwoo's and he had an arm around Wonwoo's waist, thumb rubbing Wonwoo's hip absent mindedly.

"Hey can I ask you something?"

Junhui shifted so he was looking up at Wonwoo, head on his shoulder. "Yeah?"

"You don't have to answer it if you don't want, I was just wondering."

"What is it?"

"You know how you're ace?" Junhui nodded. "Is that like, just sex? Or does it mean you don't get feelings for people as well?"

Junhui laughed, his breath moving Wonwoo's hair about his face. "Nah, just sex. For me at least; everyone's a little different."

Wonwoo nodded. "So you like girls or boys or what?"

"Oh, no I'm a massive queer. Love a good boy."

Wonwoo laughed, the movement shaking Junhui a little. "Relatable."

Their faces were extremely close to each other, and Junhui had a hand on Wonwoo's chest that had him using all his willpower not to kiss Junhui. For a moment, he thought his efforts would be in vain as Junhui pressed their noses together, but before Wonwoo had time to truly panic, Junhui was putting his head back on Wonwoo's chest. For the next few hours that they lay on the couch, Wonwoo couldn't think of anything else.

He stayed for dinner, during which time Jeonghan came down stairs and forced himself to eat. He didn't look as nauseous as he had earlier in the day, but he looked just as tired.

"Heard you had an orgy," Wonwoo said, reaching over for the pepper.

Jeonghan scoffed, pushing a piece of chicken around his plate. "Is it an orgy if it's only four?"

Wonwoo shrugged. "I'm not familiar with the criteria."

Jeonghan laughed. "You've never had one?"

"I've never even had a threesome."

"Oh man," Jeonghan said, giving up on the rest of his dinner and pushing his plate away. "You gotta try it."

Wonwoo spared Junhui a glance, but he seemed happy with the conversation. “I have one planned.”

“Who with?” Jeonghan leant forward with interest.

“Couple of Seokmin’s friends.” Wonwoo shoved a forkful of chicken into his mouth as Junhui and Jeonghan reacted.

Jeonghan said “Fucking nice!” at the same time Junhui said “Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“Why would it not be a good idea?”

Junhui frowned. “You’re going to have a threesome with your ex-boyfriend’s current boyfriend’s friends.”

“Yeah.”

There was a beat of silence as Junhui stared at him incredulously. “That sounds to me like a bad idea.”

“Seokmin’s okay with it, not that I need his permission.” He looked at Jeonghan. “Back me up here.”

Junhui gave Jeonghan a pleading look, who just smiled wickedly. “It’s just sex. Plus, Seokmin’s fine with it.”

Junhui shook his head, but he didn’t make any more protests.

“When is this happening anyway?”

Wonwoo shrugged. “It’s supposed to be a surprise for Minghao’s birthday, but I don’t know when their birthday is.”

“That’s kinda cute, in a way,” Jeonghan said, smiling a little as he put his head in his hand.

Jeonghan disappeared into his room again as Wonwoo and Junhui did the dishes together. When they had put the dishwasher on, Junhui walked Wonwoo down to the bus stop. They walked a little closer than was necessary, their arms brushing against each other, but Wonwoo wasn’t complaining. The bus was a few minutes late, and Junhui waited with Wonwoo.

Junhui looked down at his feet as he kicked his heel against the pavement. “Be careful with this threesome, won’t you.”

Wonwoo looked at him, searching his face for something that wasn’t there. “I’m always careful.” He took a hand out of his pocket to fix a piece of Junhui’s hair that was out of place. “Don’t worry about me.”

“I know you are, just,” he looked up and across the street, letting out a sigh, “be careful of the people around you, you know?”

Wonwoo frowned. “You mean Seokmin?”

Junhui finally looked at him, looking concerned and a little nervous. “No, I mean –” he looked over Wonwoo’s shoulder and stood up. “Your bus is here.”

They hugged each other goodbye and Wonwoo got on the bus. He stared out the window and was so deep in thought that he almost missed his stop. He ran up the stairs to his apartment, not bothering to put on his slippers before he burst into Soonyoung’s room without knocking.

Soonyoung jumped where he was sitting on his bed, a hand clasped to his chest. “Holy shit, you gave me a fright. Are you okay?”

Anxiety was rising fast in Wonwoo’s chest and he wrung his hands as he paced around Soonyoung’s room. “I don’t know. Shit, I don’t know, Soonyoung.”

Soonyoung stood up and gripped Wonwoo’s arms, forcing him to stand still. “What happened?”

Wonwoo fell down onto the bed and told Soonyoung about first how Junhui had almost kissed him and then about the cryptic conversation at the bus stop. Soonyoung nodded throughout the recount, rubbing Wonwoo’s back soothingly.

“I hate to burst your bubble, but it sounds like he’s just being a good friend. How often do we cuddle on the couch and kiss each other on the cheek? And he probably just meant me, or even Minghao and Mingyu.”

Wonwoo held his breath for a moment before letting it out in a deep sigh and nudging Soonyoung’s shoulder with his own. “You’re probably right. God, I hate this.”

Soonyoung laughed. “This is just a normal part of life. You can either ignore it or tell him, but try not to get stuck in the middle somewhere. It’s not cute.”

Wonwoo nodded. “Maybe the threesome will distract me.”

Soonyoung rolled his eyes so hard that Wonwoo didn’t have to look at him to see it. “All you do is think about sex.”

“Guilty,” Wonwoo said, holding up his hands and then reaching them around Soonyoung’s waist.

They lay down on the bed together and repositioned themselves to that Wonwoo had his head on Soonyoung’s chest and his arms around his waist. His arm that was under Soonyoung was already uncomfortable, but he couldn’t be bothered to move it. They fell asleep like that for a while before Soonyoung started complaining about Wonwoo’s arm, so Wonwoo went to his own room.

**[string bean looking mf]** when is this threesome gonna take place?

**[the tallest mf I have ever seen]** Hao's birthday is 7 November, are u free then?

**[string bean looking mf]** yeah that's chill

**[string bean looking mf]** am I coming to u guys or???

**[the tallest mf I have ever seen]** uhhhhh yeah, they'll be out till like 3 so if you get here before then I'll let u in

**[string bean looking mf]** sweet I'll see you then

**[the tallest mf I have ever seen]** can't wait ;)

## Chapter End Notes

you can find me on twitter @[rinslame](#) or i have a [curiouscat](#) now !!

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

Wonwoo gets his dick wet

## Chapter Notes

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

The seventh of November came around much faster than Wonwoo was expecting. He spent the first half of the day catching up on his course work to distract himself before getting ready at two o'clock. With Soonyoung's help, he threw on a pair of jeans and clean shirt – nothing special as he figured it wasn't going to be on for long – and was out the door by half past.

Mingyu answered the door with a large grin on his face. He waved for Wonwoo to enter, shutting the door behind him and showing him to the bedroom.

“Hao should be home soon; they're out with Seokmin right now.”

Wonwoo nodded, sitting down on the bed and looking around. He thought about what Junhui said at the bus stop.

“Are you sure you're okay with this?”

Mingyu looked down at him from where he was leaning against a book case. “Why wouldn't I be?”

Wonwoo shrugged. “I don't know. Some other guy fucking your,” he paused to think, “partner?”

Mingyu rolled his eyes. “The only deep thing about this is gonna be your dick. Hao and I are in love with each other and nothing's going to threaten that.” He shrugged with a lopsided grin. “We just think you're hot. No offence.”

“None taken.”

Mingyu was about to say something else when his phone started ringing. “You okay?”

Wonwoo could hear someone on the other end, but not enough that he could make out what they were saying. Mingyu sighed.

“Good one babe, I'll let you in now.” He hung up and opened the bedroom door. “Hao forgot their keys, I'm gonna let them up now. Stay there.”

Mingyu left the apartment all together, probably to let Minghao up from downstairs, so Wonwoo did as he was told and waited.

Wonwoo sat on the edge of the bed, back hunched and holding his hands between his knees. Mingyu was taking longer than he expected, and he was starting to get worried when he heard the front door of their apartment open. Their words were muffled but grew clearer as Mingyu guided Minghao down the hallway towards their bedroom.

“Gyu, I swear to god if this is some dumb fuck boy move –”

“Shh, baby, keep your eyes covered. You’re going to love it.”

The door swung open, pushed by Mingyu as he leant past Minghao. Minghao still had their hands over their eyes.

“Okay what is it.”

Mingyu put his hands on Minghao’s waist, kissing the side of their neck. “Open your eyes, baby.”

Minghao lowered their hands, slowly, and revealed a harsh scowl behind them. This gave way to shock as they recognised Wonwoo, who gave a fingers-only wave. Mingyu started rubbing circles into their hips as he ghosted their skin with his mouth.

“What the fuck is this, Mingyu?”

Mingyu hummed into the back of their neck. “It’s your birthday present.” He pulled away, holding a hand out to Wonwoo. “We’re having a threesome.”

Minghao looked to Wonwoo for confirmation, so Wonwoo rose from the bed and walked over to them. Minghao was a little shorter than him, and their eyes widened as Wonwoo came closer. Wonwoo first looked to Mingyu, who nodded excitedly, and then Wonwoo was ducking his head and pressing his lips to Minghao’s.

The soft squeak Minghao let out on first impact made Wonwoo chuckle, the sound reverberating through his chest. It didn’t take long for Minghao to tangle their fingers in Wonwoo’s hair as Mingyu pushed them forward. He then took Wonwoo’s hands and pulled them to wrap around Minghao’s waist, Wonwoo taking the hint to drag them backwards and allow them to fall on top of him on the bed. Minghao was straddling his lap, hands planted flat on his chest as they let out a sigh. Wonwoo ran his hands down their sides and edged his fingers under the waist band of their jeans.

Minghao detached their lips with a whine as they felt the weight of Mingyu on the bed. He was sitting on the edge of it, and when he held out a hand, Minghao crawled over and into his lap. Mingyu circled an arm around Minghao and kissed the corner of their mouth before gently holding their chin, turning their head to look at Wonwoo.

“What do you want, baby?” Mingyu said, still holding Minghao’s head as he mouthed at their throat.

Minghao visibly shivered, hands fisting in Mingyu's shirt as they spoke to Wonwoo. "Top or bottom?"

"Top," Wonwoo answered easily. "And I'm a switch but I'm leaning towards dom at the moment."

Minghao pulled their chin out of Mingyu's grasp and looked down at him. "He can dom."

Mingyu slowly turned his head to Wonwoo, who frowned in confusion. Mingyu was looking at him but talking to Minghao.

"Do you want him to dom, baby?"

Minghao stroked Mingyu's cheek, but Mingyu just kept his eyes trained on Wonwoo. "I wanna see him fuck you."

"Can you?"

Wonwoo shrugged. "I'm cool with whatever. Unless it involves piss in which case I'm out."

Minghao snorted. "No piss. Baby?"

Mingyu reacted to the name like ice cream reacts to the sun. "Mm?"

"I'm gonna let him fuck you." They slid off his lap to allow him to crawl over to Wonwoo. "Tell him what you want."

Instead of answering, Mingyu wriggled out of all his clothes and laid himself on the bed, already panting with anticipation. He had the white half of the yin and yang symbol – the side representing light and positivity if Wonwoo remembered correctly – tattooed on his left hip bone. The white was a stark contrast against his tan skin, which was already covered in a sheen of sweat. His dick was already fully erect; long and with thick veins running up and down it as it lay flat against his stomach.

Minghao turned from their sitting position to get a bottle of lube off their bedside table, then tossing it to Wonwoo. He set it down on the bed next to Mingyu and made to undo his pants when Mingyu put a hand on his forearm.

"Keep your clothes on."

Wonwoo turned to Minghao for explanation, but they simply shrugged. Minghao shuffled up the bed to lay on their stomach, making a ninety-degree angle from theirs and Mingyu's bodies. Wonwoo decided to let it go and shifted off the bed, kneeling in front of it so that he could grab Mingyu's ankles and yank his whole body forward. Mingyu's yelp of surprise made Wonwoo smirk to himself as he gripped Mingyu's hips and pulled him so that his ass was right at the edge of the bed, legs hanging off either side of Wonwoo's head.

Almost instinctively, Mingyu pulled his knees up to his chest, holding his legs up with his hands on the back of his thighs. Wonwoo was given a full view of Mingyu's asshole and the first thing he noticed was that it was tight.

He reached a hand to stroke up the back of Mingyu's thigh, making him whine in response. "How long has it been since you bottomed?"

The silence that followed was awkward, and when Wonwoo looked up, neither Mingyu nor Minghao would make eye contact.

"Have you never bottomed?"

Mingyu let out a frustrated sigh and Minghao smiled fondly down at him, answering in his place.

"Mingyu's mostly straight."

Wonwoo laughed, but stopped when Minghao just looked at him blankly. "Wait really?"

"Yeah, he's only been with girls and me, a known agender bottom."

Wonwoo looked at Mingyu, who was chewing hard on his bottom lip. Throwing caution to the wind, Wonwoo popped the cap on the lube.

"You let me know immediately if it hurts."

Mingyu looked painfully hopeful. "So you'll do it?"

Wonwoo nodded, carefully pouring lube over the first two fingers on his right hand, then squeezing some directly onto Mingyu's asshole. "Yeah, but you have to let me know if it hurts. If this is your first time getting fucked I don't want it to be uncomfortable."

Mingyu nodded quickly, the movement making his dick bob a little. "I don't mind if it hurts a little."

Wonwoo raised an eyebrow. "Do we need safe words?"

Minghao blushed. "Albatross."

Laughing, Wonwoo put the cap back on the lube and set it down next to where his knee rested on the carpet. "That's not the weirdest I've heard."

Wonwoo looked back to Mingyu's asshole, trying to think about the last time he took someone's virginity. Not that Mingyu was a virgin by any means; but it was his first time bottoming and Wonwoo viewed that as a virginity all of its own. He realised he had only taken one virginity before, and it was Soonyoung's. He dismissed the thought with a shake of his head and instead moved the thumb of his left hand to lightly stroke Mingyu's taint.

Wonwoo kept stroking the soft skin as he started to circle Mingyu's asshole, thankful he had clipped his nails that morning. When he was met with resistance the first few times he tried to get the tip of his finger in, he looked up to Minghao.

"Can you do something? Get him relaxed or distracted?"



Minghao nodded and immediately started making out with Mingyu, their hand going down to lightly trace along the veins on Mingyu's dick. After a while, they grasped Mingyu's dick and started to slowly pump it, making Mingyu whine softly against their mouth. Wonwoo turned his attention back to Mingyu's hole and tried again to get the tip of his finger in. It slid in with some difficulty, and Minghao was giving the most half-hearted hand job Wonwoo had ever seen, so Wonwoo took it into his own hands and leant his head down.

When he licked a stripe from Mingyu's asshole to his balls, Mingyu let out a moan that shook through his body. Minghao lifted their head in time to see Wonwoo take Mingyu's balls into his mouth, the two making eye contact as Wonwoo gently suckled on them.

Mingyu let out a strangled moan, his back arching off the bed as Wonwoo licked around his balls. He took the opportunity to push his finger further into Mingyu's ass, pumping it a few times before attempting to curl it into his prostate. Wonwoo could feel Mingyu's legs trembling either side of his head as he continued to curl his finger. Minghao started jerking Mingyu again, their hand brushing against Wonwoo's nose every so often.

After a while, Mingyu started whining, sounding almost on the verge of tears. Wonwoo's jaw was starting to get tired as he still sucked Mingyu's balls, and he started trying to insert a second finger before he heard Minghao speak up.

"How are you so close already?"

Wonwoo lifted his head, rolling his neck to ease some stiffness. Mingyu's face was flushed and the vein in his forehead was sticking out. He was panting harshly and gripping Minghao's arm so hard his knuckles were white. He looked at Wonwoo pleadingly.

"How much more is it gonna take?" his voice was strained and wavered on every syllable.

Wonwoo couldn't help laughing a little. "I haven't even got a second finger in."

Minghao smiled, looking down at Mingyu and stroking his hair back from his face. "Do we need to use the ring?"

Mingyu let out a moan and Wonwoo felt his ass tighten around his fingers.

"Use your words, baby," Wonwoo said, testing the waters.

Mingyu reacted by pouting up at him. "Yes, please."

Wonwoo started pumping his finger again as Minghao crawled to the bedside table and pulled out a cock ring. Wonwoo watched with interest as they carefully secured it around the base of Mingyu's dick, withdrawing their hand after a few feather light touches to his tip.

After that, it took roughly ten minutes for Wonwoo to be able to slip a third finger into Mingyu's ass. Mingyu was writhing on the bed so much the edges of the fitted sheet had come up on one corner, his entire body drenched in sweat and his fringe plastered to his forehead. Wonwoo felt disappointment for a moment that this wouldn't be a regular thing, but

it was fleeting. He looked to Minghao, who was biting their lip as they sat up against the headboard, palming themselves in their jeans.

“Hao?”

They stuttered out a moan as they tore their eyes from Wonwoo’s fingers. “Yes?”

“Come here.”

Minghao groaned as they withdrew their hand, crawling over and straddling Mingyu’s stomach so they were facing Wonwoo. Using his free hand, Wonwoo gripped Minghao’s chin and pulled them down for a kiss. Minghao mewled into Wonwoo’s mouth as they ground softly against Mingyu’s stomach, and Wonwoo happily swallowed every sound.

“Were you feeling left out, baby?”

Minghao nodded as best they could while still making out with Wonwoo. Wonwoo smirked against their mouth.

He removed his fingers from Mingyu, making him whine in protest. Wonwoo tutted as he reached down to get the bottle of lube, then passing it to Mingyu.

“Minghao, on your knees.” Minghao didn’t move, and Wonwoo realised they were waiting for directions. “Where you are is fine, baby.”

As Minghao lifted themselves onto their knees with Wonwoo’s shoulders as leverage, Wonwoo circled two fingers around Mingyu’s hole before burying them knuckle deep. Minghao was short enough that their dick was level with Wonwoo’s chin when they were kneeling, and Wonwoo allowed his breath to ghost over their tip as he instructed Mingyu.

“Mingyu, I want you to prepare Minghao. Can you do that baby?”

Minghao shuddered as Mingyu let out a low groan and popped the cap of the lube. Wonwoo worked his third finger back into Mingyu’s ass, peering around Minghao to make sure Mingyu was managing alright. With his free hand, Wonwoo helped Minghao unbuckle their belt and drag their jeans down their thighs along with their underwear, allowing Mingyu full access to their ass. Mingyu’s first finger seemed to slide in easily as Minghao let out a sigh of relief and gripped Wonwoo’s shoulders.

Wonwoo gave them a moment for Mingyu to figure out a rhythm before leaning down to mouth at the tip of Minghao’s dick. Their hips stuttered forward, pushing their dick past his lips. Wonwoo decided to let it go and used a hand on their hip to push them further into his mouth until he couldn’t take anymore of them. Once he had adjusted, he sped up his fingers in Mingyu’s ass, sucking harshly on Minghao as both they and Mingyu let out strangled moans.

Soon enough, Minghao lost their strength and their hands left Wonwoo’s shoulders to find purchase on Mingyu’s chest behind them. Wonwoo knew that it wouldn’t last too much

longer; Mingyu growing more desperate and inconsistent as he fingered Minghao, who was stuck between grinding back on Mingyu's fingers and thrusting into Wonwoo's throat.

Without any notice, Wonwoo pulled his mouth off Minghao and once again removed his fingers from Mingyu's ass. He straightened up as Minghao sat down on Mingyu's stomach and slumped forward to lean on Wonwoo's chest. Wonwoo cupped the back of their head with his clean hand and kissed their temple.

"Do you need a second?"

Minghao nodded feebly. Underneath them, Mingyu panted and whined. Something Seokmin had once said ran through Wonwoo's mind; *Mingyu is a puppy and it's disgustingly endearing.*

When the two of them had regained their strength, Wonwoo helped Minghao sit up properly. He held their shoulders gently.

"Where are the condoms."

Licking their lips, Minghao gestured to the bedside table where the lube and cock ring had come from. Wonwoo shuffled over to it and opened the drawer, picking up the box and pulling out two. When he returned to his original place, he set the condoms aside and placed his hands on Minghao's jeans.

"Let's get you out of these."

Minghao nodded and lifted their hips, letting Wonwoo slowly undress them. Once Minghao was naked on top of Mingyu, (spare their socks, which they insisted had to stay on), Wonwoo removed his own shirt and undid his pants enough to free his dick. He'd been so focused on the other two that the feeling of letting his dick out of its confines hit him like a tonne of bricks.

He fumbled around on the bed for a second before he managed to pick up one of the condoms, quickly getting it open and rolling it down Mingyu's dick. He then took the lube and poured a generous amount over it, jerking Mingyu a few times to spread it on his length. He made quick work of doing the same to himself, giving his own dick a few extra pumps.

"Okay," he said, wiping the excess lube from his fingers off on the bed sheets then holding Minghao's hips, "this is what we're going to do. First, you're gonna ride Mingyu."

Minghao nodded and let Wonwoo guide them to hover over Mingyu's dick. The veins were starting to stand out more and its tip was a deep, angry red through the condom. Wonwoo watched as Minghao reached a hand down to position Mingyu's dick before they were sinking down on him, shoulders slumping and nails digging into Wonwoo's skin. Mingyu's hands came up to lace his fingers with Wonwoo's on Minghao's hips, the two of them controlling the speed at which Minghao raised and lowered themselves on Mingyu's dick.

As he watched them, Wonwoo noticed that Minghao had the black half of the yin yang sign on their right hip; a perfect mirror image and polar opposite of Mingyu's own tattoo. It was a

touching moment, as he realised they completed each other, two wholes coming together to make something bigger in a celestial sense.

Wonwoo was brought back to himself when Minghao started letting out soft moans every time their skin smacked against Mingyu's thighs. He held them down and still, making them open their eyes to look at him quizzically while Mingyu whined beneath them.

"Second," he said, using one hand to position his own dick at Mingyu's hole, "I'm gonna fuck Mingyu."

Mingyu let out a long, wavering, filthy moan as Wonwoo pushed into him. Mingyu's ass clenched around Wonwoo who stilled, wanting Mingyu to adjust before he did anything more. Wonwoo pressed a kiss to Minghao's chest then peered around them to look at Mingyu.

"You doing alright?"

Mingyu wriggled under Minghao. "Fuck it's so good."

Before he started thrusting, Wonwoo started lifting Minghao's hips again, encouraging them to start bouncing on Mingyu's dick. Once they picked up a solid rhythm, Wonwoo started moving in tiny increments and eventually Mingyu opened enough for Wonwoo to slowly thrust into him.

It happened like a chain reaction; Wonwoo would thrust forward, Mingyu would push himself further down Wonwoo's dick, subsequently bucking his hips up into Minghao who slumped over to use Wonwoo for support, driving their hips down onto Mingyu's dick who subsequently scooted further down the bed to Wonwoo.

Wonwoo had used extra lube for Mingyu due to the fact that it was his first time bottoming. The slick sounds his dick was making as it slid in and out of Mingyu's ass, as well as the wet, tight, hot feeling that enveloped his dick was enough to set Wonwoo on edge pretty quickly. Jaw set in resolve, he leant forward and took one of Minghao's nipples into his mouth, rolling it under his tongue as he moved a hand to fist their dick. It didn't take long for them to cum over Wonwoo's hand and stomach. Wonwoo detached his mouth from their nipple and instead mouthed at their collar bone as their nails scratched red lines up his back.

"Well done, baby. You can lie down now."

Minghao nodded, and Wonwoo stilled his hips to allow them to gingerly lift themselves from Mingyu and crawl up to the head of the bed. Mingyu very clearly missed the warmth around him as he writhed and whined and reached forward to grasp at Wonwoo's stomach. Wonwoo swatted his hands away and carefully removed the condom from Mingyu's dick before leaning forward to suspend himself over Mingyu.

"Are you going to be a good boy?" Mingyu nodded, teeth sinking into his bottom lip so hard he drew blood. "Are you going to be a good boy and come for me?"

Mingyu mewled in response and Wonwoo took pity on him, quickly removing the cock ring and pounding into Mingyu at full speed, hand wrapped around his dick as Mingyu came with a scream. His finger nails, though blunt, still stung Wonwoo's arms as he gripped onto them.

Wonwoo didn't slow down as Mingyu came down from his orgasm. Even when Mingyu was scrabbling at his chest, his heels digging into the small of Wonwoo's back told him to keep going. Eventually, with a sound like a growl deep in the back of his throat, Wonwoo came. He felt himself filling the condom as Mingyu's ass clenched around him, milking him for all he was worth.

Wonwoo fell onto Mingyu's chest, knocking a soft breath out of his lungs. Mingyu ran a hand through Wonwoo's hair, the other trailing softly up and down his spine as Wonwoo slowly recovered. When his limbs felt less like jelly, he lifted himself up and carefully pulled out of Mingyu, making sure to secure the condom with a hand so it didn't turn inside out. Once he could, he removed it and tied it up, then looking around for a bin.

Minghao took the condom from him gently, giving Mingyu room to pull Wonwoo down onto the bed. Mingyu's feet were cold as they dragged Wonwoo's jeans down his legs and kicked them away, then repositioning them at the head of the bed.

Mingyu made to put his arm over Wonwoo's torso before hesitating. "Are you okay with cuddling?"

Wonwoo had never been one for post-sex affection – even when he was with Soonyoung – but his limbs felt like lead and fatigue was blooming from his sternum so he simply nodded and allowed himself to be swaddled in the blankets between Mingyu and Minghao.

## Chapter End Notes

god this has been in the works for a solid few months and honestly? i'm p happy with how it turned out !!

follow me on twitter @soonsqyu for updates and bants please talk to me abt this fic i love my boyos

i think i have a pretty clear idea of where i want this to go next, which should only take two or three more chapters and then i'll be moving onto the jicheolsoo prequel !!

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

After math of the threesome (yes this is a filler chapter let me live)

## Chapter Notes

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

After waking up from their nap, Wonwoo was invited to stay for dinner. He and Minghao lay on the couch watching the news while Mingyu cooked their meal behind them, occasionally giving surprisingly intelligent responses. When Wonwoo commented on this, Minghao sighed.

“He’s actually pretty smart when he’s not thinking with his dick.”

The dinner was good, and they let Wonwoo take some home in a tupperware container, (“Seokmin can bring it back for you”). He fell asleep a few times on the bus, not enough to really be asleep but enough that his head slumped down and he started dreaming a little.

When he finally got in the door of his flat, Soonyoung and Seokmin were lying on the couch together, Seokmin on his back as Soonyoung used his chest as a pillow. Before Wonwoo even had a chance to greet them, Seokmin held up a hand.

“If you tell me anything about what just happened I will block you.”

“Good evening to you too. Always a pleasure.”

Soonyoung laughed as Wonwoo moved to sit in a bean bag. It was slowly becoming his default seat.

“How are you feeling?”

Wonwoo rubbed his eye. “Tired. We have any powerade?”

Soonyoung nodded towards the fridge. “It’s the blue one.”

“Perfect.” Wonwoo rose from the bean bag with a groan and crossed the room to get the bottle of powerade, swapping it out for the leftovers.

Seokmin sat up and looked over the back of the couch. “Did Mingyu make you dinner?”

“Yeah, there’s some left over if you want it.”

The speed at which Seokmin ran to the kitchen made both Wonwoo and Soonyoung laugh. As Seokmin found a pair of chopsticks, Wonwoo took a seat on the couch, forcing Soonyoung to sit up. He chugged a third of the bottle, wiping his mouth afterwards and watching Seokmin pout as he sat on the bean bag.

Soonyoung stared lovingly at the side of Seokmin's face. "I wanna know."

Seokmin looked at him, face full of betrayal. "What the fuck?"

Soonyoung shrugged. "I wanna know what happened. Rough outlines," he added, turning to Wonwoo, "no extreme details but you know."

Wonwoo smirked as Seokmin's expression of horror gave way to resignation.

"Turns out Mingyu's never bottomed, which is weird considering how great his ass is."

Seokmin groaned. "I already hate this."

Soonyoung bit his lip. "That is interesting. So you fucked him?"

Wonwoo nodded. "While he fucked Minghao."

"How does that even work?" Seokmin asked through a mouthful of food.

"Do you want me to answer that?"

Seokmin chewed. "No."

"I probably got the short end of the stick, really. And it was more a present for Mingyu than it was for Minghao."

Soonyoung nodded slowly. "I think I see what happened. You gonna do it again?"

Wonwoo sighed, slouching down and leaning his head on Soonyoung's shoulder. "They're too in love with each other."

Soonyoung patted his knee as Seokmin hummed his agreement.

"Did you see their tattoos?"

A corner of Wonwoo's mouth tugged upwards. "Yeah, that was cute." He looked up at Soonyoung. "Remember when we got matching tattoos?"

Seokmin choked on his food. "You what?"

Wonwoo delighted in the deep flush that rose from Soonyoung's neck. "We got shitty stick and poke tattoos together at a party. They're stupid."

Wonwoo couldn't help the sting the comment left. "I don't think they're stupid." He lifted his foot, pulling up the cuff of his jeans to reveal the tiny, shaky alien he had tattooed on his ankle.

Seokmin shuffled closer to them to get a better look. After running his thumb over Wonwoo's tattoo, he grabbed Soonyoung's ankle. He had an equally shaky UFO.

"I prefer Gyuhao's."

Wonwoo laughed, reaching forward to ruffle Seokmin's hair. "Yeah, well they probably thought about it before they got it done. And they probably weren't done by a stranger using a red solo cup to hold the ink."

"That's very true," Seokmin said, leaning his head on Soonyoung's knee. He stared into space and slowly started smiling. "Did Mingyu say 'no homo' when you fucked him?"

There was a beat before the three of them started laughing hysterically. Soonyoung pulled Seokmin up to sit in his lap, arms around Soonyoung's waist as his legs rested across Wonwoo's. Wonwoo leant his head on Soonyoung's shoulder again as they watched whatever was on TV. His hand found Soonyoung's, who gave him a reassuring squeeze as he nuzzled Seokmin's neck.

He didn't think about Junhui until he was about to go to bed, his phone vibrating loudly on his bedside table.

**[Momhui]** you free tomorrow?

**[Book Fucker]** yeah, what time?

**[Momhui]** uh whenever is fine, I just wanna talk to you about smthn

**[Book Fucker]** ? everything okay

**[Momhui]** yeah everything's fine :)

**[Momhui]** I'll be at yours like midday?

**[Book Fucker]** yeah that's fine, see you then

## Chapter End Notes

look i know i KNOW this is Bad and short but lemme live i was struggling and i needed smthn to fill the gap between the threesome and the next Development i'm sorry skjfhds

01/02/2018 lmao i know this hasn't been updated in what like 5 months? yikes my bad but i def haven't given up on it !!!! it's sitting on the back burner while i get my shit together to finish the last chapter which should only take me a few more paragraphs i'm jus a piece of shit lmao sorry lads



# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

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

Wonwoo hadn't gotten much sleep.

He'd binged a season of a bad cartoon on Netflix, done all his readings for uni, and even tried jacking off before he resigned himself to the fact that he wouldn't be sleeping.

It was three in the morning by the time he finally crept into Soonyoung's room. Just as he was about to tell Soonyoung to move over, Seokmin sat up and groaned.

"Oh shit," Wonwoo hissed. "Shit I forgot you were here fuck, sorry. Go back to sleep."

He quickly turned on his heel and fled the room, instead going to the kitchen and pouring himself a glass of milk with shaking hands. He jumped when the door to Soonyoung's bedroom opened and Seokmin walked into the kitchen, wearing one of Wonwoo's old hoodies. He rubbed his eyes as he walked over to the bench and sat up at a stool.

His hair was ruffled and sticking up at odd angles. "Why'd you come into Soonyoung's room?"

Wonwoo busied himself by downing the glass of milk. "I can't sleep." He put down the glass and leant his elbows on the bench, burying his face in his hands.

"You okay?"

Wonwoo peered at Seokmin through the gaps in his fingers. He huffed out a sigh. "Junhui texted me saying he wants to talk tomorrow. Or, today I guess. And he's been really cryptic recently which is kinda leading me on a bit but I could just be reading into things. But shit man, I just had a fucking threesome and now I'm losing sleep over my best friend? How does that make any sense?"

Seokmin looked at him blankly. "You need to tell him how you feel."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I don't wanna ruin the friendship."

Seokmin sighed. "Letting this shit fester is going to ruin it just as much as a rejection would. I just think you'd be able to figure out your emotions if you actually told him and got an answer about how he feels. Maybe he likes you back, but you're too busy sticking your dick in other guys so he doesn't know he has a chance."

It made sense. Logically, Wonwoo knew that Seokmin was right.

“What if he doesn’t like me.”

“Then you be his friend and you deal with your feelings on your own. But at least you won’t be hopeful all the time and confused.”

Wonwoo swallowed. “What if I don’t know how to be in a relationship?”

Seokmin frowned. “Didn’t you and Soonyoung date for like ten years?”

“Seven. And that’s my point; we were so young and naïve and I don’t know. Not every relationship goes like that, you know? How do you tell someone you like them?”

“Okay, I’m a little out of my depth now, but Soonyoung just kinda told me. Hold on.” He pulled his phone out of the front pocket of Wonwoo’s hoody. After scrolling for a moment, he started reading off the screen. “ ‘So do we have crushes on each other? Just wanna clear the air because I know I definitely like you but don’t wanna try anything if you don’t feel the same way’. And then when I told him I did like him, he said ‘Good to know the feeling’s mutual’.” He locked his phone again. “You just tell him.”

Wonwoo worried his bottom lip between his teeth. “We’ll see.”

“Well that’s better than a flat out no, I guess.” He shifted uncomfortably in his seat for a moment before jabbing a thumb towards Soonyoung’s bedroom. “Does sleeping with Soonyoung help you sleep? Because I’m happy to sleep on the couch if you want.”

Wonwoo wanted so badly to be selfish, to banish Seokmin to the couch while he curled up at Soonyoung’s side. Instead he shook his head. “No, it’s fine. I’m sorry for disturbing you.”

Seokmin regarded him for a moment before shrugging. “Okay.” He used his hands on the bench to heave himself up to stand. “I hope you do manage to get some sleep; you clearly need it.”

Wonwoo smiled lopsidedly at Seokmin’s back as he disappeared back into Soonyoung’s room. For all that he was a bit clueless, Seokmin definitely wasn’t dumb, and Wonwoo felt his shoulders sag with what little reassurance he had been given. He put his now empty glass in the dish washer and went into his own room, rewatching his favourite TV show until his eyes couldn’t stay open any longer.

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Wonwoo woke up to someone touching his forehead lightly, their touch comforting yet unexpected. When he opened his eyes, he saw Junhui retract his hand as if he’d just touched a hot stove top. Wonwoo blinked hard as he sat up, the duvet falling away from his bare chest.

“Shit what time is it?” He asked, rubbing at his eyes with the balls of his hands.

Junhui smiled at him. “Midday.”

“Fuck, I’m sorry man.”

“Late night?”

Junhui was sitting on the edge of Wonwoo’s bed, looking down at his feet as he readjusted them in his house slippers. His hair was still a little damp from showering, and Wonwoo could smell the soap on his skin. He looked down at his hands.

“Couldn’t get to sleep.”

Junhui heaved a sigh. “I feel that.”

There was a beat of silence between the two of them, enough time for Wonwoo to remember the conversation of the night before and enough time for him to panic.

“You mind if I have a coffee before we talk?”

Junhui hesitated before his face broke into a wide smile. “Chill out Karen on Facebook.”

Wonwoo rolled his eyes and shoved Junhui, who was giggling. “Shut the fuck up I didn’t get to sleep till like 5am.” He groaned as he threw back the covers and got out of bed.

Junhui followed behind him into the kitchen. “That’s your own fault.”

*Technically, it’s yours,* Wonwoo thought.

Seokmin was sitting next to Soonyoung as he played Skyrim in the living room. He turned to look at Wonwoo over the back of the couch.

“I thought I told you to get some sleep.”

Wonwoo shrugged as he put the kettle on. “I did sleep.”

Seokmin scoffed. “Obviously not enough. You look like a train wreck.”

Wonwoo threw the cap of the milk at Seokmin, though he dodged it easily. “Screw you, mini golf bitch.”

Junhui spluttered a laugh. “What does that even mean?”

“I don’t know I’m fucking tired.” Wonwoo opened up a cupboard and pulled out the instant coffee and sugar.

Over on the couch, Seokmin elbowed Soonyoung and they exchanged hushed words. Soonyoung spared a glance to Wonwoo who raised an eyebrow in response. Soonyoung bit his lip and looked back to Seokmin.

“What are you two whispering about?” Junhui asked, making both of them jump a little.

“Uh, nothing,” Seokmin offered and Wonwoo rolled his eyes. “Just trying to decide what we’re going to do today.”

Junhui frowned. “Well don’t let me get in the way, I don’t think I’ll be hanging around for long.”

Wonwoo’s chest clenched and his hand shook a little as he lifted his mug to his mouth.

They all made small talk together while Wonwoo sipped at his coffee. He realised that he would feel more comfortable having a conversation with Junhui if he had something to do, so once he was halfway finished with it he suggested they move to his bedroom.

Junhui sat on the edge of the bed again as Wonwoo fished a clean hoodie out of his chest of drawers and pulled it over his head. He sat up against the head of his bed and picked up his coffee, holding it in both hands as his sleeves fell down over his fingers. He could feel Junhui staring at him over his shoulder and he avoided eye contact, feeling uncomfortable.

Junhui opened his mouth a few times before sighing. “I’m gonna say something.”

Wonwoo nodded. “Okay.”

“And you’re not going to interrupt me.”

Wonwoo’s next breath was shaky. “Okay.”

Junhui faced forwards and looked down at his feet. He heaved a sigh.

“I think I have feelings for you. Which is weird and it doesn’t happen that often I guess, and I know it’s dumb because you love sex and so nothing will ever come of it. But I just wanted to tell you that you make my heart do flips and shit like, x-games mode you know? And you make me melt and a bunch of other gay shit.” He sighed again. “I just wanted to tell you because tip toeing around my feelings is exhausting and I kinda hate it when you talk about sleeping with other people, which is dumb because it’s not like you’re ever going to have sex with me. Or that I would want to have sex with you in the first place; not like I have anything to be jealous of. Maybe it’s an attention thing? I don’t know. Point is I like you and I don’t want to lose you as a friend but I figured keeping it to myself was gonna ruin our friendship more than getting turned down.”

Wonwoo gaped at the back of Junhui’s head for what felt like an eternity before Junhui’s shoulders quivered.

“I’m sorry.”

Junhui’s voice sounded scratchy and strained and Wonwoo felt his eyes prickling. He slowly put his mug down on the bedside table as Junhui buried his face in his hands. The bed started to shake with Junhui’s shoulders and Wonwoo shifted to sit behind him. He hesitated before leaning his front on Junhui’s back and wrapping his arms around his waist.

Still sniffing and obviously trying not to make a sound, Junhui tried to wriggle free of Wonwoo’s hold on him, but Wonwoo didn’t let him go. He decided he would never let Junhui go. He kissed Junhui’s shoulder.

“I have something to say as well.”

“Don’t, just let me go.”

“I like you too, dumbass.”

He felt Junhui hold his breath. “What?”

Wonwoo leant his nose into the back of Junhui’s neck, closing his eyes and smiling against his skin. “I said, ‘I like you too, dumbass’.”

All the air escaped Junhui’s lungs in one hefty breath. He turned his head a little and Wonwoo rested his chin on his shoulder. “For real?”

“Mhm. For real.”

Junhui held his breath again. “Then why did you have sex with Mingyu and Minghao?”

Wonwoo pulled his lips over his teeth. His head was spinning and his heart was thundering in his rib cage. He shrugged. “I like to get my dick wet and my emotions were all over the place. About you, mostly.” He shook his head a little. “Entirely.”

Junhui made a noise halfway between a chuckle and a sigh. “Allosexuals are fucking weird.”

Wonwoo laughed, leaning back and pulling Junhui with him. They ended up both on their backs, Junhui lying on top of Wonwoo partly. Junhui shifted around so he was lying on his side next to Wonwoo, one hand on his chest as he propped himself up on his elbow.

“I’m sex-repulsed.”

Wonwoo put one of his hands under his head, placing the other on Junhui’s spine to rub up and down his back. “Okay.”

“I will never *ever* have sex with you.”

“Okay.”

“How’s that going to work?”

Wonwoo bit his lip. “I don’t know. I mean, no offense, but I don’t really want to have sex with you.” Junhui snorted. “No, really.” He shrugged. “I can make do jacking off.”

Junhui regarded him, then looked down at his hand on Wonwoo’s chest and tapped his fingers in a pattern Wonwoo didn’t recognise. “You’d do that for me?”

Wonwoo shrugged again. “Sure. Relationships are all about compromises, right?”

Junhui smirked at him. “This is a relationship?”

Wonwoo licked his lips. “If you want it to be.”

Junhui’s eyes were still a little red and glassy. His hair had dried into soft curls and the overhead light turned his split ends golden. There was a tear clinging to the tip of his nose

and Wonwoo dabbed it away with his finger tip, making Junhui blink. Wonwoo thought he might be a little bit in love, but he decided to save that for another day.

Junhui tried and failed to keep his smile from stretching his whole face. "I'd like that."

Wonwoo gave him a broad smile in return that almost closed his eyes. "You're so beautiful."

Junhui ducked his head, leaning his forehead against Wonwoo's chest. "I've just had a fat sob I probably look awful."

Laughing, Wonwoo reached both arms to circle around Junhui, holding them together as he kissed the top of his head. "How do you feel about kissing?"

Junhui sighed, but it sounded lighter than before. Happier. He sat up again. "Like I've wanted to do it since the first smoke break you joined me for."

Wonwoo tried not to let that hurt as Junhui lifted his head. "Can I kiss you?"

Junhui nodded, leaning down to close the distance between them.

Junhui's lips were firm against Wonwoo's, gentle in their movements in a way that made a comfortable warmth settle in Wonwoo's chest. Unsure of where the boundaries were, Wonwoo let Junhui take the lead, resting his hands on Junhui's hips. Junhui seemed happy to just move their lips together for a while, his breath fanning across Wonwoo's cheek from his nose. Wonwoo curled his toes against the instinct to swipe his tongue across Junhui's lip, trying not to push him in any way. After a few minutes, Junhui lifted his head and smiled down at Wonwoo. He'd never looked softer.

"That was nice," Wonwoo said, because it was and he couldn't think of what else to say.

"Thanks. And thanks for not putting your tongue in my mouth."

Wonwoo laughed. "That might take some getting used to."

Junhui hummed, setting his head back down on Wonwoo's chest. "I'm sure I'll warm up to the idea eventually. You know; compromises and all that."

Wonwoo smiled against the crown of Junhui's head, moving one of his hands from his hip to hold Junhui's hand on his chest. "No pressure."

They talked aimlessly for a while and napped a bit, their legs getting tangled together. They kissed some more; Wonwoo needing to take breaks so as not to get carried away, which made Junhui giggle against his lips. He stayed for dinner but not the night, saying that Jeonghan might need someone to nurse him back to health after his show. Wonwoo walked him down to the bus stop, delighting in being able to kiss him goodbye.

When he stepped across the threshold and into the living room, Soonyoung and Seokmin gave him inquisitive looks from the couch. Wonwoo couldn't stop the smile that made his cheeks hurt as he shrugged.

“I guess we’re dating now.”

Soonyoung jumped up and into Wonwoo’s lap to hug him, holding Wonwoo’s head to his chest and kissing his hair. “I’m so proud of you, you fucking asshole. Don’t you dare hurt him.”

Wonwoo shoved him off, making Soonyoung fall back hard as Seokmin stifled his laughter. “I’m not going to fucking hurt him.”

Soonyoung stood up, rubbing his ass before returning to the couch. “Good.”

Seokmin smiled at Wonwoo. “Glad you made up your mind.”

Wonwoo didn’t bother to tell them that Junhui was the one to confess first. He was happy to sit and smile to himself, the butterflies in his stomach going crazy with glee.

[**Momhui**] if you call me j\*gi I’ll fucking choke you

[**Momhui**] wait you’re probably into that

[**Momhui**] gross

[**Momhui**] anyway I like being called babe and honey

[**Book Fucker**] that’s fucking gay

[**Momhui**]



[**Momhui**] thanks for today though, are you free tomorrow? We could try going on a date

[**Book Fucker**] pick you up at 3?

[**Momhui**] sounds good

[**Book Fucker**] see you then jagiya~

[**Momhui**] I'm gonna fucking throttle you

## Chapter End Notes

junhui: every time we touch i get this feeling and every time we kiss i swear i could fly  
can't you feel my heart beat fast i want this to last need you by my side

that's it for this one lads !!! sorry it took me so long to write this last chapter the writers  
block was so fucking real sjfhgkjsfsgs thanks to everyone who's waited so patiently, i've  
appreciated all of you so so much

i'm on twitter @soonsqyu come yell with me for a while



## End Notes

if yall were hoping for Wonhui then you're welcome  
also to clarify: Wonwoo was NOT banging Jun in Wrong Number smh boy is ace. Wonwoo was actually hooking up with just Some Guy lmao sorry

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