

## Can't Remember to Forget You

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# Can't Remember to Forget You

by [Plantalupe](#)

## Summary

There was one memory Tin held close to his chest from before, one single memory he wouldn't let anyone touch. Just before leaving to study abroad, Pete had thrown a going away party for him - one of course Tin had never asked for or wanted. What he'd planned to be just one or two people Tin could tolerate evolved as people invited their own friends.

One boy stood out, pulled his attention and his heart. Leaving within a few days, Tin takes a chance, never expecting to see this boy again much to his regret.

## Notes

Yes, it starts when they were younger, but don't worry there will be a time jump. Will continue if there is interest <3

## Seven minutes

❖ Age Fifteen ❖

Tin frowned as he stared around him, unsure how Pete had managed this when neither of them actually had friends besides each other, and for two very different reasons. For Pete, he was too shy, too nervous about certain parts of him to open up to anyone. For Tin, he simply didn't trust anyone enough to let them near him. As it was, only Pete was actually sure of their friendship, Tin still denied that it existed, but there he was, somehow managing to throw a going away party for him. It was his last week in Thailand before he went to study abroad, something he was told was *good* for him. Tul thought it was, so Tin, as always believed him. Tul knew him better than anyone, he certainly cared more about him than anyone else did. So when Tul said going to study in a different country was what was best for him, Tin agreed blindly in a way he didn't with anyone else.

What Pete had described as just a few people from school had evolved. The few people Pete had invited had invited a few friends, who had also invited a few friends... and so on.

There weren't very many people he even recognized at this point. There were a few football players loudly teasing a much smaller member of their team, a few groups of kids loudly wrestling and play-fighting with each other, groups of girls giggling to themselves, all keeping their distance from each other. Tin himself stood back leaning against a wall, looking bored as ever as Pete stood nearby. He'd already urged him to try to socialize a few times, but as Pete wasn't even trying to socialize himself, he saw no need. It didn't much matter that it was supposed to be his party, because it was a party he didn't want.

His attention only shifted when one of the football players announced that since they were there to celebrate someone studying abroad, that they should play some *foreign* games. A bunch of games he'd never heard of were listed, before the group landed on one that was apparently very American. That wasn't even where he was going, so he rolled his eyes as he felt Pete latch onto his arm. They weren't the only ones that looked reluctant to play, though they still sat in the circle the player had directed them too. The only ones who didn't were him, Pete and he noted one very loud boy who protested right up until one of his friends pushed him until he sat down. He had a feeling he knew why Pete didn't want to play - he didn't want to wind up *kissing* a girl. From the instructions, it seemed they spun a bottle and whoever it landed on, they had to go in a dumb closet for seven minutes together. Presumably to kiss, though really, who would know if they didn't?

It wasn't until someone grabbed Pete's hand to pull him forward that Tin found himself also moving towards the stupid game. Pete's hands on his arms were like a death grip, enough

that he saw his friends' knuckles turning white. It wasn't like Tin to give in to something just because he could tell someone else was nervous, it wasn't in him to actually care. But he'd always had a soft spot for Pete, so he went with it, sighing as he sat down.

The game went a while before he leaned back, settling into the fact that the people who were actually spinning the bottle were the ones who seemed a bit *keen* on finding someone to make out with. Tin himself, half hoped Pete's mom would come home and break up the nonsense. He wasn't ever that lucky, of course not, the bottle was passed to him and he stared at it with a bored look as the same guy who started the whole thing loudly called out, "he's the one going abroad! Let him have a turn." As if he was doing Tin some sort of favor, he was better off without a turn.

It was a nudge from Pete, which he easily took as *take your turn then please give it to someone who isn't me*, that had him sighing as he set it down and spun. What he hadn't expected was for it to land on a *guy*. Not just a *guy* but the small one that he'd watched the other football players messing with earlier in the night, the very same one that had also protested playing.

"He spins again, right? He gets to spin again?!" The smaller guy questioned loudly, through a sea of snickers and giggles that should have been his answer right there. With a glance at Pete, Tin mouthed *you owe me* before he got to his feet.

"Go on Can, you're it!" Though the smaller guy protested, even louder this time, his friends had already hoisted him to his feet, and as Tin moved into the closet, already rolling his eyes, the smaller guy... Can... was pushed inside as they shut the door. Tin himself simply moved a few coats out of the way, so that he could lean against one of the walls in the small space. It was going to be a very long seven minutes.

Can seemed to agree though, not once did he stop fidgeting, nor did his hand leave the door. Now that they were in close proximity, Tin had the opportunity to get a better look at him. He was on the smaller side, clearly athletic, dark hair falling just below his eyebrows. The more he took in his appearance, the more he realized he was actually attractive. More than attractive, he was beautiful, even in the twitchy, nervous way he was currently moving around. His eyes glanced down to the boy's lips, noting the pout that rested there, and that those too were beautiful. It made his heart flutter in his chest in an unfamiliar way. Typically he found girls attractive, but never enough to make him actually *react*.

The seven minutes were going to take *forever*. As he glanced at his watch, he noted they still had six minutes of this. "Would you stop fidgeting? Do you ever stop moving?" The way Can puffed out his cheeks, the way his eyes glared at him didn't do much to slow his heart. What was it about this *weird*, twitchy boy that sped up his heart and gave him butterflies? Can huffed at him as he crossed his arms, his hand finally leaving the door. That was an

improvement, he looked less like he was going to dash at a moment's notice.

"I can't help it, you should shh anyway, I don't think we're supposed to be talking, it's not part of the game," the words came out fast, causing Tin to raise an eyebrow as he watched him. Not only was he cute, but he was *interesting* in a way that made Tin wish he was staying in Thailand a bit longer to watch him.

"No, talking isn't. Kissing is though, we can do that instead if you want." Though he hadn't been keen on the game to begin with, it was a bit more interesting now. He'd never kissed a guy before, hadn't ever wanted to. He wanted to now, wanted to see what it was like with *this* specific guy. Even in the dark of the closet he could see the color of Can's cheeks change, could see him *blushing*. For Tin, he took that to mean he wanted to as well. He made to reach out when a sharp *huff* left the other.

"No, that is *not* what I want to do." He breathed out in a hushed tone, and Tin let his hand fall even if an amused smile crossed his face. Cute, interesting and actually endearing in the most stubborn sort of way. He let a low hum leave him as he nodded, his way of telling the other that he didn't entirely believe him. If anything, Can was even more twitchy than he had been before, his hands fumbling with just about everything he could get them on, everything *except* Tin, he noted.

"Would make the time go by faster," he offered, his own grin only widening as he felt Can's wide eyes fixate on him. It was true, time would certainly move faster, too fast, probably.

Five minutes left.

Can was still staring at him with impossibly wide eyes as he finally did what *he wanted*. He reached a hand out, allowing it to brush over his cheek. For the first time since they'd gotten into the damned closet, Can was impossibly still, his eyes still fixed on Tin. He saw shock there, along with perhaps some nerves and *something* else he couldn't quite place. He took a step closer, his hand now resting on his neck as he waited to see if he'd pull back. He already knew Can could fight if he wanted to, he'd witnessed that in how he'd been with his team earlier. The thing was, he wasn't fighting, he was standing very still, his eyes still staring right at him.

That was a first, people usually didn't stare at Tin for too long, no they looked away as soon as he made eye contact usually because he'd made himself intimidating just to get them to leave him alone. He assumed his name, his family's wealth helped perhaps a tad. He let himself lean down slightly as he moved Can back against the wall, his eyes searching him for a sign that he should stop. "Not going to stop me, Can?" He questioned curiously, already close enough that he could feel Can's breath ghost over his lips.

To his surprise, Can didn't stop him, his wide eyes instead slowly shut. With a quick glance at his watch, he noted *four* minutes. It was now or never if he at least wanted to get some time in with the weirdest, *cutest* person he'd ever met. Tin didn't wait before he bent down the rest of the way, his lips pressing gently against Can's. His free hand moved, tucking behind him as he pulled Can closer. It took a second before he actually felt Can kiss back, and once he did he lost himself in it completely. Their lips moved together, softly, *sweetly*, it was Can's hands in his hair that spurred him on. The kiss grew hotter, *heavier* as he pushed his tongue into his mouth. There was resistance for a minute, Can able to get the word *dog* out before Tin went right back to kissing him.

He wanted to say it was practice for the fact that he was about to be living in a western country, but it was *Can*. He'd kissed plenty of people before, enough that he knew what to expect. Can was unexpected, he'd never felt anything from anyone before, never felt his heart race, felt as though he could stay in that moment for the rest of eternity. It was Can, something about him left Tin wanting more. His hand moved, running through Can's hair for a moment before it moved to rub at his chest, experimenting for a moment as he drew him in closer. The door to the closet opening came as a shock, he stood quiet still as Can jumped back, his own hand lifting to his lips because he could still feel Can's there. He'd forgotten where they were, that it was some stupid game that had put them in there together. A stupid game he was silently thanking for what it had given him. He stepped out as he glanced back at Can, red faced, lips swollen, hair a mess, and his own lips twitched into a large grin.

His eyes met with Pete's for just a moment, the surprised look he'd left Can with was *almost* repeated there. At least Pete now knew he wasn't the only one who wanted to kiss guys. Though for Tin, there was only one guy he thought he'd want to kiss, and he'd go in for seconds if he thought he could.

# I can't just let you go

## Chapter Summary

For a brief time, studying abroad had been fun until everything had gone to hell. He'd done far more partying than he had done actual studying. He'd slept around, but in truth not a single one compared to the one kiss he'd shared at fifteen.

## Chapter Notes

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

❖ four years later, age nineteen ❖

Studying wasn't so easy when Pete was half studying, half chattering away about some Thai Program he'd decided was worth his time. A lot had changed between the time he'd left for England and the time he'd come back to Thailand. He now knew what sort of person his brother really was, he now knew he couldn't trust anyone but himself. Tin had all but given up on dating, no one even piqued his interests. It went beyond the fact that he didn't trust them enough, he didn't want to trust them, and he most certainly didn't want to even try when he rarely even found anyone attractive anymore. Since returning to Thailand he'd done everything in his power to keep people away from him. Not only people at the college but his family, even Pete though Pete was having none of it, he still sought him out as though nothing had changed. It couldn't have been further from the truth, to Tin everything had changed.

Even so, he'd tried to convince Pete that his new boyfriend - though Pete adamantly denied that Ae was his boyfriend - was probably only in it for one thing, that was all it ever was. Pete of course, ever trusting, didn't believe him and insisted that he wasn't like that. No amount of telling him how he knew he probably was exactly like that, no amount of telling him he also didn't *care* stopped the flow of words. The more he spoke, the more his own mind drifted back to his going away party. The last time he'd actually felt something, however brief. The name was cemented in his head, it overtook his heart when he least expected it. He didn't even *know* him, and yet, he found when he was at his loneliest, he missed him. He missed whatever emotions he'd brought out of him, the way his lips had felt, his hair under his finger tips, the way he could feel his heart racing when he'd touched his chest. No one had gotten a single reaction from him since.

For a brief time, studying abroad had been fun until everything had gone to hell. He'd done far more partying than he had done actual studying. He'd slept around, but in truth not a single one compared to the one kiss he'd shared at fifteen. Each time he'd slept with someone

he'd find himself wishing it was Can, despite the fact that they'd all been women. It would have been better with him, anyway. The names of every single person he'd ever been with completely eluded him - except one. All it seemed he ever did was chase that feeling, until Tul had pulled the rug out from under him and he decided no one was worth it anymore.

"Pete, I don't care," he drawled out, his hand flipping a page in his textbook. He could go on again about how the guy in question wasn't good enough, but it did no good. Pete's heart was set, and Tin knew he'd be stuck there picking the pieces up when he inevitably got hurt. He had been when he'd gotten back, right as he'd enrolled in university, the last Thai Program that had captured Pete's interest. It had turned out that particular piece of filth had a long record, Tin could only assume this one did as well.

"Tin, be nice. Ai'Ae's a really good guy. He's coming by to get me, any minute, I'm begging you to be nice. He's bringing a friend too. He said his friend wanted to discuss their football game and he couldn't get him to stop talking." Pete let out a good natured chuckle, as though whoever this friend was, it was fairly typical that they couldn't get him to shut up. It took him back for a moment, as small things often did, to the football players messing with the smaller boy who kept talking despite what was happening around him. Loud, ever talking, and absolutely irresistible.

A small smile *almost* inched its way onto his lips at the memory, but instead he sighed and shook his head, snapping his book shut before he pushed it into his bag. "Two Thai Programs? Get with me when they aren't stinking up the place, will you?" He stood up, lifting his bag up over his shoulder as he turned. The first thing he saw was Pete's boy toy heading their way, and then he saw him. He'd been behind Ae initially, but he jumped out beside him after they'd passed through the door to the library, clearly still chattering away about some play he'd watched Ae make in the last game they'd had. It felt as though the air had been sucked from his lungs, his heart *lurching* forward as though begging him to move towards him.

*Can .*

The very boy he'd been daydreaming about since that day, his dreams at night taking him to feverish places with him. His bag fell from his shoulder as their eyes met, as he saw the very same surprise reflected there. A chuckle from Pete beside him as Pete picked up his bag and set it on the table they'd been sitting at told him he'd planned this. All along, Pete had known that the kiss in the closet had *meant* something. He'd clearly remembered Can, all these years later, as the same Can he'd once kissed.

"Can..." his name left his lips in a hushed breath, his fingers twitching at his side as he longed to reach out. He had to remind himself that he barely knew anything about him. He knew he had hyperactive tendencies, he knew he could talk for hours without prompting, he



knew he was still just as beautiful as ever. Somehow, actually, he'd grown more so. He still had a boyish air about him, his hair hadn't changed, but he'd grown beyond what he remembered. It made his heart ache just seeing him staring back, his eyes once again impossibly wide, his mouth *stupidly* hanging open. And once again, when so few people dared meet his gaze, Can stared right into his eyes.

It was weird, he hardly told Pete what happened with his family, but he suddenly found he wanted to tell Can. They hadn't really even spoken, a quiet conversation in a closet before a heated kiss. Yet he wanted Can to know everything, his past and his future. His eyes flickered to Pete's boyfriend for a moment, seeing the surprise echoed there as well, as well as something *protective* in the way he stood near Can instead of hurrying to Pete as he usually did. It was Pete moving and pulling him forward, a whispered "*Tin won't hurt Can, Ae,*" that actually broke Tin out of his own thoughts. Can hadn't really cared for him then, had only kissed him to pass the time... he didn't see why things would be any different now.

"Good to see you again, Can," he offered a small nod before he pushed past him, unsure what the look on Can's face was as he passed. He heard Pete call out, but he never stopped moving, didn't dare look back. He kept going until he made it to his car. Inside, he felt the crack in his chest that he'd thought he'd repaired over the years break. The crack that had formed when he'd been told his parents never loved him, the crack that had widened when he'd gotten arrested for something he hadn't even done, the crack that had turned into a canyon when he'd found out it was the person he loved and trusted the most behind it all. He'd carefully pulled at that crack until it was almost closed, stitched back together with the thin string of indifference.

All it took was a look at Can, the realization that he didn't actually want to be alone for it to crack open once again. The pain crashed over him like waves, a small wave slamming hard into him, bringing with it bigger and harsher waves until he couldn't breathe anymore. It wasn't fair, Tin's hands hit his steering wheel as he fought with the mixed bag of emotions he'd had thrown at him. The decision had been made after Tul's betrayal, no one got close, each time someone so much as looked in his direction he added another brick to the already towering wall that kept them out. The very wall that had taken a severe hit the moment he'd laid eyes on Can. Why was it always him that was left to suffer?

Tin took in a long, steadying breath as he started his car, his hand ready to shift into drive so he could go home to stew in his pain alone. A knock on the window stopped him before his hand could move, his eyes narrowing as he turned with every intent to tell Pete to mind his own business. It was a hell of a surprise when the person he saw trying to peer through his tinted windows wasn't Pete at all. Still so beautiful, still so damn weird as he made the *dumbest* face as he tried to see through what he very clearly couldn't. Tin gave himself a moment, just a moment to watch him, to compose himself before he rolled the window down. Can took a step back as he did, his arms crossed stubbornly over his chest as though he was actually mad about something.

Tin didn't even have a chance to speak, his mouth had opened to do so but Can had launched into his own tirade before he had the chance. "Ai'Tin! You're always walking away before anyone has a chance to say anything to you. Why do you do that? That's the second time! If it's nice to see me again you should have stayed, *you* should have talked to me again during your party but you didn't! I didn't even know your name, did you know that? I had to ask Pete after you walked away from me," the rant continued, Can proving to be even more long winded now than he had been then, but he was still fidgeting, constantly in motion as he spoke. Tin found himself clinging to one simple thing, he'd sought out Pete for the simple purpose of finding out his name.

Hope seemed to bloom in his chest, hope that he tried to push down deep inside him. Everyone left, everyone betrayed. Those were simple facts, facts he'd tried to teach Pete time and time again to no avail. "Stop," he interrupted, because at this point he wasn't even sure what Can was talking about anymore. Not only had he tuned out some of it, but the subject seemed to be confused, in fact, the word confused had hit his ears several times. "Do you ever stop talking? Be confused elsewhere," he didn't give Can a chance to start ranting again, deciding right then and there to spare his heart instead. His window was then rolled back up, leaving the most beautiful person he'd ever seen in his confusion as he drove away.

❖ - Can - ❖

It was the *third* time now Tin had run off without explaining anything, leaving Can alone in a sea of confusion. He'd tried to explain that he was confused, not only about what he'd felt the moment he'd seen Tin, but when Tin had kissed him four years ago. As per usual, the words came out as a rambling mess of chaos, the things he truly wanted to say lost in translation. Tin had been his first kiss, and if he was honest, his only kiss. He'd wanted to find him after, to talk about it but the only person he could find had been Pete. Since he'd seen him sitting with Tin, talking with him, he figured he was the safest bet to ask him. All he'd really gotten was his name, Tin, and that he was going to be studying in England.

The disappointment he'd felt had hit hard, the rest of the party he'd spent searching him out, but he'd been nowhere. Not anywhere in the house, not outside, he'd even ventured back to the stupid closet in hopes that he'd be there. He'd given up hope, and instead he'd returned to Pete, asked him to give Tin his number - as far as he knew Pete never had the chance before Tin had left.

Seeing him again had brought back every raw emotion he'd felt then, every bit of confusion about what he was feeling. What he did know was that he hated seeing him run away, so he chased him down, gave Ae a quick pat on the back before he'd run as fast as he could. It was luck that he'd spotted him getting into his car, luck that he hadn't driven off right away. It wasn't luck that he'd driven off after he'd tried to talk to him, the question he'd so badly wanted to ask still resting on the tip of his tongue. A question he should have led with, but instead he did what he always did, word vomit spewing out of him at the speed of light, and

before he had a chance to get where he wanted to go with it... Tin was stopping him.

Can stood there, as if anchored to the spot until he felt a hand on his back. He turned, his expression just as confused as he felt to find both Ae and Pete beside him. "I think he's been through a lot. Can, give him time, okay? Keep trying." The truth was he wasn't entirely sure what he was trying for, what the feeling was that seemed to churn inside of him. All he knew was it was strong, and if he could have chased his car... he just might have.

## Chapter End Notes

No beta so sorry for any mistakes <3 just me editing a million times over and hoping I catch all the errors. Hope you guys like it!

# Can't get you out of my head

## Chapter Summary

Back when he'd been fifteen Can had really only thought about girls. He had a type that he'd built up in his mind as what he'd thought he'd like. Supermodel gorgeous, big boobs, and loved football... it never really extended further than that. He hadn't ever actually found any girls he thought he'd want to be with, plenty of them were cute but that was all he saw. He'd never really been honest with himself about what he thought about them or how he thought about guys.

## Chapter Notes

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

Home felt like more of a prison than it did a sanctuary, Tin rushing passed his brother as he tried to stop him to talk. Probably about some event Tin had no interest in attending, or some new way he'd come up with to try and manipulate him though the time for that was long since gone. He no longer fell for it. Every word that came out of Tul's mouth was worth about as much to Tin as a speck of dirt was. The dirt was actually worth more at this point, Tul was just a constant obstacle that refused to be pushed out of sight. This time, Tin refused to answer him, to engage in any of his trivial nonsense. He needed to get away, needed as much privacy as he could possibly find.

With his bedroom door shut behind him, he finally let himself feel everything that had been trying to crash down on him since Can had knocked on his window, since he'd suddenly appeared back in his life. He'd barely been in it before, one small moment that had taken over his entire existence. That very moment he'd tried so hard to hide from, to push down so deep in him, locked somewhere in his heart. He never intended to mention it to anyone, expecting even less that he'd ever see him again. He grabbed one of his pillows, sitting himself down as he held onto it. More than anything he hated that it hurt that he still looked so damn good, that he still felt the same pang of curiosity, of attraction that he'd found nowhere else.

What was it about him that just drew him in? Somewhere in him, he hated himself for pushing him away, it was a coward's move to turn away instead of giving it a try. One thing Can had said rang in his mind as he realized something he'd ignored. Right as he'd cut him off the words *confused about how I felt* had just barely reached his ears, ignored as he prepared to make his escape.

Did that mean he had felt something, something strong enough that he *still* thought about it? If it still confused him, if he still questioned it.... Tin felt that flower of hope bloom once again, filling him as he fell back on his bed, his hands pressed over his face as he tried to sort his thoughts. Each thought came with it's own brand of hope, each thought left Can's adorable face swimming in his head. He needed someone to care, to look at him like he wasn't some washed up socialite, another drugged up rich heir. Did he even dare hope that Can could be someone that saw who he really was, hidden beneath the money, the anger, and the air of indifference he tried so hard to keep as a barrier?

❖ - Can - ❖

Back when he'd been fifteen Can had really only thought about girls. He had a type that he'd built up in his mind as what he'd thought he'd like. Supermodel gorgeous, big boobs, and loved football... it never really extended further than that. He hadn't ever actually found any girls he thought he'd want to be with, plenty of them were cute but that was all he saw. He'd never really been honest with himself about what he thought about them *or* how he thought about guys. Guys... there had been a few instances where he'd actually thought they were really good looking. Jealousy, that was all it had been, never anything more and certainly nothing he had to think about. The night of Tin's going away party had been a little more than embarrassing in several ways. He'd barely been there an hour before some girl he'd never met before had tried to flirt, and awkward as ever he'd blurted out *no thanks* right in front of his team. All she'd asked was if he had a girlfriend, and his brilliant response had been *no thanks*. They'd spent the next hour teasing him while he tried to talk over them.

After that was when one of his seniors had finally spared him, or so he thought at the time. The dumb game he'd come up with - Can very sure he'd made it up on a spot to try and get a girlfriend - was even more horrifying than saying no thanks when a girl had hit on him. The rest was history, he'd found himself in a closet with a guy he didn't know, and through events he still couldn't quite piece together in his mind... made out with him. And it had been better than any imagined fantasy he'd ever been able to produce. Tin had been one of those guys he'd thought of as just very good looking in the way that he was *maybe* jealous of them.

That was the part he now understood, he wasn't jealous... he just thought they were hot. He thought Tin was hot. Can hated that he still thought he was, that the feelings he'd had welling up in him the entire time they'd kissed had come rushing back, still not understood, still confusing. When he'd finally caught up to him, there were two questions he'd meant to ask, though he'd debated one of them. It was that debate that left him rambling at him instead of asking anything of importance.

He now stood near where Tin had parked before, his arms folded as he let his head hang, his dark hair falling in his eyes. One way or another, he was going to get at least one of his questions answered, once he could actually get his brain and mouth to cooperate with one

another. That was already a struggle without feelings involved, and *damn* were there feelings, butterflies that burst in the pit of his stomach even at the thought of Tin. They made themselves present once again as he lifted his gaze, his eyes falling on a black car. Every black car caused the same reaction, and he cursed the fact that he couldn't remember exactly which one was Tin's. This was black car number five. He stood up a little straighter as the door opened, his breath catching as a pair of cold eyes met with his. *Tin*.

All at once his feet were moving, uncoordinated as he always was when he wasn't on the field - well, perhaps he was a bit uncoordinated there as well - his feet catching on one another as he tripped forward, almost crashing right into the black car. "*Fuck*," he hissed out, catching himself, his eyes looking up just in time to see the smallest smile pass over Tin's face as shut his car door.

"Graceful, thought footballers would be a bit lighter on their feet," immediately Can puffed out his cheeks, his once wide eyes narrowing as he moved himself to stand in Tin's path. Just in case he decided to try and flee again. He didn't, he leaned against his car, his eyes running slowly over Can's face. There was no missing the way they lingered on his lips, even if he pointedly tried to keep his own gaze focused so he didn't think about it. "You're blushing, Can."

Tin was the worst, he was very convinced. Quickly his hands patted at his cheeks, another puff of air leaving him as he tried to remember why he was there in the first place. "Am not, it's hot." The eighteen year old rolled up his sleeves to show that he was just warm, his head quickly shaking because that wasn't at all why he was there. He didn't want to talk about whether or not he was blushing, or if he was graceful, or honestly, anything that probably came out of Tin's mouth. "Why did you kiss me?" The question flew out of his mouth so fast it was practically one word, the smirk that had rested on the other man's face quickly faded, replaced by what Can thought might be confusion. He took a steadying breath, prepared to repeat it when Tin stood up straight, no longer leaning on his car but instead stepping towards Can.

❖ - Tin - ❖

The last thing he'd expected when he pulled into the car park was to see Can standing there. It took everything in him to keep the smile from taking over his expression, instead he put on his usual *I don't care about anything* face, gave himself a moment to steady his heart before he got out of the car to face him. Even as graceless, twitchy, *erratic* as he was, he pulled at every fiber of Tin's being, just begging to be let in without even trying. It took everything in him not to rush forward, to steady him as he tripped, thankfully catching himself before he fell. After that, found he wasn't sure what it was Can wanted, but the blushing was damn cute.

As the question fell between them, Tin let it linger in the air as he took in the question and paired it with the rambles Can blurted out the day before. Hope was there again, he could feel it seeping into every part of him, melting the ice he'd let build up around his heart. "Besides that it was part of the game?" He questioned, letting his lips slowly tug up into the smallest smile. The way the smaller man immediately started glaring at him shouldn't have been nearly as cute as it was, and Tin let himself reach out, ruffling his hair as he looked down at him. The more he looked at him, the more he wanted him, though he still found himself cautious. The last thing he needed was someone who wanted to be with him simply because of his name, or his money. What Can knew about him, he didn't know, and he hated having to worry about it.

"The truth? You were cute, why pass up an opportunity when it was literally thrown right in my lap?" It was one of the many aspects of his life that weren't filled with regret, the kiss with Can would never be something he'd regret no matter the outcome now. No matter how much it hurt to pretend now that he didn't care. He had to swallow down the hope, push past the strong desires he felt. Even now, it would be so easy to just lean down and press his lips against his, see if he still tasted the same as he had before. A taste he still remembered four years later, sweet like he'd been eating candy and a hint of minty toothpaste.

Can was silent, impossible to read as he stared straight in his eyes. Another thing that drew him in. Tin forced himself to break eye contact, his eyes looking to the side for a moment before he slowly pushed past him, leaving him standing there. He chanced one look back, enough to know Can stayed right where he had left him, unmoving. He thought that was the end of it, he'd gotten to ask the question that had apparently been bothering him. There was nothing left to talk about. But the hand on his wrist stopped him, his head turning again to look over his shoulder, meeting with Can's eyes again as he moved and blocked his path *again*. What was the point of this? He was persistent, Tin would give him that. He just wished each touch didn't come with its own brand of want, the hope that seemed to refuse to be snuffed out all but attacking him at each turn.

"*Four*, now Ai' Asshole, that's *four*. Stop running away from me," he looked angry now, an emotion he hadn't anticipated seeing tainting his beautiful face. Tin stayed quite still, holding up his hands once Can released his wrist, his own way of showing he wasn't going anywhere this time. Perhaps he was right, he was running away. It wasn't like him, but then again nothing about the situation was like him. Once Can seemed sure he was staying put, he seemed to let out a breath. "I wasn't done. But you're being a stubborn asshole," the insult actually prompted the smallest smile, which seemed to encourage Can to go on with whatever he had to say, "what did you feel?"

There was curiosity about what had gone on with Can that night, as well as what he'd felt, so here it is!



# Thinking of me

## Chapter Summary

The last thing he wanted was to piss Can off, so he stayed where he was, refusing to allow their eyes to meet this time. If they did, he was sure it would give away every internal battle inside of him, every raw emotion. "You don't want that answer as much as you think you do."

## Chapter Notes

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

Out of all the things he'd expected Can to want to talk about, how he felt wasn't even a thought. He let out a breath, his head falling back for a moment as he looked towards the sky. Can didn't know the weight behind the question, didn't know how heavy it was. He felt it settle on his shoulders, weighing him down. The last thing he wanted was to piss Can off, so he stayed where he was, refusing to allow their eyes to meet this time. If they did, he was sure it would give away every internal battle inside of him, every raw emotion. "You don't want that answer as much as you think you do," no response came after his words, the younger man just looked determined to wait until he actually answered the question. He had two choices, he could easily lie and say nothing. It felt as though if he tried to he'd choke on the words, lying came easily when people expected the worst from you anyway - but he didn't want that with Can. It would also be the biggest lie he'd ever told, so he shook his head, deciding the truth, while it would probably hurt him later, was easier.

"Okay," he nodded, the word coming out in English as he set his bag on the hood of his car and allowed himself one more step in Can's direction. It felt like there was electricity jolting between them and he wasn't even touching him. "I felt like I never wanted it to end, I remember wishing I wasn't leaving... remember just wanting you." Was that what he wanted to hear? Because he was sure he could expand, explain how Can had been, and still was, the most beautiful person he'd ever met. If he could have asked him to be his boyfriend after he would have - it was just another thing he could add to the long list of things Tul had ruined for him. As it was, Can didn't look nearly as surprised as he figured he would. He looked thoughtful, yet at the same time it was like he could see the fact that his mind was racing. Oh how he wished he could kiss whatever thoughts he had right out of his head.

It seemed as though he was struggling to find something he wanted to say in return, his mouth opened only to shut again several times, leaving him looking very much like a fish. Tin waited, his hands pushing into his pockets as he watched him. "I felt that too, just... I still don't understand what it all means." As he admitted to feeling the same things, it felt like the air had been pushed out of his lungs. The hope that had been trying desperately to

blossom within him *exploded* , it filled his entire body as he felt all the indifference melt from his face. The wall he'd built up so high fell into a heap of rubble at Can's feet, he had to remind himself that he'd said he didn't understand. Though what there was to misunderstand he wasn't sure. "I'm confused, I don't know what any of it means, Tin. I didn't like the feeling... and after it, I saw a lot of my friends get their heart broken, and I don't want that. I don't know how I feel now. But I want to be your friend Tin, can we get to know each other? Be friends?"

And just like that, his own heart felt like it had taken a hit. It was fair, it wasn't at all what he wanted, but it was fair. This was the first real conversation they'd ever had. The heart wanted what it wanted, what his heart wanted most certainly wasn't friendship. It was something much more than that, far stronger, far more intimate. But Can didn't know anything about him, *hell* , he didn't know anything about Can either. "We can... try. Let me see your phone." He held his hand out, shaking it in front of him as Can offered one of a million confused expressions. It took a second, but once Can actually set his phone in his hand, he glanced over his face before he programmed his number into it. With that, he pushed it back into the pocket Can had pulled it out of with the smallest smirk. "We can try, but I'm going to flirt with you." He wanted more, and he'd work towards it for as long as it took.

"You... are going to... flirt with me?" It was like he was spelling it out, and Tin didn't stop the smile that slowly spread over his face. Patting his shoulder, he grabbed his bag and walked past him, waving for him to follow.

"I'm going to flirt with you so much, come on Can."

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Despite Can's protests that he could walk to class on his own, Tin had insisted. If he wanted to play friendship and get to know one another, he was starting right away. He asked him questions, and offered honest answers in return. He now knew Can's favorite color was yellow, because it was bright like the sun, pretty like sunflowers and he thought it just *felt* positive. He loved horror movies, pop music and really anything that sounded upbeat but he also had a thing for rap, football was his favorite thing above nearly everything *except* food, something Can had made abundantly clear. Tin didn't have so many things to offer in return, he was quite honest when he said he didn't really think he had a favorite color, though blue was nice, he liked foreign films as well as music. Before they'd parted, he kept his promise that he *would* flirt with him. So with a smirk, he'd admitted that he was pretty sure *Can* was his new favorite out of all things and people, took a hold of his hand and let his lips graze over his knuckles before he left with a glance over his shoulder.

Walking Can to his class meant he was very nearly late for his own, but it was so worth it. The look on Pete's face as he set his things down was enough to make him almost walk back out. Skipping class hadn't ever been his thing, but he was seriously considering it now. As he sat, Pete leaned close to him, a wide smile already on his face. "Were you with Can, Tin?" Why was it that just his name brought a smile to his face, left his heart racing in his chest. They'd just started getting to know one another and yet, he found himself already wanting so much more. Can was perfect for him, a chaotic balance to his bland life.

"I was..." he could have expanded on that but his phone had vibrated in his pocket, and when he pulled it out there was a message from an unknown number. The smile was back, the message simply read *thank you for walking me to class, Tin*, it was simple and yet showed he didn't mind the flirting if he was willing to message him right after. With a small shake of his head, he saved the number, not as Can, but as *Adorable Idiot*, his eyes glancing sideways as he noted Pete practically swooning beside him.

No one loved the idea of love quite like Pete did.

"Ai'Can has practice after this, I'm going to go to watch Ai'Ae, do you want to come sit with me?" Football wasn't something that particularly interested him, living in England hadn't gotten him away from the sport, in fact they were *louder* and more enthusiastic about it there. But it was something Can loved, and he had to admit the idea of watching him running around on the field was appealing. So he agreed with a slight nod of his head, forcing the smile to be replaced with indifference. Sure, Pete was clearly very aware of how he felt about Can, but that didn't mean he had to put all his cards out there for him to see. Some things were just for Can.

Once class was over, he found himself sitting beside Pete once again, this time in the bleachers beside the field. Practice hadn't started yet, according to Pete they were all probably changing in the locker rooms and would be out soon. It took every bit of brain power he had in him to keep that particular image from surfacing in his brain. What he wouldn't give to be a fly on that locker. It seemed Pete knew this routine quite well, because within minutes he saw a swarm of blue and white running on the field. His eyes found Can, number three, quickly, running faster than everyone else, bouncing around excitedly as he did so. He could hear him talking even from there, something about Manchester United and it was then it seemed that he noticed he was being watched. It was cute how he tripped over his own two feet *again*, before he raised a hand to wave. His smile was blinding, wide and excited as he waved excitedly. *What an adorable, crazy little idiot.*

"Ai'Can looks happy to see you, Tin." Pete commented, clearly trying to keep his tone light, as though he'd observed something as insignificant as a blade of grass.

“I think Can’s just *happy* in general,” it wasn’t a lie, though he was happy that the smile he’d received had been meant for him, it was dumb how he already longed for another.

“No, he seems different when it’s about you.” Of all the things he’d ever said, this was the one thing that really pulled Tin’s attention. The one thing that could force his eyes off Can. When he looked at Pete though, Pete was already sitting up quite straight, his eyes focused now entirely on a different member of the team. How did they wind up like this? Two rich kids pinning after Thai Program football players. It was ridiculous, yet as his eyes found Can again, he couldn’t deny it was exactly what his heart wanted. The more he watched him, the more he found he liked about him. He clearly both took practice very seriously and not serious at all. He went from running fast and kicking the ball with everything he had, to standing behind his captain and mimicking his every movement with great exaggeration. His arms flailing with every gesture, his face mocking in the most playful way. Tin shook his head as he watched the older of the two chase a cackling Can around the field, loudly cursing his existence.

Tin disagreed, he praised everything about his existence.

The practice ended before Tin was actually ready for it too, it was dumb how much he’d enjoyed watching him. He now saw why Pete enjoyed watching Ae practice so much, if he felt half as much about Ae as he did about Can. Something told him he most definitely did. He had to admit, he was sure Pete’s experience watching Ae practice greatly differed from his own watching Can. Ae was serious... Can was an absolute goofball. Tin stood, stretching his limbs out as he and Pete made their way off the bleachers. The team had run off to the showers, Ae had called up at Pete to wait for him, and Pete clung to Tin’s arm as though he was asking him to wait with him. He would of course, because he was hoping when Ae returned to see Pete, he’d bring Can with him.

When he did return, Tin could hardly hide his disappointment that Can actually wasn’t with him. Pete asked before Tin had a chance too, his voice soft as he moved close to Ae, clinging to him now instead of Tin. “Can isn’t with you? Did he go home already?” Pete was worried for him, he hadn’t expected or anticipated that.

Now that he actually watched them, he had to admit the way Ae looked at Pete was more than someone who wanted money. It wasn’t something he was willing to say out loud, but he’d concede at least a bit to give the Thai Program a chance. “He’ll be here soon I think, he was still in the shower. Usually he’s in and out, taking his time for once I think,” and that was enough to remove all the disappointment. Can wasn’t taking his time, Tin was sure of it. He was *thinking* of him, enough that he wanted to clean up properly. Maybe he wouldn’t have to flirt for as long as he thought he would before Can finally gave in.

He hoped Can was giving in.

## Chapter End Notes

No beta so I apologize for any little errors. Thank you for reading as always, hope everyone enjoys Tin being all soft just for Can as much as I do.

# The wreckage of my past

## Chapter Summary

Once those two lessons were learned, Can seemed genuinely happy in his presence. At least, he let him spend time around him without complaint, even texting Tin sometimes with small updates about how his day was going, or something funny he'd heard or seen. They still bickered, but it seemed to be more playful than anything.

## Chapter Notes

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

Over the next week he had to admit he'd learned quite a bit about Can. He was an open book with one big exception, romantically he seemed to be very nearly closed. There was hope, he felt as though he could see the pages of that particular book trying to turn, attempting to open even if Can continuously stomped it shut the moment it nearly did. He'd learned the hard way that Can was loyal to his friends, that so much as a look in their direction that looked negative had him ready to throw a punch. Tin wasn't one for apologies, he hated them, but for Can... anything. It hadn't been on purpose, his old feelings had slipped in, and one small comment about Ae being a dirty gold digger had landed him with Can in his face. As much as he liked Can in his face, he didn't much like Can angry while he was in his face. With his hands up in defeat, he'd admitted his mistake, apologized and though it left Can rather grumpy for the next hour, he'd been forgiven.

He'd also learned very quickly not to buy him things for no reason. Apparently that was also offensive even if it was meant to be affection. "I'm flirting with you," had been his explanation when Can had yelled at him for buying him a new watch. He'd noticed the one Can currently wore was a bit worn, a small crack on its face, so he'd done what he thought was endearing, gotten him a nicer one. Not only had Can pushed it back at him, he'd stomped off and forced Tin to chase him. Again, he'd apologized, his voice quiet as he let him know that was the only way he really knew how to win someone's affections. Once those two lessons were learned, Can seemed genuinely happy in his presence. At least, he let him spend time around him without complaint, even texting Tin sometimes with small updates about how his day was going, or something funny he'd heard or seen. They still bickered, but it seemed to be more playful than anything.

His favorite thing he'd learned so far was that Can stood for Cantaloupe. That one he'd found out from his sister, who'd met up with them while they'd been talking because Can had forgotten his wallet at home and she'd brought it for him. It was cute how much he hated the name, and Tin couldn't help but use it as yet another way to flirt with him. It got him called

an asshole more often than not, but somehow, that too was cute.

Classes were over for the day, Tin's eyes fell to his watch as he wandered out of the IC building. As far as he knew Can didn't have any classes that day. The days Can didn't have classes always meant it was highly unlikely he'd get to see him unless he had practice. That day he didn't. He depended on the days he got to spend time with him, the days he didn't felt oddly empty. It was a surprise as he turned to walk towards his car that Can stood near it, fidgeting slightly in a nervous sort of way. His hands twisted together, his body shifted its weight between his feet, constantly in motion as he always was. This though, this looked different.

There was no stopping his smile as he approached him, using a button on his keys to open his trunk so he could toss his bag in. The trunk popping open seemed to startle Can out of whatever thoughts he had going on in his head, he jumped, his eyes immediately on Tin as he dropped his bag in the trunk and shut it. "You don't have class today, special trip up here for...?" He let the question linger as he pressed his hip against the car, his eyes running over Can's steadily reddening face.

If anything, the question seemed to make him *more* nervous. It was really damn cute. Can wasn't in his school uniform, not even in his football uniform, it was dumb that just that was making him want to reach out and touch him. "Ai'Tin," Can started, though he looked like he wasn't sure how to say whatever it was he wanted to say. Typically this was the point Tin lost his patience, he'd roll his eyes and walk away. Can was the exception to every rule he'd ever had, so instead, he remained quiet, patiently waiting while Can sorted out his adorable, chaotic little head. "Tin, my friend Pond is having a party tonight, it's probably going to be a lot of fun, you know. Ae's going to be there, and he's bringing Pete, and Pond is bringing this girl he likes. I don't think it's supposed to be a couple... *couple* thing, because the girl Pond is seeing keeps saying that he's definitely not her boyfriend and I like her. She gives him a hard time - oyyy that's not the point. I was just... wondering if you... wanted to go with me? Maybe... like a date." If he'd thought Can's face had been flushed before, it was nothing compared to how it looked now. Just as the smile he'd had at just seeing Can there waiting by his car was nothing compared to the smile he had at the fact that Can had just asked him on a date.

A group date of sorts, but a date nonetheless.

"Clarify that, Cantaloupe. A date... or a date as friends?" He had a feeling he knew which one it was, by the way Can had lost his train of thought half way through his speech... by the color of his cheeks. But he couldn't help teasing him just a little, he looked so cute when he got frustrated. The look on his face screamed he was thinking of punching him, which only made Tin's smile widen.

“You... just... not fair... why... nevermind!” He blurted, already moving to walk past him. He let his hand quickly grab at his wrist, his lips pressing against Can’s cheek as he moved near him.

“I’ll go, I’ll be your date, glad my flirting is working.” Lifting his hand, he allowed his thumb to brush gently over the other’s lower lip, before he turned and got in his car. He rolled his window down, glad Can was still standing there with his fingers pressed to his lip. “Send me what time I should pick you up, and your address, Cantaloupe,” the loud protest could be heard even as he drove off, and that paired with the feeling of his lips on his cheek, his thumb touching the lips he so badly wanted to kiss, would tie him over until he saw him again for the party later that night.

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*Party starts at 7. I’ll wait outside for you, sending the address now... but us having a date doesn’t mean you aren’t an asshole!*

It was cute that Can thought he’d wait outside, that Tin wouldn’t get there early enough that he’d have to wait *in* the house for Can. It was also an excuse to get away from his house early, Tul home meant he was already questioning him, putting his nose in his business. Tin wasn’t dumb. He wasn’t about to give him new angles for manipulation if he could help it. He didn’t need to know about Can, though of course there was already suspicion that he had *someone* he wasn’t telling his family about. Leaving the house with one single rose didn’t help. It was a date though, and he was perhaps a bit of a romantic, something Can was going to have to learn to deal with. Truthfully it was something he, himself, was learning to deal with, he hadn’t been romantic at all, until Can came into his life. He was going to try to pointedly ignore the thinly masked threat that hit his ears as he left, Tul calling after him that he’d have to meet his lover sometime so he could make sure they knew the important things. He didn’t want to focus on that, he wanted to focus on Can.

As expected, when he arrived, it was early enough that there wasn’t anyone waiting for him outside the gate.

He lightly tapped on the door, the flowers stem rolling between his fingers as Lemon opened the door, her expression surprised. This... this was exactly why he was keen on waiting inside. It was just like Can to avoid telling his sister he was going on a date. Plus, he couldn’t deny the draw of seeing the place Can had grown up. “P’Tin!” She looked flustered as she slowly let him in, her eyes continuously darting to the flower that rested in his hands. “Can I get you anything? Does Can know you- wait!” her voice grew loud, in the very same way Can’s so often did. He could see her piecing things together, her eyes moving from his face, to the flower, to the stairs where he assumed Can was. “Are.. is that for P’Can!? He



didn't tell me you were dating! Are you dating my brother? Oh... oh... I'll just go get him, make yourself comfortable P'Tin!" He stayed near the door despite her saying he could make himself comfortable, an amused smile already on his face as she disappeared up the stairs. He could hear her yelling just fine from there.

He could also hear the panic in his *date's* voice as she announced his date was there waiting for him, and it seemed he'd earned a new pet name. It wasn't much better than asshole, but Ai'Asshat was at least new. Can appeared in front of him moment's later, his little sister hiding behind him with a look on her face that said if it were possible, she'd have literal heart eyes. "Tin! I said *outside* ! Why are you so early?! Oyyyyy Ley is never going to let this go, she's going to tease me for a month," Tin offered Lemon a small wave as Can grabbed ahold of his wrist and pulled him out the door, rushing him towards the car, all the while clicking his tongue in frustration. He could smell cologne wafting off of him as he moved, something he'd never noticed him wear before. Can was trying to smell good for him, and if his heart hadn't already been close to exploding, it was now.

The urge to tell him everything was back, it was such a weird moment for that particular topic to come to his mind, but he found he wanted Can to know, to feel his comfort... comfort he'd never had before. It was true that he also wanted to make sure he knew the real story before Tul had a chance to find him, to give him the lies he so enjoyed putting out in the world. As worried as he was that Can wouldn't believe him, he felt the urge ever growing. Can turned, clearly very ready to scold him some more for being early, but he must have caught the fear behind his indifferent expression. Can had a talent for reading him in a way no one else could, and he loved him for it. "Tin? Did something happen?" Before he knew it, the words were flowing from his mouth, his eyes downcast, the years of trauma boiling over as he felt his eyes burn. The flower in his hand was lowered, and as everything Tul had done left his mouth, he felt the flower leave his hand, his eyes lifting just long enough to watch Can set it on the roof of his car. "I didn't do anything Can... he just hates me, he was behind it, I swear I'd just gotten there. He was behind my parents hating me too, I've never... done anything..." nothing that warranted the hate of his entire family, the years of pain. This was supposed to be a date, and yet here he was dampening the mood, potentially ruining their first date and seeing to it that Can probably wouldn't want another. No one ever believed him anyway.

"Your brother's a real douchebag, Tin! You should take me to your house instead of to the beach for Pond's party, so I can punch him right in the face! No, in the throat! That'll keep him from lying about you, what an asshole, you aren't the asshole, he is, you know? What a jerk!" The tears spilled over, but they weren't from sadness, not anymore. There was gratitude mixed with him as he stared at the smaller, hyperactive man in front of him.

"You... believe me? Really believe me?" He breathed out, unable to stop himself from pulling Can to him, from burying his face in his shoulder.

After a moment of what he assumed was stunned silence, Can clearly was not prepared for a hug, he felt his arms circle around him, the comfort he'd always wanted, Can provided. "Of course I believe you. Tin, I met you before you left... briefly, the kiss... remember? I was at that party and nothing like that happened there. Plus why would you lie about that, especially right now? Right before we go... on a date? I always believe my friends anyway, and that includes you, Tin." It was that moment that he realized he needed Can like he needed air. That was what he'd felt all those years ago, he'd felt him breathing air into him, pulling him out of the water that was threatening to drown him before he'd even realized he was sinking. Can was his air. "Anyway, Pete said he thought you might have gone through something, the day you drove away from me, I didn't think it would be that bad, but it all makes sense now. I'll punch him right in the throat for doing all that!"

Tin closed his eyes as he let the feeling of comfort take over, the feeling that came with someone actually believing in him. As much as he wanted to stand there, forever in Can's embrace, they had a date to go on, and could discuss the other parts of Tul's treachery another time. He wanted the date to be happy, not ruined by his brother when his brother wasn't even there. He ruined everything else, he wasn't going to let him ruin anything that had to do with Can. Can was the light shining in all his darkness, and he needed to keep that going.

"Thank you, Can. Let's go on that date, get your flower, let's go." He pointedly ignored the grumbles about the flower, a small smile now replacing the fear, the tears that had flowed over as he watched his *date* get in the car. It was quite possibly the cutest thing he'd ever seen, Can sitting beside him in the car, awkwardly holding a rose. His heart felt lighter, not only from seeing him holding it, but from a weight he'd carried for so many years finally lifting off of his shoulders.

## Chapter End Notes

As always, no beta, and thank you for reading :3

# You are everything I'm not

## Chapter Summary

Can really was a funny kind of guy. It had been his idea to go on a date and yet he was acting as though it was the most embarrassing thing to have ever happened to him. As he was introduced to several of Can's friends that he didn't yet know, he had to interject the word date every single time Can called him his friend Tin.

## Chapter Notes

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

Can really was a funny kind of guy. It had been his idea to go on a date and yet he was acting as though it was the most embarrassing thing to have ever happened to him. As he was introduced to several of Can's friends that he didn't yet know, he had to interject the word *date* every single time Can called him his *friend Tin*. Every time he interrupted, he received a glare, a *click* of Can's tongue as his date's face flushed bright red. If it were anyone else, this would have been highly annoying, instead it was adorable, and far more amusing than Can wanted it to be. If Can had thought it was bad when Tin had corrected him no less than seven times, he was very unprepared for when he introduced him to his friend Pond. Pond saw to it that he didn't need to be introduced to anyone else, his voice carrying over the music and the voices of everyone on the beach.

"Ai'Can! You brought a date. I didn't know you liked guys, why didn't you tell me?!" It looked as though Can was begging the earth to crack open and swallow him whole. He lunged forward for a minute, as though he was thinking about fighting Pond for yelling it out the way he had, though Tin just smiled proudly, his hand moving slowly to rest on Can's back. He didn't miss the way he squirmed under his touch, grumbling about how they were still friends. It wasn't until a girl approached, that he quickly realized was the girl Pond liked, that Pond settled down, Can actually looked relieved by her presence.

"Hi, I'm so sorry about him, he's got zero tact, I'm ChaAim," Her hand shot out to lightly punch Pond's arm as he waggled his eyebrows at her.

"I'm just saying I can help him, I helped Ae and Pete you know, I'm the love doctor. Hey Can, top or bottom? I have advice." ChaAim had handed both him and Can drinks, a drink which Can was practically chugging in his embarrassment next to him. At the word love however, he sputtered, choking slightly on it, though he looked confused by the question posed. Unable to stop himself, he ran his hand up his back, soothing it as he regained himself, it took everything in his power not to add his own two cents about which one he

thought Can might be... they were just starting to get somewhere and the last thing he needed was Can pissed off at him.

“By help I think you mean you got in the way, you’ll be the death of Can if you don’t shut up, come on,” she offered both of them a smile as she pulled Pond away, clearly pinching his arm as they moved, though Tin’s attention had already turned to Can as he stared at him with wide eyes. Tin glanced around for a moment, spotting a small building not far from where they stood. He grabbed Can’s wrist, gently pulling him that way, his cup discarded on a picnic table as they passed. He was pleased to see that Can had followed his lead, setting his down as well.

Instead of going inside the small building, which turned out to be a restroom and not the best place for a conversation, he pulled him to the side of the building that faced away from everyone. Once alone, it took everything in him not to push him against the wall and kiss him. No matter how much he wanted to feel his lips again, he was trying desperately to go at his pace. That was the problem, he didn’t know what *his* pace was, it seemed to fluctuate depending on his mood.

“What are we doing, Can? Nearly two weeks ago you asked to be my friend and get to know me. Today you asked me on a date... and you didn’t clarify it as just friends even though I gave you a chance too. Now you’re introducing me to everyone as *friend Tin*, what is this?” Can, to his credit, didn’t run from the question, instead he leaned back on the building, his back pressed against the brick as his head fell forward, his chin resting on his chest. He looked like he was in thought, like once again there was some sort of internal battle raging inside him. He didn’t want to be an internal battle though, he wanted Can to want him, to want him the same way he was wanted.

Didn’t he realize he’d been wanting him since they’d met? Wanting him so bad it physically hurt that he couldn’t just reach out and pull him to him like he so desperately wanted? The face of indifference had faded where Can was concerned, it may have only been a little over a week but he was wearing every emotion, displaying it for him to see. Can already knew things about him that he hadn’t ever told anyone before. For him it went back far beyond when they met at school, he was still hung up on him from their first kiss, he’d never stop being hung up on him.

What part wasn’t he getting?

❖ - Can - ❖

Friendship was a weird thing, he liked to think it was one of the few things he was undeniably good at. He was there when his friends needed him, if someone spoke badly about them, his fist did the talking his mouth was far too angry to accomplish. He felt the same when it came to Tin, but the more he learned about him, the more his mind was left reeling. Tin wasn't ever *just* his friend. He'd asked for friendship but it was blaringly obvious that something was different. A line had been crossed before friendship had ever had the chance to form, a line that had made them accidental lovers way before friendship had a chance to form. The word *lovers* still made him cringe, but it made it no less true. Accident or not, Tin had been his first kiss. He hadn't kissed anyone since him because no one had caught his interest. No one except Tin, of course, forever in the back of his mind even though there had been a chance he'd never see him again.

And then there he was, and his resolve had slowly crumbled every time he'd so much as looked at him. He was wearing cologne for heaven's sake, that wasn't him. He didn't even *own* any, but had found some of his dad's from before he'd passed left in his mom's room. It was old, it wasn't expensive, but he wanted Tin to notice him, he'd put it on before he'd even really thought about it.

Try as he might, he couldn't pretend they were anything but what they really were. Tin left him feeling like his head was in the clouds, left his chest tight and his stomach as though something was crawling and fluttering in it. They weren't friends. They couldn't be friends. Tin correcting him repeatedly that they were on a date wasn't just embarrassing, it was kicking the little bit of resolve he had left away. Friendship was a means to get to know him, but... they could kiss and get to know each other, right? This was Tin's fault. It was Tin's fault he couldn't get him out of his head, that when he lay in bed at night he thought about him, that he thought about him instead of paying attention in class... that he'd even taken a football to the groin because he'd started *thinking* and stopped paying attention.

He let his head fall forward as Tin spoke, his eyes focused on the ground as his hair fell in his eyes. He was glad for it, it gave him something to hide behind. The problem wasn't that they weren't friends, it was that he didn't know how to be in a relationship. Tin deserved better than that, better than anything he had to offer. But what was the point in fighting it? Tin insisting that they were on a date made what he wanted clear. Tin had even texted him to tell him he hoped he had sweet dreams the night before. As dumb as it was, that had been what had done it, that simple act had been what forced him to ask him on a date.

And he was already messing it up.

For a moment Can pressed his eyes shut, squeezing them tight as he took in a breath. He wasn't like Tin, he couldn't hide what he was feeling, he knew the moment he looked at him it was over. The only thing that had hid it so far was a thick layer of embarrassment with a even thicker layer of confusion on top of it, both making him struggle to find his footing. Navigating dating wasn't easy when you had become painfully aware that it probably just

wasn't something that was meant for you. At least, that's what he'd thought for a long time after Tin had left.

He forced himself to lift his head, to meet with Tin's gaze. At his sides, his hands were shaking, he wasn't entirely sure if it was from anticipation, nerves, or just that whatever he was feeling was so strong that his body didn't have room for all of it. He saw surprise reflected in Tin's eyes. What must he look like, staring at him almost hungrily, confusion tinting the edges. Funny how want seemed to push the confusion away, make it seem far less important than it had been before.

Tin moved before Can had a chance to speak, his face concerned as he felt his hands take a hold of his face, holding it gently between his two hands, his fingers curling behind his ears. "Can? What's wrong?" Even his voice sounded concerned. It was about to be one of those situations where he had to keep himself from running at the mouth. The words were simple, he could manage them without saying a million and one things, without growing hyper so that he couldn't control what was happening around him anymore.

"I don't want to be friends, Tin," He would have felt immensely proud of himself for not turning what only needed to be a few words into a hundred, but he felt Tin's hands twitch on his face, saw the look on his face that looked as though he'd been slapped. He misunderstood, he so misunderstood. Can opened his mouth to explain further but Tin shook his head, his hands moving down to rest instead on his shoulders.

"Clarify... I really... need you to clarify, what do you mean?" It took everything in Can not to hide in that moment, it felt vulnerable. Everything about being with Tin felt vulnerable. What his brother had done to him... he didn't need a friend, Can knew that now. He needed someone to care about him in a way that was deeper than that. It had been pushing itself to the front of his mind since they'd talked, and Can wanted to try. He wasn't sure what he was doing, he didn't know *how* relationships even worked, but for Tin... he was going to try.

"Kiss me." The words came out so much softer than he had intended, barely a whisper that cracked his voice, and Tin once again looked as though he'd been smacked, somewhere between not knowing if he'd heard him right and very much hopeful he had. With a breath, Can gave it a second before he forced himself to repeat the request, he shook his hair out of his eyes so he could properly meet with his eyes. No longer hiding. "Kiss me, Tin." The words came out stronger this time, and he put as much conviction behind them as he possibly could.

He shouldn't have been, but he was surprised by how quickly Tin moved. There was no hesitation the moment he'd spoken the words louder, Tin's mouth crashed into his. He felt his back press against the wall as he reached up, his arms wrapping around his neck as Tin's hands fell from his shoulders, his arms circling instead around his waist. He felt Tin's tongue

not a moment after their lips met, and he bit back the urge to call him a dog the same way he had the first time. Instead, he let his mouth open, let his own tongue meet with Tin's. He'd liked it when he'd been fourteen, he liked it far more now, the way their tongues danced together, the way he tasted, the way he held him close like he was important, *special*. He didn't have a lot of experience, he could only go with what he felt, his hand gently toying with his hair as he tried to pull him closer, his head angling so he could explore deeper, explore more than he'd had time to back when they'd been younger. If his heart beat any faster, he was sure it was going to leave his chest, though it was hard to concentrate on that with the heat that was building in his stomach, circulating throughout his body.

Tin pulled back from the kiss, but just barely, his forehead pressed against Can's. It took a moment, he found himself struggling to find his breath. It wasn't just from the kiss itself, but everything he'd felt building up in him. He let one of his hands rest on the back of Tin's neck as he opened his eyes so he could search his face. Tin hadn't ever looked so relaxed, so happy. Not since he'd known him, he looked like he'd been given a life changing gift. Can didn't want to assume it had anything to do with him - it couldn't, he wasn't that special. There wasn't a single special thing about him, he wasn't even all that good looking. He didn't think he was ugly, he thought he was *okay* ... but it was Tin that was the ridiculously good looking one. Why did he look so happy, then? When Can had nothing he could even offer him.

❖ - Tin - ❖

Kissing Can was better than his memory had led him to believe. It felt like his own subconscious had lied to him, had made something so amazing seem only half as good as it really was. He could tell there wasn't a lot of experience, that Can hadn't gotten the chance to kiss much since, but there was enough passion, enough emotion that it felt raw, it felt like everything he'd been longing for had finally been given to him. Years of pain, and finally someone cared enough to pay him a little attention. Someone *cared*. He didn't want to kiss him because he was a Medthanan, that much was clear from his anger towards Tul, and he didn't care about his money. The watch had been his evidence there, it seemed the only thing he was allowed to buy were the occasional snack. No, Can was different from anyone else he'd ever met. Rough around the edges, perhaps a bit innocent in a lot of ways... but he was genuine, sweet, and damn beautiful.

"You didn't make me flirt for long, I thought it was going to take a lot longer." He commented lightly, half smiling when he received a light shove to his chest.

"I never said I was done making you flirt, keep flirting, one kiss doesn't mean you're done. Just because I said I don't want to be friends, that's just because you make it really difficult,

all your *I'm his date, actually* blah blah nonsense! You're crazy." Can could say whatever he wanted, he'd been the one to ask for a kiss, he'd been the one to ask for a date... at this point, Tin was simply giving him what he wanted. If he wanted more flirting, he could do that too.

"We're not friends because you want me." He added, the smile widening as Can flushed bright red once again. He lifted a hand, lightly tapping his nose with one finger, "cute," how was one person so cute?

"Ai'Tin..." he sounded serious all of the sudden, and Tin let his hand drop, instead finding home on his hip as he stood up straighter, pulling back so he could see more of Can's face. "I do have one question."

"Hmm?"

"Am I a top or a bottom?" Can was absolutely going to be the death of him.

## Chapter End Notes

No beta :3 hope you enjoyed!



# Be with me tonight

## Chapter Summary

At first, Tin had thought very seriously that Can had been joking, but he'd continued to stare at him with wide, innocent, curious eyes that told him he wasn't joking at all. He looked adorable, standing there hoping for an answer.

## Chapter Notes

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

At first, Tin had thought very seriously that Can had been joking, but he'd continued to stare at him with wide, innocent, curious eyes that told him he wasn't joking at all. He looked adorable, standing there hoping for an answer. "How about we put a pin in that. Talk about it later." It didn't seem like the right place to explain that to the guy he was currently trying to date. "But, if you figure it out on your own... *please* let me know." Because of course, he was probably more curious for that answer than Can was.

The rest of the party had been spent holding hands, walking along the beach either alone or with Pete and Ae. Every once in a while, Can would mutter about needing his question answered, talking quietly to himself about tops and bottoms in a way that continuously left a stitch in Tin's side from trying not to laugh. Eventually, if he didn't find out on his own, Tin figured it was probably best coming from him. Since they'd only just had their second kiss, and the first kiss was four years ago the timing just didn't seem right. Not to mention, something told him Can would probably spend the rest of the party red in the face if he had to get *the talk* from the guy he was seeing. Instead of focusing on that, Tin tried to focus on the fact that Can was allowing him to hold his hand, that Can had been the one to ask for a kiss. It had to mean something good. He hoped it meant he was starting to think, that maybe he wouldn't be alone in his feelings anymore. Never before had Tin actually actively wanted a serious relationship, and yet, the word *boyfriend* swam around in his head every time he thought of Can. He wanted him to be his boyfriend, he wanted it so bad.

Once he'd gotten home after their date, after he was showered and in his room, he let out a sigh as that question lit up his phone. The way the question was posed, he understood why it was him he was asking. *Are you really not going to answer which one I am? Pond brought it up, and he's a pervert so I don't want to look it up or ask anyone else. Please help me, Tin?*

Gently sitting down on his bed, he finally sent Can an honest answer, the truth. It was probably better coming from someone he was interested in than someone else. He kept it short, kept it gentle, making sure he wasn't terribly graphic with it just in case it embarrassed

Can. He'd do a lot of cute things to embarrass him, this wasn't something he wanted him to be embarrassed about, nor did he want to take even the smallest chance that he'd scare him off. He was just getting somewhere, but his heart was already Can's... scaring him off now would break him.

*"It's the position you'd be in Can. Specifically for sex with another guy... pretty self explanatory. Unless you really want details, I could oblige."* He hoped it was self explanatory at that point, though he wouldn't mind teasing him just a bit. Or again... he definitely wouldn't mind showing him. He moved the towel up to dry his hair, rubbing it on the top of his head quickly for a second as he glanced at his phone. The three little dots that said Can was typing kept popping up and then disappearing. Whatever he was trying to say, he kept rethinking it. Something told him he probably already knew the answer, he could just picture his adorable face turning immediately red... Tin just assumed he probably didn't know the exact terminology. He reached up, turning off his light as he climbed the rest of the way into bed, his hand moving to place his phone on the charger on the nightstand when his phone notified him that he had a message. From Can.

*"Pond, what an asshole. That's... damn him. I'm glad I didn't answer him now... douchebag."* There was a beat before another response came through, one that left Tin reeling, one that kept sleep from coming his way for most of the night. *"Probably bottom though, right? That's what I've been picturing, you said you wanted to know when I found out. Anyway, good night Tin!"*

If he'd been drinking something he would have choked on it, Can had all but admitted to thinking about it and that was enough to have him stuck with dirty images of his favorite football player, running through his head for the rest of the night.

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Pete was all smiles the next day as they walked to the field to watch football practice, though he used to hate football, it was now a big part of his life. Something had him swooning and he couldn't ask. Most importantly, he didn't want to ask - because he could feel *himself* swooning and he didn't want it to show. He caught Can's eye as they climbed the bleachers, the bright smile was back, the smile Tin liked to think was reserved for him. He wanted it to be. The moment their eyes met, he felt himself smiling. It had been so long since he'd had so much cause to smile, it felt strange, but it was the happiest he could ever remember being. As Can went back to his practice, Pete caught his eye instead. He was still swooning, but if it was at all possible, he was swooning *more*.

"I've never seen you smile so much, things looked like they were going really well for you and Can last night," Tin let his eyes roam back over to the field, a small smile pulling at his

lips against his will. Can was currently doing stretches, though by the way he looked he was also mimicking his captain again. More importantly, he looked damn good stretching, Tin silently commended himself on his restraint at not rushing onto the field. “He’s really good for you. It’s good to see you happy.”

Pete was right, Can was the best thing that had ever happened to him. He’d ensured Tin had gotten almost no sleep the night before with his little question, with the thing he had admitted. The only message he’d sent back was a simple *sweet dreams, Cantaloupe*, though his own dreams had been anything but sweet, and that was on Can. It was yet another effort to keep from scaring him off with just how badly he wanted him, his hand hardly satisfied anymore. “He’s the best for me, you aren’t wrong,” except he still couldn’t get that last text message out of his head. What exactly had he been picturing, and more specifically, was it Tin he’d pictured it with? Whatever fantasies had been playing out in his head, Tin not only wanted to know about them, but be a part of them. Sex wasn’t anything new to him, except the fact that he’d never been with a guy that way, he’d been with plenty of women, Can though, brought with him a brand new kind of desire. He’d never wanted anyone more, nor had he ever wanted to be wanted more.

Before Can, everything had been a means to an end, there weren't ever emotions attached nor did he much care how the other person felt. He certainly didn't worry about scaring them off. Can was changing a lot of things for him, slowly but surely and he wasn't even mad about it. It was a talent unique to him, every rule Tin had ever set in motion to keep people as far away from him as possible, Can broke without even batting an eye. He just ran in head first and everything he'd put up to protect himself came crumbling down.

Now all he had to do was hope... hope desperately that with the walls down, it would be Can that would protect his heart instead.

“Is he your boyfriend yet?” The question sounded innocent, but he could see the sheepish grin on Pete’s face out of the corner of his eyes. He couldn’t remember Pete being quite so nosy before, this was his little boyfriend's fault, he was sure of it.

“Not... yet. We’re figuring things out,” while he still tried to figure out exactly what Can’s pace was. So far it was telling everyone they were just friends only moments before asking to be kissed, and followed by confessing that he thought he was a bottom hours later. Can’s pace was everywhere, just as he was. Tin couldn’t say with any sort of honesty that he was the most patient person, but he was trying damn hard to keep things going however Can wanted them to go. Eventually though, eventually he wasn’t going to be able to stop himself from asking for more. It was the label he was looking for, more than anything. A label he’d never wanted before, but he wanted the world to know Can was his, and that he was Can’s.

“I think he’ll be your boyfriend soon, Tin, he barely left your side last night. Even Ae thought the way he was being was cute, he said he’d never seen Can act like that. The hand

holding was adorable,” the smile was wider as Pete nudged at his arm. It was true, Can had only left him a few times, and when he did he was only gone for a few moments. Twice to use the bathroom (and once to run back to the bathroom when he realized he’d forgotten to wash his hands), once to grab a drink, and once more because one of his friends had pulled him away for a moment. He wasn’t sure what his friend had pulled him away for, but it had taken a lot of effort to keep himself from getting jealous. Can though, returned within minutes, and the relief he’d felt the moment he slipped his hand back in Can’s had been unlike anything he’d ever felt before.

If he had a choice, he’d be with him all the time. There was comfort that came with being near Can. The comfort had already been there when they’d started talking, but Can knew everything about him that was important now, and he still wanted to be near him. He now felt the tightness in his chest that had been ever present since he’d returned to Thailand ease just from looking at him. He needed Can.

He let out a low hum instead of an answer, deciding against saying anything that would give away where he thought their relationship was going. Pete had the best intentions, he knew he did, but he still wasn’t quite ready to give anyone that wasn’t Can any other parts of his personality, and most certainly not any of his emotions. It was just impossible to hide how much he liked Can, so he no longer tried, but he wouldn’t say anything to further prove it. Can knew how he felt, that was all that mattered.

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Once practice was over, Pete let him know they were just going to go have some sort of team meeting after. With how important he knew football was to Can, he decided to take that as his cue to head home, that he’d get to see him again tomorrow. As much as he wanted to keep him to himself, not wanting to share him with anyone, football and his team were clearly very dear to him. So instead of trying to pull him out of whatever he had going on, Tin figured he’d just call him when he thought Can might be free - it was already clear Can preferred texting, forever complaining when he called instead. *Don't call me, I wont pick up!* He liked hearing his voice though, it settled him in a way he couldn’t even begin to explain. Just hearing his voice took the weight off him, left him feeling as though he was surrounded by a warm blanket.

He unlocked his car, dropping his bag in the passenger seat when he heard the sound of cleats on the pavement behind him. Tin turned his head, glancing over his shoulder as Can jogged up.

“Are you leaving already? Can I go with you?” Slowly Tin turned, his eyes running over Can’s face as he crossed his arms.

“I thought you had something to do with your team, but you can always go where I go.”

“Oh... I... well yeah I do, but I can skip it they were just going to go get food! I can get food with you instead right? So can I go with you?”

Tin hadn't planned on getting dinner until later that night, but he knew Can's appetite all too well by now. He was going to need to get him two dinners just to make sure he wasn't hungry later. He reached back into his car, grabbing his bag and tossing it into the backseat but he stayed in front of the door. “Why don't you go get changed, I'll wait here.” It was like Can excitedly danced for a moment, before he took off running, the sound of cleats on pavement slowly fading as Tin leaned on his car to wait. *So weird, so cute.*

Once he got back, he was fully planning to call this *date number two*. Whatever Can wanted it to be, after his little confession, they were definitely going on more dates, ever steadily working towards that title Tin so longed to call him.

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Date number two wasn't going exactly as he planned, not with Can bickering with him over where they were going to go. Though neither of them were dressed for it, he'd aimed for a nicer restaurant so that he could further push his date agenda. Can had negotiated until somehow they'd wound up at Tin's house. How he'd managed it, Tin still couldn't figure it out, but he was relieved when he didn't see Tul's car anywhere. Nor did he see his parents' cars, which meant it was just him, Can and the staff. It still wasn't what he wanted, though it meant he'd get alone time with Can, he was still mildly concerned about Tul showing up and getting in the way. He also definitely didn't need his mother whining about not letting her research his friends' families before they came into her home. He already thought he needed to get his own place, but having Can in his life just pushed the thought closer to reality.

Can seemed like he was in awe as he guided him into the house, his voice soft as he requested one of the staff members to prepare something for them to eat and to bring it to his room. He had enough space in there that they could eat at the small table he had, then spend time doing whatever Can wanted. Thanks to Can's little confession the night before, he was going to have to pointedly ignore his mind when it drifted to the possibilities.

“Are we going to your room?”

“Are you scared?” He answered Can’s question with a question of his own, his eyebrow lifting as he put his hand on the others back to lead the way.

“No, what’s there to be scared of?” A small smile tugged at his lip at the honesty behind his words. He opened the door, letting Can walk in first before he followed, hanging his bag on the back of the door before he loosened his tie. “All of this is your room? It’s huge.”

He hardly had time to say anything, his expression half amused, half *aroused* as Can immediately ran over and jumped on his bed, bouncing slightly on it as he smiled widely.

“I was about to say make yourself comfortable but I see you’ve already done that.” It was interesting watching Can make himself comfortable in his room, as though he’d been there a million times. He didn’t join him immediately, deciding instead to just watch as he folded his legs on the bed, his eyes wide as he stared around the room.

“Your room is so much bigger than mine, and Ai’Ley can peek over the top of the wall to threaten me whenever she wants, but you even have full walls! I bet they aren’t thin either. Ley always knows when I’m talking to myself.” Tin nodded along as he listened to him speak, slowly sitting himself beside him. It was the one space in the house that he felt comfortable in, the one space that was completely his. The decorations were all his choosing, simple and modern. No one else entered - now with one exception - it was all his, his sanctuary away from the pain that came with his family.

“They aren’t... at least to my knowledge. You’re the first one I’ve brought home, so...” it said a lot about how serious he was about wanting to be with him, the fact that he kept everyone else at a distance, and yet he still had no idea how Can had convinced him that *this* was where they were going.

“Ever? Not even... Pete?” The question didn’t sound innocent, it sounded *jealous*. He tilted his head as he turned his body to face him so he could properly look at Can, his eyes running slowly over his face.

“You’re the first, I always went to Pete’s when we were growing up. Haven’t been there since I’ve been back. Are you worried, *Cantaloupe*?” It was amazing how even after he’d confessed something *so* personal the night before, Can still blushed at such a small question, his brows furrowing as if he had to actually think about why he’d asked about Pete.

“No I’m... hey you said we were going to eat right? Do you know what?” As much as he wanted to continue to question Can’s moment of jealousy, he let it drop for the moment, knowing damn well by now that once his stomach spoke, there was no discussing anything but his appetite. Even if at the moment he was quite sure Can’s stomach was just convenient,

something different to talk about rather than his jealousy.

“Mm, not sure. Was there a reason you wanted to come to my place instead of going out?”

“Ummmm nope!” Tin had to admit, he was surprised by the color that immediately tinted Can’s cheeks even darker than they'd been seconds ago.

What was he thinking?

## Chapter End Notes

No beta as usual! Glad you all enjoyed Can's little question, hope everyone enjoys the aftermath of it as well :3

# Lost in you

## Chapter Summary

Everything about being with Tin was new and uncharted territory. His body and mind were at war, both reacting in ways he'd never experienced before.

## Chapter Notes

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

Can talked away through the entirety of their meal once it arrived, and Tin for the most part found he was just happy listening. This was a unique thing it seemed Can brought out of him, more often than not he grew tired before a person's mouth even opened. It wasn't what they had to say that interested him, it was what they could do for him - but he found in this situation, the conversation even when he couldn't get a word in was just as interesting. The subject changed often, sometimes right in the middle of a sentence it seemed Can had a thought and had to voice that as well. Every now and again he'd pause the conversation, reminding Can to swallow his food before he spoke, at which Can would pause all conversation, chew quickly, swallow and then launch right back into what he was saying. He drifted from one topic to the next, from a special edition movie he was excited Pond was going to let him borrow - one he very much seemed to hope was a superhero movie or else some sort of horror flick - to how excited he was about their next football game, and at some point about a video game he'd started playing and graphic descriptions of all the aliens he'd been fighting, down to the manga he was currently reading.

The way his face lit up when something excited him would be his undoing.

"Which one is it?" Tin questioned as he wiped his mouth, gathering the dishes so that he could set them outside his room, where one of the staff would collect them. He'd mentioned that he was reading something, some sort of manga, but he seemed to avoid the details of it before he started to change the subject once again.

"Huh?" Can questioned, clearly forced out of whatever thought had come to him next, his eyes lifting as his mouth hung open. It was as though he'd already forgotten what they'd been discussing just seconds before.

"The manga, which one is it?"



“Oh,” He’d reentered the room, finding Can had already moved right back to his bed in the time it had taken him to set the dishes outside his room and quietly thank the staff member that was collecting them. Something else that was new that he’d started and now attributed to Can being in his life. “Well... I only read a little bit of it, I mostly looked at the pictures first to see if I was interested. Ley said she thought I’d like it, but... I’m not so sure. I should have known! She always giggles like a maniac when she’s teasing me, and she giggled. A lot.” It still didn’t answer his question, and as he sat beside him again, it seemed Can looked just about everywhere but him. It only made him want to know more, if Ley was teasing him - or so he thought - and thought he’d like it at the very same time.

“Why did Ley think you’d like it, then?”

A loud sigh left him, and he couldn’t help the amused smile that tugged at the corners of his lips as Can fell dramatically back on his bed. Again, it was as though he’d been there a million times, both comfortable and uncomfortable at the same time. The discomfort, Tin decided, was more than likely from the turn the conversation had taken. What had his sister given him?

“Well, after our... after you came over and she... she kept nagging at me to read her manga... wouldn’t let me go to sleep until I said I’d at least look at it. But it’s all... guys.”

“All... guys?” The amused smile only widened, the same question repeating itself in his mind, *Lemon, what did you give him?*

“Guys... together...” Can brought his two pointer fingers together, rubbing the tips of them together to mimic kissing, though... he supposed in this situation it could mean a few different things. The small laugh that left him was inevitable, the color had immediately tinted Can’s pretty cheeks pink. Ley, it seemed, realizing her brother had gone on a date with a guy, had decided he needed to read *boy love* mangas.

“Well did you like it?” Though he would have thought it impossible, Can’s face miraculously turned a brighter shade of red, the tips of his ears now matching his cheeks. “Your face is red... what you told me last night says you probably did.” It wasn’t often Tin laughed, but Can brought out another side of him that he was sure had been all but lost. What Tul had once destroyed, Can slowly repaired, and added a layer that was all his own to it. A layer that was reserved for just him. The loudest laugh he was sure he’d *ever* let out left him as he was assaulted with a pillow, the look on Can’s face almost looked offended, and Tin would have been concerned if it weren’t for the small grin that also rested there.

“I didn’t read it, asshole, I looked at the pictures!”

“Looking at the pictures sounds like a resounding *yes*, Cantaloupe. Anything you care to reenact? Was it hot?” Can had sat up, the pillow smacking into him once again as he held his hands up in defense. “Is that also a *yes*?” The pillow was abandoned, Tin hardly had time to process what was happening before he found himself on his back. What he was sure Can saw as just tackling him back playfully - a play fight - felt like anything but. He’d never felt his heart react the way it did as Can hovered over him, his hands pressing his shoulders down into the mattress. It raced, thumped wildly in his chest as he stared up at him, all traces of humor gone as he let his gaze flicker to his lips. He watched as the humor slowly faded from Can, replaced by something Tin didn’t quite recognize. For the most part, Can was easy to read, it was when things overwhelmed or confused him that things seemed to get lost in translation. Those two emotions in Can, he’d realized, didn’t mean he didn’t *want* something, it meant his mind was taking a bit longer to catch up.

If it weren’t for Can asking him on a date, he was sure that was something he wouldn’t have figured out, he’d still be stuck trying to figure out if Can was even interested. Forever hoping he was. He was thankful in that moment for all the things that had helped him realize, all the things that had taught him that Can sometimes seemed to just need a moment - sometimes even days. Without that knowledge, his heart would have been shattered into a million pieces by now. What sounded like rejection with Can wasn’t really that at all.

Tin let his own hands move, his fingertips ran slowly up Can’s arms, his back arching slightly into the feeling of just him hovering over him. *What had they been talking about?* He wasn’t so sure anymore, all he knew was he’d never felt anything remotely like what he now felt. Anticipation, excitement, arousal, *nerves* and want all swirling in his body like they were throwing some sort of rave. He didn’t move like he’d expected him to, instead he stared directly into his eyes, as though he was searching for something, *waiting* for something.

He didn’t want it to end, he wanted to take it wherever the situation was trying to go - but the fear of scaring Can off was greater than any need he felt. His voice was husky when he finally spoke, an octave lower than it generally was as he tried to ground himself.

“Can... you know I want you, *you know* ... don’t tease me.”

❖ - Can - ❖

*What was he doing?*

Everything about being with Tin was new and uncharted territory. His body and mind were at war, both reacting in ways he'd never experienced before. His mind raced with both possibilities and questions while his body practically begged him for *more*. He wasn't even sure what more was, but he wanted it, he could feel it in his core that he wanted it. Tin teasing him about the manga had put images in his head, images straight out of the damn book but instead of the two boys whose names he couldn't even remember... it had been *him*. Him and *Tin*. In order to keep Tin from continuing his line of questioning, he'd picked a fight. He'd talked through the full-frontal pillow assault he'd launched against him, so he'd went for the next best thing. If he tackled him, fought with him, he couldn't talk as much.

This. This had not been what he'd intended at all, and yet he couldn't take his eyes off of him. He looked... amazing laying back like he was, somehow softer than he was used to seeing him. Tin wasn't ever cold or indifferent when he looked at him anymore, not like he had been. But this was different, there was a softness he hadn't ever seen before, a look of something in his eyes he didn't understand, but it made his heart ache. Was that a normal response? He wasn't so sure, his eyes only left Tin's for a moment as he felt his hands run up his arms, gulping slightly as he let his eyes slowly travel back to meet with his. What did that look mean? What was he thinking?

Even more than that, Can wasn't used to finding people attractive in the way he was now looking at Tin. Cute tended to be the extent of it, but Tin was every other adjective that meant *attractive* plus cute, and Can rightfully didn't know what to do with that knowledge.

*Don't tease me.*

Was that what he was doing? It wasn't on purpose, he didn't even know *how* to tease, not unless it was the sort of teasing he did with No, where he joked around and mocked him. "I'm not," he started slowly, "I don't know what's happening," he admitted, before his mind flickered back to the manga he'd peeked through. There wasn't anything terribly graphic in it, a lot of kissing, a lot of shirtless guys making out, but the way they looked at each other looked a lot like Tin now looked at him. It looked exactly like how Pete and Ae looked at each other. Like he... *nope*, he couldn't think the word, it was too much too soon, but he saw it. He saw it there as Tin stared at him, surely he didn't feel that strongly? Impossible.

Not about him, *not about you, Can.*

Slowly, Can rolled to the side, laying beside him as he stared up at the ceiling in thought. He was grateful when Tin didn't speak at first, instead it seemed as though they both just lay there regaining their senses. Can himself was lost in thought, though he was unsure what Tin was thinking and that worried him. He felt Tin shift beside him after a moment. He hesitated a moment, his head rolling to the side so he could look at him. The soft expression was still there, he didn't look disappointed that he'd moved - which was good, because whatever had been happening wasn't exactly off the table. Actually it was very much on the table, more on

the table by the second. His curiosity was piqued, he just needed to understand himself first.

“Tin?” He questioned slowly, resting his hands on his own stomach as he let out a breath he hadn’t even realized he’d been holding.

“Cantaloupe?”

“What are we doing?” He pressed his lips together for a moment as he posed the question, trying to find exactly how to explain what he meant. No words came, so he lifted his gaze, allowing his eyes to flicker between Tin’s as he searched for whatever it was he was looking for there. It was a question Tin had posed to him once, it only felt fair that it was returned when the lines of what they were constantly blurred.

“I don’t know what you’re doing, but I’m trying to date you. I’m just trying to go at your pace, which I’ll admit has been chaotic.”

Through everything, through the electricity that felt as though it was still jolting between them and the confusion, hearing that trying to date him was *chaotic* brought a smile to his face. It checked out, he knew how he was.

He already knew that was what Tin wanted, the word *date* still bounced around in his head as he tried to piece together what exactly it was that he wanted. He wanted Tin, he didn’t want anyone else to be with him... he felt perhaps a *pinch* of jealousy whenever he saw Pete walking with him, whenever he saw them talking. He knew it was dumb because Pete had Ae, but Tin didn’t have anything holding him back. Not really. Though he liked to think the fact that they had kissed, had even held hands meant they were exclusive. The idea that they might not be spiked that same jealousy three-fold. The biggest thing that kept holding him back was this exact thing, jealousy, worry... he didn’t want those feelings plaguing him. He’d never had to worry about just one person, wonder what they were doing, *long* to see them, worry they were talking to someone else, that someone else was flirting with them. He’d never even liked anyone before.

But those emotions were already there, already so present and persistent. He could have easily gone with his team earlier in the day, instead, he’d noticed Tin had left and had panicked. He wanted to be where he was. He *always* wanted to be where he was. It was that thought that finally carried him forward, finally shook it’s way free from the confusion and doubt that kept trying to cloud it. He rolled onto his side, his position now mirroring Tin’s as he slowly studied his face again. His eyes shut only for a moment as he felt the boy in front of him move his hand to gently brush a crossed cheek, resting just below his ear for a moment before it fell back to the bed. It only strengthened his resolve, pushed the decision he’d come to along so that he could actually act on it.

He leaned forward, hesitating just a second as his face moved closer to Tin's. He stayed there for a moment, studying his confused expression, before he closed the distance, his eyes falling shut as he pressed his lips against his.

## Chapter End Notes

No beta! :3 But thank you everyone for the kind comments and all the love I've been receiving for not only this fic but the other one as well. I hope you all continue to enjoy reading it as much as I've enjoyed writing it!

# Nothing without you

## Chapter Summary

He knew it was too good to be true, that people usually didn't just like him. If anyone ever had, they'd certainly never told him about it, except Tin. Tin, who told him constantly, refused to let him forget, and now he wasn't responding when Can was finally giving him what he thought he wanted.

## Chapter Notes

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

Can would smile over something like that, would find being called chaotic of all things amusing.

The smile was fleeting. Beautiful as it had been, it only lasted a moment before his brow furrowed, his lips pulling downward at the corners. It was impossible to read what he was thinking, the frown caused his chest to tighten, fear to pull at his mind so that it could cloud it with doubt. He tried to push the look of indifference to cover the panic that was growing in his chest, but what he knew was showing on his face was anything but. He couldn't, not anymore, he cared too much, he felt too much.

Time seemed to drag on, slowly ticking away as the panic grew. It was Can moving forward that broke through everything he felt, his own confusion mimicking the confusion he so often saw grace Can's beautiful face. The way he lingered there in front of him, his face just inches away made it impossible to stop his hand from reaching out, lightly brushing over his soft cheek before it framed his face. He let it fall not a second later, unsure if the touch was allowed - not that it typically stopped him from trying anyway, from pushing boundaries to see if he could - but this felt different.

It was different, Can's lips on his came as a shock, and just like that time stopped ticking.

For once, Tin didn't kiss back immediately. It wasn't because he didn't want to, it was because he was very sure his brain had completely stopped working for a minute. At the very same time it felt like time had stopped, his heart ceased to beat. Everything went blank, Can had asked for a kiss before, but he'd hadn't ever started one. Any flirting they did, it was always started by Tin, now not only had Can been the one to start them *actually* dating - though only in the sense that they'd gone on a date - he kissed him. In the time it took Tin's mind to catch up with what was happening, Can had begun to pull back, but he quickly

pulled him back into it, his hand gripping a fist full of Can's shirt at the collar as he pulled him forward. Not only had he started this, but he could feel him smiling into it when he brought their lips back together.

Never before had he dated anyone like Can. He was different from everyone else in every way, not just because he was a guy, but in the almost childlike way he saw the world, in the way he acted, in the way he spoke... things Tin had once thought he'd find unattractive were the opposite. They were intoxicating, Can was intoxicating.

Tin let his hand release its hold on the collar of Can's shirt, instead moving to gently frame his face once again, his fingers curling around his ear as scooted his body closer. It was Can pressing for him to open his mouth for him. He was sure his heart was bound to burst as he followed his lead, his tongue toying with Can's as he opened up to him. He let him explore his mouth to his heart's content. Each kiss felt different somehow, each made his heart swell, racing in a way that was so new that he could hardly stop himself when he moved, his body angling against Can so that it pushed him back. Tin followed as Can laid back, laying himself on top of him as the kiss continued, his body and mind buzzing with each movement, with each breath, each second that Can didn't stop him.

❖ - Can - ❖

Tin wasn't kissing back.

They'd gone on a date, Tin always said he liked him, they'd kissed before... did he miss a signal somewhere? Was it Tin that suddenly wanted to just be friends while Can was slowly inching his way towards more? That *sucked*. He knew it was too good to be true, that people usually didn't just *like* him. If anyone ever had, they'd certainly never told him about it, except Tin. Tin, who told him constantly, refused to let him forget, and now he wasn't responding when Can was finally giving him what he thought he wanted. He pulled back from the kiss, a million different apologies already on his tongue, every single one of them including the words '*asshole you said you liked me*' but there was absolutely an apology in there somewhere.

A gasp escaped him as Tin took a hold of his shirt, his body tense for a moment as though the other boy was about to punch him, at least until he realized what was happening. Once he knew, he grinned into the kiss, relief washing over him as he rested his hand on the side of Tin's neck, his fingers flexing as nipped lightly at his lower lip. When Tin opened his mouth like he'd hoped he would - the kissing thing still new to him and for the most part he was merely copying what Tin had done with him before - he pushed his tongue into his mouth. It was weird, feeling like he had control over the kiss, he relished in it as he tried to tilt his head in such a way that it would deepen.

*Well*, he enjoyed the control while he'd had it, Tin didn't let him have it long and he grunted into the kiss as he felt himself pushed back. Now flat on his back, he found he didn't quite know what to do with his hands, they fell to his sides, one of them gripping a fist full of sheets. Tin was on top of him, one of his hands trailing over his chest while Can lay there, both trying to focus on the kiss and the feeling of his hand on him. He thought he would have felt trapped by the weight on him, instead, he felt a distinct rush of need that filled his stomach with heat. Another grunt escaped him as Tin broke the kiss, but the grunt wasn't needed, his mouth was instead on Can's neck. No one besides Tin had ever kissed him, *no one* had ever kissed him anywhere but his mouth, with the exception of just a few cheek kisses from people close to him. His body squirmed under him as he let his eyes squeeze shut. He liked it. He more than liked it.

"Can," Tin breathed against his neck, Can only squirming more as he felt his tongue trail up towards his ear, "you're allowed to touch me, why are you just laying there?"

Can immediately huffed, from maybe just slightly turned on to annoyed in an instant. "Asshole," he breathed out, shivering when he felt teeth tug on his earlobe, "I've never done this before. Don't know what I'm doing, how about you tell me where to put my hands, huh? Why don't you tell me wha-" his words were cut off by a tongue in his mouth, and he immediately shut up, hands balling into fists at his side. He could have growled at the grin on Tin's face when he pulled back from the brief kiss.

"Where do you want to put them, Cantaloupe?"

"Over your mouth so you stop calling me that!" There was very little conviction behind the words, even though he tried to put force behind them, not with Tin's mouth leaving open mouthed kisses along his jaw, steadily working back towards his neck. He couldn't deny that the amount of attention, the care he was receiving felt really good. Tin's hand that had been on his chest moved to grab his hand, and he moved it for him, placing his hand on his lower back.

"Just touch. Anywhere you want. You won't find me stopping you from experimenting."

It was like all he'd needed was Tin saying that he could experiment for his hands to move. His other hand joined the hand Tin had moved for him, both of them pushing their way up Tin's back and under his shirt. In an instant his lips were back pressed against Can's, his body shivering under his fingertips. It was a level of intimacy he'd never felt before, bare skin under his fingers, lips pressed hard against one another, Tin's weight pushing him down into the mattress.

Somewhere, in the back of his mind, he found himself hoping he wasn't bad at kissing, that he wasn't bad at *anything* they were doing. For as inexperienced as he was, he wanted Tin to



feel as happy as he was.

Hands trailed over his back, pulling his shirt along with it. Tin paused for a moment, just long enough to pull his shirt off before he reconnected their lips. A sound Can hadn't actually meant to make left him, a low, appreciative moan as his arms wrapped around his neck. There was one problem with kissing - the benefits of course far outweighed the one negative, but he wanted to talk. He had things he wanted to say, and Tin seemed to be keen on making sure his mouth was busy so that he couldn't do anything more than mumble into the kiss when a thought occurred to him. The problem was he had a question, a question he personally thought was very important. But personally, he wasn't willing to stop the kisses.

As he continued to mumble whenever he had a second he thought he might be able to speak, he let one of his hands travel over his back. Tin wasn't going to give in, he could tell, so he did the only thing he could think of to get his attention elsewhere. Can lifted his hips, forcefully pushing up against Tin's, *feeling* the answer to his question there but he still wanted to ask it, to hear Tin's answer voiced. On instinct, he hooked one of his legs around his waist, a light gasp escaping him Tin finally broke the kiss on a moan.

“Tin, are you going to sleep with me? Do you want to?”

## Chapter End Notes

A million apologies for the delay, but hope you guys enjoy it. Cheers!

# Am I more than you bargained for yet?

## Chapter Summary

Sometimes being with Can was like having a case of permanent whiplash. It was unusual to be around someone who spoke their mind so freely, like he didn't possess the same filter that kept most of the world from speaking their minds. For a while it seemed like he was the only one excluded from that, like Can possessed a filter with him simply because he'd brought out some deep-seeded shyness. That didn't seem to be the case anymore.

## Chapter Notes

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

Sometimes being with Can was like having a case of permanent whiplash. It was unusual to be around someone who spoke their mind so freely, like he didn't possess the same filter that kept most of the world from speaking their minds. For a while it seemed like he was the only one excluded from that, like Can possessed a filter with him simply because he'd brought out some deep-seeded shyness. That didn't seem to be the case anymore. At the same time, there were a lot of things he knew he said that people didn't want to hear, things that had Pete shushing him when he told someone exactly what he didn't like about them. He'd done it to Money quite a few times when she'd come around, and each time he was scolded for not speaking kindly. It was half of why he'd earned the nickname the Ice Prince. Can was much the same in that regard, except he did seem to care if he hurt someone's feelings - he more than cared - but in every other way he said whatever was on his mind.

"You want to take a nap? We were making out," he teased, unable to stop himself despite how crazy Can was driving him. The most he'd hoped for when Can had rushed up to him wanting to leave with him was maybe a little kissing, at the very most. Can having his leg wrapped around his waist, while he lay on him with his shirt somewhere on the floor was a beautiful surprise. He let his lips trail down his jaw, nipping lightly on the skin just below his ear as he pushed his hips down against Can's. It was satisfying, he had to admit, doing those types of things just when Can was opening his mouth to talk and nothing more than a gasp, a squeak, or a moan came out. As much as he liked listening to him talk, it was nice having two very distinct ways now to shut him up, even if only one of them could be done in public. Of course, it also helped that the sounds that came from him were far better than any he'd ever heard before. Sounds he didn't care if he'd heard before were like music to his ears when they came from Can.

"Tin," Can's voice sounded very much like he was trying to scold him, trying and failing because he sounded as turned on as Tin felt. "Tin," he tried again, "you know what I mean,

you know I mean the kind of sleep where we aren't actually sleeping, why do you have to tease me?" The grin that had already been on his lips only grew as he sucked on the soft skin on his neck with a purpose, leaving a mark. His grin only faltered when he felt himself pushed, hands on his chest pushing him until he sat up. His eyebrows furrowed, worried as he sat on Can's legs, his own legs on either side of his. Can sat up as well, his hands moving to the hem of his shirt before he pulled it over his head. It was far from the first time Tin had seen someone else take their shirt off, but just as his heart had reacted with kissing him, with hearing him admit he'd felt something, and especially when he'd asked him on a date, he felt far more than he'd ever felt before. An means to an end was all it had been before, but with Can... with Can it was so much more. With Can, he was sure he'd never seen anything remotely as beautiful.

"Already undressing and I haven't even answered you," more important than anything else, he didn't want to rush anything. They'd kissed a grand total of three times, and one of those times had been quite a while ago. With a deep breath to calm himself, he slowly moved himself off of Can's lap so they could discuss it, a laugh leaving him as he immediately had to grab the other boy's hands as he started undoing his own pants. He brought both his hands up to his mouth, placing a kiss to each of them as he let his eyes travel over him. "You said before you *think* you're a bottom, which means you've never done this with a guy before."

"You're hard, I felt it, why don't you want to have sex with me?" There was that whiplash he'd mentioned, Can forever leaving him feeling like his head was spinning. The fact that he was actually *pouting* seemed so utterly ridiculous he couldn't do much more than stare at him. Can. His Can. "Have *you* done this with a guy before? Even if you have, I'll want to try it, and I want it to be with you when I do. My mind won't change," everything he said came with a certainty he hadn't expected to hear, and it was true, he hadn't done anything with a guy before. There was only Can, and the girls he'd been with hadn't really satisfied much. The want was there, the curiosity, the hunger that had been building up in his imagination for four years. The evidence of his hunger was already there, very present, as Can has so crudely pointed out.

"I haven't but I've been with girls," he admitted slowly, his hands slowly releasing Can's to let him do what he wanted. Clearly what he wanted was his pants off, because he immediately started undoing his own button, his own zipper, and was left in just his boxers within seconds. His orange, football covered boxers. "I-" there was no point in saying no when one of them was already very close to being naked - by his own hand - and it was clear they were both into the idea. There were things he could say, but denying Can wasn't in him, so he stopped whatever he'd been close to saying, instead moving off the bed to undo his own pants and let them fall.

The small victory dance that was happening in the middle of his bed was as ridiculous as Can was.

Once his pants were off, he moved back to sit on Can's legs, his hand firm on his chest as he pushed him to lay back down. He looked beautiful laying there, his face and chest both flushed, his dark eyes staring up at him, full of trust. A very noticeable tent lifting his boxers. What he'd done to earn that look, to get to be anywhere near his side was beyond him, but he was willing to do whatever it took to keep him there. To earn that trust a thousand times over no matter what he had to do. Teasingly slow, he leaned back down, taking his time as Can's arms wound back around his neck. He placed the briefest kiss to his lips before his mouth found his neck again, nipping at the very same spot he'd marked before. He let his hand move, keeping himself propped up on one forearm while the other hand palmed the boy beneath him through his boxers. It had been obvious that Can was hard before he'd even taken his pants off, he'd not only seen it, but he'd felt the evidence when he'd pushed his hips up, even more so when his leg had moved around his waist.

Feeling it with his hand was somehow even more of a turn on. He'd known that he was hard, but now he could feel just how hard he was. They matched at least, even with the pause to talk, Tin was already so hard it hurt. Can pushed against his hand as he let his lips trail down to kiss his shoulder instead, a grin tugging at his lips from the sounds that were escaping him. "You're so hard," he murmured against his shoulder, his hand snaking into his underwear, wrapping tightly around him as he started pumping his fist.

"I, *shit*, I know, pl-please Tin," he moved back up to place another kiss to his lips before he let go and moved. He made quick work of pulling Can's boxers off before he pulled his own off. He'd thought seeing him laying there before had been the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen... he'd been wrong. This was. Every inch of him bare, his everything there on display just for him. He drank in the sight, his eyes taking in every inch of him as he moved back over to him. The feeling that he'd gotten to touch him, that he was getting to see him, be with him nearly overwhelmed him. Where he so often got denied *everything* he wanted, for the first time, he found himself allowed this one thing, this one person. Can more than made up for all the years of hurt, he did more than put a bandaid over it... he healed him when no one else could.

He reconnected their lips, butterflies erupting in his stomach as he felt a hand run down his chest, down his stomach. He hadn't promised anything, for now the most he was expecting was exploration. As far as he was concerned, they had all the time in the world to go the rest of the way. As long as Can wanted to be with him, for him, there wasn't a single other person in the world he would ever want except the hyper, talkative boy beneath him. For now, he fully planned to feel it out and see where things took them.

The hand moved along his stomach before fingertips grazed over his erection, brushing over the head before they moved down his length. He could tell Can was experimenting, getting a feel for things, and the way he was moving was intoxicating. Just as their tongues met, tangling together, Can gripped onto him tightly and he gasped into the kiss as his hand moved, slowly at first, up and down before he sped up the pace. Quick, erratic, leaving him

shuddering and moaning into his mouth.

As much as he wanted Can to continue to touch him, to explore, he gently pushed his hand away, ignoring the protest that was just barely voiced into his mouth. He moved his own legs, scooting himself up his body as he broke the kiss, lining their cocks against each other as he took them both in his hand. The protests died as soon as they touched, his hand moving quickly along both of their lengths, pressed firmly together. Instead of kissing him, he watched hungrily as the boy beneath him moaned and writhed, his back arching into the feeling as his own hand joined in, wrapping around Tin's hand that was wrapped around both of them.

"So.. beautiful, Cantaloupe," he breathed out, his voice trailing off into another moan as Can's lust filled eyes met with his. Neither of them were going to last long, he could already feel the tension building, could see the way Can was tensing, the way his breath was coming out in short pants. He slowed his touch, desperately wanting to prolong the inevitable. If he could, he'd keep it going forever, but the tightening in his groin told him he wasn't going to last, not when he'd been wanting him for so long. Not when he was watching the most beautiful person he'd ever seen arch into the feeling, his hips moving as he tried to push himself more into his hand, adding friction against his own dick in the process.

"Tin," his name was moaned out, loud, Can's eyes now shut as ecstasy seemed to take over. His voice, his name moaned was going to be the thing that caused his own undoing, he could feel it, his body shaking as the feeling started to take over. "Tin I'm... *ah...* gunna.. I'm gunna..." the sentence was never finished, it trailed off into silence as Can's mouth fell open, his eyes shut tight as the hand around his own tightened. Can's body convulsing, tensing and seeing him release, shooting a crossed his own stomach and chest, landing on his hand broke him. His own body tensed, Can's name falling loud and repeated from his lips as he released, his muscles all twitching as he struggled to find breath.

Tin collapsed then, his body falling beside Can's as he pulled him into his arms. Can didn't put up a fight, he instead turned, his body curling into him as his head found his shoulder. He pressed his own lips to his forehead as he held tight. It wasn't exactly what Can had been going for, but he'd be damned if it hadn't been amazing, if it hadn't been everything.

❖ - Can - ❖

While the night before had been... he'd admit it, the best thing he'd ever experienced, he was not looking forward to walking into his own home to face Ley. Cuddled close together, they'd fallen asleep not long after, Tin waking him up an hour later to urge him to go take a shower, as he'd clearly already done while Can had slept. He didn't remember feeling Tin move away at any point, frowned at the thought that he had as he practically pouted at him.

The shower had been quick, and when he ran back out into Tin's bedroom, he was relieved to see him sitting there waiting for him. He'd already dried off in the bathroom, but he'd left the towel in there, and since Tin had already seen *everything*, he didn't bother covering up.

"So now it's just okay to be naked whenever you want?" Tin himself had put boxers back on, something he had to admit he was a little disappointed about, and as for Can, well, he crawled right back into Tin's bed without a care in the world. The more he was naked, the more chance there was that things would happen again, and maybe he'd get the very thing he'd asked for in the first place. In answer to Tin's question, he didn't offer words for once, just a wide smile, his eyebrows wiggling suggestively before he curled back up under the warm blankets.

Now though, he was forced to face Ley. He'd stood outside watching as Tin drove away, his teeth biting at his thumb nail as he slowly walked into the house. She was there, in front of him before he could even shut the door. "Ai'Ley what are you doing!?" He flinched, his sister rounding on him as she grabbed the back of his shirt at the collar and pulled. He couldn't see her face, but she didn't let go until she found whatever it was she was looking for, not even when he tried to bat her away from him. "Shoooo!" His efforts were in vein, she only batted right back at him as she continued to inspect his - or rather, Tin's shirt.

"This isn't yours, P'Can, this is expensive... you were with P'Tin!"

"No!" He tried, but his voice squeaked, cracking as he tried to deny where he'd been, the realization of why he might be wearing Tin's clothes dawning on her face as his own turned the brightest shade of red imaginable. "Off! Go away!" He ran then, as fast as his feet could carry him up the stairs, his bedroom door slammed behind him. Can leaned against it, his eyes shut as a content smile took over his features.

The confusion felt as though it was almost all but gone. He knew how he felt now. He liked Tin, he liked him so much that he couldn't stop thinking about him. He didn't even care if Ley knew how much he liked him, but that didn't mean he wanted to talk about it with her.

## Chapter End Notes

no beta, much smut :3

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