

all is fair in love and war

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8561656) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8561656>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	ASTRO (Band)
Relationship:	Park Minhyuk Rocky/Yoon Sanha
Characters:	Yoon Sanha , Park Minhyuk Rocky , Park Jinwoo Jin Jin , Lee Dongmin Cha Eunwoo , Kim Myungjun MJ , Moon Bin
Additional Tags:	Enemies to Lovers , Enemies to Sort of Friends to Lovers , they are not the best people at some points of this , why is eunwoo always the voice of reason , tbh i don't know if i can write a fic without a lil bit of myungjin , tropes galore , there are fake boyfriends somewhere in there , are u ever just like gdfi socky? , cause i am , #no ragrets , (appreciate my 'we are the millers' reference pls , Mild Cursing , which is a deviation from the pg-est band ever
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of crush the competition
Stats:	Published: 2016-11-22 Words: 5,835 Chapters: 1/1

all is fair in love and war

by [yehetno](#)

Summary

It's your typical boy meets boy story. Except for all that stuff in the middle.

(Sanha bands with his archnemesis to break up a relationship and totally 100% accidentally falls in love with him.)

Notes

#meanttobe

if you don't follow me on [tumblr](#), you probably don't know this, but chipsandwaffles and i have a thing. there's a lot of pining and blushing. I mean... she reads my tags and that's all i've ever wanted. she asked for socky and i kind of, maybe love her a lot.

actual notes:

I don't know what I did to their ages, so I suppose you can choose your own adventure.

I TRIED TO EDIT AND PROOF READ. i tried.

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

To hear Sanha tell it, Minhyuk is, perhaps, one of the most despicable human beings to walk the Earth. He is definitely the worst person to ever roam the halls of their high school. As with most conflicts that transpire in high school, the conflict between Sanha and Minhyuk is rooted in a matter of the heart. Namely, they share an object of affection: Park Jinwoo. Well, that might be oversimplifying the nature of their rivalry, but their main issue lies with simultaneously vying for the attention of Jinwoo. The extent of their "relationship"-- enemy ship, as Sanha calls it-- primarily consists of dirty stares whenever they are in the same room as Jinwoo.

Sanha can recall in exact detail the moment that Minhyuk became the enemy. Once, he was (barely) a senior that had a few acquaintances in common with Sanha, but now he is enemy number one. In one of the few overlapping electives that accepted students from a range of classes, home economics, they had the misfortune to be placed in the same group. Although he cannot remember exactly *how* they got onto the topic of crushes and whatnot, he remembers very clearly Minhyuk blushing to himself while confessing that he has a massive crush on Park Jinwoo. A light pink rush of blood to the cheeks, a soft and shy smile playing on his lips, dreamily stirring the chunky pancake batter with a whisk, *that* is the moment.

Begin rivalry.

Sanha hates Minhyuk, plain and simple. A fact that he is confident will never change.

//

When Minhyuk enters the room, his eyes narrow at the sight of Sanha, which is a breathtakingly common occurrence. It makes Sanha want to roll his eyes, but he resists the urge because Dongmin is staring at him with that disappointed mother look of his.

The worst part of "physical education" is Park Minhyuk. (The class barely counts as an educational course because their instructor rants about his lackluster dating life more often than he guides the class.) Sanha is forced to spend an hour in the same breathing space as *Minhyuk*, who is much better at physical things than Sanha. That annoys Sanha. Minhyuk thinks he's all high and mighty with his muscles and intense gaze and those thighs, shirt clinging to his sweaty body in just the right places, face sparkling as the sunlight which filters in through high windows reflects off of the slight sheen of sweat. What was Sanha talking about? Sanha bitterly thinks that a physique does not a man make, and there are loads of areas where Sanha reigns supreme over Minhyuk. He is undeniably better at playing guitar, and he stands somewhere in the top fifteen students in his class whereas Minhyuk is solidly in the middle of his.

Sanha looks away with a disgusted groan.

He hears Dongmin exhale sharply and immediately knows a mini-lecture about being the bigger person is coming his way. Dongmin clicks his tongue before launching into his monolog, "You know, I don't understand how you and Minhyuk intend to iron out your differences when neither of you is willing to actually communicate. All of this passive aggression amounts to nothing; maybe if you got to know him, you would gain a valuable friend."

Sanha grimaces at the idea of being friends with Minhyuk. He turns to Dongmin, "You are a terrible best friend. You are supposed to support my irrational hatred of Minhyuk."

"Sanha," Dongmin softly chides, "You need to be positive and believe in the best of people and be willing to forgive perceived wrongs."

"We are in a battle to the death over a boy. I don't know how you want us to make peace with being in love with the same person."

Dongmin scrunches his face, "Maybe Jinwoo is polyamorous?"

"No," replies Sanha flatly.

"Oh, have you asked him if he's polyamorous?" Dongmin asks with a mix of hope and marvel.

"No, I'm saying that if Jinwoo happens to be polyamorous, I do not want Minhyuk to be one of his partners. I don't want to be in a proxy relationship with Park Minhyuk, have you not been listening?" Sanha moans, hanging his head in his hands.

Dongmin clicks his tongue and lets out a short and annoyed sigh, "Then this tiff clearly isn't about Park Jinwoo."

Sanha tunes it out, picking at the hem of his gym shorts with a sour taste in his mouth. Of course, it's about Jinwoo. Jinwoo is one of the only reasons that he and Minhyuk bump into each other outside of school. They both know Jinwoo independently; it's surprising that Jinwoo invites both of them places when they're so openly hostile to each other. But that's part of his charm. One of the reasons that Sanha's heart skips a beat when his name rolls off his Jinwoo's tongue in a slow cadence. If he wasn't so obviously sweet, he wouldn't be Jinwoo.

Their teacher walks in with his tracksuit zipped up to his chin, holding his meter stick behind his back, ready to smack the ground loudly in the event that any of the students try to whisper amongst themselves during one of his lectures. He begins a diatribe on the virtues of karaoke bars as a place to get to know a woman, and Sanha doesn't waste his energy taking mental notes. He'll wait until the very end when they'll ultimately be told they have free play and that they shouldn't neglect muscle toning because there will be an assessment sometime in the near future.

When they're dismissed to "be active in some way without causing visible damage to each other", Sanha decides that today is a basketball day. He and Dongmin can just shoot hoops, but when he turns to convince (read: tell) Dongmin that they should play horse, his "best

friend" is taking to a girl whose name escapes Sanha. He puckers his lips and shakes his head, if or when Dongmin is done, he'll come find Sanha on his own.

Sanha fishes a beat up basketball from their semi-functional wire ball cart and makes his way to one of the hoops. He stops at the free throw line, dribbles, and lobs the ball at the net, only for it reach the crest of its arch several feet in front of the hoop and fall back on the court with a few sad and deflated bounces.

He hears a snicker from behind him, a familiar snide exhale with the rudest of snorts. His eyes involuntarily roll at the sound of Minhyuk deriving joy from one of Sanha's shortcomings. Sanha grits his teeth and walks over to retrieve his sad, abused, faded basketball. He turns back around just in time see Minhyuk sink a three-pointer with a basketball that is still a deep orange, arms still following through with his feet firmly planted on the ground.

He always, *always* has to upstage Sanha, regardless of whether or not Jinwoo is there to see it. Has Sanha mentioned the depth with which he despises Minhyuk?

The rest of their physical education period passes in a similar fashion. Sanha misses or clips the lower edge of the backboard, and Minhyuk makes every shot. Dongmin continues talking to--oh, who is Sanha kidding?--that random girl.

Their gym teacher yells something about changing back into their uniforms and cleaning up after themselves. As the rest of the students clamor toward the exit, Minhyuk leans over and smirks, "Don't you wish you could do something right?" He blinks innocently as if that's enough to counteract the vicious smile on his face.

"I know how to use my talent when it counts," Sanha scoffs, feeling himself sinking down to Minhyuk level as though his shoes are made of lead. He tacks on an extra rude comment since his nicety-chaperone is elsewhere: "No matter what they say, bench warming *is* useful."

He walks away confident that he has cut Minhyuk more deeply than he scratched Sanha.

To be honest, Sanha feels the tiniest bit bad about it as he changes back into his uniform.

Dongmin would certainly interpret that comment as malicious. After all, how would Sanha feel if Minhyuk honed in on one of his insecurities? It shouldn't gnaw at him the way that it does. This is his worst enemy; all is fair in love and war, isn't that how the saying goes?

Sanha will just have to shake it off. Enemies are enemies.

He slides the straps of his backpack over shoulders, deciding whether or not he should let it bother him that he is not the bigger person. Dongmin really has been a positive influence on him.

He heads toward the school gates, running through a list of assignments that are due soon and prioritizing their weight, mentally taking note that he'll also need to set aside time to practice a song or two for their upcoming orchestral concert. (His school has an overarching hybrid of band and orchestra, fitting the guitarists into the mix because their music teacher has repeatedly told them that she does not have the energy to conduct more than ensemble.)

That's when Sanha sees it.

What does he see, you might be inclined to ask? The end of the world is what it is.

Jinwoo positively glows with a sweet and shy smile, tucking a dandelion behind the ear of the new transfer student. But the newness of the transfer is relative because he's been around for a week or two, but Sanha hadn't even noticed how much Jinwoo spent time with him.

The transfer (Myungjun, was it?) reflects the glow with a wide smile, tentatively reaching up to secure flower (the *weed*, Sanha thinks snidely). Jinwoo extends his hand, and the transfer has the gall to tangle their fingers together.

"Oh hell no," a voice, not his own surprisingly, sounds off from his left.

Park Minhyuk stands next to Sanha with the same disbelief etched across his face that runs through Sanha's veins.

//

Minhyuk extends his hand toward Sanha with a glint of determination in his eye. Seal the deal, briefly call a truce on their mutual hatred to defeat a greater enemy. Bury the hatchet for the time being because it's no use taking swings at each other if no one has a chance of winning. As it is right now, it's a war over a lost cause, Minhyuk says.

Sanha stares at it. He stares, squinting against the sunlight that beats down on him.

"The enemy of my enemy is my friend," Minhyuk says, leg shaking in anticipation. They need to band together to fight a greater evil. Minhyuk and Sanha need that kid out of the way if they want to continue their fight over Jinwoo.

The subtext, the unspoken reasoning, the fact that if Jinwoo has someone to love and cherish means their feud is futile. They need something to justify their mutual hatred. If they set it aside for the briefest of moments, then they can get back to it.

Sanha ignores Dongmin's voice in the back of his head and grips Minhyuk's out-stretched hand. Looking his archenemy in the eye, Sanha shakes his hand firmly, putting a temporary pause on their enemy ship.

//

Kim Myungjun is nice.

Kim Myungjun has a quirky confidence about him.

Kim Myungjun has this melodic way of speaking that feels riding sound waves, skating up the slope of the wave, tumbling down from the crest all way to the trough before rebounding back.

Kim Myungjun has pink lips, a vibrant pink that occurs naturally, making it apparent that his lips have a velvety quality to match with his honey voice. They're the polar opposite of Sanha's pallid lips that chap and crack and catch on his braces. His lips offer smiles to anyone and everyone, representing the vastness of Kim Myungjun's heart.

It is not difficult to see why Jinwoo is drawn to him. Not when Myungjun's high, quick giggle complements Jinwoo's languid, rough chuckles.

It is difficult to hate Myungjun the way that he knows he should. There isn't anything concrete that rubs him the wrong way aside from his obvious affection for Jinwoo and Jinwoo's adoration toward him. It's completely different from his blind hatred of Minhyuk. Perhaps because Myungjun has befriended Dongmin and found a way to endear himself.

Sanha looks at the screen of his phone.

Minhyuk texted him. Minhyuk has his phone number. Weird is not nearly enough to properly describe how it feels.

Minhyuk suggests, no, demands, that Sanha take advantage of having some sort of proxy relationship with Myungjun. ("Think of it as recon," Minhyuk says, taking french fries off of Sanha's tray.) It would be a lie if he said that gathering intel doesn't feel the slightest bit cool. He meets with Minhyuk at the mall with sunglasses pressed flush against the bridge of his nose, turning up the collar of his coat. They meet in the food court, and Minhyuk always gets a slice of pizza and always steals something from Sanha's plate. (Oh, Sanha knows that his hatred is on pause, but he feels completely justified in wanting punch Minhyuk's solid jawline. Uppercut, right hook, jab, open-handed slap, maybe run his index finger along its underside to get a better understanding of just how *sharp*-- Sanha slaps the thought away.)

Generally, they hide in the far corner of the food court; there aren't enough hats and sunglasses and trench coats for them to be comfortable sitting in the middle of the seating area. It would be all too easy for a classmate or *Dongmin* to discover them.

Sanha huffs at the message from Minhyuk. He'll be late. He's not even sorry. Sanha chuckles in disbelief, trying to let the short exhales act as a cathartic release. Being angry will get him nowhere nor will it make Minhyuk get there any faster. Couldn't he at least try to respect that Sanha also has things to do and is taking time out of his day to meet up and plot with Minhyuk?

"Waiting for your boyfriend?"

Sanha stiffens. Kim Myungjun settles into the seat across from him with a coy smile on his face. Panic, it seizes Sanha's core. What does Myungjun know?

Myungjun rests his chin on his fist and sighs, "You know, it's really cute that you guys always meet here. But, what is with all the secrecy?"

"What are you doing here?" Sanha blurts out. If Myungjun knows that they meet here, does he know what they're discussing?

Myungjun uses his thumb to point over his shoulder, "I work at the Candy World, and there is where I go on my breaks. So, why do you and-- what's his name, Minhyuk?-- feel the need to sneak around?"

Myungjun thinks that he is *involved* with Minhyuk. Sanha does what any rational human would do in this situation. He cards his fingers through his hair and lets out an anxious laugh. He pivots into a serious expression and grabs Myungjun's hand, looking him dead in the eye, hoping that he can convincingly pull off the necessary panic, "You can't tell anyone."

Myungjun looks around before leaning in, "Why not?"

Lies. Sanha has told some in his day. He hasn't told enough to spin Myungjun's assumption into an artfully crafted excuse. Most of his lies are white ones and inconsequential, or he has at least had some time to prepare and iron out the details. However, this is a sink or swim moment, and he prays that he can do this without floaties.

"Um," Sanha's voice cracks, "We were enemies and burned a lot of ground at our peak. Scorched earth and whatnot, so now if we announced the world that we were into each other, people would be upset."

A soft smile emerges on Myungjun's face as he gently pats Sanha's hand. "I think if everyone saw the way that you look at each other, no one would be all that mad. However, I will keep your secret until you're ready."

Sanha nods as waves of relief wash over him. Myungjun isn't questioning his hasty lie, even if he has endeared himself to Sanha that much more. Myungjun glances over Sanha's shoulder and smiles, "I'll take my leave now. Don't want to third wheel on your secret rendezvous."

It takes a full minute after Myungjun leaves for Minhyuk to slide into Sanha's view with his standard piece of pizza. Minhyuk stares silently.

"Bad news or good news first?" Sanha squeaks, knowing that Minhyuk is physically incapable of spending more than five seconds with Sanha without insulting him.

Minhyuk sets his slice down and slowly says, "Good news."

"He doesn't know that we're trying to break him and Jinwoo up."

The air of intensity around Minhyuk eases as he exhales in relief. He raises an eyebrow, "Then what's the bad news?"

"He may or may not think that you and I are secretly dating."

If it were physically possible, Minhyuk's jaw would've dropped to the floor. He sits still, stunned for the briefest of moments, and responds with: "I would rather be kicked in the gonads than be fake-dating you."

Sanha scoffs; it seems as though Minhyuk is once again firing on all cylinders. "Was I supposed to correct him? 'Oh no, Myungjun, you've got it all wrong. We have bi-weekly meetings during which we plot the demise of your relationship'. How do you think that would have played?"

"Rather be kicked in the gonads," Minhyuk repeats, pronouncing each syllable succinctly.

"Do you want me to help you out with that? Or you can go tell Myungjun the truth."

Minhyuk clicks his tongue and glares. He sinks back into his seat with a dissatisfied expression. There is something underneath the blatant annoyance on Minhyuk's face; something connected to cogs turning in his nemesis in crime's head. His lips purse, he rubs the line of his jaw with his knuckles, and, finally, Minhyuk sighs.

"I can work with this," he mumbles with a nod. "They won't suspect a couple of trying to break them up."

Sanha should have figured.

That's the thing about Minhyuk. He's crafty, clever even, and manages to turn negatives into positives. Sanha swears if he didn't use it for nefarious purposes that he might even outrank Sanha in the academic department. (Sanha cannot explain *why* he feels a swell of pride in knowing that. Haha, look at that, everyone, Sanha has this piece of secret information about Park Minhyuk, sees a side of him to which no one else is privy. It leaves this alien sense of admiration in his chest.)

Sanha also gets the sense that he is about to get his first boyfriend, er, fake-boyfriend.

//

Minhyuk and Sanha try their best to plant seeds of doubt with the opening that Myungjun has created, exposing themselves as a couple under cover to Jinwoo. Myungjun joins them when he's on his break, and Minhyuk will make some offhanded and unflattering comment about Jinwoo. Or, when Sanha sits in the music room with Jinwoo, fingers resting on the taut strings of his guitar, he'll mention that Myungjun likes something that Myungjun has explicitly told him he hates.

Sanha does feel a little guilty, but that might be the look that Dongmin gives him every time he goes off to meet up with Minhyuk. Or it might be that he can see that Jinwoo and Myungjun truly care for each other and a noble person would let it go. More often than not, he claims it's the former. The latter makes him think about the goodness of his person, and he's not exactly excelling at that right now.

At least he's dragging Minhyuk to hell with him. (Hell doesn't really suit Minhyuk, though, and Sanha hates to even know that thought has bounced around his skull.)

//

Somehow, Sanha ends up on a double date with his secret fake-boyfriend (or is it fake secret-boyfriend?) and Myungjun and Jinwoo. It confounds him because he doesn't remember agreeing to it. Moreover, he doesn't know why Minhyuk agreed to it.

And yet, there he sits, at a cheap, sticky table, sharing a milkshake with *Park Minhyuk* and listening to Minhyuk pick Myungjun's brain on something. Minhyuk's arm is slung over Sanha's shoulder as if they do this *all the time*. As if Sanha isn't just suffocating in Minhyuk's scent. As if he cannot feel the heat of embarrassment rising off of Sanha's body.

It should be ridiculous. Sanha's first date (and *yes*, it counts as a date since all of the fixings are there) is with his archnemesis, his enemy, *Park Minhyuk*. And he's blushing. Sanha thinks playing the part of Minhyuk's boyfriend is going to his head. Minhyuk's jokes (oh, Minhyuk tells jokes) are funny, like *really* funny. Sanha is just now realizing that he has a very nice bone structure, a wonderfully oxymoronic combination of sharp edges and soft curves.

Park Minhyuk is wrecking his homeostasis, physical and emotional. His brain orders his heart to move fast, to relieve the nonexistent heat that threatens his well-being, to push that blood closer to his skin and cool him off. His feelings are all over the place and making the point to not leave a bitter, acidic kick in the back of Sanha's throat whenever he calls out to Minhyuk. There is a new normal, and Sanha doesn't know how to cope yet.

He cannot stop thinking about indirect kisses. Sharing a straw comes with indirect kisses. At a time like this, his mind is teasing apart the minute details of something that shouldn't be on his mind. Perhaps it is because he has so little experience with dating, but honestly, deep down in the Mariana's Trench of his heart, he knows that it's because *Minhyuk* is on the other side of the indirect kisses, unintentionally doling out his affection.

When did Sanha stop mooning over Jinwoo?

Where Jinwoo once was, Minhyuk now is, taking up too much of Sanha's thinking capacity. Sanha's brain says that is wrong, but his heart says it's just right.

The point comes when they've finished dinner, drained their milkshakes until hollow sucking sounds resonated through their glass, and paid for their checks. ("*Oh no, babe, it's on me this time,*" *Minhyuk purrs.*)

Jinwoo makes some offhand suggestion about hitting up the arcade around the corner because couples air-hockey sounds fun. As they walk, Minhyuk slips his hand into Sanha's with a smooth wink. Reminding Sanha that it's a charade, a ruse, this is an undercover mission, they're strategically placing explosive on the supports of Jinwoo and Myungjun's relationship. He still wants to initiate a breakdown between Jinwoo and Myungjun, and for the first time, Sanha doesn't know why, doesn't understand anymore.

Sanha and Minhyuk play against the very couple they're trying to tear apart. They're laughing and snorting their way through jerked movements over the cool, smooth surface of the air-hockey table, missing the puck every other time.

They rack up tickets and play games together, and at the end of the date, Minhyuk gives him the world's smallest teddy bear has a giant heart stitched into its chest that their meager reaping of tickets afforded them. Then Minhyuk presses the briefest of kisses into Sanha's cheek, making it *feel* real.

For the ruse, Sanha reminds himself.

When he gets home, he hurries to his room, closes the door, and presses his back against the door. He looks at the bear in his hands.

Sanha might not be a very good actor. Scratch that, Sanha is *not* a good actor.

//

"What's wrong?" Minhyuk asks, brows drawn, part of his lower lip caught between his teeth.

Sanha exhales slowly, "Do you ever just--I mean-- do you wonder if anyone will ever love you?"

It is immediately obvious that Minhyuk wasn't expecting anything genuine to fall out of Sanha's mouth. They don't talk about feelings. After all, they're enemies that have temporarily allied. What would be the point since after they're successful they'll go back to hating each other?

"What?" Minhyuk repeats numbly.

"You know, no one likes me..." Sanha shakes his head. "Nevermind."

"Who wouldn't like you?"

You. But Sanha doesn't say that. That isn't supposed to be his first thought. His second thought, the one that was supposed to be his first slips past his lips: "Jinwoo."

"Well, I mean, obviously," Minhyuk says, rolling his eyes, "Present company excluded, who wouldn't like you?"

"How is this coming from the worst person I know?"

Minhyuk shifts uncomfortably in his seat, "I don't know, do you want me to, like, defend your honor or something? Kick whoever's ass for...being an idiot?"

Sanha smiles, "You know if you weren't such an awful person, I think we might be friends."

That earns him a snort, "In no universe would I ever be your friend."

"It's a compliment," Sanha replies dryly. "Learn how to take one."

"Not if it's coming from you."

"You're insufferable," Sanha says softly. He knows that he doesn't mean it. His words are too soft, and he wants to keep Minhyuk around.

//

Sanha sits across from Dongmin at lunch. Dongmin pointedly averts his eyes, choosing to focus on the noodles on his tray.

"Hi," Sanha greets softly.

Dongmin takes a deep breath and says, "Hello, horrible person that I used to call my best friend."

Sanha actively fights the urge to roll his eyes. He loves Dongmin, oh he really does, but Dongmin's moral purity annoys him sometimes. Sanha clears his throat, "I actually need to talk to you, and you don't know how to be a bad friend, so say you'll listen and advise."

With a sigh and click of the tongue, Dongmin sets his chopsticks down and looks at Sanha, "I'm listening."

"I think that I might not hate Minhyuk anymore."

Dongmin raises an eyebrow.

Sanha shifts in his seat and swallows the ball of nerves that he hadn't even noticed prior to this moment. He knows why it's there. When the words come out, it means that it's real.

He'll be owning up to it, giving his feelings a voice, letting them run away and take on a life of their own. Sanha itches the back of his neck and supposes he needs to start somewhere.

"I thought it would be like holding hands with a cold dead fish, you know?" Dongmin stares blankly. Sanha continues, "But he has really nice hands. They're warmer than mine, and you'd think his fingers would be bony since they're so long. But they're not. And he has a really nice smile. He's the perfect size for hugging."

"Anything else?"

"It might be more than not hating him," Sanha squeaks, squeezing his eyes shut. He manages to force out the detail, the important one in a high voice, "In fact, it's akin to love."

"Does the person who needs to know this know?" Dongmin asks, despite very well knowing what Sanha's answer will be.

Sanha twists around and looks at Minhyuk across the cafeteria, chatting with Moon Bin, holding a half eaten apple in his hand. He murmurs, "No."

"Yoon Sanha," Dongmin chides softly, touching his friend's hand to call attention back to their conversation. "You really should tell him."

Sanha looks down and shakes his head, "What's the point if I already know he likes Jinwoo? Any way you slice it, I don't get to keep him. We're worst enemies, so I'll just let the feelings fizzle out on their own."

Dongmin purses his lips and picks up his chopsticks, "You never know."

//

When Minhyuk settles himself down across from Sanha with his standard slice of pizza, it feels comfortable. It shouldn't; it should be like the very first time when Sanha's stomach wanted to purge itself for making a deal with his personal devil.

Minhyuk glances at the space in front of Sanha and frowns, "Are you not eating today?" In his voice, there is the smallest dollop of concern, barely detectable through the confusion.

Sanha can't do it. He doesn't like how uncertain he is about Minhyuk. He decides that this is his do or die moment and braces himself as he asks, "Do you still like Jinwoo?"

A snort. "Obviously," Minhyuk laughs as though he cannot believe that the question needs to be asked. It takes him four heartbeats to realize that something is amiss. He pulls back the smallest bit and just *looks* at Sanha. A flicker of discomfort flashes across his face, "Don't you... still like him?" Minhyuk pauses and giggles nervously, "I mean, I would totally be fine if you backed out."

Sanha wishes he wouldn't have said that. He offers a small smile that registers as sad rather than comforting. He picks at the corner of *their* table, where the laminate is already chipping away, just like Sanha's facade. He licks his lips, "Not really. I like someone else more, so, um, I don't think it's really in my interest to poach Jinwoo from Myungjun anymore."

Minhyuk's smile falters as he faces falls into further confusion, "What does that mean?"

"I think I'm fake breaking up with you."

"Oh."

Sanha nods. Unsurprisingly, Minhyuk doesn't protest, doesn't fight to keep his fake-boyfriend from leaving. Sanha leans forward, "We can go back to hating each other. Return

to our status quo. You know, delete my number and all that jazz."

Minhyuk nods with a blank stare. Sanha lightly punches his arm, "Shouldn't you be happy that you have less competition?"

"Right," Minhyuk nods, lips quirking into an insincere smile.

"See you around," Sanha says, picking himself up out of his chair and walking away.

//

Myungjun manages to find Sanha in the depths of the library where he's trying to avoid everyone, mostly avoid his feelings. He settles next to Sanha, leaning against the bookcase lightly. He places a hand on Sanha's shoulder and says, "Heard about you and Minhyuk. That sucks."

Sanha frowns at his sandwich, "Yeah."

"Is it too soon to ask why?"

"He doesn't like me," Sanha murmurs before sinking his teeth into his sandwich once more.

A scoff and a short laugh of disbelief, "Of course, he likes you."

Sanha shakes his head, "He really doesn't. We were better at hating each other."

"If he doesn't like you, why did he look completely gutted when he was talking about how you broke up with him?" Myungjun bumps up against Sanha's shoulder.

"He likes someone else!" Sanha almost yells but manages to remember that he's in a library. He lets out an exasperated sigh, "He likes--he *likes* someone else. The entire reason he started dating was part of some convoluted plan to make someone jealous. Can we just...stop talking about it?"

"Yeah," he says softly, patting Sanha's shoulder. "I'll catch you later."

Sanha slumps against the wooden panelling of the bookshelf. Myungjun should stay. Let him cry on his shoulder about how unfair it is that Minhyuk doesn't like him. Let him feel like it's the end of the world to be trapped in an unrequited love spell. Sanha probably could have pretended to be interested in Jinwoo, just to be around Minhyuk and hear him laugh and pretend to be annoyed that he steals Sanha's food and imagine that in a parallel universe Minhyuk likes him instead of Jinwoo.

//

For once, it doesn't annoy Sanha that his gym teacher has his life together and actually tries to execute a successful class. He makes them run laps, yelling at people who lag too far behind the pack. Sanha wonders if he finally caught himself a girlfriend.

A body comes up beside Sanha's, and Sanha feels a mixture of excitement and melancholy upon seeing that it's Minhyuk.

"Who is it?" Minhyuk asks.

Sanha wants to let out a bitter laugh and scream at Minhyuk. It's him. It's obviously him. He refrains from doing so and begins building an emotional barrier. He scoffs between labored breaths and says, "Why do you care?"

"I have a vested interest. My fake-boyfriend left me for this guy. I need to go kick his ass or something, put him in his place for having the audacity to try and woo you."

Sanha hates how charming Minhyuk is. It makes his knees weak to know that cheeky smile is aimed at him, meant to brighten his mood in some way. Sanha forces himself to roll his eyes, "We hate each other. I literally call you my archnemesis."

"Well, I quit. I'm tendering my resignation as your archnemesis, enemy, primary antagonist, or any other name you had for me."

A sharp and loud screech from their teacher's whistle indicates the end of the period. Sanha slows down to a walk and begins to make his way toward the school. Minhyuk stands in his way.

"I'm serious. I'm done being your enemy, hating you."

Sanha places his hands on his hips. He doesn't have time for this because if Minhyuk tries to be anything other than his worst enemy, he *will* fall for him even harder than he already has.

"Well, there is only one other position in my life for which I am currently hiring and I highly doubt that you would be interested in filling it," Sanha sneers and tries to brush past Minhyuk to follow the flow of students into the school.

Minhyuk grabs his elbow and spins him around. He looks Sanha dead in the eye and says, "Is it boyfriend?"

Sanha stares blankly. It is. But why did Minhyuk go there?

Minhyuk licks his lips and takes a deep breath, "Because I have some pretty solid character references. I would totally defend your honor and shit...because I like you. A lot. Sanha?"

There is a genuine vulnerability in Minhyuk's eyes, an undeniable sincerity in his words. Sanha can't tell if he's still breathing. He cannot find the words to respond because his brain

is going haywire, a rush of positive emotions have overloaded his faculties.

"Are you going to respond? Yell, slap me, spit in my face for being way off base? I don't know what silence means, especially when you have that look on your face. Yoon Sanha?"

"Yes."

Minhyuk grimaces and itches the back of his neck, "Then do it quickly." He squeezes his eyes shut and leans back the slightest bit, preparing for Sanha to assault him.

"The position is boyfriend."

Minhyuk's eyes pop open, "Does that mean you'll look at my application?"

Sanha nods slowly, staring at Minhyuk like it's the first time he's ever seen him.

Minhyuk's cheeks flush bright pink, "Is it too presumptuous if I kiss you right now? Even though I'm sweaty and smelly and in this really crappy gym uniform. And it's like the middle of the afternoon and you probably deserve, like, a deluxe box of chocolates and several bouquets to preempt a kiss."

"Go for it."

Minhyuk does, and Sanha can't say that he's too upset about it.

End Notes

*H-O-R-S-E (horse) is a variant on basketball in which players take turns shooting at the basket; each missed shot is a letter, the first person to spell the word horse is the loser.

This either turned out longer than i intended or shorter than i intended. I still can't figure out which. I'm also not allowed to say i don't like it b/c she'll yell at me in a really nice tone of voice. so, i'm tepid about this fic. (i'm sorry...)

(I almost named it "the enemy of my enemy is my (boy)friend")

comment? kudos? bookmark? just feedback would be gr8.

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