It's very true that Jihoon may have been a little rude to Soonyoung for absolutely no reason and he knew that. He knew he shouldn't have been so against having a bodyguard because Han would always put him first and think about his safety, it was like that ever since the beginning, but there he was acting like he didn't want to be spoiled when he actually did. He was, however, a little scared by how fast the presence of the other one was made 'normal' in his eyes. He hadn't really tried to understand what it meant yet, he was used to dealing with his feeling through music, by writing lyrics that seemed to explain what he was thinking and feeling at that stage in his life, but for some reason he just couldn't put it on paper. To be perfectly honest with himself, he knew the reason why he was *avoiding* writing about it and it was pretty simple: he was scared. He knew that those feelings and thoughts would become real after he wrote about it, so he just didn't and acted out as a way to protect himself. But it wasn't working, was it? He thought Soonyoung would feel like he wasn't needed anymore, for him sneaking out, and would just resign from the post and leave, letting him live without thinking about how his eyebrow slit made him look like a gangster but his smile said the complete opposite, even making him smile back! He was incapable of stopping himself and that was legitimately the scariest thing he had to deal with. But in doing those reckless acts and being a brat he only got the man to feel like he was bad at his job and like he couldn't trust Jihoon, which wasn't what he wanted at all.

That night, when he got caught from his midnight stroll - that was around two am -, he heard how immature and selfish he was being but somehow couldn't stop saying all those mean things and trying to separate himself from the other. The problem was that he tried so hard that he actually did it and could almost watch the whole scene as a spectator, seeing himself being so petty and childish for no reason while Soonyoung was just trying to do his job and keep him safe. Even his arguments were completely shattered by what the bodyguard had said, which is why he didn't even answer that part and went straight into being hurtful. He got himself in a bigger problem than before because when they were in different rooms he didn't have to smell the other one's cologne coming from so close and didn't need to pretend to be asleep just to try and ignore how beautiful the man was just sitting there watching something on his phone. It was ridiculous and he felt stupid for getting all worked up about someone he had met maybe a month before? He didn't even know how long had it been because it felt like Soonyoung had always been there by his side and that thought alone was what he snarled about, very quietly, in the bathroom after he practically moved into Jihoon's room. He also tried to keep his composure about how his smirk, when replying his own irony, just seemed too sexy to resist. He held onto the bathroom sink and looked himself in the mirror. "I can do this. I can just go out there and ignore him. If I just ignore him, eventually he'll just go away." He said to himself and nodded. *Right?* He wasn't that sure of it and, to be honest, he didn't know if he wanted to be.

The next day was filled with him being a ball of stress, coke and a little bit of anger; he kept trying to fix the song he made a while back to be his single, Simple, and couldn't focus. He kept thinking back on that morning and how he woke up to see Soonyoung changing, shirtless, right there at a few paces from his own bed. It was torture, he felt, because the man was ridiculously handsome, witty, charming, funny - on occasion - and it was so unfair that he was also extremely hot under those clothes; He thought he might be, because of the job description and the background in dance and martial arts, but still, knowing something and actually seeing it were two different things and he couldn't, for the life of him, stop

thinking about those chiseled abs. He only really got something done, well enough to actually think he could finish by the end of the day, when Jeonghan asked Soonyoung to go with him to the restaurant to get Jihoon's lunch, and a coffee as Han's treat for his hard work. That hour was the most productive the man has had since the day started, and thank goodness for that because when they came back Soonyoung had a coke in his hands. Jihoon wanted to scream, honestly, because he didn't ask for the soda, he didn't even realized it himself that the bottle was empty until that exact moment. *Why? Why do you have to do things like that?* He kept asking himself, reminding himself that the other should be pissed at him and not bringing him his favorite drink without being prompted to it. *He is too thoughtful for his own good*, he thanked with a nod and continued working; the food actually helped him to focus more and keep his mind away from the man sitting on the couch behind him.

He heard the song a few times before calling for Jeonghan. "It's done." He said and the other was beaming with excitement. He dared look at the couch for a second, Soonyoung's eyes already on him making him change his focal point and run his fingers through his hair. He pressed play and the whole room was filled with his earning desire of a simpler life, one with less problems and more happiness, less judgement and more love. His eyes were on the floor while he listened, closing them for a second to pay attention to every single part to see if there were any mistakes made when arranging it but it was all clean, practically perfect. He opened his eyes again when the song ended and Han was so excited that he clapped and made him feel awkward. They exchanged a few specificities about the song and how the media and design departments could work on the cover and how he deserved a reward after working so hard, which he tried to deny but was nagged into nodding and agreeing to what the manager was saying.

He started to turn things off and organize his desk when Han called Soonyoung outside to talk to which he frowned and put one eyebrow up without even realizing he was doing it and when he did he also realized he was alone in the studio and it felt... Cold. He looked around the space he sometimes use it so much it seemed like his own house, how did it become so cold and spacious? He didn't understand how he could feel out of place in a place that was known by all as his. What had changed? And when? He sighed looking at the couch and remembering, out of nowhere, how he was sleeping in it when he met Soonyoung. "That's it then, I see." He said to himself while scoffing and rolling his eyes. The room seemed cold and spacious, even a little emptier than usual, because it was; Soonyoung wasn't there, sitting on the couch without even moving a muscle while he worked, both in complete silence. He put his hands on his head exasperated by the thought creeping up on him and shook his head right after, denying it once more. *Stop it, just stop.* He grabbed his things and opened the door to find Soonyoung alone waiting for him. He didn't know what to do then, just staring at the other for a few seconds before putting his armor on and going back to being a dick for no reason. *Good one Jihoon.* He tried to remedy the situation when they got home by asking about dinner, it's true, but it was clear that Soonyoung was still mad at him for the night before. Jihoon looked while the man went into his room and closed the door, leaving him staring at nothing for a few seconds before typing their orders and going into his own room.

The bed was the same mess it was when he woke up that morning, he didn't bother to straighten it before leaving the house because he didn't quite had the right headspace to do

it. He sat down at the edge and let his body fall down, eyeing the ceiling and just sighing. He had to do something, he couldn't keep feeling like that, thinking about all those things he didn't want to think about and that were distracting him from the actual things he *needed* to think of, he couldn't avoid it anymore. He nodded to himself and got up, laptop in hand he sat down in the living room and started to type, putting everything he was feeling or thinking into a blank page, making adjustments here and there so it would seem more and more like a song. He didn't notice when Soonyoung came out of the room and sat down to watch something on the tv, or heard the food being delivered, or even heard the other calling him to eat, he was too much into what he was writing, already hearing the melody in his head as he wrote it, feeling in every part of his body that it was exactly what he wanted to say.

He could barely remember, when he woke up, at what time had he gone to bed or even eaten for that matter. He knew he had because he was still feeling full from all the meat and rice he had for dinner, but after starting to write about all those thoughts and feelings that Soonyoung seemed to cause on him he just spaced out and turned off his brain.

He got up a little drowsy and rubbed his eyes on the way to the bathroom, opening them to look at himself on the mirror. He shook his head and washed his face before looking again and actually being able to see himself half awake. He brushed his teeth and did his morning routine before leaving and noticing that Soonyoung wasn't in his mattress on the floor and that the mattress itself wasn't there anymore either. His eyes opened a little more and he blinked a few times while looking around in search of anything that would tell him what had happened but there were only his things over there, nothing that belonged to the other. All of the sudden he felt weary and nervous, anxious even, looking around and fidgeting as he left his room and almost marched into the living room. He stopped abruptly when he saw Soonyoung on the couch, arms crossed and head back against the headrest, peacefully sleeping. Jihoon didn't really understand why that happened in those few seconds before seeing the man but it all seemed to fade away when he did, which made him go back to his room without making any noise and desire to scream onto a pillow. He opened his laptop and read the lyrics he wrote the night before, hearing the guide for the song and sighing. *What is this, Stockholm syndrome?* He asked himself even though he knew it wasn't, but he wasn't ready to admit that the mere presence of Soonyoung made him feel calm and safe; not yet anyway.

Around four in the afternoon Jeonghan showed up to Jihoon's place to help him get ready for the party. He didn't want to go, that was a given by the expression of sheer distaste in his face every time Han said something about who was going to be there and what he would have to do when they arrived. He complained, too, a lot about not wanting to go, but his manager knew how to make him do things when he didn't want to - using very good arguments that he couldn't refute and, of course, bribing him with days off and more meals paid by the company. He seemed to not have anything suitable to wear also, judging by the amount of clothes that Han had managed to bring to him. "Did you steal that rack from a store or something?!" Jihoon was dumbfounded by the things Jeonghan was able to accomplish last minute. "How did you even get all of this? We talked like two hours ago about me not having anything to wear." In one of his attempts to get out of that party, of course, he let Han know he didn't have any clothes to wear to an event like that.

"Well, let's just say that I know you too well. Can you please just go inside and try these on? We need to see them all and choose one for you to wear." He took three different black suits from the rack and handed them to Soonyoung who was sitting on the couch just watching them talk. "Don't think you are free from this, ok? Go try these on too." He looked surprised but took what was handed to him and left without a single word of complaint. "See? That's how you're supposed to act when your manager tells you to do things." Jihoon just rolled his eyes and pulled the rack with him, thanking God for it having wheels. He looked at the clothes, one by one, already selecting a few that he was not going to try it on because he wouldn't wear it, no way, no how. "Did you try one yet Hoonie?" The voice from outside the room rushed him and while he hated to be rushed, he knew he didn't have anywhere to hide or a way to avoid going to the event. He got dressed quickly, showing one suit after the other and getting compliments from the manager who seemed happy enough with that task. "This reminds me of those first years, when we were rummaging thrift shops for outfits. Remember that?" He laughed with the thought and Jihoon couldn't help but laugh with him, nodding and reminiscing while putting a red suit on and looking at himself at the mirror. "How do you feel about them? Is there one that you like?" Jihoon didn't see Soonyoung at the door, watching them with a little smile on his face, he was too busy complaining about the colors, shapes and how they were all too tight in some places and that he didn't like feeling trapped in his clothes.

"I don't hate this one. Is that enough?" He looked to Jeonghan who just rolled his eyes while smiling and nodded. "Do I do my makeup or is there going to be someone over there to do that for me and style my hair?" Han snapped his fingers like he was forgetting something and quickly typed something in his phone, nodding all the time.

"There is going to be a team there, so we kind of need to leave right now." He smiled and made Jihoon want to kill him all over again for rushing him one more time. "Finish up here and I'll meet you in the living room in five." He got out of the room and was ready to knock on the door right in front but the man came out at the exact time and he was all dressed up and ready to go. "My, my, don't you loop dapper mr. Kwon?!" He smiled and looked at the suit the man was wearing nodding approvingly. "Can you call the driver, Kwon? We really do need to get out of here like five minutes ago." He nodded and was out the door on the phone already. "LET'S GO JI!" Jeonghan yelled from outside of the room without really needing it to, just to annoy the younger, and got the disapproving eyes of the small blond one when he got out of the room smelling like a different perfume Han was used to. "Did you get a new perfume?" Jihoon felt his heart beat out of his chest when he realized he was wearing the cologne Soonyoung had forgotten in his room because it was almost empty. *Damn it!* He thought before muttering a 'yeah' and walking past Jeonghan like a lightning making the other one laugh to himself.

Soonyoung was talking to someone Jihoon couldn't quite see who it was at first, which made him feel a little nervous, but as he approached his nervousness was shifting into a strange mix of curiosity and surprise. "What are you doing here?!" He asked with a small smile in his lips while looking at his younger brother, excitedly talking to the bodyguard.

"Hey Hyung!" Chan hugged his older brother and Jihoon couldn't help but look at Jeonghan who just shrugged and smiled. "Thank you for inviting me, Jeonghan Hyung." He was polite and made Jihoon laugh a little more than he wanted to, looking at Soonyoung and seeing

him look back, for the first time in... Maybe two days? He didn't quite know for sure, but it was the first time their eyes were meeting and there was a hint of a smile on his face while the bodyguard hid his behind the black mask he wore; he was smiling though, Jihoon could tell by the way his eyes had a few very small wrinkles on the side. "Did you know Soonyoung Hyung graduated from my school?" Chan was very excited with the event, his brother could tell, and the topic of dancing was obviously the one he and bodyguard Kwon had in common to talk so lively about, Jihoon felt a little silly about getting nervous. Then again, he was feeling silly for a lot of reasons when it came to Kwon Soonyoung.

They arrived and there went Soonyoung before Jihoon could get out of the car, looking around and talking to other security people at the place. He opened the door and their eyes met again, the blond feeling like his heart was beating so loud that it was going to be heard by anyone in close vicinity but thank heavens that was all in his head. "Kwon, I-" He started to say but his voice was too low and another one, way louder, was screaming the same thing he just said, making him freeze while holding the other's hand and look at the one calling his bodyguard.

"SOONIE!" a man showed up all dressed in black, his mask in hand couldn't hide his smile at seeing the other. "Oh, shit, sorry." He looked at Jihoon and put his mask back on, immediately changing his posture and looking like the one screaming was a different person entirely. "Mr. Yoon." He saw the blond open the door by himself and went to offer his hand. Jihoon saw the exchange glances between them and tilted his head a little bit, an intrigued smile creeping up on his lips. *If he is anything like Kwon, Hannie is screwed*, he thought smiling to himself before looking at Soonyoung again, still there holding his hand because he had stopped in middle of getting out of the car.

"Sorry." He muttered quickly, getting out of the vehicle and waiting for Chan to get out as well and join him. Jeonghan and his personal man in black joined them as well, the man quickly introducing himself as Choi Seungcheol and making Soonyoung let a quick laugh escape pretending to be a cough, Jihoon tried to hide his own laughter upon his reaction but all he could do was smile towards Chan and pretend because of his excitement with the event. "I'm glad you're here."

"Hoonie, I'll take Channie to your table and you can go to hair and makeup right through those doors." He pointed and Jihoon nodded without noticing that Soonyoung had nodded as well. "Great. Come Channie, let's get you buzzed." Jihoon looked at the manager who just laughed out loud. "Relax Hoonie, I'm kidding! I know he can't drink." He winked to Chan and the younger just laughed more than he was already.

As he walked a few steps in front of Soonyoung, who greeted the security team as they passed, he kept thinking about how thankful he was to Seungcheol for arriving when he did. What if he didn't have come, what would Jihoon have said to Soonyoung? He didn't really plan anything and was just feeling so stupid for acting like a child most of the time, but wasn't really sure on how to change that because every time he tried he ended up being somewhat mean or ironic or sarcastic to the other, it was hopeless. He felt the touch of his hand making him stop before entering the room, calling him back from his thoughts, and saw that Soonyoung had just put his arm in front of him and was now going inside to check the room for anything suspicious. Jihoon felt the place where the man's hand had been for those few

seconds with his own, inhaling deeply when able to go inside. "I'll be right outside." Soonyoung's voice reached him and he didn't know if it was a dream or not, because they weren't speaking much these days, but he remembered that the man was a professional and his job required him to talk even if he didn't want to. Once more Jihoon felt like an idiot for reading too much into things.

"Ok." He nodded in agreement and watched as the other left the room, letting his head go with him to the outside while his body was commanded by the hair and makeup experts telling him to sit and don't move. He knew, perfectly well in fact, that he was safe inside that room, that nothing was going to happen to him while in there, that Soonyoung was right outside that door, but his chest was tightening and he kept trying to focus on his own breathing as to not shake or sweat and ruin all that was being done to him in that chair.

"Is he in there?" Jeonghan's voice could be heard from the inside and Jihoon fest a little relieved as he heard the bodyguard answering his manager. "Perfect. He still has fifteen minutes before I need him to go do the briefing, I believe they'll finish until then." He could hear them talk about Seungcheol right after, how Han was complimenting his work ethics and jokingly picking on Soonyoung saying they were talking about him most of the time; Jihoon didn't really need to be there to be able to see the other's face, the puffy cheeks and big smile that made his eyes pretty much look like they were closed. He sighed, he wanted so much to see that, smiling politely to the girl finishing up his face. "You're all set." The girl said and he smiled again, thanking the whole team before exiting and finding Soonyoung standing upright and serious, very solemn and just so handsome it hurt.

It took Jihoon half an hour to walk around the place with Jeonghan, and Soonyoung and Seungcheol right behind them, and get familiar with all the things he would have to do. "Do I really have to sing tonight?" Jeonghan looked at him like he had said something so stupid that he couldn't even fathom. "I mean, there will be other people here. Other artists from the company. Why do *I* have to be the one to sing?" He wasn't that shy but he didn't want to be there and felt awkward because of the clothing and the event itself so he tried asking Han, begged even, for the least amount of things possible.

"Ji, you are the new sensation of the company. The one who hit a million copies of your single sold on the very first day, so, yeah, you need to single that infamous single in front of the CEO, the other artists and their managers, some investors, reporters and one or two bloggers and vloggers who will be attending." Jeonghan was kind, as usual, but also blunt and he made good points no matter which way Jihoon tried to look at it. "In fact, I tried to put you as one of the first ones so you can show up, do your thing, take some pictures, and leave early if you want." He winked at the man who just smiled back at him relieved out of his mind with that information. "See? I'm an amazing manager, you're so lucky to have me." The both laughed and finished walking around just in time for the guests start to arrive. "Come, let's go to the table." He grabbed Jihoon's arm and turned to the two bodyguards, making the younger look at them as well. "You guys know the drill, we've talked about this. Mr. Choi is going to direct his men to the artists I previously selected and they will be away from the spotlights and tables, but close enough so they can see and attend to any emergency that occurs." Both men agreed in unison and Jihoon felt his chest tighten again, he was going to be far away from Soonyoung in a huge place filled with many different and unfamiliar people. Jeonghan could feel his nervousness but didn't say anything, just patted

him on the arm that he had grabbed and smiled lightly. "Other than that, Kwon will be near the stage when it's time for Hoonie to sing and will escort him to and from said stage." Soonyoung agreed again without taking his eyes of the one speaking. "I think that's it. If there's anything else I'll text one of you, or both of you." He laughed a little, smiled and turned around with Jihoon to go to the table. He took a little more time to turn, unnoticeable to Jeonghan, so he could see both men turning around and going to their posts. Soonyoung didn't turn around to see him so he sighed and went back to scream at himself mentally for expecting those kinds of actions from the bodyguard. Unbeknownst to him, Soonyoung turned around a few minutes later just to see Jihoon walking towards the table while laughing with Jeonghan.

The venue was beautifully decorated and Jihoon was not expecting it to look even more beautiful when the night came and the lights were turned on, he was ooh-ing and aah-ing with Chan every time something new seemed to appear on their radar or some new part of the place was uncovered by their walking around - when they could. Being with his brother gave him a sense of comfort that he was happy to have, specially in a situation completely out of his comfort zone like that one, and it almost made him forget about the crazy thoughts running around in his head. He enjoyed himself more than he thought he would, even the boring parts like the photo ops and meet and greets with the higher ups from the company. He was almost home, if he thought about it, apart from singing and doing one small interview - that Jeonghan scored for him in the last second - he had done everything else. He even got to see Jeonghan introducing Chan to the company heads and go on and on about how the boy was the future of dance and they should think about nabbing him early before the other companies heard of how talented he was, that made Jihoon laugh a little but he was very proud of his little brother and knew that it wasn't a lie, the boy really was amazing when it came to dancing and having him in the same company wouldn't be a bad thing too.

It was almost time for him to go on stage and Jeonghan was still with Chan somewhere else, leaving Jihoon alone at the table feeling uneasy and nervous; he looked around a few times, fidgeted with his fingers and the hem of his jacket, even messed around with the flowers in the centerpiece in front of him. "You look nervous." He heard the man's voice and lifted his head to nod looking into his eyes. "Why?" He shrugged and the other sat down beside him, taking off his mask for the first time all day - at least in front of him - and looked straight into his eyes. *You shouldn't look people in the eye like that Kwon*, he silently said to the other, *you never know if someone has a heart condition or not. This look can kill a person and to be honest I'm too young to die*. "So?" The man asked and Jihoon came back from his conversations with himself, which were happening a lot these days.

"I wasn't paying attention, can you repeat?" Soonyoung seemed a bit bothered by the answer and he couldn't really blame the man for that, he was acting like a bratty teenager and now, even when he didn't mean to, he wasn't even paying attention to what he was saying.

"I asked if you want me to get you anything so you can relax." There was concern in his eyes, Jihoon could tell, and he had a small wrinkle in the middle of his forehead that he couldn't tell if it was from frowning too much or from trying to not frown right then. "Mr. Han said I shouldn't let you drink if you were alone, but you seem like you could fall over from nerves just by standing up." The small little side smile he gave made Jihoon's heart flutter

and his own shy smile appear for a second, eyes glued to the other's with no intention of looking anywhere else.

"Actually I'm fine, thank you." He nodded and looked around, breaking eye contact and making the blond sigh. He had to, he knew, it was his job to assess any dangers or potential threats, but the party was invitation only and there was security literally everywhere, and that was without Seungcheol and his men. "I think I'm next on the stage, so it's better if I don't drink. And after Han said that I only need to do one quick interview and we can actually go home early." He sighed happily while looking to the stage and didn't even notice that Soonyoung was looking at him again, his eyes moving around the singer's face like if scanning for something he just couldn't find. Maybe he was trying to understand the sudden change in behavior from Jihoon, or maybe he wanted to see if you could spot crazy just by looking at someone with very piercing and attentive eyes, but all Jihoon saw when he turned back and saw those 10:10 eyes looking at him was a soft side smile that almost made his heart burst. "Wh-What?" He stuttered a little from the way Soonyoung was looking at him and got a little laugh out of the other, who just shook his head and put back his mask as he got up to bow politely to Han and Chan.

"Hoonie, it's time!" Jeonghan was very excited and Chan was already clapping, making Jihoon smile and laugh at the same time while he got up and patted his jacket to straighten it. "Go get them." Han winked and stood up as soon as the presenter said the next act would be 'Woozi', clapping loudly and making a fuss with Chan.

Soonyoung walked right beside Jihoon, clearing the path for him to get to the stage, looking from him to the front and back to him until they got there. They exchanged a glance and Jihoon inhaled nervously when he reached the small stairs that would take him to the stage. "You got this." Soonyoung said, out of the blue, making the singer look at him surprised and blink two times. He smiled, filled with confidence, and nodded adjusting his jacket once more. "You look great in that suit by the way." He whispered before taking a step back and disappearing out of the spotlight. Jihoon could feel his knees shaking and his ears burning but he was a professional performer and just smiled to everyone staring at him, presented himself and his hit song. And that was when everything seemed to just fall away, when he started to sing; the world didn't matter anymore, he wasn't nervous or awkward, he wasn't even at the event or wearing that uncomfortable red suit, he was just himself putting his feelings into a song - much like a poet would do without background music.

He was brought back to the world a little too abruptly when the sound was cut off suddenly, just like the lights, and his body froze in place. Something wasn't right, obviously, but he didn't know why or what had happened for it to be like that. Was it just malfunction of some part? Did someone do this deliberately? He didn't know and to be honest he didn't want to know, he just wanted to get off that stage and into his car so he could go home and feel safe again. Speaking of feeling safe, he realized he wasn't, at all, specially because it seemed that he wasn't alone up there. "Did you like my surprise, Jihoonie?" The girl's voice was unknown to him and he couldn't tell if she was near or not because there were loud noises coming from every side. "I made it happen just so we could have this moment together." She continued and he gulped, trying to find something to see in that darkness. He cursed himself for letting his phone with Jeonghan, at the table, before going to the stage. "Now you don't need to hide anymore, we can just tell the world about our love." He frowned even though

she couldn't see him and tried to take a step back, slowly, looking for the edge of the stage with the tip of his shoe. He also kept himself silent as to not give away that he was trying to move away from her voice, that seemed closer every time she spoke again.

The lights were back again and everything happened way too fast after that; Jihoon saw the girl on the stage, all dressed in black with a knife in hand and his initial freshly carved on her arm, and his eyes open widely with the sight. She ran up to him at the same time as he was pulled back and practically carried out of there like a sack of potatoes, being put on someone's shoulder with ease and expertise. The girl was left behind screaming and pointing frantically at him. He looked around trying to find the people with whom she was talking to but couldn't, he could only see what he was leaving behind him. And just like that he was inside a car, on the passenger's seat, already nervous as to who was it that was carrying him and where were they taking him. The car door opened and Kwon Soonyoung jumped in and started the car, looking behind him before stepping on the gas and swiftly going backwards out the parking garage and into traffic like a maniac. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Jihoon screamed, shocked from the maneuver and the car horns aimed at them no doubt. "What is happening?!" He kept asking but Soonyoung was focused on driving as quickly as he could.

"Are you ok?" He asked suddenly, looking at Jihoon for a second before having his eyes back on the road. "Are you hurt? Did she touch you?" His questions were faster then, desperation embedded in his voice. "JIHOON!" He stopped at the stop light and turned his head to stare at the man, his were eyes wide and his scream seemed to call Jihoon back to reality again.

"Y-Yes! Yes, I'm ok." He touched himself on his arms and legs, looked for holes or gashes in his clothes but didn't find any. "I'm fine, she didn't get close enough for that." His answers made the other one relax a little and Jihoon could see him nodding repeatedly while breathing a little less rapidly. "What happened back there?" He looked at Jihoon again and gulped, turning his head back as soon as the green light was seen in his peripheral vision. "You can't tell me, right?" He sighed, almost hearing Jeonghan's voice telling him he'd tell him when the time was right. "Jeonghan! And Chan!" He patted his jacket looking for his phone but couldn't find it. "Where the hell is my phone?!" He complained with himself, stopping after a few seconds when he remembered he let his phone on the table. "Damn it." He sighed and stopped fussing in the seat.

"Your phone is in my pocket." Jihoon looked at him and didn't understand it completely. *How? When did he get it?* "You can just reach in and grab it, it's on the inside, upper right." He adjusted himself on the seat and Jihoon let himself get closer to the driver with caution, he didn't want to accidentally take Soonyoung's attention from the road so he just pulled one side of the jacket he was wearing and reached his hand, mostly his thumb and index finger, into the pocket he mentioned. It was pretty easy and he soon had his phone on his hands and let go of the other's jacket.

"Thank you." He said in a low voice, unblocking the screen and seeing he had no signal. *Where the hell are we?!* He looked around, out the window, not really recognizing anything. "Where are we?" his eyes went back to the driver, now leisurely steering with one hand while

the other rested on his own lap. *Why is he so sexy? And why am I thinking this right now?! Get a grip Jihoon.*

"Getting you somewhere safe where no one is going to find you." He smiled towards Jihoon and he blinked three times. He hadn't seen that smile yet, that proud-of-himself smile that didn't show any teeth but made his eyes almost completely close and Jihoon's heart skip a thousand beats at once.

"Okay then." He smiled back, nodding slightly and making himself comfortable to watch the scenery that was less urban and more rural the more they went on. "I trust you." They lingered in that eye to eye communication for only a few seconds, but both had shy smiles on their faces.