He doesn't mean for it to happen.

Changbin's entire world upends on a random Tuesday, three blocks away from the gym he frequents twice a day. He's not paying attention, staring down at his phone like it owes him money, trying to think of something to say back to Chan's stupid ass message when he collides with something—some*one*.

His hands fly out instinctively, grabbing onto the other person as they both shift and try to prevent tumbling to the ground. "Shit," Changbin huffs, his phone pressed up against the other man's belly under his fingers. He can see the microphone icon illuminated, his talk-to-text activated. "Are you okay?"

The other man hums softly, as if he's surprised. "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine."

Changbin widens his stance, slowly removing his hands and making sure the man doesn't fall over. "Okay good." He glances up, finally, his eyes raking over the man's sweat-stained shirt, the sleeves rolled up over glistening biceps, a long neck practically drenched in sweat.

The man's face is stunning. Changbin swallows, dry and scratchy as he stares at what is undoubtedly the most beautiful human he's ever seen. Deep, chocolate eyes. Plump, rosy lips, parted in an exhale. A beauty mark to the right, directly under his pupil. Changbin vaguely absorbs the damp strands of hair as the man stares back just as hard.

"Thank you," the man finally says, a shy smile overtaking his face, "for catching me, I mean."

Changbin feels his chest swell, an edge of something prickling his senses. "You're welcome. It's the least I could do for not paying attention."

The man giggles softly, his face crinkling deliciously, reminding Changbin of the edges of the steamed dumplings his eomma used to make growing up. Then, there's another voice—a call from a friend, a distraction that causes the man to turn toward the voice that yells, "Hyunjin! Hey! There you are."

Changbin steps back, and the man—Hyunjin—turns toward a slender boy who jogs over.

"Hey, Minnie, sorry. Am I late?" Hyunjin asks, and the stranger rolls his eyes. Changbin's shoulders stiffen against his will.

"You're always late leaving dance practice." The tone sounds annoyed but the small fond quirk of the guy's lip is enough to have Changbin relaxing. "Come on, hyung got us a table, aren't you hungry?"

Hyunjin groans, reaching for his friend's arm and stepping away from Changbin. "Yes, I'm starving, let's–"

The guy's eyes dart to Changbin then, flicking down and furrowing briefly before smoothing out. "Who's your friend?"

Hyunjin turns suddenly, eyes wide—as if he forgot. "Oh. I, uh–"

"Don't worry about it," Changbin interrupts him, something simmering under his skin. "Just making sure I didn't bowl you over. Have a great night."

He turns and walks off in the other direction before either Hyunjin or his friend Minnie can say anything. God forbid one of them trailed their eyes down and saw him hard in his gym shorts.

~

Hwang Hyunjin is a dancer at Lee Dance Company. He's twenty-four to Changbin's twenty-five and has been dancing for eight years. Apparently he met Minho in an idol audition,

and they became fast friends. He's got a pretty tight-knit group of friends that Changbin sussed out on Instagram already—Kim Seungmin, or Minnie, as Hyunjin had called him, appears to be Hyunjin's roommate. He's a sports columnist at a local paper, and it's easy to track him down at a baseball game.

Changbin doesn't approach him, though. That would be too weird. He's just a little curious. It's been three days since he met Hyunjin, and he hasn't seen him since. No amount of lurking outside of the Lee Dance Company building that's just three blocks away from his gym has afforded Changbin another glimpse of the beauty, so when he saw Seungmin post a baseball ticket to his Instagram story, Changbin decided it was worth a shot.

Seungmin is alone. *Well.* He's not with Hyunjin, but there's a pretty little buff boy with denim shorts, a green cap, and fox-like eyes sitting beside him and smiling very widely at Seungmin. Changbin sits in the bleachers six rows up, watching as Seungmin jots down notes in a journal. At one point, Fox Boy stands up and—*oh,* he has a camera, one of those professional ones with a big lens. *Ah,* Changbin sees the badge on his waist now, the same logo on the one looped around Seungmin's neck. The newspaper.

Still, Changbin stays and watches, feigns excitement with the crowd when the home team wins, 13-5. When Seungmin and the Foxtographer get up to leave, Changbin slinks down the stairs and follows them. He half expects them to take the subway, but they veer toward the surface lot for cars—the same lot Changbin parked in. It's just a coincidence that he's able to stay behind them the entire fifteen minutes back into the city, as they're going in the same direction.

Foxtographer pulls over in front of an apartment building less than ten blocks away from Changbin's, so he parallel parks outside the convenience store on the previous block and waits. Fox Boy gets out of the car, heading around it to–*oh,* what a gentleman, he opens the door for Seungmin. Holds his hand to the door, presses him to the building and—Changbin coughs, glancing down at his phone screen before flicking his eyes back up to watch as Seungmin's arms wrap around the back of Fox Boy's head and—

Okay, time to change the music. Maybe listen to that sample Chan sent? Yeah. A soft trap beat fills his car as soon as he opens the file. He glances back up—*yep, nope,* they're still at it. The song fucks, actually. Changbin shoots off a text telling Chan he likes it and asks him to loop in Jisung.

Eyes back up, Changbin sees Seungmin and Fox Boy finally untangling from one another. Slowly. *Wait, no,* they're kissing again. *Sigh.* Changbin reaches into his glove compartment and grabs a pack of gum. He shoves one stick in his mouth, rolling his eyes when Seungmin pushes Fox Boy away, his laughter loud enough to float across the block to Changbin. Then, he's pulling open the building door and waving as Fox Boy staggers backward to his car.

Changbin shuts off his car, slips outside. He's crossing the side street when Fox Boy pulls away from the curb, and then he's thanking the stars that the apartment door isn't locked.

There's an elevator in the small lobby. He watches as the numbers above the doors change slowly—four, five, six. Six. The elevator stops on six. Changbin waits a full minute. It doesn't move.

Changbin's pulse kicks excitedly as he steps forward to press the button to call the elevator. The numbers begin descending.

Seungmin got out on the sixth floor.

Hyunjin lives on the sixth floor of this building, four blocks south and five blocks east of Changbin.

The elevator arrives, a small ding announcing its arrival, but Changbin is already back out of the lobby, walking toward his car with a smile on his face.

~

It only takes two days to figure out Hyunjin's routine after that.

Changbin sees the beautiful man leaving the dance studio the day after he'd followed Seungmin home. Hyunjin isn't as sweaty as he was last week, but that doesn't make him any less beautiful.

Changbin picks up his coffee—grateful he'd asked for it to-go—and slips out of the cafe across from Lee Dance Company. He follows Hyunjin, pulling up the hood on his white hoodie and staying back by half a block. Hyunjin glances back once or twice, but Changbin keeps his head tilted down or takes an exaggerated sip from his coffee to block his face.

After a few minutes, Changbin realizes that Hyunjin must be heading home. An idea comes to him then, and he weighs the pros and cons for a minute.

No risk, no reward, right?

Changbin diverts down an alley, taking a back-route through a local night market. It isn't nighttime yet, but there's enough vendors setting up their stalls and people walking around with purpose that Changbin almost regrets taking the short-cut.

But he makes it to Hyunjin's building and waits in the small park across the street. Sure enough, less than two minutes later, Hyunjin walks up to the building's door and pulls it open. Changbin watches him go, wishing the sun weren't so bright at four thirty in the afternoon so he could see through the reflective glass and be able to watch Hyunjin call the elevator.

Still, he waits. It's a long shot, he knows that, but when a curtain on the sixth floor opens just a handful of minutes later, Changbin ducks his head and grins to himself. The last unit on the left, he suspects, when Hyunjin throws open the curtain and disappears again.

Changbin comes back that night to confirm, this time leaving his car in front of the convenience store instead of walking. He sits in the park, a book in hand as he peers up at the window Hyunjin had opened. It's closed now, but the one just to the left—the one on the very end—is open. He sees something wooden standing upright, and it takes him several minutes to parse. An easel. Hyunjin steps into view soon after, his hair twisted up halfway, something long and pointy tucked behind his ear. Changbin uses his phone's camera to zoom in, and he realizes it's a paintbrush.

His Hyunjin is an artist.

Changbin feels a swell of pride. The artistic vibe suits Hyunjin—dancer, painter, probably other things too. Changbin wonders if he's a poet, if he makes art with words like he does with music. Oh, if he's a songwriter. Or a singer! *God,* if he's a singer—Changbin imagines getting him into the studio, setting him up in the recording booth and asking him to sing Streetlight together.

He watches the window for an hour, smiling every time he catches a glimpse of Hyunjin. Then his phone buzzes, and he's reminded that Chan asked to work out late tonight. With a heavy sigh, he picks up his forgotten book and trudges to his car, casting one last longing glance at Hyunjin's window before climbing in and driving off.

The next morning at seven a.m. though, he's parked in front of the convenience store again. It's a risk, he knows, since it's entirely possible that Hyunjin has already left, but he settles down with a protein shake and the new samples Jisung sent over for a new client. He's halfway into the fourth one when Hyunjin's roommate comes out of the building and heads his way.

Changbin ducks down in his seat. A ridiculous move, really, considering his windows are so deeply tinted that he regularly pays off the cops who pull him over just to be left alone. Seungmin doesn't even pay any attention to the car as he walks past, trudging into the convenience store as he rubs his tired eyes.

Less than ten minutes later, Seungmin walks out with two iced coffees and a plastic bag dangling from his hand. Changbin watches him walk back to the apartment building, wondering what kind of items are in the bag. Is it breakfast for both Seungmin and Hyunjin? Are they the type of roommates to frequently eat out because neither is very good at cooking? Changbin isn't good at cooking, which he never really thought much about. What if Hyunjin prefers a partner who can cook for him?

Changbin has signed up for a basic cooking class and bought a beginner's kitchen supply set by the time Seungmin emerges from the building again. He climbs into a car that looks vaguely familiar—Foxtographer. Changbin watches them lean into each other to kiss through the back window, just before the car takes off.

He's half-paying attention to an Intro to Cooking video when Hyunjin finally steps out of the building. He's dressed in a flowy button-down and some loose cargo shorts with his dance bag slung over his shoulder. His hair is down, billowing in the breeze around some oversized sunglasses. Changbin watches him start the walk to work, sipping the last dregs of the iced coffee Seungmin brought him.

Changbin waits until Hyunjin rounds the corner to turn on his car, to creep out of the parking spot and slink down the road. He turns the corner, sees Hyunjin a couple of blocks up, so he pulls over, waits until he loses sight of the dancer, then pulls out into traffic again. He follows Hyunjin all the way to Lee Dance Company this way, then parks his car around the back of his gym building where it belongs. He catches one final glance of Hyunjin through the tall glass windows as he enters the gym, a small smile on his face now that he knows Hyunjin's schedule.

~

Changbin hates clubs. He's not a fan of the bodies pressed too close, the music being pumped out of poorly-designed audio setups, the strong stench of sweat and alcohol that permeates the air.

"Hyung," Jisung whines, his eyes glazed over. Changbin doesn't know if it's from tears or alcohol. "You're supposed to be paying attention to me."

Changbin sighs fondly, leaning over to pet Jisung's head, shoving aside his bangs as Jisung stares up at him with his big, doe eyes. "I *am* paying attention to you, Sung-ah." He bends down and kisses Jisung's forehead, snorting when Jisung shrieks and nearly falls out of the chair as he shoves the affection away.

"Yah! Stop that, how am I supposed to find a rebound if people think we're together?"

Changbin really does laugh at that, taking a step to the side to put some distance between them. Jisung's hand shoots out to curl around his wrist, preventing him from stepping too far, and Changbin just laughs harder. "Oh, Sungie."

Before he can say anything else, Chan and Minhyuk return to the table, a fresh round of shots and cocktails in their hands. "Time for your anti-sadness meds, Jisung-ah!" Minhyuk shouts, shoving two small shot glasses of something clear and probably dangerous into Jisung's chest.

Chan sits down in the other chair, his knees spread and body angled toward Jisung's side as he sets the other glasses down on the obscenely small table in front of them. "How's our Sungie?" Chan asks once his hands are free and he's running one through Jisung's hair.

"He hasn't mentioned Jinyoung since you left, so that's progress," Changbin says, and Chan scoffs as Minhyuk backhands Changbin's shoulder.

"Dude."

Jisung squeaks, his hand tightening on Changbin's wrist before dropping off completely. "Am I really that bad?"

The sniffles send Chan and Minhyuk into damage control mode. "No! *No, baby,* not at all."

"It's okay, Sungie, you're allowed to be sad."

Now it's Changbin's turn to scoff. "You literally called those shots *'anti-sadness meds'* hyung." He points at the three shots still on the table.

Minhyuk frowns down at them like they betrayed him personally. "Well…"

Changbin shakes his head. "I'm gonna go get some fresh air." He doesn't wait for a response, squeezing through the crowd to get to the bar. He waits for less than a minute before the bartender makes his way over, shaking out his pretty blonde and black hair.

"Wooyoung," Changbin calls out in disbelief, mouth agape as the familiar grin of his friend curls upward. "What are *you* doing here?"

"I work here on weekends to make some extra money," Wooyoung says, grabbing a chilled bottle of water from a cooler below the bartop. "And to help a friend. Sannie's roommate—you know Seonghwa? Well, Seonghwa-noona's boyfriend just bought this place last month."

Changbin grunts. He knows Seonghwa, has danced with her at enough of Wooyoung's parties to know her *intimately*. "Good for him. Tell him the speakers suck."

Wooyoung grins wider, a laugh floating out as he places the water bottle down in front of Changbin. "Tell him yourself. He's looking for bouncers; you interested?" Changbin shakes his head, but Wooyoung pushes. "It's only a couple nights a week, hyung. I know you're not *that* busy producing yet."

Changbin's upper lip curls back, exposing his teeth, but it just makes Wooyoung roll his eyes and smirk. They've been friends for too long, the threat means nothing. "I'll think about it," Changbin says, taking the bottle and twisting the cap open.

"Good," Wooyoung replies, flicking his bar towel in Changbin's direction. "Now *get*. I have paying customers to take care of."

Changbin shakes his head but obeys, slipping away from the bar to head toward the door. He's almost outside when a familiar form passes by. Instinctively, Changbin turns, freezing in his spot a meter from the door as he tries to process what he sees.

Hyunjin.

In this same club.

Hyunjin, with his head thrown back in laughter, walking arm-in-arm with a slender blonde. The blonde is smacking his hand on the shoulder of a man in front of him, and when the man turns, Changbin vaguely recognizes him as one of the dancers he's seen walking out of Lee Dance Company.

Before he can even think, he's following them back into the main hall of the club. Hyunjin's still giggling, a sound that lights Changbin up from the inside out. He can't hear much

over the din of the crowd around them and the tinny speakers, but he's able to shift past a couple other guests and get closer.

"-jin-ah, do you want a drink?" The dancer in front asks, and Changbin shakes his head before answering.

"No, I'll just sip from Yongbok's, since he's a lightweight anyway." The blonde—Yongbok, Changbin assumes—squawks indignantly, shoving at Hyunjin as he disagrees. Changbin's fist clenches involuntarily, but Hyunjin just laughs harder.

"Am not! Yah, Jinnie, you're so mean." Yongbok pouts and Hyunjin turns to kiss his cheek.

Changbin's nose flares.

"Come on, let's find you a hot hunk to torment while Minho-hyung gets us drinks," Hyunjin says then, and Changbin nearly trips over his own feet. He slows down, watching as Hyunjin drags Yongbok onto the dance floor and the other—Minho—heads to the bar.

He follows Minho.

"Hyung!" Wooyoung's voice rings out, and Changbin braces for impact. "You finally made it! I wasn't sure if you were going to."

Huh?

"Ah, yeah, Yongbokkie spent too long getting ready," Minho answers, his tone sounding awfully fond.

Changbin slips onto a bar stool and pulls out his phone to appear busy as he eavesdrops.

"Yongbokkie's here?"

Wooyoung sounds excited, and it makes Minho hiss. "Leave my brother out of your kinky sexploits, Jung Wooyoung."

Wooyoung grins, a nefarious thing on him in particular. "You know your little Lixie taught *me* things, right, hyung?" he asks as he leans in, setting two drinks on the bartop that Changbin hadn't even noticed him making.

Minho doesn't say anything. He takes a few bills out of his wallet and leaves them on the counter before grabbing the glasses and taking his leave. Wooyoung picks up the bills with a shake of his head and steps to another customer.

"Binnie," Chan's voice calls, startling him. He turns, acknowledging Chan with a raise of his chin. "We're gonna be on the dance floor. Jisung wants to dance."

Changbin nods first, then shakes his head when Chan tilts his own toward the dance floor in invitation.

"You sure?"

"Yeah, hyung, it's fine."

Instead, Changbin shifts on the bar stool, angling himself to watch the crowd of bodies undulating against each other. He can see Hyunjin peeking out over some of the people, one of his hands in the air as he smiles and rocks to the music. When the crowd shifts, Changbin can see that Minho is pressed up behind him and Yongbok is pressed to his front, the three of them moving in tandem to the rhythm.

"Why are you back?" A voice shouts at him, startling him. Wooyoung has one brow cocked, as if he caught Changbin doing something he shouldn't be doing.

"What?"

Wooyoung rolls his eyes and leans forward on his elbows, his hands clasped. "Who caught your eye?"

He's pinned down, trapped. Hand in the cookie jar. “Uh.” He swivels his head, eyes landing on Hyunjin immediately. “Do you know the tall one?”

Wooyoung's face splits in a grin not unlike the one he gave Minho. “Ah, Hyunjin-ssi. He's pretty, right?”

He's *beautiful*. Stunning. Breathtaking.

Changbin nods, not taking the bait that Wooyoung dangles right in front of him.

Wooyoung sighs. “He's single, comes in on Fridays or Saturdays with the Lee brothers—remember that threesome I told you about a few months ago? The younger brother, Felix. He's a freaky little twink, and Sannie had so much fun pegging him.”

More information than Changbin needed to know. “Felix? He's foreign?”

“Sort of. He grew up with their mom in Australia after their parents split, only moved back after graduation. He's cute, you'd like him, he–”

Changbin shakes his head, looking back over at Hyunjin. Yongbok has split off from him and Minho, ironically ending up sandwiched between Changbin’s own hyungs, Chan and Minhyuk.

“–well nevermind, I guess Lixie found himself a new couple to seduce.”

It's at that moment that Changbin realizes Yongbok must be Felix. *Lixie,* Hyunjin had called him.

Wow, Changbin is a little slow.

Wooyoung giggles as they both watch Felix dance his fingers up Chan’s arms and plunge themselves into the mess of brown curls at his nape just as Minhyuk dips down to press his lips to Felix’s neck from behind.

“So couples are his thing?” he asks Wooyoung, who shrugs, straightening and wiping down the bartop under his arms.

“Muscles are his thing.”

Huh.

“So what about Hyunjin?” Changbin asks as nonchalantly as he can. “Is he into muscles, too?”

Wooyoung snickers behind his hand, pushing off the bar and stepping away. “Why don’t you go ask him?”

~

Changbin doesn't ask.

Changbin doesn’t leave the bar, actually. He nurses a bottle of beer and watches instead. He watches Hyunjin and Minho grind together, sometimes turning to face each other, but mostly Hyunjin stays glued to Minho’s front, his head thrown back onto the dancer’s shoulder. Changbin watches Jisung get dragged over, pressed tight to Hyunjin as the songs cycle through some shitty EDM. He watches as Felix—from his place in between Minhyuk and Chan—spins Jisung and drags him into a filthy kiss.

Changbin slams back the rest of his beer when he sees Jisung lean in and whisper something to Felix, and then Felix grins, turning him around before yanking Hyunjin’s head down. He’s standing up from the stool just as Hyunjin’s mouth reaches Jisung’s.

“Wooyoung-ah,” he calls out, seeing his friend slip back to the bar from a back room. Wooyoung saunters over, reaching to grab another beer. “You said your boss is looking for security?”

Wooyoung straightens, a look of surprise on his face. “Are you gonna do it?”

“Is he here?”

“Yeah, I can take you.” Wooyoung turns to the other bartender. “Yunho, I’ll be right back, I’m gonna run up to see Hongjoong.”

Changbin follows his friend through a side door and up a steep flight of stairs. Inside a small, dimly lit office at the end of the hall, sits a middle-aged man with greying temples that Changbin immediately respects. Wooyoung introduces him as Kim Hongjoong and then ducks out, leaving Changbin with two thumbs up for luck.

“So, what brings you here, Changbin-ssi?” Hongjoong asks, closing his laptop and taking off his glasses as he leans back in his chair.

Changbin gestures at the desk. There’s two framed photographs propped up in one corner. “I heard Seonghwa finally met someone who worships her. I’m happy to see that’s true.”

Hongjoong’s face brightens with his laugh, but only briefly. Before Changbin can relax into it, a dark eerie calm settles on Hongjoong’s face as he asks, “You know my wife?”

Changbin almost chokes, because he wasn’t expecting marriage. After all, he’d made himself comfortable in Seonghwa’s cunt not three months ago. *“Wife?”*

The darkness spreads with Hongjoong’s grin. “Wife.”

“Congratulations.” He clears his throat, shifts uneasily in his chair. “I grew up with Wooyoung, so I know her through Sannie.”

And just like that, Hongjoong’s face clears. “Ah, Sannie. Yes. She took such good care of my Seonghwa, didn’t she?” He chuffs a laugh, tapering out on a sigh. “Yes. So, truly, what can I do for you?”

“I heard you’re looking for bouncers.”

Hongjoong’s brows raise. “You want to work for me?” Changbin nods. “Have you ever worked security before?”

“No, but I’m sure I can pick it up pretty quickly. I’m just looking for Fridays and Saturdays, maybe.” Changbin rolls his shoulders, and Hongjoong watches the muscles ripple under his shirt.

“Okay. Do you have a CV?”

Changbin reaches for his phone. “I can email you one.”

A few minutes later, he’s shaking Hongjoong’s hand over the desk as they stand, laughing at some silly joke Changbin made when the door opens. “Oh! Changbinnie, what are you doing here?”

He turns, watching as Seonghwa sweeps into the room. “Hi noona. I was just talking to your husband about a job.”

“To fix the audio system?” she asks, and Hongjoong furrows his brows.

“What?”

“Changbinnie’s a producer, he could help you,” Seonghwa says as she leans over to plant a kiss on Changbin’s cheek. She’s wearing heels, so she towers over him, and he has to avert his eyes when the neckline of her dress dips down with the movement.

“You’re a producer?” Hongjoong’s tone shifts, and Seonghwa giggles as she rounds the desk to sit on the corner of it, skirt hiking up. “Sit back down, let me pick your brain.”

Changbin sits down, laughing when Seonghwa calls Hongjoong ‘a kid in a candy store.’ He ends up talking with them for over an hour, only ducking out when Chan texts him that they’re ready to go.

Jisung isn't with them when Changbin makes it downstairs, but Felix is. He's pretty—prettier up close, with a smattering of freckles across his face and plump pink lips smeared with the remnants of his lipgloss.

The same lipgloss smudged along Chan's neck and mouth.

"Are you good to drive?" Minhyuk asks, tossing his keys to Changbin as they walk out.

"Yeah, dead sober. Where's Sung?"

Chan tilts his head toward Felix. "With Lix's brother. They left 30 minutes ago to get sushi with their other friend—baby, what's your tall friend's name?" Chan asks as he noses at the back of Felix's ear. Changbin falters, almost tripping over himself.

"Hyunjin! He's my best friend." Felix's eyes crinkle shut as he turns his head, trying to capture Chan's mouth with his own. Minhyuk reaches out to steady Changbin on his feet.

"Uh, should you be taking him home?"' Changbin asks Minhyuk, gesturing at Felix. "He's wasted."

Felix tears his mouth away from Chan to protest. "'M not! I swear, I only had one drink. Jinnie had the other." Then Felix giggles. "I just really like kissing."

Changbin rolls his eyes as they reach Minhyuk's car, a blacked out Genesis SUV. Chan opens the back door, waving his hand for Felix to get in first as Minhyuk rounds to the other side. Changbin tries not to balk as Minhyuk slides into the back seat instead of the passenger seat next to him. "No fucking while I'm driving," he snaps, ignoring the way Felix squawks and Chan snorts.

He gets them back to Chan and Minhyuk's apartment, returning the keys to Minhyuk before heading to where his own car is parked in the guest lot.

"Hey, wait, aren't you coming up?"

Changbin glances back at where Minhyuk is reaching out for him and how Chan and Felix are trying to swallow each other whole behind him. "Nah, you've got your hands full already."

Minhyuk grins, something wide and predatory. "You know I've always got room for you, Bin."

Changbin fights a shudder, phantom hands sliding up his thighs in memory. He watches Minhyuk lick his lips. "Thanks, but I'm tired, hyung. I'll see you at the gym tomorrow though."

He makes it to his car and readjusts himself, half hard in his jeans. Fuckers.

Changbin doesn't go home though. He pulls into the parking space in front of the convenience store down the block from Hyunjin's apartment and gets out, heading toward the bench in the park that gives him the best vantage into Hyunjin's bedroom. He can never see the bed, or really much of anything through the high window, but the fairy lights Hyunjin usually turns on at night aren't on yet, so Changbin assumes he's not home yet.

He settles in to wait, taking the time to look around. He's been here a few times now, but he never quite paid attention to anything except Hyunjin's apartment. It's mostly office buildings and businesses around, but then Changbin notices something he probably should have before—*a fire escape.*

A fire escape leading up to the roof of the building directly to his left.

Curious, he approaches. He's able to climb it fairly easily, and when he pulls himself up onto the roof, he crouches low and slinks to the front edge.

Incredible.

He only went up five flights of stairs but he's on the same level as Hyunjin's room on the sixth floor—if anything, Changbin is a little higher, he thinks, since he can peer directly into Hyunjin's neighbor's living room over the high edge of the window.

A thrill of excitement shoots through him.

Just then, a car slows down and pulls to the curb in front of Hyunjin's building. A back door opens, and with it comes the sound of giggling.

"-sung, it's fine, go have fun with Minho. I'm *fiiine,*" Hyunjin's voice floats up to Changbin, and he ducks lower to avoid the slim chance that Jisung looks in his direction and catches him. "Yes, I love you too." Hyunjin barks a sharp laugh as he slams the door closed, pirouetting as he stumbles toward his door.

The car with Jisung and Minho takes off. Changbin waits, his pulse picking up as he stares at the window into Hyunjin's apartment.

He sees the exact moment Hyunjin shuffles in. The corridor lights him from behind as he opens the door to the unit, flicking on a light and calling out into the apartment. Probably for his roommate. Hyunjin kicks off his shoes and then wanders to…the wrong side of the apartment?

Changbin frowns, wishing he could see more as Hyunjin disappears behind a wall. The window to the right of the living room lights up, but the curtains are closed enough so that Changbin really has no clue what's going on. Before he can think too hard about it though, the light flicks off and Hyunjin reappears from behind the wall. He walks across the living room slowly, seemingly dancing to himself with a grin on his face as he makes it into his bedroom.

His bedroom.

Changbin gasps when the light flicks on. From this vantage point, he can see the bed and a small desk next to it. The bed is covered with soft blue sheets and a fluffy duvet that looks oh so cozy. Hyunjin turns on his fairy lights, and then strips out of the flowy white button down he'd been wearing all night.

Changbin's heart stops.

Hyunjin is beautiful. All of the exposed skin glistens with sweat, the toned muscles of his abdomen rippling as Hyunjin moves through the room. Changbin is even more unprepared when Hyunjin removes his jeans, apparently taking the underwear underneath off at the same time, because then Changbin is looking at him naked. And, *God.*

He's *hung*.

His cock is long even in its dormant state. Changbin wonders briefly if he could take it inside himself. He's not a bottom, has really only ever taken cock once or twice out of curiosity and an incessant need to please his partners, but looking at Hyunjin makes him want to try it again.

Then, Hyunjin turns away from the window and disappears into his bathroom, and Changbin changes his mind immediately. He watches Hyunjin's ass bounce as he moves, transfixed by the way the cheeks shift above his long legs.

Nope, Changbin needs that in his hands, on his mouth, around his cock.

When Hyunjin reappears, he's got a dark blue towel and a small bottle in his hand, and Changbin watches him lay the towel on the bed before climbing on. For the second time in less than 10 minutes, Changbin's heart stops.

Hyunjin kneels on the bed and leans forward on his elbows, exposing his hole to Changbin's eyes.

Without thinking, Changbin pulls out his phone, opening the camera as he stares open-mouthed across the street, into Hyunjin's bedroom. His other hand grips his cock, now straining against his zipper as he witnesses Hyunjin open the bottle in his hand and pour it onto his hand—lube, Changbin realizes—before bringing it to rub at his hole.

Changbin blacks out.

At least, he feels like he does. He watches Hyunjin finger himself open for twenty minutes, seeing the way he twitches and spasms before finally, his cock spurts white onto the towel and he slumps down, just as Changbin cums in his pants.

Perfect, he thinks to himself. *Like a horny teenager*.

He stops recording, tucking the phone back into his pocket, then with one final glance into Hyunjin's room, Changbin leaves.

~

They establish a routine.

Changbin spends the next two weeks watching Hyunjin. He can't shirk every work responsibility he has, missing out on most morning commutes with Hyunjin to instead get to the studio early to get his tasks done. He leaves a few hours after Chan shows up, usually overlapping with both Chan and Jisung through lunch hours and then leaving by three or four p.m.

Hyunjin's last class on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays is the teen hip-hop class that runs from three-thirty to four-thirty, and Changbin wants to be settled in at the cafe across the street before it lets out. He's running a bit late today, since a client wanted him to tweak the auto-tuning on her vocals one too many times, so he's a bit harried when he walks into the cafe.

He doesn't even notice Hyunjin in line in front of him until he's whirling around and tripping right into Changbin. Again.

"Oh my God," Hyunjin gasps, hands flying out to grip Changbin's shoulders as he bounces off of him. "I'm so sorry, I didn't see you!"

This close to Hyunjin's radiant beauty, Changbin's head empties entirely. "O-oh, it's– it's fine, really–"

"Hey," Hyunjin tilts his head, his brows scrunching together, "you look familiar, do I know you?"

Changbin's sure he blanches. "Uh, I think we bumped into each other before? Maybe?"

Hyunjin shakes his head. "No, not that. I've seen you somewhere else."

An astral hand reaches up from the floor to twist itself around Changbin's stomach and yank it down to the ground. "You– *what?"*

Suddenly, Hyunjin's face lights up in recognition, and for a split second, Changbin knows nothing but pure terror. "I know! The club! You were with Jisung, weren't you?"

Relieved, Changbin exhales. "Yeah, yeah Jisungie is like my little brother."

Hyunjin narrows his eyes briefly, taking a sip of his coffee. "Are you the one Felix fucked?"

Changbin chokes on air. "What?!"

"No, he said Aussie– are you Australian?"

Changbin shakes his head. "No, I'm– I'm Korean."

Hyunjin's expression shifts, his eyes scrunching up as he smiles brightly. "Oh! Hi, I'm Hyunjin!"

He sticks his hand out, and Changbin takes it, heart thundering in his chest. Hyunjin's hand is so soft, so warm. "Seo Changbin."

Stupid, actually, to give his family name. He's got to–

"Seo? Oh. Wait– the Seo family? The real estate Seos?" Hyunjin looks awed as he asks, eyes widening when Changbin nods. "Whoa."

Changbin waits for it—the inevitable fake interest, the gleam in his eye as he realizes how much Changbin is worth. He waits for the impending shallow interest in him as a person.

"Boy, that must get irritating," Hyunjin says instead.

Huh?!

"What?"

Hyunjin shrugs, tilting his head. "It just seems like it must get annoying, to be known like that, but not *really* known. Like people know you for who you are, who you come from, but not who you actually are."

Changbin stares at him in shock. Something sinister scrapes against his brain, begs him to steal Hyunjin away from the world and keep him for his own self. Instead, he swallows dryly and clears his throat. "Uh, yeah– yeah, it is." He tilts his own head. "You, too?"

Hyunjin shakes his head. "Not in this lifetime, no. I just read a lot. And, well–" he tucks a strand of hair behind his ear, glancing down at the ground, "you just seem, I dunno. Reserved."

Changbin doesn't know how to answer that. Luckily, he doesn't have to. Someone calls for Hyunjin from behind Changbin—*Felix,* he realizes belatedly—and Hyunjin excuses himself with a blush of his cheeks.

"It was nice to meet you, Changbin-ssi. I hope to see you again soon." Hyunjin bows as he scurries off, barely giving Changbin a chance to respond.

Soon, indeed, Changbin thinks, skipping the line to order altogether as he makes his way to the bathroom, tucking himself into a stall before falling back against the closed door. His head thunks backward as his hand reaches down to squeeze the girth of his cock, hard in his work slacks as he readjusts himself.

Not here, he thinks. *Not here, not* yet. No, his Hyunjin deserves more than a dirty café bathroom. Tonight, though, tonight they'll have a date and he'll be good for Changbin. *Yes.*

~

Changbin has done many stupid things in his life.

He reflects on the severity of said stupid things as he slinks through the halls of Hyunjin's apartment building.

It hadn't taken much, really, once he'd gotten home the previous evening. A probing call to his mother. A convenient call to his burnt-out uncle. A drive to the Seo Realty office after hours. Turns out, Seo Property Management owned Hyunjin's building, and then it was just a matter of copying the master key. He'd swiped a spare staff badge as well, just in case any residents were around when he entered the building, but he hadn't needed it.

The lobby and the halls were blissfully empty.

Chan had only been mildly concerned when Changbin asked for the afternoon off. Sure, Changbin would have to make it up to him later, but as he notches the key into Hyunjin's apartment door, he thinks it will be worth it to owe Chan studio hours.

Changbin slips into the apartment, shutting the door behind him softly.

The living room in front of him is cozy, a small open galley kitchen to his left, and the short hallway that leads to Seungmin's room gives way to an open bathroom door. To the right, the door to Hyunjin's room is cracked open.

Changbin moves, hand nudging the door open wider.

The first thing he sees is a desk, covered in an array of painting and sketching supplies—palettes, tubes of paint, pencils of every color. A roughly outlined vase of flowers on a thick, beige sheet, as if torn from a sketchbook, hangs halfway off the desk.

Changbin steps over to pick it up, tracing his fingertips over the scratchy lines.

He's so absorbed in the movement of the carbon smudges that he doesn't hear the falling pins in the apartment door's lock, only barely registering the sound in the silence of the apartment as he hastily drops the sketch and spins around in a panic.

No one is supposed to be home. Changbin watched Seungmin get picked up by the Foxtographer hours ago, and Hyunjin had left shortly after. Changbin had waited on purpose, sitting on his hands in the dark of his car until exactly ten a.m., when he was sure no one would be home. Hyunjin teaches a class–

Hyunjin.

"Hyung, I'm fine," Hyunjin's voice rings out as he enters the apartment, and Changbin's pulse skyrockets. He rushes forward, surges into the attached bathroom. He tucks himself behind the door as Hyunjin's voice gets closer. "Seriously, you didn't have to do that. It's just a sprain– hyuuuung, I'm *fine!* Go worry about your pretty little twink instead."

Changbin glances at himself in the mirror, mouthing *'pretty little twink?'* just before Hyunjin laughs and enters his bedroom.

"Fine! But I'm coming back to work tomorrow. Yes, I promise I will rest my ankle, thank you hyung."

There's a sound of something thudding against the ground, then another softer thud and a small grunt from Hyunjin. "I do! I'm already laying on my bed. Ugh, *go!* Don't you have a class of mine to teach? Yeah, yeah. Love you, too!"

Another soft thud, followed by silence. Changbin prays that Hyunjin will just fall asleep, and then he can sneak out of the apartment. He shifts in his position, trying to peer through the gap of the door hinges to see anything. He catches sight of Hyunjin laid out on his bed, one foot propped up on the mattress. His ankle is wrapped in a bandage, one of those disposable first aid ice packs tucked into the layers. Hyunjin's torso is partially obscured by his leg, and his head is flat on the bed above it, unable to be seen from this angle.

Hyunjin is scrolling through his phone—

His phone.

Changbin pulls his own out of his pocket as quietly as he can, muting the sound from the drop-down menu with a silent sigh of relief. *Rookie mistake, Seo,* he chastises himself, slipping the phone back into his pants.

Hyunjin makes a noise as he shifts on his bed, angling to lay down properly. He rolls onto his side, back facing Changbin, and sighs heavily.

Changbin waits, listening as Hyunjin seems to pull up some drama he can't identify on his phone. After ten minutes, ten painstaking minutes of silence aside from the sound of the drama, Changbin decides to chance it. *He's gonna sneak out.*

On his tip-toes, he stealths out from behind the door, into the entrance of the darkened bathroom, then into Hyunjin's room. He has to make it three paces to the open bedroom door, two paces now, *oh God,* just one, *he's going to do it,* he's going to–

"Changbin?"

Every cell in Changbin's body freezes, the hairs on his body standing on end. He's imagined it, right? That's not–

"Changbin-ssi?" Hyunjin's voice is closer now, like he turned around, like he stood up, *oh no*. "There you are, I was wondering where you were today."

What?

Changbin slowly turns to look at Hyunjin. "What?" he whisper-yells, eyes wide as he sees Hyunjin stepping closer.

Hyunjin smiles, wide—terrifying. "Your car wasn't at the gym or at the cafe like it normally is when I get to work." Hyunjin's mouth turns down in a pout, his brows knitting together. "I thought maybe you weren't interested in me anymore."

Changbin's mouth is dry when he swallows—or attempts to but fails. "You– *what?"*

Hyunjin's face brightens again, his eyes scrunching up with a soft laugh. "Cute." He reaches his hand out, wraps it around Changbin's wrist to drag him closer. "I thought this would take longer, but I'm so happy that you're here, hyung. Can I call you hyung? You're only six months older than me, but you're 1999 and I'm 2000 so it seems like I should."

Hyunjin stops abruptly, and Changbin nearly barrels into him, but Hyunjin merely shoves him off of his feet. Changbin falls onto the bed unceremoniously, arms splaying wide to catch himself as he lands with a grunt. Hyunjin is climbing on top of him before he can blink. "What– Hyunjin, *wait*–"

Hyunjin doesn't, settling himself right over Changbin's lap as he leans forward to capture Changbin's mouth with his own.

They both groan in unison, Changbin's hands flying to Hyunjin's hips—to push off or pull closer, he's not sure. He does neither, merely holds on for dear life as Hyunjin grips his face and licks into his mouth desperately.

"You really–" lick, "know how–" a loud suck on his tongue, "to make a girl wait, hyung," Hyunjin moans into his mouth.

Changbin uses his weight to flip them over, pinning Hyunjin to the bed underneath him. Hyunjin keens, eyes rolling back as Changbin pulls away. "What the fuck?" Changbin pants, realizing his heart is thundering in his chest, his cock hard where it presses against Hyunjin's.

Hyunjin is hard, too.

"Fuck," Changbin realizes, catches up. He looks back down at Hyunjin, who opens his eyes slowly, looking up at Changbin pleadingly. "You *knew."*

It's not a question, but Hyunjin nods his head anyway. "Yes. You're not exactly unnoticeable, hyung. Once I saw you that first time, I could find you anywhere. You're beautiful." Hyunjin's hand comes up to cup his face, the other gripping his bicep.

Changbin bats them away. "Shut up. That's you, *you're* beautiful." He drops down to claim Hyunjin's mouth, to take what Hyunjin is offering up so wonderfully. "I wanted you so badly."

"Take me," Hyunjin replies quickly, gasping when Changbin drags his mouth down to suck hard at his throat, possessively marking him with the evidence that Hyunjin is his now. "'M yours, hyung, have been since I first saw you."

Changbin groans, bites the skin over the bruise he's coaxing to fruition. *"Mine."*

Hyunjin's hips buck up, and he mewls. "Changbin– hyung, *please*. Please, *fuck me,* I need you so bad, I'm–"

"I said, *shut up."* Changbin wraps his hand around Hyunjin's throat, groaning when he feels Hyunjin swallow before his fingers tighten. "You knew I was– I was watching you."

Hyunjin nods, mouth opening as he breathes heavy and wetness gathers in his eyes.

Changbin's fingers twitch, itching to tighten more. "The whole time? Even– even the night you opened yourself up on this bed–"

Hyunjin cracks a smile, something manic and shaky that makes him look deranged. "Yes," he rasps out, "that was specifically for you. I saw you at the club, danced with your friends. You stayed away though, you disappeared–"

"I was getting hired to work there so I could watch you every week."

Hyunjin laughs, high and beautiful.

Changbin doesn't resist the urge then, squeezing his hand, fingertips digging into the veins as he avoids crushing Hyunjin's windpipe. He'll have to thank Chan for the lesson later. "You little fucking slut." Changbin presses down more, watching Hyunjin's eyes roll back and his mouth drop open more. "God, I might be in over my head with you."

He releases Hyunjin's throat, moving his hand to the bed for leverage as he shifts, reaching to tug the waist of his sweatpants down.

"No!" Hyunjin cries out, hands flying to grip Changbin by the shoulders. "Don't leave, don't–"

Changbin laughs incredulously. "Leave? Oh, *no,* baby. You're gonna wish you had never met me."

Then he's flipping Hyunjin, forcing him onto his front and dragging his dancer's leggings and underwear down. Hyunjin moans, tilting his hips up to help Changbin pull them down until they're completely off of one leg. They get stuck on the bandaging around his bad ankle, but Changbin cannot be bothered to remove them any further.

"Fuck, baby. Look at your ass." Changbin slaps one hand down onto the bare skin of Hyunjin's ass cheek, the other fisting around his own exposed cock. He wrestles his own pants down far enough to give him more leverage, and then he's bending down to lick a fat, wet stripe through Hyunjin's ass crack. "God. You're so perfect."

Hyunjin garbles some sort of incoherent response, his hand flying out to point toward his night stand. Changbin tilts his head to see the half-used bottle of lube sitting there.

"You don't want my tongue to open you up?" he asks, reaching over for the lube. Hyunjin lifts his head to protest, but Changbin just fists a hand in his hair and forces his face back into the sheets. "Don't even try, princess. Let hyung make you feel good."

Hyunjin shuts up dutifully, biting down on his knuckles as Changbin opens the bottle and drizzles the lube into his ass crack.

Messy, the way he likes it.

He slides two fingers into the smearing of lube and between the perky globes of Hyunjin's ass, finding the tight furl of his hole and sinking deeper, both fingers sucked in tight immediately.

"When did you–"

"Last night," Hyunjin gasps, hips canting up to provide him better access, "looked for you but I couldn't see you, needed you–"

“I was at the company,” Changbin falls forward, resting his forehead on Hyunjin's midback as he scissors him open. “Got the key, needed–*fuck,* you're so warm—needed to get closer to you.”

“Close, *please,* please more, Changbinnie I need–”

A third finger sinks into Hyunjin, and they moan in tandem. “You're so wet, baby,”

“Hyung, *hyung please,* just fuck me, I don't– don't want fingers, just–”

Changbin bites him, the trapezius muscle contorting under his teeth as Hyunjin wails. “I'm gonna hurt you if I fuck you right now, baby.”

“I don't care,” Hyunjin whimpers, his hand reaching back to grasp for Changbin’s cock. Changbin nearly cums when he does get his fingers wrapped around the entire girth of him, both of them gasping for different reasons. *“Oh!”*

“Hyunjin!” Changbin hisses, straightening and tearing his body away. He rips off his shirt, shoves at the bottom of Hyunjin’s shirt until Hyunjin tugs it off.

“You're big, I– jagi, *please,* please, I can't wait any longer, I need–”

Changbin withdraws his fingers then, gripping Hyunjin’s hips as he lines up his cock between his ass cheeks to lube up. “God. Impatient little slut. Fine,” he thrusts through the meat of Hyunjin’s cheeks twice to spread the remaining lube before holding Hyunjin open. He watches Hyunjin’s hole clench and gape, eagerly awaiting his cock, so he feeds in the head and inches in slowly. “Oh my God.”

Hyunjin lets out a low, broken whine as Changbin bullies into his body. Changbin bottoms out quicker than he means to, hips bucking forward to chase the addictive warmth of Hyunjin’s walls. He slips forward, aided by the gratuitous lube, until he's flush with Hyunjin’s ass to his pelvis. He shifts his knees, bracing himself as he presses himself to Hyunjin’s back and shoves one arm under his neck, curling Hyunjin’s head back.

“Still with me, pretty boy?” he grunts out, rocking his hips to grind his cock inside Hyunjin. Hyunjin gargles, his throat working against the muscles of Changbin’s forearm before he's shushing him. “Shh, it's alright, baby, hyung's gonna take care of you now.”

And then he’s withdrawing his hips once more, pulling out as much as he can from this position. Changbin finds Hyunjin’s nape, licks a line of sweat up, just as he slides back in. Hyunjin shudders underneath him, a weak moan forced out of him.

Changbin does it again. Pulls out, slides back in. He sets a steady pace, one that has sweat beading at his own temples. Hyunjin trembles beneath him, at one point reaching for Changbin’s other hand and lacing their fingers together where Changbin has it pressed to the mattress for leverage.

He's never felt like this, body alight like a live wire, every sound punched out of Hyunjin spooling him tighter. His knee slips on the soft sheets, so he kicks it back up, and Hyunjin moans so loud that he falters.

“Did that– does that feel good, jagi?”

Changbin fucks into him again at the new angle, groaning when Hyunjin whines, shifts his head to bury it into the sheets.

That simply won't *do*.

Changbin pulls his arm free from Hyunjin’s throat, threads it through his hair and yanks his head back.

Hyunjin cries out.

“Hyung asked you a *question,* my love. Does this,” he slides out and fucks back into Hyunjin, hard, “feel good?”

“Yes,” Hyunjin sobs, choking on it, *“God,* Bin– Binnie, please.”

Changbin fucks him harder, curling his hands around Hyunjin’s shoulders and dragging him backward onto his cock. “Fuck, Hyunjin-ah. My tight, desperate slut– *fuck.”*

Hyunjin’s hole spasms around him, and Changbin slams into him, pausing.

“N-no, please, I’m so close, I’m–” Hyunjin babbles. Changbin pulls out, and Hyunjin wails. “No! Where are you–”

“Shh, shut up, sweetheart,” Changbin scolds him, pulling him up and shoving him onto his back. There’s tears streaking down his face, and his neglected cock—beautiful and long and dappled red—dripping against his abdomen. “God, *look at you*. Stunning for me.” He wraps his hand around Hyunjin’s cock as he inches forward and slots himself back into his wet hole.

“Oh my God, Changbin, I’m gonna cum–”

“Do it,” Changbin goads him, pumping his cock as Hyunjin scrabbles at his shoulders, his chest. “Cum for me, beautiful, come apart in my hands, show me how good you can be for hyung.”

All it takes is one more flick of his hand and Hyunjin is writhing beneath him, body going taut as he whines and floods Changbin’s hand with his release.

Changbin fucks him through it, groaning when Hyunjin locks his ankles behind his back and reaches for him again, gripping his biceps as he looks up at Changbin and begs him to fill him. “Hyung, *hyung,* please, give it to me, I’ve been *good,* I was good, please let me–”

With a low groan, Changbin slides home one last time, his forehead dropping down into the crook of Hyunjin’s neck as he spills inside of him. His spent cock twitches where it’s still buried in Hyunjin, and Changbin moves to pull out, but Hyunjin’s legs tighten to hold him in place.

“Don’t leave, please.”

Hyunjin’s voice is soft, vulnerable. Changbin lifts his head so he can look up into his lover’s face.

“You’re stuck with me. Can I carry you to the shower and prove that to you?”

Hyunjin’s still-wet eyes sparkle up at him as he nods. “Yes, please,” he whispers, and Changbin—well. He’s never going to deny Hyunjin anything.

“Right away, my love.”

xx