Where you are meant to be

“Jeong-yo-” Pio gasps as he's slammed to the edge of the piano, his ribs pressed painfully to the hard wooden ridge of the piano, Jeong-yo was flushed against his back caging him there.

Both of Pio's wrists were held captive in the conductor's hand, his grip firm and almost painful. He gasps when the alpha's displeased scent fills his space, suffocating him.

Jeong-yo was angry, then again these days he has always been angry. But right now, this anger felt different from what he was used to. For one, Jeong-yo hasn't released this much pheromones around him since the day he saw him again. Since he became Luca.

Luca Domenico was a clean cut Alpha, he ruled with his aura rather than by his scent which he made sure to mask with scent patches. Pio had almost believed that Luca wasn't Jeong-yo and just a play of Pio's sick mind because of that. Because the man lacked his Jeong-yo’s sandalwood and Petichor scent.

But right now he was drowning in it, and it was angry and suffocating. He tried to release his own pheromones to calm the Alpha down, sweet peonies and smoked vanilla filling the space tangling with the alpha's scent, but that only seemed to do the opposite.

“Jeong-yo-” Pio gasps.

“Who gave you permission to touch her? Huh?” Jeong-yo’s dark voice rings in his ear, low, anger.

“Who?” Pio asks softly, because he was genuinely confused.

Jeong-yo lets out a rueful chuckle. “Are you playing dumb? Or are you truly just that stupid?”

His words were harsh as they have become nowadays. Pio takes it, he deserves it, deserves this hate. He had tainted his Jeong-yo, he was the reason for his misfortune and his unlucky star.

Pio deserved to be hated and punished by his alpha for being so inadequate.

“You let Jaein touch you. You reek of her.” Jeong-yo spat, sounding disgusted.

“Jeong-yo, listen-” He isn't able to finish his sentence as he's turned around so he's facing Jeong-yo, his back pressed painfully into the wooden edge of the piano.

Pio looks at his alpha, teary eyed and confused. Jeong-yo doesn't feel any pity for it, his hand shoots out holding Pio by his cheeks painfully, fingers pressing into Pio's jaw painfully.

“Did you forget that you *belong* to me? Only I get to break you, only I get to destroy you, only I get to torment you, only I get to *touch* you.” Jeong-yo hisses out, his eyes shining with hatred and something darker.

“You touched her? Do you want to die Kang Pio?” Jeong-yo shouts at Pio's face and he just takes it. He looks at Jeong-yo, unable to say anything.

“Or did you enjoy it?” Jeong-yo’s eyes glint dangerously, a cruel smile curves on his lips. “You probably enjoy the attention don't you, Pio-ah.”

Pio's stomach drops.

“Tell me, how many alphas have had this hole after you killed me? How many did you open those pretty legs for huh? Did you whore yourself out, Pio-ah? Is that how you won? Is that-” A sharp slap rings through the room, Jeong-yo’s head was turned to the side, his cheek turning red.

Pio couldn't take it, he could take anything else but this, being questioned about his loyalty to Jeong-yo. He mourned him, no one has touched him in all these years. Not when he belonged to Jeong-yo and Jeong-yo alone. He glares at the alpha with tear filled doe eyes. He felt angry and hurt at that moment.

Jeong-yo freezes from the slap. Then his eyes snap to Pios, he presses his tongue against the inner wall of the cheek that was slapped, a twisted smirk curled on his lips.

Pio doesn't get to think before he feels Jeong-yo's lips on his. Possessive, angry and hungry.

They were claiming and painful against Pio's plush ones. Pio gasps as Jeong-yo bites down on his bottom lip, breaking the soft skin there. Pio's blood fill both their mouths, Jeong-yo presses his tongue into the tallers mouth.

Pio moans softly.

“You're enjoying this? You slut.” The alpha hisses as he pulls away, one of his hands moves to the back of Pio's head and grip onto the hair there painfully. Pio lets out a soft sound of pain.

“Look at you…You would let me do anything to you right now wouldn't you, Kang Pio?” The shorter man asks dark amusement in his tone.

“Were you always such a slut?” The mocking tone is back, he presses the rough pad of his thumb against Pio's plush bottom lip. “Was I just blinded by my infatuation with you to not see just how much of a desperate cockslut you are?”

He pushes his thumb inside, Pio makes a soft desperate sound.

“Do you think I'm blind to the way you have been looking at me all this while? Widening those deceptively innocent looking eyes and parting these sinful lips when you look at me, practically begging me to bend you over and knot that slutty pussy of yours.” Jeong-yo growls as he replaces his thumb with his index and middle finger, pushing them into Pio's mouth pumping in and out.

“Fuck, do you get off of this, Pio-ah? Do you like being humiliated like this? I can't believe I thought you were ever pure and lovely when all you have ever been is a desperate slut.” Pio's heart aches because that was mean, he was never unfaithful to Jeong-yo even if they never mated. But he doesn't say anything, he takes it, takes Jeong-yo's sadness, his pain.. If Pio could he would have taken it all on himself.

Jeong-yo on the other hand sees the glint of a heartwretching emotion cross through the omega's eyes, devotion.. Love. His eyes harden. He suddenly felt this tightness in his heart, an uncomfortable tightness that made him feel suffocated, an ache so deep and unreasonably that he felt terrified of it.

“Pathetic.. I wonder how you lived all these years without getting that slutty hole filled.” Jeong-yo spits out his voice carrying disgust but his eyes are heated, Pio looks at him as something shifts in those eyes, the defeated light that used to shine in them shifts to something much more defiant.

He pulls his fingers out of Kang Pio’s mouth, he looks at the omega. He looked like something out of teenage Jeong-yo’s wet dreams (not that adult Jeong-yo’s was any different). Lips swollen and bitten red and bleeding, a flush covered his cheeks down to his neck and most definitely to his chest underneath that shirt of his. Eyes were slightly glazed over and teary.

“What do you have to say for yourself, Pio-ah?” He asks, his voice sickly sweet. Pio's eyes grow deliciously defiant.

“Fuck. You.” The omega spits out, it was fun to see that there was still that pride filled feistiness in those eyes. The same one he had back when they were teens, so arrogant. Like he's better than everyone around them (he was, Jeong-yo knew this.)

Jeong-yo wanted to destroy him.

“On your knees.” He commands. Pio glares at him defiantly, Jeong-yo wants nothing more than to put him in his place so he does just that.

“On. Your. Knees.” He commands letting his alpha voice slip through, Pio shivers before his legs go weak and gives out underneath him. He falls to his knees, hands on his thighs. Such a good omega, Jeong-yo thinks, if only your heart wasn't full of venom.

“You have been misbehaving a lot lately, I should let you know your place shouldn't I, Pio-ah?” The alpha asks darkly his thumb playing with the plush bottom lip, pressing it. The other hand moved to the belt buckles of his belt. “We start with this filthy mouth of yours.”

Jeong-yo unbuttons his pants letting them fall, his cock was a bulging drooling mess in the front of his boxers. He felt annoyed at himself for being this affected by Pio. It was like he was back to being the over eager teenager from 10 years back who would pop a boner because Kang Pio smiled at him.

His ego grew when he saw the way Kang Pio looks at his bulge in the boxers.

“Get to work, slut.” He orders voice deep and rumbling. His brain felt fogged up. Pio looks up at him with those doe eyes, his trembling hands moving to the waist band of his boxers. The rough edges of the bandages covering Pio's fingers brush against Jeong-yo’s navel and for that moment the alpha's eyes linger on the bandaged up finger tips.

The nail beds were bloody and the tips cracked the last time he saw them. It was his revenge wasn't it, it's supposed to be painful yet why did it feel like he was the one getting hurt more than Pio?

Pio pulls the front of the boxers down and let out a startled moan when Jeong-yo’s cock is released from its confines and almost slaps him in the face. His eyes rack over the hardened member, gorgeous like the rest of his alpha and drooling at the tip.

Pio feels his heart skip beats, Jeong-yo’s scent was so much more intense here. Pio felt dizzy, his own slick was starting to drip out of him onto the panties he had worn.

He takes ahold of the cock, he pumps the large thing a few times making more pre cum leak out of the tip. Jeong-yo hisses from the top looking down at the scene, it was too erotic.. He felt dizzy, damn Kang Pio.

Pio tentatively takes the tip into his mouth, he was clumsy, he hasn't done this before. Back when they were teens Jeong-yo never let him do this, saying it was too dirty.

“Take it, Pio..” Jeong-yo’s voice speaks, Pio looks up at him, his arms go lax. He looks up at Jeong-yo, wide eyes and pretty with the tip of the alpha's cock in his mouth. Jeong-yo knew what he wanted and he almost short circuited. If it had been a younger him then he might just have died from a nose bleed.

Pio wanted him to fuck him throat.

Jeong-yo growls. “You *minx*.” He spits out. How could Kang Pio look so innocent while doing such seductive things? The omega was going to make him crazy.

He takes a hold of Pio's head, fingers tangled into his hair before his hips start to move. Fucking into that pretty throat.

Pio chokes around him, his eyes turning red at the corners as tears form. And gods did that turn Jeong-yo on.

“Fuck, maybe you are good at something.” He chuckles breathlessly. “Taking my cock so well, you were made for this weren't you, Pio-ah. To take an alpha’s cock.”

Pio mewls, his cheeks reddening from the humiliation but the way the scent of his arousal intensified makes it all the more apparent that he was not hating this. All Pio's omega hear was that they were satisfying their alpha and that had been enough for them to preen and produce more slick.

Pio held onto Jeong-yo’s thighs as the thrusts grew deeper, saliva dripped down the corners of his lips and down his chin.

His eyes were dilated, all Pio could think of was the fact that he was satisfying his alpha. He moans around Jeong-yo as he thrusts deep down his throat, his nose now buried in the rough pubic hair at the base of the Alpha's cock.

He looks up at Jeong-yo with glazed over eyes and maybe it was that look that made the alpha lose his restraint because the next moment Pio was moaning as thick ropes of cum were shot down his throat.

Jeong-yo pulls back and some of the cum splatters on Pio's pretty face. The alpha looks at him, breathing heavily, eyes as dark as night. There was something ravenous in his eyes as he looked at Pio.

Jeong-yo couldn't help it, the lust was consuming him and the sight of Kang Pio with his cum splattered across his face made him feel like a slave to his desire. The Omega had taken him so well, his alpha was growling inside him commanding him to bend the pretty thing over the nearest surface and claim him as his mate.

“Get up.” He commands. The Omega kept on sitting still, his legs had gone numb he couldn't get up. The alpha lets out an impatient growl and pulls him up on unsteady legs, he falls forward but Jeong-yo keeps him up right, his arms around Pio's waist. The Omega's heart skips beats as he thinks of how protective it felt. But it lasts for about two seconds before he's thrown roughly onto the couch.

“Strip.” The alpha spits out. Pio trembles slightly but he obeys. He peals his sweater off, his sensitive nipples hardening in the cold air of the room, Jeong-yo’s eyes zero in on those dusty peaks. Pio blushes as he unbuttons his pants and slide them off.

“Oh?” A shiver goes down Pio's back at that voice, it was different, hungrier. He looks up to see the way the alpha was looking at his panties. A flimsy thing of black silk and lace that he blushed at. It was a coincidence.. He hadn't planned to wear it today, or any day really. Jaein had got them for him as a joke, he was just left without panties today and he ended up wearing them.

“Kang Pio, who were you going to see wearing such slutty things?” Jeong-yo’s voice grew darker, the omega looked up to see the way the alpha's eyes were darkened now, not only with lust now but also something much darker…possessiveness.

“It was a coincidence..” The omega says weakly, the alpha walks over to him pulling him up harshly till he collides with the alpha's chest. A strong calloused hand moves to grope the omega's panty covered ass then it comes down with a stinging slap. Pio gasps.

“Don't lie to me, were you going to see another alpha? Is that why you are all dolled up? Oh don't tell me,” A cruel smile spreads across the alpha's lips. “Were you going to seduce me? Did you think whoring yourself out to me will make me nicer?”

He leans closer and whispers, “I'm going to destroy you.”

Pio doesn't get to form a reaction as he is then slammed back into the piano, the shorter man bends him over the hard wooden edge of it, his back facing the alpha. Chest pressed into the sleek polished wood of the piano.

“Jeong-yo-” His voice dies as the alpha all but rips his panties down, the ruined silk pool down his feet in tatters. Then two strong fingers are pushed into him without any warning.

The omega keens, the burn of the stretch and the pleasure of having his alpha's fingers inside him makes him tremble. Jeong-yo's fingers were thicker than his, stronger, they always have been and it's been so many years since he felt them inside him. All these years when his heat would come he spent it alone with his fingers and toys as the only relief, but they were never enough. His fingers were too soft and slender while the toys were never who he wanted, it wasn't Jeong-yo inside him.

He used to conjure up fantasies back then, of Jeong-yo never getting kidnapped, of running away with him, of leaving it all behind, of getting married and finally being happy.

But it was just a fantasy.

When he found out his mother's involvement in all this, in the pain of his soulmate he felt disgusted in himself. He had been the reason for it all and he dared to dream to be happy with him. If only Jeong-yo had never met him.. If he had never been born. Then maybe Jeong-yo would not have been cursed with misfortune.

So, if Jeong-yo wanted to destroy him then Pio would stand there and let him break him piece by piece because that was the least that Jeong-yo deserved. He deserved so much more.

If only he hadn't been born..

“Jeong-yo~” Pio mewls as another finger is added into his already stretched hole. His fingers dig into polished wood of the piano, the blood starts soaking through the bandages on his fingers staining the dark polished surface of it.

The alpha's eyes linger on the blood, a part of him that disgusted him had just jumped out. The part that still seemed to love Pio was now worried looking at the blood seeping through. He remembers the way a younger naive version of him would fuss over the omega's well being.

Has the omega in question ever truly cared for him?

It has been a waste of course, considering how the very same man trembling on his fingers was the one who tried to kill him.

“You lived such a good life, didn't you, without me here..” Jeong-yo mutters the rage entering his voice. He curls his fingers up ruthlessly abusing the spot there. He watches as the omega moans and cries.

Pathetic.

He thinks watching him, but the way his blood was pumping into his cock and how hard it was again even after just having come only moments ago said otherwise.

“Come for me, slut.” He commands in his alpha voice and the taller man's body convulses all over, his pussy gushing out around Jeong-yo's fingers. He keeps on pumping till Pio is just a whimpering mess.

The scent of the omega's slick was addictive, sweet peonies and something else he couldn't decipher but it was undeniably sweet. How could someone as bitter as Kang Pio have such a sweet scent?

He pulls his fingers out watching the way the slick clings to his fingers and how a thin silky string of it stretches from Kang Pio's pussy to his fingers.

He pulls away, breaking that connection before taking the fingers into his mouth, licking it clean. He groaned at the taste, Kang Pio always tasted sweet.

“For such a nasty bitch, you taste so good, Kang Pio.” He breathes into the omega's ear. Pio shudders at the proximity, he felt a familiar ache in his heart at the accusing words but it was

overpowered by the powerful wave of want in him. His alpha liked his taste, he had his beloved approval.

“Here, taste yourself, Kang Pio.” Three fingers were inside his mouth, he moans around thrm as he tastes the remnants of his slick on Jeong-yo's fingers. He shudders as he start to suck on them moaning softly.

“So desperate…so fucking needy, it's pathetic how desperate you are to have this slutty hole filled.” Jeong-yo grinds against him, he could feel the alpha's hardened member again his ass. He lets out a soft whimper around Jeong-yo's fingers and grind back.

“Oh?” A dark satisfaction fills the other man's voice, seeing the great Kang Pio in such a vulnerable and humiliating situation. Grinding against an Alpha for his cock. He pulls his fingers out of Pio's mouth making the omega whine, brain too clouded to care how desperate he sounded. His body had been craving his Jeong-yo touch from the moment he saw Luca, it did not care.

“What do you want, Pio-ah?” The alpha’s voice was deceptively gentle (was it really? The voice had come out without knowledge almost like reflex to emotions Choi Jeong-yo didn't want to dwell on.)

“Jeo-Jeong-yo..” The omega whimpers weakly.

“Yes, that is my name,” His hold on Pio's maddeningly sinful waist tightens, one hand moving up to cup the omega’s tit and twist one of those dusty nipples making the omega mewl. “Tell me what you want and you'll have it.”

Pio blushes to his shoulders, if it had been a younger Jeong-yo he would have melted at the spot and given Pio anything he wanted. But Luca Domenico wasn't the old Jeong-yo and he did not cave (he was trying very hard not too).

“You.. I want you.” A soft mutter escapes the omega and Jeong-yo hated the way his heart swelled, it was an insuppressible feeling of…he shakes his head before the word passes through his mind. He was disgusted by the attachment he still held, to this man, to this devil dresses like an angel. He looks down at the omega, looming over him.

“Want my what, Pio?” His hand comes down hard on the other man's rear, the pale skin turning a pretty pinkish red. “Say it, slut.”

“Cock.. I want your cock, please, Jeong-yo.. “ Pio looks at him over his shoulder, eyes redden at the corners and teary. So damn pretty that it made Jeong-yo hate him more.

He doesn't waste time before slamming into Pio in one deep thrust bottoming out inside him instantly. Jeong-yo growls feeling that familiar heat and tightness around him while Pio turned

into a crying mess, Jeong-yo pauses when he realize that the omega had cum from just him putting it in.

Pio was overwhelmed by the feeling, it's been so many years and Jeong-yo had *grown* it seemed. He felt bigger than Pio remembered. But it felt right, Jeong-yo always felt right. He cries softly his as he feels his slick coat his already drenched thighs more.

“Fuck..” The alpha growls, the primal part of his brain was going on and on about how perfect Pio was.. How perfect *their omega* was, but he shuts those thoughts down. He wasn't here to mate Pio, he was nothing, he was the omega who ruined his life not his mate. His fingers dig into the pale and slender expanse of Pio's waist.

He sets a punishing pace, something that mimics his own music and his heart. He wanted Pio to know he is being punished. He grinds in, the tip of his cock pressing against Pio's cervix.

The omega shudders at the sensation.

“Jeong-yo…” He whines his head thrown back and back arching oh so perfectly that it had the conductor feeling light headed.

“Like a bitch in heat.” He spat, his hand moving to cup the front of Pio's throat applying light pressure. “Taking my cock so well, like you were made to take it.” He mutters.

“Ah alpha.. Please..” Pio mewl grinding back desperately.

“What? Already ready to cum again? “ Jeong-yo breathed out in disbelief. “Were you truly that pent up?”

He watches the way the man underneath him was trembling, the way he was tightening up around him already, was Kang Pio always this sensitive? It was mesmerizing, really. Like his body was making beautiful music only Jeong-yo could understand and feel.

“Kang Pio, you really are something, acting so innocent while also being nothing but a wanton whore around my cock.” He growls out, he feels possessive, only he gets to see the omega like this. The dark thought of killing anyone else who had seen him like this crosses his mind.

“Tell me, Pio-ah, who else have you spread those pretty legs for hmm? I mean 9 years is a long time, so many heat cycles, if you are acting like this without being in heat I can't imagine what you'd be like if you were in heat.” Jeong-yo grinds in slow and deep, smirking at the shudder that runs through Pio's back.

“Tell me and I'll let you come.” He mutters, his grip on Pio's waist tightens.

“No one…” Pio gasps out, because there was no one else, he ate suppressants, his heats were shorter and more painful but he never let another near because they weren't Jeong-yo, they weren't his alpha.. He didn't care for the scent patches and the suppressants destroyed his reproductive system. It didn't matter if it wasn't Jeong-yo.

The alpha goes still, what did he mean no one? 9 years without any help during his heat? Jeong-yo was aware of just how painful Pio's heats were, he had seen it and helped him during their school days. It was their last time, what did Pio mean? He endured those heats alone? Why?

“Jeong-yo?” Pio looks at him over his shoulder looking confused and concerned, the alpha hated that look. Concerned? The omega had no right to look at him like that, especially after he had destroyed his life.

He pulls out of the omega abruptly making the man whine softly and look at him much more confused, his cock was glistening with the other man's slick still hard and aching.

He walks over to the couch and sits down, his legs spread.

“I realize that I've been doing too much of the work. You want to come? Then work for it, Kang Pio.” He says darkly while looking at the omega, then a cold smirk curles on his lips. “Oh don't tell me, you don't know what hard work means after all you are much better are cheating your way to the top.”

Pio stands up, his legs unsteady. He turns to look at Choi Jeong-yo with hurt teary eyes. If he wasn't so pathetically desperate for the alpha's forgiveness and his own desire, he would have walked out. But instead he walks over the alpha with unsteady legs, it was humiliating, especially the way the alpha was looking at him.

He knew he looked like a mess, his thighs drenched and sticky, a red imprint at his ribs from where the piano's edge dug in. And not to mention his face, eyes redden lips swollen and broken at the corner from Jeong-yo biting them.

He moves to straddle the alpha's lap, a blush on his cheeks spreading deeply down to his collar bones, Jeong-yo's eyes trail over it. Pio takes ahold of the base of Jeong-yo's cock lining it up to his entrance before sinking down.

“Ah.. Ah~” He moans softly as he sinks in, it was deep so much deeper than before. Jeong-yo’s hands find his hips holding him there.

“What are you waiting for Mr. Kang?” The alpha asks mockingly.

Pio glare at him softly before starting to bounce on the alpha's lap. His hand holding onto those strong shoulders for support. He lets out soft moans each time he sinks down. Soon he sets a

rhythm. He looks at Jeong-yo's face, it was flushed now, he looked too much like his Jeong-yo at that moment that Pio couldn't help but kiss him.

He moans into the kiss, his hips moving faster, he was getting close. Jeong-yo on the other had felt surprised at the kiss, it felt different. Tender and loving in a way it shouldn't be especially from Kang Pio, the person who wanted to kill him.

“Jeong-yo.. Touch me.. Please..” Pio moans pulling back leaning back on his hands to move his hips faster and fuck did he look deliciously beautiful like that. Like a goddess gracing the earth, Jeong-yo is once again reminded of how this man was his muse as he was his nemesis.

“Who are you to command me?” The alpha huffs but his fingers move to rub at the sensitive bundle of nerves between Pio's thighs, tight circles around the omega's clit.

“Jeong-yo.. Ah I'm gonna.. Please let me..” He looks at him and fuck he didn't know someone could be this beautiful while being so debauched. But Kang Pio made everything look beautiful, it was infuriatuing.

“Cum for me, omega.” He says lowly, it was an order and Kang Pio was a good omega who listened.. His body convulses around Jeong-yo's cock as he cums for a third time. He cries out Jeong-yo's name, his hips grinding weakly.

He slumps forward, his face buried in Jeong-yo’s right shoulder.

“Who said you could rest?” The alpha's voice rumbles against Pio's chest, the hips underneath him grinds up as if to remind him that the Alpha was still hard.

“I'm tired, Jeong-yo-ah…” Pio says softly, holding onto the alpha, burying his face deep into the alpha's neck.

“I don't care.” Jeong-yo spits out, even as the protective instincts of his alpha were rearing its ugly head. Pio grinds against him weakly, rocking on him but Jeong-yo could tell that the omega was tired.

His hands grip onto the omega's hip and he starts moving him, bouncing him up and down. Kang Pio was taller than him, but he was light (lighter than he remembers, than he should be, a part of his mind that still worried for Kang Pio whispers.)

Pio pulls away moaning softly, he tries his best to work along with Jeong-yo's thrusts. The flush on his skin looked delicious, the alpha's eyes linger on the omega's neck, he wonders what would Pio think if he marked him and claimed him as his own. Humiliating him by tying him to the very man who he saw as beneath him.

“Look at you, Pio.. Didn't you say you were tired? But look at how you're bouncing on my lap like a wanton whore. Maybe I should have recorded this, to make the world watch the renowned pianist Kang Pio reduced to nothing but a bitch in heat for cock.” Jeong-yo smiles cruelly, he wanted Kang Pio to lose that mask of his, show him that revolting side of him. The very same side that had called for the hit on him, the insecure bastard that would do anything to win.

If he saw that side then Jeong-yo could hate him peacefully. Then this weight of his heart would have reduced. But Pio doesn't look at him like that.

He looks at him with tear filled eyes full of sometimes heartwretchingly close to devotion and.. Love. The omega cups his face and he couldn't do it anymore. He pulls out and presses the omega head first into the couch, Pio's hips are pulled up as Jeong-yo pushes back inside him. He couldn't bear to look at his face because if he did then the doubt growing in the pit of his stomach would grow and grow till he would hesitate.

Kang Pio hadn't hesitated to have him killed for a trophy then he shouldn't either.

He sets a punishing pace chasing his own pleasure. The omega cries out, Jeong-yo takes a hold of his neck and pulls him up, Pio was so pretty when he cried. Even prettier when Jeong-yo was the reason. He was close, he could feel it and Pio's teary eyes weren't helping either. He buries his face where Pio's scent glands were present, if he bites down there then Pio would be his forever, he could never run away, he would be his to punish, his to judge and his to own.

“I'm gonna cum inside you, Kang Pio.” Jeong-yo mutters into the omega's neck.

“No…Jeong-yo…not inside it's not safe~” Pio mewls, and for some reason that just made Jeong-yo want to do it anyway.

“So? Your family has a tradition of having children out of wedlock.” The alpha chuckles darkly, "At least with this one, you might have the chance of having a talented child unlike your mother's fate.”

It was straight up venom, calling Pio talentless, it was a lie and Jeong-yo knew it to his bones. But he needed to hurt the omega.

Pio lets out a soft sob, Jeong-yo presses him down to the couch, his hips moving erratically without a proper rhythm. His hips finally shudder to a stop as he cums deep inside the omega his knot locks them in place, Pio shudders all over as he feels the alpha cum inside him and stretch of his alpha's knot. His inner walls flutter weakly with a mini orgasm as if to milk the alpha.

Jeong-yo drops his forehead against the nape of Pio's neck, breathing heavily.

After a moment he calms down partially and also realizes that Kang Pio had gone limp underneath him. A sharp shot of concern shoots through him but he relaxes when he realizes that the omega had just passed out. In all honesty the taller man did look exhausted nowadays, the practice must be it.

Not that Jeong-yo cared. He was going to pull out once his knot deflated and tell Pio to clean himself up and leave but that seemed out of the question. He sighs and lays there holding the unconscious omega in his arms waiting for his knot to deflate. He takes the time to take in Pio's scent greedily, Jaein's scent was completely washed off and only Jeong-yo's scent remained as it should have been.

Kang Pio had a lot of nerve being near another alpha. He needed to know his place. His hand moves to cup the omega's lower belly, would it swell here? He had said those things about having babies out of wedlock as a way to hurt Pio. He sighs, his mind was a mess.

After a few minutes his knot deflates and he pulls out, the mix of their fluids drips out of Kang Pio.

He had to clean him up.

Once he was done cleaning the omega up he went on to tuck him into bed, not like he could kick the unconscious man out. It had nothing to do with this deep seated need to look after Kang Pio that he felt even now.

He walks to the mini bar, having showered and changed into a pair of sweats and no top. He pours himself a glass of whiskey when his phone rings. He looked at the time, it was almost 12 in the morning who would call him now.

He looks at the name, Do Hyun Soo. His brows furrowed before picking it up.

"Mr. Do?" He speaks into the phone.

"Jeong-yo, I know you remember everything," Jeong-yo freezes, who told him? Was it Kang Pio? What the hell? "And we need to talk."

Jeong-yo's eyes hardened, "Ok."

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Pio wakes up the next morning in an unfamiliar bed. He groaned softly, he was aching all over. The memories of last night floods in and he remembers how he had passed out of exhaustion by the end of it.

He sits up and is startled to see Jeong-yo sitting there on one of the chairs. He was looking right at Pio, but the omega's eyes went to the way he was rubbing his right palm. It pained him to know he was the cause of it.

“Does your hand hurt?” Pio asks, his voice raspy from sleep.

“Did you lie to me, Kang Pio?” The alpha asks instead. The omega looks at him confused.

“What? Lie about what?” Pio asks confused, the alpha looked pained, conflicted.

“About being the one behind my abduction.” Jeong-yo says calmly, much too calm considering the storm brewing inside him. A storm of guilt, anger and disgust towards himself.

“I…” Pio looks at Jeong-yo, “I deserve it.”

And fuck did Jeong-yo's heart shatter.

“The fuck do you mean you deserve it? The alpha stands up enraged by it all of a sudden. His eyes are reddened and filled with tears. He looked sad and angry.

“Why would you…how could you.. Pio-ah, why did you say you did it? When it wasn't you!” Jeong-yo stepped forwards, he knew why, his mother had placed a scissor to her neck. Pio's hands were tied.

“Because it's my fault..” The omega sniffles, “If I hadn't come into your life you wouldn't be like this now! You would still be playing piano, you'd still be happy.” Those big brown eyes look into Jeong-yo's eyes.

“I destroyed your life by tainting it, Jeong-yo…this was the least I could do.” Jeong-yo can't hold it in any more, he covers his face as the tears fall.

“Jeong-yo-ah?” Pio gasps as he tries to get out of bed, but his legs give out underneath him he falls to the ground, but the impact never comes as he feels himself be held upright by a familiar warmth. The alpha buries his face in the taller’s neck and lets out soul wrenching sobs.

“Please don't cry, please..” Pio's eyes start to tear up too, his eyes fall on the scar of the Alpha's right shoulder, he touches it his heart breaking thinking of all Jeong-yo had to endure, he was just a child. “I did this.. I'm the reason for all of this, if I didn't exist, then you would have been happier.”

“Happier?” The shorter man pulls away his eyes full of tears, “You think I would be happier without you? When you are my happiness, Kang Pio! Do you know that to me you were my salvation, my only light in a world so dark and you are saying if you didn't exist I would be happier? If you didn't exist then neither would I!”

Pio lips part the the outburst, his heart aching. “I searched for you.”

“I know.”

“I looked for you for 9 years, then they said you died..” The omega's voice wavers.

“I started hallucinating you, I never forgot you.. I wasn't fine, I wanted you there with me but you weren't there and apparently you never would be.” The sobs break out and the alpha feels his heart break. “You are my everything, Jeong-yo.. I love you, I always have, I never stopped.”

“So when you came back, I wanted to do everything that I could for you. You told me you forgot us and then I found out you remembered it all. You told me what happened and I hated myself more. You didn't deserve that, my mother she-” Pio chokes out a sob.

Jeong-yo pulls him close. “I'm sorry, baby, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean anything I said, they were lies made to hurt you. I'm so sorry. “

“No.. You were right.. You..” Pio sobs into Jeong-yo's neck.

“No, I was not. You are talented, Pio. And you are my muse. No one can replace you, you are my only pianist and my only muse. I was an asshole and I will beg, I will grovel, I will accept any punishment for your forgiveness.” The alpha says softly his fingers threading through the omega's hair, if Pio wished to never see him then Jeong-yo would love him from afar. He deserved that.

“I forgive you.” Pio says between sobs, Jeong-yo freezes.

“Pio, you shouldn't-” The omega glares at him, it would look entirely too funny considering how the Pio was bawling his eyes out as he did so but Jeong-yo's heart just broke more.

“No, I can and I will. I forgive you, just don't leave me again.” The pretty thing sniffles. Jeong-yo smiles a teary smile and kisses his Pio. His world, his life, his muse.

He pulls away and presses their foreheads together. “Ok.. Fine, you win.”

He breathes, he had all his life to make it up to Pio and he intended to do so. He holds his omega close, taking in his scent without restraint.

“I love you.” He mutters into the omega's neck. He was going to make everyone who hurt them suffer. They were going to pay for what they did, after that he would live the rest of his life for Pio. He would cherish him and love him as loudly and openly as he deserved.

Pio purrs softly and hugs him close. Everything will be better now, Jeong-yo holds onto that hope.

SALVATORE

Kang Pio was the pride and joy of the prestigious Kang family, being a rare male omega not to mention that he was also a known prodigy when it came to music, specifically piano. In the eyes of the world Kang Pio was the most precious gem of the Kang family.

It was far from the truth.

Kang Pio lived a life that was dictated for him by his mother, a grandfather who didn't so much as acknowledge him and his father.. There is no one in that place.

Kang Pio was a bastard child born from wedlock and according to his grandfather the curse placed on his daughter, the curse that ruined her career as a ballerina.

A good portion of his life he had spent trying to gain his grandfather's approval and keeping his mother happy. Now at 23 years of age as a well known pianist he was living a life he felt was not his at all. If anything it felt like he was a doll placed in a glass cage looking at the world from within. Only there to watch but never to touch nor experience.

He was perfect.

Everything about him was perfect. His technique, his pieces, everything that mattered was perfect.. Except for his music. Even to him it felt lifeless and dead. No substance to it, music without soul wasn't music at all.

His grandfather had used those same words to tell Pio just how unsuited he was for this.

Pio agreed, he had started playing piano because he loved music, loved everything about it. His soul was music, his life was music. He craved it like it was sustenance, then it was tainted by everything.

By his mothers greed, her need for perfection, her need to make him be loved and seen by the one man who refused to see him, her father. But Pio had given up a while ago, he did not know for whom he was playing music anymore.

Even if he found his music revolting he had fans who thought it was the most beautiful sound ever. Fans who love him and some who think they own him.

It was a part of being a celebrity, he was told, to get fans like that. Ones who consider him as their doll who should know his place is to entertain them and their whims.

He realizes just how bad they can get when he starts getting mail from one such fan, someone who was obsessed beyond what was normal. When he started ignoring the mail, soon it turned into death threats.

Pio knows he should be terrified but he couldn't care less. He has seen news of celebrities getting killed by such fans, he knew they were dangerous but a part of him couldn't care less. His mother on the other hand had fallen into a frightened frenzy.

Pio was a gift that god sent to her, that's what she always says, Pio does wonder sometimes if his mother and this fan had something in common at times like these.

Then again in a way he supposed this one time he should thank his mother for her need to dictate everything he does. Because that's how *he* came into his life.

Pio narrowed his eyes at the man standing opposite to him, he seemed like the typical military man, well his hair was curly and looked fluffy which Pio suppose is against military regime but the rest of him spoke military discipline.

His straight backed stance and strong structures, not to mention his sharp eyes which spoke of something darker in them when they looked at Pio. Something that seemed to draw Pio in, it terrified him.

“Mom, what is the meaning of this?” Pio asks, looking at his mother while averting his gaze from the alpha.

“Pio-ah, I'm merely just worried.” Kang Jihye was a controlling woman at her core, she wanted Pio to be perfect in every way. It had always been like that and it only got worse after he had presented as an omega. But Pio doesn't say anything because he knew his mother did it out of love and he wanted her to be happy.

But this time around he wasn't going to stand there and listen.

“I already have enough bodyguards, I do not need more.” He says firmly crossing his arms over his chest, his eyes flicker to the silent alpha standing there arms behind his back, the black suit he wore tailored to perfection.

Pio looks away, he did not like the alpha.

“I dismissed them all.” Pio's breath hitched, the enigmatic alpha momentarily forgotten.

“What do you mean you dismissed them?” He asks his voice steady even if he felt anything but.

“They had let that bastard get to you. They were clearly not suited to protect you anymore.” His mother huffs, Pio felt like his footing was gone. The old team of bodyguards he had was the

ones who had been with since he was a teen. He had grown up around them, they knew him, so he felt attached to them and was the most comfortable with them. Now he had to be around a bunch of strangers? His omega trembles within his soul in distress, he was thankful that he had worn a scent patch on.

But out of the corner of his eyes he see the alpha twitch, his eyes flicker over to see that the man looked tense now. The veins on his neck visible, their eyes meet and Pio looks away. His heart racing.

“You had no right to do that, how could you do this without asking me first? You know I'm not comfortable with such sudden changes, Mom!” Pio finds himself saying. Kang Jihye looks at him with a glare.

“What you want doesn't matter right now, you are being threatened with death by post! Pio-ah, that mad man knows where you are! You are in danger. I will not lose my perfect child.” His mother cups his face and he almost recoils.

“I have hired a new order of bodyguards for you, this,” She points to the alpha stand, “Is Choi Jeongyo, he's going to be your personal bodyguard from now on. Get along with him.”

Pio wanted to retort.

“And Pio, you aren't going to live here anymore. I have gotten you a penthouse apartment, you will live there along with Choi Jeongyo-ssi.” His mother says.

Pio freezes because his mother was telling him, an unmated omega, to live with another unmated alpha.

“Don't worry about your secondary gender, Mr. Choi does not have a scent, he is not like other alphas, so he is the best suited. He is also the best agent in his agency.” Pio looks at the man.

What kind of mess is this god?

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“So, you have to live with this stoic bodyguard in a penthouse? Only you and this alpha? “ Jaein asks after Pio had gone to her to complaint (whine) about it.

Hong Jaein was his childhood best friend, his closest confidant and the only alpha he tolerated till date.

He huffs, “Yes.”

“Sounds straight out of a romance book, like the princess and her bodyguard kind of thing.” Pio glares at her unimpressed, making the woman chuckle. “Come on, it's fun.”

“That's no help, Jaein. What do I do?” Pio groans.

“Listen to your mom.” Pio looks at her again as if asking her *really?* “I'm saying this as both your manager and friend, this situation you are in is dangerous. Your mom is just worried for you and in all honesty so am I. I have seen idols get hurt and even worse by fans like that.”

“I understand that,” Pio sighs before taking a sip of his iced coffee, “But you know me, I don't do well with unfamiliar people in my space and she dismissed all my old bodyguards without my knowledge.. I just.. “

Jaein looks at her friend with sympathy. Pio was always a private person, shy and almost frettish until he got comfortable with you. He liked his spaces to be sacred to him, he wasn't all that good with change and this just so happened to be the biggest change ever. She reaches over and places her hand over his and squeezes reassuringly.

“I understand that, but your safety has been compromised and this is the best course of action.” Pio looks at her his lips worried between his teeth before he lets out a defeated sigh.

He hoped it wouldn't be a complete disaster. His mind goes to the alpha, Choi Jeongyo, his heart flutters.. He'll be alone in a space with an alpha and one that he felt drawn too, it was much more dangerous.

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“Now let me just stalk him on the agency site!” Jaein says as she taps away on her screen.

“Huh? Who-” Pio asks but is interrupted by Jaein's squeal.

“Oh he's handsome~ And older, you got yourself an older man, Pio-ah~” The alpha teases, Pio looks at her unimpressed before throwing a pillow at her face. His ears were burning what the hell.

“Shut up, Jaein!”

—----------

So the prayers for the whole arrangement not to be a disaster? Yeah that was thrown out of the window.

“What do you mean I have a *curfew*?” Pio hisses looking at the ever stoic bodyguard in front of him, did the man ever have any other facial expression than this? Fuck it, he doesn't care.

“Mr. Kang, it's for your safety.” The alpha says, Pio hates how good the alpha's voice was, deep and calm that it actually made Pio's omega calm down as well.

“My protection? Isn't that your job? If locking me away in this place was protection then I wouldn't need you here right now, now would I?” The omega glares at the alpha feeling caged in.

“How would I practice?” He asks.

“They prepared your room with a piano in the solar room.” The alpha says calmly, it was infuriating.

“I can't get in the right mindset here.” Pio tries to argue. He sees the first crack of annoyance flash through the alpha's eyes. A part of him feels thrilled at the knowledge but he ignores it and opts to keep glaring at the alpha.

“Unfortunatly your current situation does not allow for you to have that luxury.” Jeongyo looked him straight in the eyes and Pio almost wanted to look away from how intense his gaze was. Instead he huffs and walks off to his new bedroom and slams the door shut.

The alpha stared at the door before sighing and walking away.

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“He's infuriatuing!” Pio exclaims as he walks into Jaein's office, the only place Jeongyo didn't follow him into.

It's been 2 weeks since this arrangement and Pio felt like a caged bird through and through. He had a curfew and so many restrictions on where he could and could not go. Not to mention the rules that the bodyguard expected him to follow.

He shouldn't go out alone at any time.

His schedule and everything must be disclosed to Jeongyo.

He wasn't allowed to go into a damn bathroom alone.

He must be out of the house at 8 am and should be back within 6 pm.

He can only practice in the solar room of the penthouse.

His posts will go through Jeongyo before he can have them.

He must stay with Jeongyo at all times.

Pio couldn't move an inch without the alpha hovering over him like a hawk. Yes, he knew it was for his own good, but it was infuriating. And Jeongyo was a stubborn asshole, it's infuriating how handsome he was as well. Pio hated him.

Jaein looks up from her paperwork, her glasses on the bridge of her nose. “Who?”

“Choi Jeongyo! He's-” Pio groans, Jaein looks at her best friend amused she seldom gets to see Pio let out so many emotions, the omega was always so controlled in everything. In a way that she knew was suffocating him.

“Tell me.” Jaein turns her attention to Pio. And the omega rants away. By the end of the rant Jaein looked like she was holding in a laugh.

“Are you laughing?” Pio asks offended here he was telling her all that is wrong with his stupid bodyguard and she was laughing at him.

“Sorry, Pio-ah but it seems to me that you have a crush on your bodyguard.” Pio's brain short circuited because, him? Having a crush on Choi Jeongyo? That was absurd.

“He's aggravating! The only thing good about him is his stupid face!” Pio huffs, “You know what, you are no help, give me my schedule for the day so that I can give it to that demon and be imprisoned in his fortress or something.”

“You are being so dramatic, that's so unlike you.” Jaein chuckles, “Here, this is a print of it, give it to him and we haven't finalized on the performance coming Friday, I'll let you know if there's any change.”

Pio nods looking over his schedule for the week.

“And Pio-ah, don't forget about the party on Saturday.” Jaein reminded him, ah yes, it was being held for one of his junior artists Jung Hajoon, he was a good kid. But he didn't know if Jeongyo would let him go.

“I'll try.” Pio sighs.

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Later that night as the omega laid in bed looking up at the ceiling his mind replayed Jaein's words.

A crush? On Choi Jeongyo at that, his tormentor (ok may that was a harsh title) that was just ridiculous!

Pio huffs and turns on his side trying to sleep but he is restless. He turns from side to side until he grows tired of it and sits up.

He couldn't sleep. The omega sighs before getting out of bed, he pulls on a night robe before getting out and making way to the solar room.

He was just about to reach when he heard it. His feet froze. Someone was playing the piano.

At first a sense of dread formed in the pit of his stomach. But then he rationalized it, Choi Jeongyo made sure that even an ant wouldn't be able to get in without authority.

Pio was sure of his alpha.. Wait not *his* alpha, oh dear lord what was Pio thinking? It's nothing, he just trusted Jeongyo and felt safe with him. (Much to Pio's displeasure.) But he knew that he could rely on Jeongyo to keep him safe.

Pio shakes his head from unwanted thoughts. He instead stepped forward and pushed the door open. He stands at the door as the beautiful music surrounds him, his eyes linger on who is playing.

Choi Jeongyo, his fingers running through the piano's keys like they were meant to be there. It was captivating to watch, he wasn't merely playing the keys, he was feeling it as a whole. His eyes were closed as if he wasn't there, the more Pio listened the more he realized something, Jeongyo's music was full of life.

He gasps softly and that gains the alpha's attention. The music stops and they are both left staring at each other. Pio didn't think he had ever seen these many emotions cross Jeongyo's usually stoic face.

"I…I couldn't sleep so.. I was going to play a little.. You play the piano?" Pio asks stepping forward, the alpha's face all but closes off as he stands up.

"I'm sorry, I shall leave now, you can practice." Jeongyo moves to walk away.

"Wait -" Pio starts but he is already gone. Pio looks at the piano then at the door Jeongyo had gone through. This was a surprise.

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Pio watches his bodyguard curiously, it has been like this for the last few days now. Jeongyo was as impenetrable as always.

"So, were you trained?" Pio asks, he wasn't the type to go out of his way to ask people questions but Jeongyo felt different, like he could ask him.

When he saw that the alpha wasn't talking, the omega huffs, they were in the waiting lounge before his performance. He still had about 30 minutes to go so he had to pass time somehow, so he decided to do that by addressing the elephant in the room.

“Are you really giving me the silent treatment, Choi Jeongyo-ssi?” He asks from his spot on the couch looking at the rigid alpha. Those dark eyes finally look into his eyes and Pio doesn't know what came over him but he widened his eyes and looked at the alpha like that.

Like a cute innocent sheep.

“Come on, bodyguard Choi.. I know I've been a handful these past few weeks, it's mostly your fault of course, but I'm trying to get to know you here.” Pio batted his lashes trying to seem harmless. Partially it was true, he understood that Choi Jeongyo wasn't going anywhere anytime soon and as much as Pio didn't want to admit it, the alpha was good at his job.

Something akin to mirth passes through the Alpha's eyes, Pio feels his heart jolt at it. That was new, usually Pio was used to evoking some underlying annoyance and irritation in the alpha not this.

“I didn't have any training, my mother taught me.” The alpha spoke, Pio blinked, he hadn't expected an answer.

“Oh?” That's all that came out of his mouth, he did not think he would get this far. A smirk fell on the alpha's lips upon seeing the feisty omega tongue-tied for once, Pio wanted to slap that smirk off of his smug face (or kiss it off). But instead of that he felt a blush bloom on his cheeks which only deepened when he saw the way the alpha's eyes darkened.

Thankfully a crew member came by to tell him his performance was up. He gets up and walks away, because he had a feeling that if they were in there longer something more might have happened. He just had a feeling.

He doesn't see a pair of dark brown eyes watch him walk away fondly. Jeongyo chuckles softly and follows behind.

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“Play for me.” Kang Pio doesn't know what possessed him to stand in front of the bodyguard’s room and demand this at 1 in the morning, but he wanted to hear Jeongyo play.. There seemed to be this unrestrained need.

The alpha seemed to have been up reading, Pio tries not to think about how attractive he looked with a pair of glasses on while wearing home clothes instead of those formal suits he usually has on. It felt domestic in a way that made Pio's stupid omega preen.

Jeongyo looked at him confused as he closed the book he was reading.

“What do you mean?” He asks.

“Play the piano for me.” Pio says his voice much more firmly now.

“Mr. Kang-” Jeongyo starts but Pio cuts him off.

“Pio.” He says making the alpha blink confused, Choi Jeongyo was cute when he was confused. “Call me Pio, Mr. Kang feels like you're addressing my grandfather.”

They stare at each other then Jeongyo sighs. “Ok, Pio…” The omega fights the shiver running down his back when his name rolls off of the alpha’s tongue, he stands straight in his black silk pajamas as composed and proper as he was trained to be.

“I don't play for anyone, I don't play in general, I just got curious is all.” Jeongyo says as he stands up. Pio looks at him, his lips pressed straight with determination.

“Then get curious again, I want to hear you play.” The omega turns on his heels to walk to the solar room without giving the alpha a chance to refuse again. Jeongyo just watched the stubborn omega walk off, he could ignore him but.

Pio bites back a smile when he hears the foot steps behind him. He won.

He stands by the piano as Jeongyo sits down, Pio's eyes linger on the alpha's strong fingers as they lay over the keys. His eyes find Jeongyo’s and he nods encouragingly. Jeong-yo sighs and starts playing, Pio's breath hitches as Arabesque No. 2 fills the solar room.

He listens transfixed and slightly envious of it. The way the alpha was playing, it showed Pio something he lacked.. The soul and emotion of music, he could see that Jeongyo played by his heart rather than by any sheet.

“Where did you learn to play like that?” He asks once the alpha was done, their eyes meet.

“I told you, no one. My mother taught me..” Jeongyo says. Pio blinks, that's impossible, unless…, his eyes widened.

“Play with me..” Pio says before he can stop himself. Jeongyo seemed to have frozen too. Pio's cheeks turn red, his lips part as he averts his gaze.

“That's not..” The omega sighs, “You know what the problem with my music is?”

“It doesn't hold any emotions. Your music sounds restrictive.” Jeongyo says, hitting the nail on the head. Pio doesn't react, opting to sigh.

“Exactly, but yours is overflowing with it.” Pio steps closer, his eyes shining with determination, “I want to learn how to do that.”

“And you think I can help you?” Jeong-yo raises a sexy eyebrow. Pio holds his gaze.

“Yes, I do.. Jeongyo-ssi, I love music and the piano. I want to be able to relay those emotions into my music.” They look into each other's eyes while holding it there.

Jeong-yo was the first to break eye contact. “Don't call me, Jeongyo-ssi, just call me by my name. And I can't promise you anything, don't say I didn't warn you.” The alpha gets up.

“Now, I'm going to bed and you should too, you have an early morning planned tomorrow, Pio.” Jeongyo walks past the omega. Pio holds onto the piano trying to calm his racing heart. Something felt different right now.

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“Four hands.” Pio says as he and Jeongyo are standing inside the penthouse elevator moving down, it had been a few days since that night and Pio was trying to find the best way to practice with the alpha, now he had found a way.

“Huh?” The bodyguard looks at him confused. Pio looks into Jeongyo’s eyes.

“We should try a four handed performance. It'll help with syncing our music..” Pio says feeling a little uncertain under the alpha's gaze. Jeongyo's eyes always made him feel exposed.

The alpha blinks then he sighs. “Look, I said I would think about it. Not that I would do it.”

“It's been 3 days.” Pio's lips set in a stubborn line, it was not a pout. The alpha's eyes linger on those plush lips before looking away.

“And? Piano was only an old hobby of mine. Right now my job is to protect you, not be your piano teacher.” The words came out harsher than he had intended but it's better this way. The alpha steps out of the elevator first scanning the area, the whole building is under constant surveillance but no one can be too careful.

Pio walks out behind him, his pretty eyes set in a glare. “I'm asking you to help me, you don't have to be an asshole about it. “

Jeongyo huffs a laugh. “This is not being an asshole, Princess, it's me telling you the reality of this arrangement. Don't try to get friendly with me, we aren't friends.”

Pio's eyes turn glossy, that hurt, he didn't care for the alpha's attention but they have known each other for over a month now. Pio had considered them somewhat on cordial terms, maybe he was wrong.

“Fine, I'm sorry I asked.” The omega says and gets into the car before Jeongyo could open the door for him.

The drive to the recording studio was silent and tense. Pio felt like an idiot, how could he have let his guard down. He had ended up making a fool of himself in front of the bodyguard who most definitely saw him as a nuisance rather than anything else.

Once they reach the studio the omega gets out of the car and walks in without Jeongyo. The alpha gets out of the car and watches the omega go, that was against the rules he had set but he had also seen the way the omega's eyes filled with tears.

Maybe he was an asshole.

The alpha sighs, this was a whole mess.

SALVATORE chap 2

Choi Jeongyo did not have a happy childhood.

It wasn't completely shit for a while, approximately from the age of birth till six years he was loved and genuinely a well looked after kid. Then his father found out that Jeongyo wasn't his biological child. His mother's deception had turned the once loving and proud father of his into a monster.

Still he had his mother. His mother was the light of his world during those years, she loved him and took care of him. She was the one who taught him how to play the piano. He loved the instrument because his mother loved it.

It started as a way to make her happy but soon he too fell in love with it. His music was his way of expressing his feelings to the world, he was free and felt light whenever his fingers touched the piano. It was his sanctuary.

Then the incident happened.

He still remembers it vividly, a junior pianist competition. His mother had made him enter and he had, because he wanted to make her proud. He wanted to see her smile. And god did he try his best.

That day he had won the competition but lost his mother. She had died in her seat at the auditorium.

Intracerebral hemorrhage, no one could have found it in time. It was sudden, one minute she was there and the next she wasn't. After that day he couldn't touch the piano. Every time he did his hands shook. Her memories flooded his mind.

Then it was just him and a father who was drowning in the sorrow of a wife who betrayed him and died leaving behind the seed of her deception for him to take care of.

Jeongyo's father never hit him but his words were always much crueler than his hand. Yet, the alpha never abandoned him.

He had been holding on, he supposed, because no matter how cruel that man was to him. He was still the father who used to love him at one point in his life. It was pathetic to cling onto a dead version of a person but if Jeongyo hadn't maybe he would not have been here today.

As he grew his father's attitude and self destructive tendencies also grew. He was gambling and drinking away everything while Jeongyo was left to pick up his mess behind him.

Along the way he too was pulled into his father's shit. In hindsight, he should have seen it coming. His father wasn't in a good environment nor did he seem to be improving, so he should have seen this. Because gambling was a disease and when untreated diseases kill.

It had been a cold rainy evening when Jeongyo had come home to find the small space trashed and his father gone. In his stead stood men, men he knew. Men who weren't good news.

Mr. Kim was a notoriously known loan shark, he was a bastard, a slimy beta who went around targeting people in need offering them money with disgustingly raised interest rates. Jeongyo knew him, knew that he was bad news and how borrowing money from the man was the equivalent of signing your rights away.

His father had taken a loan in his name.

It was as if a cold bucket of water had been poured over him at that knowledge. He knew the old man hated him but wasn't this too much. He was only sixteen years old, he didn't have a job and now it seemed he was an orphan too. Either way he couldn't pay the man back even if he tried with the interest rate the slimebag was asking for.

At that moment Jeongyo truly felt abandoned and alone.

But maybe it was his mother protecting him, or maybe god took pity on him when Jo Hyeoncheol came into his life with this.

Jo Hyeoncheol, or Hyeoncheol-hyung, was a member of Mr. Kim's gang. But he was a nice guy, he had taken Jeongyo under his wing as the boy slaved his teen years away trying to pay off his father's debt.

Hyeoncheol hyung took care of him like he was his own and maybe that's why Jeongyo had helped him kill Mr. Kim when he had turned eighteen years old. The whole gang had been fed up with the man but Jeongyo was the one to pull the trigger.

Terrifyingly enough he didn't feel anything while doing so, he wondered if there was something wrong with him. Maybe there was but he didn't stick around to find out.

Jeongyo didn't have a good childhood but he wanted to live a better adulthood. So, he pulled away from the gangs and the bloodshed. He wanted to make an honest living for himself and Hyeoncheol was the most supportive of it.

His hyung has taken over Mr. Kim's role but he wasn't as dishonest and slimy as that bastard.

Once he graduated high school he went straight into the military, he didn't want to have a goal yet and the military seemed like a good bet. During the time he was there he was also told that

he had a defect in his scent gland that made him almost scentless. Something about stress and trauma in childhood leading to underdevelopment of the scent glands.

An alpha without a scent was almost unheard of and yet here Jeongyo was being just that. When the higher ups heard of his existence they didn't see it as a defect but rather as an asset. An alpha who was scentless, that was a trump card up their sleeves.

Alpha's were always much stronger compared to betas but they had their scent, unlike betas, which made them easy to spot and identify, but an Alpha without such a problem meant stealth missions were now not only going to be betas.

Apart from his scent gland nothing else was wrong with him, much to the doctors' astonishment. Soon he was promoted and suddenly he was leading operations. Top secret missions, classified stake outs and ambushes. He was a known legend in the military.

That had been a good time in his life, for once everything in his life was working out and he was finally finding purpose. But his life liked to throw curve balls at him.

A mission mishap had let him get shot on his right shoulder. The injury was severe and he was discharged from the military.

He came out of the military at 25 without anything else left to do and an injured shoulder. He was officially a washed up military veteran. He had completed his college education while within the military but it was as good as the 'p' in raspberry was.

For people who spoke so highly about the military and the soldiers most surely did not want to give out jobs to them.

So, Jeongyo once again found himself in unemployment at the age of 25. Then Hyeoncheol came into his life, again, he seemed to have a knack of knowing whenever Choi Jeongyo was in trouble.

When the older alpha heard about Jeongyo's current situation he first offered him a spot with his gang which Jeongyo promptly declined, he was not about that life, then the older alpha said something else.

"Jeongyo-ah, I've been wanting to start something for a while now. But there was never a real reason to do so." The other alpha muses deep in thought. Jeongyo looks away from the empty glass of soju in his hand to look at his hyung.

"What is it, hyung?" He asks curiously.

"I wanted to expand the business to the more legal side of things and a friend of mine suggested starting a personal security agency. You know we don't have a lack of good fighters,

we just don't have someone to train them properly.” Hyeoncheol looks at Jeongyo in a meaningful way. The younger alpha looks at him unimpressed.

“I'm not trained to be a bodyguard, hyung.” The other alpha waves his hand dismissively.

“How hard could it be? Try it out, if it doesn't work, we'll find you another job. You aren't losing anything here.” The older man made a fair argument, Jeongyo still takes time to think. It's not like he had anything else lined up for him anyways. He sighed and poured his hyung a glass of soju.

“Don't gloat.” He warns as the older man grins.

“Wasn't thinking of it.” Jeongyo resists the urge to roll his eyes. He hoped everything worked out.

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Apparently, he was good at what he did? Yes, that came as an astonishment to Jeongyo as well, but training the selected number of men had been easier than he thought and being a bodyguard was almost all about coordination and planning. And a lot of the criteria which was required for the licensing he had already filled since he was ex-military.

Just like that, Hyeoncheol's personal security side hustle took off. At first Jeongyo was just around as a trainer but then he recommended bringing in better trained personnel and requested to have him enlisted as a bodyguard under the agency as well.

He was going crazy just training rookies, he missed being on field. His shoulder injury had also come to recover well, he still has phantom pains here and there but those were easily remedied by some physiotherapy and medication. He was well enough to be on the field.

Hyeoncheol was on edge about it for a while at first but after Jeongyo’s 4th successful job he finally eased up on the idea of Jeongyo on the field. And just like that Jeongyo was back to work. Being a bodyguard had its ups and downs.

Ups being good money and even accommodation, downs being clients that test his patience. But his years in the military (and many years of emotional neglect) had made him much more tolerant of bullshit.

Just like that within a year he was rated the best agent in the agency. A spot he was proud of and one that he held for the next two years.

Then came the job that changed his life.

He was to be a pianist's bodyguard. He did not know of the man (yes, he was told he was living under a rock by Hyeoncheol for that comment) but apparently he was famous. He was getting death threats from a fan which concerned his mother.

A mommy's boy, this is probably gonna be exhausting.

Jeongyo remembers thinking when he saw that this Kang Pio person's mother was the one who requested the service. He didn't care he was there to do a job and to do it well. He didn't care if the kid wanted to be difficult.

"Keep it professional, Jeongyo-ah." Hyeoncheol tells him to make the younger alpha look at him with an eyebrow raised. Because all these years of working and he hasn't been anything but professional. The older one catches the look on the younger alpha's face and smirks teasingly.

"Kang Pio's known to be a beauty. Don't want you losing your inhibitions over a pretty omega, kid." The older alpha chuckles, He knows Hyeoncheol was teasing but Jeongyo huffs unimpressed, he hasn't had any inappropriate relations with his clients till date. He had had models and known actors as his clientele, attractive people who found him attractive too. If he wanted to he could have by now.

One pretty omega isn't going to make him lose all these years of control just like that.

Or so he thought. Those said thoughts were all thrown out of the window the moment he saw Kang Pio.

Jeongyo wasn't a religious man, he never truly believed in any god. Why would he when had been handed such a horrid hand in life? It was a miserable thing to lose fate over, he supposed but it was his reason. But the day he saw Kang Pio he thought that maybe, just maybe, angles were real.

Because if they were he was sure they would look like Kang Pio.

The omega was beautiful, even though that felt like a word too plain for describing the omega's beauty. Plush lips, pale skin, a head full of fluffy looking brown hair styled to perfection and the best feature about the omega were his eyes. A set of lovely brown doe-like eyes that held innocence that Jeongyo doesn't get to see often.

He was dressed in an oversized white button shirt, the sleeves forming paws, and a pair of black slacks. All of it emphasising his bodily features, broad shoulders leading to a thin waist and long lovely legs Jeongyo wanted wrapped around his wai-

Woah, he needed to stop right there, that was his client. Not one of his hook ups from the bar (but god did he wish he had bumped into the omega in a bar) Jeongyo lets out a breath and takes a deep breath in. But that too seemed to backfire on him.

The omega had been arguing with his mother about the sudden change in his protection team, his mother had said something and a faint scent of peonies and smoked vanilla made it to Jeongyo’s nose. The vanilla seemed to have taken a burned edge rather than a smoked one, the omega was in distress.

Jeongyo could see the scent patch on the omega's neck, he shouldn't be able to smell him. Especially not with his scent insensitive nose at that. But he had and every fabric in his being wanted to walk over and calm the omega down. But he holds that urge back, he could feel the veins in his neck distend. But he holds on.

Once the mother is gone, the omega looks at him and Jeongyo has decided that the omega eyes are probably the most dangerous weapons in existence. He looked like he wanted to say something but he sighs looking defeated, a sudden and almost terrifying need to protect Kang Pio surges throughout the older man's soul.

“I'll have my assistant send you my schedule for the next week.” The omega says, even his voice was pretty to listen to. Deep but in a soft gentle way.

“Ok.” Jeongyo nods his posture and stance professional but he was anything but that inside. And with that the omega was gone.

This is going to be a mess if Jeongyo doesn't sort his stupid urges out.

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“What do you mean I have a curfew?” Pio hisses, Jeongyo had to admit that sudden outburst had startled him because the omega had seemed so docile when he met him but he realized that Kang Pio was full of surprises.

“Mr. Kang, it's for your safety.” He says in a calm voice, he wanted to calm the omega down. He had a feeling that the younger man was feeling caged. It was expected but there wasn't anything that could be done as of now the omega needed to limit public exposure.

“My protection? Isn't that your job? If locking me away in this place was protection then I wouldn't need you here right now, now would I?” The omega glares at him, Jeongyo seems to find the feistiness attractive. The omega has a backbone and a sharp tongue to boot. Those innocent looking doe eyes had turned into sharp knives and maybe Jeongyo was a masochistic bastard after all.

“How would I practice?” Pio asks, looking irritated and annoyed.

“They prepared you a room with a piano in the solar room.” Jeongyo replies in a matter of factly tone, the room itself was beautiful with a floor to ceiling window facing the skyline of the city, the alpha personally thought that the room was much more beautiful in the night.

“I can't get in the right mindset here.” Like Jeongyo said, a sharp tongue and a tendency to talk back, it was getting on his nerves. He feels a bolt of annoyance pass through him. He looks at that defiant face, so pretty and angry. He wanted nothing more than to bend the pretty omega over and-

“Unfortunatly your current situation does not allow for you to have that luxury.” Jeongyo says pushing those thoughts away. His eyes holding Pio's gaze, he sees the way omega seemed hesitant and annoyed. Then he just turns on his heels and walks off to his room and slams the door shut behind him.

The alpha stared at the door before sighing and walking away.

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After that day Jeongyo finds himself constantly at the receiving end of Kang Pio's anger. He could be breathing and the omega snaps at him.

Which was weird because Kang Pio to the general public was the epitome of elegance and calm but with Jeongyo that patience seemed to be thrown out of the window.

“I don't know what to do, hyung, I'm going out of my mind.” The younger alpha slams the soju glass down, he had taken the night off to meet up with Hyeoncheol, they do this about twice a month. It was nice to have someone to talk to.

“Dude, you have had the worst cases of divas to deal with before, what's different with Kang Pio? Just do what you always do.” The older shrugs as he bites into a piece of fried chicken. Jeongyo deadpans.

“You think I would be complaining about this if those tactics were working? Usually using a calm voice and some patience calmed my last few clients, who were a handful, down. But Kang Pio is..” Beautiful, infuriating, kind- “Different.”

He sighs, pouring himself another glass.

“Ease up on those, kid, you have work tomorrow looking after your current diva.” Hyeoncheol chuckles and Jeongyo lets out a suffering sigh.

His mind drifts to Kang Pio how those eyes seemed to soften up when they had gone to the hospital this morning. The omega plays for patients too, he came to find out. Apparently it was a routine for him once or twice a month. This time around they had visited a pediatric cancer unit.

Pio had interacted with those children with so much kindness and warmth, a soft, truly genuine smile on his lips that made Jeongyo feel like he couldn't breathe at all. He had been transfixed on the omega, his delicate features and gentle disposition. But the knowledge that beneath it all was an omega with a spine who wouldn't think twice before decking him made the alpha feel a little thrilled.

“He's not the worst client, he's just confusing. He's hot and cold, one minute he's berating me for making him adhere to a rule and next thing I hear that he bought meals for the whole security team. He's kind..” Jeongyo hums thoughtfully, maybe he never tried to see it from the omega's perspective. He wondered, really, how did the omega live before he met him. From the looks of it that had to be a restrictive life.

He had seen Pio's mother, he knew people like those who like to dictate everything in a person's life. He supposed the old security team may have been his only safe space but that too was snatched away from him. He must feel caged and trapped with nothing else to do but lash out to the easiest target in sight and in this case that was Jeongyo.

“You got a look on your face, a concerning one.” Hyeoncheol says, looking at the younger alpha's face.

“I'm thinking that I'm truly going mad. The damn soju is getting to me.” Jeongyo sets the glass down and sits up. “I should get going, you're right I have an early morning tomorrow.”

“Hmm when does this particular assignment end?” The older alpha asks leaning against the chair.

“Hyung, you run the agency.” Jeongyo points out unimpressed.

“So? I have other people to do the technical stuff. Tell me, when are you free?” The older one asks.

Technically the job will be done when the police catch the culprit. At least his part will end, once that sick bastard is caught Jeongyo won't have to see Kang Pio again.

He did not like that thought.

“You look angry.” The man sitting across from him points out and he did, didn't he? That was the thing, Kang Pio was making him a mess. Making him lose his composure and his disciple. He had never wanted to bend a client over the nearest flat surface and make that sharp mouth shut up, making it only spill out moans instead of those angry little hisses that Jeongyo still found to be attractive.

He was a man of discipline, a man of order and structure but that discipline, that order, that structure all of it hangs on by a thread when Kang Pio is involved. The omega wasn't even doing anything and Jeongyo felt like he was going crazy, he had hook ups but none of those come to the sheer intensity of his desire for the omega

It was highly unprofessional.

“I'm just thinking.” He takes a deep breath before standing up. “I'm off, hyung.” It was abrupt to leave so fast but if he stayed more then he might just have an epiphany, then again would it truly be an epiphany if he already knew? Maybe he was scared of accepting it. He walks out not giving Hyeoncheol the chance to question him because he would not have an answer for it.

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He reached the penthouse pretty late, he had opted to walk all the way back here. The night air was supposed to cool his head but all it did was make him think more. His mind was haunted with doe-like eyes looking at him angrily, but beneath that there was a vulnerability he did not want to think about.

Choi Jeongyo was running away like a coward.

The plan was to go to his room and sleep because he was dead tired, but his feet took him to the solar room instead. He finds himself standing in front of the grand piano inside, placed in the center of the room facing the window. The moonlight floods in through those floor to ceiling windows casting shadows over the piano giving it a much more haunted look.

His fingers touch the keys, his mind for once doesn't reach for a certain omega instead he finds himself thinking of his mother. She was bright and beautiful. So full of love, she loved the piano, Jeongyo loved her and loving her meant loving the piano.

It's been a long while since he had touched the piano. His fingers press down and a crisp sweet note rings through the room.

He moves before he can rationalize, suddenly he's seated and his fingers dance over the keys playing a melody his mother used to play. The muscle memory had taken over. It was fascinating, he couldn't even properly remember her face, but his soul still knew her music. His mind shuts off, only him and the music remain.

He lets it flow through him, let it take away his stress, the fatigue, the emotions…Pio…

Just as he thinks of the name a familiar gasp reaches his ear and his hand stops. He realizes where he is and who else was there with him.

Jeongyo raises his head and his eyes lock into the very same doe eyes haunting his mind. They were wider, holding surprise within their dark depths. He looked cute like this, Jeongyo's treacherous brain supplies, he looked softer like this. Wearing his silk pajamas and the way his hair was a mess from probably rolling around in bed.

"I…I couldn't sleep so.. I was going to play a little.. You play the piano?" The omega's question made everything he was feeling turn to something defensive, there had always been this visceral need to keep to himself and his feelings within, it has always worked for him after all why stop now? Because of a pretty omega? He wasn't that stupid.

Maybe there was a change in his expression judging from the way the omega seemed to shrink back. He stands up and hastily walks off.

"I'm sorry, I shall leave now, you can practice." He leaves before Pio could stop him.

"Wait -" Jeongyo hears the omega call out but all he wanted to do was get out of there because what had he been thinking? Playing the piano? He didn't know what came over him at that moment. His head was a mess and touching those keys had brought him peace, he did not think he would get caught.

His mind drifted to Kang Pio the way those pretty eyes seemed to sparkle as he looked at him, like something to be in awe of, like something that was worthy enough to be looked at with such admiration. It had felt good, a treacherous part of his brain had puffed his chest at impressing his omega…His omega?

Jeongyo shakes his head, what is he thinking? Those were not thoughts he had permission to feel. It was not right and someone like Kang Pio would never be his to begin with.

He leans against the closed door of his room. An exhausted sigh leaving his mouth. He hoped this won't turn into something else.

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Whoever was controlling Jeongyo's life was, for the lack of a better word, an asshole. If it was up to him the pretty omega would have forgotten everything about his misplaced piano performance the next day but as his fate would have it, Kang Pio did not suffer from any form of anterograde amnesia.

Yay! He thinks sarcastically.

The omega has been watching him the last few days now, he hadn't asked anything yet and Jeongyo was very thankful that the omega had such a packed schedule which meant Pio was too busy to think about Jeongyo. But the alpha could feel those eyes burning into his body, they were like physical presence.

Which he found annoying and partially…. very hot. Look, he knows it's out of protocol to have such thoughts but he too is just a man and the omega of his dreams (truly anyone dreams because Kang Pio was a vision) was looking at him so closely, watching his every move. The pretty creature's whole attention was on him and a primal part of him was basking in that glory.

The questions didn't come for the next few days and Jeongyo let himself believe that the omega had let it go. But then again he should have known better, Kang Pio wasn't a forgetful person.

He realizes that the moment the omega asks him if he had been trained in playing the piano. Pio had a performance that night but he was done with his preparation a little earlier than usual which left Jeongyo and him to have a few moments to themselves.

He tells the omega that no, he had not that his mother had been the one to teach him. He caved after being the victim of the omega's lethal widened doe eyes, he knew those chocolate brown depths were weapons of manipulation and it seemed Pio knew it as well making them all the more dangerous.

The omega doesn't say much except a thoughtful hum, soon enough a crew member takes him away as it was time for his performance.

Jeongyo finds himself watching the omega go away with an expression far too fond to be considered professional.

He had thought that that was it, there wouldn't be more questions. Maybe the princess realised that he wasn't worth the time, he wasn't trained by some renowned teacher so why waste his time on the alpha.

Self deprecation came to Choi Jeongyo much too easily, but then again that was the truth. Their worlds were so apart, why would Kang Pio care.

But the omega was always full of surprises, Choi Jeongyo was a fool to think he could ever predict Kang Pio in that aspect.

The omega had come knocking at his door at one in the morning, looking soft and beautiful in his night clothes asking him to play for him with that melodic voice.

A stronger man might have been able to refuse but Choi Jeongyo had found out pretty early on that he was a weak man when it came to Kang Pio and terrifyingly enough he couldn't bring himself to care.

So, he played. He played to his heart content. When he comes to, Kang Pio is looking at him with those sparkling eyes and then he asks him something that made him stumble.

He asked Jeongyo to play with him. The alpha had been astonished, because why him? The omega had asked him if he knew what was wrong with Kang Pio's own music and Jeongyo answered honestly.

Kang Pio's music was beautiful but it lacked the soul. But Jeongyo had seen the soul in it, it was there, in the hospital. He realized that Kang Pio played the best when he didn't have expectations over him. His performance in the competitions and on stage felt soulless because of that. Restrained and caged unlike the way Kang Pio had played for those children.

The omega knew, he says so himself. That his music lacks the emotions then he looks at Jeongyo eyes shining, telling him that his own playing was brimming with emotion. He wanted his help.

Kang Pio wanted to play piano with him.

The thought made the alpha feel giddy, light on his feet. The omega asks for his help and he doesn't give a definitive answer. He had to think about it after all. Still that seemed to satisfy the omega enough.

A few days later he meets up with Hyeoncheol again. The same old shack at the corner of the road selling spicy tteokbokki and soju. It was a hole in the wall but they always meet here. The owner knows them even.

He was still feeling giddy about that night, he didn't know why but he couldn't help it. Something inside him felt light and warm in a way it never had been before. The older alpha had taken notice of it as well and asked him.

Jeongyo doesn't say anything at first but he caves after the other man keeps on prompting. He tells him everything (not his barely concealed crush) and by the time he's done he looks up, a sense of dread settles in his stomach. His hyung did not look happy.

“Oi, Choi Jeongyo, why does it sound like you are getting attached to that kid?” Hyeoncheol's voice takes that shift it only ever had when he disapproves of something.

“Hyung, it's nothing like tha-” Jeongyo starts but is interrupted by the other man.

“Well it sure as hell looks like something from where I'm standing. Look kid, I understand, Kang Pio is a pretty thing and feeling giddy about getting attention from him and all but you are his bodyguard. Not to mention him and you are from two different worlds.” Hyeoncheol takes a shot of his soju before looking at Jeongyo with hard eyes.

“Don't forget where you stand because if you do you'll only get hurt much more. I'm saying this because I care, I know types like Kang Pio, high class omegas who use you then discard you.” A primal part of Jeongyo wanted to defend the omega, telling his hyung that he didn't know

anything that Kang Pio wasn't like. The omega was prickly and grumpy on the outside but within he was a calm and gentle soul with a warm heart. But did Jeongyo truly know Kang Pio? It wasn't his place to know.

“Don't fall for that, because if you do, not only are you going to get your heart broken, apart from that you are also going to put my company’s name in jeopardy.” Hyeoncheol's eyes sweep over him. Jeongyo’s back straightened as he nodded.

The conversation with Hyeoncheol had him on the edge, maybe that's why he was an asshole to Pio in the elevator. Saying that they weren't friends, because they weren't, yet it felt wrong. That feeling of profound wrongness only intensifies when those beautiful doe eyes start to redden by the corners and turn glassy.

Jeongyo felt like an asshole and a mess but he couldn't let his desires win.

After that day a cold war broke out, there was no other way to describe the way they were with each other. Jeongyo wouldn't say they were particularly warm with each other before this but they were at the very least cordial, now it was frigid.

Kang Pio treated him like an afterthought, he didn't even argue with Jeongyo over the rules anymore. And in theory the alpha should be relieved, he didn't have to be questioned constantly but it all felt wrong.

Then again he had brought this on himself, he wanted this after all. This was professional, he was doing his job not making friends. (So he ignores the way his heart aches when he sees the tired edges around the omega's eyes, how there was a sadness within that unsettled around him.)

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Before he knew it two weeks had passed . In those fourteen days Jeongyo found himself to be increasingly irritated with everything, snapping at his team and constantly in a bad mood that the men started avoiding him carefully.

He stands in the corner of the banquet hall, his eyes trained on Pio as he walks with his mother meeting new people and old family friends. The more he looked at him the more he came to understand how different they were.

Kang Pio had this regal air to him, like he was made to be the crowned jewel of such a powerful family. Like royalty, Jeongyo saw himself to be lower than the slumps. He was a street rat at best and only in old disney movies does the street rat get the princess.

As if Pio could feel his eyes on him the omega looks over and Jeongyo feels his breath stop, the first time in fourteen days twenty one hours and thirty five minutes that Kang Pio had looked at him. His face was passive but his fists clench at his sides.

Once again he feels himself grapple between duty and desire. Why did he want Kang Pio so hopelessly? There was this pull between them that made him feel greedy, made him wish for things he shouldn't wish for.

The omega looks away, but Jeongyo's eyes were sharp, they linger on Pio's reddened ears.

He finds himself standing in front of the bathroom mirror looking at himself, something was changing. He felt some type of itching at the base of his neck and his eyes had a glow to them. He didn't understand. He sighs feeling drained and confused. He was never like this, he was well adjusted then Kang Pio came into his life and suddenly everything felt too much yet too little at the same time.

He washes his hands and before exiting the bathroom. As he walks down the hall he hears shouting. He didn't care until he heard a familiar voice, the same melodic voice that haunts his mind.

Kang Pio was there? But he was unprotected, Jeongyo's legs moved faster to get to the place. The voices grew louder, he recognized them to be Kang Jihye, Pio's mother, and Kang Seungwoon, Pio's grandfather. His mother was shouting something as Pio seemed to try and calm her.

“Why would you treat him like this? He's your grandson? Why do you despise him? He's doing so much for you!” Kang Jihye’s shrill voice rings out.

“Mother, calm down-” Kang Pio tries.

“Grandson? You expect me to accept him as it is? The boy doesn't have an ounce of talent in him and you expect me to appreciate his mechanical playing? He plays like a robot not a human.” The old alpha spits out. Disdain so deep that Jeongyo felt himself flinch.

“Then again what else is to be expected from a bastard of an unknown man.. And on top of that he's an omega.” There's disgust in the man's voice, the outdated views of an older generation alpha man.

Jeongyo feels cold fury course through him, he wanted nothing more than to walk in and clock the old fool but he couldn't do so. So, he leans against the wall by the office door instead. He hits the back of his head against it trying to calm his rage.

“How dare you say that? How dare you?” Kang Jihye screams shrill like a banshee. He can hear Pio trying to calm her, Jeongyo realized that maybe everything that he saw wasn't true.

Don't judge a book by it's cover, that was one of the most cliché sayings till date. But it was true, Jeongyo had known that all that seems perfect isn't. Yet he wanted to believe it was in the case of Kang Pio. He wanted to believe that Kang Pio was cherished and loved. That he was spoiled and celebrated.

Because in Choi Jeongyo's mind that's what Kang Pio deserved.

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The drive back to the penthouse is silent. He looked at the rear view mirror, he hadn't stuck around. He didn't think Kang Pio would appreciate knowing that Jeongyo knew about the fight.

The omega looked sad. A part of Jeongyo's heart aches. He looks at the road and then takes a new route. His mind was made up. Pio seemed to notice as well because he saw the way the omega looked surprised.

"Where are we going? You took the wrong turn." Pio says looking at Jeongyo through the rearview mirror.

"Just trust me, ok?"

"Trust you? Why should I trust someone who isn't even my friend?" Ah there was that sharp tongue of his, Jeongyo missed that.

"Still mad about that, Princess?" He smirks over his shoulder, he sees the way the nickname makes a lovely hue of pink dust over those pale cheeks. His own heart is thumbing restlessly.

"Shut up and look at the road, asshole. And don't call me princess." The omega hisses and Jeongyo almost chuckles.

"Ok, Princess." He says biting down a chuckle when the omega grumbles. Probably cursing him out.

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Pio looks at him suspiciously, he was bundled up in Jeongyo's blazer. The omega had a frail constitution towards the cold, he couldn't have the omega getting sick. He hands him the cup of hot coffee he got from the small shop beside their sitting spot.

They were at the beach, the night time made it so that there were only a few people there. Jeongyo often came here when his own mind was clouded with doubts and hurt. Pio takes the coffee graciously and sips at the warm liquid.

“Why did you bring me here?” The omega asks after a moment of silence passes between them. Jeongyo glanced at him, the taller one wasn't looking at him, his eyes were trained on the waves clashing against the stones by the sea shore.

“I come here when I feel restless, you seemed like you needed it.” Jeongyo takes a sip of his own coffee looking out into the dark abyss of the ocean.

“You heard, didn't you?”

“….”

“Is this your way of showing pity?” A defensive note takes over the omega's tone making Jeongyo look at him. Those eyes were defiant and ready to strike. Like he was expecting Jeongyo to attack first.

“It must have been hard holding up so many expectations.” The alpha mutters and it was the way that the omega froze before something in his eyes shattered, that moment made Jeongyo want nothing more than to hold him.

“What would you know?” That did sting, Pio doesn't know his backstory he probably meant it in the way that Jeongyo didn't know since he probably never had to have such expectations forced down his throat. But it stung still. There was no one remaining who would have expected anything from him in the first place.

“I wouldn't but I can try.” His eyes lock against Pio's.

“Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why do you care?”

Pio looked at him strangely. Like he was trying to figure him out, it was expected of course, Jeongyo had been rather hot and cold on him. The alpha couldn't blame him for being skeptical. The alpha groans softly and runs a hand through his hair frustrated with his own stupid internal conflicts.

“I was an asshole two weeks back.” He finally says. “I shouldn't have been that harsh with you.”

The omega blinks clearly perplexed. It was cute (then again Jeongyo seemed to think everything that Kang Pio did was cute so..) Then a slow sweet smile spread over the omega's lips. The mischievous glint in his eyes told the alpha that he was anything but sweet right now.

“Say the words.” Jeongyo narrowed his eyes, this little shit was making him say it wasn't him.

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Right now?”

“No, after my grandfather's bald spot grows new hair. Yes, now!”

They glare at each other. Then the older lets out a long suffering sigh. “I'm sorry.” He mutters.

“Apology accepted.” That cheeky little.. Kang Pio had a gorgeous smile, it was like the sun coming out after a long week of rain. Choi Jeongyo momentarily feels a little breathless. He looks away with a huff.

“Come on sit down, you are standing there like you have hemorrhoids or something. I don't judge if you do.” The teasing edge there was refreshing but it was also annoying as hell. But the way Pio's eyes seemed to shine with that mischievous light in a way that made it seem like they were challenging him (this brat.)

But they were also shining as bright as the stars themselves, so Jeongyo couldn't find it in himself to care. So, he still sits down beside the omega, bundled up in Jeongyo’s own blazer.

“Why did you get so defensive about playing anyways?” The omega rests his head on his knees which he had raised to his chest at some point and looks at Jeongyo’s side profile. The alpha pauses, was it appropriate to tell such personal details about himself to his client, probably not but he wanted to share it with Pio for some reason.

“I used to love playing the piano, like I told you my mother taught me how to play and it was my favourite thing to do. You know she used to smile so brightly whenever I played a piece perfectly and I loved making her happy.” Jeongyo looks off into the dark abyssal waves of the ocean. “She used to tell me to play with my heart not my fingers…I found it silly at that time but I tried my very best.”

He smiles softly thinking about her, she was the last bit of warmth in his life after all. Once she was gone his life felt distant. Like it's going on and he knows he's growing too but it all felt like a sick dream.

“When I was 10, she made me join this piano competition. It was like a big deal, an international one if I'm right. She was so excited and I was too. I wanted her to be happy after all. So I played and I won.. But…” Jeongyo's eyes take on a distant, almost far off look. “When I was going to receive my trophy everyone started screaming. A woman had died, they said, a woman who was my mother.”

It's been such a long time since he spoke of it, it felt like reliving it again.

“Intracerebral hemorrhage, that's what they said. I couldn't even pronounce it properly back then.. It had been so sudden, after that day I couldn't touch the piano. I couldn't even look at it, getting on a stage frightened me to the core. That night when you found me, I don't know what came over me but I just wanted to play.” Jeongyo sighs. It felt nice to open up to someone or maybe it just felt nice to open up to Pio.

Suddenly he feels a warm hand over his, Jeongyo looks up and his eyes meet Pio's teary ones. His heart lurches within his ribs, his eyes gaze down Pio's delicate looking hand placed over his own.

“I'm sorry.. I shouldn't have insisted.” Pio says softly, the alpha's gaze returns to the omega's face again, particularly his eyes. They were misty with tears he realized, someone was crying for him? Why? He didn't know how to react. “I'm so sorry.”

“Don't be.” Jeongyo says softly his heart felt warm in a way he hadn't in years. Pio's eyes look up at him.

“You still play beautifully… I got excited when I heard you play that night. Truthfully I was envious of you, you could play in a way that I haven't been able to.” The omega was being vulnerable with him.

“My father was never in the picture, my mother never told anyone and that hurt my grandfather. He saw me as the reason for his daughter's ruin. Then when I was around three years old my mom found me playing the piano unprompted. She wanted me to gain my grandfather's approval through that, it was like trying to show the old man that I was worthy after all. But that did not work out the way my mother hoped.” Pio smiles solemnly and that urge to deck Pio's grandfather came back to Jeongyo ful-lfledged.

“My grandfather hated me before but now it seemed he loathed me. In his eyes I was a talentless vessel playing the piano without a soul.” Pio mutters. “I used to love music and the piano itself but lately that love didn't feel like it was enough.. When I heard you play first I was filled with envy.. You were doing something I couldn't even begin to perform.. But then a selfish hope filled me. Maybe you could help me.” Pio looks at him again.

“I let my greed get the better of me. I didn't think of you nor your circumstances. I'm sorry.”

Jeongyo stays silent for a while.

“Your grandfather is an idiot.” He says with an absurd amount of finality that catches Pio by surprise, maybe it was the deadpan expression but the omega lets out a startled laugh.

“No, really! He is! Who looks at *you* and says you are talentless? That old man needs to get his eyes checked.” The alpha huffs feeling angry for his, no not his, the omega.

“Were you always like this?” Pio asks with a bright smile on that beautiful face making Jeongyo feel giddy all over.

“What? Handsome, funny, the best company to ever have, the most badass bodyguard to ever exist? Why yes, thanks for noticing, Princess.” That earns him a punch to his shoulder, Pio takes away his hand that was holding Jeongyo’s. But the omega was laughing now, bright and beautiful in a way that had the alpha feeling warm all over. Therefore he couldn't bring himself to care.

Maybe it was the way Pio was smiling at him, the way the usually glaring streetlamp seemed to cast a gentle light over the omega, maybe it was the fact that he was a weak man.

“I'll play piano with you..” He hears himself say and the omega freezes. “And I'm not gonna back out this time.”

The silence stretches out and Pio looks at him astonished.

Jeongyo also realized that he is very obviously fucked. Because instead of the usual panic he feels when he thinks of a piano all he can see is the way Pio's eyes seemed to sparkle more than the stars themselves.

Yeah, fuck professionalism actually.

SALVATORE chap 3

Pio looks at the alpha astonished because truly speaking he could not believe what he was hearing.

“You don't have to force yourself-”

“No, I want to.” Jeongyo was determined to do this and the omega could see that in his eyes.

“Are you sure?” Pio asks again, gentle now. He gazes at the alpha taking in his rigid shoulders. The man was obviously not comfortable about it.

“Yes.” Jeongyo confirms he believed that he had been running away from this part of his life, his trauma, for long enough, he looked over at Pio.

“I want to help you and..” His ears turn red as he averts his gaze. “And I want you to help me get over this. It's been long enough.”

Pio's lips part then he reaches out to the other, he holds the alpha's hands making the flustered man look at him. Pio smiles and god did Jeongyo feel like his heart just stopped. It was so beautiful, genuine and breathtaking.

“I'll do my best to help you. Thank you so much, you don't know how much this means to me.” Pio says softly, Jeongyo pauses and looks at Pio. He knew this was important for the omega but at that moment Pio looked like a burden was lifted off of his back. He looked so much more relaxed.

Jeongyo feels a smile tug at his lips. “I'll do my best too.”

His voice comes out softer than he thought, then again maybe it's just the effect the omega has on him, he realized that there was no point in denying that he had grown a soft spot for the usually moody and prickly omega. It was fun to tease him and see the way those beautiful eyes would light up defiantly. Still he liked soft moments like this as well, so he lets it last.

Not for long though.

“So, I see that you know how to be nice after all.” He teases after a moment passes by them.

Pio's lips pressed into a line and god did Jeongyo love that expression. “I see that you are still annoying.”

He pulls his hand away and the alpha can't help but miss the warmth and softness of the omega's hand in his. The taller man stand up, Jeongyo's blazer still draped over his shoulders.

He huffs and walks to the car. He pauses when he realizes that Jeongyo hasn't moved from his spot and looks at him over his shoulder all haughty and princess-like in Jeongyo's opinion.

“Are you going to sit there all night? I'm cold, let's go home.” Jeongyo chuckles and stand up dusting his pants before jogging up to catch up with Pio.

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry.” He says as he finally catches up.

“I don't care.” Pio huffs all haughty and Jeongyo finds it cute really. But he also noticed the soft almost not there smile on the younger man's lips. The alpha wanted to tease the taller one more but he also saw the exhaustion around the omega's eyes, his heart softened.

His mind wandered to Pio's family, they didn't deserve the omega. Pio deserved to be cherished and loved.

“What's with that look?” Pio asks when he notices that the alpha had gone silent. Jeongyo breaks out of his trance and looks at the omega.

“Nothing, just thinking.” He says as he opens the door for the omega.

“About?”

“That's a secret.” The alpha grins which earns him an annoyed look.

Such a spoiled princess.
—----------

The week for Pio goes by in a blur. After that late night talk with Jeongyo at the beach he was feeling a lot lighter nowadays. He had been excited to plan out practice sessions with the alpha in mind but he soon realized that his schedule had other plans.

Due to some unexpected technical difficulties it seemed that he had photoshoots, audio recording sessions, interviews and many more public activities placed back to back for the whole week.

He had spent the whole week in a room, either dressed up posing for pictures, playing the piano or saying scripted replies to a journalist who didn't know when to stop being nosy. Everyday he would have to leave early and come back late. A few times he had all but passed out on the way back home and Jeongyo had to bridal carry him to his room.

Pio's cheeks turn red. God, why did that memory have to come by now?

Pio knew his bodyguard was strong but still, Pio wasn't a dainty omega by any means. He was taller and broader when compared to other omegas around him. But Jeongyo had lifted him like he weighed nothing at all.

It was itching a spot in Pio's brain he didn't even know existed till now.

But that is not the point. He was officially released from his shackles today. He only had to be out and about till noon today so that meant only one thing.

“We have practice at 6pm, I'll be in the solar room.” Pio says as he stands in Jeongyo's bedroom, he had come unannounced and announced his command then walked away like it was the most normal thing to do.

Jeongyo pauses trying to process the words. He blinks then scratches his head. Well…he really didn't know what to say.

—----------

Choi Jeongyo was late.

Pio glares at the poor piano’s keys like they personally offended him. He looks at the time, 6:20pm, just as he goes back to glare at the keys again the door to the solar room opens. He turns to look at the newcomer.

Choi Jeongyo stands much like a soldier at the door, well an awkward soldier, he looks into Pio's eyes and sees the flames of a thousand suns burning in them. Yeah, he was going to die. His employer is going to kill him. If looks could kill Choi Jeongyo would have been dead by now.

“Hey…” he says awkwardly.

“*Hey?* Did you see the time? You come in late and you are saying ‘*Hey’?*” The omega hisses and a depraved part of Jeongyo's brain finds it hot but apart from that his brain was an anxious mess.

He didn't know how he had played the piano the last two times. Maybe it was because there weren't expectations the first time and the second time had been so sudden that his brain couldn't register it. But now his brain had marinated in the idea of playing again and it has accumulated enough anxiety to make him sick.

That's why he was late, he hadn't eaten anything since noon when Pio told him that he'll be practicing with him. The anxiety came from nowhere and it was consuming him, it was so embarrassing.

“I…”

“Come over here, let's start.” The omega turns away facing the piano again, Jeongyo tentatively makes his way to the piano, but each step he takes makes his stomach flutter uncomfortable. His mouth was turning sour and salivating as he did so.

“I..” He touches the piano and he feels the contents of his stomach make its way up. He holds it in but still can't help but retch slightly, the omega looks at him concerned.

“Jeongyo-”

“I can't.. Can we move this,” he retches, “To another day? Fuck, I need to go..” He runs away out of the solar room to his bathroom to puke his guts out.

Pio blinks, his lips part then he presses them together. Had he been too eager? He knew Jeongyo had a deep trauma linked to the piano, he felt inconsiderate for thinking it won't affect the alpha.

He sighs softly.

—----------

He's sighing again, much like a Victorian maiden whose husband is away on voyage to find the promised lands or something.

Jaein watched her best friend sigh again, if she was counting (which she was) that would be his 4th sigh. Something was most definitely bothering the omega and something tells her that it had something to do with the Ex-military alpha standing right outside the office door.

“Pio, I swear to god!” She had enough on the 5th sigh, the omega looks at her startled then his face settles on a petulant pout. He was spoiled, but she was the one who spoiled him. They grew up together after all, she knew how his family was like and knew about the constant criticism and pressure. So little Jaein took it upon herself to give Pio all the love and care he deserved.

She remembers back in high school when the other wouldn't even smile, always so rigid and uptight. She was glad she was able to soften that shell enough that he was acting like a spoiled princess around her, that meant he trusted her.

“What happened? You have been sighing up a storm like a wife missing her husband at sea.”

“Where did that comparison come from?”

“I have a feeling that this has something to do with ‘He Who Should Not Be Named’.”

Pio blinks, “What does Voldemort have to do with this?”

“Volde- You idiot I mean your allegedly annoying bodyguard!” Oh, she was so done.

“Why would you compare him to my husband! We aren't like that!” Pio's ears were red.

“You aren't fooling anyone here.” Jaein deadpans. “Unlike you, I don't have time to dilly dally, get to the point.”

“Dilly dally? I'm offended.”

“I don't care.” She smiles at him, that pout becomes more prominent. “It's been 30 minutes, what's on your mind?”

“How do you help someone recover from a phobia?”

Jaein blinks. Well, that wasn't what she was expecting. She was expecting Pio to finally admit that he had the hots for the bodyguard or something, not this. She sets the coffee down on the glass table and thinks.

“What kind of phobia?”

“This person had a traumatic event happen to them as a child which made them unable to touch a certain instrument without having an anxiety attack.” Pio explains he rests his cheek on his palm.

“How bad are we talking about here?”

“Threw up at the sight of it.

“Maybe they should see a therapist.”

“Wow!” Pio looks at her with these wide eyes like he just realized something, “Oh my god, Jaein, you're a genius! I didn't think of it at all!”

“You don't have to be mean about it.” Jaein mutters. Pio's gaze softens.

“I'm sorry, I'm just stressed about it all.” Pio buried his face in his hands.

Jaein looks at him, “Hey, it's fine.”

“No, it isn't.”

“Ok, it isn't. But still I know you don't mean bad. What happened?”

“It's not my story to share.”

Jaein pauses and looks at Pio, he looked deeply troubled but she couldn't really come up with a solution if he was keeping the whole fact from her. But she also knew that Pio wouldn't keep it from her without a reason.

“You'll figure something out, that brain works from time to time.” She says a soft teasing edge at the end making the omega let out a soft chuckle.

“Ok, noona~”

“Ugh, I hate it when you call me that.” The alpha makes a face of pure disgust.

“I know.” Pio smiles, which earns him a pillow to the face.

—----------

Pio liked to play for the community. He enjoyed it a lot better compared to playing for a competition or a concert. He liked to see the genuine happiness in people's faces when he played a piece they liked or a piece they thought was pretty.

It was liberating, really, these people weren't like the people present at a concert. They didn't come to criticise his playing, they weren't actively trying to find the flaw in them. Most of them probably didn't even know the names of the pieces he played but still they loved music. They were there because they loved the music and Pio shared that sentiment.

He loved music, music could heal and music could sooth. It had been his only comfort all these years and he wanted as many people as possible to find their comfort in the music he played as well.

So, he played for the community. As much as his schedule allowed him to do so. Once or twice a week, most often just once. He would go to hospitals or churches or orphanages and play his music for them.

This week he had found himself in a small church in a tiny town near the outskirts of Seoul. He had stumbled onto it, he had a photo shoot in the town nearby and on the ride back he had seen the church. His schedule gave him some time today so he asked Jeongyo to take them to the religious establishment first instead of his next appointment.

It was a beautiful building, not too large but not tiny either. A gothic style church with large tinted glass windows that allowed the sunlight to flow in like beams of golden silk. Pio loved churches like this, he was never all that religious, not in that sense, not in the way his mother was, but he

always liked coming to church. It was peaceful, the outside world blocked out inside this sanctuary.

Pio didn't have to think, he just needed to bask in the peace and quiet of the world within. The soft giggles of the children still inside and the soft prayers of the people still inside. It was nice, it helped him breathe for once, the week had been hectic. It was stressful and too much but this moment seemed to alleviate those feelings for now.

He had just come in to take a few moments to rest and be at peace but then his eyes fell on the grand piano by the side of the altar. He couldn't help it, so he asks one of the priests if he was allowed to play for a bit.

The people here were warm and welcoming enough to let him. He smiles and takes his place at the bench. His fingers press onto the keys and he lets the music flow from his soul.

By the time the piece was done he realized that he had amassed a great audience of tiny humans, big eyes all looking at him in wonder. Soon he finds himself being swarmed with questions.

“Hyung, you are so pretty.”

“Can you play baby shark?”

“Can you teach me how to play?”

“Oppa, do you have a girlfriend?”

He chuckles softly; he then hears another familiar chuckle and looks up to see Jeongyo standing by the steps. He was looking at Pio with this unreadable look in his eyes, an emotion that made something inside Pio's stomach flutter.

“Sorry, kids, the pretty hyung has to leave now.” Jeongyo says moving towards Pio.

“Oppa?” Inah, as she had introduced herself, looks up at Pio with her big brown eyes. “Is he your boyfriend?”

Pio blushes, where did that come from? “No-”

“I'm his knight in shining armer.” Jeongyo interrupts Pio's answer. The kids look at Jeongyo with wide curious eyes.

“That's not possible, only princesses’ have knights in shining armor!” Hyuk, a young boy among the girls, speaks up. Jeongyo smiles, and the kid's logic is really cute.

“Well, that makes hyung here a princess now doesn't it?” Pio wanted to ground to swallow him whole. He glares at the stupid alpha, which only makes the infuriating man smile back at him. Flashing his canines and gums, it was a disarmingly cute smile to have especially when he was being an annoying ass.

The kids all turn to Pio again. Wonder in those boba eyes.

“Are you a princess, oppa?”

“What? You'll only believe this oppa of yours?” Jeongyo huffs in mock offence.

“You don't seem trustworthy.” Inah says bluntly and Pio can't help but giggle at the face Jeongyo makes.

“Ya, you little!”

Pio watches as the kids wrestle Jeongyo who is ultimately ‘defeated’ by the kids. After a while the kid's parents come by and usher them away, both the alpha and omega wave bye to them, soon it was just Pio and Jeongyo there.

“It's peaceful here isn't it?” Pio asks softly, his eyes looking over the altar, his eyes lingering on the statue of Mother Mary then falling to the candles placed by her feet. They had moved to sit in pews, he still wanted to stay a while and the fact that Jeongyo hadn't said anything yet made him believe that he had the luxury to do so.

“Yeah…I'm sorry by the way.” Pio looked over at the alpha who looked sheepish and awkward, a hand behind his neck rubbing the base of it, the man looked younger like this, like a kid.

“For what?”

“Practice.”

“Oh..”

“I just, the last two times I didn't really think much about it, you know? But this time around the anxiety came on and….” The alpha buries his face in his hand, “I wasted your time.. I'm sorry for that.”

Pio's eyes soften, oh he was feeling bad about it?

“Well, I'll be completely honest. I was kind of annoyed by it but then again, you are still recovering from a trauma here, I should have known better than to push you.” Jeongyo looks at him in a way that makes Pio look away, ears red.

“We'll find a way.” Pio says determinedly. “While this did start out as selfishness on my part, now I do want to help you. Did you know that you look the happiest when you play?”

“Really?”

“Yeah, it's like the burdens of the world are lifted from your shoulders. That's what captivated me about you playing. It's like I felt my own weight lift away as well.” Pio looks over again, his eyes sparkling. “I want to play like that.”

“Oh.. Still I don't know when I'll get over this.. “

“Don't be pessimistic, we can do this!”

Jeongyo smiles at the omega's optimism. Which for some reason felt out of character for Pio, but that just meant the omega was very determined after all. He holds the other's gaze, the omega seems to realize and look away his ears red.

He needed to find something to look at, to calm his racing heart. His eyes fall on the gentle glow of the candles. The sunlight streaming in had dimmed due to the storm clouds blocking the sun out. The soft warm glow of the candles lit the church. He breathes out softly, his heart calming to a steady pace.

He breathed out, feeling relaxed. Lighting candles always helped him fall asleep during thunderstorms, he used to be very scared of that climate as a child but he grew out of it now. He remembers his mother who would stay with him and light candles for him.

Then a thought crosses through his mind making him gasp.

Oh. He knew what to do.

He looks over at Jeongyo, “Come to the solar room at midnight.”

The alpha looks at him astonished.

“What?”

“Just do as you are told.” Pio says before standing up, “We should get going now, my next appointment is in 2 hours, it'll take us at least an hour to get there.”

The omega walks off like it was the most normal thing ever, as if he hadn't just ordered the alpha to do something without any reason behind it. And if it had been any other self-respecting alphas in the place of Jeongyo, he might have scoffed at the audacity but as it was established before Jeongyo doesn't seem to possess that quality when it comes to Pio.

So, he quickly follows close behind.

Both fail to notice a dark figure sitting in a darkened corner of the crush watching them, their hand pressing into the wooden pew before them.

Kang Pio was weird.

Jeongyo didn't mean it negatively but the omega was always weird in a way that made Jeongyo feel weird.

Like right now the omega seemed to have taken his men in as his minions because they were all moving around the penthouse now, carrying boxes that contained something that Jeongyo was apparently not allowed to know about.

Which was a new development considering how he had heard his men talk about how much of a haughty diva Kang Pio was just a few weeks ago, which in turn had earned them all a heated glare from the alpha because that was unprofessional. (Hypocritical of him considering he was complaining about the same thing to Hyeoncheol just a few weeks ago but something about someone else talking shit about Pio made his blood boil.)

But then again Pio tends to go hot and cold most of the time. He supposed it was the fact that Pio never forgets to get the security personnel snacks all throughout the day. For having such a prickly attitude he was rather kind underneath it all.

Still it's comical that Pio has gained these men's loyalty with donuts. He feels a smile threaten to spread across his lips but he stops himself.

This was not supposed to amuse him, it was supposed to annoy him since apparently now it seems that Pio's words hold more value to these men than Jeongyo's. Which technically it did, but he was still the one who called the shots not Pio.

But it seems he had been demoted, he realizes when he finds himself ordering one of his men, Samuel, to tell him what they were doing. He asked nicely but the man wouldn't budge so he had to use an order.

“Stop ordering poor Sam around like that.” He hears the omega's voice behind him making him turn to face him, the omega had placed his hands on his hips and was looking at Jeongyo with a look of profound annoyance.

But this he means that the omega had a soft pout on his lips while he looked at Jeongyo glaring eyes. (Pretty.)

“He's one of my men, I call the shots here, princess.” Jeongyo says, his voice deep edged with annoyance of his own. Usually people are intimidated by this tone but Pio was never the ordinary kind of people so the omega looks at him unimpressed.

“Well, you are my bodyguard so that means I'm above you and them. I call the shots.” Pio retorts back.

“Me being your bodyguard doesn't mean you get to order me around?”

“I am your emoplyer aren't I?”

“So? That does not make me your servant.”

“Sam, go put the boxes in the solar room.”

“You will do no such thing!” Jeongyo and Pio says at the same time. Poor Samuel looks at his friends for help but they all look up like this was not happening.

Pio glares at Jeongyo, “Stop pushing him around.”

“Oh, so you can do that but i can't?”

“He offered to help.”

“So?”

“Why are you being difficult?”

Samuel looks between the two sudden he realizes this must be how kids with parents at the verge of divorce feels like.

“Sir, I would like to help, Pio-ssi.” Samuel says and Jeongyo looks like he just told him he killed his first born or something. Samuel walks off without looking back because he is not getting involved in whatever those two had going on.

Pio looks at Jeongyo entirely too smug for his liking. Jeongyo particularly hated the fact that he found that expression cute. It seemed that even thought they were friends now the bicker will never end.

“Stop being so smug.”

“Smug? Me? I'm just enjoying winning an argument. Do not be a tyrant to poor Sam.” Pio says and that irritates Jeongyo.

“I'm not a tyrant.”

“You made those poor men run 20 laps because they were 2 minutes late.” Pio points out and Jeongyo regrets that his team likes Pio now because they were telling him stories about Jeongyo. Tattling on him.

Which also meant he was asking stories about him…

Jeongyo feels unnatural hot under his collar at that thought.

“What is this all about anyway?” He asks changing the subject. Pio gets this mischievous little spark in his eyes that makes Jeongyo feel both dread and warmth spread throughout his belly.

“That's a secret.”

That's all he is provided with before Pio walks away to the solar room, he looks over his shoulder to remind the alpha about practice again and warns him not to step into the solar room without Pio letting him in.

Jeongyo huffs and grunts out a response before he goes to his room to brood.

No, he does not sulk.

—----------

By the time 11:55 pm rolls around Jeongyo is filled with that familiar sense of dread within him. It settles deep into the pits of his stomach weighting it down. He was almost expecting the reappearance of the kimbap he had for dinner but thankfully he was able to keep it down.

For now.

He sighs trying to calm himself. As he is doing that, Pio pops his head in and looks at him in a way that makes Jeongyo's heart tighten. It was this implicitly gentle way that it made Jeongyo’s treacherous heart flutter with a want that shouldn't be there.

“You alright?” He asks softly. Jeongyo felt better all of a sudden, he didn't understand why then he smelled the telltale scent of lilies and peonies with soft undertones of smoked vanilla wafts into the room.

Pio's scent, it was something Jeongyo shouldn't be able to sense. His nose never worked that well, with his own scent gland being defective and what not. But recently he had started to smell Pio. (He had to get it checked out, it felt as though something was changing.)

Like the rest of the omega, this too was intoxicating. He realizes belatedly that he felt better because of the Pio's scent. The omega was releasing calming pheromones for him. Jeongyo feels himself falling even deeper in a way he shouldn't, in a way he isn't allowed to.

“Jeongyo?” The alpha looks up, he realizes that he had dazed off for a moment there. He looks into Pio's eyes, now filled with a quiet sense of worry.

“Yeah, I'm fine, let's go.” He says standing up he walks to the door and follows Pio to the solar room. As he walked closer he feels his heart beating faster and the nausea returning. He stops just as Pio is about to open the door.

“No.. I don't think I can-” His voice dies down in his throat when a soft yet warm hand wraps around his wrist, he looks up and his vision is filled with lovely chocolate browns. He could see the light golden streaks within Pio's eyes like this.

Pio's eyes were always beautiful, but they were especially beautiful when they were filled with stubborn determination. He was mesmerized by them and the trance that they put him under let him be dragged inside by Pio.

By the time he breaks out of his trance he was inside and he feels the dread settle in. But then he saw the room.

The lights were out but the room shone a beautiful golden from the hundreds of candles scattered all around the room.

“What-”

“To calm you down..” Pio says, his delicate hand was still wrapped around Jeongyo’s wrist. “Just try.. Ok?”

The alpha lets himself be pulled to the piano. All the while his heart was doing something, he looked at the candles again. Why would Pio go to this extent for him? Was this really worth it? Was *he* really worth all this?

They sit at the piano bench, shoulder and thighs pressed together and Jeongyo is very aware of how warm Pio feels. He looks at the keys and that warmth leaves, old memories, haunting and blocking his mind.

“Jeongyo.” He looked up, Pio was looking at him. His lips set in a stubborn pout. “Just look at me, just hear my music and follow me. Nothing else, ok?”

Jeongyo nods unsure and feeling all too small, scared as he had been as a kid who watched his mother be proclaimed dead.

Pio turns to the piano and Jeongyo just watches him. The way his eyes turn serious, the way they look at the sheet music with so much concentration, the way he sits, then his lips, the way they were set in a straight line. He was playing Secondo, Jeongyo realized.

Kang Pio was beautiful but he looked ethereal when he was playing the piano. Jeongyo watches Pio establish the tempo, his breath catching as Pio looks over at him.

His hands shook but he closed his eyes and touched the keys, soon he followed the other's tempo. The more he played the more light he felt, those bad memories all falling off of his shoulders as his fingers danced over the keys.

—----------

Pio watches as Jeongyo becomes more and more relaxed, a soft smile spreading over his lips as he keeps up with the alpha. He watches the alpha. The moon's light seems to fall onto him, the glow taking a warm tone from the candles' light surrounding them.

Pio felt his breath catching. His heart flutters ever so gently in a way he knew and feared, it's been a long while since he felt this light while playing the piano.

He knows what this means and he accepts it. He smiles more to himself than not and they play together.

They played late into the night until their fingers hurt and their hearts were full.

—----------

After that night it was like the roles had switched, Pio used to be the one to drag Jeongyo to the solar room before now it was the other way around.

Pio laughs as Jeongyo pushes him towards the room. He has apparently picked up a new four hands piece for them to play. He had come to Pio's room all giddy with a gummy smile and all.

“Slow down, why are you so eager?” Pio chuckles softly as they walk in and Jeongyo doesn't know why exactly, or he did but he refused to acknowledge it, but he felt light when he played. Especially when he played with Pio by his side. It's like he was a happy kid again, those feelings that he hadn't had the chance to feel in so long coming back made him feel more greedy.

“You still play rigidly, we need to work on that.” An excuse, a very convenient one at that.

“We aren't playing more than 2 pieces, I want to go to sleep early today.” They both knew that wasn't going to happen because when they played together they seemed to get lost in it, time

becomes a concept that does not exist, something that passes by as they stand still together, their fingers dancing over the keys.

The days felt lighter now, at one point in it his life felt like a loop. Waking up, going to an interview, going to a concert, practice till his hands hurt then sleep and repeat.

A monotonous life which felt as lifeless as he had been, but now while it was still the same there was the new addition of their practice sessions at the end of the day. He found himself feeling happier and even a little excited about being able to play with the alpha.

For once he found himself looking forward to something, or someone, after a very long time music felt like happiness rather than another burden on his shoulder and it had been thanks to Choi Jeongyo.

Pio wasn't that slow as to not understand where his feelings stood. He was falling and he wasn't even fighting it. He couldn't bring himself to do so, it was so easy to let himself be swept away by the storm that is Choi Jeongyo than fighting against it.

Maybe he was greedy, maybe he liked the attention the alpha gave. So, he let himself feel, he let his heart fluttered when Jeongyo would jokingly call him princess, he bickered with the older man over silly things, he laughed at the alpha's stupid jokes and he let Jeongyo take him away to the quaint seaside that has now become their private spot.

What they felt for each other was obvious, it was in the stolen glances, the secret smiles, the way Jeongyo knew what Pio needed before even the omega knew, the way Pio was able to read the alpha's mood like a book, the way their music played together rather than against each other. The way both of their eyes seem to soften when they would look at the other when they aren't looking.

Something warm and soft was blooming between them, something undeniable and powerful.

Something that would end with them hurt.

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“Will you at least tell me where we are going?” Jeongyo asks, his face was covered by the black mask he was wearing which mirrored Pio's own disguise. But Pio knew the other was doing that thing with his lips.

They were in a subway train much to Jeongyo’s dismay because it was dangerous and unpredictable. He had been against it until the omega flashed him those big brown eyes.

He remembers the conversation they had this morning.

“No absolutely no!” He almost growls.

“Come on, I'll even wear a disguise. No one will know.”

“You say that as though you have experience with this.”

“....” Pio doesn't say anything, which just gives Jeongyo every answer he wants. He huffs unimpressed and frustrated.

“What was your old security team even doing? Counting peanuts?”

“That's irrelevant!”

“It's dangerous!”

“That's why I'm taking you with me, you'll protect me won't you, Jeongyo-ya?” Those pretty doe eyes look into his eyes and the alpha feels his resolve weaken. “Come on.. We'll be very careful and I'll listen to everything you say.”

The omega flutters his lashes prettily in a way that would make a weak man bend over backwards to fulfill any of the omega's wishes.

And Choi Jeongyo was a weak weak man.

So, that's how he found himself in a crowded subway train with Pio caged between his arms. The omega had his back pressed against the door of the train while the alpha was standing there using his body as a shield to keep the omega from bumping into anyone and vice versa.

Kang Pio was infuriatingly relaxed as he scrolled through his phone, Jeongyo kind of hated himself more because for a moment he got distracted by how thick Pio's lashes looked as his eyes were down casted onto the phone in his hand. The omega too was wearing a mask making his eyes stand out more, they already did when he wasn't wearing a mask now they were too prominent and doing funny things to Jeongyo's heart.

“You'll know when we get there.” Pio looked up at him again, yeah, Jeongyo needed to go to a doctor because his heart most definitely did skip a beat there.

“What kind of answer is that?”

“My kind.”

“That makes no sense.”

“Yes, it does.”

“No, it doesn't.”

“I don't care.” Oh, look at that smile on this little shit’s eyes, he couldn't see his lips but the way those eyes filled with mirth told him everything he needed to know. Jeongyo wanted to do kis-

Yeah, no. We are not going there.

Since he can't do anything else he settles for huffing and keeping himself alert. Whatever Pio had planned couldn't be all that bad, he hoped.

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He hoped wrong, he hoped very very wrong.

Jeongyo finds himself standing there feeling petrified as he watches Pio talk to a person he had a feeling would be the organizer of this thing.

This thing in question being a whole stage set up in the middle of Mapo district, the stage was set in the middle of the street with steps on each side for the people to come sit and watch. It was noon so the amount of people was less compared to the night but there was still a considerable amount of people aroundl.

Just enough to make his hands feel cold and mouth a little dry.

He watches as Pio bows to the organizer and walks over to Jeongyo, who was standing suspiciously still like if he didn't move then maybe Pio wouldn't notice him.

Unfortunately for him Pio's eyes never failed to notice him.

“Come on.”

“Why?” He did not squeak, he was a dignified alpha, alpha's don't squeak his voice was just a pitch higher than usual is all.

Pio looks at him, picking up on the anxiety radiating around the alpha. He reaches out and takes ahold of Jeongyo's hand, the alpha feels his beating heart slow then go fast again but for very different reasons than before.

“Don't worry, I'm there with you…just try ok? If you can't, then that's fine, but try.” Jeongyo could go on and on about how beautiful Pio's eyes were, and he has done so multiple times but even that didn't feel enough at times like this.

He was scared but he wanted to try for Pio. He nods feeling unsure, Pio's eyes crinkle at the corners and they sparkle, Jeongyo is now aware that the omega was smiling behind the mask and itself feels like a reward.

He lets Pio drag him to the stage and to the grand piano set there. They sit side by side. He feels his hands shake on his lap. He gulps a little. He can't look up, he feels a hand on his making him look up and into the omega's eyes.

“Just focus on me.” The younger says, making the alpha nod, Pio moves to start, he sets the tempo as usual and waits for Jeongyo to join in.

Jeongyo looks over at Pio and this profound sense of comfort falls over him. He was scared but his heart knew that Pio was there to hold him upright. For once in his life felt security, he takes a deep breath then joins in with Pio. Soon the fear leaves his mind and body, in its place the familiar lightness fills him. This feeling has been ever present since the day he and Pio started playing, he was greedy to feel this warmth as long as he could.

They step down from the stage while being surrounded by applause. Jeougyo didn't care his eyes went to Pio's and the way the omega's eyes were full of such pride made the alpha feel like he was on cloud nine. Nothing else mattered at that moment, only Pio mattered.

After this they stay by to watch the performance of the band. It was nice, he finds himself lost in the light and fun music, his hands doing air drums to the beat of the song being performed. Pio chuckles at the alpha's antics.

They don't get to stay longer as someone seemed to have recognized Pio and Jeongyo had to promptly take the omega away.

They walk side by side to the subway station. Jeongyo felt all giddy inside, the spring in his steps also mirrored that feeling.

“Today was fun.”

“But also reckless.”

“I think you mean ‘Yes, Pio-ya, it was great, Pio-ya. You are so great and smart, Pio-ya!’” Jeongyo looks at the omega unimpressed to which he gets a pair of sparkling mirth filled eyes looking back at him and whatever retort he had died in his throat.

“Yes, it was great. But I would appreciate you telling me where we are going next time.”

“Next time, huh?”

“Don't get ahead of yourself.”

“Ok, hyung~” Jeongyo stumbles at the address, a red blush fills his cheeks. What the hell was that? He glares at Pio making the omega chuckle.

“Oi, don't call me that all of sudden like that.”

“You are my hyung thought, it's appropriate.”

“It is but I was surprised!”

“Ok, hyung.”

“You little!” Pio chuckles and squeals as Jeongyo runs after him.

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Jeongyo sighs as he rests his head against the glass window of the subway train. It was night so almost no one was in the car. It was peaceful.

He finds himself revisiting the day's events. He thinks of how cute Pio looked with his cheeks stuffed with street food, he came to know that Pio hasn't eaten street food before so he took it upon himself to have the omega find the treasure that was street food.

It was fun, his heart felt full. He tried not to think about how much this felt like a date. It wasn't, it can't be. They are still worlds apart, he can't afford to yearn for something he can't have.

Just as he thinks this, he feels a warm weight on his shoulder. He looks over to see that Pio has fallen asleep on his shoulder.

Oh.

Oh.

His heart was a greedy stubborn thing, it took the sight of Pio sleeping on his shoulder. His long lashes rested against his soft cheeks and his face relaxed. Pio had taken off his mask for the ride, no one was around and Jeongyo intended to stay awake. His eyes linger on those plush lips, glistening with the lip balm he has seen Pio apply all throughout the day. Pio's lips were always so pretty.

Pink, plush and always set in a soft downturn pout when relaxed. They were always so captivating in a way that made Jeongyo feel crazy.

He looked at the omega, he looked so relaxed, so calm, *so trusting.* He knew he was just doing his job and Pio was meant to feel safe around him still it felt like an achievement.

He finds himself resting his head on the omega's and takes a breath in. He'll let himself be greedy for this one moment.

“Jeongyo?” He pulls away slightly to look at Pio and he realizes just how close their faces are. Pio looked so irresistibly soft like this, eyes still hazy with sleep, devoid of the calculation that usually is ever present in them. His hair is a little mushed from sleeping and his lips are still parted and so pretty.

He was looking at Jeongyo with this look that made his belly ignite with a fire he didn't know could ever be there. The omega's eyes fall to his lips and fuck Jeongyo feels his sanity wean away.

His eyes also fall to the omega's lips, once again. He just had to lean in a little more to feel them, to bite them, mark them as his.

He feels himself lean in more, his heart beating as if it was trying to jump out of his chest. A flush spreads over Pio's cheeks, it's so pretty.

Pio was so pretty.

“Jeongyo…”