

A surprisingly large portion of Joshua's job is dedicated to making sure Seungkwan isn't chewing on himself./

He loves Seungkwan like he birthed him himself. Nothing else matters past that./

Joshua would take a bullet before letting Seungkwan hurt that badly again. Multiple bullets, actually, before watching the press tear him apart. Watching him cry and fall into distress every nasty comment he reads—every tabloid that comes out. Joshua can't let *Vernon* take Seungkwan there again./

"You're beautiful, and kind, and fun, and no one who meets you hates you," Joshua says. "If he's mean, I'll kick his ass. If he falls in love with you, I'll kick his ass. If you tell me to kick his ass, I'll kick his ass."/

"What if *I* fall in love with *him*?"

Joshua scowls. "Don't joke about things like that, rotten child."

Seungkwan cackles. The brat./

He sticks up his pointer finger, waving it back and forth, grumpy expression on his face. "You better not break Hansollie's heart, young man."

"Oh my god," Hansol says.

"Oh my god," Joshua says.

Seungkwan laughs nervously. "He better not break mine!"

“Oh my god,” Joshua says./

“Having them is kinda like having kids. In a way,” Junhui shrugs. “It’s like they’re on a playdate.”

That gets Joshua to release a huff of laughter, but he plays it off./

“Seungkwan seems to like him, but he likes every pretty boy. This kid, like, got into some fights with reporters, and his reputation isn’t great—and his manager is a fucking weirdo—”

Jeonghan laughs, head tipping back. “Yah— don’t hold back.”/

When Joshua told Junhui that he’s trying to avoid coffee, because he’s probably getting an ulcer, Junhui cancelled his own coffee order and replaced it with hot chocolate so *‘you don’t feel left out, Joshua-ssi.’*/

He loves his job.

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Joshua is overstimulated./

“Holy shit, this is so fucking good—” Junhui groans when he digs into his food.

Joshua laughs, but it’s nothing serious. It is genuine, though./

He jumps so harshly that he smacks his head on the ceiling when someone speaks from directly behind him./

Joshua shuts his eyes and groans. “Seungcheol, really? Why’s he here?”

“I’m sorry!” Seungcheol whines, throwing the car into drive. “I didn’t expect you to call me tonight! I’m technically off the clock!”/

“He’s *not* single, by the way,” Seungcheol mumbles, just loud enough for Joshua to hear./

Junhui bends closer to Joshua, his breath brushing Joshua’s ear when he whispers, “I taught him that.”

“Ew, shut up,” Joshua complains, shoving Junhui away. Junhui belly laughs, shoulders shaking. It’s contagious enough to have Joshua fighting off a smile./

He knows that his worth isn’t determined by Seungkwan’s need for him—but sometimes he wants it to be./

Junhui types for a bit. Then stops. Types again. Joshua flinches when he bites his cheek too hard./

He ended up meeting Seokmin for coffee, and he drank enough that his stomach hurt. No one was there to stop him, because Seokmin doesn’t know Joshua has an ulcer./

He ignored a call and a text from Wonwoo, because Wonwoo had betrayed him./

“Rhetorical question,” Junhui laughs softly. “I’m across the street at a bar. I can see you pacing around. Come have a drink with me.”/

Junhui beams. He glows, even from across the street. “Look both ways before you cross the street, please. I like you non-flattened.”/

“She expects so much of me, and she can’t tell that I’m *trying*. It’s not my fault that no one wants to be with me! Why would anyone want to be with me, anyway? I don’t get it. You know, my last boyfriend said that I was pretty, but *too serious*. That’s what he said. And, the worst part about it was that I was trying so hard to be fun around him. Like, I wouldn’t even check my email when I slept over. But he always got jealous of Seungkwan, too. Like— seriously, man? That’s the entire thing. You knew what you were signing up for! But, my mom hates my work, and she doesn’t care that I like it, and she doesn’t understand why I can’t find anyone to settle down with— and I don’t know how to tell her it’s because I’m *neurotic*, and *uptight*, and I’m too fucking attached to this stupid job where I’m a glorified babysitter all day. I *love* my job, Junhui. Seriously. I really, really do. That’s why. Oh my god. I need another shot.”/

The door closes behind Hansol. Seungkwan locks it. He trips over himself trying to get his shoes off, hurrying over to the couch./

“I was trying to make things less stressful for you— Wonwoo-hyung said you have an ulcer! I was thinking about your ulcer!”/

He’s been avoiding everyone. Junhui. Jeonghan. Wonwoo. *Haseul*./

“Yeah. We’re official. Aren’t you proud of me?” Jeonghan grins. He holds up his left hand, even though there’s no ring on it. “Will you be my flower boy?”/

“you have this insane defensive reaction to curl up and die whenever you feel a sliver of desire for something you think you shouldn’t be allowed to have”/

“Why would I need you to tell me of my failures out loud?” Joshua deadpans. “I’m so good at shooting myself in the foot. It’s my favorite thing to do, Jeonghan. I’ve got the aim down perfectly.”/

He puts out his cigarette, and starts walking for the elevators. Joshua goes to follow, but Jeonghan puts up a finger. “No. Take your own elevator. My elevator is for people who are willing to admit they crave romantic love.”/

“Never,” Joshua and Seungkwan say at the same time. Seungkwan breaks into a smile afterwards, pleased with himself./

The thing about Hansol is that as soon as he opens his mouth he becomes so incredibly endearing./

To Junhui (Hansol Manager)

Chances you answer your phone if I call you right now?

Junhui calls him first./

“I missed you, by the way. *Euughh!*” Junhui makes a twisted up noise, as if he’s been shot and left bleeding out on the floor. “That was horrible, don’t make me say that ever again.”/

“Can I ask you for advice?” Mingyu pulls his mask to sit below his chin, tongue running over his bottom lip.

“Is that not why you grabbed me specifically? Or, were you just reaching at random?”/

Joshua hugs close to Junhui’s arm, soaking up as much light as he can. A lizard on a rock./

“That’s my emotional support used condom,” Junhui deadpans. “I used it the first time I had sex with my boyfriend.”/

But, when Joshua wakes up, wrapped around Junhui’s back, his face buried in Junhui’s neck, and Junhui is meowing softly into his phone, because the cat camera he set up at home allows him to speak to Ogu from anywhere— Joshua is pretty damn sure it’s love.