

Jaehyun is (NOT!) a Common Name

- THE BOYZ - Bbangmil - Younghoon x Hyunjae -

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Kapitel 2: Chapter 2

Although Younghoon had planned to talk to Eric as soon as possible, he had to wait until he met the younger boy on their first break on Monday. Also, his phone had been in repairs for the last few days and he couldn't pick it up until this morning. It still didn't work properly, but at least it didn't die instantly whenever he opened the messenger anymore.

Now he was sitting on a bench with Chanhee and Changmin, waiting for Eric.

Once the younger one arrived, he was smiling broadly.

"Hey kid," Chanhee greeted Eric and received a quick hug in return.

"Hyung, how was it? Did it work out?" he asked Younghoon excitedly.

"Nothing worked out," he shook his head, "You sent the wrong guy! That's probably in the top five of my most awkward conversations now!"

The youngest's eyes widened.

"What do you mean, hyung?! I told Jaehyun hyung to go to that bench just like we said!"

Younghoon rolled his eyes. He quickly looked around the schoolyard until he spotted Jaehyun.

"Eric, are you blind? Deaf? Or are you just stupid? You see them standing over there?" he pointed to the group of the two Jaehyun's and another younger student that looked pale and tired, "I was talking about the tall blond! Not your coach!"

"That is not blond at all," Chanhee said and shoved another one of Changmin's cookies in his mouth.

He patted Eric's head and gave him a cookie as well while the youngest mumbled the words Younghoon had said. Chanhee whined when Changmin took the sweets from

him.

"It is, that's just a different shade," Younghoon dismissed him.

"No, what the fuck, I'm guessing you're either color blind or trying to do something illegal," Chanhee said, mouth full.

"I said 'tall blond', now shut up, Chanhee. Don't they need you in your math club?"

Changmin laughed out loud.

"Wow, rude, hyung."

"I already know why I don't help you with this nonsense. And by the way, we won the-"

"I really appreciate that you're so smart but right now I couldn't care less."

"Wow."

"Blond...? Blond, blond... oh, blond hair! Ooooh! Him! I didn't know his real name was Jaehyun!" Eric suddenly beamed, pointing in the direction of the right Jaehyun.

"Yes! Not the older one with the black hair."

"I see, yeah, okay! Now I got it! Oh my gosh! Woah, is this even allowed?!"

"What?" Younghoon frowned but Eric immediately shook his head.

"Never mind, I get it, hyung!"

The youngest hopped excitedly from one foot to the other.

"All right, can you tell him to meet me on Wednesday?"

"Nope, noo clubs on Wednesday because of this teachers' meeting, hyung," Changmin pointed out.

"Besides, you wanted to go to the library the whole week, remember? You promised me last week that you'd study," Chanhee added.

"Right... Can you tell him... How about Friday? There's no practice on Friday and I can still spend some time between books and homework before the party I'll go to starts."

"Okay, I'll tell him later when he's alone."

"Thanks. Don't forget about it."

"I'll do my best!"

Eric grinned at him, but then someone else's laughter caught his attention. He turned around so quickly that Younghoon thought he was going to get whiplash.

"Oh, there's Juyeonie hyung! I'll talk to you later, okay, hyung, or maybe I can text you? I haven't seen him over the weekend," he said.

The older one nodded. Sometimes he thought that Eric might be a little too devoted to Juyeon, but then again he couldn't blame him. Juyeon had put in much effort to help Eric immerse himself in the new school and the youngest was very grateful to have him.

"My phone dies frequently, but we'll see. Last chance, Eric! I'm counting on you!"

Eric had picked up his backpack and was already on his way to Juyeon. He turned around and gave him a thumbs up.

"It's fine, you can trust me! This time I'll get it right, I promise! I'll make it all up to you, you won't regret asking me for help!"

"Remember, the tall one!" he called after him.

"Small one, I got it!"

"Tall!"

"Ah, don't worry, I know exactly what you mean!"

With that Eric turned around and ran towards Juyeon, crashing right into the older boy and hugging him from the side. He started babbling as soon as Juyeon had stopped complaining.

Eric couldn't fuck this up again. Chances were low that he would ask the wrong person again. More than two Jaehyun's on the same team would be very unlikely.

"You're so fucked, hyung. Once he sees Juyeon, his mind is far beyond blank. You should have asked Juyeonie or that guy who transferred here in May, I guess," Changmin chuckled.

"Hyunjae?"

"Who?" Chanhee asked.

"What?" Younghoon looked at Changmin in confusion.

"Him, that guy over there next to Jacob hyung. The blond."

He pointed at Hyunjae, who was standing close to the entrance of the first gym, talking to Jacob and Juyeon.

"Blond? That's not blond- no, wait, fuck, Eric didn't think I was talking about him, did he? He was pointing at the one in the front, wasn't he?! Tell me he was!"

Younghoon's eyes widened when he realized that Hyunjae, Jacob, Juyeon and Eric were basically standing right behind the Jaehyun in question and Kim Jaehyun, only a few meters away.

"I don't know, do you know this guy?"

"That's J-" Chanhee started, but Younghoon cut him off.

He let out an offended sound at that.

"That's Hyunjae, Jacob's and Juyeonie's new friend. He's also new to the basketball team."

"Ah~ yes, I remember. Cobie hyung told me that he took my place when I joined the new dance class before summer break. I haven't had a chance to meet him yet. He's one of the guys from the abolished tennis club I think."

"It's not entirely abol-"

Chanhee shook his head disappointedly when Younghoon once again interrupted him.

"Yeah, he's also been in my math class since this semester. Their teacher is pregnant or something and they had to split the class because there aren't enough teachers available during that period or something, don't know, don't care. I just know that they're looking for new teachers. But Eric can't be that stupid, can he? Please tell me he can't."

Changmin shrugged while Chanhee tried to look busy with his shoelaces.

"Never underestimate Juyeonie's new baby chick, but you're right, he cannot be that stupid and mix up two different names. Juyeonie could be that dumb, but Eric? I don't know, probably yes. His Korean might be better now, but he's still struggling I think. Last week he asked me if I was eating a small witch. I was eating a sandwich, hyung. Well, whatever, that Hyunjae guy looks cute. What's your problem with him?" Changmin asked.

He craned his neck to see Hyunjae properly.

"Handsome guy. His looks can't be the problem. Tall, blond, a gorgeous face with- are those dimples? Nah, they're not, are they? I can't see it properly. But isn't that what you're looking for?"

"Oh fuck off."

The younger one giggled when Younghoon kicked him in the shin.

Hyunjae was hugging Eric and all four of them were laughing. The way he creased his face when he laughed and how he was clinging to Eric did something to Younghoon that he couldn't assign yet.

"I don't have a problem with him," Younghoon muttered.

Chanhee burst out laughing.

"U-huh, sure. You just freaked out when Changmin pointed out that he's blond and got scared Eric will send him to you next, instead of your crush."

"First of all, that's brunet."

"Blond, but okay," the younger one interrupted him this time, "Just a darker shade."

Looking at the color now in proper sunlight he had to admit that it really could be a dark shade of blond. Damn it. He would rip Eric's head off if he sent him Hyunjae.

"Whatever. I- I just don't understand him. He always makes fun of me and-"

"So do we, yet we're friends," Changmin deadpanned.

"He's just- I don't know, weird, rude and I don't know what to talk to him about."

Chanhee chuckled mischievously. He stood up and took his backpack when the bell rang. Changmin followed him.

"He's not rude at all."

"Of course, he is!"

"Hey, why do all of you know him except for me?" Changmin asked.

"I'll introduce you later. Hyung, maybe you're just a little bit too sensitive lately, because his humor isn't too different from yours. Your problem is that you don't know him and at the same you're not even trying to get to know him. And on top of that you don't even give him a chance to get to know you, am I right? Come on, we know you, don't even try to lie to us. It took you two months to talk to Changmin after I brought him along."

Younghoon avoided making eye contact with Chanhee. He couldn't stand the reproving look from the younger one right now. Especially not when he was right about what he had said.

"I don't know what to say when I'm alone with him. And I don't like being alone with him anyway, because it feels weird. I think he doesn't like me anyway-"

Chanhee flicked Younghoon's forehead with his finger.

"Hey!"

"If he doesn't it's because he doesn't know you either! And you don't know what he's thinking, do you? What if he likes you, but you don't notice over all your stupid daydreaming about that other guy? He walks past the pool every day, when Changmin and I wait for you, whenever you guys are still practicing and I bet it's not just because he lives in that direction. Think about it. I'm leaving, break's over and Yoyo hyung from my super exciting math club needs me, hyung."

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry, now stop whining. Have fun. See you later in the library?"

"I don't know yet. It depends on how well Changminie works, but don't skip it if I don't show up. I'm warning you."

Younghoon sighed and nodded. Chanhee was way too strict about their education. Changmin patted his hair.

"You got this, hyung. Bye-bye."

Changmin was already leaving when Chanhee looked at Younghoon, still waiting for an answer. He even tapped his foot.

"I'll do my best."

"Good. Hey, I know there's a lot going on inside your head right now, but please try to focus on the exams."

"I'll try, Chanhee."

"You can call me later, if you feel like talking about your parents."

"Depends on my phone's battery."

"Ah... All right."

"But thank you."

"Anytime, hyung."

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Younghoon sat in the library later that day, trying to work on his homework. He had absolutely no idea what he was doing so he texted Chanhee. Watching videos about the math problems he was trying to solve was too dangerous for his phone's battery.

You / 15:20

>Chanhee ever heard of spline interpolation?<

You / 15:29

>Chanheeeeeee please my battery is low again and I'm stupid :((There are so many numbers and I have no idea what I need them for :(<

Chanhee / 15:36

>Lmao your phone sucks<

>Why spline interpolation, is this even on your syllabus?? But you're lucky because my SUPER COOL MATH CLUB worked on that. But I'm busy rn, sorry hyung... Changminie's chewing my ears off because of that archery kid and I'm trying to get him to work on our presentation. I could help you later but like late-late later... No one from your math class around? :/<

Younghoon looked around. On the table next to him sat Jacob and Hyunjae. Jacob was equally bad at math and Hyunjae was no option for obvious reasons. Besides, he was resting his head on his crossed arms on the table and seemed to be asleep. Younghoon sighed and texted Chanhee back.

You / 15:37

>Eeeeh... only hyunjae and cobie but cobie would fail math every year without you, too, and hyunjae seems like he never pays attention anyway, sooooo??? <3<3<

Chanhee / 15:41

>Cobie hyung is no option... then go to jae hyung.<

>Jaehyun*<

You / 15:41

>Hyunjae*<

Chanhee / 15:41

>?<

>hah??? Omg<

Chanhee / 15:42

>Well whatever Yoyo hyung always tries to talk him into our club he's really good, he was also in the advanced math class u know, before Ms Kim got pregnant and they split up the course?<

You / 15:42

>That was the advanced course??? Seriously?!<

He looked back at Hyunjae, who was still resting his head on his crossed arms, eyes closed. Younghoon couldn't resist the urge to send Chanhee a photo of the other boy.

Chanhee / 15:43

>Yes lol go ask him he's good at math<

You / 15:43

>[image]<

>Are you kidding me?<

Chanhee / 15:44

>Hahaha cute. And no, wtf? Why do you think Cobie hyung didn't fail his exams when I was busy helping your lazy ass before summer break?<

>I'll come to your house later, like 9 I guess?? Then we can walk my baby Bori and talk<

You / 15:46

>Okay see ya later<

Well.

Shit.

He typed a quick message for Changmin to hurry up because he needed Chanhee's help, but the younger just left him on read.

Okay then. Fidgeting with his pen, he almost stared holes into his homework. All he had to do was get up, walk over to Hyunjae, maybe tap him on the shoulder and ask him for help.

However, his legs didn't move. It was as if his body was operating against his mind. Something he couldn't address was holding him back and when he thought he could just call him, no words left of his mouth.

When he accidentally dropped his pen on the table he picked it back up and then... then he gave himself up to the impulse to throw it.

So Younghoon flicked his pen at Hyunjae. But he miscalculated his strength and the angle and hit Jacob's head instead.

Jacob looked over his shoulder and rubbed the back of his head. He gestured something that probably meant 'Bro, what have I ever done to you?'. Offended, but still too good for this cruel world.

Younghoon immediately began gesturing an apology. He then pointed at Hyunjae who was already watching the scene to his surprise. Wide awake. Embarrassed, he stopped moving, waved Jacob off and stared back at his homework.

Why had he done that? Why couldn't he have walked over like a normal person and said something?

He heard Hyunjae chuckle before he could see it in the corner of his eyes as the blond suddenly got up and walked over to him.

Younghoon felt his heartbeat increase and his cheeks grow warm. Oh, why was he being so awkward around this guy? Hyunjae didn't even do anything, yet Younghoon

always felt so weird around him. He couldn't even look the other boy in the eyes properly without feeling weird about the way that he was smiling right now.

He took a deep breath and cleared his throat when Hyunjae sat down next to him. The blond leaned over the table and rested his head in the palm of his hand. He gave Younghoon his pen back.

"Thanks," Younghoon mumbled.

"Anytime. I uh... had a feeling that you really wanted to talk to me for once? Or did you just try to knock me out with that pen but missed?"

Younghoon bit his cheek as he slowly shook his head and faced the other boy.

Hyunjae flashed him a genuine smile.

He froze for a second as he felt himself mentally black out. There was only one word left inside his head.

Cute.

He blinked in confusion.

That was what he thought about it? Now he had a name for it.

He tried to process finding something about Hyunjae cute but failed, causing him to stutter a quick counter question.

"S-Sorry... You uhm... You know Choi Chanhee?"

Now the other boy leaned back and pursed his lips. He raised an eyebrow and nodded.

"I happen to know Chanhee, yes. He's cute, but there are cuter guys around, in my opinion. What about him? You're close, aren't you? Need some help?"

"Wha- no. We're friends, yes, but no. No, he's in the math club and- and he told me about- can you... explain to me how this works? Did- Did you understand it?"

Now it was Hyunjae who blinked in confusion.

"So it's true that Choi Chanhee tutors you in math even though he's a year behind us?" Hyunjae sounded almost impressed, but then he chuckled and Younghoon felt a lump in his throat.

Was he making fun of him again?

Younghoon closed his eyes for a second and took a deep breath. He slammed his book shut.

"Figured it would be a bad idea to ask you-"

"No, no, no, I didn't even say anything against it, come on. I was just impressed- Wait. Give me the- thanks," he carefully took the book and looked inside, "I'll help you. Which problem are you trying to solve?"

One look into Hyunjae's eyes was enough to convince him that he was being honest.

"Two-B from our homework. I have absolutely no idea what to do."

"That's basically the same as the example on the blackboard and it's only for Mrs. Kim's course or for extra credit. Seems like someone wasn't paying attention in class?"

Younghoon clicked his tongue. His eyes followed the slim fingers of the other boy running over the page in the book.

"I... I was distracted."

"Pretty irritable and distractible lately, aren't we? Juyeonie said something like that and... you're not very subtle. What was it that caught your attention? My handsome looks since I sit across from you and you only have eyes for me?" Hyunjae said, not even looking up from the exercise, "Come on, you've been staring since I had to join your class and now you even observe me playing basketball."

"You wish. You're the one that stares shamelessly."

Hyunjae smiled mischievously as if he'd been caught and sucked on his bottom lip before he pulled a straight face again.

"No, no, no, I usually look out the window behind you and dream of my bright future."

What a liar.

The next smile he flashed Younghoon was an overly innocent and very controlled one.

He decided he liked the cute and slightly awkward smile better.

"You're so shameless. But I'm serious, can you help me now or not? It's not just this exercise, I just suck at math, but if you want to mess with me, please don't and just leave. It's just- I don't mean to be rude, it's just that I'm scared of the exams, and I have no idea what I'm doing here. So it would be nice of you not to make fun of me today."

Hyunjae's wannabe poker face fell. He looked almost worried.

"I'm sorry Younghoon, I was joking. I didn't mean to offend you. Let me just get my stuff and check on Jacob. I'll do my best to help you."

And he really did. Younghoon didn't necessarily understand everything on the first try like he did when Chanhee explained the problems to him, but he understood the essence of what Hyunjae tried to explain. Hyunjae took his time with him, explained every detail and was able to answer all of Younghoon's questions.

"Do you think you understand everything now?"

"Yeah, thanks a lot. I didn't know you're such a nerd."

"Okay wow, no, I'm not a nerd."

"A bit, just admit it. Maybe you really should join the math club."

Hyunjae laughed. Younghoon probably watched his face more attentively than ever before.

"Sure, I'd love to waste my time with math if I could do something more interesting."

Younghoon let out a sarcastic snort.

"What would you consider more interesting than Chanhee's awesome math club?"

"Basically... everything? Even basketball is more interesting."

Younghoon frowned. Didn't they have a choice when the tennis club was temporarily closed?

"You don't like basketball? Sounds like something a nerd would say."

"Hey!" he grinned and playfully nudged Younghoon's shoulder, "No, well, it's not that I don't like it, same goes for math. Well science is more fun, but I enjoy both. Basketball is cool and the team is nice, but I'd rather play tennis again. They are still renovating the stupid court and the third gym, though," he yawned mid-sentence, "so I'm stuck with them. Far too many people, most of the time. It's getting late. I think we should leave now. I still have a lot of homework left after all and they'll kick us out soon anyway."

Younghoon looked out of the window. The sun was setting. Around them were only a few students left.

"Oh... oh my God, I'm sorry I kept you from your homework, I didn't know you weren't done yet-"

"It's fine. You can pay me back anytime," he winked.

Younghoon didn't know what to answer. He suddenly felt guilty for keeping Hyunjae

away from his own work. With wide eyes he wanted to say something, but no words left his mouth.

"Woah relax, you look like a deer caught in headlights. That was just a joke, don't cry now."

"Can I- Can I do something-"

Hyunjae raised a finger right in front of Younghoon's face.

"No. I mean it. It's fine, now stop freaking out, I'm not an asshole. Let's just leave, we've done enough."

"I'm really sorry that I bothered you-"

Hyunjae rolled his eyes and laughed.

"You didn't! Jeez, it's alright, Younghoon. I swear. Okay? We're cool."

"Okay... But I feel bad for-"

"I don't care, oh my God!"

Someone shushed them.

"Sorry! Let's go, come on. Don't you dare get your wallet out, you big dummy. It's fine, I promise you. I'm glad that I could help you. I don't need anything in return and- and you can always ask me for help if you need it."

Once they had left the building, Hyunjae stretched out his arms and yawned for a second time. After a few meters he stopped and bowed dramatically.

"It was nice spending some time with you for... well, the first time?" Hyunjae chuckled, "You're more approachable than I thought you were when we first met."

"You're not that bad yourself."

"Thanks I guess? All right, I see you in math. We... we can go to the library again after practice tomorrow if uh... if you'd like to?"

"Sure. You said you were good at science, too, right?"

"I said I like it. But I happen to be good at it too, yes."

"And you said I can ask for your help if needed? Because I may or may not have some issues with it, too and if- if your course is ahead of us like you said, would... would you-"

"I'd love to help you," he interrupted.

Younghoon couldn't help himself but return the warm smile.

"Cool. Thanks."

"Anytime. Okay, yeah, cool, I see you tomorrow. Bye-bye then."

Hyunjae waved and was already turning to leave, but this time Younghoon stopped him. A few hours ago he would have never thought he would be doing this anytime soon. He was even more surprised that he had enjoyed their time in the library.

"Don't you- don't you live in the same direction?"

The other boy turned around and blinked. He came back.

"Huh? No, uh... well yes, usually on Wednesdays and some weekends. My dad lives there, but I actually live with my mom, who lives in the opposite direction, sooo... I have to take the metro every other weekday except Wednesday."

Then why was he always walking past the pool if he only visited his father on Wednesdays? Leaving through the main gate would be much closer to the metro station than walking across half the schoolyard and all the way past the pool.

Was Chanhee right about what he had said? Did Hyunjae... watch the swimming team's practice? There was no other reason for him to go this route but the mere thought of him watching Younghoon and the other members practice seemed ridiculous. He had no reason to because as far as Younghoon knew, no one from the club was very close to Hyunjae. Maybe he should ask Chanhee if there was something he hadn't told him or anything else that he knew that Younghoon didn't know.

But for now Younghoon chose not to think about it. It was already confusing enough to him that he kind of started to like the other.

"Oh, your parents don't live together?" Younghoon asked.

"They are divorced, and my mom and I only came to Seoul a while ago after my sister moved out. That's why I switched here in May."

"I see... I'm sorry about your parents, I didn't know that."

Hyunjae smiled and waved it off.

"Don't be. It's not like I'm shouting it from the rooftops and looking back I'm glad they ended up getting divorced, so it's fine. They used to fight every day and... that really sucks when you're like ten and you're sitting right between them, only with your older sister, who was also just a child back then... So I learned it was better for them to end this shit show of a marriage. Not all couples are made for each other I guess."

Younghoon looked at the ground. He didn't want to think about it, but it was like he

could hear his parents yelling at each other right at that moment. He knew how Hyunjae must have felt as a child. To him it was akin to a horror show and he was already seventeen years old, so how bad would it be for an even younger child to hear their parents fight every day?

"Maybe not everyone, yeah..."

"Some sure are, but some others are not. For example, my dad and his fiancée make a great match and my mom is better off without someone. But my parents as a couple? Absolute disaster. At least they didn't terrorize each other after their divorce and... yeah. Sorry, I didn't mean to bore you-"

Younghoon looked up again and tried a quick smile but failed miserably.

"No, no, you weren't. I guess you got lucky then?"

"Yes, I did, compared to some guys I know."

"Hey, uhm... I should apologize by the way. You're right, I am easily irritated lately, it's just... I'm pretty stressed these days. I'm really sorry if I somehow took it out on you."

He didn't know exactly why he couldn't say it out loud, even though he now knew that Hyunjae was a child of divorce. He probably still hoped for his parents to find each other again.

Hyunjae's cute smile turned into an even cuter grin.

"No, no, it's fine, don't worry. I hope understanding math takes some of the pressure off you. Uh- I gotta go now, otherwise I'll miss the metro. See you in math? I mean, you will probably stare at me again, but... don't worry, I'll notice."

Younghoon smiled softly and nodded. For the first time the teasing kind of brightened his mood.

"Sure. Bye and thank you again."

"Quit that, you owe me nothing. Bye!"

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When he entered the house, he could already hear his parents yell at each other. Biting his lip he went to the kitchen, opened the fridge, and took out a bottle of water. His parents kept arguing, and his father said something about how they shouldn't fight in front of Younghoon. They continued, nonetheless. They always did. But he tried not to listen to them anymore.

"Chanhee comes over at nine!" he said loud enough to drown out their argument as he left the kitchen.

Then he called for Bori and climbed the stairs to his room with the little poodle in his arms. Leaning against the door inside of his room, he dropped his backpack next to himself and closed his eyes for a moment. His fingers ran through the soft fur, and he took a deep breath. Once again he found himself hoping that they would find each other again. Luckily he could talk to Chanhee about it later.

But maybe Hyunjae was right.

Maybe some couples didn't make a good match, no matter how hard they tried. And sometimes it seemed to be better to part ways.

But it still hurt.