

Jaehyun is (NOT!) a Common Name

- THE BOYZ - Bbangmil - Younghoon x Hyunjae -

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Kapitel 5: Chapter 4

The next morning after he got blackout drunk, his mother had handed him a small paper sheet with a bunch of numbers scribbled on it. When he had asked who the number belonged to, he couldn't believe his ears.

It belonged to the boy who apparently had brought him home.

'A tall, well-mannered boy with a handsome face and bleached hair,' his mother had said.

Someone Younghoon 'seemed to like' and who 'seemed to like Younghoon too'.

Who 'even would have kissed him if he had been sober'.

A boy named 'Jaehyun'.

But unlike expected, Younghoon didn't feel as warm and fuzzy as he imagined in such a situation. He was too scared to misinterpret this and embarrass himself again. Too scared of anyone making fun of him again.

When he had texted him earlier - on Changmin's command - that he wanted to speak to him in the pool lobby during the first break, he had already had this weird feeling of regret and some kind of betrayal in his stomach.

Maybe even guilt.

If he was feeling so unwell talking to Jaehyun - well, suppose it was Jaehyun - he figured he should keep his crush to himself at least until he knew what the other thought about Friday night.

If he really had wanted to kiss Younghoon he couldn't be too reluctant, could he? But if he was, Younghoon didn't even feel like dating him anymore. He didn't want to bother the other any further after what had happened at the party. But at least he wanted to apologize for the accident.

Also, he would prefer the rumors to die down first before he would give dating another try. And maybe by then his crush would have vanished.

Right now he had entirely different worries anyway, because after handing him Jaehyun's number his mother had apologized to him for ruining his night out with his friends by telling him about his parent's final decision.

Then she and his father had grounded him for the rest of the month for drinking alcohol at parties. Of course they had also banned him from parties until he was of legal age. School, training and boring himself to death at home would be his schedule for the next few weeks.

After that they had talked about the divorce for what had felt like hours. It wasn't that he couldn't understand their decision. He just wasn't ready to accept it yet, and knowing that his father would be moving out today made it even worse. It broke his heart over and over again whenever he thought about it.

So Changmin and Chanhee's attempts to convince him to actually talk to Jaehyun now during the break didn't really help. He just wanted to disappear and never come back to this school.

"Hyung, come on, he's standing right there, and Ten hyung doesn't bite. Just go over there and tell him what you wanted so you can at least get some peace. You'll feel better afterwards and maybe he likes you too and-"

"Then why doesn't he go to the pool lobby like I said?"

Chanhee shrugged.

Now Younghoon wanted to know. He was sick of it. Something in his mind clicked and he moved before he knew it.

"I don't know... Maybe he saw you? Hey, wait, we're coming with you!"

It seemed to Younghoon that Jaehyun wouldn't go talk to him. Did he forget? Or maybe their conversation was important? But the break would be over soon so he decided to go to Jaehyun right now. Chanhee followed him quickly, ignored Changmin's complaints and pulled the other by his hand.

Before he arrived, he took a deep breath, clenched his fists once and swallowed the lump in his throat.

"Hey, Jay?" Younghoon called.

The blond turned with a puzzled look on his face before smiling politely. At least the gym nicknames really seemed to work.

But judging by his face, there was no way Jaehyun had planned to actually come to the pool lobby. A heavy feeling of disappointment spread through his body.

"Hey Younghoon. How are you?"

Younghoon sighed and nodded. He smiled enforcedly and waved at Jaehyun's friend, who smiled back.

Okay, first: Apologize.

"I'm fine, thank you. Sorry to interrupt you, but I... I just wanted to apologize to both of you for what happened at that stupid party. And of course I'll replace your clothes if necessary."

"Ah, no need, it's alright. And don't worry, this dumbass has learned his lesson," Jaehyun's friend beamed.

Next: Choke feelings and thank him with hypocritical innocence to find out if it had been him.

Easier thought than said when you're nervous as hell.

"No, I really am sorry about what happened. And thanks for taking me home afterwards, even though I probably embarrassed all three of us in front of everyone. And uhm- Jay, I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable, when I asked you to- you know..." he mumbled.

Jaehyun frowned. His friend also raised an eyebrow and looked at Jaehyun.

"Huh? What did you do?"

"I don't know either, Ten- uhm... Well, no need to apologize, it wasn't your fault and Ten probably scolded the shit out of this guy, but I didn't walk you home, Younghoon. I mean of course we would have taken you home if you had asked when Ten and I left, but you were still with Jacob at the time. If it wasn't him then I don't know who brought you home, sorry man."

"So I didn't ask you to kiss me?" he blurted out.

He regretted it the moment he said it. Of course he hadn't. He had just said it. The blond wasn't the 'well-mannered, handsome, blond boy' that had brought him home.

All his built-up confidence collapsed like a house of cards in a hurricane as Jaehyun raised his eyebrows and quickly shook his head.

"No, wow, sorry, that wasn't me. I was with Ten all night."

"But earlier- I texted you to come to the pool lobby and you answered," he mumbled nervously.

He felt Chanhee rub his back.

"Impossible, sweetie," Ten said, "This big dummy lost his phone a week ago. Believe us, we didn't see you again after that incident in the kitchen."

"Oh damn, sorry, my mother told me it was your- So this isn't-? Any idea whose number that is?" he asked.

He pulled out the small piece of paper and showed it to the other boy. Jaehyun frowned again.

"No, I'm really sorry, I don't know this number, Younghoon."

"All right..."

"Seems like someone's messing with you again or your mom made a mistake," Chanhee said.

"I'm sorry, I must leave now, but maybe we can talk about it later after the clubs are over."

"N-No! No... I'm sorry I bothered you. And-just- just forget what I said. T-There's no need to talk about it later-," he babbled nervously but got cut off by Ten.

"Hey. Don't worry."

"Yeah, we're not mad or anything. Good luck."

"Thanks... Bye then."

"See you."

"Have fun," Ten said after Jaehyun, "May I ask what's going on, sweetie? You seem upset."

Younghoon watched Jaehyun enter the building before he pulled out his phone. A short message asked where he was. It was time to check who owned the phone number.

"Hyung- hey, Ten hyung's talking to- hyung!" Changmin called after him, but he was already running to the pool.

When he entered the building and saw Hyunjae looking at the trophy cabinet he felt his heart break. The door closed behind him and the other smiled brightly.

"Hey. You really like to keep me waiting, don't you-"

"Are you kidding me?" Younghoon asked as he came closer.

He leaned against the sideboard next to the cabinet.

Would Hyunjae really do something like that? Would he really lie to Younghoon for several days and even lie to his mother?

"What?"

"Are you serious? Not you too, please."

Hyunjae narrowed his eyebrows.

"Something wrong? You look like you're about to cry, did something-"

"Can you please show me your messages?"

The other blinked.

"To make sure you texted me or what? Otherwise I wouldn't be here, would I? Hey, I know I... I should have given you my number personally, but-"

"But making fun of me and lying to my mom was easier? Was it fun?"

The blond raised his eyebrows.

"What?"

"People already think we're dating."

"Ah, yeah about that... I know, they ask me that, too, but I-"

"Was that you too?"

"Younghoon, I'm sorry I thought everything was fine when I brought you home, so what's up now? Can you please make yourself clear?"

"Not you, too, please. Do you have any idea what I have to listen to every day? I'm so sick of it, just tell me what you want. Just tell me what game you're playing and leave me alone."

Hyunjae's eyes widened and he opened his mouth, but no words came out at first.

"Game? You think I'm playing with you?"

"First, I tell Eric to tell Jaehyun to meet me, he sends me Kim Jaehyun and suddenly you show up and ask me about it?"

"Are you serious, Younghoon? I already told you, I wanted to check on you because-"

"We meet in the library every day, and you act like a friend and then I meet Bong Jaehyun who suddenly asks me if you and I are dating? And that everyone thinks you

pick me up after training because you run around the pool like a stalker, even though you live in a different direction?"

"Like a stalker?!"

"Yes, do you have any idea how many people asked me about it? People asked me at the party where my boyfriend was-"

"Is that why you suddenly ignored me? You said it wasn't my fault!"

"I didn't ignore you. I was upset about something else and I didn't want to deal with that shit on top of-"

"That shit? You ran away when I arrived, Younghoon! So apparently the thought of dating me would be so fucking bad that you'd rather avoid me again? But once you're drunk enough not to care anymore you fall round my neck? Do you have any idea how I feel?"

The former disappointment turned into anger before Younghoon could do anything about it. He was doing him wrong. He knew it, deep down he knew it. But he couldn't think straight and his hurt feelings reacted faster than his mind.

"How you feel?! Half our grade thinks I'm easy and loose! And now I find out you even brought me home despite knowing about the rumors?!"

And of course his outburst made the other angry.

"Should I have let you go alone? Drunk and all alone, are you kidding me?!"

"You just said you know people think we're dating! What were you even thinking when you brought me home?!"

Hyunjae ran a hand through his hair.

"What I- Maybe a drunk teenager who's reported as missing?! If you really want to blame someone, blame

Sangyeon hyung for worrying about you! Gosh, do you want me to apologize for taking care of your drunk ass now?!"

"No, but for adding fuel to the flames! You knew what would happen! At least you could have just dropped me off and gone straight back afterwards, but no, you had to talk to my mother! Long enough for at least one person to think we hooked up or something!"

"No, no, no, I knew this was a mistake," Hyunjae whispered before raising his voice again, "Younghoon, I never intended to stay that long but you didn't let me go! I even tell people to leave you alone every day!"

"By telling them we're dating or what?!"

Hyunjae bit his lip and shook his head in disbelief.

"No! No what the hell, I never wanted to walk you home in the first place because of this rumor,

Younghoon! Why would I make this up and endanger the friendship I've built with you?!"

"Friendship? That's what you call friendship? Feeding rumors and even lying to my mother?!"

"It wasn't on purpose! And why should I even lie to your mother?! Nothing happened between us and she knew it!"

"Other students, even seniors, come up to me and lie to me about their names! They tell me they're named Jaehyun, even guys I know who aren't!"

"It wasn't me who fucked this up, Younghoon! People are talking about me as well just because you lack the courage to ask your crush out on your own, you fucking coward! Not only that, no, now I'm the asshole, because you can't make yourself clear and people talk shit about you?! Of course, it would draw a lot of attention when popular, handsome Kim Younghoon finally starts looking for dates! Almost confessing to Kim Jaehyun and calling Bong Jaehyun cute, but always asking about that other Jaehyun that nobody knows, what did you expect?!"

"Apparently not that you would tell even my mother the same bullshit!"

After pulling out the small piece of paper, Hyunjae read it and let out a single laugh.

"She said it's Jaehyun's number. But it's yours. And guess who told her."

"You think I'd lie about my name? You think I played with your feelings and raised your hopes on purpose to... Such nonsense just to make fun of you? I didn't know you still thought so poorly of me."

The black-haired clicked his tongue.

"Come on, I've heard this bullshit from five other guys in the last week! I'm not in the mood for your stupid games!"

Hyunjae crumpled up the sheet and threw it on the floor.

"Are you kidding me, Younghoon?! Why should I- Are you really saying that you don't even know my real name?"

He huffed angrily. Then he fumbled his wallet out of his backpack and threw his student card on the sideboard.

Lee Jaehyun, 1997/09/13

"Surprised?! Well look here, check my ID! It's Lee Jaehyun and on the court it's Hyunjae to avoid any confusion with the other Jaehyuns on the team! Easy, isn't it? The fuck did you think? That I heard you're specifically looking for guys named Jaehyun, and now I'm lying to you like these other guys did? What good would that do me?"

"Jae-... -hyun? And your nickname is... Hyunjae?"

"Yes. You're right, maybe I really shouldn't have called this friendship. Your mom said you're like your dad..." he murmured bitterly, and shook his head. "Well, if your dad is as inattentive as you are and if he jumps to idiotic and unfounded conclusions the way you do... then I can understand how they grew apart and why they're getting divorced."

Younghoon felt himself tear up. Again he felt something shatter inside his heart.

"Say again?"

"You're saying it's my fault people make fun of you even more now just because you had to drown your sorrows in alcohol instead of talking to me about it like I suggested? It's not my fault you're compensating for your parent's divorce by chasing after a guy you don't even know. So don't take it out on me."

And then he left Younghoon alone.

Crying, he leaned on the sideboard for a while. He was so angry, so sad and so disappointed. In Hyunjae, in everything he had said about his parents, but also in himself. He regretted everything he had said, but he was too angry and upset by their argument to really think about it.

When the door opened he immediately looked up and tried to wipe away his tears.

"Hyung, what happened?" Changmin asked.

The younger was accompanied by Chanhee and both sat down by his sides. Chanhee hugged him, while Changmin caressed his hair.

"Hyung, we told Ten hyung about the rumors and gossip and he said he'll take care of it. Changminie said we can trust him."

"Yeah you can. He has so many connections, don't worry."

"Thanks," he whispered.

"So who was it? What happened?" Changmin asked again.

"Remember Hyunjae?" he looked at Chanhee and sniffed, "Or rather Lee Jaehyun?"

"You didn't know? I'm so sorry, hyung, I really thought you'd just use his nickname-"

"It's fine. I never asked. We had a fight and he left. I fucked up."

He rested his head on Chanhee's shoulder. The bell rang.

"I'm so sorry. I hope you can solve this... But hyung, I really don't want to pressure you, but that was the second time. We really have to go to class now."

"Can't I... skip math?"

"It's math? Shit... Doctor Lee, right?"

"Mhm."

"Oh that's good! He loves me! Well, he loved my parents, when they were his students but he knows me," Changmin said.

The younger ones helped him up. Chanhee linked arms with him while Changmin led the way with a confident smile on his face.

Frequently wiping away single tears he watched Changmin knock on the door. The brunet beamed at the teacher and told him that they met Younghoon on their way to class and that they had wanted to guide him there.

Then Chanhee added something weird: "You should take care of your student this time."

Doctor Lee nodded.

"I understand Mister Choi, you and Mister Ji can leave now, thank you very much."

"We have to thank you."

"Yeah. Bye, hyung!"

"Mister Kim, if you're not feeling well, you can go to the nurse, or we'll your parents-"

"I'm fine," he mumbled, rubbing his eyes.

Anything but his parents right now.

Doctor Lee sighed and led Younghoon into the classroom.

"Then please go to your seat, we're correcting the homework. Mister Park, if you focused as much on your studies as you did on your fellow student's personal life, your grades wouldn't disappoint your family every time. Now please everyone, don't

laugh and focus on your homework."

Head down, he walked past the teacher across the room. He set his backpack next to his chair before pulling out his homework.

He had already noticed that the other was looking at him with concern. He always noticed him. Usually, he looked back at the other boy at least once, and lately more often, but not just because they sat across from each other, but also because Hyunjae had something on himself that drew Younghoon's attention.

But today he forced himself to glue his eyes to the blackboard, no matter how intensely Hyunjae stared at him, with his head resting on his folded arms. He didn't understand any of the words his teacher said because he still had too much on his mind, but he refused to let his gaze wander. Even when Hyunjae was admonished for staring at his fellow students instead of paying attention to the class, he didn't look at him.

And when class ended, Younghoon quickly walked past the other boy, ignoring his call.

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Later when the rest of the team had already left, he stayed in the water to swim a few more laps to clear his mind. He didn't want to go home now. Not when his father was packing his things. Not when his family fell apart.

He had apologized to coach Bang for skipping the extra training sessions every Wednesday since the summer vacation. As punishment he would have to keep the locker rooms and the pool area clean for the next two months. He would also have two weeks' detention after the swimming competitions at the end of September.

It could have been worse.

The team was rather tidy, and Chan had done his best to convince his father to keep the detention short. Mainly because 'Lee Jaehyun had told him that other students were already trying to give him a hard time, so at least his team should protect him'.

Also, coach Bang didn't even seem too mad at him. He had allowed him to stay a little longer today. Swimming a few more laps had always helped him collect his thoughts, at least for a while, and plan what to do next.

First, he should apologize to Eric because it had never been his fault. It was Younghoon's fault for never making clear who he was talking about.

Second, he should never doubt his friends again and always ask for their help no

matter how uncomfortable or embarrassed it made him feel. He really should have asked Chanhee, Jacob or Juyeon for more information beforehand. That would have made everything a lot easier.

Third, he should apologize to Hyunjae - no, Jaehyun - for accusing him of spreading rumors and lying to his mother, and most importantly for not even knowing his real name. He should also thank him for walking him home and taking care of his drunk ass, because he knew he was a bit of a handful while intoxicated.

Fortunately he wouldn't have to wait too long to get a chance to apologize to Jaehyun since he was already in the stands. With his backpack on his lap, he had watched Younghoon train two hours longer after the rest had left.

They hadn't talked to each other or anything. Jaehyun had only watched him properly for the first time. No more through the windows when he passed.

When Younghoon climbed out of the water and sat on the edge of the pool, he already heard the blond's footsteps. He took a few deep breaths and pulled out the earplugs his parents had given him to keep the water out of his ears.

Jaehyun squatted down next to him and handed him a towel and his phone. When their eyes met, Jaehyun was the first to look away. He swallowed visibly and bit his lip.

"It rang eight times and I- prob-probably half of South Korea has texted you," he mumbled.

Younghoon just nodded and dried his hands before seeing who had called him.

It had been both of his parents. The messages came mainly from his father asking if he would see him later. His mother had also asked where he was. He only replied that he was still in school before he could hear Jaehyun softly clear his throat, but Younghoon didn't give him a chance to speak first.

Looking up into Jaehyun's sad eyes, he felt tears welling up again before he asked the burning question that had been on his mind since they first spoke about it.

"Isn't it hard to see your parents separated?"

The blond raised an eyebrow before he looked across the room and shrugged.

"Of course, it is. At the beginning it was worse, but now I know that it was good for my parents. They used to fight every day before they got divorced and I couldn't really handle it then. Now that they are divorced, they are calmer and it's easier for me. I really hope that your parents will find peace and that they can take care of you equally. And I... And I want you to know that you can always come to me if you want to talk or even just need some company or a shoulder to cry on and not one to... make you cry," he whispered in the end.

Younghoon shook his head.

"It wasn't just because of you. I- I mean of course I was mad and... disappointed. Even in myself, for not being able to treat you well and for being so dumb and... but... what's worse is..."

Nervously, he looked around and grabbed his phone. He couldn't say it. The lump in his throat grew with every single thought of his parents. Pressing his lips together he took a deep breath as he tried to open the messenger app. But when the phone switched off again, he groaned angrily and dropped it on the wet tile floor. He buried his face in his hands and tried not to cry again, wincing when he felt a warm hand on his cold shoulder.

"It's okay. I guess it's because of your parents?"

Younghoon nodded and let out a loud sob. Jaehyun wrapped his arms around him and pulled him into a comforting hug as the tears started to fall. One of his warm hands ran up and down Younghoon's back, the other buried in his wet hair.

Jaehyun held him close until he regained his composure to answer him.

"My- My dad... is moving out today."

"Oh no... I'm so sorry, Younghoon."

Crying his eyes out in Jaehyun's embrace and listening to his words of comfort had a surprisingly calming effect on Younghoon. Soon he stopped sobbing and took a last deeper breath as he gently pushed the blond away from him.

"One day everything will be fine, I promise. I'll help you whenever I can, if you... if you still want it."

He nodded and wiped away the last tears. Knowing that Jaehyun was able to relate to what he was feeling gave him some security back.

But he still had to apologize, although the other seemed to have already forgiven him. However, he wanted to let him speak first as he had previously interrupted him.

"Care to tell me what you're still doing here, creep?"

Carefully, he nudged his shoulder and brushed a strand of hair from the blond's forehead. Jaehyun smiled and laughed softly.

"Stalking you, of course."

Now Younghoon smiled too.

"Sorry for that-"

"It's okay, I forgive you. I didn't see you leave with the rest of your team so I figured

you were still here and I'm glad you're still willing to talk to me. I wanted to apologize for what I said earlier. I... I was mean, and you didn't deserve it. None of this misery. I'm really sorry that I hurt your feelings and even offended you."

„No, I was wrong, it's my fault. I'm sorry for what I said. For accusing you of lying, making fun of me and spreading rumors. I misunderstood and didn't take the time to think about it. The last few weeks have really stressed me out and now I took it out on you. I'm so sorry I didn't trust you and didn't even care about you enough to ask for your real name."

When the blond smiled broadly, he immediately felt better.

"It's okay, I'm not really mad, but I understand if you still are."

"I'm not mad."

"You are."

"No seriously. I have no right to be mad at you."

"Yet you are. Hey, that's normal, it's okay. Yeah, you hurt my pride a bit, but I really thought I screwed up when I said- you know... what I said. I'm sorry. I really am."

"I know."

"Really?"

"Yes. Stop saying it."

"But you're still mad at me. That's fine, really."

Younghoon rolled his eyes. He felt bad for being mad, even if it was just a little.

"Maybe a little, yes."

Jaehyun nodded.

"Okay, I guess I can handle tha-ah!"

Younghoon chuckled as he emerged from the cold pool water and watched the other cough and gasp. He ran a hand through Jaehyun's now wet hair and gently wiped his closed eyes with his thumbs as the other was able to breathe again. Once he was sure Jaehyun stood properly in the shallower water, he let go of him.

"Oh~ looking good, a little wet, even better than I imagined."

Jaehyun splashed water directly on Younghoon's face.

"Hey!"

The black-haired boy grinned and covered his face. When their eyes met, he immediately burst out laughing at the half-hearted pout.

"What the hell, Younghoon?!" Jaehyun laughed.

He paid close attention to the blond's facial movements and felt his own features soften. It was as if the bad feelings disappeared as he watched the other laugh.

"I'm sorry for being mad and-"

"I forgive you. We're cool. Promise."

"Okay. Thank you."

Younghoon caught himself eyeing the other up and immediately felt his cheeks flush.

"Huh... Being soaked really suits you," he murmured.

"You don't look too bad either. Maybe I should join your team to see you like this more often."

"So that's why you watch us practice? You really watch me?"

He could see in Jaehyun's expressive eyes that he had hit the mark.

Blushing deeply, Jaehyun stuttered, "Y-You remember she snitched on me?"

"Oh... no, Chanhee told me and afterwards I thought about it and remembered seeing you, but thanks for confirming that you only have eyes for me," Younghoon laughed and winked playfully.

Jaehyun smirked.

"And not Dongmin, huh? You seemed scared I might fancy him, you know?" he said cockily.

"Ah... oh. I- I told you?"

He felt his heart beating a little faster.

"Yeah..." Jaehyun chuckled, "But why the fuck would I watch him? How did you come up with it?"

"He's totally worth it! I mean he's tall, handsome, very nice and a good swimmer-" Younghoon tried to defend himself.

Jaehyun smiled and rolled his eyes before splashing some water on the other.

"So are you, numbnuts. I watch you and not him. Deal with it."

"That uh... flatters me to be honest. And yeah, some other students have pointed this out as well. I don't remember what happened after my embarrassing incident. Sorry."

"That's a shame."

"Yeah... I wish I could have forgotten that too."

"I can imagine. But you were really cute, all drunk, tired and clingy."

"You think so?"

"Of course. You always are."

"Tired and clingy?" Younghoon chuckled.

"I don't know, maybe. Not with me, at least not yet, but... I always think you're cute."

"Oh..."

Jaehyun ran his hand through Younghoon's wet hair. The blond smiled softly. Younghoon felt overwhelmed for a second, but in an oddly good way.

Not knowing how else to hide his embarrassment, he grabbed Jaehyun's shoulders and dunked him under the water.

Jaehyun coughed and splashed water at Younghoon again in response.

"What the fuck!" he laughed, "That wasn't cute at all!"

"Sorry, oh my God!"

When Younghoon turned to swim away, Jaehyun quickly grabbed him and climbed onto his back. He tried to dunk him too, but Younghoon wasn't a former national swimming champion for nothing, as he just dove and took Jaehyun down with him.

He even held Jaehyun's legs to prevent the blond from pushing himself off Younghoon's back.

"You know what, no! No! I'm not a fan of drowning, you won!" Jaehyun complained and coughed heavily when they resurfaced.

This time, Younghoon climbed onto the other's back as he tried to escape to the ladder.

"Boo!" he chuckled and rested his head on the other one's shoulder.

He rubbed his chest to calm him down and hummed innocently.

"I dare you. Don't try me."

"Or what? You're gonna drown because I can hold my breath longer than you? Is that a threat?"

Now he wrapped his arms around Younghoon's legs.

"Possibly. And it would be a heartbreaking scene for everyone. You'd miss me once I'm gone, I know it."

"Ah, maybe a little, yes. But I think there are some kickboards around here, so we could at least reenact that scene from Titanic beforehand."

"Fuck off," Jaehyun laughed.

"You could be Rose if you wanted, but I think Jack would suit you. How about an audition?"

"What?"

The black-haired boy hugged him tightly and pretended to duck Jaehyun again.

"Younghoon!"

Jaehyun spat out some water. Younghoon laughed brightly. He tightened his hug.

"I'm just kidding, don't have a heart attack. Come on, you deserve it for every time you made fun of me."

"Oh yeah? You've messed with me often enough, don't you think? Now it should be my turn again."

"For real? I don't remember messing with you. What have I done? Tell me please."

Near the ladder they both let go. Jaehyun turned to him and shrugged.

"Nothing special, you were just playing with my feelings. The usual."

Younghoon pouted sarcastically.

"Naw, sorry about that. How bad was it?"

"You really don't remember?"

"Nope."

Staring into his eyes seriously, Jaehyun nodded. Then he raised his eyebrows.

"Guess which pocket I have my key in, haha, is it in the back pocket?" Jaehyun deadpanned.

"Oh no."

"Yes, and let me show you how embarrassingly I fell on my crush by pulling you onto me and not letting go of you despite my mom is watching," he mocked him, "And oh, no please, Jaejae, please stay here and cuddle with me so I can make you forget once again that I have a crush on someone who isn't you, even though I just kind of dared you to kiss me."

So his mother had been right about that Younghoon telling Jaehyun to kiss him. But it hadn't happened because 'that well-mannered kid wanted him to be sober once he could bring himself to do it'.

And now he really called him cute and wished Younghoon was closer to him.

So it was true that... Jaehyun had a thing for Younghoon? If that was real, then he couldn't deny that he was flattered. Judging by his warm cheeks and his increased heart rate, he probably felt a little more than that.

Was it because they'd been spending some time in the library lately? Did they really get close? That must have been the reason why he had been so angry with him earlier. He had been disappointed in his new friend.

To be honest, two weeks ago he would have never thought that... kissing Jaehyun would ever be an option for him. He would have declared anyone crazy who said something like that. But now it was different.

"Are you coming back to cuddle with me, Jaejae?"

Well, apparently yes: It seemed like they had become friends in the past few days. And also that Younghoon kind of 'seemed to like him', as his mother had said. He had to admit that he was curious about the other boy.

"Lord, have mercy," Younghoon whined and sank into the water.

Jaehyun pulled him up.

"Don't you dare run away now."

"I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable."

"It's fine, you didn't. Well maybe a little in some moments, but I'm willing to forgive you."

Younghoon shook his head.

"I mean it. I don't really know what I did, but I was probably a burden to you and I'm

very sorry for that."

Jaehyun touched his cheek briefly.

"You're not a burden, Younghoon, not at all."

"But now people are talking about you too, and it's all my fault-"

"I don't really care about their gossip, I was just mad at you when I said that," Jaehyun interrupted him, "What's important to me is- I... I'm glad if I can spend some time with you. That's... all I've wanted since I met you. No matter what rumors people will spread."

When he heard that from Jaehyun, his heart warmed. Probably nobody had ever paid him such a compliment.

"Thanks."

Younghoon smiled softly at the other, who immediately smiled back. But then Jaehyun's gaze seemed to drift down to Younghoon's lips.

When he saw the other one swallow, he knew what was going to happen next. And somehow he was willing to let it happen. His eyes automatically fluttered shut as Jaehyun leaned in.

He could feel his hot breath on his wet face and his hand on his cheek.

He could feel the cold tip of Jaehyun's nose on his.

Then he felt a pair of soft lips kiss him and after a moment's hesitation, Younghoon kissed him back and his heart skipped a beat.

"S-Sorry, I should have asked and that was way too early and- we- I-I mean if you don't-" Jaehyun stammered once their kiss ended.

"Jaehyun."

"Yes?"

"It's... okay. Just let me... let me think."

"Take your time. But Younghoon?"

"Mhm...?"

"You know when I first heard you liked a guy named Jaehyun, I... hoped for a second you'd be talking about me. And when I called you a coward for not asking your crush out, I wasn't fair, because... because I'm-"

And when Younghoon's mind suddenly stopped racing and he brushed a finger over Jaehyun's lips to silence him, he heard the familiar creak of the door.

Younghoon turned his head to face the intruder. He froze when he saw coach Bang coming towards them.

He could hear Jaehyun clicking his tongue. Startled, he looked the coach in the eyes, but didn't let go of Jaehyun's shirt, which he had grabbed unnoticed.

"Younghoon, your mother called and she asked where you were. I know I allowed you to stay a while longer, but your extra practice ended an hour ago too, and I'd like to close the gates now. Especially since you obviously don't practice anymore. You two should go home now, you probably have a lot of homework."

"S-Sorry I forgot the time, it won't happen again. I swear I've been practicing for the past two hours."

"I know, Chan told me- young man, are you in your school uniform?" he now asked Jaehyun.

"Uh- yes? T-The water was too cold for my liking. Anyway, how's Chanie doing?"

The coach sighed.

"He's fine, but he's still struggling with chem- No, no, what the hell, get out of the pool right now, both of you. And give your friend some dry clothes, Younghoon. I'll give you five minutes to get dressed and leave. Move and don't get caught. I can't risk one of my best being expelled before the competitions and I don't want Chan to be mad at me for ratting on his friends again."

Younghoon nodded.

"Well, then don't snitch on us-"

"Shush!" Younghoon quickly turned Jaehyun around and pushed him towards the ladder.

"Go. Go, go, go, I have spare clothes in my locker in the dressing room. Don't try him or he'll cry about it for the next month," he whispered.

Without thinking, he grabbed Jaehyun's hand and pulled him into the dressing room as soon as they got out of the water. He closed the door behind them.

"Take your clothes off, I-"

"I'd rather take my time with you, but if you insist... Five minutes is a little too short to waste, indeed."

He looked over his shoulder and raised an eyebrow in confusion.

Jaehyun was already unbuckling his belt and taking off his shirt. Once he understood the shameless innuendo, Younghoon's face blushed deeply.

"Wha- oh my God! Why are you like that?!"

He turned quickly and ripped open his personal locker. The other boy laughed but immediately complained when Younghoon threw one of his towels in his face.

Later, on their way to the gate, he stubbornly denied the blond's playful accusation that he had watched him change.

But he had to admit that Jaehyun looked pretty good under his school uniform.