

Jaehyun is (NOT!) a Common Name

- THE BOYZ - Bbangmil - Younghoon x Hyunjae -

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Kapitel 4: Chapter 3.2

As he came down the stairs and Younghoon crashed into his arms, he felt his legs tremble. The taller boy pressed his face into the crook of his neck and wrapped his arms around him tightly.

"H-Hello to you, too?"

Younghoon mumbled something he didn't understand. All he noticed was his lips brushing his skin as he spoke.

"Can... Can- Younghoon, can you repeat that, please?" he asked, trying desperately to ignore the sensation.

Now the swimmer cupped his cheeks and looked him into his eyes. He looked tired and his eyes were all puffy and slightly red.

"Where have you been all night?" he whined.

"I was upstairs with-"

"Dongmin?"

The strong smell of alcohol was almost unbearable. Likewise the other's warm hands caressing his jaw.

"Uh, yeah, for a while, and with a few other guys... How much have you been drinking? It's only half past twelve. I'm worried about you."

"I'm not drunk", Younghoon giggled, "Let's go inside and have some fun, come on."

Jaehyun heard someone whistle.

"Younghoonie, already adding another one to your list? Weren't two in a day enough?"

Younghoon let go of Jaehyun's cheeks and took a step back. There was a huge stain

on his shirt. He looked after the senior.

"I don't know what you're talking about, there's no list," Younghoon replied, waving the intruder away.

"What happened to your shirt?"

Younghoon shrugged.

Jaehyun pulled him back by his hand as he turned to go into the living room.

"Hey!"

"Did something happen? What is he talking about?"

The drunk rolled his eyes and gave him an almost annoyed smile. He put an arm around Jaehyun's waist.

"I kinda fell in Jaehyun's lap and spilled my drink on him and his friend because someone pushed me, now let's-"

"But what does he mean by two in one day?"

"I met some other Jaehyun kid on that stupid bench earlier, nothing special. Come on, I want to have some fun!"

Jaehyun narrowed his eyes. This was getting out of hand. When he had arrived at the party, he had overheard some students talking about something like this. Some others had talked about how Younghoon had met yet another boy named Jaehyun on the so-called confession bench around noon. He figured he should keep his ears open in case more people started talking trash about the other boy, so he could perform at least a little bit of damage control.

"You look like you should go home," he mumbled as he followed him across the living room into an adjoining room.

When they arrived, Younghoon let go of his hand and joined Sangyeon on the sofa just to steal his drink and drank it in one go. The older didn't have time to complain as he had to stop Jacob from climbing onto the pool table. He dragged his dead drunk boyfriend back to Younghoon and carefully pushed him into his lap.

Younghoon immediately hugged the basketball team's captain and dandled him like a baby.

"Gosh, I said no more alcohol and please stop shaking him or he'll throw up, Hoon!" He looked around and spotted Jaehyun, "Oh my God! Thank God, Jae, I need your help."

"I can tell."

He suppressed a grin, when Younghoon threw Jacob on the seat next to him only to sit in his lap.

"Where did you find Hoon? He keeps running away! I was looking for him everywhere, but Jacob keeps me busy by trying to strip the whole time!"

"Met him in the hallway. What's up with him? When I met him earlier, he looked like he was about to cry, just waved me off and then disappeared. Two hours later he jumps into my arms and people talk shit about him."

What bothered him even more was that Younghoon had even avoided his eyes and had backed away from him when he met him earlier.

"I don't really know either, he already acted this weird shortly after we arrived-

"I'm fine!" exclaimed Younghoon.

"Whatever, well, we arrived, had a drink and some time later I found him totally drunk on the balcony, eyes swollen from crying and looking like this," he gestured to his shirt.

"He said he spilled his drink on this guy he likes," Jaehyun said.

"I see... Jae, can I ask you a favor?"

"No-"

"Please! Do you mind walking him home? He should go to bed."

"Kind of, yes? Like- are you stupid?"

Sangyeon looked at him puzzled for a second.

Jaehyun glared back at him.

Then the older one seemed to understand.

"Oh, that's what they mean!"

"Yes! If I walk him home, it'll only get worse, hyung! It's probably the worst idea to let me leave with Younghoon by my side, after I heard what had happened to him with Bong Jaehyun earlier today. He wasn't even in the library after practice, even though we wanted to meet up."

"I'm not tired anyway," Younghoon huffed annoyedly.

"You are, I can tell. Gosh, you're such a lightweight," Jacob laughed.

"I guess that's on me, sorry. Jacob said Hoon's phone keeps turning off. I bet he would

have told you."

Jaehyun sighed and shook his head.

"Oh, no, hyung, I'm not mad. I don't even have his number. I was just wondering."

"Ah... But you know the way to his house, don't you?" Sangyeon asked.

Jaehyun bit his lip.

"I do. I walk past it every week after all."

"I always thought you'd walk this route every day because you watch my team practice," Younghoon giggled.

Did he really have to expose him like this? Besides, how did he know?

"I see," Sangyeon raised a brow.

He glanced at the drunken boy before quickly looking back at Sangyeon as the older began to plead.

"Please, please, please? You're almost sober, unlike me, and Cob's totally wasted, and you know how he gets when he's drunk. I know, I told him I would look after them, but please-

"Hyung, I'm serious, that's a bad idea! All these guys here are already talking shit--"

"Since when do you care about others' gossip?" Jacob asked.

"Calm down babe, we all care. Hey, Jae, just walk him home and come back, okay? No one will talk about it much if you don't stay there. Just make it quick. Come on, you live on the same street, don't you? I can't leave Cob alone and take the responsibility if someone has to call the police again."

He sighed and rubbed his eyes. How could he say no to Sangyeon when he was the one who would take the blame if one of his friends did something stupid while drunk? He vividly remembered what had happened the last time Sangyeon had lost sight of his dead drunk boyfriend. Jacob was a real disaster drunk.

"Yeah... My dad lives there. Fine, I can accompany him home and then I'll come back later."

"Atta boy! We have a beer pong match to finish! after all"

"Cob's right, you were interrupted last time."

"You're already too drunk to win, but if you insist... Okay, okay, I give up. Younghoon, come on. Let's get you home."

"I can't leave now, Hyunjae, I got stuff to do."

Younghoon tried to look busy while piling some empty cups. However, some of them weren't entirely empty, so the drunk teenager soiled half the coffee table.

Jaehyun sighed, grabbed his arm and pulled him off Jacob's lap.

"Hey!"

Sangyeon raised an eyebrow.

"Hyunjae?"

"Basketball name policy. This team is weird as hell. I don't mind it, because at least half of them call me that off the court as well. Let's go, Younghoon. You're not busy at all and it's way past your bedtime. I'll carry you if I have to, come on."

"Promise?"

He blinked.

Did Younghoon really just say that?

"Be careful, he's super clingy, loud and talkative when drunk and he kinda loses his inhibitions too. That's why we don't want to give him to someone we don't trust," Jacob warned, wagging his index finger while batting his eyelashes.

"Fuck you, Jacob. And you too, Sangyeon hyung. But thanks for trusting me with him, I guess."

"You'd never hurt him, you're one of the most reliable guys I know!" Jacob chimed in.

"How sweet. Come on, Younghoon. Your bed is waiting for you."

"Thank you so much," Sangyeon sighed.

"Have fun with your 'angel'."

"Ha-ha."

"And make sure they stop talking bullshit about Younghoon."

"Of course, I'll do my best."

He doubted that Younghoon could be that bad. But said boy was already trying to prove him wrong by the time they reached the hallway.

"Can't we stay? I'd love to spend some time with you here. You're nice, not like the others."

"You had the chance, but you chose to drink alcohol all by yourself- Can- Can you not-"

Suddenly, Younghoon pulled him closer by his neck and shoved his nose in Jaehyun's hair right behind his ear and took a deep breath.

"You always smell so good."

"Did you just-? Yeah, okay, wow, thanks, but can we go now?"

Younghoon puffed out his cheeks and shook his head. He played with the other boy's hair.

"Why do you want to leave so badly? I want to get to know you better."

"Then why didn't you come to the library today?"

"I was with Jacob and Sangyeon and we ate ice cream. They said I needed distraction and that I looked very confused. And I still am, because your team is bullshit. Not even Eric knows you all."

To Jaehyun's disappointment, Younghoon let go of his hair.

"I see."

"Will you forgive me?" The older pouted.

But then he grabbed his collar.

Maybe – just maybe – Younghoon was an even worse drunk than Jacob had warned him about. And maybe... he was just as bad as Jacob. But in a different way.

Ignoring the blush creeping up his neck, he stuttered, "Yes, sure uh- y-you shouldn't-

Someone chuckled as Younghoon pushed him against the dresser, leaned forward and ran a hand down his chest. Jaehyun felt his knees tremble again. Please, oh please, why did the older boy make him suffer like that.

"Get a room," said the giggling senior, walking past them into the kitchen.

"Fuck... That's none of your business," Jaehyun grumbled, carefully trying to push Younghoon out of the way to get to the front door.

On the one hand he didn't mind gossip at all, but on the other hand he didn't like the way the others talked about Younghoon. So he really tried to shoo the other boy out of the house as unobtrusively as possible. But Younghoon didn't seem to care. The drunk one even whined at Jaehyun's attempt to move him out of the way, continued

to pout and suddenly grabbed his waist.

"Don't push me away, I want to talk to you. I never did because you don't like me."

Jaehyun narrowed his eyebrows and stopped for a second.

"What? Younghoon, that's bullshit, of course I like you."

"But a while ago you didn't!"

"Of course, I did. Why do you think that I didn't like you, especially when you were the one who rejected me or ran away most of the time?"

"I didn't- did I? Chanhee was right about that?"

Younghoon suddenly looked like he was about to cry again.

"So, you didn't like me because I was being mean and now you don't want to spend time with me because I'm-"

"Younghoon, no, no, don't overthink it. This is bullshit, I'm not mad at you, I never was and I never disliked you. May- Maybe sometimes I was sad or disappointed but- we- we can talk on the way home, sounds good? Now put your jacket on, please. I'm serious, I don't want the others to talk even more shit about you than they already do. Don't make a scene now, let's just leave, please."

"I'm not making a scene-"

"Younghoon, I beg you. Everything is fine, I like you, okay? I really like you, so please-"

"Oh~ is my dear Jaejae finally shooting his shot? Figured you're into our pro swimmer considering how many times you've watched the team practices over the summer break."

He heard a girl whistle. She was one from Mrs Kim's math class, a girl he usually got along well with.

"Ha-ha, you're so funny!" he hissed.

"Better go for it. You are aware that a few guys have already been checking him out as well? I mean... I can't blame you, he's a real cutie. But be careful you're probably not the last judging by what I've heard-"

"Hey, I'm warning you! Quit spreading rumors about someone you don't even know."

"Oh come on, I was just telling you what I heard, don't freak out now."

"I don't care. Just stop it. Please."

"Fine, sorry," she rolled her eyes, "You should ask him anyway, Jaejae, instead of stalking him like a creep."

"I don't stalk him. And don't call me that."

He took Younghoon's hand and dragged him out of the house, ignoring the girl's complaints.

"So you really watch us practice? Chanhee was right again? Gosh, Chanhee is a genius."

And Chanhee was a little too observant for his liking.

"I just walk by the pool sometimes and the windows are super big, so- whatever! We leave. Now. Fresh air will do you good."

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But fresh air didn't do Younghoon good at all. He insisted on holding Jaehyun's hand the whole time, babbled about how Jacob was the nicest person he knew and played with Jaehyun's hands and hair whenever he got the chance.

Even though he was drunk it was nice spending some time with him. However, he didn't like it whenever Younghoon mentioned that other Jaehyun he had a crush on.

It was still difficult to figure out who he was talking about as he was pretty bad at describing the boy, and he knew almost nothing about him. So he decided to ignore what Younghoon said about him for now and tried to steer the conversation to other topics until they arrived at Younghoon's house.

Jaehyun leaned him against the window by the door. The taller one mumbled something he didn't understand, like "catch", and suddenly flopped forward.

Jaehyun caught the giggling boy and reflexively fixed him in that position with a knee between Younghoon's legs.

The black-haired boy caught his breath at this and he looked up, straight into Jaehyun's wide eyes.

"Sorry, that wasn't- planned..."

They were so close he could even feel his breath on his face. Younghoon looked down at Jaehyun's lips. He swallowed dryly and wet his lips as he felt a blush creep up his neck under the taller boy's intense gaze.

"Something wrong?" Younghoon whispered.

"No-Nothing. Sorry. Uhm... D-Do you have your keys with you?"

Younghoon nodded and grinned mischievously. He leaned forward and wrapped his arms around Jaehyun's neck, also lowering his hips slightly until he was almost sitting on the other boy's knee. With a soft chuckle, he spoke right into his ear.

"In one of my pockets, but I won't tell you which one."

He really tried to ignore the tiny kiss Younghoon placed under his ear but the small touch sent shivers down his spine.

He wanted to kiss Sangyeon and Jacob for letting him experience this moment of Younghoon's lips being closer to him than he could have ever imagined. At the same time, he wanted to beat them both up for making him suffer so much.

"Cute. Could you please stop messing around with me? I'm not in the mood right now."

"But you're really cute when you're flustered. It's a shame I never noticed."

Payback was such a bitch. That was the infamous Karma that was now getting back to him for always teasing the other boy and not having the guts to ask him out.

Now he had to deal with a drunk and clingy Younghoon, who had only been his friend for four days and had a crush on someone else, instead of one that had been his friend since May and had a crush on him.

"Apparently there seems to be a lot I don't let you notice."

"So I would have noticed how cute you were earlier if you hadn't been hiding it from me?"

"Yup. Seems like I fucked up."

Younghoon snorted.

"No way. Are you blushing?" he giggled, but then smiled tenderly, "Come on, don't be shy, let me flirt with you if you're too shy to flirt with me."

"I'm not shy."

"You are!" Younghoon laughed, "Look at you, I never thought you were the shy type when it gets serious."

"I'm not shy, you're the one who keeps- fuck it. Sorry. Just give me your keys."

Jaehyun first checked Younghoon's jacket before moving on to the front pockets. When he found the keys, the taller boy chuckled.

"Good job, I was just teasing you."

"Yeah, I figured, ha-ha, you're such a mastermind. All right, bedtime."

"But I'm not tired!"

He rolled his eyes.

"You're not tired my ass. You're going to bed right now. And please be quiet, your parents are sleeping."

Jaehyun unlocked the front door and pulled Younghoon inside. He helped him take off his shoes and took him upstairs, where his room was as he had said.

"My parents don't know that I drink alcohol at parties," Younghoon suddenly blurted out.

"Then please shut up now, otherwise they'll find out soon enough."

"I don't care what they think. Not anymore."

Younghoon shrugged.

"Don't say that."

"They don't belong together anyway," he said.

Now even more worried by that familiar answer, he raised his eyebrow. Younghoon let go of his hand and entered the room. He took his jacket off and carelessly tossed it next to his desk chair. Jaehyun picked it up and folded it.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Nope."

He followed the tall boy to his bed on which Younghoon let himself fall backwards. Although his task was now done, he was both curious and worried about the other.

"Are you sure? Younghoon?"

"Nope."

Sighing, he turned to the dresser to find a t-shirt and shorts for the drunk boy.

"Oh my God, I was so embarrassed when I fell in Jaehyun's lap," Younghoon whined.

As long as it wasn't his own lap, he didn't want to know exactly whose lap Younghoon had fallen into.

"I can imagine," he mumbled, barely paying attention.

Maybe he would already have an idea who Younghoon was talking about if his ears wouldn't automatically go deaf every time he heard him talk about his crush. Stupid feelings blocked him.

"You think he likes me?"

He looked over his shoulder before handing the taller boy his new comfortable clothes.

"Who? Ugh, you know what? I don't really care. I don't even know which Jaehyun you're talking about. It's not like 'Jaehyun' is an uncommon name and you usually bitch around when I ask you."

Listening to Younghoon daydream about some guy he probably knew didn't exactly feel nice to him. It rather twisted the knife in the wound. He felt a kind of jealousy whenever he overheard Younghoon or other students talking about the older boy's crush on another boy named Jaehyun who wasn't him.

"I'm talking about the hot one, of course."

Jaehyun huffed angrily. How could one be that bad at describing people? Was there even one thing he knew about this other Jaehyun?

"Oh, right, my bad. Bedtime. Now."

"Why are you so mean all of a sudden?"

Now he met the older boy's eyes. He seemed genuinely confused and even a little bit saddened by Jaehyun's behavior.

For a brief moment Jaehyun closed his eyes and took a deep breath before giving the other one an apologetic smile.

"Sorry if I was. I didn't mean to take it out on you, Younghoon. Come here."

Jaehyun now pulled him up and helped him take off his jewelry. While forcing himself to look in a different direction from his crush changing right in front of him, Younghoon donned the clothes he had given him.

"You know, I fell like that," Younghoon grabbed his hands and pulled Jaehyun onto him.

He shrieked as they both landed on the bed, Jaehyun on Younghoon, so close to his face and right between his long legs. Laying on top of the other wasn't exactly something he didn't want, but he usually had a whole different context in mind. Admittedly, sometimes even very, very different, but not the context of his crush demonstrating for him how he fell onto his own crush.

"Nah, maybe it wasn't that bad, but I guess I looked just as stupid," he chuckled, playing with Jaehyun's hair as he whispered the next sentence after staring at him for a moment, "Wow, you really smell good. And you look so handsome tonight."

As soon as his brain was working again, he nodded. He liked the compliments, but he didn't know how to handle them yet. He hoped they would last, though.

"I didn't exactly dress up, but thanks I guess."

"So you're always this handsome and I never really noticed?"

Jaehyun looked at Younghoon's lips and slightly shrugged before meeting his eyes again.

He doubted Younghoon had 'suddenly' noticed that he thought he was handsome, judging by the number of times he caught him staring in math class, or how Younghoon seemed to watch every tiny movement of his face when they met in the library. But it was nice to hear it really spoken out loud for the first time now.

"I guess so? Do you... really think I look good?"

Younghoon bit his lip and nodded. Jaehyun watched him almost hypnotized.

"Mhm... I often watch your face when you're correcting my homework. Dunno, I... kinda have to, you know?" Younghoon murmured.

He looked back into his dreamy eyes.

"Oh... Really?"

He had already noticed it, but it still felt unreal now that he knew it was true.

"Yeah... and you stare at me when I'm working, instead of what I'm writing, and you don't nap like you did when you tutored Cobie."

"That's true."

"Have you been hiding from me tonight?"

Jaehyun shook his head.

"I felt more like you were avoiding me again today," he whispered.

Younghoon almost looked hurt and deeply concerned.

"Never ever!"

"Shush, don't be so loud," he sighed, "You kinda did... I don't know what was up with

you tonight either, I didn't even know you met your crush until you told me. You didn't want to talk about whatever was bothering you earlier and just walked past me to chat with Jacob. Well, whatever happened, you were the one who drank some hard liquor all alone on the balcony and came back drunk. Please tell me what's wrong, Younghoon. Did I do or say something to upset you?"

"It wasn't your fault. Couldn't have been such a handsome guy's fault."

Nodding slowly, he sighed.

"If you think so. Thanks again I guess."

Younghoon smiled. He ran a hand through the other's hair.

"Mhm... Can I tell you a secret, Jaejae?"

Jaehyun swallowed dryly.

He really wanted to know what Younghoon wanted to tell him, but he'd rather talk to a sober Younghoon than a drunk one. Well, talking to a drunk Younghoon was still better than not talking to him at all, but he desperately wanted the other boy to remember everything he said to him now.

"Tell me when you're sober again," he mumbled.

When he tried to push himself up, Younghoon pulled him back down.

"Don't chicken out now, Jaejae. Why did this girl call you Jaejae anyway? Is she your girlfriend? Do you like her?"

Younghoon caressed Jaehyun's cheek. He sucked on his bottom lip and waited for an answer. Jaehyun quickly shook his head.

"No, she was in Mrs Kim's math class, too. She's a lot nicer when she's sober. And as a matter of fact, I'm very single and- and the... the guy I like seems to prefer someone else."

"That sucks. I can talk to Dongmin for you if you want me to."

"That guy again? Why would I want to ask him out?" Jaehyun chuckled, "You don't think I have a crush on him, do you?"

"Please tell me you don't-"

"No, what the hell? I like- I like someone else. But I'd love to get up now if you'll let me, because if I stay any longer they-"

"No, no, no. Why don't they want you? Are you even trying to get their attention?"

"I-I guess I'm..." he stayed silent for a second, "not trying, no, you're right. W-Well I've tried but... apparently not hard enough, I think," he clicked his tongue, "Can you please let go of me now?"

Younghoon held him tight, one hand in his neck, the other drawing lines on his back. He even wrapped one leg around Jaehyun's and pouted at him.

"No~ you don't want my secrets, you don't want my cuddles, yet I saw that you wanted to kiss me, so why didn't you? See? If you act like that around your crush, you really aren't trying hard enough."

Younghoon playfully slapped his shoulder.

"Tz. And you play hard to get. Yeah, why should I hide the truth when you'll probably forget about it tomorrow, anyway?" he mumbled, "I guess I wanted to, but I didn't kiss you, because you're fucking drunk. And I don't really think that you would like it if I kissed you when sober, either. Sorry, Younghoon, but I think I should leave now anyway."

"Yes, I think so, too, but first I'd like to talk to you, young man" a woman's voice called out from the door.

"Ouch, fuck" Younghoon whined when Jaehyun jumped off the bed and bowed quickly.

He felt his cheeks burn with embarrassment and even got dizzy for a second. The middle aged woman frowned at them, a small poodle in her arms.

"Sorry! Good evening Mrs Kim."

"Hey mom, hi Bori," Younghoon smiled, stretching his arms out over his head on the mattress when he saw who was standing in the doorway.

Jaehyun tried to ignore Younghoon's exposed stomach as he pulled his shirt back into place, suppressing a shiver as his hand touched the soft skin.

When he saw the poodle running towards them he thought briefly that he could bid his right foot goodbye, but instead of biting, the dog jumped on the bed.

"Sorry to disappoint you but I'm very, very drunk," Younghoon told his mother.

"As disappointing as I am as a mother, my dear. So? Are you coming, 'Jaejae'?"

"I'm coming. Sorry for-"

"Outside. Come on."

"Hey, don't leave me now," Younghoon said, quickly taking his hand , "I still have to tell you my secret. It has something to do with your cute smile."

He tapped his cheeks and pursed his lips.

Jaehyun looked back and automatically smiled. He lifted Younghoon's legs onto the bed and pulled the covers over him. Then he brushed a strand of hair from the drunk's forehead.

"You can tell me later."

"Are you coming back to cuddle with me?"

He picked up the poodle and placed it on Younghoon's chest. The older boy immediately ran his hands through its fur.

"I- uh... Hold your dog for a while, will you?"

"Until you come back."

"Yeah... Good night, Younghoon."

Jaehyun followed Younghoon's mom outside. She turned the light off and closed the door behind them. In the hallway she turned to face him.

"So? Why don't I just find my underage son drunk in his room, but also with another boy laying on top of him?"

"I'm very sorry, this really was not what it looked like. I don't know what happened, he just pulled me onto himself and refused to let me go. I'm Lee Jaehyun, from his math class and a friend of his friends Jacob Bae and Lee Sangyeon. My father lives on the same street, so they asked me to walk Younghoon home. When I arrived he was already acting weird and wouldn't even speak properly to me and when I saw him again a few hours later he was dead drunk, but I have no idea what happened."

And I know what this probably looked like, but I swear I would never touch your son without his consent. I- I like him a lot, but I would never take advantage of him."

Younghoon's mom nodded.

"You already said that. I watched you for a while, don't worry. Nothing would have happened to my dear son."

Oh.

How.

Embarrassing.

"Oh my God."

"Yes. Whenever he hears something cheesy he cringes, so it was quite entertaining to see how my drunk son was cheesier than his grandma."

Well, he couldn't deny that Younghoon indeed had been a bit cheesy. And he would make sure that Younghoon would never forget it. He could almost hear the other boy complaining about it.

"Jaehyun, I want to be honest with you. I told him earlier that his father and I have finally agreed to get divorced. He knew it would happen sooner or later, but in the end I think it was my fault that he made a bad decision tonight. Thank you for bringing him home safely. Do you need a lift?"

That must have been the stress Younghoon was talking about. It all made sense now that he behaved so strange, easily irritable and clinging to a possibly unrequited crush.

"Oh, sorry to hear that... Uh and no thanks, my dad lives right down the street, I'm fine- or actually - would you mind driving me back to the party? I told Sangyeon that I would come back and I don't want the others to make up rumors about your son and me. If you know what I mean...?"

"I went to high school as well. Come on."

Jaehyun looked at the door to Younghoon's room. Then he looked Mrs Kim straight in the eyes.

"One more thing before we go."

"What is it?"

"I know it's presumptuous coming from a teenager and I'm not sure if you're aware, but... My parents are also divorced and they talked to me about it every day and for a while we even went to some family therapy sessions and now they handle it very well, all organized and no one sabotages the other one and stuff so I can live comfortably with both... What I'm trying to say is that he probably sits between the two of you and I want you- please don't make it any harder for him than it already is. Just- just talk it out, get divorced if it's really necessary, but never lose sight of your son. I don't know if it's about money or cheating or whatever and I don't really care. I just know that usually it's the kids who lose in this situation. And please- please suck it up and pull yourselves together once it's over. I've seen so many bad examples of divorced people, please don't become one too. Don't make him believe that he has to choose sides or that he's lost either of you, because this feeling is a nightmare you think you can't wake up from."

Mrs Kim listened patiently to what he said and nodded. She took a deep breath.

That's it. He would never be allowed to come back to Younghoon's house ever again.

"Quite shameless to lecture your friend's mother, that's true. But I must thank you for your words. I will speak to my estranged husband about this. To reassure you, this isn't about money or cheating. We just don't get along anymore, we've grown apart. We've tried so many times to find each other again for our son, but it just doesn't work for us. We have often thought and talked about this. It's hard for us to see Younghoon watching us fight every day. That's why we decided to end it. Believe me, this was a tough decision for us too. His father will be moving out soon, but we made sure it wasn't too far away from us."

"And you'll make sure not to—"

"We'll ensure that we don't lose sight of Younghoon's wellbeing, yes. Calm down, I'm well aware of that, even if it does not seem like I am. What are you? The parent-police? Now get in the car, I can't stand rebellious teenagers."

Jaehyun snorted. Younghoon's mother seemed like a good person. She reminded him of his father's fiancée.

"I'm not rebellious, I'm honest."

She sighed, but to Jaehyun's surprise, she laughed softly.

"Are you laughing at me?"

"No, I actually take you very seriously."

He followed her downstairs, out of the house and to the car parked in front of the house.

"How long have you and Younghoon been friends? He never mentioned you."

"Four days already! We spent the last days together in the library."

"I understand. I don't regret that you didn't become friends sooner."

"I do. How can a person like you have such a sweet son?"

"He's his father's son, yet he's very different. Can't believe a divorced couple managed to raise a kid like you," she shot right back.

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean?" Jaehyun grinned.

"Oh nothing. You'll do him good. Where was that party again?"