**Title:** Hands All Over

**Pairing:** Kris/Chanyeol

**Rating:** NC-17 and boy is it.

**Summary:** Wu Fan falls in love with the way Chanyeol’s spine curls up into his touch, and the way Chanyeol’s hair feels between his fingers. Chanyeol falls in love with all of that, too.

**Notes:** Because reasons. This is a 16k pwp, probably, I am not sure. But imagine there are a lot of warnings for petplay stuff. This is mostly sex.

**Notes ii:** This isn’t even for a square!!! Also please don’t judge me, haha. But I had a blast writing it and I hope it’s as fun to read as it was to write <3 (for k and mc, obviously :P)

#

It starts in Tokyo, after the show.

M and K ride in separate vans, as usual, and Yixing and Lu Han chatter the whole way home, Lu Han discussing the merits of Taeyeon’s thighs as Minseok covers his ears and sings ‘Into Your World’ at the top of his lungs to drown them out. Yixing chuckles, encouraging Lu Han with a devious grin, and Jongdae offers his own sly observations about Tiffany as Wu Fan quietly rests his head against the glass. Zitao sits to his left, watching the streets out the window past Wu Fan, texting Sehun via emoticons in the moments between street-ward glances.

Wu Fan has the beginnings of a tension headache, so he closes his eyes.

When they get to the hotel, there’s a crowd outside. Wu Fan makes sure everyone else gets inside before he follows, right behind Jongdae, sighing with relief when they meet up with K in the lobby. The other groups had beaten them back, already dispersed, but M and K always wait for each other when they’re together like this. Wu Fan thinks only f(x) is still en route from the venue. That’s okay, though; they have their own leader.

Wu Fan’s eyes wander away from Jongin, who is now helping Zitao tie tiny knots in Sehun’s crimped hair, to Lu Han and Minseok poking at Junmyeon’s cheeks as he tries to talk to Kyuhyun on the phone. Kyungsoo is counting the key cards again, looking puzzled, but Wu Fan sees one sticking out of Sehun’s back pocket and he shakes his head.

Wu Fan’s gaze always lands on Chanyeol last, out of habit, because he knows once he gets there, he won’t look anywhere else. Chanyeol, tonight, looks so tired. Now that they’re safely inside the building, the plastered on grin has fallen from Chanyeol’s face, replaced by a much more relaxed, real, one, and Wu Fan can see the exhaustion in the lazy way Chanyeol licks his lower lip, and the redness in the corners of his eyes.

He leans against Wu Fan; enough that Wu Fan can feel the heat of Chanyeol’s arm against his own, and that his hair, tied up in that ponytail, tickles at Wu Fan’s jaw.

“You okay?” Wu Fan asks, and Chanyeol nods as Baekhyun presses the hotel elevator button. He seems to realize he’s resting his weight on Wu Fan, and he moves away. He’s been doing that a lot lately; moving away. Wu Fan doesn’t understand it.

“Yeah,” Chanyeol says, and then he yawns, big and exaggerated, lingering excitement from the show in his expression despite his weariness, and Wu Fan’s heart flutters, just a little. He feels himself smiling, now, because Chanyeol has a way of making him happy, even when he’s just doing nothing but rubbing his hair on Wu Fan’s face and grinning sleepily at nothing like an idiot.

Chanyeol smells like sweat and makeup and glitter, and Wu Fan is sure he does, too. It’s hot outside, and the show was tough, but they’re free now, at least for the night. Wu Fan is going to lie down in his bed and read, and maybe write a letter to his mother, or something. Something quiet.

Chanyeol seems to have different plans. “Come to Baekhyun and I’s room,” Chanyeol says, when Wu Fan moves to part ways with them. “Come play with me. It’s been a while.”

“I need to shower,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol blinks. Wu Fan can already feel himself caving, because it has been a while. Not since they’ve seen each other, but since they’ve talked with just each other, no eyes on them at all.

“So do that first,” Chanyeol says. “Then come.” Wu Fan tries to ignore the traitorous twist in his lower abdomen.

“Okay,” Wu Fan finds himself agreeing, despite the headache that’s starting to pound behind his eyes. It’s same as always, Chanyeol eagerly demanding and Wu Fan agreeing, and Chanyeol smiles with his whole face as Jongdae makes whip-cracking sounds under his breath.

Wu Fan shoots him a futile glare and pushes his bangs from his face, exhaling slowly.

Chanyeol had been distant, before and during the show. He’s been distant for a while now, Wu Fan thinks; since Thailand, maybe, and Wu Fan’s not sure if he did something wrong or if Chanyeol’s just distracted. Maybe distant is the wrong word. Wu Fan is too tired himself to think about it.

Chanyeol can lose track of things, sometimes, anyway, and Wu Fan’s trying not to take it personally. Chanyeol seems to want his attention now, so maybe Wu Fan’s just imagining the whole ‘distance’ thing. He’s always been more attached to Chanyeol than he’d like to admit.

Zitao has disappeared when Wu Fan goes to open the door, and so Wu Fan guesses he gets the shower first.

When he’s finished, he grabs a magazine, even though he knows he won’t read it, and his phone, so he can be found, and walks down the hallway six doors until he’s standing in front of Chanyeol’s room. He raps on the door twice, and a clean and smiley Baekhyun opens the door. “Chanyeol’s still in the shower,” he says, letting Wu Fan in. “Will you be alright by yourself? Jongin and I are going to go play cards with Sehun.”

Wu Fan gives him a look and walks over to Chanyeol’s bed, flopping down on it in what he hopes is a graceful manner, and opens his magazine. Baekhyun laughs, and leaves shaking his head amusedly.

Wu Fan only has a few minutes to read before Chanyeol is emerging from the bathroom, leaving wet footprints on the carpet and shaking himself out like a puppy coming in from the rain.

Chanyeol has an armful of clothes, and he lays them carefully on the back of the chair, next to Baekhyun’s, with the concentration of someone who has been yelled at by coordinators for mistreatment one too many times.

His hair is soaking from the shower, pulled back in a new, more haphazard, half-ponytail, and he hasn’t bothered to put on pajamas or trousers. He’s just got his briefs on, and his legs are really long, Wu Fan thinks, not for the first time. He crawls onto the bed, water dripping from his hair down the back of his gray tank, and sprawls out gingerly next to Wu Fan. Wu Fan likes Chanyeol’s legs even better stretched out alongside his own.

“Hey,” Chanyeol says. “You’re fast.” He looks around, and Wu Fan thinks he seems cautious. “Baekhyun already left, huh?” His nose twitches, almost like he’s nervous, but that’s silly. It’s just the two of them, and they’ve been friends for years now, and Chanyeol has no reason to be nervous.

“Yeah, he was leaving as I got here,” Wu Fan says. “And I’m leader. I get the shower first.” Chanyeol laughs, clapping his hands, and Wu Fan rolls his eyes even as he grins.

“Stop pretending you’re that cool,” Chanyeol says. “Tao is in Sehun’s room, so the shower was free.”

“I still would have gone first,” Wu Fan says, liking the way Chanyeol’s eyebrows scrunch together as he looks at Wu Fan, grinning with teeth so white and straight.

“Uh huh,” Chanyeol says, teasingly. “You would have stoically waited for Tao to finish, and fallen asleep on your bed with your clothes on. Then you would have woken up and washed your face three times for good measure because you’d slept in your makeup.”

“You’re so ridiculous,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol snorts.

“No, I just know you *ridiculously* well,” Chanyeol replies, and Wu Fan thinks that’s pretty true. Chanyeol leans a little close, and Wu Fan can detect a hint of the scent of hotel soap, because Chanyeol’s never finicky about products like Wu Fan is. He smells fresh and uncomplicated.

“You do,” Wu Fan agrees, and he reaches over to pat Chanyeol’s knee.

It happens so fast the Wu Fan is surprised; Chanyeol flinches away, and suddenly, there’s tension. “Sorry,” Chanyeol mumbles, slowly sliding his leg back out. It brushes Wu Fan’s for a moment, and then Wu Fan is hyperaware of the carefully maintained centimeters between them.

This, maybe, is not as uncomplicated as Chanyeol’s scent.

“Why?” Wu Fan asks, looking down at his hand and wondering if there’s something wrong with it. Yixing is always telling him his hands are monstrous, but Yixing has tiny hands, like he’s a Borrower or something, and Chanyeol’s hands aren’t much smaller than Wu Fan’s.

Chanyeol looks guilty, for a moment, and Wu Fan’s stomach is tight, because this, *this*, is the distance that Wu Fan had thought, hoped, was a figment of his imagination.

Chanyeol looks down at his hands, which toy with each other nervously in his lap, and Wu Fan’s just wondering what he’s done to make Chanyeol pull away.

“It’s-“ Chanyeol presses his lips into a thin line, and sighs. “It’s hard to explain.”

“I miss you,” Wu Fan says, before he can think about it, and Chanyeol blinks up at him, bewildered. “I… got used to you.”

“Got used to me?”

“In my space,” Wu Fan explains, and Chanyeol licks his lips, pulling himself into a ball. “Got used to you staying close.”

“Oh,” Chanyeol says, and he’s looking everywhere but at Wu Fan, eyes roaming the room and sticking on the almost abstract watercolor painting on the wall. “I…”

“Did I make you upset?” Wu Fan asks, carefully, and Chanyeol grimaces. Wu Fan’s always liked how Chanyeol’s whole face changes with every thought. Now, though, he’s trying to figure out why Chanyeol’s got the tiniest glimmer of fear in his eyes, because between Chanyeol and Wu Fan, things have always been comfortable.

“No,” Chanyeol says. “It’s kind of. It’s weird.”

“You’re kind of weird,” Wu Fan says, and normally he’d nudge Chanyeol with his arm, but Chanyeol’s holding himself so tightly that Wu Fan can see that would be a bad idea. “It’s me.”

Wu Fan knows all sorts of weird things about Chanyeol, like that he likes to make face mashups on the internet of himself and Dara from 2NE1 to see what their babies would look like, or that sometimes he tries to write his name with his feet, gripping the pen between the first and second toes.

And while Wu Fan might raise an eyebrow, or *both* eyebrows, if it’s something really strange, he’s still going to smile when Chanyeol grabs his hand and pulls him along, because they’re friends. Sometimes Wu Fan is lost about why the way he feels about Chanyeol is different than the way he feels about other people, but never about the fact that he likes having Chanyeol around more than almost anyone.

“Yeah,” Chanyeol says. “It’s you.”

Then, Chanyeol slides close enough that their thighs brush, and Wu Fan feels that familiar stutter in his chest that he always gets when Chanyeol slips into his personal space like he belongs there.

Wu Fan thinks it’s because if Chanyeol belongs next to Wu Fan, then maybe Wu Fan belongs next to Chanyeol, and Wu Fan has always wanted to belong somewhere.

“I’m probably being stupid.”

“What else is new,” Wu Fan says, and he laughs lightly, grabbing Chanyeol’s arm and pulling him to his side. Chanyeol falls into him, tilting his face upward so he can stare at Wu Fan carefully, before lowering his head into Wu Fan’s lap. He squirms around until he’s looking up at Wu Fan from this new position, and his shoulder blades are digging into Wu Fan’s left thigh, and his hair is soaking through his jeans on the right. But Chanyeol is watching Wu Fan like he thinks Wu Fan might push him way, so Wu Fan doesn’t complain.

Chanyeol is impossibly warm. Wu Fan feels like he’s burning everywhere Chanyeol is touching him, and it’s strange, but Wu Fan doesn’t dislike it.

He stares back at Chanyeol, who’s still got that bit of fear lingering in the set of his mouth, and he tentatively reaches a hand over to Chanyeol’s wet hair. Chanyeol doesn’t pull way, so Wu Fan tugs on the elastic, peeling it free from the tangle of Chanyeol’s wet hair. He pushes the band over his hand, so it settles onto his wrist, and then he twirls a piece of hair around his index finger.

Chanyeol hums with faint approval, so Wu Fan continues, taking more hair into his hands and pulling at it, twisting it between his fingers.

“It feels nice,” Chanyeol says, and there’s a faint redness to his complexion, almost like he’s embarrassed, and Wu Fan wonders if he should stop. “Don’t,” Chanyeol says, before biting down on his lip. “Stop, I mean,” and Wu Fan realizes he’s asked the question aloud.

“Okay,” Wu Fan says, and this is different from the way Chanyeol tugs on his hand as they walk across the stage. Chanyeol’s hair feels like spun silk against his skin.

Chanyeol melts beneath his touch, and his shoulder blades stop digging in quite so hard, and Wu Fan gets used to the damp press of denim along his right thigh.

Chanyeol’s eyes fall closed, and Wu Fan likes the way Chanyeol’s lashes still have little flecks of mascara on them from the show. He remembers when Chanyeol’s hair was black, and longer, but he likes the color now, too. It’s bright against Chanyeol’s skin.

*This is not normal,* Wu Fan thinks, vaguely, and Chanyeol sighs, turning his head so he’s looking away, toward the television that isn’t even on. It’s not *normal* to lie in bed with your best friend and comb the tangles out of his hair with your fingers as his cheek pushes against your inner thigh.

But it *does* feel nice, Wu Fan thinks, and Chanyeol’s hair is so soft to the touch. Wu Fan’s sitting still, but his pulse is racing.

“So we’re all right?” Wu Fan asks, later, when he’s retrieving his magazine from the floor, stretching out the slight cramp in his hand as he reaches.

“Yeah!” Chanyeol smiles wide, almost too wide, and Wu Fan ignores his heart’s single skipped beat.

Chanyeol’s hair falls into his eyes, fluffy and mussed, and Wu Fan wants to push it out of his eyes.

“Good,” Wu Fan says, and he closes the door behind him, retreating to his own room where he can puzzle over what just happened alone, in the quiet.

Despite the confusion, Wu Fan realizes that his headache has all but disappeared.

#

Chanyeol has been overly affectionate with Wu Fan since the day they first met in an SM practice room, Chanyeol in an oversized blue t-shirt that almost reached his knees, wearing a backwards baseball cap and a smile bigger than Wu Fan was used to dealing with.

Chanyeol had pounced, talking too fast in words Wu Fan didn’t understand, and Wu Fan had shook his head from side to side quickly to indicate that he didn’t know what Chanyeol was saying.

Chanyeol just kept chattering, pulling out his mp3 player and shuffling through the names, making Wu Fan point when he saw things he liked. His thigh had pressed into Wu Fan, and their elbows had kept brushing, and Wu Fan hadn’t known what to make of it.

A childhood traveling to new places and learning new words to communicate meant that Wu Fan hadn’t really had any close friends before. Chanyeol didn’t seem to mind that Wu Fan only knew ten phrases in Korean, because none of the phrases Wu Fan knew were “go away.”

Wu Fan did know how to say “I like that,” though, and that’s what he said when his favorite band came up on one of Chanyeol’s playlists, and Chanyeol rewarded him by squeezing closer, no space between their shoulders, and Wu Fan might not have had a lot of experience with all this touching, but something about Chanyeol made him not really mind it.

After that, Chanyeol just seems to take for granted that Wu Fan’s space is his space, pouring himself into Wu Fan’s bed to read message board gossip at odd hours of the night or clutching at Wu Fan’s hand when they’re just walking.

Wu Fan takes it for granted that Chanyeol will be there, too. Sometimes, when he’s China, it disorients him to look around his room and see nothing of Chanyeol’s peeking out from under his desk or thrown haphazardly across the door of Wu Fan’s closet.

So of course Wu Fan notices when Chanyeol suddenly touches him less; reaching out for Wu Fan’s shoulder and settling for bumping lightly against him, or leaning too far over to whisper in Wu Fan’s ear and pulling back when he realizes he lips are almost brushing the shell of Wu Fan’s ear.

It’s even worse when Wu Fan reaches out for Chanyeol. Not that it’s something Wu Fan does often, because Wu Fan is never sure if he’s going about this whole ‘skinship’ thing right, but he used to feel safe enough to lie his hand on the back of Chanyeol’s neck to get his attention. Now, Chanyeol seems to simultaneously lean into and away from that touch, and it makes Wu Fan confused enough that he keeps his hands to himself.

He’d meant it, when he’d told Chanyeol he missed him. He misses the ease of things between them, now that something has shifted, and it eats him up inside.

#

Sitting next to him on the curb, Chanyeol offers Wu Fan one of his headphones. Wu Fan takes it.

It’s B.A.P., and Wu Fan laughs, because Chanyeol’d been singing this song the whole plane ride over, and Kris’s pretty sure he’s memorized the song now, despite only having mediocre Korean and having only listened to the actual version when it came on the radio in the van on the way to signings or events.

Chanyeol’s hair is sticking to his cheeks with sweat and a bit of water, and he’s got a smudge of dirt along the hem of his white t-shirt. Chanyeol’s ankle bangs against his own. Wu Fan doesn’t mind.

Chanyeol’s mouthing the words and bobbing his head, and Wu Fan is tired of the song but he’s not tired of Chanyeol.

It’s at Disneyland that Wu Fan feels, for the first time, that swooping feeling in his gut when he looks at Chanyeol’s smile.

#

The tension bubbling over between himself and Chanyeol is obvious to Wu Fan, but no one else seems to notice. They’ve just finished up with the SM Town concert in Seoul, and Wu Fan is excited to go back to his dorm and go to sleep. But Chanyeol’s strange, almost longing, looks, keep pushing their way to the forefront of his mind whenever Wu Fan takes a moment to rest his eyes, and Wu Fan hates that he can’t figure out why Chanyeol keeps coming close and backing away.

He’d thought they’d cleared up *whatever it was* in Tokyo, but Wu Fan, clearly, had been mistaken.

Every time Wu Fan’s attention wanders away from the things he has to do as leader, he thinks about the way Chanyeol had been so pleased at Wu Fan’s gentle tugging at his hair, and a terrible heat climbs up the insides of his ribs.

He wants to do it again.

Wu Fan thinks about Chanyeol as he stands in the kitchen, eating late night snacks with Yixing. “You look pensive, leader.”

“Something’s going on with Chanyeol,” Wu Fan mumbles, and Yixing blinks and tilts his head to the side.

“Really?” Yixing only sounds mildly interested, but Wu Fan knows better than to think that means he’s not listening carefully.

“He’s acting strange. Like he’s afraid to be around me.” Wu Fan thinks it sounds stupid when he says it out loud, but Yixing just looks at him with that blank expression on his face, and then shoves another cracker into his mouth.

“Yesterday, he let you feed him half of a fortune cookie and almost licked your fingers,” Yixing says. “Forgive me if I’m not seeing the fear.”

Wu Fan remembers that vividly, yeah, the way Chanyeol’s cheek had appeared next to his, and the way Chanyeol’s gold and black jacket had brushed against Wu Fan’s, and the heat of Chanyeol’s mouth as he’d happily taken the offered cookie, lips brushing against Wu Fan’s fingertips and eyes wide like and overexcited child. But…

“After that, he wouldn’t look at me at all,” Wu Fan says. It had been nothing but quiet moments and Chanyeol refusing to meet his gaze. “I can’t help but think I’m doing something wrong.”

“Maybe you should ask Chanyeol about it,” Yixing says, clearing his throat. “I’ll just… go to bed.” He leaves the crackers on the counter, for Minseok to get exasperated over in the morning, and Wu Fan turns around to see Chanyeol leaning on the doorway to the kitchen.

It’s not *that* unexpected that Chanyeol is here, Wu Fan rationalizes. Of course, they all know the keycodes to both dorms, even if Lu Han can’t even remember M’s, sometimes, let alone K’s. Chanyeol has come over before, unannounced, barging into Wu Fan’s room with his Nintendo DS and refusing to turn down the volume, so Wu Fan gets the annoying midi music stuck in his head.

But it *is* unexpected if Wu Fan considers how much Chanyeol’s been doing his best to avoid Wu Fan since the cookie incident; just another instance of Chanyeol going hot and cold since that time in Tokyo when Wu Fan had stroked through Chanyeol’s hair until it had dried.

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” Chanyeol mumbles, and his mouth purses. He approaches Wu Fan and grabs at his wrist, dragging him into the living room. Wu Fan sits down on the sofa, and Chanyeol sits down on the other side of it, as far away from Wu Fan as he can be.

Wu Fan thinks it feels more like a kilometer than a meter.

“I’m a total freak,” Chanyeol makes a frustrated sound in the back of his throat, and Wu Fan curls his hands into fists. “I want the weirdest things, and I can’t…”

“What do you want?” Wu Fan asks. “I’m trying to understand, but I-“

“I want you to-“ Chanyeol starts, but then he blushes, and Wu Fan’s heartbeat speeds up because Chanyeol never blushes. Wu Fan’s always been amused by just how shameless Chanyeol can be. “Like before,” Chanyeol mumbles, finally, and Wu Fan realizes, all of a sudden, that he’s been holding his breath.

“Like before?” Wu Fan queries, lightly, but he recalls the way Chanyeol had sighed as Wu Fan’s hands had sunk into his hair and parted those soft brown waves, strands slipping between aimlessly tugging fingers as Chanyeol’s cheek pressed into his thigh, warm and comfortable.

Wu Fan had liked the way Chanyeol had just laid there, letting Wu Fan pet him. The stress had melted out of Chanyeol’s shoulders, then, and Wu Fan had been surprised to notice, later, that it had melted out of his own, too.

“Is that all right?” Chanyeol asks, looking at Wu Fan with round eyes that seem to be searching for confirmation. Chanyeol’s got his lower lip trapped between his teeth, and he’s chewing on it lightly, almost anxiously, like he thinks Wu Fan is going to say no.

Wu Fan isn’t, because indulging Chanyeol, at this point, is second nature, and Wu Fan’s not sure if it’s really indulging Chanyeol if it’s something Wu Fan wants so much he can taste it in the back of his mouth.

“Yeah.” Wu Fan forces the word out from his closed throat. “Yeah, it’s okay.” Wu Fan leans back against the cushions, taking a slow, calming breath. “Of course it’s okay.”

Chanyeol smiles at him, hesitating for a moment, and then he’s moving forward. Chanyeol crawls over closer to Wu Fan on the couch, resting his head in Wu Fan’s lap, and Wu Fan cautiously threads his fingers through Chanyeol’s hair. Chanyeol gives a soft whine of pleasure, and Wu Fan’s fingers grow bolder, catching half-fallen out curls around his long fingers and letting his nails scratch at Chanyeol’s scalp, and Chanyeol’s tiny noises grow more content.

Chanyeol turns to look up at him, and Wu Fan wonders if he’s supposed to find this weird; the way Chanyeol curls up into his lap like it’s where he belongs and the way Wu Fan takes comfort in finding him there. The thing is, he doesn’t find it weird at all. Just perfect—kind of like how the heat of Chanyeol’s breath on his knee is perfect, or how Wu Fan’s other hand curving exactly to the sway of Chanyeol’s waist is perfect.

Chanyeol blinks. “I like… this,” Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan can feel his insides tangling up like jungle vines because he likes it, too. “I couldn’t stop thinking about it.”

“Me either,” Wu Fan admits, and he tickles at the back of Chanyeol’s neck, fingertips brushing at the soft skin there, and Chanyeol shivers. Wu Fan wonders if Chanyeol’s shoulders are just as sensitive. His calves. His stomach.

Wu Fan swallows, and realizes he wants to find out.

But Chanyeol is drifting off to sleep, and Wu Fan feels a bit drowsy himself, and he can ask those questions, maybe to himself in the bathroom mirror, in a while. For now, he’ll just enjoy the thickness of Chanyeol’s hair as it wraps around his knuckles, and let himself fall into slumber.

#

Chanyeol stops avoiding Wu Fan. Instead, now, he seeks Wu Fan out at the strangest times, finding new ways to touch him that make Wu Fan feel dizzy with bewilderment, because this is not something he has experience in. Chanyeol wraps his arms around Wu Fan’s waist and presses his lips to Wu Fan’s neck, just the ghost of a kiss, and maybe Wu Fan likes to touch Chanyeol as much as Chanyeol likes to be touched. Wu Fan runs his hands up and down Chanyeol’s arms, and Chanyeol makes contented sounds at Wu Fan’s gentle explorations.

People mostly consider Wu Fan a cat person, but Wu Fan has always preferred dogs, and Chanyeol is like a human-sized puppy that is not only Wu Fan’s best friend, but beautiful and warm with a smile that makes Wu Fan feel kind of like he’s melting.

It does occur to Wu Fan, weeks later, that maybe he and Chanyeol should talk about whether or not this means something. It’s a lurch, almost nausea, when Wu Fan realizes that he wants it to mean something. That maybe he’d like to put a collar around Chanyeol’s neck so everyone will know that he’s *Wu Fan’s* puppy, and that no one else is allowed to think about twining their fingers with Chanyeol’s and feeling his heartbeat against their palm.

But then Wu Fan gets distracted by the slip of Chanyeol’s skin beneath his forearm as Wu Fan reaches over him for his phone, and he loses track of everything but Chanyeol’s grin as he looks up at Wu Fan hopefully with eyes that beg for attention, and Wu Fan just gives him whatever he wants.

#

Wu Fan has wanted before. It just didn’t feel quite like this; a consuming obsession with the way Chanyeol feels beneath his hands, the thin material of a tank shirt between Wu Fan and skin.

Wu Fan wants more, but he’s not sure more of what; only that this feeling… It’s like how he’s been feeling for a while now; four or five months, since Disneyland maybe, but more intense than that; a vast trembling hole inside of him that he needs Chanyeol to crawl closer and fill.

Wu Fan had spent most of his adolescence alone, but Chanyeol had erased that loneliness years ago and maybe Wu Fan’s just being selfish, now, wanting more.

Often, though, he catches Chanyeol looking at him, and he thinks Chanyeol might want more, too.

#

The three days M spends in China feel like a lifetime.

Wu Fan walks in the door, Zitao right at his side and enthusiastically whispering about pictures Jongin had sent him of some of the new costumes for their comeback performances. Wu Fan smiles along, because he loves how cute Zitao gets when he’s excited.

Wu Fan thinks all he wants to do is throw himself down on his bed and sleep, but Lu Han and Minseok are laughing a little too loud; Lu Han with an arm draped over Minseok’s shoulder as they chuckle at something on Minseok’s phone, and Wu Fan figures the noise his roommates will make is enough of an excuse for him not to sleep in his own bed. He’s not sure if he needs an excuse or not, but just in case he does, he has one.

He lets himself into K’s dorm, typing in the code without thought. It’s quiet, and Wu Fan toes out of his shoes and steps up into the hallway, peering around. No one’s home, and Wu Fan’s heart sinks that Chanyeol isn’t here waiting for him, but he knows K is busy; they’ve got to keep up with promotions and stuff here same as M does in China.

Chanyeol’s bed isn’t made. Chanyeol and Baekhyun both are complete messes, clothing and bags and miscellanea scattered across the floor, but Chanyeol’s sheets are soft and butter yellow, and it’s all too easy for him to fall asleep after three hectic days keeping his eyes firmly open.

He awakens, groggily, to a weight at the end of the bed. “You’re back,” Wu Fan slurs, and Chanyeol laughs, looking absolutely delighted to find Wu Fan in his bed, which makes pleasure slosh hot inside Wu Fan’s gut.

“*You’re* back,” Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan blinks to clear his eyes. “And still dressed in your airport finest.”

“That’s my shirt,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol gives him an unrepentant grin.

“I missed you,” Chanyeol says, and his knee bumps Wu Fan’s calf. Wu Fan wants Chanyeol to come closer. “I used your shampoo, too.” Wu Fan had forgotten to take it with him.

“Did you run out of the stuff you stole from the hotel?” Wu Fan asks, and Chanyeol makes a face at him. “You’re the vainest person with hobo habits that I’ve ever met.”

“No, I didn’t run out,” Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan sits up, holding out his arms. “I just like yours.” Chanyeol tumbles into his arms, and Wu Fan pulls him close, relishing the feel of Chanyeol warm in his grasp. It’s almost enough; Wu Fan’s heart is racing and so is Chanyeol’s, and Wu Fan doesn’t know what this is but it’s something kind of overwhelming.

Chanyeol straddles him, shoving him back, and Wu Fan marvels once again that Chanyeol is as long limbed as he is, even if he’s long in different ways. Chanyeol’s hands come to rest on Wu Fan’s shoulders, thumbs along the lines of Wu Fan’s collarbones, and Wu Fan’s own hands lift up to linger against Chanyeol’s sides. Chanyeol is soft and warm beneath his palms, and Wu Fan can’t help but rub circles along Chanyeol’s ribs through the material of the white t-shirt.

Chanyeol’s breath hitches as Wu Fan’s hands slide lower, down to the stripe of revealed skin where the shirt Chanyeol’s wearing has ridden up, and Wu Fan slowly sneaks his hands up underneath, stroking Chanyeol’s bare back. He runs his hands up Chanyeol’s spine, and Chanyeol looks down at him, face flushed and eyes searching.

“Okay?” Wu Fan asks, and Chanyeol swallows. Wu Fan watches him carefully, admiring the way Chanyeol’s hair falls into his eyes and the way his nose scrunches up in thought. Chanyeol is not pretty like a girl, but he is pretty, thick lips and round eyes and a smile lurking in the pull of his cheeks.

Chanyeol doesn’t answer him. Instead, he licks his lips, gaze flickering down for a moment, and Wu Fan only has a second for confusion before Chanyeol is leaning down and softly pressing their lips together.

It’s gentle, but it’s also demanding, like the way Chanyeol grabs his hand and refuses to let go when they walk side by side. It’s Chanyeol’s chin over his shoulder as Wu Fan puts a piece of fortune cookie in his mouth. It’s Chanyeol, curling into Wu Fan’s lap and whimpering softly as Wu Fan tugs at his hair.

It only takes a moment for Wu Fan to realize that he wants this too. Chanyeol sighs with relief as Wu Fan kisses him back, tilting his head slightly and pushing down on Chanyeol’s back with flat, spread palms to bring Chanyeol closer. Chanyeol smells like Wu Fan’s shampoo and a little like he belongs to Wu Fan, and as Chanyeol softly exhales, lips parting so Wu Fan can slip his tongue between them, he thinks maybe he wants *that* most of all.

Wu Fan drags a hand all the way up Chanyeol’s back to bury itself in Chanyeol’s hair, pulling just enough to coax a whimper from him; a sound Wu Fan swallows as he licks deeper into Chanyeol’s mouth, tasting melon Chanyeol must have eaten earlier along with what Wu Fan knows, intrinsically, is Chanyeol’s taste. Wu Fan’s other hand slides down to rest at the small of Chanyeol’s back, and Chanyeol seems torn as to where to go, back arching into Wu Fan’s touch even as he tries to seal his mouth more firmly against Wu Fan’s mouth, and he makes a low grunt of frustration that he can’t seem to quite do both at once.

Wu Fan laughs, because even now, when they’re stepping over boundary-lines they’ve been flirting with but never crossed, of course Chanyeol is still Chanyeol, loud and wriggling and demanding as much of Wu Fan as Wu Fan is willing to give him.

Wu Fan breaks their kiss with one last languorous lick to Chanyeol’s full lower lip, and Chanyeol is looking down on him now with shining eyes.

“Is that okay?” Chanyeol asks, and Wu Fan’s hand only shakes a little as it frees itself from the mess he’s made of Chanyeol’s hair, coming down to stroke the side of Chanyeol’s face, his thumb pressing a dimple into Chanyeol’s soft cheek. Chanyeol leans into the touch, so much like a puppy, and Wu Fan tries to remember how to breathe.

“Yes,” Wu Fan says, finally, and Chanyeol smiles widely at him, swollen lips stretching to reveal those perfect teeth.

Chanyeol rolls next to him, knee catching between Wu Fan’s thighs, and curves into Wu Fan’s side, resting his head against Wu Fan’s shoulder as Wu Fan tries to sort out his thoughts.

Without thinking, Wu Fan’s left hand finds Chanyeol’s stomach, venturing along the skin there as Chanyeol sighs into his neck. “I like to be touched like this,” Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan dips his index finger into Chanyeol’s navel, following the contours of Chanyeol’s abs as Chanyeol moves into the motion.

“Why?” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol looks up at him, and Wu Fan has to stretch his neck to the oddest angle to look back. Chanyeol snorts at him, one eyebrow shooting higher than the other, and Wu Fan rolls his eyes. “Chanyeol, please.”

Chanyeol’s snickers quiet, and then he’s thoughtful again, lips twisting into a pucker that Wu Fan wants to kiss, but that would require an even odder angle and he’s not sure his neck or his ego can take it. “Because I know you’re paying attention to me, like this,” Chanyeol says. “And because it makes you relax, too.”

“It does,” Wu Fan says, and his fingers skate along the waistline of Chanyeol’s jeans, and Chanyeol shudders, but doesn’t move away. Wu Fan files that away, because they’ve got plenty of time for that later, when Wu Fan can’t hear people bickering about dinner menus through the closed door. “Is that what this is? Relaxing?”

That thought, that this isn’t something more, makes Wu Fan nervous, and far from relaxed. Chanyeol squints at him, pulling back just far enough to lift himself up on one arm, his other hand coming to find the hem of Wu Fan’s button-down and pull lightly on it. “What do you think?” Chanyeol asks, and he peers at Wu Fan through his eyelashes, mischief hiding in the lift of his brow, and Wu Fan feels a warmth spread through his chest that’s simultaneously welcome and embarrassing.

“Come here,” Wu Fan says, lowly, and he grabs a handful of that white t-shirt, Wu Fan’s shirt, that Chanyeol’s wearing just because it’s Wu Fan’s, and yanks, until Chanyeol falls awkwardly on top of him, elbow digging uncomfortably into Wu Fan’s sternum as he collapses. But that doesn’t matter, so much, as Wu Fan captures Chanyeol’s lips again, Chanyeol opening for him smooth and easy and eager.

Chanyeol moans as Wu Fan tastes the roof of his mouth, and Wu Fan thinks the way Chanyeol follows his lead is almost as addicting as the way Chanyeol reacts to his touch.

“Stay,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol trembles and sighs at the sound of Wu Fan’s voice, and Wu Fan kisses him again.

#

Chanyeol’s eighteenth birthday was loud; they’d gotten a cake from *Paris Baguette* and it had only taken five minutes after Chanyeol had blown out the candles for Sehun to mash a part of it into Chanyeol’s face, which had Chanyeol sputtering and laughing as Junmyeon had snapped photos and Taemin and Jongin chuckled behind their hands.

Wu Fan remembers looking at Chanyeol with his arm around Sehun’s shoulders and wishing it were around him instead, and maybe, Wu Fan thinks, all this started before Tokyo, and before Disneyland, even. Maybe it started the first time he and Chanyeol had met, Chanyeol’s leg pressing against his own as they scrolled through the contents of Chanyeol’s mp3 player, communicating with smiles and touches instead of words.

#

The first fumbling steps of anything are hard. Wu Fan knows this from experience. Tripping his way through learning Korean, finding friends in new countries, learning excruciatingly difficult choreo with a body not meant for dancing… These are all things that had seemed insurmountable at first, but Wu Fan had taken those difficult early uphill paces without complaint and seen the top of a lot of mountains because of it.

But the first fumbling steps of his burgeoning relationship with Chanyeol, Wu Fan thinks, are almost easy. Easy, in the sense that Chanyeol always asks for what he wants, and it’s usually also what Wu Fan wants, and Wu Fan is happy to oblige. Easy, in the sense that being with Chanyeol has never been hard for Wu Fan, even when they barely known each other and Chanyeol had expressed ideas to him in over-exaggerated arm motions, and for some reason had thought talking *louder* would magically make Wu Fan understand Korean.

Easy, in the sense that now Chanyeol knows how to say *please* in Mandarin, and Wu Fan loves the way it tumbles from his lips, sweet and pleading.

The problem is they can’t seem to stop making out like teenagers, Chanyeol shoving Wu Fan into dark corners and stealing kisses when no one else is around, knocking the breath out of him and then disappearing from Wu Fan’s grasp before he can retaliate in kind. Wu Fan knows Chanyeol kind of *is* a teenager, but it still feels strange, and a little bit like regression. Sometimes, they’re on stage, and Chanyeol bumps him with his bare arm, smelling of sweat and glitter and stage lights, and Wu Fan wants to run his fingers through Chanyeol’s hair and kiss him soft and slow so everyone can see that Chanyeol is his; that Chanyeol belongs so completely to him that they shouldn’t even think about him.

But it’s their job to belong to everyone, and so Wu Fan smiles, and waves, and at times tries not to look at Chanyeol at all. The last is a bit of a hopeless cause, but Wu Fan figures two out of three isn’t bad.

#

Chanyeol stretches out across the hardwood floor, limbs in all directions, a small snatch of belly bared by a crumpled up t-shirt, and Wu Fan sits across the room and wishes Chanyeol were sprawled across his lap, purring as Wu Fan ran his hands along that soft skin.

Later that night, when Chanyeol gets into bed with him, a book in hand and large necked tank hanging off one shoulder, Wu Fan pulls him close and fastens his mouth to Chanyeol’s collarbone, biting and sucking at the skin until it’s red and raised, and when he looks up at Chanyeol, his eyes are glassy and bright.

*”Mine,”* Wu Fan thinks, and it’s a feeling so tremendous it’s scary.

Wu Fan questions if he’s gone too far, but the next morning, at practice, he notices that Chanyeol’s hand keeps drifting up to hover over the mark left by Wu Fan’s lips, and when he catches Wu Fan’s gaze, he grins like he has the world’s best secret.

The bruise fades, but Chanyeol’s fingers still ghost across the spot with enough longing that Wu Fan wants to do it again.

#

Baekhyun and Chanyeol are sitting on Baekhyun’s bed, doing weird teenage girl quizzes in some idol magazine, and Wu Fan looks up at them with amusement every once in a while as he chats with Jessica about rehearsal times for a new special stage, and the latest SM gossip about Jonghyun having a new girlfriend.

Baekhyun excuses himself to go to the bathroom, and Chanyeol waits until the door closes to roll himself up and walk over to his own bed, sitting down on Wu Fan’s lap. Wu Fan’s hands automatically press to his waist to steady him, and Chanyeol grins.

“Why are you sitting so far away?”

“I’m, you know, giving you your space,” Wu Fan says, because he’d heard Junmyeon complain about how Luna had ended things between them because he’d been *“too clingy.”* Wu Fan’s not sure it applies here, but Wu Fan is careful because he doesn’t want to mess things up.

“I don’t want space,” Chanyeol says, like it’s not some weird co-dependant thing they’re developing where space between them is impossible to bear.

Wu Fan guesses it’s only a problem if they let it be.

Wu Fan bends forward and takes Chanyeol’s upper lip into his mouth, sucking on it gently until Chanyeol huffs impatiently and presses their mouths together. Wu Fan will never get enough of the lush texture of the inside of Chanyeol’s cheeks and the backs of his lips.

They spring apart when they hear the faucet start—it’s louder than the toilet. Chanyeol sinks down to the floor, panting heavily.

Baekhyun gives them a strange look when he comes back in, taking in Chanyeol’s mussed hair and flushed cheeks, and Wu Fan might look a little flustered himself.

“Chanyeol stole my phone,” Wu Fan says quickly, and Chanyeol nods quickly in agreement.

“I didn’t know he’d get so upset,” Chanyeol says, laughing easily, the way that comes with a lot of practice doing it on stage.

Wu Fan thinks they’ve escaped detection unscathed, but later, he feels Baekhyun’s eyes on him, and when he looks up to return the stare, Baekhyun is inscrutable.

#

Chanyeol steals popcorn from the bowl between Wu Fan’s legs as Wu Fan changes the channel. Jongdae, who is sitting on Wu Fan’s other side, snorts. “I feel like the third wheel on a date, or something,” Jongdae says. “When did you guys get so ‘date-y’?”

“Shut up,” Chanyeol says, and he throws a handful of popcorn in Jongdae’s face. “Leader and I have always been close.”

“Yes,” Jongdae agrees, “except right now you’re almost sitting in Leader’s lap, and he’s got his hand in your hair, and you didn’t even notice.”

Wu Fan guiltily pulls his hand free, and Chanyeol frowns, leaning even closer to Wu Fan, and Wu Fan can smell salt and butter on Chanyeol’s breath. It probably tastes nice, Wu Fan thinks, and then he forces his eyes to stay fixed on the screen. “So?”

“So, you’re lucky Jongin and Baekhyun aren’t here, or they’d be writing up rumors about you to post anonymously on Daum.”

“What would they even write?” Chanyeol says, pouting. “Chanyeol and Kris seem very close lately?” Chanyeol sighs, and his bangs flutter up. He’s so cute. Wu Fan wants to push the hair back and then linger along the edges of Chanyeol’s ears. He likes the way Chanyeol laughs, when he does that. “What else is new?”

“Chanyeol is Kris’s girlfriend,” Sehun says from the doorway to the living room, rolling his eyes, and Chanyeol yelps in surprise, standing up, a mess of long arms and legs and scattered popcorn kernels.

“I’m not a girl,” Chanyeol shouts, half-laughing and half-mad, as Sehun cackles and walks into the living room. “Neither of us is a girl!” He adds, as Sehun opens his mouth to make a correction.

Sehun raises one eyebrow tauntingly, and Chanyeol tackles him, catching him in a headlock as Sehun pounds too hard against Chanyeol’s stomach, clamoring for freedom.

When they’ve wrestled long enough that they’re both winded, Sehun disappears back into his room with a triumphant smirk, and Chanyeol plops back down next to him on the couch, and Wu Fan automatically lifts his arm to make room for Chanyeol beneath it.

“Actually,” Jongdae says, and Wu Fan starts, without thinking, to smooth Chanyeol’s bangs where they’re mussed from horsing around, before he catches himself again, “it’s more like he’s your pet.”

Chanyeol stiffens, and Wu Fan turns to look at Jongdae. Jongdae is grinning at him playfully, but there’s genuine curiosity in his eyes that Wu Fan’s not prepared to acknowledge.

“Better than calling me a girl, I guess,” Chanyeol mumbles. “*I guess.*”

“I’m sorry,” Wu Fan says, later, when Jongdae’s gone to bed, and it’s just the two of them in the kitchen, Chanyeol dumping the unpopped kernels from the oversized bowl into the food trash while Wu Fan rinses out their soda glasses.

“For what?” Chanyeol asks, and he bunches his shoulders together, fabric of his tank top catching between his shoulder blades. Wu Fan doesn’t know why he looks so tense.

Chanyeol tosses the empty plastic bowl onto the counter. Wu Fan sets down the last glass, leaving it on the drying rack, and walks over to Chanyeol, dropping his hands to Chanyeol’s shoulders. Chanyeol exhales, back shrinking beneath Wu Fan’s palms, and Wu Fan presses a kiss to the nape of Chanyeol’s neck.

Chanyeol still smells like Wu Fan’s shampoo. When he goes back to China, for longer this time, he’ll take the shampoo with him, and he wonders if Chanyeol will miss the scent.

“For treating you like…” Wu Fan sighs, and grazes his hands down the outsides of Chanyeol’s arms, letting his fingers push into the skin in the crooks of Chanyeol’s elbows, before moving down and lacing their hands together on both sides. Chanyeol’s back is warm against Wu Fan’s chest, and Wu Fan’s heart is beating so fast it almost hurts. “Like a pet.”

“But I-“ Chanyeol says, and his voice cracks, and then he’s pulling away, turning around so he can face Wu Fan. He grabs Wu Fan’s wrist, lightly, and Wu Fan can feel quivering of his fingers, even as he smiles. “I want you to. You know?” Chanyeol’s eyes dart to the side, and there’s a petulance to the outward jut of his jaw, like he’s decided not to be embarrassed. “I mean, not exactly, but-“

Wu Fan might understand. He doesn’t think of Chanyeol like a pet, but he knows what Chanyeol means. He nudges Chanyeol’s ankle with his toe, because he needs to hear it all.

They’ve been just going with the flow, but Wu Fan wants to make sure he’s doing the right things. To define some kind of rules or something, because Wu Fan needs to know the parameters before he can stay within them.

“I want you to touch me. Take care of me,” Chanyeol says, low and almost miserable. “I want you to…” Chanyeol laughs, then, awkwardly. “I dunno, tell me when I do a good job, and play with my hair when you’re stressed, or I’m stressed. I want you to run your fingers down my back and then all the way up again. I want you to leave bruises on my skin so I can look at them later and remember that you…”

“Own you,” Wu Fan finishes, sotto voice, and Chanyeol’s eyes flash with something a little more dangerous than Wu Fan’s seen in them before. His mouth is dry.

“Yes,” Chanyeol whispers, and Wu Fan thinks that’s all right with him.

Wu Fan pushes Chanyeol back against the wall, a little too rough, pressing them together chest to knee, and Chanyeol gasps, mouth blindly searching for Wu Fan’s and finding cheek instead, until Wu Fan takes his other hand and tilts Chanyeol’s head in the right direction. Chanyeol laps eagerly at Wu Fan’s mouth, and his hands scramble up under Wu Fan’s shirt for bare skin, and Wu Fan groans low, pushing his hips forward unconsciously.

He doesn’t realize he’s getting hard until Chanyeol pushes back, hard himself, and whimpers at the rub. This, Wu Fan thinks, is something new, and he would be more cautious if Chanyeol’s hands weren’t sliding down the back of his jeans, inside his underwear, to cup his ass and pull him even closer. Wu Fan can feel Chanyeol’s every breath in his mouth and pushing against his chest and everywhere they touch, and it’s intoxicating, much like everything about Chanyeol is intoxicating. As he thrusts shallowly forward, denim scraping against denim to the soundtrack of Chanyeol’s soft panting, Wu Fan thinks he’s getting drunk on him.

They take on a steadier rhythm, figuring out how the other will move, and they’re not even really kissing anymore, just mashing their mouths together without intent or design, as Wu Fan becomes consumed by the rising heat in his belly and the tingling in his thighs. The friction of his jeans against his dick hurts a little, burns, but it feels good more than bad and Wu Fan likes the way every upward roll of his hips drags another jerk from Chanyeol-- full body shudders, and Chanyeol’s fingers are digging into the flesh of his ass as Wu Fan slides his hand into Chanyeol’s hair and tugs just a little.

Chanyeol bites down on Wu Fan’s lip at the pull, and then suckles at it in apology, but Wu Fan just ruts harder, spurred on by Chanyeol’s heaving chest and wet tongue sliding behind his teeth.

He feels when Chanyeol comes, body tensing and mouth stilling, head falling back until his head bangs painfully against the wall. Chanyeol’s knees shake, and Wu Fan bets it’s only his forward pressed hips that keep Chanyeol from slumping to the floor.

When Chanyeol stops shaking, he brings his lips back to Wu Fan’s, kissing him a little more smoothly, and Wu Fan is still aching, hot and hard and pushing against the confines of his jeans.

Chanyeol’s hands slide up and around Wu Fan’s waist, teasing a low moan from Wu Fan that’s muffled by Chanyeol’s neck, where Wu Fan sucks a mark into the skin. “I’m going to…” Chanyeol starts, and Wu Fan doesn’t get it until Chanyeol is sinking down to his knees, wincing a little, maybe at the mess inside his trousers or maybe at the hard cold tile of the kitchen floor.

Then Chanyeol’s scrabbling at the button of Wu Fan’s jeans and dragging down the zipper, pulling Wu Fan out and holding him in his palms. Chanyeol wets his lips, forehead furrowing like he’s taking on a particularly complex problem, and Wu Fan’s breath hitches. Chanyeol’s lips are dark pink and swollen, and Wu Fan wants to see what they look like around his cock.

Chanyeol leans forward and lathes his tongue across the head, left thumb pushing back the foreskin as his right one massages that spot on the underside that makes Wu Fan’s toes curl when he’s touching himself, and Wu Fan lets out a shattered gasp at the sensation. Chanyeol looks up at him, eyes bright, and Wu Fan thinks about Chanyeol’s words only a few minutes ago.

“Good boy,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol’s eyes go half-lidded, and he takes Wu Fan into his mouth.

It’s wet and hot, and Wu Fan searches for something to hold on to and ends up with one hand against the wall and the other in Chanyeol’s hair, guiding him up and down on his shaft as Chanyeol’s tongue slips sloppy and wet around him. Wu Fan keeps his thrusts shallow, but Chanyeol is so adventurous, saliva dripping from the corner of his lips, and Wu Fan is so close that it doesn’t matter if Chanyeol scrapes him a little with his teeth or that the air is cold on the heated skin when Chanyeol pulls off to take loud, deep gulps of air.

“So good,” Wu Fan murmurs mindlessly, soothingly, hand caressing Chanyeol’s jaw where it works to take him in and the curve of Chanyeol’s ear and somehow finding its way back up into Chanyeol’s hair, yanking at the soft brown strands as Chanyeol watches him. “You’re so good.”

Wu Fan feels himself about to tip over the edge, and he tries to warn Chanyeol, but Chanyeol just closes his lips around Wu Fan tighter and *sucks*, and Wu Fan is spilling down his throat, Chanyeol leaning back and getting the last small spurt of come on his chin and neck.

Wu Fan drops down to his knees and kisses Chanyeol again, tasting himself, and wonders how they’ve gotten here. Wu Fan’s never thought about something like this before—being dominant or submissive or even liking boys at all.

And yet here he is, knees bumping against Chanyeol’s as he sucks another hickey into Chanyeol’s shoulder, and there’s no doubt that Wu Fan likes, *more than likes*, everything about Park Chanyeol, even if what they have between them is not anything Wu Fan has ever expected.

Everyone’s asleep as Wu Fan negotiates Chanyeol into the shower. Chanyeol keeps trying to kiss him as they walk, tripping over himself and Wu Fan, as Wu Fan laughs quietly and kisses back, sometimes. He strips Chanyeol naked and puts him under the water, stepping out of his own jeans, still unbuttoned, and his underwear, and lifting his shirt over his head quickly so he can join him.

He soaps Chanyeol down, using his own soap, and then shampoos Chanyeol’s hair, Chanyeol humming under his touch. “I like the smell of your shampoo,” Chanyeol says, spinning around to face Wu Fan, slick thigh pressing against Wu Fan’s. A bit of shampoo foam has gotten onto his eyebrow. Wu Fan reaches up and wipes it away. “It smells like ‘high-maintenance’.”

Wu Fan sputters for a moment, before he laughs, hoping the water is loud enough that no one else can hear them. Chanyeol spares him a cheeky grin before turning back around so Wu Fan can finish rinsing his hair. “You’re one to talk,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol looks over his shoulder, water dripping down his face and eyes almost impossibly large.

“Are you sure this is what you want?” Chanyeol asks, trying to make it sound like a joke but unable to hide the dubious lilt in his tone. “Are you sure *I’m* what you want?” Chanyeol’s fingers come up and circle the marks on his neck, and just looking at them is enough to make Wu Fan want to make a few more, because he likes the idea of Chanyeol being his as much as Chanyeol wants to *be* his.

Chanyeol’s his best friend. Chanyeol’s a boy. Chanyeol is a lot of things Wu Fan hadn’t realize he wanted, but at the same time, he’s everything Wu Fan has ever *needed*.

“I’m positive,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol smiles broadly at him, soap suds sliding down shoulders and muscular arms, and Wu Fan thinks that however they’ve decided roles between them, Chanyeol wanting to be taken care of and Wu Fan wanting to take of him, the ownership goes both ways, because Chanyeol’s got those square palms wrapped around Wu Fan’s heart and Wu Fan doesn’t want them to let go.

-

Another day, another interview.

Chanyeol and Jongin are fighting again in the prep-room, probably over nothing but their naturally conflicting personalities, and Junmyeon is ignoring it because he’s used to it, maybe, but they’re in public and it’s unacceptable. Chanyeol’s got a genial smile on his face, but Jongin is scowling because he can’t hide his feelings to save his life.

“Stop,” he says, low and cool and demanding, and Chanyeol immediately quiets, looking up at Wu Fan for further directions. Wu Fan realizes, all of the sudden, that it’s the same voice he uses with Chanyeol in bed, and that Chanyeol is reacting to it like that now; like Wu Fan is in charge and Chanyeol’s supposed to do what he says because that’s how they are.

Jongin looks at Chanyeol incredulously. “Are you serious? One word and you’re heeling like a bad dog?”

Chanyeol flinches, happy mask cracking for a moment until he manages to plaster it back on, and Chanyeol has enough issues with wanting what he wants without other people him making him feel bad about it, even unknowingly. Wu Fan pushes down the arousal that shoots through him at the way Chanyeol responds to him, because now isn’t the time, and focuses on the current situation.

“Shut up,” Wu Fan hisses, and Jongin looks up at him sheepishly, backing down. Wu Fan’s not the sort to raise his voice, but Chanyeol looks so anxious that his smile is slipping, and Wu Fan hasn’t seen it slip like that in public sense SMArt, when the flashes from cameras stung his sensitive eyes.

Wu Fan had taken things into his own hands then, guiding Chanyeol around here and there and making sure at least their people turned the flashes off. He does the same thing now, but he resists the urge to pull Chanyeol into his arms because he knows, no matter how right it feels, it’s not something he can act on when they’re under scrutiny like this.

“Sorry,” Jongin mumbles, and Sehun laughs at him, and then they’re fighting or flirting or whatever it is they do, Zitao playing peacemaker as Wu Fan looks into Chanyeol’s eyes.

“Hey,” Wu Fan says, “it’s alright.”

“It’s weird,” Chanyeol says “I know it’s weird, and that other people will think it’s weird, but-“

“I like it,” Wu Fan says, leaning over so only Chanyeol can hear him. Chanyeol shivers at the brush of Wu Fan’s lips. “I like it so much.” He wishes he could kiss him. “You have no idea.”

Chanyeol is much more relaxed when Wu Fan pulls away, closing his eyes and thinking about unattractive things, like Eunhyuk dressed up as Beyonce, to cool the heat in his veins.

The interview is long, and when it’s over, Chanyeol’s back to his usual self, bouncing along cheerfully beside him, and Wu Fan doesn’t steal a kiss, no matter how bad he wants to.

#

Wu Fan’s not sure where the line is, between best friends and lovers.

He knows the things that are past the line; things like sliding his hands down Chanyeol’s bare back and further, until Chanyeol’s pressing his ass back into Wu Fan’s palms, face flushed and lips parted as Wu Fan kisses and nips at the underside of his jaw. Things like Chanyeol lapping at Wu Fan’s stomach, then asking if it’s good with his eyes as he takes Wu Fan into his mouth and Wu Fan babbles promises to reward him.

Things like whispering *”I really like you,”* in Mandarin, in English, in Cantonese, and Korean into the hollow of Chanyeol’s throat and wanting him to hear it, even though Chanyeol’s already asleep.

Wu Fan’s just not sure where, exactly, the line lies, or when he crossed it, only that he has, and as he laces his fingers together with a sleeping Chanyeol’s, he wishes he wasn’t leaving again for Guangzhou tomorrow.

Wu Fan thinks it’s kind of creepy how he wants to put Chanyeol on a leash, shorter than a meter, that Wu Fan never has to let go of. Going to China seems so daunting when he can’t drag Chanyeol, with his energetic smile and pliant, sleepy body, along for the trip. Or maybe what Wu Fan really wants is to pull Chanyeol inside of him and lock him in the cage made by Wu Fan’s ribs.

He thinks, almost disbelievingly, that Chanyeol would be happy there as he studies the bruises his mouth has left across Chanyeol’s chest like a brand.

#

Off-balance. That’s how Wu Fan’s felt for the past couple of days, thanks to familiar touches that summon unfamiliar feelings.

“Are you thinking about something deep?” Lu Han asks, pulling his pink tee over his head and flattening his hair quickly with his fingers. “You look like you’re thinking about something deep.”

“Kind of,” Wu Fan says, straightening the neck of his own t-shirt. It feels like mid-morning not mid-evening, but Wu Fan knows that’s because his body is set to KST and not LA time.

“We’re about to go on stage for the finale,” Lu Han says. “The concert’s not over yet.”

“Deep thoughts don’t always come when it’s convenient,” Wu Fan replies, and Lu Han smirks at him.

“Lu Han doesn’t know much about deep thoughts-“ Jongdae starts, but Lu Han elbows him in the gut before he finishes. Jongdae laughs anyway, and Wu Fan cracks a smile.

“Whatever it is,” Lu Han says, “I’m sure it’s actually not all that difficult and you’re overanalyzing it like you do everything.”

“Thanks, I think,” Wu Fan says wryly, and Changmin peeks his head in and barks at them to hurry up.

As balloons and confetti fall from the ceiling, Chanyeol grabs his hand. They walk side by side, and Wu Fan wonders if Lu Han is right; he wants to be close to Chanyeol, and perhaps that’s something simple.

#

The first thing Wu Fan thinks, as he wakes up in the morning, is that it’s too early to be awake. The second thing he thinks is that he’s got a plane flight to Guangzhou in less than seven hours, and Chanyeol is staying here in Korea.

They’re in Chanyeol’s room. Wu Fan had tried to leave last night, but Chanyeol had assured him that Baekhyun’d gone home to stay with his family for the rare two days in a row they had off, and Wu Fan hadn’t really put up much of a fight.

Now, as the early morning light sneaks in through curtained windows, Wu Fan can’t seem to fall back asleep. Chanyeol is completely out next to him, mouth open obnoxiously with the occasional snore punctuating the silence, and even now, he is making Wu Fan smile.

Wu Fan puts a single digit beneath Chanyeol’s chin and pushes up, closing his mouth, and Chanyeol sniffles and rolls onto his side, gravitating towards Wu Fan’s touch even in sleep. Wu Fan likes that.

He knows the moment Chanyeol starts to awaken, lips curling down at the edges and legs moving restless, and when Chanyeol opens his eyes, they’re both hazy and amused.

“Just because you’re my boyfriend, that doesn’t mean you get to wake me up,” Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan freezes, hand stopping its upward motion along the outside of Chanyeol’s arm at the words.

“Boyfriend?” Wu Fan asks, evaluating the weight of the word on his tongue, and Chanyeol’s eyes sharpen, suddenly completely awake.

“I…” Chanyeol’s speech hasn’t woken yet, it seems, and he stumbles over the words. “I’m sorry, I sort of assumed that-“

Wu Fan crashes his mouth down on Chanyeol’s, cutting him off, and Chanyeol makes an *”mmph”* sound before he returns it, morning breath and all.

He can feel Chanyeol’s hardness against his hip. This is their last morning for a while. Wu Fan wants to take his time.

He sits up, and Chanyeol is unhappy at the loss of heat, or maybe at Wu Fan moving away at all, but Wu Fan has other plans, tugging on Chanyeol until he is lying on his belly, and Wu Fan can reach his back. He massages, slow, into Chanyeol’s shoulders, the way he’s learned Chanyeol likes.

Wu Fan wants to feel more of him.

Wu Fan pulls Chanyeol’s briefs down his slim legs, throwing them carelessly to the side. Chanyeol’s still on his stomach, and goosebumps rise across all the exposed skin. Wu Fan rubs his hands all the way up Chanyeol’s back, warming the skin with his palms, and Chanyeol quivers into the touch. “I want to try something,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol takes a deep breath.

“Okay,” Chanyeol says, and then he’s quiet, like he’s steeling himself. Wu Fan wonders if Chanyeol has a voice in his head that says *”this is Wu Fan, it’s okay”* the same way Wu Fan has a voice in his head that says the reverse. “Okay.”

“Up,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol doesn’t move, and first, but then his pushes his weight onto his arms. Wu Fan lifts Chanyeol’s hips, and Chanyeol spreads his legs apart for balance as Wu Fan nips and kisses at the column of his back, curling his hands into fists and muffling deep whines with his pillow as Wu Fan mouths his way lower and lower. “Wu Fan,” Chanyeol says, as Wu Fan reaches the small of his back. He takes extra time there, tonguing the two dips there on either side of the end of his spine, and Chanyeol presses back toward Wu Fan’s touch, same as he always does, and it makes Wu Fan even harder.

Experimentally, he licks a little lower, and Chanyeol tenses, but doesn’t tell Wu Fan to stop. Wu Fan gives him a moment, then moves further down, past Chanyeol’s tailbone, letting his tongue slide down, between, and Chanyeol gives him a low, deep moan that sounds nothing like stop and everything like go.

Wu Fan had told Chanyeol, once, that he wanted to kiss him all over, and that’s still true, he thinks, as he pulls his hands down from Chanyeol’s hips to grab at his ass, to open Chanyeol up to his mouth. His tongue ventures out tentatively at first, licking a slow circle around the wrinkled skin he’s found there, and the way Chanyeol shudders in his grip is enough to make his next lick a little harder; a little more forceful as he teases around the hole, curling his tongue to lap in circles around it. Chanyeol pushes back against him, and Wu Fan loves the shake of Chanyeol in front of him, Chanyeol’s cock hard against his belly as he moans into a pillow so whoever else is home won’t hear.

“What-“ Chanyeol manages to gasp, and Wu Fan laughs, spreading Chanyeol even more open with his hands, “are you even*doing*?”

He’s only read about this on the internet, but he wants to do it right. He’s sure Chanyeol’s read about it too, although probably through much more vulgar sources, and the fact that Chanyeol’s tone sounds more curious than confused lets Wu Fan know he can continue.

“Kissing you,” Wu Fan says, and then he’s pushing in, gathering spit in his mouth so he can make it wetter, and Chanyeol almost sobs as Wu Fan slides a finger in beside his tongue, licking and sucking as Chanyeol writhes beneath him.

Then Wu Fan is sliding in another finger, and hooking down, stretching Chanyeol apart to make more room for Wu Fan to lick deeper into him, and Chanyeol is jerking his hips back into it, begging for more without coherence as Wu Fan finds his prostate and pushes into it relentlessly until Chanyeol is having trouble holding himself up.

He’s beautiful like this, Wu Fan thinks, unraveling beneath Wu Fan’s fingers and tongue, and Wu Fan thinks he could come like this, just listening to the wrecked sounds coming from Chanyeol’s mouth and feeling the sheen of sweat on Chanyeol’s skin as he works his mouth against him.

“Wu…Fan…” Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan pulls away, rolling Chanyeol onto his back, because Wu Fan is greedy and he wants to see Chanyeol’s face as he fucks him, two fingers deep.

A deep red flush extends all the way down Chanyeol’s neck and across his chest, and his lips are swollen from kisses and maybe from trying to subdue his own noises, and his eyes are wet and bright, eyelashes fluttering as he looks up at Wu Fan.

“*Please,*” Chanyeol says, and his long legs are in the way so Wu Fan pushes them up. Chanyeol obligingly holds the back of his thighs, fingers gripping too hard into his own skin, and then Wu Fan is slipping his fingers back inside, and Chanyeol releases a low keening sound as Wu Fan thrusts in past his knuckle, Chanyeol’s body taking him in so willing and so easy. “*More*.”

Wu Fan starts to add a third finger, but it’s too dry, so he gathers the spit in his mouth and presses his lips back to Chanyeol’s entrance, lingering around the edges just because he likes the way Chanyeol tremors at it, and now it’s slick enough to push his ring finger into Chanyeol, too.

The sound Chanyeol makes when Wu Fan crooks his fingers up is enough to remind Wu Fan that he’s hard and that he’s still wearing his underwear, but this isn’t the time to worry about that; not when he’s got Chanyeol like this, in pieces, and Wu Fan’s the one in charge of making the final break and then putting him back together.

“I’m going to-“ Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan wraps his other hand around Chanyeol’s cock, thumb teasing the slit, and Chanyeol’s got tears in the corners of his eyes and his nose scrunched up and his mouth is open so wide, almost as wide as Wu Fan’s got him opened around his fingers.

“Come,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol does, body tensing and releasing around Wu Fan’s fingers as he spurts on his own stomach and Wu Fan’s forearm.

Chanyeol is a shivering, shuddering mess in front of him, looking at Wu Fan with wide, disbelieving eyes. “I-“

Wu Fan swallows, and now he remembers his own erection, heavy in his briefs, chafing against the elastic waistband. He licks his lips and tastes Chanyeol.

Then he’s tasting Chanyeol in a different way as Chanyeol tumbles into Wu Fan’s lap, thighs still trembling, and licks at Wu Fan’s face, cleaning it, and Wu Fan can’t help but thrust up against Chanyeol. Chanyeol hisses, still sensitive, and worms his hand in between them, slipping into Wu Fan’s underwear to curl around his erection. Wu Fan groans as Chanyeol strokes him quickly, practiced hands adjusting to the odd angle as Wu Fan bucks up into his grip, almost toppling his lap full of boyfriend, *boyfriend*, but Chanyeol is determined, sucking on Wu Fan’s tongue and rubbing across the head of Wu Fan’s cock until Wu Fan is spilling all over the outside of Chanyeol’s hand.

Wu Fan gasps into Chanyeol’s mouth, and they continue kissing, sloppy and wet, missing each other’s mouths and catching cheek and nose and chin.

Chanyeol’s kisses are needy, and Wu Fan knows it’s because he’s leaving, and it’ll be weeks before they can kiss again. Wu Fan won’t just miss the kisses. He’ll miss the warmth of Chanyeol curling into his side, hand linked with Wu Fan’s as they do the most mundane things, like watching games on television or play Angry Birds on Wu Fan’s iPhone, Chanyeol with his arms around Wu Fan’s waist, chest hot against Wu Fan’s back as he yells useless hints into Wu Fan’s ear.

It’s those things he’ll miss the most; that he’s always missed the most, and Wu Fan kisses Chanyeol back just as rough, trying to memorize the feel of him against his lips.

“I have to shower,” Wu Fan murmurs into the skin of Chanyeol’s jaw. “I have to go.”

“Miss your flight,” Chanyeol says, laughing. “Live on the wild side.”

“They’ll come looking for me,” Wu Fan says. “And they’ll find both of us like this.”

“Sometimes I think I wouldn’t care,” Chanyeol says wistfully, lifting Wu Fan’s hand up and putting it on his head. Wu Fan immediately starts tugging at it, shifting sticky fingers through the strands and enjoying Chanyeol’s soft, content sighs. “I love your hands.”

*“I love you,”* is on the tip of Wu Fan’s tongue, but now isn’t the time to say it. “I really have to go.”

“What if I don’t get up?” Chanyeol teases, and he’s still got morning breath, and Wu Fan laughs and shoves him back.

“You might be bigger than the rest of our band, Chanyeol, but you’re not bigger than me.” He’s got Chanyeol’s wrists in his hands, pressing them down to the bed, and Chanyeol is smiling at him as bright as the morning sun.

“I’ll miss you,” Chanyeol says, smile slipping just a little. “But I’ll see you soon.”

“I’ll send you lots of e-mails,” Wu Fan says. “And stay logged on to kakao chat, okay?”

“Yeah,” Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan stands, climbing free of the tangle of his and Chanyeol’s legs. Chanyeol rolls over onto his side, away from Wu Fan, and Wu Fan can’t resist running his fingers along the soft of skin along Chanyeol’s thigh on last time. “See you later, Leader.”

“See you,” Wu Fan echoes, and shrugs on his jeans and a shirt—maybe it’s his or maybe it’s Chanyeol’s—and leaves the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

The living room is quiet, and Wu Fan wonders if anyone has noticed his shoes by the door.

“Time to go?” asks a light voice, and Wu Fan looks over to the sofa to see Baekhyun sitting there, arms crossed as he leans across the arm of the couch. Wu Fan freezes, one foot in his sneaker and the other still resting on the hardwood floor.

“You’re back,” Wu Fan says, and he knows he’s a mess, skin sticky with come and smelling of sex. His hair’s probably gross, too; he can feel the longer strands clinging to his neck with sweat. “I thought you wouldn’t be back until later.”

“I got back early,” Baekhyun says, eyes steady as he stands up. “Should I knock on that door before I go in?”

“I-“ Wu Fan gulps, and wipes his sweaty palms on his jeans. “Baekhyun-“

“I’m not going to say anything,” Baekhyun says. “Don’t worry.”

“I’m not worried about that,” Wu Fan snaps, and then he guiltily rubs at his hair. “Well, I am, but-“

“It’s okay,” Baekhyun says. “It’s weird to me, obviously, but it’s okay. I’m not going to judge you.”

Wu Fan hadn’t realized his heart had stopped beating until it starts again. “Baekhyun…”

“So should I knock on that door before I go in?” Baekhyun asks again, and now that Wu Fan is looking for it, he thinks he can see a tiny bit of a smirk at the corner of Baekhyun’s lips.

“Yeah,” Wu Fan says, catching his thumbs in his belt loops. “You probably should.”

“All right,” Baekhyun says. “Don’t you have somewhere to be?”

“Yeah,” Wu Fan says. “I do.”

Wu Fan replays the conversation in his mind as he showers, washing the smell of Chanyeol from his skin and trying to remember to breathe.

He’d never really considered the other members finding out. He knows he should have, but he hadn’t, too caught up in the newness of everything between himself and Chanyeol.

But Baekhyun’s reaction feels like… well, like loosening the knot of your tie after a long day’s work. Maybe he feels a little bit freer.

There are no guarantees, but Wu Fan recalls Chanyeol’s mouth against his neck and he’s glad that, at least for now, Chanyeol is something solid and real that Wu Fan can pull back into his arms when he gets back from China, and that at least one of the ten people whose lives are entangled with theirs won’t mind when he does.

#

Later, as Wu Fan struts across the Incheon International Departures, wearing a perfectly ironed blazer and walking next to a still half-asleep Jongdae, his phone vibrates. When they get past the cameras to the relative safety of the boarding zone, Wu Fan pulls out the phone to see a text from Chanyeol.

Missing you already, it says, and then an emoticon of a cat.

Not much of a cat person, I’m afraid, Wu Fan texts back, and when he looks up, Zitao is looking at him carefully.

“You seem happy,” Zitao says, face soft and pleased, if a little inquisitive, and Wu Fan swallows, wondering if all the things that have changed are written on his outside as much as they’re written on his inside.

“I am,” Wu Fan says, and Zitao offers him a quiet, sincere smile, and Wu Fan smiles back.

I forgot my shampoo, Wu Fan texts, right before they get on the plane. Don’t use it all.

#

It’s small things that Wu Fan misses the most, when they’re apart.

Chanyeol doodling along the insides of Wu Fan’s inner arms with his short, square fingernail.

Chanyeol changing his ringtone to Two Moons so Wu Fan has to listen to himself rap until he answers the phone.

Chanyeol, drowsily folding himself into the hollows of Wu Fan’s body and fitting there perfectly.

Maybe it’s just one big thing. Chanyeol, with his soft hair and big stupid grin and floppy limbs that get in Wu Fan’s way when he’s trying to read. Chanyeol, with his wet mouth and pretty eyes and demanding pout. Chanyeol, who has, over the years, pushed his way into Wu Fan’s personal space and refused to leave.

Chanyeol, who makes Wu Fan feel like he’ll never be alone again.

#

He doesn’t mean to buy it. He sees it at an accessories shop, and apparently they’re in style for women right now, because there are so many colors to chose from. It’s not until he sees one in a dark brown leather that would look so pretty against the skin of Chanyeol’s neck that he’s buying it before he can think twice. It’s not until he gets out of the store that the bag starts to feel unbelievably heavy in his hand.

When he gets back to the hotel, he takes the collar out of the bag and stares at it, fingers the single metal ring at the center and the three holes that adjust the tightness, unsure if it’s the right thing. He thinks Chanyeol might like it, but he’s not certain.

It’s two days later that he finds the charm. It’s ostentatious and ridiculous, a giant glimmering K in a silver circle. Wu Fan chuckles as he buys is, already anticipating Chanyeol’s smartass comments about it, and again later as he threads it onto the metal ring in the center of the collar.

He doesn’t know if he’ll give it to Chanyeol or not, but the thought Chanyeol branded like that is enough to have Wu Fan jacking himself off in the shower until he comes, hard, resting his head against the cool shower wall as the images refuse to leave him.

#

Twelve people are hard to fit in one living room, but EXO always manages, somehow. It helps that they’re all so used to each other that cramming in together is no issue.

They talk and laugh long into the night, but Wu Fan just wants Chanyeol. Chanyeol’s sitting next to him on the couch, legs draped across Wu Fan’s thighs, and Wu Fan sneaks his hand up the ankle of Chanyeol’s tight jeans, teasing the skin until Chanyeol kicks him.

They peel off in ones and twos, until only Zitao, Chanyeol, and Wu Fan, and Baekhyun are left in the living room.

Wu Fan meets Baekhyun’s eyes across the room, and Baekhyun winks at him. “Show me your photos,” Baekhyun says to Zitao, and Wu Fan takes a deep breath as they leave.

“That was one of the most awkward hours of my life, by the way,” Chanyeol says, as he stands up and walks over to the door, slipping into his shoes. “You know, when my roommate came home early to find me covered in semen? Yeah, that was great.”

“So was me running into your roommate in the living room on my way out,” Wu Fan says dryly, and Chanyeol smiles.

“Well, at least we both had to suffer.” A silence. “It’s good that… it was okay. With him.”

“Yeah,” Wu Fan says, and he stands up too. “I’m going to get something,” Wu Fan says, making a split-second decision, quickly ducking into his room and careful not to make any noise or wake anyone as he grabs the small bag with the collar from the front pocket of his suitcase.

He joins Chanyeol at the door, not bothering to lace up his sneakers as they walk the short distance to K’s dorm.

As soon as Chanyeol is sure the living room is empty, he’s throwing his arms around Wu Fan’s neck and kissing him. Wu Fan walks them backwards, avoiding doors and furniture until they get to Chanyeol and Baekhyun’s room, Chanyeol grappling behind him for the doorknob as he refuses to separate from Wu Fan’s lips.

“I missed you,” Chanyeol whispers against the corner of Wu Fan’s mouth, and Wu Fan missed Chanyeol too.

Wu Fan drops the bag as Chanyeol strips. Wu Fan follows suit, pushing Chanyeol down onto the bed and climbing on top of him, nibbling across his chest, tonguing his nipples and working his way down, licking at the line of Chanyeol’s hipbone before taking Chanyeol’s cock into his mouth.

“Now I really missed you,” Chanyeol says, hips pushing up until Wu Fan holds them down, with a firm hand and a *“stay,”* taking Chanyeol in so far he hits the back of Wu Fan’s throat, tongue swirling around the shaft. Chanyeol swears, and Wu Fan chuckles, which has Chanyeol swearing again at the vibrations.

Two more laps at the slit and then Wu Fan lets Chanyeol fall from his mouth and sits back. Chanyeol is stretched out in front of him, splayed arms and legs spread to give Wu Fan complete access to every inch of him.

Chanyeol, naked, offering Wu Fan complete control.

Wu Fan gets up from the bed and grabs the bag he’d set by the door, and pulls out the collar. He hands it to Chanyeol, who receives it with wide eyes, biting down on his lower lip in concentration as his thumb takes in the texture of the soft leather. Then he examines the charm, Wu Fan’s last minute addition, and his lips quirk in amusement, mixing with something else that Wu Fan thinks could be anticipation.

“The ‘K’ is super tacky,” Chanyeol says, voice choked despite his attempt at levity. “But I guess I’ll get used to it.”

“You don’t have to,” Wu Fan assures him. “If you don’t like it, you don’t have to wear it.”

“Put it on?” Chanyeol asks, and Wu Fan swallows around the lump in his throat and does. The leather looks just as good against Chanyeol’s skin as he’d thought it would. “I never thought anyone would-“

“I know,” Wu Fan says, and he can’t stop the thrill that courses through his whole body at Chanyeol sitting in front of him, wearing nothing but a collar with Wu Fan’s roman letter initial hanging from the center, sitting in the dip between his collar bones.

“Will you…” Chanyeol laughs, maybe at himself. “I kind of want you to…” Wu Fan pushes his fingers through Chanyeol’s hair.

“Just ask,” Wu Fan says. “Hell, Chanyeol, I’ve put a collar on you; you can ask.”

“I want you to fuck me,” Chanyeol says, and Wu Fan’s hand pauses for a moment before he resumes his petting.

“You sure about that?” Wu Fan asks. Wu Fan peeks down, and Chanyeol’s still hard, and still a little slick from Wu Fan’s spit, and Wu Fan remembers that it’s been three weeks since he’s even been able to touch Chanyeol at all.

“I thought about this,” Chanyeol says. “I really want you to-“

“Yeah?” Wu Fan asks.

“I tried it again,” Chanyeol says, arm reaching into his bedside table drawer and pulling out a condom and a half empty bottle of lube. “Um, a few times, maybe. After you did… you know.”

Wu Fan imagines Chanyeol lying right here on his bed, thrusting his fingers in and out of himself and pretending it’s Wu Fan and… yes. *Yes*.

“Show me,” Wu Fan says. “Show me, Chanyeol.” Chanyeol scrambles to slick his fingers, pouring way too much lube onto his hand, and more gets on the sheets than on his fingers, and Wu Fan would laugh if Chanyeol wasn’t staring at him like that, like he’s waiting for Wu Fan to tell him it’s okay. “Stretch yourself.”

Chanyeol’s voice is even deeper than usual as he groans, spreading his legs as wide as he can, circling the tip of his finger around his entrance before pushing in. He winces, but then he’s pulling out and thrusting back in.

Wu Fan licks his lips as he watches. “You look so good like that,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol’s hips jerk. He gulps, and his adam’s apple pushes against the secured leather band. The ‘K’ is moving up and down with each of Chanyeol’s shallow breaths, and Wu Fan reaches down to touch himself, too. “One more finger, Chanyeol.”

Chanyeol whines but complies, adding a second slicked digit. Wu Fan can see him curling them up, searching for something, and he knows when Chanyeol finds it by the ragged exhale Chanyeol releases. “Wu Fan,” Chanyeol says, cracking over his name, and Wu Fan pours lube onto his own fingers and leans forward to press a kiss to Chanyeol’s sweat-slick stomach. He opens his mouth on the spot and sucks, Chanyeol’s cock rubbing against the underside of his chin, and while Chanyeol is distracted, Wu Fan slides a finger in to join Chanyeol’s two.

“Let’s work together,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol’s hips lift, trying to bring their fingers in deeper or searching for friction. Wu Fan bites down on another piece of skin, leaving another bruise, and Chanyeol’s body greedily takes them both in.

Wu Fan withdraws his finger, and Chanyeol, whose eyes had fallen closed, opens them. “Now?” He asks, and Wu Fan nods, his hands surprisingly steady as he opens the package. The veins of Chanyeol’s neck are prominent and shining with sweat, and the leather looks so lovely against it.

He rolls the condom on, and wets it with the lube still all over his palm. “Relax,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol pulls his fingers out so Wu Fan can settle himself between Chanyeol’s slim thighs. Wu Fan settles them over his shoulders, and Chanyeol just looks up at him, waiting, eyes so trusting and wild with desire that Wu Fan has to fight himself to go slow.

Chanyeol’s body is even tighter and hotter than Wu Fan had imagined; tighter than it had felt around his fingers, and Wu Fan feels like every breath Chanyeol takes drags him in deeper.

Wu Fan stills when he’s in all the way, giving Chanyeol time to adjust, but Chanyeol doesn’t want it, moving his hips on his own, fucking himself on Wu Fan’s cock until Wu Fan’s at his breaking point. Wu Fan settles back on his heels, and grabs Chanyeol’s hips for leverage, and starts thrusting in earnest; long, torturously slow movements at first, then faster as he feels release creeping up on him quickly.

Chanyeol’s moans are more like hiccups as Wu Fan pounds into him, and his nails scrape along Wu Fan’s shoulders and arms, digging into the skin as he throws his head back. Wu Fan bends forward to lick along the edge of the collar, and circles Chanyeol with his index finger and thumb, jerking fast as his own orgasm approaches.

It is Wu Fan who comes first, shuddering inside of Chanyeol, and Chanyeol follows, the clench and release of his muscles squeezing around Wu Fan, dragging the pleasure out almost too long for Wu Fan to handle. He pulls out, shaking, and Chanyeol exhales noisily at the loss. Wu Fan ties the end of the condom, tossing into the overflowing trashcan by Chanyeol’s bed. “You’re such a mess.”

“You like me anyway,” Chanyeol says, pushing his lips out for a kiss. Wu Fan laughs and complies, hands wrapping around Chanyeol’s thighs to massage out the cramps, because he’d seen Chanyeol cringe when he’d lowered his legs.

Chanyeol’s mouth is something Wu Fan will never get tired of. Drawing back becomes more and more difficult every time Wu Fan dips in, because Chanyeol’s kisses are as warm and inviting as Chanyeol himself.

“So I like it,” Chanyeol says. “It’s like… I don’t know.”

“It’s just another type of marking,” Wu Fan says. “Pets wear collars, and while you aren’t exactly-“

“Yeah,” Chanyeol says. “So I like it.”

“Good,” Wu Fan says. “I wasn’t sure if you wanted…”

“I do,” Chanyeol says. “I wish I could wear it all the time.” He rests his hand over the leather, and then drops down to the charm. “But…”

Chanyeol pushes Wu Fan back and sits up, groaning as he does. “Are you-“

“I’m fine,” Chanyeol says. “Just… my muscles aren’t used to doing that. Kind of like when we started dancing.”

“You’re even worse at that than I am,” Wu Fan says, and Chanyeol isn’t offended—they’ve had the same exchange before, and Chanyeol knows it’s true. “What are you doing?”

“I have an idea,” Chanyeol says, and lifts his chin, gesturing for Wu Fan to take off the collar. Wu Fan does, carefully, and Chanyeol sighs, bereft, when it falls from around his neck and into Wu Fan’s waiting hand.

“Oh?”

Chanyeol gingerly picks the collar up from Wu Fan’s palm, takes the charm off the collar, and pads, nude, over to where he keeps his jewelry. He pulls a long silver chain from one of the boxes on his desk, sliding the ‘K’ onto the chain and fastening it around his neck.

“Problem solved,” Chanyeol says, with a small hopeful smile. “People will just think…”

“EXO-K,” Wu Fan says, and the charm is still pretty, hanging low on Chanyeol’s chest, between his pectoral muscles. It’s the closest Wu Fan can get, for now, to warning people away from what’s his, and he thinks it’s enough. For now, it’s enough. “You occasionally have smart moments.”

“Occasionally?” Chanyeol asks, climbing back onto the bed on hands and knees and pressing his cheek against Wu Fan’s belly, mischief lurking in his expression. The metal of the charm is cold against Wu Fan’s hip. Chanyeol’s tongue laps a lazy, slow stripe along Wu Fan’s abs, and Wu Fan can’t catch his breath because Chanyeol is so much of everything Wu Fan’s ever wanted, all at once. “That’s all?”

“Sometimes, then,” Wu Fan corrects, hiccupping as Chanyeol’s hair drags across a rapidly hardening erection. “Frequently, even.”

“But not always,” Chanyeol asks, one of his hands skating up the inside of Wu Fan’s thigh.

“Definitely not,” Wu Fan says. “But me either,” he adds, as Chanyeol’s fingers reach his balls.

Chanyeol laughs, and Wu Fan is so in love it hurts.

“It’s still really hideous, though,” Chanyeol says. “I hope people don’t think I bought it.”

“I knew you’d say that,” Wu Fan replies.

“That’s because you know me ridiculously well,” Chanyeol says, and his eyes are alight with happiness and all sorts of other things Wu Fan can’t wait to keep figuring out.

“I do,” Wu Fan agrees. “I really do.”

#

The thing about being in love and also being an idol is that you never know where you’ll be tomorrow.

Wu Fan guesses he’s lucky, because at least if he doesn’t know where he’ll be tomorrow, at least he knows who’ll be beside him.

Chanyeol is Wu Fan’s best friend, and all these other things, too, and Wu Fan looks at the charm that’s barely visible through Chanyeol’s shirt and lets himself be happy.

He knows, eventually, they’ll be caught by the others; or maybe they’ll tell them, and that things will change and they’ll change, too.

But Wu Fan will still treasure the curl of Chanyeol’s spine up into Wu Fan’s fingertips, and Chanyeol looking up at him trustingly, and chocolate leather across Chanyeol’s throat as Wu Fan fucks him slow, face to face.

Even more than that, he’ll treasure the look in Chanyeol’s eyes as Wu Fan slides fingers through Chanyeol’s hair, because for the first time in Wu Fan’s life, he’s found a place he completely belongs.