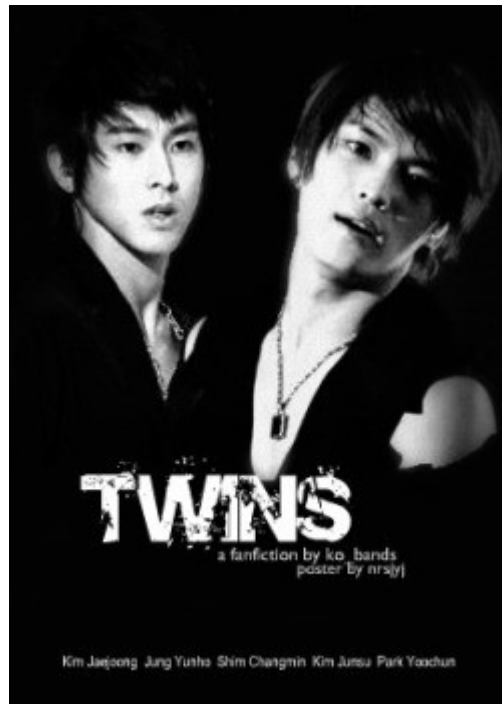


Twins





Title: Twins

Rating: NC17

Chapter One

The woman screamed, clutching her bedsheets in one hand and her husband's hand in the other. A nurse was holding her legs open.

"Push!" ordered the doctor, hands extended to catch whatever came out of the petite woman's body.

*

The hall rang with the noisy bangs and slams of the locker doors.

Jaejoong sighed, opening his own silently. He threw in his text book, leaning in to grab another.

"What class do you have next?" his friend asked from behind him.

"Government. Why?" the raven asked, fumbling with the zipper on his backpack. Classes were going by pretty slow today. Government was only his third class.

"Can you help me with my romance situation?" the short teen pleaded.
"Please? I need a lot of help."

Jaejoong gave him a look, crossing his arms. "Junsu, I don't mean to be mean, but she doesn't even know you exist. It would never work out between you. And she's a bitch, anyway."

Junsu stared at him, mouth hanging agape. "...And you're trying *not* to be mean?"

The taller teen smiled at him sympathetically. "I'm sorry, but it's true."

The locker behind him opened, and the air suddenly became toxic. The raven lowered his head, not turning to look at the tanned male that was rummaging through his things carelessly.

Junsu's eyes narrowed in confusion. "Hyung? Are you okay?" He then looked past his friend at the teen whom was now writing something in permanent marker on his hand. "Oh! Yunho-ssi!"

The tall boy turned to look at him curiously, stilling when he met eyes with Jaejoong. They both looked away. He raised an eyebrow at the shorter male. "What? And don't call me ssi."

The dolphin boy fiddled nervously, biting his lip. "Um... Yunho... -hyung... I wanted to ask when the next soccer tryouts are?"

"Beats me," Yunho murmured, shrugging. "I quit yesterday."

The raven looked up at that, but Yunho didn't seem to notice.

Junsu pouted. "Dang, and I was hoping that I could be part of the team."

"You quit?" Jaejoong asked before he could stop himself.

Both boys looked up at him. Yunho didn't say anything.

Junsu nodded, smiling a little at his friend. "He was great, wasn't he?"

Yunho scoffed, slamming his locker. He didn't even spare the raven a glance before striding away, slinging his bag over his shoulder lazily. Jaejoong dropped his gaze as the boy passed him. Seriously, why did he even try?

His friend stared up at him curiously, glancing between him and the retreating body. "Hey, do you know him?" he asked finally, scratching his head.

The raven ran his hand through his hair gloomily. "We're twins," he told him offhandedly, taking a step toward his classroom.

Junsu sputtered, "Wait, what?"

But Jaejoong was gone, escaping into the Government classroom. He sighed, sliding into his desk. Stupid. It had been stupid to say anything to his brother.

Even though they were fraternal twins, they weren't close in the least. They were strangers living in the same house, never talking to each other, never acknowledging the other's existence. It wasn't that he didn't like his brother. He just didn't know how to approach him. Yunho was... difficult. And even though he should know him better than anyone, he was the last person anyone would ask about Jung Yunho.

They had different last names, so no one ever guessed that they were related in any way. In fact, it was often a shock that they knew each other at all. They were complete opposites. Yunho was rebellious and hard, uncaring about his grades or anyone besides himself. He never looked at him. Never was bothered by him. Never touched him.

*Yeah, Jaejoong groaned, leaning forward and burying his face in his arms. Maybe we **are** too different.*

*

"Oh my god, there's another one coming!" yelled the new mother.

The doctor whipped around, handing the pale baby he was cleaning to the nurse before hurrying over to his patient.

*

How dare he. How dare he speak to him in school? *Anywhere?*

"Dude, are you okay?" panted another boy, jogging to catch up with his brisk step.

"Peachy," the taller teen sneered sarcastically.

Yoochun narrowed his eyes. "If you're going to be bitchy, then—"

"No," Yunho cut him off, coming to a stop in the middle of the hallway, much to his friend's relief. "I'm sorry, I'm just—*really* pissed off."

"Oh," the teen replied. "Anything I can help with? We can beat the shit out of someone."

Yunho tried to picture it. Tried to picture punching his brother in the gut, watching him gasp for air, tears brimming his eyes, pleading him to stop. He scowled when his stomach lurched. Damn the stupid "intuition between twins" thing. It gave him a conscience. At least when it came to Jaejoong.

"No," he sighed, "that won't work this time."

He kicked open the door to the roof, throwing his bag down next to the pavement wall. Walking over to the ledge, he jumped onto the concrete railing, peering down at the racing streets below him, seven stories down.

Yoochun watched him out of the corner of his eye, pulling out a carton of cigarettes and lighting one. "You want one?" he asked, more out of common courtesy than out of an actual offer. Yunho didn't respond, and he shrugged, slipping them into his back pocket.

He approached his friend carefully, turning to lean his back against the railing right next to where the older male was standing, still staring down. To tell the truth, he cared about Yunho. Only, it was a little difficult to say that when you were famous for being one of the hard, doesn't-take-shit-from-no-one kids.

He exhaled, smoke evading his nostrils. "You going to jump?"

Yunho finally looked at him, smirking. "As if you'd be able to survive without me." *Plus, it would hurt Jaejoong.*

He scowled. This was nothing new. His thoughts always lead back to his brother. His perfect brother. He knew that the shorter boy always thought of him in return. They were twins. It came with the territory.

Yes. Twins. Twins were meant to be close. Never leave each other's side. Two souls connected until the day they died. Together. That's how it was supposed to go.

But not them. They hated each other. At least, Yunho hated Jaejoong. Why? Who knows. The raven was fucking *perfect*, maybe that's why. His grades were perfect. His friendships were perfect. His attitude was perfect. His looks were perfect.

How the *hell* was he supposed to compare to that? It wasn't Jaejoong's fault, he knew that. He was just born that way. But Yunho was with him, then. Why couldn't he be the same? Why did they have to be different?

Maybe that was why he hated his brother. Because no one else ever would.

*

Jaejoong was taking a test over the last chapter in their text book. He leaned over it, marking the answers he thought were correct. To tell the truth, he hadn't actually read the chapter. His favorite show had been on.

Unexpectedly, he doubled over, slamming his forehead on the desk. The crack it made had everyone looking up. A few students rose, touching his shoulder gently.

"No," he told them, smiling weakly. "I'm fi—" he was interrupted when violent coughs started to wrack his body. Now the students moved away from him, covering their mouths. The raven shielded his own with his elbow, struggling to stand up. His eyes were watering, making it difficult to see.

Yunho, what the hell are you doing? He thought.

He almost walked into the teacher's desk, but a gentle hand pulled him away, leading him out of the room.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked between his coughs. The tall student looked over his shoulder worriedly. "Building A. Nurse's Office."

They left the building (Building C, to be specific), hurrying down the walkway. A pair of eyes watched them from the rooftop.

Yunho looked from his coughing twin to the cigarette in his hand. "Oops," he muttered, dropping it to the ground and crushing it beneath his shoe. He leaned forward, resting his forearms on the railing, watching the two teens.

Jaejoong stopped walking when the coughing stopped, lowering his arm. He looked a little confused, but relieved nevertheless. The tall kid turned, looking him over. He looked worried. The raven was flashing his *perfect* smile, waving his hands to say that he was fine. But the student leaned forward, examining him more closely.

Yunho's eyes widened as his own face warmed up. He touched a finger to his left cheek. *Jaejoong, why are you blushing?*

The taller teen was now checking the raven's heartbeat with a hand, and Yunho found himself growling as he *felt* his brother's heart quicken pace. He laid a hand over his chest, and he could feel the throbbing.

"Are you okay?" Yoochun asked him, eyes worried.

Yunho didn't respond, not hearing him. Only one thing processed in his mind: This guy was touching Jaejoong. And Jaejoong liked it.

(A/N: Um... if no one understood... everything that happened to Jaejoong's body was happening to Yunho's... You know... twins thing?)

*

Yunho flopped onto his back, the sheets tangled around his limbs. He glared at the white ceiling for making him toss and turn all night, though he knew damn well that it wasn't the wall's fault. He was exhausted, yet sleep never seemed to come.

Groaning, he kicked the sheets aside, rolling out of his usually comfortable bed angrily. He stalked down the silent hallway, faintly noting the sounds of a thunderstorm raging outside. He then shamelessly barged through the door at the end of the hall, not bothering to knock.

Jaejoong jumped, staring up at his brother. "Y-Yunho?"

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" the standing male yelled, crossing his arms and narrowing his eyes at the raven who sat, wrapped in his comforter.

The question only seemed to confuse the annoyingly innocent teen. "I—What?"

"Stop stuttering," Yunho ordered through clenched teeth.

Now it was Jaejoong who scowled in annoyance. "Yunho, go to your room and go to sleep."

"Are you trying to order me around, brother?" the younger twin asked incredulously, raising an eyebrow. "Besides, I can't sleep if you can't. We're twins, remember? Now, whatever the hell it is, get over it or I'll *make* you."

When Jaejoong only stared at him, pain shining in his big eyes, Yunho looked away. Then thunder sounded, shaking the entire house. The older twin screamed, diving beneath his many blankets.

Yunho stared at him in realization. "...You have to be fucking kidding me."

"Leave me alone," replied his brother, his voice muffled slightly.

"The reason I can't sleep is because you're afraid of the *thunder*?" his brother continued, shaking his head. He stepped up to the foot of Jaejoong's bed, looming over him. "You are such a pus—"

"Please don't call me that," his twin whispered, not looking at him. "I hate it when people call me that."

Yunho looked at him, and for a brief moment, *actually* felt obligated to comfort him. But that's all it was, and he shook it off.

The house shook a second time, and this time Jae grabbed him, wrapping his arms around his waist and stuffing his face into his abdomen. Yunho froze, arms raised. His breath caught in his throat.

"U-Uh..." he stuttered.

"Sleep with me," his brother whimpered.

"What?" Yunho asked, eyes wide.

"Not that way, you pervert," Jaejoong muttered, smiling faintly. "Just stay

with me tonight. I'll be able to sleep better, and that means you can sleep, too."

His brother stared at him for a moment. Then he almost laughed at him. "No. No way in hell."

"But—"

"No. Why don't you sleep with Mom and Dad?"

"Because I don't feel this relaxed with them," Jae explained, arms still clutching his twin.

Even though the standing male hated to admit it, he felt better now than he could ever remember. He had noticed over the years that the farther away he was from the raven, the worse he felt over all. Back then, he had simply ignored it, fueled by his hatred.

But now, he couldn't deny the fact that his body was responding to their close proximity. Was this how all twins felt?

If he were anywhere else, he would have slapped himself for even considering staying in his brother's room, but it seemed his twin had decided for him as another bolt of lightning lit up the night sky, roaring a greeting to the sleeping world. He was yanked onto the bed, falling on top of his twin.

"Jaejoong! What the hell are you—?" he sputtered as he was flipped onto his back, a tangle of limbs and a knee brushing against his crotch. He looked down, ready to reword the question a little more colorfully, when he felt the raven squeeze him tightly, almost too tight, hiding his face in Yunho's muscular chest.

The younger twin watched the smaller teen. His shoulders relaxed, his quickly beating heart slowing to a steady pace. Soon, he was asleep.

It felt like... how it should have been. How twins should be. The thought

scared him.

Yunho reached down hesitantly, carefully grazing his fingertips over the stray strands of hair sticking out of the raven head. When he realized what he was doing, he retracted his hand, disgusted by his movements. Jaejoong was nothing to him. And it would stay that way. The image of that taller boy touching Jaejoong came to mind, and he growled.

I hate you, Jaejoong, he thought as he observed his twin's sleeping face. *I hate you so fucking much.*

*

When morning came, Jaejoong awoke feeling great. He opened his eyes with a smile, squinting at the sunlight pouring from his window. Sighing contently, he snuggled closer into his pillow.

It grunted in response, murmuring groggily, "That hurts..."

Surprised, he looked up just as Yunho opened his eyes. They met gazes.

"Shit," they hissed in unison, scrambling to get away from each other.

When Jaejoong was on his own side of the room, he turned to his bother. "Yunho, what are you doing in my room?"

The teen rolled his eyes, not looking at him. He ignored him, simply walking out of the room. The raven was left to stare after him. Just like so many times before.

Memories of the previous night flooded back to mind, and the boy fell into a crouch, hands on his mouth. Yunho had talked to him. Yunho had *looked* at him.

He rose to his feet slowly, stepping towards his dresser thoughtfully. Why all of a sudden? Why now? For as long as he could remember, Yunho never gave him the light of day. He never could understand why, though. Had he

done something? He couldn't remember if he had.

But Yunho had *looked* at him. That was so small, something most people took for granted, but Yunho's focus had been on *him*. He was important for a few minutes of Yunho's life.

He left his room, clothing in his arms as he headed for the bathroom. He passed by his mother. She smiled at him when they met eyes, but she did a double take this time.

She stopped him. He looked up at her.

"What?"

Her eyes were careful, studying his face. "Why are you grinning so goofily this early in the morning?"

"Huh?" he asked, hand covering his mouth.

"Always so modest," she laughed. "Did you have a dream about a pretty girl?"

"Huh?" he repeated. Pretty girl? What was she talking about?

"You look like your crush just smiled at you," his mother continued. "So cute!"

Jaejoong's body ran cold. He sprinted the rest of the way to the bathroom. He checked the mirror. Yes. He was grinning like a lovesick idiot. *What the hell?*

*

At breakfast, something was different. Jaejoong couldn't quite place what it was, but something had changed. Yunho still ignored him. He still didn't look at him. He still didn't talk to him.

Maybe it was how Yunho waited for him to pass over the milk. Or the way that he touched Yunho when he tripped over himself in the hallway to regain his balance, and Yunho let him touch him. Or was it that he just noticed these things more than he had before because he was hoping for a little more?

But what did he expect? Yunho was Yunho, and he was Jaejoong, and they were never going to be those twin brothers who understood each other better than themselves.

But that's where Jaejoong was wrong. Yunho saw it. It haunted him each and every day of his being, so, yeah, he *should* know. His world revolved around Jaejoong's, and Jaejoong's revolved around his. No matter how much hatred he had, the simple fact was that they were twins. And this was their reality.

The night they had spent together was not the beginning of their brotherhood. That need to be together, to be near the other, had been there since birth. No. That night was the beginning of their decent into an inescapable hell. But, of course, neither of them knew that, yet.

Chapter Two

A pair of fingers snapped in front of Jaejoong's face. He started, glancing up. A tall boy, the same tall boy who had escorted him to the nurse's office the previous day, stood in front of his desk expectantly.

"Oh, hi, Changmin," he greeted halfheartedly. Shim Changmin was the exact reason why he had not been able to sleep that night, despite the thunder theory. Yes, he was afraid of thunder, but he usually was out like a light, anyway.

The fact was, in the nurse's office, Changmin had asked him to be his boyfriend. Under usual circumstances, he would have shot him down in a heartbeat. But it was his junior year in high school, and he was growing up. And he might be a tad slow at times, but even he could notice his strange fascination with those who shared his gender.

He had never wondered out loud about his sexuality, for fear that he would be hated by those who were most important to him. But now he was given an opportunity to test this out.

"Give me a night to think it over," he had said. Changmin had smiled, nodding his head in agreement.

Now it was the next day, and an answer was expected. To be honest, he had completely forgotten about the boy's proposal the second Yunho had barged into his room with bags under his eyes. Thinking it through in his mind quickly, he bit his lip.

"Yes," he said, softly. Changmin's lips quirked in a smile. "But," he exclaimed, startling his new boyfriend, "I need you to understand something."

Changmin nodded, sitting next to him. "Anything."

Jaejoong dropped his eyes, knowing what he was going to say next could smash this relationship of thirty seconds into a million pieces. "You are my

first boyfriend. I've only been beginning to notice guys for a few months. I don't want you to be offended, but I don't want you to find this out in the end and be pissed at me."

The taller boy chuckled, the sound bringing heat to the raven's cheeks.

"I-I want you to know," he continued, "that this is kind of an experiment. Well, that makes it sound bad, but I can't promise that I'm going to be too great of a boyfriend. I'm new at this... and... you know..."

He waited for Changmin to say something, but was met with silence. He turned to meet eyes with the boy. The younger was watching him thoughtfully.

"Well, duh," he finally said, causing Jaejoong's eyes to widen. He laughed. "Jaejoong-ah, we're in high school, and this is your first relationship, right? Your first relationship with a girl is an experiment as well, is it not?"

The raven scratched his head. "Well..."

"If you are doing something for the first time, of course it's going to feel weird." He then stood up, taking his boyfriend by the hand. Jaejoong looked down at their linked hands shyly. "Though, I appreciate you telling me beforehand."

And then Jaejoong received his first kiss.

*

The traffic in the halls, which had been moving along quite smoothly, was suddenly interrupted. A few people ran into a still body in the center of the flow. They glared, shouting profanities at the student. They fell on deaf ears. Yunho stood stock still, his books and papers around his feet and his lips tingling.

*

Jaejoong pushed open the front door excitedly, dragging Changmin through the entryway.

"Oh, wow," he breathed. "I have to give you a tour, don't I? Where should I start?"

Changmin smiled sweetly at him, leaning down to peck him on the lips. "Where's the bathroom, for starters?"

Jaejoong blushed, dropping his eyes. "Um... down the hall and to the right. The blue door."

His new boyfriend squeezed his hand one more time before disappearing down the hallway. The raven slapped his cheeks and shook his head when he realized that he was smiling like a complete dork. Unable to keep the goofy grin off his face for much longer, he shrugged it off, strolling into the kitchen. He unwound the loaf of bread, grabbing a slice and humming his way over to one of the drawers. Sliding out a butter knife, he reached for the Nutella, digging the knife into it and spreading it on his bread and taking a bite. There was a click from behind him.

When he turned around, he screamed, dropping his sandwich on the floor. He stared, chest heaving, at the teen in front of him. Yunho stood, arms crossed and eyebrow raised, leaning against the counter across from him. Yunho had clicked his tongue to get his attention.

"Y-Yunho!" the raven panted awkwardly. "I didn't know you were home."

When Yunho didn't say anything, he tried to look away. But his younger brother was glaring at him, eyes pinning him to the spot and making it god damn impossible for him to drop his eyes.

He's looking at me, was all he could think. *He's looking at me.*

"Who did you kiss?"

The question was unexpected, breaking him from his thoughts. Yunho's

stare was making him feel uncomfortable and slightly... guilty?

"What?" he asked, unable to focus on what the taller boy had said. His eyes were too intense.

Yunho knew he should leave the room. He knew that if he didn't walk away from his brother now, he wouldn't be able to cut the teen from his life. But something wasn't cooperating. That same part that got everyone when they looked at Jaejoong.

"Who," he repeated, pushing off the counter and taking a step towards him, "Did. You. Kiss?"

Jaejoong's eyes narrowed, confused. "What? How do you know about that?"

"I felt it," Yunho explained, tapping his finger against his bottom lip. "Felt someone else's lips on your's."

The raven backed into the side of the counter as the other teen continued to come closer. His mind was becoming hazy for some reason, and Yunho's words were clouding up in his head. "Huh?"

"Do I have to repeat everything five times?" Yunho asked, closing in on him. Electricity sparked as their chests touched, and Jaejoong was now panting again. God, he was beautiful, the other grudgingly noticed. Why was he so god damn beautiful?

Yunho could see him trying to keep a grasp on reality, and it amused him. *Stupid, stupid Jaejoong.*

He bent his neck forward, letting the side of his nose brush against his twin's. "Did you like it, Jaejoong?" he asked huskily, breath mingling with the smaller teen's. "Did he bite your lip, nibble it 'til it got all tingly?"

Jaejoong shivered. Yunho let his hand rest against the edge of the counter, partially trapping his brother. "Did he devour you, leaving you totally and

utterly breathless? Did he pin you down, forcing you to take it all?"

The shorter male let his eyes close. There was something wrong with his predicament, but he couldn't exactly remember what it was. His eyes opened with a gasp as a thigh was pushed between his legs.

"Did he make you hot, Jaejoong?" Yunho went on, rubbing his thigh against his twin's crotch slowly. Something, some rational side of him, screamed at him to stop. But, for the life of him, he couldn't think of a reason to. He was being sucked in by the raven. Like everyone else. "Did he leave you stiff and wanting more?" He then leaned in the rest of the way, his lips brushing lightly against the other's. "Did he make you *cum*, Jaejoong?"

That was when he grabbed his brother, forcing his tongue down the older male's throat. Jaejoong groaned into the kiss, fisting two handfuls of his brother's T-shirt. He whimpered when Yunho bit his lip, sucking on it harshly. He let his fingers grip Yunho's spikes, pulling him impossibly closer.

The younger teen growled when he felt the raven's arousal growing against his leg. He pulled away to lick the stray Nutella off the side of his brother's mouth. Jaejoong shuddered. His brother's wet tongue entered his mouth again and he whined as the chocolate mixed with Yunho's taste, pushing up onto his toes. Their teeth clashed, but it wasn't close enough. Yunho's hand slid along the back of Jaejoong's thigh, and he hiked the leg up, pushing deeper into his twin. It still wasn't enough. Jaejoong was on the counter, squirming beneath him. Not enough. Jaejoong was clutching him, arching into him. Not enough. His hand was up Jaejoong's shirt. Not enough. He pressed even *deeper*. Jaejoong screamed into their kiss. Not enough.

Not enough!

"Jaejoong-ah! Where are you!" Changmin's voice called from the next room.

Snapping out of his daze, Jaejoong shoved his brother off of him, sliding off the counter and leaning forward. Gasping for air, he clasped a hand over his trembling lips, eyes glazed over. Yunho backed into the dinner table,

eyebrows furrowed, his own lips bruised.

Jaejoong took one glance at him, tears threatening to spill from his confused eyes, and ran from the room. Straight into Changmin's arms.

That was when Yunho realized. *Did I just kiss my brother?*

*

For the second night in a row, Yunho lay awake in bed. But now he wasn't sure if it was Jaejoong or just *him*. He rose a finger to his lips, tracing them.

As much as he would love to go through the five stages of acceptance (denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance—finally), he simply didn't have the patience for that shit.

He had kissed his brother. There. He admitted it. And he liked it... loved it. Fuck.

Jaejoong was on the counter, squirming beneath him.

He bit his lip, flinging his arm over his eyes. No. He couldn't let himself get excited. Because Jaejoong would know. Jaejoong always knew.

What bothered him the most is that he couldn't bring himself to care. He and Jaejoong were never as close as brothers. As twins. They were strangers. And strangers were the ones who met and fell in love.

Maybe if we were closer, this would matter to me. Well, he couldn't exactly say that it didn't bother him a little. It was *Jaejoong*, for fuck's sake. He was supposed to hate him. Not *ravish* him.

He groaned loudly. He needed sleep. Standing up, he sighed, debating on whether or not to go where he needed to. His brother wouldn't want to see him. Grimacing, he turned the knob on his door.

Jaejoong jumped when the door was opened, and Yunho stared at him, not expecting him to be standing outside of his room. The taller male opened his mouth to say something, but stopped when a finger was pressed against his lips.

His twin wasn't looking at him, *couldn't* look at him. The raven let his arm fall back to his side, rubbing it awkwardly. He kept his eyes downward, just standing there. Yunho knew what he wanted.

I can't sleep.

After a moment, he stepped aside, and his brother entered the room silently, climbing into his bed and rolling onto his side, facing the wall. He didn't move when Yunho slipped in next to him. The younger twin placed his arms behind his head, staring up at his ceiling. Sleep soon gripped the sullen pair.

*

This morning was different. When Jaejoong opened his eyes, he was alone in the bed. He told himself he wasn't disappointed. He heard the faint rush of water coming from the bathroom.

Yunho must be taking a shower, he thought, sitting up. He looked around the room, studying the posters of Big Bang and Teddy. They had good music.

He lay back down, breathing in the scent from the pillow next to him. It smelt like Yunho.

Jaejoong shuddered. His brother's wet tongue entered his mouth again and he whined as the chocolate mixed with Yunho's taste, pushing up onto his toes. Yunho shoved him onto the counter roughly, pinning him beneath him. The shorter teen squirmed, the heat too much for him to take. He clung onto his brother, arching into him as his legs were pushed impossibly wider. Too much heat. Yunho's hand snaked up his shirt, and he moaned. Too much heat. Yunho's smell engulfing him. Yunho pressed into him even

deeper. *All of Yunho was crushing everything he had between his legs, shooting a shock wave of pleasure up his spine, and the feeling was incredible, having him screaming. The heat—the smell—*

"No..." he whispered, bringing himself back to reality. Tears were slipping down his cheeks. His arousal was evident, and he loathed himself.

This was so fucking disgusting. His brother—his twin brother—had kissed him. Ravished him. Devoured him. But why? He and Yunho never spoke to one another. Yunho never even *looked* at him.

Until yesterday. And the night before, but that was only because he couldn't sleep. That was so much different than—

But *why*? They were men. Brothers. *Twins*. What had changed?

"What the fuck is wrong with you?"

He shook his head stubbornly. It couldn't have been.

"Sleep with me."

No. *No*, god dammit.

"Who did you kiss?"

He's looking at me.

Fuck.

"You look like your crush just smiled at you."

Desperately, he kicked the blankets off of him, scrambling to his feet and yanking the door open. He didn't see the box. He tripped and fell to his knees. A hand helped him up.

"Are you okay?" the voice was strained. Not used to caring.

He threw the arm aside, trying to get away. Yunho stared at him. Confused. Hurt. Confused about *being* hurt.

"Don't. Touch. Me," hissed the raven, not meeting his eyes. Still unable to. He turned to run to his room.

And Yunho let him go.

Chapter Three

Jaejoong was afraid. What if someone found out? What if someone realized that he and Jung Yunho were related? What if they read into the glances? The touches? The smiles?

Or anything else that's not there? He sighed. That's right. It was just a kiss. Nothing was different. Just an innocent kiss.

A kiss shared by brothers is not innocent at all.

It wasn't my brother. It was Yunho.

He stopped walking. Was there a difference? Yes. A brother is someone who you invite to your wedding. Yunho is someone you'd expect to be the caterer, around but not part of the actual celebration.

He began walking again. But that's not what he wanted. He wanted Yunho to be the guest. To wish him luck. Hug him, and complain that he had to share him with someone else.

That's all I've always wanted. That's all it's always been. He pouted in thought, weaving through the bodies in the hallway. He huffed in irritation when one of them came to a stop in front of him. He scowled, raising his eyes to see the person who interrupted his train of thought.

"Ch-Changmin!" he gasped, bowing. "I'm sorry! I didn't notice you!"

The teen laughed lightheartedly. "No, no, it's fine! And why are you bowing?"

The raven stared at him. "Er..."

"Anyway," continued the taller boy, pulling him gently to the side. Jaejoong's heart melted when he saw his concerned eyes. "Is there something bothering you?"

If it were possible, the boy turned even paler. Did he know something? “W-What?”

“You were starting and stopping in the middle of the hall just a second ago. Hands in your back pockets, biting your lip. You looked really anxious. Do you need to talk about something? Cause I'm here to listen...”

Jaejoong scanned over his features with uncertain eyes. Changmin cared, didn't he? He was such a nice guy. Loving, willing to listen, always ready to help. A man who really has it made, is what the girls would say. A guy that he should like. The *right* guy.

“Kiss me,” he demanded without much prior thought.

Changmin's eyes widened. “What?”

“Kiss me,” he repeated.

The teen blushed. “We've been dating for twenty four hours. Don't you think it's a little earl—?”

He groaned, taking a step closer to the student. “I don't care, just kiss me. Now.”

Changmin still looked a bit skeptical. “We're in the middle of the hallway. People are everywhere. Let's do it in a more private setting.”

His boyfriend rolled his eyes, fisting the front of his school uniform and yanking him forward. Their lips landed on each other awkwardly, their noses bumping each other. The taller teen grunted in protest, but his fingers slid into the raven's dark locks. He closed his eyes, moving his lips gently against the other's.

Jaejoong closed his eyes, letting his lips be guided by the younger teen. He reached up, hands landing on the pair of broad shoulders. It was nice. Changmin tasted of ramen and buttercups. Nothing like Yunho's taste. Yunho had tasted like cherry starbursts and dark chocolate and Nutella and

cinnamon apple and so many other things. But Changmin's kiss felt right. Not rushed and desperate for contact. Not the heightened sense of not knowing what you were doing, and the faint tug of something that knew it was wrong, though you couldn't quite place it. No. This one he was ready for.

He pouted when Changmin pulled away. The taller teen was blushing, smiling a little.

"Wow. You started getting aggressive there," he laughed.

Jaejoong raised an eyebrow. He had? He hadn't noticed.

The younger male scratched the back of his head. "Let's continue this later, okay? Everyone's staring at us."

The raven glanced around. Indeed, all eyes within sight were on them. Was it really that weird to see two guys kissing in this day and age? *But after yesterday*, he thought, *anything would seem pretty normal to me*.

"Um, I think I'm going to go to my next class, okay?" his boyfriend asked, reaching forward to hug him before walking off. Jaejoong didn't answer.

He licked his lips. Ramen and buttercups. He raised his eyes, scanning over the many faces that were still peering at him. He stopped when he met chocolate orbs. He froze.

Guilty. He felt guilty as Yunho glared at him with fiery eyes. The younger teen made to walk past him, eyes downcast indifferently. Jaejoong didn't move, lungs burning. Why was his heart beating so fast?

To his surprise, when his brother passed him, their shoulders bumped. His throat caught. But maybe he had only imagined it, because by now, Yunho was already on the other side of the hall.

"H-Hyung...?"

Jaejoong whirled around, startled. He stilled as he saw his friend. Junsu was pale, eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Fuck.

“Junsu—”

The brunette shook his head, stepping back. He covered his mouth. When the raven stepped forward, Junsu held up a hand. “No. Stay over there.”

The taller teen stopped uncertainly, biting his lip. Over everyone on the planet, the one person Jaejoong feared the most would find out about his sexuality was his best friend. Junsu was devout in his Christian faith, happily befriending those who would accompany him on his trip to Heaven. When it came to homosexuality and suicide, on the other hand, he would immediately denounce both as the two unforgivable sins.

So when Junsu was standing in front of him, eyes tearing, staring at him like he was a completely different person, he knew the shorter teen had seen Changmin's kiss. And he wanted nothing more than to go back and follow his boyfriend's words and find somewhere private to make out.

“Junsu,” he began again, and the bell rang. They didn't move from their spots. “I can explain...”

But Junsu lowered his head, backing away. His side hit the lockers that lined the walls.

“Junsu, *please*,” he begged, panic surging through him at the lost look on the brunette's face. “I-I know what you're thinking about me, but really I'm not—”

“Shut up,” came the soft reply. The silence was short. “Hyung, I...” Junsu muttered, shaking his head. He seemed to be searching for words. “I-I can't... look at you right now. I'm sorry, but I *can't*—”

And with that, he was gone, sprinting out of the empty hallway. Jaejoong

was silent. He couldn't move, not knowing what to think.

*

"And there's pasta in the fridge," his mother explained. Yunho nodded. She looked over him carefully for a moment.

He quirked an eyebrow. "Is there something on my face?"

She smiled at him sweetly, patting him on the shoulder. "No, honey. You just—look different today, that's all."

Her son had the urge to brush her touch off. "Oh."

She bit her lip, and he couldn't help but notice her resemblance to Jaejoong at that moment. He grimaced, looking away. The woman sighed internally.

"What's bothering you?"

Yunho shook his head. "I don't feel like talking about it."

She leaned forward, batting her eyelashes and clasping her hands together. "You're not even going to tell *me*? Your poor little old Umma?"

The teen took a step back, the corner of his lips quirking upward amusedly. "You are not old, how many times do I have to tell you that?"

She sighed dramatically, thrusting the back of her hand against her forehead. "You're just being nice to me because I'm your mother. Oh, woe is me, my son is a liar!"

Yunho was laughing now. His eyes shown brightly. "I'm lying because I know you'll ground me if I tell the truth."

His mother stared at him in mock horror. "What? What are you trying to say?"

He backed up cautiously as she approached him like a lioness cornering her prey. "Now, Umma, you don't want to upset any of those *old* limbs of your's."

"That's it," she shrieked. "Get over here, you little monster."

She began chasing her son around the table. Yunho stood with the piece of furniture between them. "Okay, we can talk about this. Let's reason this out like reasonable adults—" he laughed, trying his best to keep space between them.

Jaejoong, hearing laughter, approached the dining room. He recognized his mother's laugh, but there was a new one that he hadn't heard before. Reaching the entryway, he stopped, eyes widening.

Yunho was... *laughing*? He was playing around with their mother, grinning playfully. The sight took his breath away.

He knew that the only person that could get Yunho to open up (besides that slacker kid who he hung out with, Yoochun or something) was their Umma, but to actually see it was an entirely different story. He could recall several conversations he had had with the woman, *long* conversations that would carry on long into the night, in which the one subject was Yunho.

What was Yunho like when he was excited? Did he talk a lot without stopping? Did he yell and hit things? What was Yunho's favorite color? What was his favorite food? Could Yunho laugh? At all? As ridiculous as it sounds, he wanted to know. They were twins. It was natural to want to know.

And here Yunho was, laughing and smiling and looking downright *stunning*. His laugh was strong and clear, a sign that he laughed often. But if Jaejoong had never heard it himself, then who was he laughing with all the time? Umma? Yoochun? Were there more people? Why not him? Why couldn't *he* make his brother laugh like that?

The laughing stopped. Coming back to his senses, he noticed Yunho was now looking at him, smile completely gone from his face. In it's place was

the same fierce glare he always received. Wait, no. This glare was different. He didn't know how. It just was.

His Umma's eyes lit up when she saw him. "Jaejoong-ah!"

The raven dropped his eyes, stepping into the room nervously. "Hey," he greeted. "I'm not interrupting anything, am I?"

The woman shook her head vigorously, but the look on Yunho's face said otherwise. The two raven headed people glanced at the younger teen.

He turned away, opening the fridge. They looked at each other. They were waiting for Yunho to leave. It's not that they wanted him to, it was just usual for him to exit when his twin was present. Jaejoong hated it, but it was routine.

But when it became apparent that Yunho was staying where he was, pouring a glass of milk, the two smiled slightly.

"Um," began the teen, "when are you and Appa leaving, Umma?"

"In about ten minutes," the woman explained. She watched her younger son through the corner of her eye. He was silently surveying his milk as he spun the glass in his hold. She knew this to mean that he was waiting for something. "We should leave now," she said suddenly, walking out of the room.

Jaejoong blinked as he was suddenly left alone with his brother. He glanced towards the taller teen shyly. He watched as Yunho's eyes went from his milk to the raven's gaze.

The older twin gulped before running after his mother. "Umma! Why do you have to leave now? You said you have ten minutes!"

She smiled at him, pecking him on the forehead. "Well, we don't want to be late. Your Appa's already in the car."

"But, Umma—" her son whined. He cut off when she placed a finger to her lips.

"Stop complaining. We'll only be gone tonight." Her phone went off. She flipped it open.

Jaejoong was all too aware of his twin's presence behind him. He felt a sudden need to shudder.

"Yes, sweetie," their mother said into the phone. "Yes, I'm coming right now." She then turned to her children, giggling. "Your father is getting impatient. I should be going." And with a kiss on the head each, the teens waved their goodbyes.

And the air of the hallway just got that much more stifling. Yunho was leaning on his side against the wall, arms crossed. Jaejoong turned, not looking at him.

Homework. Yeah, he had homework to do. In his room. Away from Yunho.

But when he started towards the door, his brother stepped in front of him. He stilled.

"Yunho," he said, looking at the ground. "Let me get by."

"No."

And then he was trapped between the teen and the wall, and it was difficult to breath. "Yunho..."

"Why the hell did you kiss that Shim guy today?" Yunho asked, eyes smoldering. Not that the raven was man enough to look at them.

"That's none of your business," hissed his brother, looking at the chest in front of him.

"Oh, really," the other growled. "We're twins. Everything about you is my

business.”

Jaejoong scowled, hands pressing lightly on his twin's shoulders. The boy didn't budge. “H-He's my boyfriend.”

“Just because you're dating doesn't mean you have to kiss him,” spat his brother, hand slamming against the wall next to his head.

“I-I wanted to!” the raven shouted, trying to melt into the wall. Yunho was too close. “I wanted to kiss him!”

Yunho's eyes darkened. “Bullshit. Don't lie to me.”

“I did, dammit! H-He's nice to me, and I—”

“Was he better than me, Jaejoong?” Yunho asked unexpectedly.

Jaejoong's eyes widened. He could remember the frenzied mess of *closer closer closer* that was Yunho's kiss. Changmin's kiss of ramen and buttercups was nice, but—

No. He was *not* comparing them. “What?”

His brother rolled his eyes. “Is he better than me?”

“We didn't—It was only—” sputtered the raven. His brain was failing him again. It was too much god damn *heat*.

“With lips?” Yunho finished for him. When Jaejoong nodded uncertainly, he cocked his head to the side, trailing his gaze over each of his twin's features. “Good,” he finally said. “Don't let it go any farther than that.”

He grasped the shorter boy's chin, forcing doe eyes to meet his. Jaejoong shivered, and he looked so fucking *fuckable*. He tilted his head forward, letting their breaths mingle.

“I don't want his tongue in your mouth,” he muttered. “I don't like the

thought of other people kissing you.”

“Yunho,” the raven murmured, struggling to keep his eyes open. Their lips were so close. *This is wrong*, shouted his mind. But it was being blocked out by Yunho.

There was a rap on the door. The two teens glanced at it. Jaejoong sighed in relief, ducking under Yunho's arm.

We almost kissed again, he thought, legs shaky.

Before he could reach the door, however, an arm was wrapped around his waist. He gasped as a strong hand forced his head to the side and back, lips crashing on his.

“Mmf!” he protested, hand grabbing at the wall to steady himself. He tried to pull away, but the more he struggled, the tighter Yunho's hold on him became. Soon he was on the wall again, hand splayed against his brother's sternum, the other trying to catch himself on *something*. In his struggle, he ended up knocking a picture frame from its place on the wall. It shattered on the floor.

He whimpered pathetically when a wet tongue forced its way past his lips, causing him to open his mouth wider. The knocking on the door got louder, and a voice could be heard.

“Jae? You in there?”

Junsu?! thought Jaejoong. What the hell was he doing there?

When Yunho pulled away, he groaned as searing lips began to lay wet kisses down his neck and over his collarbone. The younger male tugged at his brother's waistband.

“Stop,” whispered the raven. “*Stop!*” he repeated breathlessly when Yunho's thumbs pressed against his nipples through his shirt. He shuddered, gasping for air.

But then a hand slipped under his clothing, reaching below his boxers. It squeezed his right butt cheek. He gasped, eyes widening.

Finally, Yunho let him slip to the floor, curling against it and staring up at him with big, disbelieving eyes. The teen raised an eyebrow, staring back. Jaejoong's eyes were so innocent. *Brokenly* innocent. As if that made sense.

"Jae! Omo, are you dying? No, hold on I'll call for help—"

Yunho left his silent brother, yanking the door open. Junsu squeaked, stuttering. "Y-Yunho-ssi! I mean, Yunho-hyung, or—"

The taller teen ignored him, grabbing his coat and brushing past him. Junsu looked over his shoulder after him before turning to the doorway. He squeaked a second time.

"Jaejoong!" He ran to his friend's side. "Are you okay? What happened?"

The older twin felt violated. He was a virgin. Never been touched. He had never even been kissed with tongue involved. Until Yunho had suddenly decided he existed.

This... was getting out of hand. A kiss was one thing, but now Yunho was *touching* him?

What the fuck was he thinking? A kiss itself was too much. Too far to go with your *brother*.

"Hyung!! Are you okay? Please tell me you're okay!"

Jaejoong blinked, noticing his friend's presence for the first time. "Junsu?"

The shorter boy let out a relieved sigh. "Oh, thank God. Are you okay?"

"What are you doing here?" his friend asked incredulously.

Junsu's face fell, looking away. "You're my best friend. You've been there for me through everything. I can't just walk out on you for... loving someone. I mean, I wouldn't even walk out on you for *killing* someone."

Jaejoong laughed. "Yeah, you'd *totally* be the one I'd call to help me drag the corpse to the river."

The brunette smiled, eyes shining. "Same here."

The raven sniffed. "You mean it?"

"Of course!"

Jaejoong threw his arms around him. "Thank you. Thank you thank you thank you."

Junsu hugged him close. The brunette looked over his friend's shoulder at a broken picture frame on the floor curiously. It was a family portrait. The glass was shattered everywhere but the center, where a little Jaejoong and a little Yunho were shown holding hands.

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Yunho bumped into a girl as he passed her. She attempted to stop him, but he shook her off. She flipped him the bird, screaming at his back.

He was in no mood to speak to another human being right now. Not even Yoochun. Or his mom. And he had to be pretty fucking *pissed* to not be able to talk to *them*. There was only one person who could talk him down at that moment, and it was fucking Kim Jaejoong.

He'd never been talked down by the said teen, but he was pretty damn sure that that was the case. Yunho might be hard, but he wasn't stupid. He understood who he needed when it came down to it. And who else but his twin?

He stormed into a small café near his house, slumping onto a stool at the bar. When asked what he wanted, he responded with an anything-with-alcohol. He downed the drink in two seconds flat.

"That's not healthy, you know."

*Oh, thank you, God. I just **needed** to see this kid.* Yunho turned to the table just behind him, occupied by none other than Shim Changmin. He slid out of his seat, slipping in across from the younger boy.

Changmin quirked an eyebrow. "I know you from school."

"Fascinating," the spiky haired boy replied.

"You're trouble," Changmin muttered in distaste. "Please, I'd much rather eat alone."

Yunho chuckled darkly. "Oh? You don't like me?"

"I never said that. I would just prefer to stay out of relations with someone with a reputation as bad as yours."

"Well, that's too bad, now ain't it?" Yunho laughed, leaning towards his dongsaeng. "Because as long as you are having *relations* with a certain Kim Jaejoong, you're stuck with me."

Changmin's ears perked up at the sound of his boyfriend's name.

"Jaejoong? What are talking about?"

Now Yunho was on his feet, hands slamming against the table top. The noisy café became silent, the occupants turning to watch the scene.

"That's my brother you're trying to fuck," growled Yunho, eyes set in a withering glare. And wither Changmin did. Oh, how he loved being intimidating.

"B-Brother?" the boy stuttered, staring up at him. "You two look—"

"Nothing alike. Yeah, I know. We're fraternal twins," the older teen explained simply, rolling his eyes. He then leaned in, muttering lowly, "And you better not go too far with Jaejoong. Or else."

Changmin swallowed, setting his menu down. He folded his arms on the table, leaning forward. "I... Is that a threat?"

And Yunho laughed again, straitening his clothing. "No. That's a promise."

The younger boy snorted, grimacing. "You can't control Jae's life—"

He was cut off when Yunho took the knife sitting on Changmin's napkin, throwing it down into the table. It stuck into the wood an inch in front of the boy's nose. Changmin was rendered speechless, staring at the quivering weapon.

Yunho smirked down at the shaking teen. "Trust me. You don't want to piss me off."

Changmin didn't notice the ring of the bell over the doorway when the door closed, his eyes still glued to the knife.

Chapter Four

Junsu giggled as he touched the ceiling again, landing on Jaejoong's bed with a plop. The raven rolled his eyes at him, dusting the many picture frames that lined his dresser. His friend surveyed them from a distance, refusing to desist from jumping on his friend's bed.

"You know," he panted, making the taller boy glance up at him, "you really do have a lot of pictures of your brother. I can't believe I never saw them before."

A deep red hue colored Jaejoong's cheeks, the remnants of Yunho's taste still on his tongue. "Y-Yeah."

"Is it the same in *his* room?" Junsu asked curiously.

The raven recalled Yunho's room, full of rap posters and skater logos and everything that was *not him*. "No," he muttered bitterly, "He and I aren't very close."

The brunette cocked his head to the side. "Why not? Aren't twins supposed to be... you know... inseparable?"

Jaejoong tensed. His eyes hardened. "For forever, he's... hated me. But I keep trying. These pictures," he murmured, brushing his finger across one of Yunho's photos, "are one of the ways I try to make him see... unless he has already seen..."

Junsu had stopped jumping, now sitting on the edge of the bed. The air in the room had become acidic. He shifted uncomfortably. "See what?"

Jaejoong turned away from the pictures, grabbing the broom and starting to sweep the floor. He kept his eyes on his task. "How much I love him."

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Jaejoong glanced up when his boyfriend of forty eight hours dropped his

lunch tray on the table across from him.

He smiled. "Hey—"

"Why didn't you tell me Jung Yunho, the scariest loner in school, was your twin brother?" the younger teen asked in exasperation.

The raven winced at his brother's name. "I never saw a reason to."

Changmin looked at him strangely. "Did you just wince?"

"Not that I recall."

There was a short silence. Then the taller boy got back to the point. "You didn't see a reason to? Maybe to warn me? Or does your brother only threaten the *men* you date?"

"I hardly think you qualify as a man," Jaejoong joked. His boyfriend smiled. "And I've never dated anyone, so how would I know?"

Changmin sighed, resting his cheek on his hand. "Well, he threatened me, just so you know."

Jaejoong pretended to brush it off as normal Yunho behavior. "Really? What did he say?"

"Don't get too far with Jaejoong. Or else."

The raven stilled. "I see."

"He also said, 'Trust me. You don't want to piss me off.' And he stuck a knife in the table."

Jaejoong was silent.

After a few moments, Changmin leaned forward. "Does... he do this a lot? Try to take control?"

Slammed against a wall, pinned onto a counter, yeah, I'd say he likes control, the shorter boy thought, but leaned over the table, placing a chaste kiss on his boyfriend's lips before going back to eating. "What are talking about?"

Changmin watched him carefully for a few more seconds before joining him.

In actuality, Jaejoong was terrified. Yunho was becoming possessive, even threatening his boyfriend. And now he was going to have to talk with him about it. And if he thought talking with Yunho was impossible before, now it just turned into something against the law in most countries. It needed to stop. Soon, before it got too far.

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"Honey, where are you? The movie's starting!" yelled their father.

"Coming!" called the woman, jogging into the living room with a bowl full of popcorn. She set it on the coffee table just as the movie began.

Yunho and Jaejoong reached for it at the same time. Their fingers touched. Their met eyes. The raven yanked his hand back. Then something happened that Jaejoong never expected.

Yunho smiled. It was amused, accompanied by a light chuckle, something even their Umma had not seen. But it made the raven's heart pound and his stomach flutter. Now Yunho was staring at him, still smiling so amusedly. He looked away, his cheeks darkening.

Yunho turned to the TV, unable to stop grinning. He was going to chastise himself later for thinking this, but Jaejoong was *so adorable* at that moment. The way he blushed every time they met gazes, or every time they touched. The way that Jaejoong would wait up for him in bed until he was lying next to him. The way that he tensed every time Yunho came near him, like he was waiting for him to slam him against some hard surface and

have his way with him.

He wasn't quite sure when he had started to want his brother, but what had once been a jealous attraction was quickly becoming a maddening need. It had been two days since he kissed the raven, and he was starting to crave more. Maybe they'd do more than sleep tonight. Maybe.

Halfway through the movie, Umma reached into the popcorn bowl. She pouted, causing her husband to kiss her. She giggled. "Yunho, can you go pop some more popcorn?" she asked.

Yunho nodded, grabbing the bowl and getting up. He passed Jaejoong, tapping a finger on the back of the raven's hand as he passed. His brother looked up at him uncertainly. The taller teen disappeared into the kitchen. After a few moments, the older twin stood, following him.

When he turned the corner, he saw Yunho pulling a pack of popcorn out of the pantry. He gulped.

"Yunho."

The boy looked up, quirking an eyebrow at him as he unwrapped the bag. He turned away, opening the microwave.

"Yunho, we need to talk," he continued, stepping forward. The counter was between them, and he was grateful for it. There needed to be something to block him from the control his brother held over him. Because he knew he wouldn't be able to deny him alone.

Yunho didn't look at him, eyes on the microwave as he pressed the buttons.

"Yunho, look at me," Jaejoong ordered.

Yunho didn't obey. "Don't tell me to look at you when you're just going to look away when I do."

The raven was caught off guard by that, but forced himself to pay attention to the task at hand. "Yunho, why did you threaten Changmin?"

The taller boy stilled.

Jaejoong paused before continuing. "Changmin is a good guy. He doesn't need you to be on him like that. He's sweet."

"Don't make me puke."

"Yunho, why did you do that?" the raven asked louder, leaning over the counter in frustration. "What did he do to you?"

"I don't like sharing," Yunho said suddenly.

Jae was speechless. For about five seconds. "Sharing what? Me?"

His brother ignored the question, popping the microwave door open and retrieving the now popped bag.

The raven scowled. "Yunho, I'm not your property," he insisted. "I'm not *anyone's* property."

"If you say so."

Jaejoong shook his head, coming around the counter. He grabbed Yunho's shoulder, spinning him around and forcing him to look at him. "Yunho, whatever it is that's going on with us, leave Changmin out of it!"

Yunho looked amused. "And why should I? He's barging his own way in, if you ask me."

"*You're* barging in, Yunho!" Jae yelled, eyes narrowing. "He and I were already together when you just—!" He cut himself short, looking away.

His brother smirked. "When I just what, Jaejoong?"

His face was getting nearer. Jaejoong's mind fogged up. Then he snapped out of it, stepping back and pulling at his hair in frustration. Yunho rolled his eyes, leaning back against the counter. Jaejoong was looking anywhere but him. "Fuck, Yunho," he cursed. "Stop it, okay? This thing we have going on is wrong. We're fucking brothers, god dammit."

Yunho scowled. "Some would say what you have going on with Changmin is wrong, too, you know."

"But that's *different!*"

"*How*, Jaejoong?!" now Yunho was yelling, too. Thank God the movie playing in the living room was loud as hell.

"Because he asked me before doing anything! He asked for my fucking consent before doing *anything!*" Jaejoong explained.

"Fuck, Jaejoong, if I would have asked, what the hell would you have said?! This is the longest fucking conversation we have ever had in our lives, and if I, a complete stranger, just asked you if I could pin you onto a counter and shove my tongue down your throat, what would you have said?!" Yunho retorted.

The raven was silent. "I don't think of you as a stranger," he said quietly.

There was a pause, but then Yunho picked it up again. "I don't see how this and your relationship with that shit are any different."

Jaejoong brought his fist down on the counter. "Yunho, we. Are. Brothers! And plus, me and Changmin are..." he trailed off, words failing him because he just realized what Yunho had said. This was the longest conversation he had ever had with his brother. Maybe they *were* strangers. He felt tears prick the edges of his eyes. "Me and Changmin are..." he tried again, his voice decreasing in volume.

"You and Changmin are?" Yunho supplied, approaching his now shaking brother slowly. He was—dare he say it—concerned. If Jaejoong started

crying...

"We're... We're *mutual*! We feel the same. This... You and me... It's one sided, Yunho. Just stop it," the raven whispered, his hands clutching Yunho's shirt in pale fists, because now Yunho was pressed against him gently, and he was fighting the need to pull him closer.

"This isn't one sided," Yunho contradicted incredulously.

Jaejoong glared up at him. "Why do you say that?"

"Because," the taller boy began, pressing him harder against the edge of the counter. "When I do this, you mold into me fluidly, shaping your body to fit mine." He began to place kisses down his brother's neck. "When I do this, you shiver, but not in disgust. Trust me, I know the difference." He then grabbed a hold of Jaejoong's chin, and their eyes met. "And when I do this, your breathing becomes shallow, and you blush such a deep shade of red that I'm surprised you don't faint every time I do."

Now Jaejoong was pushing him away, fighting back tears. "Yunho, stop! Please, just stop!" he pleaded.

"Why?" Yunho suddenly asked, his eyes bearing nothing more than a lost curiosity. The sight had Jae's heart pounding even harder. "Because you know that you won't be able to stop me if I go any farther?"

He curled his fingers around the raven's hips, lifting them and sitting the boy on the edge of the counter. His brother gasped, but it was swallowed when Yunho reached forward, taking his face in his hands and kissing him softly. It was gentle. Searching. Exploring this new feeling.

Jaejoong pulled away. "Y-Yunho..." he muttered.

"Don't worry, Umma and Appa aren't going to see," Yunho told him.

"That's not the point!" the raven shouted.

The small smile fell from his brother's face with a sigh. Yunho searched his face thoughtfully. "You really want me to stop, don't you?"

"Yes!"

The younger twin nodded, stepping away from him reluctantly. Cold. Distant. "Okay. I'll stop."

Jaejoong stared at him in disbelief as he turned to leave the room. "Y-Yunho!" he called in confusion.

Yunho looked back at him from the doorway, fresh bowl of popcorn in hand. "For now, I'll stop. But if Changmin touches you or kisses you again, I can't promise anything. When I'm jealous, there's no telling what I'll do."

The raven, again, was speechless.

Yunho continued after a few moments. "Don't ever say this is one sided ever again. It'll just make me want to prove you wrong. I know you feel something, Jaejoong. You can't lie to me." He then dropped his eyes, looking uncertain. "I... can't control myself around you, Jaejoong." He scowled. "And do you know how that makes me feel?"

Jaejoong gulped before shaking his head.

He watched in fascination as Yunho's eyes hardened back into what they had been before. The eyes of the dead. Their gazes met. A shiver went down Jae's spine.

"It pisses me off." And with that, the taller teen left him alone. Jaejoong stared after him before throwing his head back against the cabinets behind him, trying to breath again.

Chapter Five

Two more days passed. Yunho continued to ignore his brother. Everything seemed to go back to normal. They were strangers once again.

The only difference was that they were still sleeping in the same bed. They didn't talk, and Yunho pretty much pretended that the other boy wasn't there. There were a few times, when the younger twin slipped out of the mattress in the morning, where Jaejoong would reach for him, touching his arm.

Even though he didn't want Yunho to touch him or kiss him, he didn't want things to go back to how they were before. The first time he stopped Yunho, the teen had brushed it off, like he was a pest. The second time, however, he grabbed Jaejoong's hand, bringing it to his lips and kissing each of the finger tips. That had resulted in the raven yanking his hand back, staring at his brother in utter disbelief.

But the message was clear as Yunho stood up and walked away like nothing happened: Jaejoong had two choices. They would either be strangers. Or lovers.

And if you asked Jaejoong, that was pretty damn unfair.

*

Yunho slammed the door closed, dropping his bag against the wall. He began to remove his tie.

He was fighting again. He had fights with himself routinely. Believe it or not, he didn't like who he was. Uncaring. Lazy. Antisocial. Who knew why he was the way he was. Maybe it was his hate for Jaejoong.

~~(Or his childish cry of attention so Jaejoong would never be able to forget him?)~~

And he didn't know what he wanted. Only that no one but him could have

Jaejoong. The raven was *his*, dammit. But what was it he wanted from the other? A lover? A brother? He wasn't sure anymore.

Because he was falling. And he knew it.

He sighed, making his way into the living room. There, he collapsed onto the couch, face in the cushion. Fuck his life.

He heard the front door open and close, and two voices talking animatedly. Ignoring them, he remained where he was.

Junsu was mid sentence. “—totally wants to get into your pants.”

Yunho's ears perked up. Who wanted into whose pants, now?

“No...” laughed Jaejoong nervously. “I can't see that. He's just a friend.”

The younger twin scowled, closing his eyes. Whoever wanted Jae, he better keep his hands to himself or he'd lose them.

“Yeah, cause you refuse to think of anyone else while you're doing *Shim Changmin*.”

Okay. Now Yunho was pissed. He forced himself to stay motionless.

He heard his brother spit out whatever he had been drinking. Or eating. Whatever. “N-No! Ch-Changmin and I—we didn't—!”

“Okay, hyung,” Junsu surrendered. “You didn't sleep with him. But I still walked in on you making out with him earlier, so you can't deny that.”

Jaejoong laughed. “Well, I suppose not.”

Yunho snuggled into the couch. He was too exhausted for this shit.

Their footsteps became nearer. Jaejoong was laughing about something. “Anyway, did you see that preview about the new movie coming out? It's

supposed to be—”

The sentence cut off, and Yunho knew that Jaejoong had seen him. He pretended to sleep.

A few moments of silence proceeded, before something he assumed to be a blanket was draped over him.

“... you really try hard, don't you?” murmured his brother's short friend, as if trying not to wake him.

Jaejoong was silent. “... Sometimes I think, ‘Why do I try?’ And then it all comes so clear that maybe... just maybe... I don't need to try anymore.”

Nothing was said for another five minutes. Then a phone went off.

“Yoboseyo?” It was Junsu who answered. “Yeah... okay... alright, I'll come right home.” There was a click as the phone was snapped shut. “Jae, I have to go. Problems at home and all that.”

“Okay,” said the raven, and his voice was right over his “sleeping” brother. Yunho tensed.

After a while, the front door opened and closed again. Then silence. There was a shuffle as Jaejoong bent down, and soft fingers brushed the skin of his forehead.

He reached up, grabbing the wrist quickly. Before the raven could react, he pulled him onto the sofa, rolling over so he was on top of him.

Jaejoong gasped, eyes widening. “Y-Yunho? You were awake? I don't under—”

“What's this I hear that you're making out with that shit?”

The smaller boy paled. He squirmed under his brother. “W-We didn't—”

"Don't lie," Yunho growled, gripping the raven's hips. He ground his own into them.

Jae couldn't suppress a moan. "Y-Yunho!! Wh-What are you—?"

"Didn't I tell you you were mine, Jaejoong?" the taller boy asked, slipping both of his hands down the back of his brother's pants, groping his cheeks. "Did I not make myself clear enough?"

"Yunho, s-stop!" the raven pleaded, his fist banging on Yunho's chest. He shuddered as the boy only continued to massage his ass. "*Stop!*"

"We had a deal, Jaejoong," reminded the taller boy, grinding harder. Slower. "I wouldn't touch you if he didn't kiss you."

Jaejoong's breathing was ragged. He tossed his head to the side. "Y-Yun..."

"Maybe I should mark you," Yunho muttered. "Show the world that you belong to *me*."

The raven froze as a hot mouth landed on his neck. "W-Wait!! Stop! No, someone will see!"

But his brother ignored his cries, tongue gliding along his porcelain skin until he was at his pulse point and sinking his teeth in. He held the squirming body still, sucking hard.

He pulled away, inspecting the dark red mark he left behind. Satisfied with his work, he lifted his eyes to meet those of the shorter boy's, but Jaejoong wasn't looking at him. His head was thrown to the side, hands clutching the cushions of the couch.

Yunho laid soft pecks down the pale neck, trailing his lips across his collarbone. With a finger, he pulled the shoulder of his school shirt down, kissing the exposed skin. Jaejoong whimpered pathetically, a quivering mess by this time. Yunho retraced his previous steps, leading his lips up to the raven's ear. He blew into it shallowly.

But then he was up and out of the room, grabbing his jacket and slamming the front door. He needed to get out of there. Despite what his brother thought, he was holding himself back. He had to. If he didn't, who knows what he would do?

*

"Sorry sorry sorry sorry, niga niga—"

Changmin snatched his phone out of his bag, smiling apologetically at the librarian. He scurried to the back of the library before answering it.

"Yoboseyo?" he said quietly, a little irritated.

Changmin.

The teen immediately forgot his annoyance at the sound of his boyfriend's voice. "Jae?"

Changmin Changmin Changmin Changmin Chang—

"Jaejoong," he uttered into the phone. His eyebrows furrowed in concern. "Jaejoong, what's wrong?"

Changmin, please, I—I need you here, I—

"Sshh, baby, take deep breaths, okay?" he instructed, grabbing his books and beginning to stuff them into his bag with his free hand. "Now tell me what's wrong." He slung the bag over his arm, rushing out of the building. He hurried down the steps.

Jaejoong didn't reply.

"Jae?"

... I'm here.

He sighed in relief, hailing a taxi. "God, babe, stay with me," he urged, slipping into the taxi car. "Where are you right now? At your house?"

Y-Yeah.

"Kay, I'll be there in a few minutes, alright?"

No! Changmin, stay with me, please. I want to hear your voice, don't leave me.

"I'm not going anywhere, Jae," Changmin confirmed. He told the driver the address. The car started rolling. "Now tell me what's wrong, okay?"

I-I don't know what to do...

"About what?"

He won't stop, Changmin-ah. No matter how much I beg, he won't stop!

Changmin blinked, eyebrows furrowing once more. "Who won't stop, Jae?"

If he doesn't stop, I-I don't know what I'll—!

"Jaejoong, who are you talking about? Junsu?"

Why is he doing this to me, Changmin? He never cared about me before. Why? What did I do?

The younger boy growled into the phone in frustration as the cab turned onto Jaejoong's street. "Jae, you aren't making any sense. Who are you talking about? Junsu? You're dad? Your bro—?"

...Do you think he loves me, Changmin-ah?

"Do I think *what?*!" he shouted, and the taxi pulled up to the house. After throwing a few bills at the driver, Changmin flipped his phone shut and fled

the vehicle, sprinting to the front door. He banged on it, shouting his boyfriend's name.

When no one answered, he tried the doorknob. It was unlocked. Alarmed, he slammed the door open, eyes searching frantically for Jaejoong.

The raven sat on the floor in the center of the hall, the phone clutched to his chest. He scrambled to his feet, running into the taller boy's arms. "Oh, thank god, I thought you were him."

Changmin stared down at him in concern, checking for any injuries. "Jae, what happened? Did someone hurt—?" he was cut off when soft lips were pressed to his desperately, strong arms circling his neck. He was caught off guard, and it took him a while to respond to the kiss. He finally melted into it, pulling the raven closer. The kiss was wet (Jae had been crying) and needy (needing to feel *something*) and it was full of things so complicated that the poor young teen was only left with more questions.

When Jaejoong pulled away, he began dragging Changmin towards his room. "Lay with me for a while, okay? Just for a bit?"

The boy nodded in confusion. "Yeah, of course."

The raven pushed the door open, crawling into bed and lying on his back. Changmin watched him closely. He turned, closing the door, before he climbed in next to the teen. He tried to lay a hand on the raven's neck but the boy jerked it out of reach.

Changmin stared at him oddly, eyes filled with concern. He took Jaejoong's hand, squeezing it. "Jae... Why did you call me here?"

The raven shrugged, snuggling closer to his boyfriend. His hand was still hiding his pale throat. "I wanted to see you."

"You sounded scared," the younger pointed out, brushing Jae's bangs out of his face.

Jaejoong bit his lip, fingers playing with the front of Changmin's shirt. "I don't know. My brother is..."

The mention of Yunho made the tall boy's body run cold. "Has your brother done something to you?"

A tear rolled down the pale boy's cheek. His hands came to cover his mouth. *Changmin will be able to help me*, he thought. *He'll take him away*. At the thought, he sobbed. Is that what he wanted? Did he want Yunho gone?

"Sh..." shushed his boyfriend, bringing him close. "You can tell me..."

"H-He..." whimpered the raven, stuffing his face into Changmin's chest. "H-He..."

"He what?" the boy whispered. "Did he hurt you?"

"H-He..." continued the boy.

"He hurt you, didn't he?" Changmin murmured, lifting Jaejoong's chin to look into his eyes.

Jaejoong stared at him in confusion. "W-What?"

"Where, Jaejoong?" he asked, laying the boy down and looming over him. "Where did he hurt you?"

"What are you talking about?" the raven asked, wiping his nose with the back of his hand. "Yunho never—"

"It's okay," his boyfriend whispered. "You don't have to lie for him."

"I'm not ly—"

"Then what did he do that would make you cry?"

He loved me. Jaejoong sobbed harder. *That's it, isn't it? All along, that's all it has been.*

"Do you want me to take the pain away, Jae?" the boy on top of him asked suddenly. "Is that why you called me here?"

Jae froze, staring up at him. "What? I-I don't know what—"

"It's alright," Changmin soothed, kissing his jaw. "I'll show you what to do."

"No, I," the raven stuttered, squirming a little. His boyfriend's hand pushed his shirt up. He tried to push the teen away. "Wait, Changmin, I don't think we—"

The door slammed open, revealing Yunho, panting and eyes red. "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!"

Changmin rolled off of Jaejoong, gaping at the new person in utter horror. Jaejoong covered his mouth with his hands, the look Yunho was shooting Changmin sending shivers down his spine. He yelped when his twin took the taller boy by the jugular, throwing him to the floor.

Yunho straddled Changmin's hips, pulling his arm back and socking him in the nose. He continued punching with all his strength. Changmin tried to get away, but Yunho held him down.

Jaejoong sprang up, rushing forward. His arms wrapped around Yunho's torso from behind. "Yunho, stop!" he screamed, attempting to pry his brother off of his boyfriend.

Yunho didn't respond, continuing to abuse every part he could reach of Changmin's body. Blood was trickling from the boy's left nostril. He coughed, having just enough strength to throw his attacker off of him. He made a bolt for the door, stopping only to glance over his shoulder.

He stopped short. Yunho was heaving, Jaejoong still holding him. The raven's face was hidden, pressed into his brother's back. Yunho seemed to

relax. His eyes met Changmin's gaze darkly.

"Get the fuck out of my house," he growled. Jaejoong didn't budge. Changmin looked between the two.

"I'm not leaving without Jaejoong."

"Changmin, please, *go!*" the raven pleaded into Yunho's shoulder, refusing to even look up.

Changmin gulped, taking a step back. But when Yunho stepped forward, he was gone, front door slamming closed.

Yunho looked down at the arms encircling his waist, touching them lightly. Then he turned, forcing his twin to let go.

"You were going to let him touch you, weren't you?" he hissed, eyes dark. Jaejoong shivered.

"N-No."

"Yes, you were," he countered, grabbing the collar of his brother's shirt. "You were going to let him see you."

"No, I promise I—" his lips were caught in a frenzied kiss, Yunho nipping at them. He whined, hands cupping the taller boy's cheeks.

"You whore," Yunho spat, shoving Jaejoong onto the bed. "You were going to let him fuck you, weren't you?"

The raven shook his head, groaning when his shirt was torn from his body. It was replaced with a hot mouth, tongue running all over his pale chest. "I wasn't going to—ah!"

Yunho was nibbling at his nipples, his hands making quick work of the shorter boy's belt buckle. "Don't lie to me, little slut. You were going to let him fuck you, nice and slow."

Jae arched into his touches as he was stripped naked, revealing his stiffening cock. "Yunho..." He tugged at his brother's shirt incoherently, the tanned boy nipping at his inner thigh. The raven gasped.

Yunho rid himself of the T-shirt, throwing it to the floor. He then locked lips with his brother again, liking the way the raven was clutching to him. "And you were going to let him suck you off, and you were going to cum into his mouth," he murmured against his lips, pulling the raven's legs apart. He settled in between them, rubbing his clothed member against Jae's crotch.

"Yun..." Jaejoong moaned, spreading his legs even wider. His neck was being devoured, adding more hickeys to his skin beside the original, his brother biting and sucking at his skin.

"Only," muttered the boy between his legs, "you were going to be screaming *my* name when he was swallowing your cum, weren't you? You were going to be imagining it was *me* fucking you. *Me* cumming inside of you. *My* cum slipping down your thighs."

"Ah!" Jaejoong cried as Yunho fisted his stiff shaft, running his thumb over the tip. The raven shuddered when his brother's thumbnail scratched his slit lightly.

"But none of that happened," Yunho continued, watching with narrow eyes as Jaejoong squirmed in ecstasy. "Because it's going to be *me* who fucks you, but I'm not going to go nice and slow. I'm going to fuck you hard, brother. And you aren't going to want anyone else's cock inside of you, you hear me?"

"Oh God..." moaned the raven, tossing his head to the side. He reached down to stop Yunho's movements, but his brother's other hand grabbed his, guiding it back up.

"Suck," he ordered, pressing Jae's fingers to his lips. In a daze, the shorter boy obeyed, soaking his own fingers in saliva. Yunho growled at the sight, yanking the hand out of his brother's mouth. He now guided it to his

entrance.

Jaejoong looked confused. "Yun... what—?"

"Push it in," his brother instructed, using Jae's finger to trace around the ring of muscle. The raven shivered, and Yunho couldn't take it anymore, pushing the finger in knuckle deep. Jaejoong gaped at the odd feeling.

"Put another one in," Yunho ordered, and this time, the boy didn't need any help. He pulled his finger out, slamming two back in. He moaned, scissoring himself.

Yunho gulped, eying the image of Jaejoong fucking himself hungrily. "Fuck, Jae..." he moaned.

Jaejoong opened his eyes, looking up at his brother. "A-Am I doing it wrong?"

Yunho groaned, unzipping his pants. He pushed them down and kicked them off, along with his boxers. His brother continued to finger himself, throwing his head back. Yunho growled, slipping two of his own fingers in beside Jaejoong's. The raven moaned.

"Y-Yunho..." he whimpered. He then screamed as Yunho added his tongue. "Yunho!"

Yunho wasn't listening, lapping his tongue around the raven's inner walls. He smirked when he saw that his brother didn't stop fingering. All four fingers brushed against a certain spot, and the raven moaned wantonly.

Assuming that Jae's hole was spread wide enough, he pulled away, licking his fingers clean. He pulled Jae's fingers free, as well, using them to wet his cock. Jaejoong watched him groggily through half-lidded eyes.

Yunho then grabbed the raven's hips tightly, positioned himself, and slammed into the smaller boy.

That was when Jaejoong realized what was happening. His brother was inside of him. A wave of shock consumed his body.

"What are we doing?! Y-Yunho! Stop!"

Yunho stilled, trying to control himself. Jaejoong was so tight. His hands clutched his brother's hips. "What are we doing?" he repeated the boy's words slowly before pinning him with his eyes once again. "We're having sex, Jaejoong."

The raven's eyes widened. He looked away. "Y-Yunho, this is... this is—!"

He gasped when Yunho grabbed his wrists, pinning them above his head. "Incest. I know."

The older of the two knew then that he'd never understand his brother. And when Yunho moved, the pleasure was just too much.

"Beg for it," the taller teen demanded, rocking his hips in a steady rhythm. Jaejoong stared at him incredulously.

"N-No! I don't w-want this!" he tried to yell, but his moans betrayed him. His legs wrapped around his brother's waist instinctively, pulling him closer.

"Tell me you want it. Want me to fuck you."

The words themselves were hazy, but their meaning was loud and clear. "Y-Yun—I—I can't—!"

"Only me, you understand?" Yunho continued to bite out, and his pace quickened.

"Wh-What?"

"Only I can see you like this," the possessive words were pouring from his mouth like icing on poison, "No one else can fuck you."

"Yun—oh!"

"Only I can fuck you. Say it."

"I don't—!"

"Say it!" he commanded, thrusting into his ass harder. *Deeper.*

"Ah!" Jaejoong moaned, arching off the bed. "W-Why?" he whimpered. "D-Do you—nnh!" Even though he didn't finish his question, Yunho heard it. *Do you love me?*

The younger teen was silent for a few moments before he leaned in, lifting his brother's hips, thrusting harshly. "I hate you."

Jaejoong met his eyes. Finally. "Y-You what?"

"*I. Hate. You.*"

The only response he got for his words were mindless moans. Again, he listened to his brother's silent question: *Why?*

"You're too smart. Too nice. Too loving. Too beautiful." He then pulled away to observe his twin's naked and sweat-sheened form, his eyes running over every one of his features. Eyes that were too intense, dark with so much lust. So much *heat*. "Too *perfect*."

Jaejoong closed his eyes, moans growing in volume. So Yunho hated him. But then why did he feel so loved?

Now the thrusts were deeper. His nails were dragging through the skin of his twin's palm. His head was thrown back. And all thoughts about how utterly wrong this moment was fled his mind. Because this one moment, Yunho was looking at him and only him. For once, Yunho *loved* him, even if it was sorely regretted and he refused to admit it.

Because Jaejoong *knew*. He would always know.

"Your lips," hissed the younger twin, "are too red, too soft, too big." He clamped his mouth over Jaejoong's. The raven whined. "They're mine. Only I can kiss you. If you kiss anybody else, I'll kill him."

His brother whined, struggling to get his wrists free from Yunho's grip. "Yunho! Yunho! Yunho!"

"Tell me, Jaejoong," Yunho growled, sinking his teeth into the older teen's Adam's apple.

Jaejoong panted, squirming under the heated touch. "O-Only you..." he moaned.

"Your skin. Your pale, porcelain, flawless skin." A tanned hand gripped the raven's stiff cock harshly. The smaller boy screamed. "Only I can touch you. Your body belongs to me, understand?"

Jaejoong's hips thrust upward as Yunho's thumb rubbed over the head of his member, yanking on it without mercy. "Oh—oh God! Y-Yes! I—I—!"

Then Yunho's thrusts turned violent, slamming into and out of his prostate forcefully, not holding anything back. His brother writhed beneath him, moans escalating into screams.

"Yunho! That—AH! That's too—NNH—too much—!"

"And only *I* can fuck you. Only me. No one else."

The raven's legs slipped from around the younger twin's waist, voice hoarse from screaming. His abs tightened. He could feel himself getting near. "No one else!" he screamed, tears streaming down his cheeks. It was too much. It felt too fucking *good*. "But you!"

"You better fucking believe it," Yunho growled out before he came, spilling his load into his brother's tight little hole. Jaejoong came shortly after, and his muscles clenched hard around Yunho's cock, milking it for all it was

worth.

Yunho collapsed, nose in the crook of Jaejoong's neck. He released his brother's wrists. The raven moved them to cover his face. All thoughts of how wrong this was, how *disgusting* this was, came flowing back.

But not only to Jaejoong. Yunho lifted himself up, eyebrows furrowing as he looked over his now sobbing twin brother. The raven's face was hidden behind his hands, letting himself cry. The younger of the two pulled himself out of the smaller body, eyes widening when he saw a stream of blood trickle onto the white sheets from the abused entrance. He reached forward gently, trying to help, to do *something*, but then the pale legs retracted as his brother curled in on himself, turning onto his side and shaking from his silent sobs.

Yunho tried to get away, which resulted in him falling on the hard floor. "Oh my god... What have I done?" he whispered, and now his brother looked at him, eyes puffy and disbelieving. And the raven answered his question silently: *Me*.

Yunho shook his head, regret filling him. His brother. His twin. He had just brutally and viciously *fucked* him. His *brother*. His *twin*.

He grabbed his pants, fleeing the room as quickly as he could. Jaejoong watched him leave. Yunho had misinterpreted. He was crying because his brother—no, *Yunho*—Yunho, had made love to him. And it was wrong. So utterly wrong. But if it was so wrong, then why was he so happy that finally—*finally*—Yunho treated him like he existed?

Chapter Six

Junsu stared at him. "What?"

Jaejoong sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Just help me out, will you?"

"I'm going to, but... why?" the shorter boy asked, scratching the back of his head. "You have never been interested in fashion, hyung."

"I have someone I want to impress," the raven explained, stabbing his cafeteria food as it began to walk away.

"Ooh!" cooed the teen, biting into his cheese sandwich. "You wouldn't be talking about *Changmin*, now would you?"

"Oh, fuck, that's right," exclaimed Jaejoong. "I forgot about him." He twisted in his seat, searching the lunchroom for a freakishly tall boy.

Junsu furrowed his eyebrows. "What? You forgot about him? Is there a problem in your relationship?"

"No," his friend replied, turning back to him, "I'm just breaking up with him today."

"Hyung, usually that means there's a problem," corrected the teen. "What happened?"

My brother informed me that he would murder any man who came within a two inch radius of me because no one can touch me but him, the older student thought. He chuckled, wondering how Junsu would take that. "A family member told me that I couldn't date," he said instead. It wasn't *exactly* lying.

Junsu frowned. "Your parents are usually cool about you being with someone as long as you keep your grades up. Which you *have* done."

"Well, it wasn't my parents who said I couldn't date," continued the raven, rising to his feet.

Junsu's eyes widened. "You mean *Jung Yunho*?" he asked. "I thought you said you two weren't close."

"We weren't," confirmed his friend. "Let's just say that a lot has happened this week."

As he lifted his tray to dump its contents, a few guys noticed a certain new sway to his hips. He stopped walking, cursing it.

Believe it or not, he could no longer see a reason why his relationship—or whatever it was—with his brother was wrong. Sure, they were brothers, but it wasn't like they could have children, anyway. Okay, maybe it was entirely wrong. But he... didn't care. Not anymore.

All that mattered was that he was finally part of Yunho's life. As a brother, as a lover, or as both, it didn't matter to him. And not caring was contagious. Thus explains the swaying hips, and the B he got on his test today.

Yunho, what have you done to me? he thought. But he could feel the goofy grin on his face, and he couldn't help but wonder what Yunho was doing at that moment.

*

His fist was bleeding, but he kept punching. Yoochun was silent, leaning back in the bleachers, fresh cigarette hanging from his lips.

It's a good thing the gym was open, he thought. *If he was beating up up a kid, I think the kid would be dead by now.*

Yunho spun, kicking the punching bag from its chain. He attacked it.

Jaejoong. Jaejoong. Jaejoong. He did an ax kick. Sobbing. Tears. He did an

uppercut. Sweat. Cum. Blood. He stopped, falling onto his back. Fear. Realization.

What have I done?

He noticed a presence sit Indian style beside him on the court. Smoke blew in his face. He opened an eye. Yoochun was watching him skeptically.

"What?"

"You wanna talk about it?" the shorter male asked in a bored tone.

That's all it took. Yunho sat up, tucking his head between his knees. "I fucked someone yesterday."

Yoochun rested his chin on his fist. "...Okay."

"This person... I would never have fucked. Even if I was the gayest fucker in the world, this one guy is on the top of the 'Do not fuck' list."

His friend tapped the top of his cigarette, letting the excess ash seep through the cracks in the wood. "You fucked a guy. Hold on one second while I get my mind around that." A second passed. "Okay, so, is the shit really ugly or what?"

Yunho groaned into his knees. "No. Oh, *fuck* he's so tempting."

Yoochun blinked.

"But he's off limits. Completely and utterly off limits. I never should have even kissed him. But I couldn't control myself—"

"TMI, hyung," his friend cut in, rolling his eyes. "Get to the point. Why was it so wrong? Because he's a guy?"

Yunho was silent. "I wish that's all he was."

Yoochun studied his face.

Yunho laid back down. "He's always been too perfect," he told the ceiling rafters. "I guess I just wanted to mess him up... no... that's not it."

His friend laid next to him, taking another draw from his cigarette.

"But I guess it doesn't matter," muttered the older boy. "I did mess him up. I broke him."

Again, Yoochun didn't answer.

"Maybe," Yunho continued, "Maybe it's time to end it."

*

Jaejoong admired himself in the mirror of the men's bathroom. Junsu rubbed his chin in thought, also gazing at the reflection.



Photo provided by rainycakes@livejournal.com XP

"There's something missing..." commented the shorter teen.

The raven turned to him curiously. "What else can you do to a school uniform without violating the dress code?"

"Hmm..." his friend grunted in response, grabbing a hold of Jaejoong's tie and loosening it a little more. He unbuttoned one more button. Then he stepped away, surveying his work.

"Fuck, that's hot," he muttered. "Only your hair needs to be styled. How fast does your hair grow?"

(A/N: I'm picturing Jae with the haircut he has now, only his hair is

black ;D)

Jaejoong frowned. "I get a haircut every weekend. Why? Isn't it against school regulation to have long hair?"

"Hyung," Junsu sighed, "look at how my hair is."

"But your hair is short."

"Yes, well, then look at Yoochun's, you know, that kid who hangs out with your brother?"

At the mention of Yunho, a small smile graced the raven's lips. "Oh, yeah."

"You look hot as fuck right now," complimented the brunette, not taking notice of his friend's facial expressions, "but shoulder length hair would look amazing on you. You'd be able to get any girl you wanted. Oh, I mean... man, or... err..."

Jaejoong waved it off. "It's okay, Junsu-yah."

Junsu shook his head. "No, I really am sorry, Jae. I'm trying, okay? It's just..."

"Yeah," Jae whispered, "I know."

The air in the bathroom was awkward all of a sudden, but then Jaejoong slapped his hands against his thighs. "Well, I could have shoulder length hair in two weeks at the most."

"Really?" his friend asked. "Your hair grows fast."

"Tell me about it," the raven agreed, turning to fix his hair in the mirror. "This haircut is getting old, anyways."

"Okay, so we have your clothing," murmured Junsu, counting off on his fingers. "I can come over tonight to help style your hair until your hair is

long enough to get it cut. So, clothing, hair... *ugh...*"

Jaejoong glanced up. "What is it?"

"We sound like a couple of girls," gagged the brunette, grimacing.

The raven laughed. "I'm pretty sure that everyone, guy and girl, has this conversation with themselves in their head every morning, Junsu-yah."

"Yeah, well, out loud it's worse."

They continued to laugh. The door opened and someone poked his head in. "Jaejoong? I've been looking for—whoa!"

Changmin stood in the doorway dumbly, staring at his boyfriend. Jaejoong's hair was ruffled sexily, with long cross earrings hanging from his ears. The top three buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned, showing off his white tank top underneath. His tie was way too loose, hanging around his neck like a necklace. His dress pants rode low on his hips.

"Wow. Y-You look... amazing, Jae..." he stuttered.

Jaejoong attempted a shy smile. "Thanks..."

Junsu looked at his watch. "Omo!" he squeaked dramatically. "Is that the time? I should be leaving..." he was saying when he ran out of the room. His friend rolled his eyes.

"Changmin," he said, causing his boyfriend (who had been checking him out a second time) to look him in the eyes.

"Hmm?"

"... We need to talk. But let's get out of here. I'm not doing this in the bathroom," the raven continued, grabbing the taller boy's hand and dragging him out into the hallway. As they passed people, all eyes turned to stare at Jaejoong. The innocent boy failed to notice.

They finally reached an empty classroom, pushing their way inside. Changmin turned on the lights, turning to his boyfriend. "We need to talk? You're breaking up with me, aren't you?"

Jaejoong's head was lowered, but he nodded, lifting his gaze to meet the younger teen's. "Yes. I'm sorry, but I don't think it's working out."

The other boy was silent for a moment, then, "Does this have anything to do with your brother?"

The raven grimaced. "What?"

"Jaejoong, if your brother is abusing you then you should tell someone. He can't control your life if you don't want him to."

Being controlled is a kink of mine, he wanted to say, but he settled with a, "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"You're afraid," Changmin said, and the way he was saying it so *arrogantly*, thinking that he was right, just pissed the raven off. "You need to step up. Say something—"

"And what the hell makes you think that I have something to say?" interrupted the shorter boy, crossing his arms. "Changmin, you're nice, and a good friend, but I don't want to date you. I'm sorry but I want to break up."

Changmin took a step closer, shaking his head. "I don't believe that. You're brother told you to say that."

"Stop being so fucking arrogant!" Jaejoong yelled at him, startling the younger boy. "He has nothing to do with this. Is it too much to get through your thick skull that I might *want* to break up with you? Or are you just too full of yourself to think that a nerd like me could break it off with someone like you?"

Changmin tried, Jaejoong could see him trying, to see something in his eyes. But he failed. Because there was nothing there. Nothing he could use to discriminate Jung Yunho.

When the teen didn't respond, Jaejoong sighed, running his hand through his hair. "Look, I'm sorry. I really am. I didn't mean to get that personal, but you weren't exactly letting up, either. Changmin, I know you care about me, and you want me to come forward about all this stuff about my abusive brother who beats the shit out of me every night when my parents aren't home, but stop. None of it is true. He isn't beating me, he isn't treating me poorly."

Changmin lowered his eyes.

"And he did not tell me to break up with you. This is *my* decision. Our relationship was nice, and you are a really great guy, but not the kind I can see myself falling in love with."

Changmin shifted his weight, biting his lip. "So, your brother—"

"Is only an overprotective twin brother who doesn't want to see me get hurt. He has nothing to do with this, Changmin-ah, so stop trying. It's over." The raven looked over his now ex-boyfriend, sighing a little. He moved past him, hand on the doorknob, before turning around again.

"Oh, and another thing."

Changmin glanced up at him.

"If you ever say anything bad about my brother again, It won't be Yunho who beats you to a pulp this time. It'll be me."

The taller boy stared at the door as it closed, slumping into an empty desk.

Chapter Seven

Yunho entered the kitchen, a comic book in front of his face.

"Yunho, no reading in the kitchen," scolded his mother, leaning over the stove.

He lowered the book, smiling at her apologetically. She smiled back. He couldn't help but to wonder if she would have smiled at him had she known what he had done to her favorite the night before. His eyes narrowed at the thought.

"Oh, Baby," she said, pulling him from his thoughts, "can you set the table?"

He nodded, walking over to the cabinets that lined the walls. "That smells good," he commented, placing a plate on the tablecloth.

"Thank you," she replied, eyes lighting up. "It's your brother's favorite."

He tensed. Jaejoong. It was always about Jaejoong. "Really?"

That's when the raven walked in. Yunho stopped what he was doing, eyes trailing up and down his brother's body. The older twin's jeans hung dangerously low, exposing the top of his hip bones. His wife beater hugged his torso, riding up to show deliciously pale skin. And just for the hell of it, he wore a black scarf that hung over his shoulders.

"Is that style even *legal*?" he found himself asking. He regretted it when doe eyes met his. Jae's eyes were rimmed with eyeliner. Yunho looked away.

"What?" their mother asked, turning around. She gasped, looking her son up and down. "Wow. Aren't *you* dressed to kill?"

"Junsu put it together," Jaejoong explained, twirling around. His brother stilled when he saw the boxers sticking out over the top of the jeans in the

back. Those boxers weren't Jaejoong's. They were *his*.

"Wow," said a fourth voice, and they all turned towards the doorway. Their father raised an eyebrow. "Is that clothing really appropriate for the dinner table?"

The raven blushed, and only Yunho noticed when he glanced his way, fidgeting. "I, um, just wanted to see what you all thought of it."

"You look beautiful darling," his mother told him, kissing him on the forehead.

"It's... different," said his father, scratching his head. "Just don't wear it to school or anything."

Jaejoong nodded, but he walked away from them, and they disappeared—or seemed to, at least—as he approached his brother. Yunho gulped, his throat inexplicably dry.

"What do *you* think of my outfit, Yunho?" he asked, his voice sweet as cum stained satin sheets.

Yunho turned away, muttering something about nice, looks good, or something along those lines. He kept his eyes downward as he continued to set the table, alarmingly aware of his twin's heat as the raven only moved closer.

"Oh!" the smaller boy suddenly exclaimed, startling those around him.

"Umma, I wanted to ask you something."

She glanced in his direction curiously. "Sure, honey, what is it?"

"Can I move into Yunho's room?"

The chopsticks in Yunho's hand fell to the floor. He apologized, crouching to pick them up. *Jaejoong, what the hell are you doing?*

Their father stared at his oldest son. "Why would you want to to do that?"

"I sleep better with him," he explained, and Yunho didn't miss the mischievous glint in his eye. "Maybe it's a twin thing, who knows?"

He then crouched down to help his brother pick the eating utensils off the floor. Yunho was silent. This was a side of the raven that he had never seen.

"Well, I don't really see a reason why you couldn't," commented their mother, spooning the curry onto the four plates. "Now, let's eat!"

They sat around the table, Yunho and Jaejoong across from each other.

Jaejoong smiled a little as their eyes met. His brother dropped his. The raven frowned. "I broke up with my girlfriend today," he announced, even more suddenly than before. Everyone was caught off guard.

"You had a girlfriend?" his mother asked, pale.

"You broke up with Changmin?" Yunho butted in.

Their father's eyes narrowed. "Changmin is a boy's name."

Jaejoong smiled at the older male happily. "He meant Changminko. Everyone calls her Changmin because she's a fan of the singer."

Yunho almost spit out his rice. Had Kim Jaejoong just *lied*?

"I think I'm having a heart attack," whispered the poor woman. Her son squeezed her hand.

"Don't worry, Umma. We only kissed," he offered, trying to be sympathetic.

"You've already had your first kiss?" spat his father.

Jaejoong looked confused. "What? It's not like I had sex with her."

"Oh god," the woman sobbed.

Yunho pinched the bridge of his nose, shaking his head. The raven giggled cutely. "Oops. Sorry, I didn't mean to say that out loud."

"` With her?'" the man yelled. "Have you had sex with any other girls?"

Jaejoong looked offended. "Appa, do you *honestly* think that I'd do something like that?" His eyes fell on his brother. Yunho blushed at the look in his eyes. "I'm not interested in anyone outside of this family."

His twin's eyes widened. Was Jaejoong implying what he thought he was?

"Yes, well, it better stay that way," the man said matter-of-factly, causing the two twins to choke on their tea. They both sputtered, the raven choking back his laughter. He wondered how his father would react if he knew what he had just given him permission to do. Or *who* he had just given him permission to do.

They continued eating without saying a word. Every time the twins would meet gazes, Jaejoong would smile at his brother. Yunho did his best to keep his eyes on his food.

They were interrupted when their mother spoke up, voice insecure. "So, you're still a virgin, right?"

"Honey..." warned her husband.

His wife looked at him helplessly. "I just want to know for sure." She then looked at her oldest son, "Well, you are, aren't you?"

"Well," began the raven, and his brother knew that what would come out of his mouth would be nothing good, "my penis hasn't been up anything but a particularly strong fist, if that's what you're asking."

Everything on the tabletop jumped as his father brought his fist down onto

it. The twins both stared at him. "Kim Jaejoong," he growled, and the smile on his son's face shriveled into nothing. "Don't ever talk to your mother like that again."

Yunho watched his brother drop his eyes in shame. "I-I'm sorry... I just... I just say things sometimes. I-I didn't mean to—"

"What has gotten into you tonight?" his mother asked. "You seem so different than usual. You're acting like—" She cut herself short. *Like your brother.*

Jaejoong wasn't used to being yelled at. His lip trembled. He felt a nudge on his toe beneath the table. His eyes lifted to meet Yunho's. The taller male's eyes were tender.

"Are *you* a virgin, Yunho?" the woman asked, turning to him now. Her face said that she didn't expect much.

He hesitated, searching for a way to tell the truth without *saying* the truth. Jaejoong leaned on his forearms, playful smirk back in place.

"Yes, Yunho, are you?" he asked, feigning innocent curiosity.

Yunho glared at him, answering his mother's question without looking away from those doe eyes. "I don't have the time to climb into bed with women."

"Good," commented his father, unknowingly approving yet another forbidden activity. This time, Yunho was the one who had to keep from laughing.

"Anyway," the younger of the twins began. "How did you break up with Changmin... ko?"

There was a pause, and Jaejoong blushed. He pushed his food around with his chopsticks. "Well... I explained something to her."

"And that was...?" asked his father, bringing his tea to his lips.

The raven smiled weakly, lifting his leg to brush alongside his brother's underneath the table. Yunho stiffened. "I... told her that I couldn't see her anymore... because I wasn't allowed..."

Yunho's chopsticks dropped onto his plate.

"Only I can see you like this," the possessive words were pouring from his mouth like icing on poison, "No one else can fuck you."

He shook his head. Jae brother bit his lip.

Their mother grimaced. "We never said you couldn't date anyone."

Yunho suddenly stood, pushing his chair back. Three pairs of eyes stared up at him. But there was only one that he held with his own. "Jaejoong... come to my room for a second... there's something you need to see..."

The raven nodded uncertainly, standing up. They left their confused parents, Jaejoong following silently behind his twin. When the door was closed, the silence continued.

Yunho kept his back to his brother. "Jaejoong... we need to talk."

The older boy forced a smile. "You sound like you're about to give me the breakup talk."

"We were never together."

Jaejoong's hand came to his mouth. "Oh my god..." He backed into the door. "You *are*."

"Jae..." Yunho groaned, finally turning to his brother. "You were right all along. This is... completely wrong. We're brothers."

"You don't mean that," the shorter male whispered into his hand. Because he *knew*.

Yunho bit back a retort. He settled for a simple, "Yeah. I do."

"No, you *don't!*" Jaejoong cried, back hitting the door. "I know you fucking don't! I can feel it, god dammit!"

His brother grabbed his shoulders, pinning him against the wood.

"Jaejoong, I have no idea what has gotten into you today to make you suddenly think this is okay, but you have to listen to me. We can't *possibly* be together. Homosexuality is bad enough, but maybe even then we could make it work. But we're *brothers*."

He stopped when arms were thrown around his neck. "You don't mean it. You don't mean it."

Yunho didn't know what to do. His hands landed on the raven's hips. "Jae.. please don't be like this... I thought you'd be happy..."

"And since when did you care about my happiness?" Jaejoong whispered into his ear, and he froze. "All I ever wanted was you to like me, Yunho. To *look* at me. But you didn't. You hated me. So I was sad. You kissed me. I liked it, but I wanted it all to end there. But you wouldn't let it. You started to get more aggressive. I wanted it to stop, but you wouldn't let it. You continued. And then last night happened."

Yunho gasped when Jaejoong shoved him away, glaring at him. "Yunho, I *begged* you to stop. I begged you *so* hard. But no. You did it. Did *me*. And now I'm here, wanting to be with you, and you're trying to push me away. Was I anything at all to you? Do you really hate me this much?"

Yunho was confused. "No, I—"

"Yunho, if you ever, for once in both our lives, *ever* made me happy, it was knowing that you cared about me enough to make me yours. It proved that I *mattered* to you. And that's all I care about. That's all I've *ever* cared about since we were kids."

His brother stared at him. "Wait... no, that can't—Jaejoong, you're... *you*. Everyone cares about you. Everyone loves you. You could have anyone you want—"

"I don't care about them!" Jaejoong yelled. "This has nothing to do with anyone other than us, Yunho. And the one I want is *you*. I *need* you."

Yunho shook his head. "Whatever this is between us, it has to stop."

Jaejoong looked like he was going to cry. "*Why?*"

Yunho's heart stopped beating. "Because we're brothers."

And the tears fell. "Stop fucking lying to me! Why?!"

*Because that **should** be why.* And Jaejoong knew. He became silent, letting the hurt of all their sixteen years as brothers resurface and accumulate. Yunho could almost see it. See what he had made his brother into.

When their eyes met, the younger knew he was going to regret everything that he had ever done to the smaller boy. All that he *hadn't* done.

Because right then and there, Kim Jaejoong *snapped*.

"Okay," the raven said, voice as sharp as Death's blade. "Fine. I get it." He turned away, about to leave. He stopped, looking over his shoulder. "I will never forgive you for this, Yunho. All our lives, I've let you treat me like nothing, in hope that you'd eventually love me as your brother. I'm sick of it. It ends now. You've crossed the line, giving me everything and then taking it away so easily. I will make you *suffer* for this."

And when he left the room to finish his dinner, Yunho didn't doubt his words. Not for a second.

TO BE CONTINUED