

The Seattle Way

... because LOVE is a CONSPIRACY.

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: □□□

"I'd so like to fuck you right here and now."

It was silent for a few, long moments and Nickkhun was just staring at Jaebeom, unable to say anything. Was it just him or was the air in this room really suddenly so thick and heavy in his lungs?

"What... did you just say... hyung?", he could finally whisper and watched Jaebeom placing the glass on the table before slowly walking towards the bed Nickkhun was sitting on.

The next second, the Thai boy was lying on his back with Jaebeom straddling his hips and tightly holding his hands above his head. Nickkhun gasped surprised, his heart pounding like mad and he moaned unwillingly when Jaebeom crashed their lips together. Nickkhun tried to move, tried to get away, tried to do ANYTHING, but it was useless. He never imagined that his leader was THAT strong.

He felt a tongue moving against his, but was too afraid to bite and too confused about the whole situation.

A few, breathless seconds later, Jaebeom broke the kiss and Nickkhun gasped for air before looking at the man above him.

"H-hyung... what...?"

"I'm sorry, Khun...", Jaebeom whispered with a strange sparkling in his dark eyes and then continued kissing.

Nickkhun tried to turn away his face, but suddenly he noticed that Jaebeom was holding his hands down with just one hand while the other one was gripping his chin to hold it in position. Jaebeom soon abandoned the younger boy's lips to move to his ear and then down his throat, playfully biting the tempting, soft white skin, being rewarded with a cute little whimper.

He went down to his collarbone, licking and biting from time to time and all Nickkhun

could do was closing his eyes, trying to ignore the weird feeling the situation gave him.

Was this really happening right now? Like, really?

The longing lips left his skin and he opened his eyes to look at Jaebeom.

"You should get rid of these clothes...", the older one said with a deep, hoarse voice and Nickkhun gulped.

"Hyung, please... this is wrong, I-"

"Sh..."

"Wha-what the-"

Jaebeom kissed him again and Nickkhun gasped against the older one's lips when he felt a hand moving UNDER his shirt and up to his chest and he was sure that he couldn't stop his leader now.

Jaebeom was totally swept away by the hot, pale body contrasting with the dark blue bed sheets and he was going crazy because of the little sounds the younger boy was making. He knew, deep in his mind, that what he was doing was a big mistake, something terribly wrong, but he couldn't care anymore, all he knew was that he wanted to have Nickkhun. Have him at all it costs.

Because the younger boy didn't seemed to do anything against these disturbing clothes (probably because he was still holding down his trembling hands), Jaebeom grabbed the shirt with one hand and just ripped it apart, exposing delicious abs and a well-built chest. He bent down to kiss the soft, white skin and then looked up at Nickkhun's anxious eyes.

The younger boy was staring at him. His eyes filled to the brim with tears.

Jaebeom gulped and suddenly realized what he'd been about to do. There's nothing more effective then a great shock to become sober.

"Nickkhun...", he whispered into the sudden silence.

"Could... could you just let go of my hands...?", the younger boy sobbed under his breath and just as if he'd burned his fingers, Jaebeom quickly released Nickkhun's hands.

Nickkhun slowly sat up and carefully moved away from Jaebeom, keeping his anxious eyes glued to the older male and almost fell out of the bed as he reached the edge. He flinched when Jaebeom moved to help him and quickly got back on his feet to lock himself into the bathroom. He leaned against the closed door with his hands pressed against his eyes and tried to force back the tears, but it didn't work.

"Nothing happened.", he told himself again and again. "Nothing happened. Nothing..."

nothing happened.", but soon the words drowned in his sobs and he collapsed on the floor, faintly crying.

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A few, seemingly endless minutes later he heard Jaebeom talking through the door.

"Nichkhun?"

He didn't react.

"I... I'm sorry..."

He grabbed a towel to press his face into it, muffling his sobs.

"I don't know what happened to me... Nichkhun-sshi, I'm really sorry... I'll just... uh... leave you alone, okay? I'll... go down to the lounge bar... I... ehm... yeah..."

Nichkhun heard steps walking away and then a door closing and he breathed heavily to regain his sanity. Carefully he got up from the cold floor and stepped in front of the mirror. He kept looking at his own face 'till he felt his heart simmering down again and sighed.

"Nothing happened.", he said again and winced at his cracking voice. He took a deep breath again, filling his lungs with air and tried it again, this time more successful. "Nothing happened. It's late. It's been the alcohol. Nothing happened. Calm down, Nichkhun."

He wiped away the tears and sighed, wondering if he could ever look into Jaebeom's eyes again. Why did his leader do that? Was it really just the alcohol? What if he'll do that again? What if he'll go to far the next time? What if-

"Stop that. ㅠㅠㅠㅠ. ㅠㅠㅠㅠ. ㅠㅠ. ㅠㅠ. ㅠㅠ. ㅠ. ㅠㅠㅠ. ㅠㅠ. ㅠㅠㅠ. ㅠㅠ. Okay..."

"Nichkhun-hyung?"

Nichkhun literally jumped when he heard someone in front of the door. Carefully, he turned around.

"Taec?", he asked, trying to make his voice sound stable and normal.

"No, it's me... Chansung... I saw Jaebeom-hyung downstairs at the lounge bar and he didn't look good... Did something happen? Why'd you lock the door?"

"I... uh, nothing... it's nothing, I'm okay..."

"Are you sure, hyung? Did... did you cry...?"

Nichkhun sighed and went to the door to lean against.

"Nichkhun?", the maknae's voice sounded slightly anxious and Nichkhun suddenly smiled. The younger boy's cuteness was simply... cute.

"It's okay, wait a second..."

Chansung looked shocked when Nichkhun opened the door.

"Oh my god, hyung! What happened?!", he whispered and pulled his hyung closer to look at him. "Did someone raid you?"

Nichkhun smiled sadly.

"Kinda...", he said and Chansung pulled his older brother out of the bathroom and brought a chair for him to sit down. "Tell me..."

Nichkhun shook his head.

"I don't want to, Chansung..."

"But why? It's been a crime! Who the fuck did that to you?!"

It took Nichkhun some seconds to look into the younger boy's eyes and he wiped away the rising tears again.

"Jaebeom.", he whispered under his breath.

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"JAEBEOM!"

The leader flinched and looked up, just to have a fist crashed into his face. His body hit the floor and he groaned, reaching up to his lip. He felt something warm and wet. Blood.

"What the fuck...?", he growled and looked up. "Chan... Chansung?"

"How could you do that to Nichkhun-hyung? How could you?", the boy shouted at him. "ASSHOLE!"

"Chansung, wait... I-", Jaebeom started, but gasped surprised when the maknae collared him to get him back on his feet. "Chansung, I wouldn't do that, I-", he tried to say calmly as the younger boy raised his fist again.

"STOP THAT!", suddenly Taecyeon appeared, together with Junho. He grabbed Chansung while the other boy grabbed Jaebeom to separate them. "WHAT THE HELL

ARE YOU DOING? Chansung, this is never a solution and now tell me WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED!"

Chansung growled and looked away, stopping his attempts to escape Taecyeon's iron grip.

"Ask Jaebeom-hyung. I'm sure he knows it better then we do.", he answered with dry sarcasm and Taecyeon turned around to face Jaebeom.

"Tell me, hyung!"

"Ah, shit. Chansung, who do you know?", Jaebeom groaned and carefully touched his bleeding lip.

"Maybe because I care for my friends? I went to Nichkhun-hyung and he told me that you attacked him!"

"You did WHAT?", the two other boys asked shattered and Jaebeom shook his head.

"That's not true... not completely... I-"

"Did you rape him?", Taecyeon collared his leader just like Chansung did before and held him up against the next wall, ignoring the few people around them. "Did! You! RAPE! Him?!"

"I didn't! I swear, I didn't! You can ask him! I didn't!"

"Then why was his shirt ripped apart and everything? Why did he lock himself into the bathroom? Why did he cry, hyung? Did you make him cry?"

"Is it possible to discuss this somewhere else?", Jaebeom asked under his breath and Taecyeon, sudden leader of everything, nodded. "Okay, let's go into our room. I think we'll have to ask Nichkhun too."

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