Description

Twelve men live together for three months.

Eleven are gay.

One is straight.

If the gay men vote out the straight man, they win a million dollars.

If the straight man reaches the Top 2, then he gets a million dollars.

The point of this gameshow is to act as gay as possible.

Chaos ensues.

Episode 1

PREMIERE

You plopped yourself on your living room sofa, reaching for the remote. It was a long day for you, so all you wanted to do was watch some shows and go to sleep. You turned the TV on and proceeded to look for any interesting programs. After the weather channel, the sports station, the cartoons, the sitcom, you finally settle on an eye-catching reality show. Apparently, it was premiering today.

"*Closets are for Clothes?*" You chuckled inwardly. "Sounds exciting." You made yourself comfortable and let the show begin.

"Hello viewers!" A short girl appeared onscreen with a mike in her hands. Her black hair was in a short bob and she was wearing white hello kitty glasses with a matching cardigan. "My name is Jenday and I'm your host for XYZ's new reality program, *Closets are for Clothes*!" After she had bowed to the camera, she gestured to the right.

Next to a gray marble staircase, twelve men casually stood side-by-side. Some looked excited, others scowled. They all had numbers pinned to their shirts.

"These are our twelve contestants for our little contest! Handsome bunch, aren't they?" Jenday giggled creepily. "Well, before you all introduce yourselves, I'll explain the rules of the game! In *Closets are for Clothes*, twelve men live together in a house for a couple weeks. However, eleven of those men are gay and one is straight. The objective of the gay men is to figure out who *isn*'t gay. Every week, they vote out one person after they complete a mission of some sort. If they vote out the straight man, they win a million dollars. But, if the straight man is one of the top two at the end of the season, then he gets the money. In order not to get voted out you have to act as gay as possible!"

"Stupid," a tall boy with sharp eyes muttered under his breath.

"I heard that, uh," Jenday peeked at her MC notes. "… Huang Zitao…-sshi."

Tao rolled his eyes and folded his arms across his chest.

"Anyway, that's the game! Any questions?"

"Um—"

"No? Good! Please introduce yourselves, starting from number one!"

Number one bowed quickly and flashed a bright smile. "I'm Park Chanyeol. Just like the number on my shirt, I hope to be number one. Thank you." He ruffled his black hair out of embarrassment.

Number five scoffed as number two stepped up. He was a tall, serious-looking man. But his dimple contrasted with his first impression. "Zhang Yixing. Nice to meet you all!"

Number three was definitely a flower boy, with his pretty eyes and golden hair. "Hello! Last name Lu, first name Han. Please call me Luhan!" Jenday took note of number ten blushing visibly.

Next was number four, a short smiley boy with dark amber hair. "My name's Byun Baekhyun! I hope we'll get along well."

Number five was the complete opposite of Baekhyun. He stood tall, eyes glaring at everything in front of him. "Kris," was all he said to make the room go cold.

Number six smiled warmly and bowed. "I'm Kim Junmyeon."

Number seven stepped up with hands in his pockets, smirking. He flipped his tousled dark hair aside cockily. "Kim Jongin. I'll be your little queer during the time we have together. I only top if you're shorter than me, by the way."

Number eight's face was filled with horror until he stepped up. He had big eyes and equally big cheeks. "I-I'm Kim Minseok. Hi."

Tao was number nine. "As you all know, Huang Zitao." When the person next to him wouldn't introduce himself, Tao nudged him.

Number ten snapped out of his sleepy daze and bowed. His soft brown hair covered some of his face. "O-Oh Sehun."

Eleven was a man with wide eyes, as if he was startled with something. "Do Kyungsoo, nice to meet you all, I guess."

And finally, handsome number twelve grinned and waved. "Kim Jongdae, otherwise known as Chen!"

They all clapped nonchalantly as Jenday resumed MC-ing. "Whew, I thought that'd never be over. So, it's probably not a good idea to start the season as strangers, right? Therefore you guys will have a week to get to know each other before our first challenge starts. You may go outside while you're staying in the dorm, but please don't run away. There are cameras in most of the rooms, so don't do anything inappropriate. And yes, there is food and entertainment. I'll see you guys in a week!"

The guys bid her goodbye as they quietly filed up the stairs to their temporary home for the week. Chen spotted a piece of paper posted next to the kitchen door. "… Hey guys, look at this!"

"What?" Kyungsoo stood next to him. After scanning the sheet, he let out an audible groan. "… Roommate assignments."

"No kidding," Jongin towered over Kyungsoo to peek at the sheet. "My roommate better take it in the ass."

"... I'm your roommate," Tao spoke blankly.

Jongin stared at him incredulously. "... Oh... *Oh*... This is going to be interesting."

"Don't you dare touch me, pervert." Tao strode to their room, with Jongin following after him.

("Hey, do you like strawberry-scented lube?!")

Kyungsoo scoffed and glanced back at the sheet. "Let's see... My roommate is... Which one was Sehun again?"

Said boy raised his hand. "That's me."

Kyungsoo smiled awkwardly. "Let's get along, roomie."

Sehun returned the awkward smile. "Sure."

Yixing stared at the paper with great concentration. Once he found his name, his eyes trailed to the one beside it. "... Oh, great."

Luhan started massaging his temples out of nervousness. "*What if my roommate steals my stuff? What if he touches me in my sleep? What if—*"

"Luhan-ssi!"

The boy blinked up at number six. "Yes? Sorry, er, I forgot your name." He said sheepishly.

The man laughed. "Kim Junmyeon, your roommate. Nice to meet you." He held out a hand.

Luhan took his hand and shook it promptly. "Luhan, but you already knew that."

Junmyeon glanced at his hand. "Ah, I didn't want a handshake, I wanted your wallet."

The other's face blanked. "Huh?"

"I'm kidding," Junmyeon elbowed him playfully. "C'mon, let's go to our room."

Minseok stared up. Chanyeol stared down.

"Hi, Minseok, right? I guess we're roommates."

"I feel like you're going to bonk your head into the door frame or something," Minseok commented, his neck sore from staring up.

Chanyeol shrugged. "I get that a lot."

Yixing reluctantly walked up to the guy leaning on the wall. "... Um, Kris?"

Kris stared at him with those piercing eyes. "What?"

"We're roommates," Yixing pointed out, although he really wished they weren't.

"So?"

"So... I'm gonna go... Settle in now." Yixing turned on his heel, walking to the end of the hall.

"It's the other way."

Yixing turned around and walked that way. "I knew that."

Chen sighed. "I guess it's us then." He glanced at the boy next to him.

Baekhyun nodded and grinned. "Take care of me."

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Chanyeol flopped on his bed, intending to sleep after a long day.

"Your feet are even hanging off the bed!" He ignored Minseok's continuing comments about his height and snored. Minseok shrugged and decided to go out and explore. He headed out of their room and towards the kitchen. Kyungsoo was already in there, head in the fridge.

Minseok raised an eyebrow. "Uh..."

The other boy flinched and hit his head. "Ow!" He closed the fridge and grimaced.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you."

"It's okay, number eight-ssi." Kyungsoo replied, tending to his injury.

"It's Minseok, but I guess number eight works too." Minseok moved towards two doors at the end of the kitchen. The one on the right had another piece of paper taped to it. "*This is the confession room*," he read. "*Anything you confess in this room will be considered for airing, so be careful!* ... Huh."

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"Argh, this room is so disgusting!"

Chen stood awkwardly, watching Baekhyun trash everything in their room. As soon as the two stepped into their room, he completely changed. He went from sweet to tyrant in a mere three seconds.

"Two-faced, he is so two-faced." Chen thought as Baekhyun dumped his suitcase.

The latter turned and glared at him. "What?!"

"Nothing." Chen finally moved and picked up his things that the other threw all over the room. "I just learned that you're really bipolar."

"Bitch, please." Baekhyun scoffed. "Everyone is, at one point or another. I'm just more... Open."

Chen rolled his eyes. He was not going to put up with this. "You're not going to win that way."

Baekhyun gave him a terrifying glare. "... You wanna bet?"

Chen smirked. "Gamble is my middle name."

The other scoffed again. "Whoever is voted out first loses."

"Deal," Chen slapped his hand. "On the condition that we don't vote for each other."

"Please," Baekhyun flipped his hair. "I don't cheat."

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Minseok opened the door to the confession room. It was a basic washroom with a camera in front of the toilet. "Wow, this really is a reality show."

Yixing entered the room, eyes catching the latter two. "What 'chu guys doin'?"

"Checking out the confession room," Kyungsoo answered. "It's pretty... Crappy."

Yixing, Minseok, Chen nor Baekhyun who just came in, laughed at Kyungsoo's joke.

"... Anyway, does anyone else hate their roommate or is it just me?" Yixing sighed.

"Ah..." Chen nodded. "I know that feel, bro." Baekhyun jabbed him in the stomach.

Kyungsoo patted Yixing's shoulder. "You got the big guy huh?"

"No, no." Minseok shook his head. "*My* roommate's the big guy. I swear; he's a giant." He lifted his hand way above his head to make his point.

"I think Kris is taller though..." Yixing commented.

"Aren't they about the same?" Kyungsoo asked.

"No, Chanyeol's way taller."

They argued so heavily on this topic that they didn't notice Jongin walking into the room. He crept up to Kyungsoo and startled him. "Boo!"

Kyungsoo let out an unmanly squeak. "What are you—" he wiggled his nose. "What flavor is that?" He asked, indicating at the lollipop in Jongin's mouth.

"Dick," the younger replied.

"What?"

"Dick-flavor."

"Don't you mean dill...?"

"No."

The room became very quiet until Jongin spoke again. "Okay, it's pineapple, gosh."

Chen shivered. "I can see why your roommate kicked you out."

"No kidding," Jongin pulled the lollipop stick out. "What were you guys talking about?"

Baekhyun filled him in. "They're arguing about Kris and Chanyeol's heights."

"Aww, is it because you're all so short?" Jongin cooed, rustling Kyungsoo and Minseok's hair. They both slapped him.

"Back to the confession room..."

"Right, it says that we have to answer a few questions. *Why are you here, why do you want the money, and what do you think of the other contestants?*" Minseok said.

"Me first!" Jongin leapt into the small room and locked the door.

CONFESSION TIME

19:27 — KIM JONGIN

"So... The reason I came here... Well, why else would one enter a show full of gay men? I came to get some ass, duh. If I win, I plan to open my own strip club. I'm thinking of calling it *Jongin to My Ass*. And about the other contestants... Tao is definitely not going to give me any dick so he's out."

19:29 —KIM MINSEOK

"I came here with a determined mindset. I'm determined to win. I love challenges, and this is pretty challenging. I'm not sure what I'm going to do with the money, I just want to win. The other contestants are pretty interesting. [Kyungsoo] is a nice kid, as well as [Baekhyun], [Yixing], and that horny kid. [Chen] is pretty derpy in my opinion. But as gay as these men are, I hope they won't stop me from winning."

19:31 — DO KYUNGSOO

"I took up this opportunity because I wanted a little bit more money to support my family. That's pretty much it. About the other guys... I think I'm the straightest one here. [Jongin] kind of creeps me out though."

19:31 — ZHANG YIXING

"I intend to win the money. Mostly because I'm so incredibly bored with my life. YOLO, you know? Kris kinda annoys me. He acts so full of it. Other than that, I have no complaints."

19:33 — KIM JONGDAE

"I'd like to murder Byun Baekhyun. I'm so going to beat him. I'm going to get the money. I'm going to beat him. I am so going to beat him."

19:34 — BYUN BAEKHYUN

"All of these people are idiots. This isn't even a challenge; they're all going to be voted out before they can blink. That idiot thinks he can beat me. Just watch… That money will be mine."

19:43 – LU HAN

"Um, well, I came on to this show because I started running out of money to pay for my tuition. College life is hard, you know? At least a few advantages of living with gay men are that I have a roof over my head and food… I met number six today, er, no, Junmyeon today. I was nervous at first because my previous roommates have done… things, but Junmyeon seems to be reliable. I hope things go well."

19:45 – KIM JUNMYEON

"I honestly have no idea how I got here. It just happened. But it's okay, I have the chance to win some extra money. This should be easy enough. I just have to act gay, right? I haven't met the other contestants yet other than Luhan-ssi and Yixing-ssi. They're both very nice."

19:45 – KIM JONGIN

"I just wanted to mention that Baekhyun is hot."

20:04 – WU YIFAN

"All these fags won't stop me from winning the money."

20:15 – HUANG ZITAO

"I lost a bet, that's why I'm here. I just want to get eliminated as soon as possible; I do not want to act gay or *fabulous* or anything like that. No, I do not want the money, although it'd be nice to have… But I am *not* going to be all sparkly rainbows for a couple bucks. That is all."

20:16 – HUANG ZITAO

"And if someone could just cut off Kim Jongin's dick then that'd be great."

20:17 – OH SEHUN

"L-Luhan is really pretty. And, um… I'm not sure why I'm here."

20:20 – KIM JONGDAE

"I'm so going to beat him."

22:43 – PARK CHANYEOL

"I just woke up… and it's nearly eleven. Well, I was watching some… things the other day when something popped on my screen asking me if I could pretend to be gay for a million dollars. I thought it was a scam, but it was actually the real thing… Anyway, Minseok annoys me. That's pretty much it. Night."

05:01 – JENDAY

"Since they've all use the confession room, I think it's time to reveal something. None of these men are actually gay. They all think they're the straight man. Although I'm not really sure about Jongin, how funny would it be to watch straight men act gay?"

TEASE

10:26 – ZHANG YIXING

"Its day three of *Closets are for Clothes*, and Kris is still an asshole."

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I WANT NOBODY, NOBODY BUT YOU!

Yixing greeted the morning with the blaring of his phone and a pillow to the head. "TURN IT OFF!" When he lifted the pillow from his face, he saw Kris wrapped up in his blanket. He lazily reached for his cell on the floor and turned it off.

Kris groaned from his side of the room. "What time is it?" The blanket lump shuffled a little.

"Seven thirty…" Yixing responded, sitting up and yawning. He got out of bed and stumbled to his closet, which he filled with his clothes yesterday.

"Jesus, how can you get up at this time?!" The other whined, shuffling restlessly.

Yixing grabbed a fresh shirt and a pair of jeans and put them on. "Maybe it's because I'm not such a grouch."

Kris sat up. "Are you calling me a grouch?"

"Um, yes." Yixing rolled his eyes while buttoning up his shirt. Suddenly his face was muffled and he fell on a hard surface.

"Then you're going to be a grouch with me." It took him a few seconds to realize that Kris had pulled him into bed along with him. The hard surface he fell on was Kris's chest. And he was under Kris's blanket. And Kris was hugging him.

Yixing immediately panicked, flailing legs and arms all over the place. He eventually got out of Kris's grasp and fell on the floor. "What are you—" He paused when Kris sat up again.

"Geez, more sleep isn't going to kill you."

"… HAHAHAHAHA!"

Kris furrowed his eyebrows, glaring at the boy that was doubling over laughing on the floor. "What's so funny?"

"Y-Your hair…" Yixing managed to utter in between chortles. Kris's hair was sticking out all over the place.

The other calmly swept the side of his head. Then he leaned over and picked up a handheld mirror from his bedside table and faced it toward Yixing. The boy paused to get a glance at his own messy bed head.

"… Well, touché."

Kris suddenly threw his blanket aside and stood up. "If you're not going back to bed then I guess I have to get up too. There's no way I can go to sleep again."

"Whatever you say, dude." As Yixing combed though his hair, he glanced at Kris; who was taking his shirt off at the moment.

Yixing whipped his head back, gulping. Then he slowly turned to look at him again.

This time he was taking off his *underwear*.

"HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Yixing screamed, cowering to the door.

"What?" Kris faced him, shamelessly showing off his junk. "I'm changing."

"B-But y-you!"

"Aren't you supposed to be gay?" He placed his hands on his hips, smirking. "Doesn't this turn you on?"

"I-I… ASDFGHJKL;!" Yixing fled the room and slammed the door behind him.

Kris stared at the door and then at Kris Jr. "It's not *that* bad, right?"

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"Sehun, wake up." Kyungsoo shook the sleeping boy. "I'm going to make breakfast and you're not going to get any if you don't wake up."

Sehun mumbled incoherent words as he shuffled deeper into his pillow.

Kyungsoo sighed. "Alright, it's your loss." He rustled the boy's hair before leaving. The younger sighed blissfully as he dove back into sleep. He only had a few seconds of dreams before he was alerted awake again. Kyungsoo's phone had vibrated loudly.

"… Hyung, your phone…"

It vibrated again.

"… Hyung…"

And again.

"… Hyung…!"

And again.

Sehun shot awake and picked up the phone. All fourteen text messages were from Jongin. "*When did he even get hyung's number*…?!" He groaned and opened their bedroom door. "KYUNGSOO-HYUNG YOUR PHONE IS—"

Luhan was standing in front of the door, startled from Sehun's sudden yelling. "…U-Uh, yes?"

Sehun completely froze. He stood so still that Kyungsoo's phone started to slip out of his hand, causing him to flinch and scramble to not let it drop. He glanced back Luhan, fazed by his looks. Even with the toothbrush and foam in his mouth, Sehun thought Luhan looked gorgeous with those random tufts of hair sticking out of his head. It was to the point where Sehun started to creep himself out.

Luhan was a *guy.*

"... S-Sehun-ssi?" The older looked at him curiously. "Are you okay?"

The younger straightened and cleared his throat. "Y-Yes. K-Kyungsoo-hyung just forgot his phone a-and... What are you doing out here, L-Luhan... -h-hyung?"

Luhan smiled, happy that Sehun remembered his name. "I'm just a person who likes wandering around while brushing his teeth. Don't mind me!" He turned to keep walking down the hall.

Sehun stepped out and stared at his back. "What if I want to mind you?"

"Pardon?"

Sehun blushed. "N-Nothing!" He took off for the kitchen.

Luhan shrugged and resumed his leisure lap around the dorm.

10:15 — OH SEHUN

"STOP DOING THAT *rams head on camera*"

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"Nggh..." Kyungsoo strained his toes, trying to reach a jar of tomato sauce some idiot put on the top shelf. "Just a little more..." His fingers barely touched the jar when a hand grabbed it. Kyungsoo whirled around, glancing up. "Thanks. Chanyeol, right?"

Chanyeol nodded sleepily. "You're welcome."

"You really are tall."

He nodded again. "You're cooking. Need any help?"

"It's okay; you've already helped me enough." Kyungsoo grinned, taking the jar from the other's hands.

Chanyeol obliged, about to head to the washroom when someone caught his eye. "... OH, JESUS! SERIOUSLY, DUDE?!"

Kyungsoo looked to see what the commotion was and regretted it immediately. Jongin was standing there wearing a wife beater... and nothing else. He nearly dropped his pot in shock.

10:30 – DO KYUNGSOO

"… That was just… I can't get the image out of my mind."

"Okay, before you call the cops for sexual harassment... Tao kicked me out of the room. Without my pants." Jongin explained, grabbing the cutting board on the counter to cover up his front. "Or underwear, for that matter."

9:18 – KIM JONGIN

"Okay, I tried to get in his pants and he stole mine."

Chanyeol started to crack up.

"Hey, instead of laughing, why don't you lend me some damn pants, big guy?" He snarled, clearly not happy being butt-naked and not being screwed at the same time.

"I would, but they're not going to fit you, scrawny."

Kyungsoo glanced at his current clothing. They were too small to fit Jongin's—

"Kyungsoo-hyung, your phone was— whoa." Sehun raised his eyebrows as Jongin's ass was in plain view.

Jongin groaned. "I know, I know. Don't say it. Just lend me some clothes, dammit. You're my size."

"Oh. Um, sure. Hyung, phone." Sehun tossed the cell across the room, which Kyungsoo caught with a strainer. "Let's go, Adam."

Jongin glanced at Kyungsoo with his usual smirk. "Nice catch."

Kyungsoo blushed, losing eye-contact.

10:31 – DO KYUNGSOO

"… He was talking about the strainer, right?"

--

Chen suddenly sat up, blinded by the morning light filtering into their room. Baekhyun was already up, getting ready for the day. "Morning, Chen-Chen."

"...Don't call me that," he glanced at the other. "Why are you putting on cologne on?"

"I'm going to tempt someone."

"...What?"

"If I get a boyfriend, it'll decrease my chances of being voted out, right? I'm supposed to be gay." Baekhyun glared when Chen laughed at him.

"No one's going to date you," he replied, checking his phone for the time. "Great, 9:34..."

"Yeah?" Baekhyun taunted, knowing full well where this was going. "I bet you I can get the first person I see outside of that door."

"Deal," Chen wished it wasn't someone with their ass wide open, like Jongin or something. "Go ahead."

Baekhyun strolled to the door and opened it.

A tall, black-haired boy entered his sight.

Baekhyun smirked and wrapped his arms around the unsuspecting Chanyeol's neck. "Morning, Yeollie! How are you today?"

The other gave him a weird, startled look. "U-Um, I'm good...? Sorry, what was your name again?"

"Aw, it's Baekhyun silly! You're so adorable!" He playfully pinched Chanyeol's ass, making the poor boy fluster. As he pulled Chanyeol down the hall, Baekhyun shot a satisfied smirk back at Chen.

Chen rolled his eyes and crawled back into his warm blanket. As he drifted back into sleep, he slowly started to realize that Baekhyun may be on to something. *In order not to get voted off, everyone has to act as gay as possible...*

He shot up again, scrambling to put his clothes on. *"Two can play at this game*." As he walked out of the room, he drew a plan in his head. He needs to seem gay, but he was going to use a different tactic than Baekhyun.

In the kitchen, most of the guys were at the table eating whatever Kyungsoo had cooked up. In this case it was spaghetti and meatballs. Chen shot a glance at Baekhyun, who was feeding the overly-weirded out Chanyeol. He scoffed at the sight and took a seat next to Minseok. The hamster boy looked up from his food. "Good morning, Chen-ssi."

"Morning," Chen greeted with a smile. "You have a little..." He pointed at his lips.

"Oh," Minseok licked the tomato sauce off. "Thanks."

Kyungsoo put the pots and pans into the sink, making a mental note to wash them later. He moved toward the table, glancing hopefully at the guys. "... Hey, is the food good?"

Jongin suddenly raised a fork to Kyungsoo's mouth. "Ah," he said.

The older hesitated before opening his mouth. Jongin slid the spaghetti in and stared at him amusedly. "What do you think?"

Kyungsoo chewed slowly, blushing. "I think... It's good."

Jongin grinned. "Then it's good." He resumed eating while Kyungsoo went off to cool his head.

Kris entered the room at that time, fully-clothed and clean. "Great, food."

It was then that Chen bumped Minseok's elbow. "Oh my god," Chen whispered. "Kris is *so* hot."

Minseok started choking. Once Tao slid him a glass of water from across the table, he recovered. He stared at Chen unbelievably. "... What?!"

"Kris is gorgeous! He is so ripped, look at those muscles— I-I can't." Chen squiggled, letting out quiet fangirl squeals.

Minseok glanced at Kris to make sure they were talking about the same person. They probably weren't; all Minseok saw was asshole in the shape of a dude. He turned back to Chen. "... Are you okay?" He worried Chen wasn't as sane as he should be.

"I'm okay," Chen bit his lip. "But he's *fine*."

10:42 – KIM MINSEOK

"I think Chen has …issues."

Minseok shook his head, going back to eat and ignoring Chen's comments about his boner.

"Hey..." Junmyeon spoke up. "Where's Yixing-ssi?" Kris coughed at his question.

"I saw him running outside this morning," Tao replied calmly.

"Outside?" Luhan asked with concern. "What was he doing out there?"

"Screaming."

The room went quiet, with only Kris's small chuckles to fill the silence.

"Okay, what did you do Kris?" Kyungsoo frowned at him.

"Did you ask to top him? 'Cause I'd probably scream too if that monster was in me."

"*Jongin*!"

The boy grinned sheepishly. "Sorry."

Kris shrugged. "I didn't do anything."

"I heard *'doesn't this turn you on'* from your room when I was walking past it." Tao tattled, spinning his pasta subconsciously.

All eyes were on Kris now.

"Okay, I may have gone overboard on the teasing this morning."

Kyungsoo rolled his eyes. "Someone needs to go look for him."

"I'll go," Junmyeon stood up. "He shouldn't be far."

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Junmyeon headed out onto the streets, searching for places where he could possibly find a Yixing. He turned to the camera guy following close behind him. "Have you seen where he went?"

"Yeah," he responded. "One of the cameras followed him to the convenience store."

"Thanks." Junmyeon walked down the sidewalk and found the store in no time. He entered and found Yixing crouching by the chip rack. "… Yixing? What are you doing?"

The boy looked at him, startled. Junmyeon noticed he was eating from a bag of Lays. "U-Uh, you know… Just chilling…" Yixing mumbled, crumbs dropping from his mouth.

The older smiled and crouched down with him. "If there's anything that's bothering you, you can tell me."

Yixing thought about his offer. He glanced at the two cameras that were staring at them. "It's kind of a private matter…"

Junmyeon gave the camera men a look. "Please give us a few minutes."

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CONFESSION TIME

15:46 – PARK CHANYEOL

"[Baekhyun] has been clinging onto me all day and it's creepy. I barely know the guy and he's acting like I'm his fiancé or something. I'm scared."

11:00 – BYUN BAEKHYUN

"I feel sorry for using Taeyeol or whatever his name is, but it can't be helped. But it's okay, at least he's cute."

10:19 – KIM JONGDAE

"So my plan to seem gayer is to gush over Kris to Minseok. Obviously I hate Kris (who doesn't), but I think this plan will help my chances of winning. I just hope Minseok doesn't see through me."

7:00 – HUANG ZITAO

"I can't stand it here. Why do I have to live with eleven gay men? I want to be voted off as soon as possible. Can I vote out myself?"

11:02 – BYUN BAEKHYUN

"And can someone tell Jongin to stop touching my ass?"

11:07 – KIM JUNMYEON

"So I think Yixing has various problems regarding his roommate… That's what he told me. I'm letting him sleep in [our] room for the time being. Luhan said he doesn't mind. I think he's just glad that we didn't have to switch roommates."

12:43 – WU YIFAN

"Yixing's avoiding me now. C'mon, like the guy's never seen a dick in his life. Now's he attached with another dickhead, [Junmyeon]."

Episode 2

SITUATION

Jenday walked into the dorm, humming to herself. It's been exactly seven days since she left the boys to themselves. She wondered if they all became friends yet.

"KIM JONGIN PUT SOME DAMN PANTS ON!"

…. Or not.

Purposely avoiding Tao and Jongin's room, she turned to Kris and Yixing's room and knocked on the door. A deep groan resounded from inside. Taking that as a safe signal, Jenday opened the door and saw Kris's body half on the bed, half on the floor. "Kris? You okay dude?"

He looked up and squinted. "Oh, it's you. Yeah, I'm fine." He picked himself up and rolled back into bed.

"Good," Jenday glanced at the other bed. "Where's Yixing?"

"Junmyeon's room," Kris replied, sounding a little like a whine.

"… *Interesting*." Jenday picked up a forgotten sock and threw it onto Kris's face. "You better get up; you're going to be paired up with Yixing's for today's challenge." She snickered when the guy got up immediately. She closed the door and turned, nearly screaming herself into a heart attack. "Oh my god Jongin, please put some pants on. I'm a lady."

Jongin waved her off. "Yeah, I'm going to Sehun's room right now." He lazily walked away.

Jenday raised an eyebrow. "*Yep, stuff definitely happened*." She headed to Minseok and Chanyeol's room next. "You guys awake?" Minseok was still fast asleep, but Chanyeol was sitting on his bed staring into space. "Chanyeol?"

He looked at her and gave her a slight smile. "Morning."

"What are you doing?"

"Waiting."

Jenday stared at him incredulously as Chanyeol glanced at his watch. "3, 2, 1…"

"YEOLLIE!!" Baekhyun burst into the room, shoving Jenday aside to jump into Chanyeol's arms. "I missed you for the eight hours we apart!"

Chanyeol stiffened, making an awkward face. "Uh, yeah."

Jenday nearly burst out laughing at the awkward tension in the room. "Hey, there's a challenge today, so make sure you guys are ready for that."

Baekhyun brightened. "Ah! Let's go get breakfast, Yeol!" He tugged the reluctant Chanyeol out of the room as the MC stared at them weirdly. She turned to the still sleeping Minseok.

"Hey you, get up." Minseok shifted, mumbling incoherent words. She could make out the word "Chen" out of his babbling. She smiled inwardly. "Get up, Minseok." A few seconds of bugging later, he finally woke up.

"…Whattimeizzt?" He mumbled, slowly sitting up.

"It's eight," she started to walk backwards, out of the room. "You guys have a challenge today, so you better get up." She went across the hall in time for Jongin to walk out, Sehun's pants on. "Rough morning, Jongin?"

"No kidding," he murmured. "No one told me Tao knew martial arts."

Jenday headed into Kyungsoo and Sehun's room, happy to know they were both awake. "Morning, you two." The older of the two was folding his clothes and the other just chilling on his bed.

Kyungsoo gave her a smile. "Good morning! I'm guessing we're doing something today?"

She nodded. "I think it's something you'll enjoy. Until then, I have to wake up the other guys."

Sehun scoffed. "I thought you were an MC, not a mother."

"I'm a little of both." She rolled her eyes and moved onto the other rooms, waking up Chen and Yixing, and greeting Junmyeon and Luhan. After they had all gotten breakfast, they met again in the common room.

"Is everyone here?" She glanced around the room and saw them nodding at each other. "Okay, it's been a week since the show started, so it's time for your first challenge! Today's challenge will be…" Jenday paused to create tension. "… GET-YOUR-ASSES-TO-THE-SUPERMARKET-AND-MAKE-ME-FOOD CHALLENGE!"

The boys gawked at her. Tao groaned quietly.

"Basically you just need to buy ingredients and make me food. It can be a main entry, appetizer or dessert, doesn't matter, it just has to be food. You all just have to know that I'm allergic to hazelnuts and apples."

"Who the hell is allergic to apples?" Kris commented.

Jenday ignored him. "You guys have three hours. And yes, you will be in partners. The teams are the roommate assignments, so don't get too excited, Sehun."

"I didn't say anything," Sehun retorted.

Jenday ignored him. "Whoever makes the best dish will win one immunity ticket to use whenever they want!"

"That's nice and all, but…" Minseok murmured. "Why do we have to make food for *you*?"

"Hey, I saw you all stuffing your faces at breakfast," the MC replied. "Especially you. I didn't get to eat anything. So stop complaining. Time starts now!"

Kyungsoo grabbed the complaining Sehun and immediately ran out the door. Baekhyun pouted at Chanyeol. "Looks like we're not going to be together today, babe."

"*Thank god.*" Chanyeol waved him off as Chen pulled Baekhyun away. "Shall we go, Minseok?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming." The two also headed out, followed by Junmyeon, Kris and reluctant Yixing. As Luhan was walking out the door, Jenday stopped him.

"Luhan, I have a separate mission for you. It's just a small thing."

He raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"Buy me a pickle."

"A pickle."

"Yes."

"Okay…?"He left, and Jenday turned to the last two bums.

"Jongin, Tao, aren't you guys going?"

Jongin looked up from his phone. "Oh. Yeah, I guess we should."

Tao flipped a page in his magazine. "Do we have to?"

"Yes! Shoo!" said Jenday. "If you lose this challenge, you risk being voted off!"

"I'm okay with that."

"GO!"

--

"… I really don't know what we should make," Kyungsoo sighed. He and Sehun were strolling down the canned food section, hoping to get some ideas.

"To be honest," Sehun played with the basket in his hand. "I don't know either."

"Well, let's start like this." Kyungsoo stopped and faced the younger. "What do you like?"

"Luhan."

"… What?"

"I-I mean, bubble tea." Sehun mentally smacked himself. He didn't even *like* bubble tea.

"Hmm," As Kyungsoo thought, Sehun saw Chen and Baekhyun run across the store like a bunch of maniacs. "Yeah, it could work. Okay Sehun, let's go."

"Go? What are we doing, hyung?"

Kyungsoo grinned. "You'll see."

--

"So…"

"…So."

Yixing and Kris stood near the watermelons awkwardly, not exactly looking each other in the eye. The former flinched every time his wandering eyes went to Kris's crotch area. And Kris himself took great interest in the green fruit next to them. Somehow the squiggly lines made him realize that he should probably apologize.

"Um… Hey."

Yixing averted his eyes back up to Kris. "Y-Yeah?"

"I'm sorry for flashing you the other day." He said lamely, scratching his cheek. "I was just teasing you."

"O-Oh," a look of surprise appeared on Yixing's face. "It's okay, I guess. I forgive you."

Kris smiled. "Really?"

"Yeah."

"Hug?" Kris spread his arms out, waiting for Yixing to leap into his bosom. The boy awkwardly gave him an awkward hug that ended with an awkward blush and chuckle.

"So, what are we cooking?"

"I was thinking curry noodles!" Yixing replied, eyes twinkling at the thought.

The older chuckled. "Of course, whatever you want."

"… You're being really nice today," Yixing gave him a dimple grin. "Something good happen?"

Kris smiled again and rustled the other's hair. "Yeah, it just did."

--

"Hey, I have an idea."

Baekhyun glanced at Chen indifferently. "Yeah?"

"Let's make her pie…" Chen chortled. "… Apple pie."

Baekhyun whacked his head with the basket.

--

Luhan quickly typed up a list with his phone; it was a list of ingredients that they'd need. "Okay, Junmyeon, I'm sending it to you."

The other nodded, opening his phone when it beeped. "So we'll need a lot of things… Hey, why don't we split up?" Junmyeon suggested. "I'll get the vegetables and you'll get the meat."

"Cool." Luhan quickly turned on his heel and started towards the meat department. He was about to put his phone away when he realized something. "*Shoot, I forgot to put down the pickle*." He turned back to find Junmyeon. When he rounded the corner, Luhan bumped his nose into Junmyeon's backside.

"Junmyeon?" The boy rubbed his nose, noticing that the other was staring at something. He looked over and saw Yixing and Kris by the watermelons, hugging. He crinkled his eyebrows a bit as he glanced back at his partner. His face was unreadable. "Junmyeon?" He tried again.

"C-Change of plans," his voice cracked. "Why don't you get the vegetables, and I'll… Get the meat." Junmyeon didn't even finish his sentence before he took off in the other direction.

"O… Kay…" Luhan shrugged to himself. He looked back at the two, who didn't notice anything but each other. A few minutes of staring later, his light bulb finally lit up. It was pretty dim, but it was still there. "… AH! Is that how it is? Poor Junmyeon…"

Unconsciously, Luhan found himself joining Team Junmyeon and loathing Team Kris.

--

Minseok sat comfortably in the cart, while Chanyeol pushed.

"You know…" He spoke while looking at condiments. "I'm not much of a cook."

"Really?!" Chanyeol groaned. "Great, I was depending on you to do the cooking. But neither of us can cook."

"I can't wait to see how this turns out." Minseok mumbled sarcastically. He plucked a mustard bottle from the shelf to read the back of it.

"Well, I don't think we'll be *terrible*," the younger leaned on the handlebar. "I mean, I'd like to see what Jongin and Tao can come up with." Minseok snorted as he put the bottle back.

"I heard my name!" Jongin's voice was heard from the next aisle over. Chanyeol crouched down and moved aside some salt boxes. Jongin grinned when he saw the two through the shelf. "What's up?"

"Not much," Chanyeol replied. "What are you guys doing?"

"We don't know yet. You?"

"Don't know eith—" Suddenly, Chanyeol was tackled to the ground by a small body. Minseok got up in alarm, but sat back down when he realized it was just him again.

"Baekhyun?" Jongin questioned.

"Baekhyun." Minseok replied.

Baekhyun got off and pulled Chanyeol up. Then he embraced him in a bone-crushing hug, if hugs could crush bones. "I missed you, Yeollie!"

Chanyeol squirmed. "We saw each other twenty minutes ago."

Baekhyun put on his signature pout. "Twenty minutes is too long!"

"Please be romantic somewhere else." Chen blurted, appearing out of thin air. Minseok flinched from his sudden appearance.

"Yeah Yeollie," Jongin snickered. "Get a room and fuck each other somewhere else."

"Don't call me that, Jongin."

Baekhyun crouched to look through the shelf. "Only I can call him that!"

"You too." Chanyeol continued to push the cart, walking away from the chaos.

"Better get going too. Come on, Zitao." Jongin strolled away followed by the grunting Tao.

"But Yeol!" Baekhyun whined, his puppy eyes becoming teary.

"Oh my god, please stop that." Chen urged. "He's gone now."

"Right," Baekhyun wiped his eyes. "God, how far do I have to go to get laid around here?"

The other shrugged. "He's probably not going to fuck you. You're coming on too strong."

"Really?"

"Just a *smidge*."

Baekhyun rolled his eyes. "*How do I get him to look at me…?*"

OPPOSITES

Kyungsoo and Sehun barged into the kitchen and settled their bags on the counter. "Okay Sehun, I need you to steep some tea. Can you do it?"

"Yessir." Sehun pulled two boxes of tea bags out and rummaged through the cabinets until he found the kettle. "How much?"

"Oh, I don't know..." Kyungsoo cut open the tapioca bag, pouring the contents into a small pot. "Two cups?"

"Yessir." While they were busy, Yixing and Kris came back from the store too.

"Whoa, they're cooking up a storm in here." The former commented.

Kyungsoo heaved a blender into his arms. "Sorry guys, I'll just move this."

"What are you guys making?" Yixing tried to peek over Sehun's shoulder.

"None of your business," Sehun snarled. "Cook your own food."

"He's right," said Kris. "Let's start boiling the noodles."

"Right." And with that, the four men occupied the kitchen, leaving no room for Luhan and Junmyeon to cook.

"WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY CROWDED," Luhan yelled over the noise coming from the blender. "WHAT NOW?"

"LET'S JUST COOK THE RICE FIRST," Junmyeon replied loudly. "IT'LL CLEAR OUT ONCE THESE GUYS ARE DONE!"

"WHAT?"

"RICE!"

"RIGHT?"

"RICE!"

"ICE?"

"RICE!"

"LICE?"

"THE WHITE STICKY STUFF!"

When Junmyeon shouted that last sentence, the blender stopped. Everyone in the room paused and stared at him weirdly. Soon realizing what he said, Junmyeon grabbed the rice bag from Luhan and threw it into the rice cooker, blushing. Once done with that, he stomped off to his room. Luhan stood there awkwardly until he decided to follow him.

Yixing laughed a little at Junmyeon's sulking episode. In fact, he almost burnt himself because he was so distracted.

"Careful," Kris grabbed Yixing's hand before it touched the boiling pot. "Pay attention."

"O-Oh, right." Yixing willed himself to focus on the noodles and not think about other things or people.

At least ten minutes later, the Minseok-Chanyeol pair came in.

"We just need that bread-flattening thing."

"You mean the sandwich maker?" Minseok squeezed in between Yixing and Sehun for the cabinet. He grabbed the appliance and squeezed back out.

"I'm surprised you know what that is," Chanyeol stated.

"I'm about as cooking illiterate as you are." The shorter replied. "Besides, I saw Kyungsoo playing with this yesterday."

"I wasn't playing with it!"

"Examining it. Whatever. Where do we plug this?"

"Are you guys making a *sandwich*?" Yixing looked at them with disbelief.

"No," Chanyeol scoffed. "We're making a grilled cheese sandwich."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. Got a problem?"

"Yes," Yixing replied. "The only outlet available is the one over there, by the floor."

Minseok grunted a little before sitting on the ground and plugging the sandwich maker in. Chanyeol got busy placing cheese slices between bread. They felt a little intimidated because of their lack of skill in cooking, and it didn't really help when Chen and Baekhyun tried to hide their snickering when they walked in.

"Don't make that face Yeol," Baekhyun cooed. "I just saw Jongin and Tao arguing over ice cream. You won't be last."

"He makes a good point." Minseok mumbled.

As they all got busy cooking and finishing their dishes, the three hours were up before they realized it. Jenday walked into the kitchen a little after noon, just in time for lunch. "Okay contestants! It's time for the resul— we're missing four. Where are they?"

"Who knows," Kris replied. "Ours first!" He placed a fresh bowl of curried noodles on the table in front of the MC.

"Ooh," she took a seat and a pair of chopsticks. "Let's see..." Both Yixing and Kris stared in anticipation as she started chewing. "Hm, it's a bit too salty, but it's pretty good. We'll see how it ranks." The two high-fived each other before Chanyeol slid a plate of sandwiches to her.

She picked one up. "What's in this?"

"Cheese."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. Got a problem?"

"No," Jenday nibbled on it. "Pretty simple, but I like the effort. It's good. Who's next?"

"Us!" Kyungsoo placed a plastic cup on the table. The slush in it was swirled to show different layers of color, all different flavors. The tapioca floated freely at the bottom.

Jenday examined it closely. "Bubble tea?"

"You said we could make anything, as long it was food."

"True," she took a sip from the wide straw. "Hm, honeydew and taro. Nice."

Sehun and Kyungsoo gave each other a tight bear hug. Baekhyun rolled his eyes. Their turn was next.

"What's this?" Jenday watched as Chen took the liberty of pouring a bottle of Sprite into a bowl of assorted fruit.

"Fruit salad," Baekhyun replied sweetly. "Of course we remembered not to add in the apples."

"Good— whoa, whipped cream too?!" She waited until Chen was done spraying to take a spoonful. "Hm, very good. It's good."

"You said that for all of the dishes..." Kyungsoo mumbled. Luhan barged into the kitchen before the MC could retort. "Sorry I'm late! Junmyeon's a little upset, so it'll just be me." He quickly threw some veggies and rice together before throwing some sauce into it. "Here it is; stir-fried rice!"

"A meal made in thirty seconds. Cool." She took a bite. "...Except you forgot to cook some of it. The carrots are raw."

Luhan groaned. "It was hard to do it by myself..." While he pouted, Jongin and Tao finally strolled through the doorway.

"THE PARTY DON'T START 'TILL I WALK IN!" Jongin sang smugly. "Have no fear; your local queer is here!" Tao looked incredibly annoyed, which was to be expected because his partner was Kim Jongin.

"And where is your dish, you two?"

"Here," Tao threw a plastic container onto the table. "And before you ask, it was his idea."

When Jenday caught it, her expression turned from curious to WTF. "… Ice cream?"

"It's butterscotch."

"I hate butterscotch."

"… More for me." Jongin subtly grabbed the container and went to look for a spoon.

"… Well, then. Now that I've ~~somewhat~~ tasted all the dishes, I'll rank them now." They all held their breaths when she pulled out a notepad, writing things down and murmuring to herself. "Alright… As you all know, first place wins one immunity ticket. The ticket can only be used once, but you may use it whenever you want to avoid elimination. I'll announce fifth place first. Fifth is… Stir-fried rice dish, Luhan and somewhat-Junmyeon."

Luhan sighed. "Yeah, it was pretty bad… I'll accept it."

"Fourth place is… Grilled cheese sandwiches, Minseok and Chanyeol."

"Hey, not bad." Chanyeol commented, high-fiving his partner.

"Those were excellent cheese slices my tall friend," Minseok finally loosened up and relaxed after knowing they weren't last.

"Anyway, third place… Fruit salad, Chen and Baekhyun."

"Great work," Chen held up his hand, but Baekhyun ignored him so he just put it back down.

"Second place is curry noodles, Kris and Yixing."

"Yes!" Kris fist-pumped the air.

"Only Jongin and Sehun's teams are left, but I'm pretty sure you all know who's first and last. Kyungsoo, please come up and receive your immunity ticket!"

"YES!" Kyungsoo and Sehun tightly hugged each other again, overjoyed by winning their first challenge. The older of the two quickly went up to the MC and held his hands out for the ticket.

Jenday gave him a pink condom.

"… Um. What's this?" He held it loosely, fearing it might be used.

She answered with a straight face. "It's the immunity ticket."

"A condom."

"Excuse me, immunity *condom*."

"… Okay…" Kyungsoo shrugged, shoving the condom into his back pocket. "Thank you, I guess."

"Well, since that's all and done, please give applause to today's losers: Jongin and Tao!" Jenday clapped nonchalantly, followed by the other guys. Tao scowled at them, while Jongin bowed amusedly. "Congratulations on completing your first challenge everyone! Since we've done that, it's now time for the first elimination! There's paper and a box in the confession room, where you will vote. You will vote for whom you think is straightest of the twelve men here. Do homosexual men make wonderful cooks? We'll find out!"

--

CONFESSION TIME

13:02 – DO KYUNGSOO

"Ah, we won our first challenge! I have to thank Sehun for being such a wonderful help. But anyway, about who to vote off… I don't really know. All of these guys are really nice. Well, except for Jongin. I think I'd have to vote off the straightest man… Which is [oooo]. Sorry!"

13:04 – OH SEHUN

"I'm happy we won today. Kyungsoo-hyung keeps saying the bubble tea was my idea, but he made most of it. I just want that to get out there. Oh, and I'm voting out [oooo]. Why? I don't know; he seems pretty straight to me."

13:05 – ZHANG YIXING

"We did pretty well today. I think it's because Kris and I made up. I'll have to tell Junmyeon I'm moving out now… Oh well. I'm definitely voting out [oooo] today. He's pretty, well… You know."

13:06 – WU YIFAN

"I'm voting out [oooo]. Mainly because he annoys me. "

13:09 – BYUN BAEKHYUN

"We should have gotten first. Oh well, that's what I get for working with an idiot. I'm voting out [oooo] today."

13:11 – KIM JONGDAE

"Today could be worse. I could have been paired with Jongin. Its okay, third place is good enough. About the voting today, I wish I could vote Baekhyun, but I play fair. So I'm voting [oooo]. Nothing against him, I just don't have anyone else to vote out other than the devil himself."

13:14 – KIM MINSEOK

"I thought we'd actually lose with grilled cheese sandwiches, but I completely forgot about Jongin and Tao. We were saved today; I hope next week's challenge will be something I can do. But today I'm voting out [oooo]. I don't really have a reason… Actually, I do. He sucks."

13:16 – PARK CHANYEOL

"I think I'll vote out [oooo]. No, wait, [oooo]. Actually, [oooo]. No, never mind I'll go with [oooo]."

13:17 – LU HAN

"… I'm not going to blame Junmyeon on our loss. I completely understand what he's going through… Heartbreak is a terrible thing. Therefore I will accept fifth place today and try again next week. Today, I think I'm going to vote out [oooo]… Actually, I'm going to vote out [oooo]. He deserves it."

13:19 – KIM JUNMYEON

"I feel really sorry for abandoning Luhan today, but my pride wouldn't let me into the kitchen. I won't… Go into specific detail about what happened, but I will say I will try harder. I will vote out [oooo] today. Thank you."

13:22 – KIM JONGIN

"Okay. Okay. It was my idea to get ice cream, but it was his idea to get the damn butterscotch. I mean, who in this century eats *butterscotch*?! OLD PEOPLE! EXACTLY! DOES THE MC LOOK OLD TO YOU, ZITAO?! … Shoot, I think he heard me. But anyway, it's his fault we lost the immunity condom! You all clearly know who I'm voting for!"

13:25 – HUANG ZITAO

"I'm voting for myself."

--

"The results are in guys!" Jenday announced in the middle of the common room, where everyone was lazing about. "I'm going to count out the votes." They all paused as she pulled out the first paper from the box. "One vote for Tao. One vote for Tao. Another vote for Tao. One for Kris. One for Tao. *Another* for Tao. Another for Kris. One for Junmyeon. Another for Kris. Another for Tao. Tao… And Tao. Well, *gee*, I wonder who's eliminated."

Tao stood up confidently. "Well, it's been nice knowing you all… Who am I kidding, I hate you." He stalked off to his room, Jongin waving happily. A few minutes later, he left with his bags.

"There goes our first elimination! Welp, you guys have another week until the next challenge. And… I'd better make some trustworthy relationships if I were you. See you next week!" Jenday bowed, and also exited.

"Sehun!" Kyungsoo called from the kitchen. The said boy walked in, only to find a cup of bubble tea shoved onto him. "I made too much," his hyung explained. "Just take one."

"Uh, sure." Sehun stared at the colorful cup. He didn't like bubble tea, but he didn't want to hurt Kyungsoo's feelings. And so he reluctantly walked out the kitchen with a cup of bubble tea. He sipped a little, shivering from the sweet taste. "*What should I do with this…*?" Just then, he heard a little gasp behind him.

"I-Is t-that…" Sehun turned to face Luhan. He ultimately froze on the spot. "Is that… Bubble tea?" The older pointed, his face overcome with yearning.

Sehun momentarily came into focus. "U-Uh, yeah…" He stared into Luhan's envious eyes. "…Do… Do you want it?"

Luhan looked hopeful. "Can I?"

"Y-Yeah," the younger gently placed the cup into Luhan's soft hands. "I don't want it."

The other smiled brightly and gave Sehun a quick hug. Of course, Sehun couldn't breathe within those two seconds. "Thank you so much! You have no idea how much I love bubble tea!" He immediately drank from the straw, causing Sehun to blush more than he already was.

"Y-You're welcome." Sehun walked away quickly, hoping his tomato face would cool down.

--

Kyungsoo sat on the counter, downing his own bubble tea as if it were alcohol. Not that Kyungsoo ever drank alcohol before, he was a good boy; a good boy that had a condom in his back pocket.

He heaved a sigh, tired from practically sterilizing the entire kitchen. Cleaning was assigned to the bottom two teams today, but they opted out. Of course, like a good boy Kyungsoo covered that job

for them. He placed his cup in his lap, dangling his legs in the air. The chattering of the other guys was heard in the other rooms, but Kyungsoo didn't have the heart to join their jolly conversations. He wanted a little time to himself, to think about if this show really was a good idea.

Eventually his leisure time was interrupted. "Whoa, what smells like honeydew?" Kyungsoo registered Jongin's voice from behind him.

"Sorry, that's just me." He swung his legs over the counter to face him. "I tried to get the smell out, but it was hard considering I had to do the cleaning by myself."

Jongin laughed. "Sorry, cleaning isn't my thing."

"Clearly." Kyungsoo rolled his eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Can't I hang out with you for a change?" Jongin asked innocently.

"No." Kyungsoo sipped from his drink out of nervousness. For some reason he started to get fidgety, even more so when Jongin got closer.

"Why?" He placed both hands on either side of Kyungsoo's thighs. The latter could feel the cup vibrating under Jongin's resounding voice.

"I…" Kyungsoo took another sip and began biting at the straw. "It's because you're…"

"Bad?" Jongin smirked that same smirk. "Is it because I'm a bad boy?"

"I don't want to get mixed in with people like you," Kyungsoo blurted. It was word vomit; he probably had too much bubble tea. "Because you're bad and I'm good.

Jongin's stare turned dull; Kyungsoo wondered if he accidentally hurt his feelings. He was about to say something else when he suddenly felt Jongin's two lips press flush against his. Taken by surprise, Kyungsoo forgot to close his mouth. Jongin took this to his advantage as he slipped his tongue in, occasionally grazing the other's teeth. Kyungsoo couldn't react as Jongin's plump lips moved slowly, sucking on his bottom lip. He was only pulled back to reality when his lungs started to burn.

He roughly shoved Jongin away, completely red in the face. The two were breathy for a moment, but Jongin's smirk remained. Kyungsoo finally figured out what that smirk meant: Lust and hormones.

"I'm bad and you're good, huh?" He chuckled. "They say that opposites attract."

Episode 3

LIES

Luhan fluttered his eyes open, grunting at the bright sunlight that dared to wake him up. His hands shuffled underneath his pillow until he found his phone.

"6:30 AM..." He sighed, rolling onto his side to get more sleep. Once he did, he let out a squeak of surprise.

Junmyeon was lying there on his own bed, eyes open but no sign of life. His arm hung loosely off the side of the bed, his hand grazing the carpet below. He was staring at the floor; the place where Yixing slept the four days they had him.

"Junmyeon..." Luhan called carefully. He was scared that he might break if he was too loud. Junmyeon let out a depressed hum, signaling that he was still somewhat alive.

"Junmyeon, just... Just steal him."

His eyes flickered over Luhan's worried ones. "... What?"

"Just steal Yixing from Kris!" Luhan exclaimed. "I know you want to see Yixing SO JUST STEAL 'IM!"

Junmyeon stared at him, contemplating. Soon, the light returned to his eyes. He slowly sat up, a faint smile forming on his lips. "Yeah," his raspy voice cleared. "Yeah, I should. I should do that." He quickly got off the bed and into his clothes.

"Kim Junmyeon fighting!" Luhan cheered as he left the room. After it was silent again, Luhan flopped back into bed and fell asleep.

--

It was eight when Kyungsoo's alarm when off, annoying all three men who were in their bedroom. Kyungsoo lethargically reached over hit the snooze button, snuggling back into the warmth in

his bed... which was a little too warm.

He blinked his eyes open, and when he realized Jongin was in his bed, screamed and jumped on sleeping Sehun for protection.

Jongin whined, sleepily shuffling underneath the covers, Kyungsoo's covers. "Mm... Morning..."

"W-W-W-What," Kyungsoo's shaking and stuttering eventually woke Sehun up. "... What is he doing here?!"

"Hyung...?" Sehun rubbed his eyes and blinked at Jongin. He didn't seem at all surprised to see him. "Who knows... Jongin. Jongin, wake up."

"I want to be called hyung too..." Jongin murmured, not bothering to open his eyes. Kyungsoo ignored his statement and threw a pillow at him.

("Hey, that's my pillow," Sehun grumbled.)

"What are you doing here?!" Kyungsoo asked again. "Why are you in my bed?!"

Jongin opened his eyes and sat up. His hair was strewn all over the place. He stared off into the distance and pouted a little. "... My roommate's gone so I was lonely..."

Kyungsoo's face immediately turned sympathetic. "... Aww!"

"Hyung, he's lying." Sehun interrupted, a little annoyed. "He was throwing a party the other day called Tao's e-day... Tao's elimination day."

Jongin stuck a tongue at him. "You're only mad that you weren't invited."

"The only people who came were you and someone named Kai... who was also you."

"Hey, there are only so many people that I can invite to a party that's held in my pants," Jongin shrugged. "… and Kyungsoo's one of them."

"Oh my god," Kyungsoo groaned. "I need... To take a shower. I feel so gross all of a sudden."

"Hey, can I join you—"

"NO!" The door slammed shut, startling both Jongin and Sehun.

The latter glared at the intruder. "What do you want?"

Jongin looked offended. "Are you thinking that I have an ulterior motive or something?"

"Yes," Sehun snarled. "You sticking to hyung all of a sudden... What are you planning?"

"Sehun!" Jongin faked hurt. "I can't believe you don't trust me!"

"If you hurt hyung in any way," said Sehun. "I will personally chop your dick off and feed it to the dogs." He stormed out of the room, leaving Jongin alone.

The boy slightly smiled. "Kinky."

--

Kris woke up that morning to an empty room. His roommate was nowhere to be seen. He got up abruptly, making sure he had clothes on before he went out to look for Yixing. *"Strange... He never leaves until he wakes me up."* He thought, walking into the common room. *"... Ah, now I see why."*

Yixing was sitting on the sofa next to Junmyeon, both laughing over whatever stupid thing they were talking about. He noticed Kris standing there and waved. The other ignored him, turning around and stomping away seething. Yixing was little confused but he was distracted by his conversation with Junmyeon.

Chen, who was also in the room with Minseok, sighed. "... He is so sexy when he's jealous."

Minseok glared at him. "I don't know what you see in him." He scoffed. "He's, he's..."

"Everything I ever wanted in a guy?" Chen giggled like a teenage girl on hormones. "He's tall, buff, sexy, and handsome!"

Minseok glanced at his own slightly chubby body. "... Does that make me everything you don't want?" He asked, eyebrows creased.

Chen caught his question off guard. He stuttered, unsure of how to answer him. After all, he didn't actually like Kris. "U-Uh, M-Minseok, I..."

"Save it," Minseok walked away angrily, much like how Kris did a minute ago. Chen was a little more than dumbfounded as he watched Minseok leave.

--

CONFESSION TIME

08:34 — DO KYUNGSOO

"Jongin's starting to hand around me more often these days... I'm still not used to it, especially since he assaulted me the other day."

15:00 — KIM MINSEOK

"Chen's starting to get on my nerves. He can't stop going on and on about how damn wonderful Kris is. What a load of bullshit!"

15:17 — PARK CHANYEOL

"Baekhyun's starting to become like a piece of gum stuck to my face. Not even my favorite flavor, either."

15:49 — ZHANG YIXING

"Junmyeon's such a nice guy! We literally talked all day today. I feel kind of bad for leaving Kris all by himself though..."

17:15 — OH SEHUN

"Why does he keep doing that? Is he doing it on purpose?! I'm going to lose my mind..."

05:15 — JENDAY

"Wow, they're taking the whole relationship thing seriously. These relationships will be important for next week's challenge! Until then, this is *Closets are for Clothes*!"

--

A few nights later, Kyungsoo dragged himself to bed and face-planted into his pillow. Sehun was already asleep across from him, so he willed to sleep as well especially since the second challenge was tomorrow. A small knock on the door prevented him from doing so though. Kyungsoo groaned, rolling out of his much too comfortable bed to get the door. When he opened it, he was surprised to see Jongin standing in the doorway.

"Jongin? What is it?" The boy was looking down, avoiding Kyungsoo's worried gaze.

"I..." He started. "... I wasn't lying when I said I was lonely."

Kyungsoo's heart ached as he looked at Jongin. He glanced back at Sehun, who was snoring away. "... Do you want me to sleep with you?" He was a little hesitant to ask this question, but the younger just looked so vulnerable right now.

Jongin brightened up immediately, a big grin on his face. "Really?"

"Yeah," Kyungsoo closed the door behind him. "Just for tonight."

Jongin grasped Kyungsoo's hand in his and happily led the way to his room. He let the older walk in first, and he did. It was dark. Jongin closed the door and quickly wrapped his arms around Kyungsoo, the latter letting out a squeak of surprise.

"J-Jongin?" His heartbeat rose as he could feel the other's on his back.

"... I like you." Jongin squeezed him tighter, as if he was afraid he was going to run away. "Is that weird?"

Kyungsoo found it hard to speak. He rested his head on Jongin's shoulder, sighing. "N-No, it's not. You did say yourself that opposites attract..."

"Well, are you attracted to me?"

"... Maybe..."

"... Kyungsoo." He turned around, and almost immediately Jongin pulled him into a deep kiss. It was passionate and a little daring as their tongues fought messily. While they kissed, Jongin pressed his body against Kyungsoo's, trying to rub his half-erection on something, anything. Kyungsoo eventually noticed. He lightly held the boy back and stared at his boner. "... Need some help?"

Jongin laughed breathily. He gently placed his palm over Kyungsoo's crotch, earning himself a little whine from the older. "Not as much as you do," he pushed the older onto his bed and removed his shirt. Kyungsoo couldn't help but stare as Jongin crawled over and straddled him. He hummed pleasantly as he quickly pulled off Kyungsoo's pants and tossed them onto the floor. Exposed in nothing but his boxers, Kyungsoo swore Jongin could see the red on his face, even though it was dark.

"... Hey, is this your first time?" Jongin traced the outline of Kyungsoo's dick rather seductively. Kyungsoo couldn't answer verbally, so he jerked his hips up as a response. "I'll take that as a yes." He finally pulled his boxers off, letting the cock spring free. Jongin grasped the dick in his hand and slowly,

slowly started pumping it. Kyungsoo couldn't think; his mind was foggy. He let out moans continuously and without shame. He was already going over the edge when he felt his dick was enveloped in something warm and wet; Jongin's mouth.

He lost it.

He gripped Jongin's hair as the other sucked, even going as far as humming a random song to pleasure him. His breathing was dangerously uneven as he moaned relentlessly. He felt his orgasm coming when Jongin suddenly let go of dick, causing him to whine.

"Ssh," Jongin patted his cock amusedly. "Here comes the best part."

Kyungsoo watched as Jongin rid himself of his sweats, revealing his aching penis. He positioned himself in front of Kyungsoo's hole, exhaling a little. Kyungsoo braced himself.

"Before we start... I don't have a condom. Do you?"

Kyungsoo blanked. He was reminded of an earlier conversation with Sehun, two days ago.

"Hyung, be careful around Jongin."

"Hm? Why?"

"I think he's using you..."

"Don't be silly, Sehun. What do I possibly have that he would want?"

"The immunity condom, hyung."

It all made sense. Jongin started coming onto him the night when they won the first challenge; and when they received the immunity condom. He wasn't even interested before that. Jongin was using him.

Kyungsoo sat up and shoved the boy off him. There was a look of confusion on Jongin's face. "What? What's wrong?" The older glared at him.

"Condom? You and I both know the only condom around here is the immunity condom." Jongin looked at him startled. "You just want it, don't you? You thought you could get the condom and steal it after you were done fucking the hell out of me, didn't you?"

There was no denial. Jongin didn't even try to say otherwise. Kyungsoo couldn't believe it. He quickly put his clothes on and burst out the door and tears.

Sehun was right; Jongin was nothing but a lying whore.

STRUGGLE

"Minseok!" The said man turned to see who was calling him so early in the morning. He then realized it was Chen, so he kept walking. He continued his trek to the kitchen when Chen grabbed his wrist and stopped him. "Minseok, don't ignore me."

"Ignoring you." Minseok tried to release his arm, but Chen had a tight grip.

"Look, I'm sorry for upsetting you. I didn't mean anything by it." Chen sighed. "I'm sorry. Stop being mad at me."

"Hm… No." He tried to escape again, but failed. "*Dammit, why is he so strong?*"

"… Okay, fine." Chen let him go. "Fine."

Minseok gave him an odd look. "… Thank you." He turned to walk again.

Chen looked at the other bedrooms and cupped his hands around his mouth. "EVERYONE! MINSEOK HAS HERPES—"

"OKAY I'LL STOP BEING MAD WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!"

Chen grinned in triumph and Minseok scowled as they went to get breakfast together.

--

"Yeol, you know I like you right?"

Chanyeol glanced at Baekhyun once, and turned back to the screen. "You only told me about a billion times."

"Don't you like me too?"

Chanyeol didn't answer; the sounds from his video game filled his silence.

Baekhyun frowned. He yanked the console from the younger's hands, causing him to whine. "Hey! This is the boss level! My character's going to die—" Chanyeol paused when he came into contact with his eyes. "... They're killing him..." There was something about his eyes that made Chanyeol gulp and sweat, and yet he couldn't look away.

Baekhyun threw the console onto the floor, making the other flinch at the sound it made.

"... I asked you a question."

And when his character made a dying sound, Chanyeol knew that'd be him in a couple of seconds.

"... I... I don't." He said quietly. He backed up when Baekhyun got closer.

"... Why?" Baekhyun asked. His voice was harsh.

"B-Because you're too pushy!" Chanyeol shouted, shutting his eyes because he was afraid that maybe, he might get hit. Not that Baekhyun had ever hit him before; he just seemed so scary right now, much unlike the bubbly person Chanyeol came to know. "... I-I need some space." When he slowly opened his eyes, Baekhyun was at the door.

"... Fine. I'll give you your space." He shut the door, his footsteps steadily becoming quieter as he walked away.

Chanyeol stared in silence for a moment. He then stood to pick up his game, and restarted the boss level. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't beat it.

--

A few hours later, the eleven contestants found themselves trudging along a dirt path. The burning sun slightly blinded their view of the mountain up ahead.

"H-Hey, MC," Kyungsoo panted. "What the hell are we doing?"

Jenday looked back at him from the front of the pack. "You see that mountain? You see this climbing equipment?" The MC gestured to the bags she and Kris were carrying. "Gee, *I wonder what we're going to do*."

Kyungsoo rolled his eyes as he drank from his bottle before stuffing it back into his backpack.

"We're going mountain-climbing in this weather?" Sehun brushed back his sweaty hair and groaned.

Luhan suddenly giggled beside him, catching his attention. "You look like you just took a shower, Sehun-ah."

The boy blushed, but he was already red from the heat. "W-Well, it's because you're hot."

"Pardon?"

"The weather. I meant the weather." Sehun faced away from Luhan and smacked himself. Luhan just laughed again.

Behind them, Jongin smirked.

Chanyeol huffed, sweat trailing down his back. As he fanned himself, his eyes trailed from the landscape to Baekhyun's back. The boy hadn't given him so as much as a glance since their spat. He did give Chanyeol all the space he wanted. *"But now I feel like I have too much space."* He stared at the small body, wondering how someone so petite could be so intimidating. Chanyeol then tripped and fell face-first into a rock.

"Hey! Are you okay?!" Yixing helped him up, checking his forehead for injury. "Sheesh, be careful."

"... Sorry." Chanyeol rubbed his nose, glancing back at Baekhyun. He was still walking. He didn't even pause to see if Chanyeol had fallen down the cliff. Sighing, Chanyeol continued walking with heavy steps.

The gang soon reached a clearing right in front of a rock wall. Thankfully, the area was covered in shade at this time of day. The contestants immediately collapsed onto the dirt, wiping at their sweat.

"Alright guys," Jenday clapped once. "As you probably figured out, challenge two is mountain-climbing!" She was met with groans and complaints. "This wall is three stories tall, so about ten meters. At the top is a small well with several buckets. To complete this mission, you have to climb up, grab a bucket of water, climb back down *and* be the first to finish! But here's the trick; since you guys are in teams, one person will have to go up while the other pulls them up. Obviously the stronger partner has to do the pulling. Oh, and the teams are different this week."

"Thank god." Chen mumbled to himself.

"I've arranged them as partners who get along well. Kyungsoo and Jongin, Luhan and Sehun, Chen and Minseok, Chanyeol and Baekhyun, and Yixing and Junmyeon!"

A very awkward silence followed.

"Hey, what about me?" Kris pointed to himself.

"Kris, since we have uneven numbers, I'm willing to give you a handicap." Jenday pulled out a pair of red stilettos. "You can choose one person to climb in these."

"Junmyeon." He answered immediately.

Junmyeon grimaced as the MC handed him the heels. Yixing almost cried himself laughing when he saw them.

"I'll be your partner, Kris. Everyone else, assign the puller and the climber, and put your equipment on!"

Kyungsoo sighed as Jongin strode toward him. "I'm assuming you're the climber then?" Jongin asked. "You look pretty light." He patted Kyungsoo's shoulder, only to have his hand slapped away.

"Please don't touch me." Kyungsoo turned to get the equipment for himself. Jongin shrugged and followed him.

"Strange..." Sehun was watching them, noticing how annoyed Kyungsoo looked around Jongin. *"Did something happen?"*

"Sehun!" Luhan waved his hand in front of the boy's face, regaining his attention.

"O-Oh. Sorry. What is it?"

"I was wondering which one of us was stronger," Luhan said. He almost made Sehun laugh because the older looked so skinny and fragile. "So let's arm-wrestle."

Sehun blanked. "... What?"

"Come on," the other rolled up his sleeve. "Are you a chicken?"

Sehun stared at Luhan's open hand, and slowly reached to grasp it. As he inwardly cried out of happiness, his hand was smacked onto the dirt.

"Hah! I won!" Luhan stood up and jumped in celebration.

"W-Wait," Sehun looked at his knuckles, which were turning red. "I-I wasn't paying attention! I call a rematch!"

"Forget it," Luhan laughed. "I'm not climbing up *that.*"

"Why?" Sehun stood up too. "Are you a chicken?"

Luhan punched him lightheartedly. "Yes, I am. You're climbing."

Sehun cringed from the pain of his punch, but smiled anyway. "Whatever you say."

Chanyeol was having some trouble getting his harness to the right fit. He hadn't rock-climbed before, so he didn't know how to put on a harness, much less knew what one looked like until today. A few minutes of grunts and struggling later, he sighed and turned to his partner for help.

Baekhyun was sitting comfortably on a rock, eyes fixed on him. Chanyeol blushed out of embarrassment, after realizing he was watching him the whole time. "… I need some help."

The shorter patted his knees and stood up, going over to adjust Chanyeol's harness from behind. The two were silent, almost awkward as Baekhyun pulled straps and buttoned buttons.

"… Is it tight enough?" He asked, glancing at the back of Chanyeol's head for confirmation.

 Chanyeol almost didn't answer when he noticed his question sounded dirty. "Y-Yes."

"Good. Let's climb." Baekhyun strode to the wall, and Chanyeol found himself following him.

On the other side, Chen and Minseok were hooking themselves to the ropes. The latter braced himself seeing as he was the one going up.

Chen sighed out of satisfaction when the last few clicks of the carabiners were heard. "You ready, Minseok?"

Minseok nodded nervously. "You're not going to let me die, right?"

"Of course not!" Chen chuckled. "Maybe."

"Alright!" Jenday's voice screeched through a megaphone. "Is everyone hooked up and ready?"

"Wait!" Junmyeon called. "I'm having trouble fitting into these lady shoes!"

"Well, hurry up!"

Junmyeon reluctantly stuffed his foot into the second heel and stood up wobbly. "I'm good!"

"Okay!" She turned to Kris. "You drop me and you'll be eliminated before you can blink."

"… A-Alright."

"Ready? Set... GO!" The six climbers leaped onto the wall, attempting to find their first steps.

Junmyeon found the ascent surprisingly easy. The stilettos dug into the wall, making it easier to stable himself. With Yixing's encouragement, the summit wasn't too far away.

On the other hand, Kyungsoo had a very difficult time going up. The sharp rocks gave him small bruises and cuts on his legs, and the fact that he could practically feel Jongin's gaze through his back didn't help either. To him, the top felt far.

"Left! Left, Minseok!" Chen hollered, pulling on the other's rope to lead him. Minseok found his screeching really annoying, but it seemed to be working. Chen led him to all the right steps, so Minseok decided to follow his voice for now.

"Sup?"

Baekhyun looked to his side, raising an eyebrow. Jenday was sitting there, suspended in the air.

"Um... Why aren't you going up?" He asked, stabilizing himself.

"Kris got distracted," the MC pointed at the person below them. "I can't go up if he's not pulling me. What a donkey."

Baekhyun scoffed, and started going up again. "Good luck with that."

"Good luck with Yeollie down there." Her words made him flinch a bit, but he still kept going.

Sehun wanted to exhale all the air out of his body so that he could be as light as possible for Luhan, but he soon realized that wouldn't be necessary. As he climbed, he found that his partner could really keep up, regardless of having to hold up Sehun's weight.

"You're stronger than you look!" He yelled, glancing at him from above.

Luhan grinned. "No, you're lighter than you look!"

Sehun laughed, continuing to climb.

The six buckets and well were waiting at the top, and the first person to see them was no other than Baekhyun. He quickly grabbed a blue plastic bucket and filled it to the brim with water. Holding the handle in his mouth, he started his way down just as Minseok reached the top. But before reaching the bottom, he needed answers from Jenday first. She was still in the same spot, looking as bored as ever since she wasn't moving. "Hello again."

"What did you mean earlier?" Baekhyun asked, holding the bucket carefully between his hand and chest.

"Hm? Nothing, really. You just looked like you needed some luck." She explained, shrugging.

"Why?"

"He looked really annoyed with you the other day. I'm sure he called you pushy, right?" She laughed at his change of expression. "... But he was looking at you differently today. Whatever you're doing, it's working. Just make sure you know what you're getting yourself into, Baekhyun."

He was about to question her further when Minseok sped past him, bucket in hand. Sehun and Junmyeon were also starting to come back down.

"Shit!" Baekhyun hastily placed the handle back between his teeth and quickly climbed downwards. But Minseok was so close to the bottom; he wouldn't reach in time.

"Baekhyun!" He widened his eyes at the sound of Chanyeol's voice. He never called him by his name before. He looked down at Chanyeol confusedly. "Baekhyun, when I let go of this rope, I'm going to catch you, okay?"

Baekhyun paled. That meant he was going to fall. He knew Chanyeol had no experience with rock-climbing. This was completely dangerous; what if Chanyeol didn't catch him? Baekhyun wanted to scream no, but he remembered the bucket handle in his mouth. So he frantically shook his head trying to convey his message, but Chanyeol let go of the rope.

He couldn't breathe when the scenery rushed past him. He couldn't take the speed of which he was falling, so he shut his eyes, thinking that the next time he'd open them would be never. And when he hit his head and felt wet, he knew he hit the ground and blood splattered. But for some reason, he felt really warm. Maybe he was already touched by angels.

"... B-Baekhyun." That angel had a really low voice. "... Baekhyun." Like, extremely low. "Baekhyun, open your eyes."

He slowly opened his eyes, Chanyeol's face coming into view. They were sitting on the ground, Chanyeol holding him close to his chest. They were both wet from the water in the bucket.

"Y-Yeol," Baekhyun choked out, still shaking.

The other rubbed his back gently. "I said I'd catch you."

"... Y-Y-YOU IDIOT!" Baekhyun burst out in tears, slamming fists into Chanyeol's chest. "I COULD'VE DIED!"

Chanyeol took his crying by surprise; this weak side of Baekhyun was new to him. He quickly rubbed away the tears, apologizing profusely. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry... But we made it down first, didn't we?"

"Or not." Minseok came up to them, dangling a bucket in his hand. "I managed to touch the ground before Baekhyun did. It was a pretty close tie." He proceeded to high-five Chen, and then the two went into celebratory mode together.

Baekhyun shot a teary glare at his partner, punching him once more. Chanyeol didn't mind at all. He held Baekhyun in his arms until he was ready to stand up on his own again.

Sehun was next to reach the ground, followed by high-heeled Junmyeon. It was only then Kris remembered that the MC was still up there. Kyungsoo reached the bottom next, and finally Jenday.

When she unhooked herself from the ropes and glared at Kris, Jenday walked up to Baekhyun and Chanyeol. "I'm glad you two are safe, but don't do that ever again. Alright?"

"Alright," Chanyeol responded, bowing.

"Putting that aside, Chen and Minseok are today's winners!" The group clapped nonchalantly. "You've earned yourselves an immunity ticket. Here you go." She handed a condom to Minseok, which he took rather unenthusiastically. "The rest of you, it's time to clean up and head back for voting!"

REVERSED

"You."

Jongin lowered the magazine covering his face, sleepy eyes just peeking out. "Me?"

"Yes you, fucking asshole," Sehun spat. He closed Jongin's bedroom door behind him. "I want to talk to you."

"Funny, I wanted to talk to you too." Jongin tossed the magazine onto the floor and sat up.

"What did you do to Kyungsoo-hyung?" Sehun started, glaring at the other like he just kicked a puppy.

"… I asked him for a condom," Jongin replied. "Kai-style."

"Don't get cute with me. What did you do to him?"

"I might've..." He paused dramatically. "... Touched him." In less than two seconds, Kim Jongin was punched across the face.

Sehun grabbed Jongin by his collar. "Want to add anything else?"

Jongin shoved him. "It wouldn't have happened if he'd just give me the damn condom!"

"It wouldn't have happened?!" The two ended up brawling each other. "You wouldn't have happened if your mother didn't sleep with a dickhead!"

"Don't you dare talk about my parents like that!"

They threw fists at each other, thinking about nothing but murder.

Eventually their bloodied faces got tired, and both boys collapsed on the floor.

"... Just... Just give me the fucking condom," Jongin breathed out, secretly hoping he didn't lose teeth or something.

"Never," Sehun spat blood into the trash. "In your dreams."

"Really?" Jongin let out a cocky laugh. "Because I'm pretty sure... Luhan's ass is tighter than Kyungsoo's."

Sehun froze. "... You wouldn't."

"I could always use lube instead of a condom anyway... Your call."

"... Dammit," Sehun pulled out the pink condom from his pocket and threw it at his face. "I fucking hate you."

"Love you too, Sehun-ah!" Jongin imitated Luhan's squeaky voice, only to have another punch thrown at him.

"Don't touch, no; don't even look at Kyungsoo-hyung or Luhan. I'll kill you if you do." He said, and slammed the door on his way out.

Jongin held up the condom to his face and gave it a kiss. He then proceeded to shuffle out of his room to get ice for his aching jaw.

--

Chen knocked on the door to Chanyeol and Minseok's room, entering when a voice told him to come in.

"Where's Chanyeol?" He asked, sitting on the guy's vacant bed.

Minseok plopped onto his own bed, facing him. "He's with Baekhyun."

The other raised eyebrows. *"Like, willingly?"*

"What did you want to talk about?"

"Ah, right. About the condom we won today..." Chen started.

Minseok took it out of his pillow case. "This?"

"Yeah, I was thinking that..." Chen covered his mouth. "Wesherldgithitgtokrest."

Minseok stared at him blankly. "What?"

"Weeshoedgiftettokrsst."

"Chen, please."

He sighed. "Kris came up to me earlier. He asked me if I could give him the condom." Minseok stiffened. "... And since he's so hot and everything, I was saying that we should give it to him. What do you say?"

"... Are you serious?"

"Ninety-eight percent serious. I'm two percent hungry."

"Chen." Minseok glared at him. "We won this condom today. *We*. We won it because we worked well together. And yet you want to just hand it over to some idiot?" Chen was now 100% serious. "I can't believe this. What if one of us gets voted out?"

"I think you and I both know Kris has a higher chance of being eliminated."

Minseok hesitated, still not wanting to believe Chen was asking him this. In the end, he did it. "... Take it before I change my mind." He quickly left the room, leaving Chen and the condom alone. Chen picked it up and a stab of guilt pierced his heart. Still, he pocketed it and also left the room, as voting was starting in a few minutes.

--

Chanyeol glanced at the clock, trying to make out the numbers in the dim light. He concluded that voting was going to start soon.

He turned his attention back to Baekhyun, who was cuddled in his arms. Slowly, he inched away from him, trying not to wake him up. But Baekhyun wasn't asleep in the first place.

The shorter tightened his hold on Chanyeol's shirt. "D-Don't leave..." He whimpered, starting to shake again. He still hasn't recovered from the shock; Chanyeol only had himself to blame to cause Baekhyun to act like this.

"... The voting is starting soon." He said, but stopped moving.

"N-No," Baekhyun started to cry again, grabbing at Chanyeol like he was going to disappear. "Don't go..."

"Okay, okay, okay, okay..." Chanyeol sat back down on the bed, allowing the other to wrap his small arms around his waist. "I won't go..."

"P-Promise?"

Chanyeol wiped away his tears again, sighing. "Promise."

Baekhyun sniffled until he fell asleep, to the beating of Chanyeol's heart. And as promised, Chanyeol didn't leave until Baekhyun woke up the next morning.

--

"Hey," Jenday came out of the confession room with the voting box. "I'm missing two votes. Where are they at?"

Everyone in the kitchen shrugged, so Jenday just decided to proceed with the votes. "I'll count them silently this time."

They watched as she pulled out each of the votes and noted them; she seemed to be taking her precious time.

"... Alright, I've counted the votes. If you happen to be the one eliminated, you may use the ticket you have to avoid elimination. But, that means the person with the most votes after you will go." She explained. "I will now reveal the results." The contestants held their breaths.

"Two people did not vote, and one person did not fill in their slip. Therefore, I have a total of eight votes. I have one vote for Jongin. One vote for Kris. One vote for Junmyeon. Two votes for Chen. The last three votes all go to… Minseok."

Minseok went pale, and he felt like the whole world dropped onto his shoulders. He couldn't believe it.

"Minseok, do you have an immunity ticket that you'd like to use?"

"N-No…" He tried to utter, but Chen interrupted him.

"Yes, he does. It's right here." He walked over and handed the condom to the MC. Minseok stared at him with wide eyes.

"I-I thought you gave that away," Minseok pointed out, glancing at Kris.

"Changed my mind." Chen smiled, patting him on the back.

"Wait…" Kris pulled out another condom from his pocket. "So you gave me a fake condom?"

"It's not fake," Chen replied. "It's 100% real. It's just not the immunity cond—"

"Chen, you're out."

"—dom… Wait, what?"

Kris scoffed. "Karma."

Jenday rolled her eyes. "I did say that if the person with the most votes uses their ticket, then the next person will have to go. Minseok used his condom… Sort of. So you're out."

"… Oh." Chen stared at the floor, frozen.

"Ch-Chen," Minseok shook him worriedly. "I… I don't know what to say."

"… Y-You don't have to say anything," Chen laughed. "I-I'll… Just take my leave." He bowed. "Thanks for everything."

They all stared as he walked out of the kitchen. They were unsure of what to feel, because they knew he wasn't the last they had to watch leave.

"Well, before it gets anymore awkward in here," Jenday saluted. "I'll see you guys in week."

Episode 4

BLOOM

Baekhyun woke up the next morning, the sun burning through his eyelids. He blinked them open and sat up, slowly so that he wouldn't wake up Chanyeol.

"Wait… Why is Chanyeol sleeping in my bed?" He replayed yesterday's scenes in his head; he soon blushed. Chanyeol saw him bawling like child yesterday; that was probably the most embarrassing side of him, ever. He groaned in his hands. *"Great, just great... He's never going to let me live this down."*

As he crawled over Chanyeol's body and off the bed, he spotted a sticky note on Chen's pillow. He peeled it off and held it close to his face. There were only two words but those two words made Baekhyun feel a wave of different emotions.

'You win.'

He realized that Chen was voted out last night. *"... Aw, I didn't get to say bye to the jackass."*

Then there was a groaning sound behind him, signaling that Chanyeol was starting to wake up.

Baekhyun sat down on the floor in front of him. "Yeol." He smiled when Chanyeol blinked.

"... Are you okay now?" He asked sleepily, to which Baekhyun nodded.

"I'm fine. Thank you."

He reached over to play with Baekhyun's bangs. "... I'm really sorry."

"It's okay... Just don't tell anyone you cried me to sleep."

Chanyeol grinned. "Okay."

--

"Kris...?" Yixing cautiously opened the door to their room. He had received a text from the big guy, indicating that they needed to talk.

He actually got the text well over an hour ago, but he and Junmyeon were having so much fun gushing over volcano rabbits or whatever they were talking about (not that Yixing found it important enough to actually remember). "You in here...?"

He was sitting on his bed cross-legged, arms folded over his chest. He was glaring intently at the wall, making Yixing wonder if it offended Kris somehow.

"Kris?" Yixing sat in front of him, but not exactly in front, as he didn't want to get in the way of his burning gaze.

"You suck," was the first thing that came out of his mouth.

"Sorry." Yixing replied sheepishly.

"I sent that text an hour ago."

"Sorry."

"I was waiting here for an hour."

"Sorry."

"Are you just going to say sorry?"

"..."

Kris sighed. "I'll get straight to the point. I want you to stop hanging out with Junmyeon."

Yixing immediately furrowed his eyebrows. "Why?"

"Because I don't like him."

"That's a stupid reason. Why should I listen to you?"

"Look, just... I don't like the guy."

"But why?!"

"I don't have to tell you why!" Kris stood up, intending to leave the room.

Yixing huffed, but then he realized something. "... Are you jealous?"

The other stopped in his tracks. "... W-What?"

Yixing smirked. "I asked you if you were jealous."

"I-I'M NOT JEALOUS!" Kris turned red. Yixing wasn't sure if it was anger or embarrassment.

"You are so jealous." He teased, enjoying the flustered version of Kris. "Don't hide it."

"I'M NOT!" Kris shouted. "WHY WOULD I BE JEALOUS, I'M—"

"... You're... What?"

Kris sighed. "Fine. I'm jealous. Happy?"

Yixing laughed and punched him across the arm. "I'll hang out with you today. Is that okay?"

"Yeah..." Kris murmured, looking at the floor.

"Hm? I can't hear you."

"I SAID YES, ALRIGHT?!"

Yixing laughed again, and gave a gentle poke to Kris's red cheeks.

Kris scowled like a child, but was nevertheless satisfied.

--

A bright pink sheet of paper posted by the kitchen doorway caught Baekhyun's attention when he came out of his room that morning. As he got closer to it, he suddenly got a very sick feeling in his stomach.

"What is this?" Chanyeol appeared, wrapping his gangling arms around Baekhyun's neck.

"New roommate assignments..." Baekhyun stood still, groaning.

"Are we all moving?" The taller asked, leaning his chin on Baekhyun's head.

"No, since Jongin and I don't have roommates anymore, I have to move to his room."

Chanyeol choked.

"Oh," Minseok poked his head out the kitchen. "I remember Tao telling me that he got lube in his bags every other day. They were all scented, too."

"Thank you for your lovely comment." Baekhyun said sarcastically.

"You're welcome," Minseok looked at the sleepy giant on Baekhyun. "Where were you yesterday? I was lonely sleeping by myself."

"Ah..." Chanyeol blinked. "... I was out."

"Oh. Out where?"

He squinted. "Um."

"I can see you're trying really hard to make up an excuse, so I'll just leave it at that." Minseok laughed. "Good luck with Jongin."

Baekhyun groaned again.

--

When Junmyeon whacked his head into the fridge that afternoon, Luhan was a little more than startled. The brunet was munching on various snacks with Sehun when Junmyeon ran into the appliance.

"Junmyeon! Are you okay?!" Luhan looked at him in alarm, salted chips in his mouth.

"That was pretty loud." Sehun commented. He calmly continued to eat the chocolate biscuits.

"I-I'm fine..." Junmyeon rubbed his forehead achingly. "I-I just got distracted."

Luhan's face quirked. A fridge wasn't the thing Junmyeon usually got distracted by. Something was off today. "Where's Yixing-ssi?"

"He... He went out with Kris today," The redhead laughed awkwardly. "I-I think they went shopping o-or something." Luhan and Sehun exchanged odd looks as he continued laughing with hiccups.

"You... Like Yixing... Right?" Luhan asked carefully.

"D-Do I?" Junmyeon couldn't stop laughing. He was almost going hysterical.

"... Junmyeon, calm down. Just let it all out." Luhan patted his back as he eventually relaxed.

"I think you're right... Maybe I do like him."

"See, that wasn't so hard." The kitchen suddenly turned into a counseling session. "The best thing you can do right now is to tell him your feelings."

Junmyeon looked at him in shock. "H-How am I supposed to do that?!"

"It's simple! Here, I'll show you." Luhan turned to Sehun and grasped the boy's hands.

Startled, Sehun swallowed his food with difficulty. "W-What—"

"Sehuna," Luhan gazed intensely at him. "I love you."

It was a miracle that Sehun didn't explode of feelings right at that moment.

Luhan obliviously turned back to Junmyeon as Sehun sat there, frozen. "See? It's easy." The redhead was still hesitant. "Look, I'll even help. I'll set up the opportunity for you, and you better take it, understand?"

Junmyeon nodded numbly. "Y-Yes."

--

Baekhyun stood there, staring at Jongin's ass, which was up in the air. Baekhyun was just lucky that his new roommate was fully clothed, as odd as his sleeping positions were. He shook his head, dragging his bags over to his closet. As soon as he opened it, various piles of condoms and lube bottles fell at his feet; he swore he even saw a vibrator. He stomped over to the sleeping Jongin and kicked his ass. "Wake up, you disgusting pervert!"

Jongin whined. "Five more minutes, Jinae..." Baekhyun raised an eyebrow as the other curled up into a ball.

"Get the fuck up and clean this mess!" He shouted, pulling Jongin out of bed by the arms.

Once on the floor, Jongin blinked his eyes open. He sat up, glanced around the room and then at the seething shortie in front of him. "What're you doin' here...?"

"I'm your roommate now," Baekhyun answered gruffly.

Jongin's sleepy pout turned into a smirk. "... Oh... *Oh*... So do you top or bottom?"

"I'd punch you, but your face is already purple enough."

The younger lightly grazed his eyelid. "Yeah, got into a fight. No biggie." He stood, staggering to his pile of lubricants and contraceptives. He moved the pile from in front of Baekhyun's closet to in front of his closet. He then fell back into bed. "Yurr welcome..."

Baekhyun scoffed. "Gee, thanks. Asshole."

"... You're a lot different than I thought," Jongin murmured, propping himself up on his elbows.

"How so?" Baekhyun asked as he stuffed his clothes into the closet.

"You're two-faced."

He glared at him. "You've got a problem with that?"

"No," the sleepyhead rolled into his blanket. "You're still hot."

"What?"

"Nothing."

--

"OH MY GOD!" Kyungsoo dropped the grocery bags that were in his hands. He strode across the kitchen and grabbed Sehun's face. "What happened to you?!" The boy had swollen purple eyes to match his purple jaw.

"It's nothing hyung," Sehun replied calmly, gently removing Kyungsoo's hands from his face. "Just a scratch."

"WHAT SCRATCH?!" Kyungsoo shouted. "Luhan, what happened?!"

The brunet shrugged. "He didn't want to tell me."

"Junmyeon?!"

"I don't know either, sorry."

He turned back to Sehun. "Oh Sehun, tell me what happened!"

The boy sighed. "You'll find out soon enough."

"Tell me now!"

"What's with the racket, guys?" Baekhyun entered the kitchen. "Sehun? You're beat-up too?"

They all slowly turned to him. "... What do you mean, 'too'?" Kyungsoo questioned with anger in his eyes. Sehun quickly sent Baekhyun a signal, shaking his head and making an 'x' with his arms. The message didn't get through.

"Well," Baekhyun pointed down the hall. "Jongin was all purple too..." Sehun facepalmed.

"... Jongin?" Kyungsoo took in a deep breath. "... KIM JONGIN, GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE!!!"

About a minute later, the boy came stumbling out of his room. "What...?" Jongin mumbled.

Kyungsoo stabbed an accusing finger at his chest."You better start talking, asshole."

"Hyung, calm down." Sehun held him back. "I started it."

"Yeah," Jongin pouted. "He started it!"

"Shut up idiot," Kyungsoo snarled. "What I want to know is, why?"

"Yeah Sehun," Jongin dragged an imaginary tear down his cheek. "*Why*?"

"I'M TALKING ABOUT YOU! WHY DID YOU HIT SEHUN?!"

"Um," the younger pointed at his eye. "I got hit too. Don't you care about poor me?"

"No. Start explaining, now."

"Well, if you *must* know..."

Sehun glared at him. "He doesn't."

"… Sehun punched me because he found out what I did to you."

Kyungsoo immediately paled. Luhan, Junmyeon, and Baekhyun awkwardly stood there, unsure of what they were talking about.

Sehun gritted his teeth, and grabbed Jongin's collar. Junmyeon immediately jumped, pulling Sehun back. "You little shit, even after I gave you the damn condom!"

"What?!" Kyungsoo gaped. "Why did you give him the condom?!"

"HE THREATENED ME!" Sehun struggled violently against Junmyeon's hold.

"What could he possibly threaten you with?!"

"LU—" Sehun quickly slapped his hand to his mouth.

"Lu?"

"Lemme finish that sentence," Jongin smirked. "He means Luha—"

For the second time that week, Kim Jongin was punched across the face.

PURSUIT

"Hey, isn't Jenday supposed to come by today?" Minseok looked toward the other contestants.

Jongin was busy sulking with an ice pack, and across the room Sehun was doing the same thing. Yixing was sitting in between Junmyeon and Kris, seemingly tense.

Kyungsoo sitting uncomfortably in his seat, Luhan rocked back and forth on his butt. Chanyeol was lying on Baekhyun's lap watching TV, ignoring the tension around them.

When no one answered him, Minseok huffed out of frustration.

Suddenly the TV blacked out for a few seconds, and then turned back on. On the screen was a neon pink background with a pickle in the middle. Everyone immediately turned their attention toward the screen, intrigued by a green vegetable. The screen then changed to "pickle = condom".

It took a few minutes for the contestants to process.

"... So... If we get a pickle, we get a condom?" As soon as Minseok murmured that, Jongin ran out of the room. The rest of them caught on, and followed suit.

Jongin was at the front door, struggling to open it. "Shit! Guys, we're locked in!"

"What?!" Yixing tried to open it too. "Shoot!"

"Wait, was that the third challenge?" Junmyeon asked. "We have to find a pickle?"

"How the hell are we supposed to find a pickle," Jongin groaned. "If we're locked in?!"

"Ah!" Luhan lit up. "Jenday asked me to buy a pickle before..."

"WHERE IS IT?!" Five of them asked at the same time.

"I-I don't know!" Luhan replied, startled. "She took it without a word."

"Then it must be around the dorm somewhere!" Minseok exclaimed. In a matter of seconds, the group dispersed in search of a pickle.

--

Kris walked back into the living room, but suddenly stopped in his tracks. There was someone who was looking through the couch cushions. The thing was, their head was so deep into the sofa that their butt was waving carelessly in the air. And Kris knew exactly who that butt belonged to.

He stood there for a while, his eyes trailing along the outline of Yixing's ass. The other boy had no idea, as he was trying to unstuck himself from the depths of the couch.

Soon enough, Junmyeon walked in. He glanced between Kris and Yixing's butt, realizing what was going on.

"Yixing!" He gave a subtle look of disapproval to Kris.

The boy straightened himself out, sitting properly on the floor. "Yeah?" His eyes flickered between Kris and Junmyeon.

"Can you help me search our room," the redhead smiled sweetly. "Please?"

Yixing grinned back. "Sure—"

"No, help me search *our* room." Kris insisted, eyes glaring.

"Uh—"

"Yixing, you should help me look in our room." Junmyeon countered, still smiling.

"Um—"

"No, our room."

"Our room, Yixing."

"Our room."

"*Our room*."

"Yixing."

"Yixing!"

"GUYS!" Yixing interrupted. His cheeks were red from being flustered. Two guys were fighting over him; that wasn't something he'd see every day.

"Well?" Kris folded his arms across his chest. "Who will it be?" Junmyeon also looked at him expectantly.

"Um, I— LUHAN!" The brunet down the hall flinched when Yixing called out his name. "Luhan, you need help right? C'mon, let's go look for the pickle."

"Uh… Okay?" Luhan blinked blankly, allowing himself to be dragged away by the other.

Once they were gone, Kris and Junmyeon turned their glares at each other. They silently cursed one another with their eyes until Kyungsoo strode by. "… What are you guys doing?"

--

"Ah… How are we supposed to find a pickle?" Chanyeol stretched out his arms while walking down the hall behind Baekhyun.

"I don't know," the shorter replied.

"Hey, are pickles fruit or vegetables?"

"Vegetables," Baekhyun murmured, walking a little faster.

"Really? That makes sense; they're similar to cucumbers…"

"Pickles are pickled cucumbers." Baekhyun widened his strides, but he could only walk so fast with his short legs.

"Seriously? I didn't know—" Chanyeol bumped into Baekhyun when he suddenly stopped.

"… Yeol?" He slowly turned to the giant, a confused look visible on his features. "… Why do you keep following me?"

Chanyeol's face suddenly fell. The boy's eyes went to the floor, and he started fidgeting. "U-Uh… I-I don't know…"

Baekhyun stood there for awhile, making Chanyeol more nervous under his stare. Then he stood on his toes, brushing Chanyeol's bangs out of the way. Chanyeol's eyes flickered to his. There was something about Baekhyun's eyes that made him swallow and gulp… But it was something different this time.

"… Go look for the pickle." He said softly, standing back onto his feet. He watched as Chanyeol murmured a shy 'okay' and scurried down the hall.

He sighed, and resumed walking to his room. He opened the bedroom door to find Jongin throwing everything everywhere to find the vegetable. He paused for a moment when Baekhyun flopped onto his bed.

"You're not looking for the pickle?" Jongin asked, crouching to look under the beds.

"… Does Yeollie like me?" Baekhyun suddenly asked. His face was buried deep in his pillow.

"Does he like you?" The other scoffed. "Does Yeollie *like* you?"

"That's not exactly the answer I wanted."

"What's the answer you want then?" Jongin pulled his bag out and scavenged through it. "I thought you were head over heels with him."

Baekhyun sat up. "I'm not actually in love with the guy," this sentenced piqued Jongin's interest. "I'm using him to look even gayer than I already am."

"Ah…" Jongin nodded. "That's how it is. You're terrible."

"Shut up."

"Well, it is possible that he could like you."

"HOW?!" Baekhyun groaned, rubbing his face wearily. "I'm using him! How can he—"He flopped back into bed again.

"So?" Jongin stood up. "He'll be easier to use if he likes you. Besides, even if he doesn't, what's going to stop you? You're Baekhyun."

"You have a point…"

"Don't I always?" He chuckled. "Well, I'm going elsewhere to look for the damn pickle now."

"You should probably check the kitchen," Baekhyun murmured.

"Seriously? Why would a pickle be hiding in the most obvious spot?" Jongin snorted.

"You don't understand. Kyungsoo is in the kitchen."

"… What does he have to do with anything?"

"Kyungsoo has the pickle."

"How do you know that?"

"He's been acting weird today. Haven't you noticed him moving around oddly?"

"… I have."

"I'm certain he's hiding the pickle in…" Baekhyun sat up once more. "… His pants."

Jongin groaned. "Okay, if this is a joke, it's not funny."

"I'm serious! Kyungsoo has it. You don't have to trust me, but he has it." Baekhyun watched as Jongin rolled his eyes and left. He stared at the floor for a while before laughing to himself.

"I am a terrible person."

--

Yixing heaved out a sigh as he looked through his closet.

"What's wrong, Yixing?" Luhan asked, giving his full attention to the boy.

"I… It's nothing." He continued to look around his room. Luhan shrugged, and did the same.

A few minutes of scavenging later, he suddenly let out an outburst. "AH!"

"What?" Yixing looked at him confusedly.

"I-I'll be right back!" Luhan burst out the door. Yixing gave an odd look, but decided to ignore whatever weird thing Luhan had to do.

A few seconds later, the door opened again. "Wh— Luhan— What are you—"

"KIM JUNMYEON FIGHTING!"

When Yixing turned around, all he saw was Junmyeon standing there, confused as he was. Junmyeon subtly turned the doorknob, silently cursing when he realized Luhan was blocking it from the other side. He slowly turned to face Yixing.

"… So."

--

Jongin crouched near the kitchen doorway, just enough so that he wouldn't be seen by the others inside. Kyungsoo, Minseok, and Sehun were looking though the cabinets. Jongin's eyes trailed to Kyungsoo's crotch.

There was a bulge.

Jongin swallowed his spit. "*I need to get rid of Sehun*…" He tentatively stood up. "Sehun!"

The younger looked up at him with a frown. "What?"

"Luhan's calling you." Immediately, Sehun slammed the drawer shut and practically sprinted out of the room. Jongin snickered silently. "*Idiot*."

"How long is he going to stay in there?" Minseok complained, taking a seat by the table. "He's been in there for ten minutes already."

"Who?" Jongin asked, pretending to search through the cabinets too. He subtly took glances at Kyungsoo's pelvic area.

"Kris's in the confession room," Minseok replied. "Must be a long confession."

"Or he could be getting off."

"Seriously, dude?"

"It's a possibility." Jongin slowly slid beside Kyungsoo. The other was looking through the top cupboards silently. "Hey Kyungsoo."

"… W-What?" Kyungsoo stuttered, not looking Jongin in the eye.

"Where do you think the pickle is?"

"I don't know," he muttered, moving across the room. Jongin followed him like a pest.

"Are you sure?"

"I don't know where it is," Kyungsoo continuously moved away from Jongin, and that only added to the younger's suspicions that Baekhyun might be right.

"Really?" Jongin grabbed the older's wrist. "I think you know where it is."

"W-What?"

"Give me the pickle."

"I-I don't know what you're talking about—"

"Don't make me force you," Jongin said this almost painfully. "Don't."

"I don't—"

In one swift movement, Jongin had backed up Kyungsoo against the counter and pinned him there. Kyungsoo struggled to move, but Jongin wouldn't let him. He quickly unbuttoned the other's pants and slid his hand down to palm his crotch.

Jongin's face went white. "… You don't have the pickle…?"

Before Kyungsoo could answer, yell at or push Jongin off, Minseok had whacked the side of Jongin's head with a frying pan.

His body collapsed onto the floor, while Kyungsoo could only stand there, completely shocked.

"… Shoot, did I kill him?" Minseok placed the pan on the floor and felt Jongin's pulse. He heaved a sigh right after. "Okay, he's still alive." He looked up at Kyungsoo, who suddenly started crying. He stood up and patted Kyungsoo's back comfortingly, not sure what to say.

"W-What's wrong with him…?" Kyungsoo uttered, hands in fists. Tears rolled down his face, but his eyes were angry.

"He's sexually insane," Minseok replied. "It happens."

--

Yixing and Junmyeon were searching through the room rather wordlessly, although they had been talking nonstop a few days ago. The former had felt this weird aura radiating off of Junmyeon, so he decided to keep silent and not question it. That is, until he spoke.

"… Yixing?" The boy turned around to face him. "I have to… Tell you something."

Yixing smiled and nodded. "I'm listening."

"Um..." Junmyeon's face went red. He stared at the floor as if it were the most interesting thing in the world. "... I'm not sure how to put this into words..."

"They say actions speak louder than words," said Yixing, encouraging the other to form his message.

"Actions huh... W-Well, okay then. Excuse me." Junmyeon stepped up and gently wrapped his arms around Yixing's waist. He laid his head on the other's shoulder, wishing with all his might that his message would be conveyed.

ANSWER

"But wait... I'm straight." That was all Yixing could think about as a certain redhead hugged him. His arms hung limply at his sides and his entire body stiffened at Junmyeon's touch. He didn't know how to respond. He was straight; if he rejected Junmyeon then he'd know Yixing was the straight man.

"... Is..." Yixing uttered. "... Is this a trick...?"

Junmyeon tightened his hold. "No, why would this ever be a trick..."

Silence took Yixing over again. *"What should I do? Should I... Accept his confession? But I'm straight..."* He thought about if he actually did like Junmyeon. He didn't hate the guy. He liked Junmyeon as much as he liked Kris…which was saying something.

But if he were gay— *which I'm not,* Yixing assured himself— he probably wouldn't know which one of them to pick. He'd probably leave it to chance; who ever made it into his heart first.

Junmyeon took Yixing's unresponsiveness as an answer. He heaved a heavy sigh and proceeded to let Yixing go. But as soon as he loosened his grasp, Yixing pulled him back into embrace. Junmyeon sucked in a breath as Yixing held him tightly.

"Y-Yixing...?" He was so happy; does this mean Yixing likes him too?

"It's not... It's not that I hate you," he started. "I just... Don't want our relationship to go any further than this. You're a dear friend. I wouldn't want to lose you." Junmyeon swallowed a lump in his throat. "You understand, right?"

"Y-Yeah," he fought hard against tears. "Of course." When Yixing let him go, he forced a smile onto his face.

Yixing felt a little pained looking at his fake smile, but he knew he had to move on. "… Let's continue looking for the pickle." He just hoped he made the right choice.

--

"Argh, where is it?!" Chanyeol groaned, plopping onto the sofa in exhaustion.

"This is really tough," Luhan murmured. He thought deeply about other places a pickle could hide. He shifted his gaze down to the wooden floor beneath him. "I wonder if it's under the floorboards…"

"The MC is not capable of doing something like that," Sehun stated. "In any case, I give up."

"Sehuna!" Luhan shook the boy's shoulders. "You can't give up! We still need to find it!"

The other sighed. "If you kiss me then I won't give up."

"What?"

"Nothing. Let's go—" Sehun paused in the doorway when Minseok passed by, dragging Jongin's unconscious body down the hall. He stared as Minseok dragged Jongin all the way to his room, and dumped him there. Jongin's foot was sticking out of the door when Minseok returned to the kitchen.

Luhan's eyes were twice their size. "Was that—"

Sehun gently covered his mouth. "Don't question it." He and Luhan left the common room to search elsewhere. They both decided to check the washrooms at the end of the hall. As they walked there, Junmyeon and Yixing came out of a room.

"I'm… I'm going to go to the kitchen, okay?"

Junmyeon nodded at Yixing. As the other left, Junmyeon stared sadly at his back before it disappeared into the kitchen.

"Well?!" Luhan jumped him. "How did it go?!"

"He rejected me," Junmyeon chuckled bitterly.

"What?!" The brunet pouted. "Why? Why would he reject someone as handsome as you?!"

"Thanks Luhan, but… I guess he chose someone else." He sighed. "Thank you for helping me though." He softly patted Luhan's shoulder as he walked off by himself.

Sehun looked blank as Luhan frowned. "Did you really want them together that much?"

"Yes!" Luhan huffed at him. "They were perfect together! Kind of like us!"

The other choked. "U-Us?"

Luhan nodded. "We're like… Like Batman and Robin!"

Sehun stared into his seriously serious eyes. "… *What zone is this*?"

--

Chanyeol stretched out on the sofa, giving up on the pickle long ago. He ignored the noises the other contestants were making and was about to fall asleep when a certain voice jerked him awake.

"Yeol." Baekhyun was standing there, as if he descended from the heavens. "Sorry, were you sleeping?"

Chanyeol sat up immediately in his presence. "Y-Yeah, just napping." He flinched a little when the shorter sat down next to him.

"... I've been thinking." He started, staring down a spot on the floor. "I just wanted to ask..."

Chanyeol somehow found that same spot. "Yeah?"

"Do you like me now?" Baekhyun shifted his gaze towards him. Chanyeol kept staring at that spot. "... I asked you a question, Yeol."

Chanyeol kept staring at that spot.

"Yeol."

That spot was pretty interesting.

Baekhyun cocked Chanyeol's head to face him. The taller automatically shut his eyes. He didn't want to be pulled in by Baekhyun's glare again, although he didn't really have much of a choice.

"Open your damn eyes." Baekhyun demanded with a harsh voice.

Chanyeol slowly opened his eyes and made contact with Baekhyun's. The glare wasn't there. It was the same soft look he had given Chanyeol twenty minutes ago. It was a look that caused Chanyeol to stop breathing, to stop his heart beating altogether.

"I asked you if you liked me." He said expectant of Chanyeol's answer. The younger took a long time to respond.

"... I-I don't," he closed his eyes again, fearing Baekhyun might explode on him. However, his hands simply retracted from Chanyeol's face. Chanyeol took a careful look at his expression.

Baekhyun almost seemed... Relieved.

"... Ah," the older stood on his feet. "That's all I wanted to know." Then he left, leaving Chanyeol by himself again.

But what Baekhyun didn't know was that Chanyeol was lying. A straight, outright lie was thrown at his face and he couldn't be any more blind.

--

Kris finally came out of the confession room, only to be greeted with a commotion.

"What's going on?" He approached Yixing and Minseok, who were surrounding a sniffling Kyungsoo.

"Jongin problems," Yixing sighed, gently rubbing Kyungsoo's shoulder.

"... I guess I missed something." Kris murmured, giving a sympathetic look.

"We could've used your help controlling the situation," said Minseok. "What the hell were you doing in there?"

"Um... Confessing my sins?"

Minseok scoffed. *"Your existence is a sin."*

"Anyway, while mommy calms down," said Kris, referring to the sniveling boy in front of them. "Did anyone find the pickle yet?"

"Nope," Yixing smiled at Kris's nickname for Kyungsoo. "It's pretty tough."

"Hm." Kris suddenly grasped Yixing's free hand. "Help me look for it."

The other tried to hide his overly large grin. "Can't you say please?"

"No." And with that, Kris dragged him out of the kitchen.

Minseok scoffed again. "Jerks."

--

Jongin woke up with a sudden gasp. He cringed out of great pain; his ears were ringing and he felt a migraine coming on. The fact that Jongin was flat on the floor didn't help him any.

While massaging his temples to ease the pain, he tried to remember what happened. Dancing pickles with purple fedoras invaded his mind for awhile until a certain doe-eyed male appeared in it.

"... KYUNGSOO!" Jongin groaned, out of both pain and regret. "*Shit, what have I done?! I can already imagine Sehun with the knife...*"

The Kyungsoo Jongin had seen in his mind wasn't the normal, shock-faced Kyungsoo. No, the Kyungsoo he saw was crying. That sight was what probably drove Jongin to get up, slowly but with difficulty.

His legs shook when he tried to stand on them, not to mention the room was spinning. As he grasped the doorframe for balance, he just decided to crawl. That way, if he fainted he'd have less of a way to fall, he reasoned.

Jongin looked down the hall, at the kitchen. He could see Yixing and Minseok. Kyungsoo was there too. They were saying something to him, but everything was so loud he couldn't hear what they were saying. They were spinning too. Round and round in circles. Then they turned into dancing pickles with purple fedoras. They started to sing the second verse of SNSD's Genie. There were fireworks. Then a deer jumped over a sparkly chocolate rainbow.

Jongin thought someone called his name, but he couldn't place the voice because he was too busy dashing to the toilet to puke. And he was right; there wasn't much of a fall when he fainted on the bathroom floor.

--

"Hello!" Jenday hollered into the dorm as she walked in a few hours later. "Didja guys find it yet?!" She was answered with several resounding no's. "Well, too bad! Time's up; let's meet in the common room!"

A few minutes later, the MC walked in holding the voting box. "We're missing one person. Where's Jongin?"

"He vomited and fainted." Sehun answered.

"Oh," she looked blank. "Nice to know. Anyway, one of you must have found the pickle because it's not in its hiding place anymore."

"Where did you hide it?" Luhan asked.

"Firstly, who has it?" They all glanced at each other until one of them raised his hand. "You found it, Baekhyun?"

"Yeah." He pulled the vegetable out of his pocket and handed it to her.

"Where the fuck did you find that?" Kris looked incredulous, just like the other contestants.

Baekhyun had a smug grin. "It was in the fridge."

A series of groans and complaints were thrown into the air.

"Guys, it wasn't a scavenger hunt," Jenday shushed them. "It was a common sense test. The rest of you failed." She then handed Baekhyun a pink condom, which he gladly took.

"I can't believe we just spent six hours looking for a pickle." Minseok pouted.

"Yeah, yeah. I trust you all voted already, right? Well, except for Jongin of course." The MC opened the voting box and started shuffling through the slips. "Hm, interesting. It's pretty clear who's out this round. This week's straightest man is..." They all gulped.

"... Junmyeon."

The contestants turned to the guy in the corner, who was pretty much silent this whole time. Yixing felt his heart drop. *"How... Could this happen?"*

Junmyeon gave slight smile as he stood up. "... Well, it was nice meeting you guys." He then walked off to his room, with the other guys in silence. Yixing especially, wasn't able to utter a sound.

--

Jongin jerked awake again, immediately sitting up. He realized he was in his bed and there was a cold compress stuck to his forehead. But he disregarded that as he wanted to go and apologize to Kyungsoo... He had to, right now.

Maybe the gods were giving him his chance because Kyungsoo was right beside him. The shorter male was sitting in a chair by the bedside, a book in his hand. He was staring at Jongin the whole time.

"K-Kyungsoo," Jongin croaked, unsure of what to say.

"Lie down," Kyungsoo closed his book and stood up. "You're as white as a sheet." He started towards the door.

Jongin grabbed Kyungsoo's hand. "W-Wait, I'm—"

"DON'T TOUCH ME!" Kyungsoo slapped his hand away, and cowered to the wall. He looked so frightened; almost as startled as Jongin looked.

After a moment, Jongin lowered his head. He couldn't take the sight of Kyungsoo looking at him like that; so scared that he was shaking. "I-I'm so sorry."

Hasty footsteps and a door slam later, Jongin knew he screwed up.

He flopped onto his mattress, just wanting to punch everything within sight.

"Aw, did you rape widdle Kyungsoo again?"

... Especially the owner of that what-Jongin-now-considered-annoying voice.

"Fuck off, Baekhyun." Jongin snarled, rolling into his blanket.

"I can't, I sleep here." Baekhyun snickered. "Besides, you already did. With Kyungsoo."

"Any more from you and I'll punch your pretty face to pulp."

The other scoffed. "Touchy."

"Touchy?!" Jongin got up. "You fucking lied to me, and caused Kyungsoo to think I'm some whore or something! I'M A LITTLE MORE THAN TOUCHY!"

"Please, you were already making that name for yourself." Baekhyun shrugged. "Besides, it's not like I told you to go and *grope* him."

"Fuck you."

"Don't fuck me, fuck Kyungsoo."

--

A loud thunk startled Minseok from his mid-sleep state, causing him to turn the lights on. He looked toward the door where Chanyeol was standing, rubbing his forehead.

"... Did you just hit your head on the doorframe?"

"I was distracted." Chanyeol mumbled. He ducked his head and shuffled to bed. "I'm so tired..."

"Me too," Minseok turned the lights out again. "Let's get some sleep, buddy."

"Mm..."

"YEOOOOOOOLLL!!!"

"...Or not," Minseok face-planted his pillow as his roommate immediately jumped out of bed and out the room, hitting his head again on the doorframe.

Chanyeol ran down the hall towards Jongin and Baekhyun's room. Baekhyun practically screamed his name; Chanyeol hoped he wasn't being murdered or something. He shoved their door open to be greeted with the sight of Jongin grabbing Baekhyun by the collar and raising a fist at him.

They both turned their attention to him. "Yeol!" Baekhyun bawled with teary eyes. Jongin remained in that position, fist in the air.

"Stop it Jongin," Chanyeol breathed.

The boy scoffed before letting Baekhyun go. Baekhyun automatically went into Chanyeol's arms. "I was so scared, Yeol! He was about to punch me!"

"I know, I'm here." He gently caressed Baekhyun's hair while glancing at Jongin. "What happened?"

"You don't have to know," said he. "I just want a damn apology."

"He groped Kyungsoo, so Minseok hit him with a frying pan, and now he's trying to take his anger out on me!" The shortie said in one breath, clearly not sorry.

"Lie all you want," Jongin smirked. "I think *Yeollie* over here would *love* to know what you actually think of him."

Processing what he just said, Chanyeol glanced at Baekhyun who immediately looked down.

"I'm sorry." Baekhyun muttered. Jongin grinned in satisfaction. He finally figured out a way to put the devil's spawn in order.

"... Well, now that you two have kissed and made up," Chanyeol almost made the other two gag at his idiom. "I'm going to bed now, and so are you."

"Wait, you're going to leave me alone with him?!" Baekhyun pointed at Jongin as if he were scum. "You can't possibly—"

"Do you want to sleep with me then?"

Baekhyun shut his mouth, slowly turning red. "I-I'm good..."

Jongin rolled his eyes. "Pussy."

--

"Don't leave!" Luhan whined, tightening his grip around Junmyeon's legs.

The redhead laughed a little. "I kind of have to." He picked up his duffel bags and shuffled out of their room, dragging Luhan with him.

"But I'll be lonely!" Luhan sat on the floor, pouting.

"You have Sehun, don't you?"

"It's not the same!" Luhan sighed. "He's Robin. You're like... Mario."

Junmyeon smiled awkwardly. "And who are you?"

"Huh? I'm Lu Han."

The redhead was gawking when Yixing called his name. "J-Junmyeon, can I talk to you?"

The other grinned mischievously. "And here's Princess Peach!" Luhan murmured as he walked back into his room and shut the door.

Junmyeon and Yixing stood in the hall alone, not really saying anything to each other. But it was the latter who broke the silence.

"... I wish you didn't have to go." Yixing said sheepishly.

A soft smile appeared on the other's lips. "I do too. But everyone voted for me, so I don't have much of a choice." He sighed.

Yixing looked at him. "I didn't vote for you."

"Really?" Junmyeon blinked. "Jenday said all the slips had my name on it."

"I didn't vote for you," Yixing repeated. He felt that something was a little off.

"... Regardless, I'm still out." Junmyeon sighed again. "Can I ask you something?"

He smiled at him. "Yeah?"

"Feel free to say no, slap me, or whatever you have to do..." His cheeks reddened. "Can you..."

"Can I... what?" Yixing stared at him, noticing that he was pursing his lips. "... O-Oh."

"You don't have to if you don't want to." Although he said that, Junmyeon clearly wanted otherwise.

Yixing's face flushed too. "... C-Close your eyes."

Junmyeon did so, with his heart thundering in his ears. He waited patiently and soon enough, Yixing's lips pressed softly against his. They separated within that one second, but it was enough to make both boys glow even redder.

Junmyeon tentatively touched his bottom lip. "... Th-Thanks."

Yixing stared at his feet, shuffling them in the same spot."S-Sure."

"B-Bye."

"Bye."

Episode 5

CATALYST

With only nine contestants left in the show, Sehun and Luhan found themselves comparing the guys to Girls' Generation.

"And Kris?"

The younger hummed, zoning out while Luhan played with his hair. "Kris is definitely a Sunny."

Luhan made a 'pfft' sound. "Have you seen the height difference between the two?"

"It's not the height," Sehun countered. "It's the *vibe*."

"Okay, Sehuna. What about Baekhyun?"

"I think he's a Tiffany. They're both kind of sassy."

"I see..." Luhan sat back, examining his masterpiece on his head. "Hey, what about me?"

"You?" Sehun squinted as he stroked his imaginary beard. Luhan stared at him expectantly. "You're a Jessica." He nodded with his answer.

"Is it because I'm cute?"

Sehun laughed at the question, but then realized he was serious. "... Do I have to answer that?"

A disheveled Jongin waltzed into the room before he could. "What's up with your hair?"

He gently felt the small braids sitting on top of his bangs. "Luhan did it. Don't I look pretty?"

"You look fugly." The other retorted, taking a seat on the floor.

Rather than frowning, Luhan looked concerned. "Are you okay, Jongin? You look like... Well, a homeless." He referred to his puffy eye bags, his cowlicks, wrinkled clothes and questionable hygiene.

The boy swiped the remote from Sehun's lap. "Yeah, I'm fine; just a couple sleepless nights and no fucking desire to shower." He proceeded to slump while flipping channels.

While he was doing that, Kyungsoo stepped into the room, but quickly walked back out. Luhan and Sehun exchanged knowing looks.

"You haven't made up with Kyungsoo yet? You really should..."

Jongin glared at Luhan. "You think I haven't *tried*? The guy's so stubborn, I swear."

Sehun murmured, "But you did rape him."

"IT WAS CONSENSUAL!" Jongin blurted. "... The first time around."

"Right."

--

Chanyeol came out of the bathroom, a damp towel over his wet hair and one covering his nether regions. Intending to go to his room to put some clothes on, he nearly tripped over Baekhyun who was sitting right by the bathroom door.

"Wh—" He quickly found the wall for balance. "What are you doing down there?"

Baekhyun blinked when water drops fell on his face. "Give me your hand."

Curious, Chanyeol held his hand out. Baekhyun placed a condom in it; a pink one.

"You're... Giving me your immunity condom?"

"It's to thank you for saving me from Jongin yesterday," he gave Chanyeol a sweet smile. "And... for catching me."

"Are you sure? What if you need it?"

"Then I'll trust you to save me, and I'll do the same for you." he replied. "I can trust you, right?"

The other glanced at the condom. "Uh..."

"Don't worry, it's not used."

"N-No, I... Thank you." Chanyeol's mouth twitched into a grin. "You can trust me. And I can do the same for you?"

"Of course." They shared a shy moment together before Chanyeol remembered that he was naked. He quickly shuffled to his room while Baekhyun grinned at his bare back.

After the giant was gone, his grin turned into a mischievous smirk. *"Well, I don't have to worry about being eliminated anymore."* He stood on his feet and stretched his limbs. *"Let's go fuck things up, shall we*?"

--

"I can't seem to figure it out."

Minseok lazily rolled a tangerine on the kitchen table. "What?"

Yixing clasped his hands together, leaning on the counter. "Something's not right with Junmyeon's elimination," he replied. "But I can't seem to figure it out."

"What's not to figure out?" Minseok started peeling the fruit. "He was eliminated by the majority, that's pretty much it."

"It's wasn't the majority, it was apparently everyone," he explained. "The thing is, I didn't vote for him."

"Now that you mention it... I didn't either."

Yixing raised his eyebrows; something was definitely up.

"Baekhyun," he addressed the person who just came in. "Did you vote for Junmyeon last night?"

"Why?" Baekhyun sat on the table. "Did something happen?"

"Yeah... Junmyeon was voted out by everybody or so Jenday says, but Minseok and I didn't vote for him."

"Neither did I. Do you think someone...?"

Yixing stared at him. "Someone… what?"

The other swallowed. "Do you think someone rigged the votes?"

The three slowly came to realization as it dawned on them.

"... But why?" Yixing held a look of confusion and hurt. "Why would someone want Junmyeon to be out so badly?"

"Simple," Baekhyun shrugged. "There's someone who really dislikes Junmyeon. Hates him enough to get rid of him."

"Someone who hates Junmyeon... No, why would Kris—" Yixing didn't really want to finish the sentence. After a moment of disbelief, he stormed out of the kitchen with thunderous steps.

Minseok stared at Baekhyun, who had a suspicious smile on his face. "It wasn't you, was it?"

Baekhyun turned to look at him, still smiling. "No, why would you say that?"

Minseok continued that look of suspicion even when Baekhyun happily skipped out the room. He glanced back at his half-eaten tangerine. "I wonder what Chen would do."

--

Sehun cautiously opened his bedroom door, spying Kyungsoo pressed flat against the wall on his bed. "Hyung...?" After Kyungsoo let out a strangled whine of acknowledgement, Sehun took a seat on the mattress. "Are you okay?"

"I'm okay..." He replied with a tired tone. He squirmed a little when the younger tried to flip him over. "I'm just tired..."

"Hyung..." Sehun started shaking him. "You should make up with Jongin."

Kyungsoo immediately turned to glare at him. "No." He pushed the boy off his bed, causing him to land painfully on the floor.

"Ow! Why not?!" Sehun frowned, rubbing his bum.

"He's the world's biggest pervert," Kyungsoo pulled his blanket up to his nose. "That's why."

"Hyung, it was a misunderstanding." He started shaking him again. "Jongin is really sorry."

"I don't care."

"He finds it hard to sleep at night."

"Then he can sleep in the morning."

"He has no appetite."

"More food for the rest of us."

"He hasn't showered in three days."

"I don't—... That's gross."

Sehun raised an eyebrow. "Isn't it?"

The older puffed his cheeks. "I still don't care."

"Hyung! Please forgive Jongin."

"I'm surprised you're the one asking me this," Kyungsoo murmured. "I thought you hated him."

"Yeah..." Sehun remembered when Luhan practically begged him to persuade Kyungsoo into forgiving Jongin, puppy eyes included. Sure, he hated Jongin. But Luhan. *Luhan.*

The boy shook his head. *"Oh Sehun, he's a guy. So are you*." He looked back at Kyungsoo. "So you're not going to make up with him?"

"No."

"Okay." He stood up and walked out the room. Kyungsoo finally relaxed, snuggling into his pillow. Then he sat back up when he realized it was only two in the afternoon.

"What am I doing...?" He brushed through his hair. *"I'm acting like a child."*

"HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING"

When Kyungsoo looked up, all he saw was Sehun dragging in Jongin by the legs. A wave of dread washed over him— he knew where this was going.

Sehun quickly dumped Jongin and exited the room before locking the door. "FIGHTING!" He yelled from the other side, Luhan's giggles audible nearby. Then they ran down the hall, their footsteps pattering against the wooden floor.

Kyungsoo's eyes trailed to Jongin, who remained on the floor staring lifelessly at the ceiling. It was at this point that Kyungsoo really noticed Jongin's eye bags, his cowlicks, wrinkled clothes and

questionable hygiene. But he pretended not to notice those things and rolled back against the wall, away from the rest of the world.

Maybe it'd be gone the next time he looks, so he wouldn't have to face it when he woke up.

--

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO!!!"

"YES!" Kris shot up, thrusting his fists in the air. He did a little victory wiggle while Chanyeol groaned in his hands.

"I never seem to win these days..." The younger huffed, scratching his head with his controller.

"Or you suck." Kris sat back down on the sofa. "C'mon, another round."

"You always beat me with Ike!" Chanyeol whined, "Can't you use another character? Give me a chance, man."

"Alright fine, I'll use the Ice Climbers." Kris rolled his eyes. "Sheesh, you sound like a middle-aged man whining over two-percent milk."

The other pouted. "Two-percent is gross."

Once the screen displayed 'GO', the two rapidly smashed at their buttons. Their eyes were lit up with fury as their characters darted across the screen. Deeply immersed in the game, they didn't really notice Yixing entering the room.

"Kris." He called, his voice laced with seriousness.

The guy's eyes were glued to the TV. "Huh?"

"We need to talk."

"Not right now— YES! FINAL SMASH!"

"NOO!!!" Chanyeol nearly ripped his hair out. "DAMMIT WHY CAN'T I FLY?!"

"Serves you right for choosing Samus—" Kris blanked when his controller was taken from him. He looked up at Yixing, surprised. "Hey! What gives?"

"Did you rig the votes?" Yixing asked, his glare piercing Kris's head.

"... What?" He was paying attention now.

"Did you rig the votes to get Junmyeon out?"

Kris didn't say anything. A moment had passed, and he still didn't say anything. His face remained blank. Finally, after a tense minute, his mouth twitched into a grin.

"Wha... What are you talking about?" He started laughing. "Of course I didn't."

Yixing squinted. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. Why would I vote out *little Junmyeon*?"

"... I don't believe you." He stalked out the room, not before throwing the controller back at Kris.

"Yixing! Come on, I didn't do it!" The other huffed, turning back to the game. "HEY! WHY'D YOU KILL ME?!"

"It's not my fault you weren't paying attention." Chanyeol snorted. "Go Samus!"

"Fuck you."

--

It was only when Kyungsoo's soft snoring was heard that Jongin decided it was safe enough to get off the floor. He slowly stood onto his feet, shuffling over to the mirror hung by the closets. For the first time that week, he felt disgusted with himself. In his reflection, all he could see was a skinny boy with a black eye, strewn hair, and puffy eye bags.

But it wasn't those things that made him disgusting. It was the fact that it was this boy who was so blind to other people's feelings, who could only think about himself. And yet, he could do nothing but apologize. All he could see was a boy that was his disgusting self.

After he had pushed his hair into a somewhat decent mess, Jongin turned to the napping Kyungsoo. He sat down on the bed, careful not to stir him awake.

"... You shouldn't sleep while I'm in the room," Jongin murmured. He quietly inspected the details of Kyungsoo's features, noticing the older looked as tired as he did. He did go out of his way to

avoid Jongin all week. It must have been a pain, with the boy following him everywhere trying to apologize.

Jongin reached over to tuck a stray lock behind Kyungsoo's ear. "... You never know what I'll do to you." His fingers lingered on his cheek for awhile. It was the first time in a while that Jongin could touch Kyungsoo without having the older freak out on him; he wanted to relish the feeling.

That is, until Kyungsoo moved.

Before Jongin could react, he woke up. When he realized who was touching him, Kyungsoo let out a scream and backed against the wall.

Jongin had backed away too. With his eyes wide, he threw his hands in the air. "I-I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to—" This was becoming a routine. If he was caught touching him, then Kyungsoo would freak out and wouldn't stop shaking until at least two hours had passed. It annoyed Jongin to bits, but then again, he caused this. "—I'm sorry, I... I'm sorry, so stop looking at me like that..."

Kyungsoo was looking at him terrified, as if he was a monster.

"Stop…" Jongin glanced at him. "… You can't, can you? Because I'm so disgusting to look at…" He chuckled bitterly. "I really am disgusting. I conned you out of an immunity ticket and groped you like a disgusting bastard. I want to win this damned competition so badly I hurt you just to get there. And yet, I still want you to forgive me. I feel so repulsive." He paused for a moment, gazing at Kyungsoo's frightened eyes. "Please forgive me..."

"... W-Why?"

Jongin's heart leapt when he heard Kyungsoo speak. It was a small, raspy voice but at least it wasn't a shriek of terror. "Why what?"

Kyungsoo hugged his knees even tighter. "... W-Why do y-you want to win so b-badly...?"

The younger sighed after a moment of thought. "You probably wouldn't believe me if I told you. But I really am sorry. I didn't mean to touch you like that... It's just that Baekhyun told me you had the pickle and— I don't even know what I was thinking, really. Just... please forgive me this once... Please."

"... Are you lying...?" Kyungsoo's eyes had softened, but he was still very tense.

"In my nineteen years of living, I have never once told a lie," Jongin stated. "Except for that one time where I told my sister I lost her Shinhwa CD, I actually broke it. But other than that, I have never told a lie." He held up his left hand and placed his right over his heart while he was speaking. "When I said I liked you, I wasn't lying."

Kyungsoo's cheeks flushed a little at his re-confession. "... Okay."

"Huh?"

"I-I forgive you."

Jongin couldn't hold back his surprise. "R-Really?"

"Mm."

"K-Kyungsoo, I..." He walked over intending to hug him, but stopped when the older flinched.

He was avoiding Jongin's eyes and shaking like a leaf. "... I-I forgive you, b-b-but please don't t-touch me... yet."

"... Oh," Jongin lowered his arms. "Okay, I won't. Whenever you're ready." He stepped back and sat on Sehun's bed, smiling when Kyungsoo looked at him differently. It wasn't a look of neither fright nor tears, it was one of acceptance. Kyungsoo had accepted Jongin for the disgusting being that he was. And Jongin swore on his life not to screw it up this time.

CAUGHT

The water in Kyungsoo's cup was long gone. The ice sat inside by itself, slowly melting; kind of how Kyungsoo was right now.

Jongin was sitting next to him at the kitchen table, and since the boy arrived Kyungsoo's senses have been on full-alert mode. Their elbows were 0.3cm apart; Kyungsoo didn't dare to move. He has been sitting in that spot for the last ten minutes, watching the ice melt.

On the other hand, Jongin was completely relaxed. He hummed to himself, obviously happy about a certain someone. Glancing to the side, he found Kyungsoo's stoic expression amusing. Jongin subtly moved closer to him, bumping elbows in the process.

Kyungsoo got so startled that he fell off his chair.

"What are you two doing?" Minseok asked, intrigued by the tension between them.

"Nothing." Jongin replied with a smile while Kyungsoo shakily got back up.

"You'd better," Sehun yawned while walking in. "What are we all gathering in the kitchen for?"

"Jenday told us to wait here," replied Chanyeol. "For the fourth challenge."

--

Half an hour later, the contestants arrived at a gym not too far from the dorm. A dart board sat in front a set of bleachers and several cameras as well as production crew surrounded the area.

"Okay guys," Jenday called for their attention. "Today teams are roommates, due to various complaints I've received last time. So take a seat with your partners while I set up with the staff."

"Um!" Luhan raised his hand. "I don't have a roommate."

"I know, so just take a seat anywhere."

The brunet pouted for a moment before sitting in the back row by himself.

Sehun glanced back at him, letting out a sigh as he leaned on his roommate's head. "I guess we're playing darts today."

"Yeah." Kyungsoo finally relaxed, seeing as he didn't have the chance to all morning. Thanks to a certain Kim Jongin, he was a nervous wreck and he felt like throwing up several times. One touch, even a slight graze from him would throw Kyungsoo off sanity. It wasn't like Kyungsoo wanted to be this way; he was still extremely wary of Jongin. He'd never know if the boy would violate him again.

On the other side of the bleachers, Minseok gave Chanyeol a friendly punch on the arm. "Hey roomie, we don't hang out together anymore. Why's that?" He asked.

Chanyeol gave him an apologetic smile. "I know, sorry." He gazed at that auburn head of hair a few rows down. "It's just that I've been busy these days."

Minseok followed his eyes. "You and Baekhyun are inseparable, huh?" He hummed. "What's he like in bed?"

Chanyeol choked on his spit, coughing while turning into a furious shade of red. The older watched him amusedly.

"You guys have... Done it... Right?"

"W-We haven't..." He started fanning himself, unable to look at anything but his feet.

"What?!" Minseok reminded himself to keep it down. "... But you guys are—"

"We're not dating," he insisted. "I just happen to spend all my time with him."

"But you like each other, don't you? Why aren't you dating?"

"I never said I liked him."

Minseok gave him a look. "Don't you?"

Chanyeol sighed. "Shut up, Minseok." He stared at Baekhyun, who was chatting away with Jongin. "I don't think he feels the same way as I do."

While he was doing that, Kris was trying to get Yixing to talk to him.

"Yixing!" He whined, shaking the boy's arm. "I really didn't do it, please talk to me!"

The other remained silent, biting his lips together in annoyance.

"Yixing... Alright, you asked for it." Kris held his fists up to his cheeks. "Buing buing."

Yixing found it really hard to keep a straight face after that. His mouth twitched, and tears were starting to form in his eyes. Eventually he burst into a fit of laughter. Amongst giggles, he whapped Kris on the shoulder.

"I-I hate you," he uttered between gasps.

"No you don't," Kris smiled, happy that he loosened up. "Should I do it again?"

"NO." The other grabbed his wrists. "Never do that again. It's something the world does not have to see."

"If you insist."

Several rows down, Baekhyun nudged Jongin in the gut. "Stop staring, you're making it painfully obvious."

"Shut up." Jongin continued to glare at Sehun and Kyungsoo, whom were having more skinship than necessary. "Why does he get to touch Kyungsoo?" He narrowed his eyes when Sehun turned to fix Kyungsoo's hair. "Why isn't he freaking out on him?"

"He didn't rape him, unlike somebody." Baekhyun retorted, although Jongin wasn't listening. He slapped the boy across the back of the head. "Just forget it; he's not going to give you any dick."

"That's not—"

"Oh, so if Kyungsoo came up to you stark naked and asked you to fuck his brains out, you wouldn't?" Jongin didn't answer, so Baekhyun made his point.

"... I just want to touch him too."

--

"Alright guys, sorry for waiting. It's time to start the fourth challenge!" Jenday bowed while the contestants clapped. "As you can see, we are playing darts today. But, it's not just ordinary darts. No, today we are playing STRIP DARTS!"

"Hey, is it okay if I grab that lawnmower I saw on the way here and kill you with it?" Kris asked a bit too seriously.

"Guys, I don't write the script, I interpret it." The MC nodded. "Besides, if you're lucky, you won't be stripping today. Each pair of partners will use a coin flip to determine who's shooting and who's stripping. The shooter will just simply hit the middle of the board to end their turn." She gestured to the dart board. "But if you miss, your partner has to take off one article of clothing. Now, as for Luhan who doesn't have a partner, you can join any group you want providing that you're the stripper."

The brunet fidgeted. "I... Have to strip?"

"Yeah, sorry about that. But if you choose a group who's good at shooting, maybe you won't have to take off as much."

Luhan tentatively pulled up his loose shirt. "... Can I join Sehun's group please?"

"Sure."

He gave a slight smile, and moved to sit next to Kyungsoo and Sehun. He leaned over and whispered, "I trust you guys to not leave me in my birthday suit."

"Of course," Kyungsoo replied. "You won't have to take a single thing off, since Sehun's a natural at darts. Right, Sehun?"

Luhan glanced at the boy, since he wasn't responding. "Sehuna?"

The youngest snapped out of his daze. "W-What? Yes?"

"Are you okay? You're really pale."

Sehun quickly wiped at his forehead. "Y-Yeah." He shuffled in his seat and cleared his throat, gaining weird looks between Kyungsoo and Luhan.

--

"Alright, since you're all done assigning the shooter and the stripper, let's start! Kris's team, why don't you go first?"

Yixing groaned as he went to stand in front of the dart board.

"Don't be upset, Yixing." Kris gestured to his body. "You'll get to see all *this* again."

The other scoffed. "I am *so* excited."

"I wonder if I should take my shirt off first," Kris murmured, peeking at his chest. "Maybe I should take my pants off first."

"Done."

Kris looked at the dart board, where a single dart was stuck right in the center. "... The fuck."

Yixing calmly dusted off his hands as the other contestants stared in disbelief. "... I already saw all of *that*; I don't need to see it again."

Jenday coughed into her mike. "Yixing, you... Already saw Kris naked?"

"... Um." The boy slowly backed to his seat, his face turning pink. Kris followed soon after, awkward as hell.

"... Anyway... Baekhyun and Jongin, why don't you two go next?"

"I'm shooting!" Baekhyun announced, taking his place in front of the board. A certain giant unintentionally let out a depressed sigh.

"Okay, I'm ready." Jongin gave his partner the go. He was pretty calm, as if stripping in public was an everyday thing for him.

Baekhyun picked up a dart and held it way behind his head. He focused his eyes on the center circle and threw it, only to miss completely.

Jongin raised his eyebrows. "I'd almost say you were missing on purpose. Did you really want to see me naked that badl—" He shut up when Baekhyun gave him the death glare. "Okay, okay..." He obediently removed his shirt and tossed it aside.

On the bleachers, Sehun noticed that Kyungsoo was shaking. "H-Hyung? Are you okay?"

"Y-Yeah, I-I just... Had a flashback." He murmured, hiding his face in his hands.

"... It's okay hyung." Sehun wrapped an arm around the elder's shoulders. "Just calm down."

Jongin glared at the two. *"Stop touching him."* He continued to glare until Baekhyun yelled at him to get his attention. "What? What?"

Baekhyun groaned, "Pants."

"What?"

"Take off your damn pants."

He took a look at the board, which was still completely clean.

"... You're lucky I remembered to wear underwear today." The boy sat on the floor and pulled his jeans off, revealing his bright blue boxers.

Baekhyun sighed again, picking up another dart. As he got into his shooting stance, he heard a voice behind him.

"Baekhyun! Baekhyun, put your right foot out!" His heart stopped when he heard Chanyeol calling his name. "Don't grip so hard on it Baekhyun! And follow-through!" He found himself listening to Chanyeol's voice again, and threw the dart.

"Whoa, Baekhyun just barely hit the center!" Jenday was surprised. "Jongin, I guess you can put your clothes back on now!"

"Thank you." The two shuffled to their seats, Jongin shoving his butt back into his pants. Baekhyun was a little stoic.

"Okay, let's have Kyungsoo's team go next."

"Sehuna," Luhan called. "You're going to shoot, right?"

The boy nodded. "Y-Yeah."

"... I trust you."

"... Y-Yeah."

The three stood up and took their respective places, Kyungsoo behind Sehun and Luhan beside the board.

"Luhan," the MC stood next to him. "You're not wearing very much today."

He rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah, I'm not very lucky."

"We'll see about that. Sehun, you may start!"

Luhan met with Sehun's gaze, giving him a pleading look; he really didn't want to strip in front of all these people. *"I trust you, Sehuna."*

The boy swallowed his spit as he picked up his first dart. Slowly, he lifted his arm and threw.

When the dart hit one of the outer circles, Luhan's eyes widened. He looked back at Sehun, who was avoiding his eyes. He reluctantly kicked off his shoes and pushed them aside.

"Get this right, Sehun." Kyungsoo said sternly.

"I-I know." He picked up the second dart and threw it. This one hit the very bottom of the board.

"S-Sehuna!" Luhan cried, not being answered. With shaky hands, he pulled off his shirt.

Sehun tried with all his might not to look at Luhan's creamy white chest, but failed miserably. He continued throwing, and continued missing. Soon, Luhan was in nothing but his underwear. And what a sight it was for Sehun. His skin looked so soft, just like he imagined.

Kyungsoo had a realization. "Sehun, are you..." He sucked in a breath as the boy picked up another dart. Looking at Luhan, Kyungsoo noticed tears coming out of his eyes. "... DAMMIT SEHUN, MOVE!" He shoved him to the floor and snatched the dart, throwing it with all his might. He sprinted towards Luhan and helped put his clothes back on, leading the shaking boy back to the bleachers. All the while, Sehun sat there frozen.

"... I'm the biggest idiot in the world."

Jenday strode to the board, where Kyungsoo's dart was an inch deep into the center. She let out a whistle. "W-ell, that was interesting."

After that situation was cleared up, Minseok and Chanyeol had their turn. Minseok shot the darts, only allowing Chanyeol to only take off his watch and shoes. The winner was announced to be Kris and Yixing's team, as they took off the least amount of clothing.

"Congratulations you guys!" Jenday cheered, "Come up and receive your immunity ticket."

Kris excitedly went up to her and held his hands out. The MC was about to give it to him when one of the crew members went up to her and whispered in her ear.

"... Really? Huh." Kris stared at them confusedly, still holding his hands out. "... I see." Jenday put the condom back into her pocket. "Kris's team, you will not receive a ticket today."

"What?!" He gawked. "Why?"

"I think you and I both know why," she replied. "Unless only I know why and I have to explain it to you."

"Please explain it to me."

The MC sighed. "There's a camera in the confession room."

"... Yeah...?"

"Everything in there is recorded." He went silent. "*Everything*. Especially that part when you *sabotaged the voting box.*"

"W-Wait," Yixing's words were hard to get out. "So... J-Junmyeon... Wasn't supposed to be eliminated...?"

"I'm afraid not," Jenday replied. "But there isn't much we can do about it though. Except for not giving you a ticket of course, so you won't be getting one today."

Kris swallowed, feeling Yixing's glare pierce through his back. He was in so much trouble.

Jenday clapped when she realized the room was drowning in tension. "Alright guys! It's time to head back and vote. I bet you guys have an idea of who you want to vote out. And no sabotaging!"

TRUTH

"Yixing! Yixing, please!"

Kris continued the chase after him, but Yixing wasn't showing any signs of stopping. So he grabbed his arm, pulling him back. "Yixing, I'm sorry, I—"

"You're sorry?" He turned to look at Kris, a look not too friendly. "Isn't it too late to be sorry?"

The taller looked distraught. "I'm still sorry."

"Forget it," Yixing shook his hand off. "Not only did you kick him off, but you lied about it too. Do you know what you took away from me?"

Kris didn't respond, as he knew the answer was going to be thrown at him anyway.

"Junmyeon was a dear friend, okay? Hell, even my *best* friend. He was important to me, and you took him away. I understand that you were fucking jealous, but Kris, even if Junmyeon weren't here, I— I still would have chosen you."

Kris's heart sank. "W-What?"

Yixing swallowed a lump in his throat, clenching fists so hard his nails were digging into his skin. "I-I don't like Junmyeon. I like you." He tried to blink his tears away but they still came down. "I chose you over him. I chose you Kris, and I've never been so wrong in my life."

He turned on his heel and stomped to their room, leaving Kris there unable to move.

A few minutes later, Yixing came out with his bags in his hands. "L-Luhan! Can I sleep over?"

Kris stood there silently, not wanting to accept the truth. "I'm not even gay..." He wiped away his own tears with his hand. "... Then why does it hurt so much?"

--

"I still need a few more votes." Jenday hummed, standing outside of the confession room.

Kyungsoo came out of the said room shortly after. "I'm done."

"Okay, who hasn't voted yet?"

"Jongin and that other kid," murmured Baekhyun.

"Baekhyun, why don't you get Jongin and Kyungsoo can get Sehun. Sound good?" The two nodded and started off to find their roommates. Baekhyun was at the kitchen doorway when Jenday called after him. "You should really start memorizing names, you know!" He scoffed and continued walking.

As he passed one of the rooms, the deep sound of laughter entered Baekhyun's ears. "Ah." He paused to knock on Minseok and Chanyeol's bedroom door.

The laughter paused and the door opened. "Hey, Baekhyun's here." Minseok called to his roommate, bouncing back onto his bed as Chanyeol went to the door.

"Hi." The taller closed the door behind him. "What's up?" His soft smile and curious eyes automatically made Baekhyun glance at the floor.

"Uh, thanks for today." He said, suddenly realizing how stupid he sounded right now.

Chanyeol tilted his head. "For... Oh, helping you with darts. It's no biggie."

"Actually, it was a huge biggie," he murmured. "I did *not* want to see Jongin naked." His heart jumped when Chanyeol laughed. It was probably due to the frequency or the fact that Chanyeol just laughed.

"Actually, I saw him before," he commented. "Wasn't that bad actually." Baekhyun shot his head up, staring at him with wide eyes. "... I'm kidding."

"O-Oh." They shared a laugh before Baekhyun spoke again. "Can I ask you something?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Ah..." He was silent for a while. "Do... Do you like me now?"

Chanyeol blinked; his expression stiffening. *"This again."* He let out a sigh. "Hypothetically... What if I did?"

Baekhyun felt a weight drop onto his shoulders as soon as he heard that sentence. His eyes widened as he stared at Chanyeol, the man with an unreadable face. "Huh...?"

Chanyeol let out another sigh. He forced a smile and rustled Baekhyun's hair. "I'm kidding." The sigh of relief coming out from the shorter didn't go unnoticed.

"W-Well, I need to go look for J-Jongin now." Baekhyun nodded. "See y-you."

"... See you."

Kyungsoo walked into their dark bedroom. "Sehun?" He turned on the lights, catching the boy sitting on floor wrapped up in a blanket.

"Go away..." He seemed dead. "Not in the mood..."

Kyungsoo closed the door and sat down next to him. "You're an idiot," he said after a moment of silence.

"Thanks hyung..." Sehun groaned tiredly.

"You like Luhan, don't you?"

The younger shot a look at him. "I'm not—"

"*Gay*? Then are you *straight*?"

Sehun shut his mouth, biting his lip. What was he supposed to say?

"Look, it doesn't even matter. Whether or not you are gay and whether or not Luhan is a girl... You like him don't you?"

He hesitated. "I..."

"I'm asking you, not society. I'm not asking you if you like a guy. I'm not asking you if you like a girl. I'm asking you if you like Luhan."

"OKAY! I LIKE HIM. I LIKE LUHAN, OKAY?!" He quietly sat back down after his outburst.

Kyungsoo patted the younger's head. "Then why would you do something like that to him?"

"I don't know..."

"Were you horny?"

"I guess," he sighed. "I just wanted to see him nak—"

"Too much information. Anyway, just go apologize to him. I'm pretty sure he knows that you missed on purpose."

"What," Sehun looked at his hyung in disbelief. "He knows?"

"Of course he does. He's not as stupid as you take him to be."

"I never called him stupid."

"Fine*, dim*. Just go already."

--

Baekhyun stared at the empty bed across from his. Jongin was nowhere to be found. *"Where is that blithering idiot?"* He stepped out into the hall, spotting the washrooms at the end of it. He walked over to the closed one, raising a fist to knock on the door.

"K-Kyungsoo..."

He completely froze on the spot, staring at the door where Jongin's voice could be heard. He could also hear harsh breathing sounds.

"K-Kyungsoo...!"

Baekhyun blinked rapidly, his fist still in the air. *"Are they...?"* He glanced sideways, catching Kyungsoo walking into the kitchen. *"If he's out here, then... Oh... Oh.*"

"Kyungsoo... Ah, fuck."

He practically sprinted to his room and jumped into his bed before Jongin could come out. When Jongin walked into their room, Baekhyun had already checked thrice to make sure the magazine he randomly grabbed wasn't upside-down or a porno.

"Hey."

"H-Hi." he replied, flipping a page although his hands were shaking. He glanced at Jongin and realized the boy was staring at him. "W-W-What?"

Jongin raised an eyebrow. "What's so funny?"

Baekhyun let out a barely contained chortle. "N-Nothing... It's just that..." He hid his face in the magazine. "You smell like semen."

--

"Sehuna!"

Sehun stopped in the middle of the hallway when he heard that familiar voice. The brunet stood in front of him, his eyebrows creased with either disappointment or disgust. He hoped it was the former.

"L-Luhan," he gulped. "I was looking for you."

"So was I. We need to talk."

"I... I know." The younger hung his head, unable to look at him in the eyes. "I'm sorry for what I did. I don't know what I was thinking. I'm so stupid, I—"

"Sehuna." Luhan grabbed his hands and held them tightly. "I accept your apology. But I just want to get something straight. You... missed the dart board on purpose, right?"

Sehun nodded shamefully. Even the warmth from Luhan's hands weren't helping his cold feet.

"Can you tell me why?" He tried to look at Sehun's face by slightly crouching. "Oh Sehuna?"

"I..."

"Contestants, please proceed to the kitchen for an important announcement." A robotic version of Jenday's voice bounced through the halls. The two paid no heed to the interruption; Luhan gestured for Sehun to continue.

"... I lik—"

"Contestants, especially Sehun, please proceed to the kitchen for an important announcement."

Luhan sighed. "Quickly, tell me."

He tried to. "I—"

"FINE! IF YOU WON'T COME HERE I'LL JUST TELL YOU! SEHUN, YOU'RE ELIMINATED. GO HOME."

The two stiffened after Jenday's statement. Luhan looked at him with eyes of hurt. "S-Sehuna..."

Sehun bit his lip for a moment. Then he shook Luhan's hands off and pulled the older boy into his embrace. Luhan was startled by this sudden action, but his heart fluttered rapidly.

"I'll... I'll tell you if you win." Sehun murmured, his arms shaking around Luhan's waist.

"W-What?"

"If you win this competition, I'll tell you." He slowly let go of him. "So win."

A frown showed itself on Luhan's face. He hugged Sehun again tightly. "You're being totally unfair," he mumbled against his chest. "I'm going to miss you, Sehuna."

"Mm," he replied. "Me too, Luhana."

Episode 6

RETURN

"What the fuck?" That was the first thing Sehun said when he entered an unfamiliar building and confetti was popped in his face. He took a good look and recognized some of the faces around him. "Ch-Chen? Junmyeon?" His eyes were twice their size. "Tao? What's going on?"

"Welcome to Losers' Paradise!" Chen answered in an announcer-like fashion. "This is where all the losers reside in a surprisingly extravagant condo! Complete with a pool, gym, media center and a beautiful skylight, Losers' Paradise is the perfect place to brood about how much you SUCK!"

"Three times better than that icky dorm in my opinion," Tao said while chewing on a potato chip. "I've been here the longest and I'm not complaining."

"Are you guys done advertising?" Jenday entered the foyer, taking her shoes off. "Oh, you forgot something. Along with everything Chen just blabbered about, the media center also streams live footage of the dorm."

"But we're only two minutes away." Sehun retorted, still unable to take any of this in.

"Still, you're not allowed to contact any of the remaining contestants. That's why we have live footage. Now, are you going to the bar or the Jacuzzi first?"

He confusedly chose the latter.

--

He wrapped a towel around his nether regions as he stepped out of the bath. Sehun was still confused about all of this. He walked out to their so-called media center (he bit his tongue as soon as he stepped foot in it; there were three HD flat screens and more than enough game consoles to go around) and sat on the sofa next to Tao.

"So how was it?" The dark-haired boy asked, this time munching on smarties. Sehun secretly pondered how Tao was able to fatass and still stay fit.

"It was... bubbly." He replied, water dripping from his hair to the leather.

"Still a bit iffy about Losers' Paradise?" Tao lazily flipped channels on one of the TVs.

Sehun wasn't sure which TV Tao was using, since they were all on. "Kind of, yeah. I mean... I thought you guys all went home, but you're still here."

"I've been here since second week. It was so nice having the place to myself..." Tao turned in his seat. "Then some blabbermouth named Chen came and ate my cake!"

"I am not a blabbermouth!" Chen came running down the stairs. "You're still mad about that?! I said I was sorry!"

"You're just lucky Junmyeon bought more!"

"This is an everyday thing," Junmyeon appeared out of thin air, startling the crap out of Sehun. "How are you?"

"I-I'm good... Ah, Yixing is good too. Kind of."

The other automatically smiled. "I see. Well, I was worried about you and Luhan, but... I guess there's nothing to worry about."

"Wait..." Sehun put two and two together. "Live footage... SO YOU GUYS WERE WATCHING THIS WHOLE TIME?!"

"Tao recorded every single time you blushed and stuttered!" Chen tattled.

"WHAT?!" He gaped.

"Oh yeah," said Tao. "That was interesting... *'I'll... I'll tell you if you win. So win.'* Classic."

"DELETE IT! NOW!" He tried to reach for the remote in Tao's hands, but failed miserably.

Tao calmly flipped to the live footage channel. "Hey, it's your precious Luhan."

He immediately stopped and looked at the screen(s). Sure enough, Luhan's face was on one of them. He was in the confession room.

LU HAN — 23:13

"*sighs* ... So Yixing moved into my room for the day, but Kyungsoo is supposed to move in tomorrow,

so I wonder how that'll work. Speaking of Yixing, I heard about his Kris issue. The two of us set up an 'anti-Kris' alliance. The goal is to get Kris out ASAP. I'm planning to get the others in on it too... *sighs* Sehuna told me to win, but I don't think it'll be that easy. *sighs* I miss him already."

The three slowly turned to look at Sehun with knowing faces. The boy was completely red.

"I-I'm... going to p-put some c-clothes on." He got up and dashed up the stairs, embarrassed.

Tao chuckled. "Aw, I should've recorded that."

--

Jongin's phone vibrated early the next morning, echoing the chorus of SHINee's *Dream Girl* around the room. The boy immediately sat up, stretching his limbs and the smile on his face. "What a beautiful day!" He chimed as he opened the blinds.

On the other side, Baekhyun groaned when a flash of sunlight hit his face. He continued to groan when Jongin jumped into his bed. "It's morning, Baekhyun dearest! Let's get up!" The boy sang in a sickeningly sweet voice.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Baekhyun shoved him off his bed. "You never get up this damn early!" He groaned again when he looked at the clock, which read '5:41'.

"Tsk tsk tsk, Baekhyunnie!" Jongin shook his head disapprovingly. "You seem to be forgetting that a certain thorn in my ass, Oh Sehun, was voted out last night!"

"And...?!" At this point, Baekhyun's face was deep into the darkness of his pillow.

"*And*, since Oh Sehun is out, no one can stop me from *frolicking* on Kyungsoo!" Jongin stared at the ceiling in triumph.

Baekhyun was a little less than amused. "Do you even know what frolicking *means*?"

"Play about with someone in a flirtatious or sexual way, in Kai context. I searched it up.*"

"Who the hell is Kai?"

"Dear Baekhyunnie, I don't have time for this. Kyungsoo is probably making breakfast right now and I—" The other suddenly yanked Jongin's collar down to his level.

"... Call me 'Baekhyunnie' one more time, so god help me, I will sever your dick and shove it down your throat."

"What is up with everyone and threatening my dick? It hasn't even been in you... Yet."

"Get the fuck out and frolic with your damn Kyungsoo."

--

Luhan stared sympathetically at the boy across his bed. Yixing was scrolling through his text messages. He assumed they were all from Kris, considering the faces Yixing made at each one.

"Yixing, you have to move out tomorrow." He said, placing his chin on his knees.

"I know..."

Luhan started playing with his toes. "Where will you go? If not with Kris..."

Yixing lightly tossed his phone onto the mattress. "I can't go in any of the other rooms?"

"They're locked now."

"Ah," he picked up his bags. "I guess it's the common room then."

The brunet looked up at him, shocked. "You can't sleep in the common room! It's cold, uncomfortable and scary at night!"

"Don't be silly. I'm going to move there. See you." And with that, stubborn Yixing left the room.

Luhan pouted, unsure what to make of this situation. He was positive Yixing would be most comfortable sleeping in his own bed, but there was Kris to think about. As he thought more about it, he started to pity Kris. The big guy really liked Yixing. Pretty much everyone could tell.

"But sabotaging the votes was wrong," he told himself. *"That's why he has to leave."*

--

Minseok stared at a small piece of paper taped on the wall next to the front door. The words *'contact Jenday if you need any help <3'* along with a phone number were scrawled on it. He pondered a little longer before pulling out his phone and dialing the number.

He sat on the floor with his back against the wall while the line rang.

"Hello?" Jenday answered, although she could barely be heard because of the background noise. "This is Jenday-nim."

"Uh, hi." He coughed, "This is Minseok."

"HEY, WOULD YOU GUYS SHUT UP?! ... Hi Minseok, what's up?"

"Um... I just wanted to know..." He blushed. "Do you happen to have Chen's contact?"

"Chen?" He could've sworn the MC snickered for a split second. "I do, but contestants aren't allowed to contact losers directly."

"What about indirectly?"

"Hm... Yeah, I guess you could. Can I take a message?"

"Y-Yes, please tell him—" At that moment the front door suddenly opened, hitting his side.

Kris looked behind the door, surprised at the little man sitting there. "Sorry." He then closed the door and proceeded up the stairs without a second glance.

Minseok scowled. "Jerk," he muttered under his breath.

"You want me to tell him 'jerk'? Okay, I'll be sure to let him know."

"Wha—" He widened his eyes. "Wait, that's not what I meant! Jenday, I—" The loud ring answered him; the MC had hung up. Minseok groaned in his hands, hoping Chen wouldn't take his 'message' the wrong way.

--

Jongin stood at the kitchen doorway, hiding like a child looking for Santa on Christmas. He grinned as his eyes roamed over Kyungsoo's adorable backside. The older man was just barely awake, with his slow movements and disheveled hair sticking out in places. Not only that, but Jongin noticed he had a cute butt too. *"How come I haven't realized these things before...?"*

Kyungsoo yawned as he spread butter on several pieces of toast. While he was doing that, he got the sudden feeling that he was being watched. But he just ignored it and continued watching the

eggs cook. He shouldn't have ignored it, because the next thing he knew someone had startled him and he nearly pissed himself.

"Hey, I'm holding a knife—" he turned and froze immediately.

"Silly, you can't hurt yourself with a butter knife!" Jongin cooed, oblivious to his shock.

He looked away. "W-W-What do you w-want?" His hands were shaking while he was handling the frying pan.

"I just want to hang out with you." Jongin reached over and grasped the handle, touching Kyungsoo's hand in the process.

The latter quickly retracted his hand. "D-Don't touch me."

Jongin put the pan down and stepped closer to him until he was backed against the counter. "... But I want to touch you."

The shaky feeling returned to Kyungsoo's entire body. As Jongin got closer and closer, he shut his eyes out of fear. Tears were starting to well up and his blood was running cold. Kyungsoo couldn't help it; it was an automatic reaction. "D-Don't..."

Something soft pressed against his forehead for a split second. When he opened his eyes again, Jongin had moved two feet away. It took him a moment to realize Jongin just kissed him on the head.

"Do you need help with breakfast?" he asked with a grin.

Taking a moment to calm down, Kyungsoo nodded.

--

Yixing flopped onto the sofa and adjusted his make-shift pillow, his jacket. He wasn't really looking forward to his first night in the common room, but it'd have to do for now.

"Are you sure you're okay in here?" Luhan was standing by the doorway, looking worried as per usual. "You can move back in if you want."

"I'm going to be fine," he pulled out his mp3 player. "Just turn out the lights for me."

Luhan let out a sigh before flipping the light switch. "Good night."

He lazily waved. "Night." He turned on his music and quickly tried to go to sleep. Unfortunately, the night had other plans for him.

A few minutes into bedtime, the air conditioner rumbled, blowing cold air right onto Yixing's face. Although he fixed that situation by flipping onto his stomach, his butt was starting to freeze instead.

As he twisted and turned on the small couch, Yixing noticed there was a little bump under the cushion. He reached under and pulled out what seemed to be a bottle of lube. He silently cursed a certain hormone-filled teenager and turned again onto his back, as the AC had turned off.

When a noisy car drove past the window, Yixing peeled his eyes open. He couldn't sleep.

His eyes skirted around the dark room, noticing a shadow on the wall that looked strangely like a serial killer with a chainsaw.

Yep, there was no way Yixing could sleep now.

Suddenly, he heard a door open down the hall, footsteps following after. *"Shit. I'm gonna die*." He squeezed his eyes shut, as if a killer wouldn't stab someone who was asleep.

The footsteps became louder, and soon they were in the common room. Yixing knew someone was looming over him, but he was too frightened to scream or even open his eyes. Just then, something like a blanket was placed on his shivering body. When the shadowy figure started to walk away, Yixing steadily opened his eyes again.

All he saw was the silhouette of a certain asshole of a giant, who didn't seem so asshole-y anymore.

--

"Alright contestants!" Jenday turned to the men in front of her. "Do you know where we are?!"

"NATIONAL CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE NATIONAL FOLK MUSEUM OF GYONGPANG!"

"THANK YOU JONGIN! So, guess what game we're playing here today!"

"Hopefully it doesn't involve any stripping..." Minseok murmured.

"We're going to play manhunt today!" She waited until several of them stopped groaning to continue. "There are water guns and water bottles hidden in and around this museum. You'll be given a target sticker and a picture of a contestant. That contestant will be your prey. You're supposed to shoot your prey on their target sticker with the water to kill them. Once they are shot, their target becomes your new target... It keeps going until the last two men attack each other, and eventually there will be one man left standing."

"Question!" Luhan raised his hand. "What happens to the dead people?"

"There are cafes near here." The MC replied simply. "So, don't damage the museum displays, don't leave the game unless you're dead, and don't trust *anyone*. Come up and get your targets!"

They all lined up and were handed a small envelope one by one, and one by one they dispersed into this game of life and death.

TRAP

Yixing quietly walked into the men's room, making sure it was clear before he locked himself into a stall. He tore apart his envelope and pulled out a piece of paper with a certain brunet's face on it.

"... My target's Luhan." He snickered to himself. *"This is going to be a piece of cake."* After he stuck his target sticker on his chest, Yixing stepped outside. "*How am I going to find him?*"

"YIXING!"

"That was easy."

Luhan ran up to him. "Yixing," he panted. "Let's set up an alliance now."

"Alliance?" Yixing tried to act as innocent as possible. He couldn't have Luhan figure out who his predator was.

"Let's get Kris out first," he explained. "With the help of the other guys."

"Sure." Yixing thought he might as well find some ammo on the way. "By the way, who's your target?"

"Kyungsoo. You?"

He smiled. "Minseok."

--

"Hey," Sehun murmured, his eyes watching the live footage. "She said to not leave the game unless you were dead, right?"

Junmyeon looked up from his book. "Yeah. What about it?"

"Then..." He pointed to the bottom screen. "Where is he going?"

The screen showed a short, auburn-topped boy clearly stepping out of the museum and striding to the cafe across the street.

"The game hasn't even started yet, and Baekhyun is already leaving?"

Junmyeon shrugged. "We'll see what happens."

--

Kyungsoo sat comfortably at the bottom of the slide, squinting from the bright sunshine. He was at the park that was part of the Children's museum, so technically it wasn't out of bounds.

He pulled out the envelope from his pocket and opened it. When he took out his target's picture, his heart jumped. The sun was shining much too brightly on the paper, but Kyungsoo somehow recognized the facial shape on it. "No..." He stood up and crawled into a tunnel, where it was slightly darker. "It can't be..." With once more, this time clearer look at his target's picture, Kyungsoo let out a long groan. "Why me..."

He blinked his eyes, noticing there was a small bottle of colored water in front of him. Reluctantly, he picked it up and crawled back out the tunnel. As he stepped backwards, he bumped into someone behind him.

"Ah, sorry—" he turned and as usual, froze immediately.

"What were you doing in there?" Jongin asked with a soft smile.

"I— Nothing." Kyungsoo stared at the ground as he walked away, but remembered that his target was right next to him. He walked back, searching Jongin's body for his target.

"Heh, are you checking me out?" Jongin chuckled, enjoying the staring.

"No, I—" he blushed. "Where... Where did you put your target?"

"My target?" Jongin turned around. "Right here."

The target sticker was cleanly on his right butt cheek.

"... That's..." Kyungsoo tried to find a word other than 'stupid'. "... Disadvantageous."

"I wanted to put it on my coc— front," the boy faced him again. "But if someone shot me there then it'd look like I pissed myself."

"... Right."

"Hey, you already found ammo!" Jongin pointed to the bottle in the other's hand. "Whoever's your target will go *down.*"

"But you're my target..."

"HEY! HEY GUYS!" Off in a distance, Luhan, Yixing, and Chanyeol were running towards the two.

"How do I know that none of you are after me?" Jongin snapped as soon as they arrived.

"Not now Jongin," Luhan flopped onto the ground. "I'm tired."

"What do you guys want?"

"Yeah, what *do* you guys want?" Chanyeol made a face. "You just dragged me here."

"Hey guys!" Minseok joined the group, a gun sticking out of his pocket. "What's going on?"

"The more the merrier," Luhan chimed. His smile then turned into a determined frown. "Guys, we're going to take out Kris. And we need your help."

"Why should we?" Jongin folded his arms.

"Look Jongin, who's your target?"

"... Kris."

"Okay, so help us help you. If we get Kris, you can move on to your next target."

Jongin rolled his eyes. "Fine, what's the plan?"

--

"One caramel frappuccino please!" Baekhyun paid for his drink as he played with a straw in his mouth. While waiting for his dose of much needed caffeine, his phone buzzed in his breast pocket. It was a message from 'Yeollie' that read:

'Where are yooouu TT we made up a plan to kill Kris but its not fun if youre not there TT'

He blankly stared at the text. He replied shortly after and returned his phone to his pocket. Then he picked up his drink and took a seat at an empty table, kicking his feet up. Glancing at his watch, Baekhyun sighed happily. "*Those idiots will probably be done in under three hours... Where should I kill time?*"

--

Chanyeol picked up his phone from the ground, which he had dropped after getting startled by its vibration. His heart fluttered after noticing Baekhyun had replied to his text.

'I'm in hiding; I'll find you later'

He smiled a bit until he was whacked across the head.

"Dude, focus!" Jongin scolded. "Our target is right there." The boy was pumping his large water gun that Luhan had given him rather vulgarly.

"Yeah, yeah..." Chanyeol murmured, grasping his own smaller gun.

The two were hiding behind the stair railing on the second floor. At the bottom, they could clearly see Kris calmly walking around the halls. His target sticker was sitting on his left thigh.

"Alright, I'll wait by the other end of the first floor. You go down the stairs and lead him to me."

"Yeah." Chanyeol nodded with determination. After Jongin had run off, he started stepping down the stairs.

"... HAH!" He shouted loudly. "I FOUND YOU KREESE!"

Kris looked at him startled, but ran as soon as he realized the situation. Chanyeol chased after him, laughing like a maniac. They ran all the way across the museum, eventually reaching a dead end.

"W-Wait," Kris raised his hands. "Maybe we can work something out."

"Forget it," Chanyeol snickered. "You're dead—"

"OH NO, YOU DON'T!" Jongin appeared out of nowhere, shooting Chanyeol haphazardly. "DIE!"

Chanyeol made a deep groaning sound and lay down on the floor, pretending to be dead.

Jongin huffed, and turned to Kris with a smile. "I saved you."

Kris nodded. "Thanks." He started to walk off when Jongin grabbed his shoulder. "... What?"

"I can't lie to you." The smile remained on the boy's face. "Chanyeol's not your predator."

Kris look confused. "What?"

He swiftly shot the target on Kris's leg. "... I am. RUN CHANYEOL!!!"

Before Kris could comprehend what the hell was going on, both Chanyeol and Jongin sprinted away, crying of laughter.

"... What the fuck?"

--

The two ran back to the park, where the others were waiting. "WE GOT KRIS!" Jongin shouted, still in hysterics.

"Did you see his face?" Chanyeol rubbed his eyes of incoming tears. "That was awesome."

"Awesome job guys!" Luhan gave both a pat on the head. "I guess the real game can start now."

"Hey Chanyeol," Yixing called. "Let me borrow your gun for a moment."

"Uh, sure." He handed it over. "Why?"

"So I can do this." Yixing simply turned to Luhan and shot him on the arm, on his sticker. "Okay, here you go."

"... Oh shit, let's go Kyungsoo!" Jongin grabbed his hand and pulled Kyungsoo away despite protest. Minseok and Chanyeol had run away too, since the actual game had started. It was only Yixing and Luhan left, standing there silently.

The brunet was staring at his now wet arm, trying to understand what just happened. Yixing stood there, waiting for him to catch up.

A moment later, Luhan slowly looked up at Yixing, a look of pure horror on his face. "... Y-You were my predator the whole time."

"No shit," Yixing snickered. "Come on, you're my slave now."

Luhan groaned and whined as Yixing dragged him back inside the museum.

--

"W-W-Wait— J-Jongin— Stop!"

Jongin gasped, slowing down from running and letting go of Kyungsoo's hand. The older fell to the floor, his eyes wide and body shaking.

"I-I'm sorry." Jongin crouched beside him. "I forgot."

"I-It's not your fault..." Kyungsoo let out a shaky laugh. "I should be used to you touching me by now, but I can't. I-I just can't."

A hint of hurt showed itself in Jongin's eyes. "... I'm sorry."

Kyungsoo steadily stood back up and looked around. "... W-Where are we?" They had run into a strange part of the museum. They were surrounded by traditional Korean rooms with sliding doors. Even the floor was a creaky wood.

Jongin walked up and slid one of the doors open. "Whoa, it's like a tea room in here."

While Jongin was admiring the interior, Kyungsoo's eyes averted to the boy's butt. The target was right there, just waiting to be shot at. He slowly pulled out his water bottle and grasped it.

"I just need to shoot his ass. Then I'm done. I can do this."

--

Chanyeol stumbled into what seemed to be a changing room. There was a rack of traditional children's clothes and several mirrors at the side. He closed the door and sat on one of the benches, sighing. He pulled out his phone and dialed a number. A few seconds later, the call was picked up.

"This is Baekhyun."

"I miss you." He unconsciously pouted.

Baekhyun laughed. "I'll come to you in a little bit. Are you dead?"

"Not yet. My target is Yixing, but... I'm scared."

"Don't be. I believe in you, Yeol."

He grinned stupidly before noticing. "How come you never call me by my real name?"

There was silence. "... B-Because Yeol sounds cuter." And with that, Baekhyun had hung up.

Chanyeol shrugged and put away his phone. While he was doing that, someone burst out from the clothes rack and shot at him with blue water.

"What the—" once the shooting stopped and Chanyeol's vision cleared, he took a good look at his predator. "... Minseok?"

The shorter man gave him a peace sign. "I was waiting for you to finish your phone call."

He glanced at the mirror in front of him. His sticker was clearly blue. "Okay, you got me."

Minseok fist-pumped the air. "Now give me your prey's picture."

The other obediently handed Yixing's picture over, commenting, "Good luck with that."

"Yixing?" Minseok murmured. "What are you talking about, this is an easy target."

"Are you kidding? That guy's boss on *Just Dance*. He has moves."

"I guess you never saw me play... Well, see you later." He started out of the changing room.

Chanyeol groaned. "Dude, you even got my hair wet."

"Just wanted to be sure."

--

Kyungsoo and Jongin sat side-by-side on the wooden platform of one of the houses. Taking a subtle glance, Jongin's sticker was sticking out from under his butt. If Kyungsoo 'accidentally' spilled his water bottle here, then the sticker would get wet and he would be done. But this was Jongin he was talking about. This was the Jongin that would make him flinch and quiver under a single touch or sound. It wasn't that easy.

"Ah!" Jongin suddenly exclaimed, startling the crap out of him. "I should start looking for Baekhyun—" he stood up, and glanced at the nervous man beside him. "... Maybe I can go later." He sat down again with a sweet smile.

The two sat in silence, one man more jittery than the other.

"... Hey." Jongin broke the silence, startling him once more.

"Y-Yes?" The older uttered, not meeting Jongin's eyes.

"... Can I kiss you?"

This time he stared at Jongin in shock. "W-What...?"

"I'm not forcing it on you this time, I'm asking for permission. It should be okay, right?"

Kyungsoo gulped at his question. He seriously considered it. He should really get used to Jongin's touching by now. A kiss should help... right?

He numbly nodded, bringing a smile to the boy's face. "Then I'm leaning in."

He closed his eyes, and waited. Jongin got closer, his breath ghosting over Kyungsoo's lips.

Unknowingly, Kyungsoo let out a quiet whimper when Jongin softly pressed his lips against his. It was a weird feeling, unlike the previous times they kissed. It wasn't forced or rough at all. It was... If he had to describe it, it was sweet. The kiss was sweet. And Jongin's lips were beyond description.

The boy pulled back after a long moment, staring into Kyungsoo's eyes. "... Was that okay?" He asked innocently, waiting for an answer.

"... I..." He blushed and turned his head away. "H-How can you ask me that?!"

"I never got to ask before. Is my kissing okay? I wanna know."

The older started fanning himself. "It's... Okay..."

Jongin chuckled. "Okay." He resumed staring off into the distance, a smile still on his face. Kyungsoo stared at him for moments, soon noticing that this was the perfect time. Jongin was distracted; he could totally pull off the attack right now.

Slowly, Kyungsoo twisted the cap off the water bottle, keeping his eyes on the younger. He slightly tilted the bottle towards Jongin's ass, not noticing the cap was slipping out of his grip.

When the cap landed on the floor, Jongin turned his head to face Kyungsoo. He blinked at the older and the threatening bottle in his hand. Kyungsoo was caught. "... Are you—?"

"GOT YOU!" Suddenly, spurts of green water were shot onto Kyungsoo's arm, thoroughly soaking the sticker there. Yixing walked into the room, dangling his water gun. "Yep, you're dead."

Kyungsoo stared at his arm, at Yixing, and then at Jongin. "... Shoot."

"Wait, if you were trying to kill me," Jongin tried to process. "And he just killed you, that means he's now after me—" He sprinted out of the room before he finished talking.

Yixing stared at the direction he ran off in. "Well," he turned back to Kyungsoo. "I'm going after him now. Have fun being dead."

The other groaned. "Thanks."

--

Jongin dove into a small playground tunnel, panting. He tried to piece the pieces together. "I killed Kris first. Then my target became Baekhyun. If Yixing killed Luhan before Kyungsoo, then Kyungsoo was originally Luhan's target. I'm Yixing's target now. The people still in are me, Baekhyun, Yixing, Minseok, and Chanyeol... I think. I wonder who's targeting Yixing..."

"That'd be me."

Startled by the sudden voice above him, Jongin bumped his head. "SHIT!" He painfully crawled out and glared at the person sitting comfortably on the tunnel. "What are you doing here, Minseok?"

Minseok gave him a peace sign. "I was eavesdropping. Also, Chanyeol's dead. I killed him."

Jongin raised eyebrows. "Nice. Now do you mind beating Yixing's ass while I find Baekhyun who is NOWHERE TO BE FOUND?!"

Laughing, Minseok gave patted Jongin's back. "Sure. Just watch yourself; I'll be back for you."

"Yeah, yeah..." He grumbled, scanning the indoor playground for any sight of a Baekhyun.

LURE

"Hello viewers!" Jenday waved at the camera. "At this moment, half of the contestants are dead and the other half is still roaming around, looking for their targets! What will happen? Who will come out on top? We'll find out on this episode of *Closets are for Clothes*!"

--

Yixing walked the halls, looking for his runaway target. "Jongin, come out come out wherever you are!" He walked out to an exhibition area with a giant pink flower in the middle. While he was admiring it for a minute, someone called out his name.

He pulled out his water gun just in case before he turned around. It was Kris.

"What do you want?" He glared, still holding his gun in the air.

"I want to talk to you." Kris walked up to him, stopping right at gunpoint. "Please hear me out."

Yixing pondered over it, but opted to shoot at Kris's face instead. Kris flinched and whined at every spray directed at him. He then crouched on the floor, covering his face.

"M-My eyes hurt... Is that even water?"

Immediately Yixing's eyes widened. He knelt on the floor beside Kris, his eyebrows creased with worry. "I-I'm sorry! Are you okay?! I didn't mean to—"

He stopped breathing when Kris grabbed the back of his head and kissed him.

Surprised as he was by Kris's attack, Yixing didn't object. Even though he was angry, he closed his eyes and deepened the kiss. He could feel Kris smirking at his ungraciousness, but he didn't care.

Splitting for a second to breathe, Yixing nibbled at Kris's bottom lip for entrance. The taller overenthusiastically obliged, and so the two heavily made out for over two minutes. Tongues fought and teeth clashed. Yixing could not get enough; even though he was a complete jackass, Kris was irresistible.

In the end, Kris had to peel Yixing off him. He let out a breathy laugh, obviously satisfied with this make-out session. "Someone's excited," he panted, holding Yixing's shoulders.

"I hate you," the other boy responded. "I hate you so much."

"No you don't," Kris allowed for him to take another peck. "I'm lovable, admit it."

Yixing snorted. "... You said you had something to say before... I jumped you."

"Oh yeah," Kris hummed. "I'm straight."

The other shot a shocked look at him. "What?"

"Or I used to be. And then I met you, this is what you turned me into." He made a heart with his arms. "I've become a gay boy."

Yixing didn't say anything. He just stared.

"I admit that I was jealous. I should have been honest with you, but I didn't want to admit that I was... Well, gay."

"... Then why are you admitting it now?"

"Because I want to be with you," he murmured, turning red.

"I do too... But what you did to Junmyeon was inacceptable."

"I know. But I'm willing to repent while we go out on a date." He smiled.

The other boy laughed. "I'd love to, but I'm still in the game. Maybe later."

"Then why is your sticker blue?" Kris asked, pointing to Yixing's chest.

He looked down, and sure enough, blue streaks were on it. "WHEN DID THIS GET HERE?!"

--

Minseok half-ran out of the flower room, blushing. His gun was dripping blue water to the floor. He rubbed his face wearily as he moved to the indoor playground, where Jongin, his next target, would be.

"I can't believe I just saw them making out..." He groaned inwardly, knocking himself in the head a couple times to erase the memory.

Minseok was hiding in the giant flower when Yixing walked into that room. He wanted to wait for the perfect opportunity to strike, but it seemed like he waited a *smidge* too long. Kris had arrived a

few minutes later, and before Minseok could process they started doing... that. The poor boy just shot at Yixing's chest while he was 'occupied' and sprinted.

He reached the outside of the playground when someone called his name. He turned and saw Baekhyun walking to him. It didn't occur to him, it really didn't. He absentmindedly watched Baekhyun coming, a gun in his hand. He should've realized it, but he was a bit slow in doing so.

It was only after Baekhyun stood next to him, shot his sticker and kept walking that it occurred to Minseok that Baekhyun was *probably* his predator and that he should *probably* start running. He thought of fleeing *after* he died.

When it dawned on him that he was dead, Minseok blankly dropped his gun and began heading to the cafe across the street.

--

[ten minutes ago]

Chanyeol was having a pleasant time to himself, admiring the different exhibits the museum had to offer. Being dead wasn't all that bad, he thought.

"YEOOOOOL!!" A voice screeched through the halls, footsteps accompanying it. Soon, a certain auburn-headed boy tackled Chanyeol to the ground.

Baekhyun sat up, straddling Chanyeol's stomach. "How are you, love?"

The younger groaned as pain shot up his spinal cord. "... I'm just fine, thanks." Chanyeol noticed the cup of coffee in Baekhyun's right hand. "... Where did you get that? You didn't go outside, did y—"

"Shh," Baekhyun pressed his index finger against his lips. "No one has to know. Now, be a Yeollie and fill me in."

"F-Fill you in... with what?" Chanyeol cursed at himself for thinking dirty.

The shortie took a sip of his drink, licking the whipped cream off the side of his mouth. It wasn't Chanyeol's fault that he was having dirty thoughts. "Who's dead? Who's still in? Who's targeting who?"

"Slow down," he took a moment to think. "Kris, Luhan, and I are dead. That's all I know. And—"

"Wait, you're dead?!" Baekhyun checked the sticker sitting on his chest. He pouted shortly after. "Poor Yeol!"

"I know, poor me. Minseok is targeting Yixing since he killed me... I'm not sure if Jongin and Kyungsoo are still in."

Baekhyun nodded. He carefully got off Chanyeol and helped him up. "Thanks, babe. Here, have this as a token of my appreciation." He promptly handed Chanyeol his half-empty caffeine cup. "Well, I shall go murde— attack my targets now. I'll see you later?"

"I don't like coffee," the other frowned cutely.

Baekhyun sighed. "Fine." He stood on his toes and suddenly kissed Chanyeol's nose. "Happy?"

Chanyeol was too busy blushing to answer. He silently watched Baekhyun walk off, his eyes still wide and his mouth still open. He returned to reality when he realized he dropped Baekhyun's coffee. "Shoot, I need to clean that." He dashed off to the washroom, still beet red.

--

Jongin was still touring around the playground, looking for Baekhyun. "I wanna go back to Kyungsoo..." he whined. He was about to leave the playground when a colorful sight caught his eye. "*Is that...?*" He ran up to the fence surrounding the area. Behind the fence was a slide leading to a pool of colorful plastic balls.

"*... IT'S A MOTHERFUCKING BALL PIT!*" He excitedly went to the slide entrance, throwing himself in head first. When he dove into the pit, a huge grin stretched on his face as he swam around. "*This is almost as awesome as Kyungsoo.*" He sat on his knees, so that the balls would reach up to his neck.

After a few minutes of more fun than necessary, he decided he had enough and stood up. It was then that he realized his nether regions were soaking wet; along with his sticker. "What the—"

Then, like how the vampires came out of the fucking water in Twilight, emerged Baekhyun from the depths of the ball pit. Needless to say, Jongin's pants were wet with another fluid too.

"HOLY SHIT!" The boy screamed, falling onto his butt. He took a few seconds to recover. "O-Oh my god. What the hell, man. YOU'RE NOT IN A HORROR MOVIE DON'T DO THAT!"

Baekhyun smirked, dropping five water bottles into the pit below him. "Your ass is wet, isn't it?"

"No shit my ass is wet," he grimaced. "You're sneaky, man. How'd you know I'd be here?"

"Uh," Baekhyun scoffed. "There are a million balls in here. Of course you'd be here."

"Touché." Jongin promptly removed his pants, leaving him in boxers. While he was doing that, a voice came over the intercom.

"Contestants, the manhunt is over. Please proceed to the main lobby."

--

Jenday perked up when the contestants finally arrived. They all looked disheveled, the exception being Baekhyun. "Where are Yixing and Kris?"

"Fucking," Jongin replied. His damp pants were hanging over his shoulder.

"Yeah... I'm not even going to ask what happened to you." Jenday coughed. "Anyway, the winner of today's manhunt is no other than Baekhyun! Come up and receive your immunity ticket!"

The shortie happily came up to the MC and received his pink condom.

"Now, after you guys get cleaned up, because you all look rather disgusting... We'll head back to the dorm and commence voting!"

The contestants started to drag their damp selves to the washrooms. "Oh, Minseok!" She addressed the man with a chocolate donut in his mouth. "Before I forget, here." Jenday gave him a blue envelope with his name on it.

Minseok raised an eyebrow. "What'shth dat?"

"It's from Chen."

The boy's heart fluttered when he heard that name. "Thanks."

As he walked to the washroom, he tentatively opened the letter in the envelope. On the white piece of paper, four words were scrawled messily on it:

'No, you're a jerk :('

Reading those words, Minseok couldn't help but let out a lighthearted laugh.

--

Luhan paced across the common room, worry on his features. "Where is he...?"

"Where's who?" Minseok asked, eyes not looking up from the floor. He was lying on the ground, writing on a piece of paper.

"Yixing! I'm pretty sure Kris kidnapped him or something..." Luhan looked at him. "What are you doing? Are you writing a letter?"

"NOPE." Minseok quickly covered the paper, an innocent smile on his face. "Nothing."

The brunet decided to ignore it when he heard the front door open. He strode down the hall and noticed Yixing coming up the stairs.

"Are you okay?! Are you hurt?!"

Yixing blinked at him. "Yeah, I'm fine. Why?"

"I was worried," he sighed. "So, are you going to vote out Kris or what? Voting's almost over."

"Yeah, about that..." Yixing scratched his cheek. "... I've decided to forgive him."

Luhan's eyes widened. "What?"

"I decided to forgive Kris. I mean, I still miss Junmyeon, but..."

"... Oh." The other's face turned blank. "...This is awkward."

--

Baekhyun sat there silently, staring at nothing. He was sitting outside of the washrooms. In one of them, breathing noises could be heard.

"K-Kyungsoo..."

He covered his mouth to hold in his laughter. *"... He's doing it again. How many times a week does he jerk off? Wait, I'm not gonna answer that."* The auburn-headed boy quietly pulled out his phone and opened the voice recorder app. *"This is fucking hilarious."*

Baekhyun had already caught Jongin getting off at least four times, not including the times he caught him doing it during the night. And of course, every single time he was getting off thinking about Kyungsoo.

Rather than being disgusted, he found it funny. Jongin almost seemed... desperate. And nothing tickles Baekhyun's fancy like someone's misery.

When he recorded over one minute of orgasmic sounds, he heard footsteps behind him. He quickly turned, heart thumping. Being caught recording Jongin's masturbating noises wasn't exactly innocent.

"... What are you doing?" Chanyeol asked, his eyes going to the bathroom door.

"NOTHING!" Baekhyun shot up and pushed Chanyeol all the way into the kitchen. "It's... Heh... nothing." He held onto the taller's shoulder while continuing to let out chortles.

Chanyeol decided not to say anything, since he liked the way Baekhyun laughed.

"So," the shortie inconspicuously grabbed Chanyeol's hand and started playing with it. "Did you have something to tell me?"

"How'd you know?"

"You never usually come to me on your own," Baekhyun smiled at him. "Unless you have to say something. So what is it?"

"... Well, I— OW!" Chanyeol retracted his hand. "You cracked my knuckle."

Baekhyun bit his lip. "Sorry. You were saying?"

"I—"

"WAIT YIXING I'M SO SORRY!"

"Forget it, I'm voting for you."

"YIXING!!!" Luhan flinched when Yixing slammed the confession room door in his face. He groaned, resting his head against the door. "Don't do this Yixing..."

Baekhyun and Chanyeol stared at the interruptive scene. The former turned back to the giant in front of him. "... You were saying?"

Chanyeol pondered for a moment, but eventually sighed. "... I'll tell you later." He gently tousled Baekhyun's hair before striding out of the kitchen. Baekhyun held a confused look until Yixing came out of the confession room.

"You seriously didn't vote for me, did you?!" Luhan whined, shaking Yixing's arm.

"I seriously did. Deal with it."

"Yixing!"

"It's just one vote. What difference will it make?"

Luhan pouted. "If by some miracle Kris gets his hands on a condom..."

"You guys talking about me?" Kris entered, blinking his eyes curiously.

"Oh, Kris. Go vote. Hint, vote for Luhan."

"YIXING!"

Kris chuckled. "Should I?" He walked into the tiny room, despite Luhan's protests.

He huffed, glaring at Yixing. "You two seem to be on good terms. Where did you go, anyway?"

"Why are you so uptight about elimination?" The other avoided his question. "Do you want the money that badly?"

Luhan shook his head. "No. Sehun promised me something if I won. That's why I can't lose."

"Is it a blowjob?"

"YIXING!"

--

17:31 — WU YIFAN

"*pats cheeks* ... We went out on a date today. Me and Yixing. To the movies. And it was awesome. I don't know, is this what it's like to like someone? This is pretty torturous. I mean, your hands get

clammy, your pits sweat, a boner comes up more often than necessary... [edited for time] ... AND YOU HAVE ARGUMENTS ON WHETHER TO USE A CONDOM OR LUBE. SEE WHAT I'M SAYING, IT'S TORTURE. *sighs* I guess it's all worth it though. Now, before they get suspicious of me, I will vote for [oooo]. Oh, before I forget... Yixing, I love you."

--

The eight contestants gathered in the common room, ready to witness another elimination. Most already had an idea of who was going home today.

"Jongin, stop poking Kyungsoo and pay attention." Jenday scolded with the voting box in her arms. "Anyway, you guys know the routine by now. If your name is called, you may use an existing immunity ticket to avoid elimination. However, that means the person with the second most votes will leave. So, today's straightest man is..." She rummaged through the box for a moment, mentally counting votes.

"... Kris."

17:23 — LU HAN
"Yes! *evil laugh* I finally persuaded all the guys to vote for Kris! He is so going home today. Anti-Kris alliance, fighting!"

Yixing sighed, while Kris blinked dumbly. "W-Wait, are you sure you counted right?"

"Yes, six out of eight slips have your name on it. Do you have a ticket that you'd like to use?"

"No..." He looked a little pale. "... I'll go pack my things then." He gave Yixing a last glance before walking out the room.

Jenday clapped, regaining their attention. "So, one small hint for the next challenge... You might want to work out, some of you. That's it for today. I'll see you next week!"

EPISODE 7

MODERATION

"Welcome to Losers' Paradise!" Chen proclaimed as soon as they popped confetti in Kris's face. "This is where all the losers reside in a surprisingly extravagant condo! Complete with a pool, gym, media center and a beautiful skylight, Losers' Paradise is the perfect place to brood about how much you s— wait, why do I have to do this every single time?"

Tao shrugged. "No one else wanted to do it." He replied, sipping from a red slushie.

"I thought it was a Chen thing," murmured Sehun.

"It is, but... Do I have to do it every single time?"

"Yes." The latter two replied simultaneously.

Chen scoffed, turning back to the bewildered Kris. "... Losers' Paradise, the perfect place to brood about how much you suck!"

Kris blinked at them as they waited for him to say something. "So... The losers are here, instead of going home?"

"Yessir." Chen nodded. "While you're here, you're not allowed to contact any of the remaining contestants."

"Hey! That was my line!" Jenday whined as she stepped through the front door behind Kris. "That's not your thing."

Kris looked at the MC incredulously. "Wait, you're here too? You must be a loser then."

"Or not," Jenday gave him the look. "I live here."

"Ah, so you're a permanent loser."

"Tao."

Within two seconds, the raven boy had swung his leg just barely over Kris's head. The giant was startled enough to shut up.

"So long as you're here, you're a loser too. But we do have a pool, a bar, a game room, and the like. Enjoy yourself."

"Wait, I— you have a pool?"

Jenday tilted her head. "Of course. Don't you?"

Kris blinked. "Never mind, I have a question."

"Yes?"

"All the losers... Are here, right?"

"That's right."

"Even..." Kris said this carefully. "Junmyeon?"

Jenday smirked for a split second. "Yes, he's here too." She looked around. "Well... Not *here*. Where's Junmyeon, guys?"

"In his room," Tao emptied his drink. "He's still sulking over... You know." He more than obviously nodded to Kris.

"Oh," a grin appeared on Kris's face. "So little Junmyeon is here, huh?"

"Just because you're tall..." Jenday scowled up at him. "Ah Chen, here." She pulled a baby blue envelope out of her pocket and gave it to him.

Chen brightened. "He actually replied? Thank you."

Sehun scoffed. "Lovebirds."

Chen pointed behind the boy. "Hey, is that Luhan?!"

"WHERE?!"

"Idiot."

--

Luhan was in a peaceful sleep when Kyungsoo was at his side of the room, looking up recipes on his laptop. While he was doing that, Kyungsoo was suddenly reminded of the kiss he had with Jongin earlier. Maybe it was because the said boy suddenly opened their bedroom door, startling Kyungsoo into oblivion.

"Not asleep yet?" Jongin smiled, crawling over to Kyungsoo.

"N-No," Kyungsoo uncomfortably shifted away. "W-What do you want?"

"I wanted to say good night." Jongin shyly played with his fingers. "... And maybe kiss you good night too."

Kyungsoo immediately flushed, turning his eyes back to his laptop.

"Do you mind? It's only going to be on the cheek." His voice echoed near Kyungsoo's ear, making him shift away more.

"Why... Why do you keep kissing me?"

"Because I like you," Jongin was whispering now. "It's natural to want to touch the person you like, right? I want to touch you," He moved closer. "But I know you don't completely trust me yet. Which is why I ask for kisses... So can I? Just one, please."

Kyungsoo shakily took in a breath. "If it's just one on the cheek..."

"Then I'm leaning in." He shut his eyes and clenched his fists, waiting for Jongin's lips to touch his face. He waited and waited. He waited, but the kiss never came. Confused, Kyungsoo slowly opened his eyes and faced him.

Only to be smooched right on the lips.

Jongin blinked innocently with a huge grin on his face. "... Good night." He then stood and sprinted out of the room.

Kyungsoo remained there, eyes wide and mouth hanging open.

--

Chen plopped on the sofa, the envelope in his hand. Pressing on it, he realized the envelope was a little... Thick. He carefully peeled it open, finding at least four pages inside. *"... Are you serious?"* He unfolded the pages and started reading.

Chen—

Hi, it's Minseok. I didn't actually mean it when I called you a jerk. It was a misunderstanding. You're not a jerk... ~~Sometimes~~. How are you? I'm still in the competition, but I wonder for how long. It's getting more difficult as time passes. Sometimes I wish I can be voted off, so I can just go home and blah blahblah blabbity blah...

Chen skipped to the last page, exhaling. Minseok could sure write a lot. He continued skimming until the last paragraph, which seemed a little messier than the others.

I really liked having you around. You were kind of like... I don't know... ~~My best~~
~~friend~~ ~~colleague~~ ~~acquaintance~~ ~~friend~~ Chen. You're Chen. I think that's really all that matters. I really miss you. Write back soon.

— Minseok

Chen found it really hard to hide his growing smile. He read it over and over again, squealing to himself each time. He got up, skipping upstairs to his room for pen and paper. While he was going down the hall, a certain redhead finally came out of his room.

"Junmyeon," he paused. "Finished sulking?"

Junmyeon gave a slight smile. "Not yet. I'm just hungry. Still sulking though."

Chen nodded thoughtfully. "Kris is here, you know."

"I know." The smile was still on his face.

"Just making sure," Chen saluted. "I'll be on my way now."

Junmyeon waved, watching Chen disappear into his room before stepping out of his. Just then, the door across the hall opened, revealing a very smirky Kris.

"Hello little Junmyeon," he smugly leaned against the doorframe. "How are you?"

Junmyeon's soft smile turned into a huge grin. "I'm fine."

"I heard about the live footage," he started. "Apparently my... *Kiss scene* with Yixing was broadcasted. You haven't seen it, have you...?" He carefully examined the shorter man's expression.

Suddenly, a snicker escaped Junmyeon's mouth. The snicker turned into chortles, and soon Junmyeon was clutching his stomach, doubling over from laughter. Kris stared at him weirdly while he was laughing like a maniac.

The redhead's laughing eventually slowed down. He looked at Kris with tears in his eyes, still letting out giggles. "... Fuck you." He then slammed his door shut.

Kris smiled to himself. *"This is fun."*

--

Jongin ran to the nearest bathroom, locking himself in and pulling off his pants. He sat on the toilet, glaring at his painful boner that seemed to rise more often these days. *"This is what you're doing to me, Kyungsoo."* He softly pressed his fingers against his dick, letting out quiet hums.

He raised a finger to his lips, remembering how perfectly Kyungsoo's fit with them. He longed to touch more than Kyungsoo's lips... a lot more. But Jongin knew the older man wouldn't have any of that. He had to take it slow. So, he settled to jerking off instead.

He wrapped a hand around his pulsating cock, exhaling. Slowly, he moved his hand up, trying to keep his moaning down to silence.

Jongin laid his head against the wall and closed his eyes as he started pumping. Sweat formed on his temple and his breathing became uneven.

"Kyungsoo..." He whispered, rubbing the head of his penis. He pumped faster, his movements becoming spastic. "Kyungsoo...!"

The door opened.

Jongin froze, immediately opening his eyes. He slowly turned to the door, making eye contact with the person standing there.

Still butt-naked, he tentatively waved. "... H-Hi, Baekhyun."

ASSIST

Luhan blinked his eyes open, noticing it was morning. He sat up, taking note of the clock on the wall. He then glanced at his roommate across the room.

"It's nine..." He yawned. "But why isn't Kyungsoo up yet?"

"I couldn't sleep." Kyungsoo suddenly rolled over, startling Luhan with the huge eye bags under his wide eyes.

"W-Wha... You look terrible! What happened?!"

"Things..." Kyungsoo tried shutting his eyes, only to pull them open again. "... Things happened."

"Oh my gosh," Luhan bit his nails. "How are you going to participate in the challenge today?"

"That's right... It was today." Kyungsoo blankly stared at the ceiling. "It's okay if I lose once..."

"This won't do," Luhan got out of bed and pulled Kyungsoo out of his. "Come on, you need to feel better. Let's get you the kitchen, yeah?"

--

Baekhyun was about to get out of bed. But a sudden pain shot up his spine when he tried to stand. Blinking confusedly, he tried again, only to fall face first on the floor.

A chuckle resounded above him. "What are you doing?" Jongin was watching him amusedly.

"Shut up," Baekhyun groaned. "And put some clothes on, please."

"Like you don't enjoy me being naked."

Baekhyun ignored him as he faced the door. "CHANYEOOOOLLL!!" Jongin rolled his eyes and wrapped himself in his blanket.

A few seconds later, the giant came stumbling into the room. "... What is it?" His eyes were barely open.

Baekhyun held his arms out. "Carry me."

Chanyeol squinted, his eyebrows creasing. "Why?"

"My legs are sore," Baekhyun shot a glare at Jongin who laughed. "So carry me."

After a moment, Chanyeol reached over and easily picked up Baekhyun bridal-style. "Where to, princess?"

Pink showed itself on the shortie's cheeks. "... When I said 'carry me', I meant a piggyback."

"I can see your face like this." Chanyeol replied blankly. "Where to?"

Baekhyun silently cursed when his face burned up. "Kitchen."

Chanyeol nodded, and the two were off. As they left, Jongin scoffed to himself. "Ass."

--

Yixing adjusted his collar in the mirror, getting ready for the day. As he fixed his hair, his eyes went over the empty bed next to his.

He sighed, his face becoming solemn. *I lost both men. Great."* He wasn't looking forward to the rest of the show, especially without those two. He looked at himself in the mirror again.

"I wonder how they're doing."

--

At around noon, Jenday met the top 7 contestants at a large soccer field. With one look, the guys could tell what they were going to go through today. A series of monkey bars, tunnels, balance beams, hurdles and climbing walls amongst other things virtually screamed 'obstacle course' at them.

Under a black umbrella, their MC blew a whistle, gaining their attention.

"Alright lollygaggers! Welcome to boot camp rainbow!" She shouted in a failed commander-like voice. "Today you'll be running this obstacle course for the survival of the fittest! ARE THOSE GROANS I HEAR?! TEN PUSH-UPS!"

"No."

"Okay..." Jenday pouted. "Anyway, half of you will be running this course at a time. We will take two winners from each race and put them in the finals. The winner of the finals will receive an immunity ticket. Now, let me explain the course to you!" She walked over to a chalkboard sitting in the grass. It

had a messy diagram of the course on it. "At the starting line, you are to run twelve meters before you reach the hurdles. After hurdling, you go through tires! Then you will climb through monkey bars, and walk on a balance beam. After that, you have to climb up this wall with a single rope and climb the steps down. Then after this crawling through this tunnel, you will swim your way to the finish line!"

"I forgot to work out..." Kyungsoo murmured, poking his stomach flab.

"It's like you enjoy torturing us," groaned Minseok.

"Of course I do. Now, who wants to go first?" No one raised their hands. "Fine, I'll choose. You, you, and you will go first. The other four will take the second race. Line up at the starting line and prepare yourselves!"

--

Kyungsoo stood right on the checkered starting line, swallowing his spit. The course seemed so long. The sun was hot. He felt a little dizzy.

"Are you not feeling well?" Jongin was standing next to him, worrying.

Kyungsoo shrugged it off. "No, I'm fine."

"Let me see." The younger reached to touch his forehead, making Kyungsoo flinch. "... You're really warm. Don't push yourself."

Shivering under his touch, Kyungsoo tentatively nodded.

Jongin turned to the person on his right. "You ready?" He got no answer. "Yixing?"

Yixing came out of his daze. "What, what? Are we starting?"

"No," Jongin chuckled. "Pay attention."

"Right."

"Okay contestants! Are you ready?" Jenday stood behind, a whistle in her hand. "Get set—"

The whistle blew, and Yixing took off running. Kyungsoo tried his best to run his fastest. He ran and ran, and soon his lungs were burning. A few seconds and meters in, Jongin came up beside him.

— He was walking.

Kyungsoo stared at the boy shockingly. He was almost sweating buckets and Jongin was just... walking. Without a care in the world.

Catching Kyungsoo's look, Jongin grinned. He then sped up, passing Kyungsoo rather easily.

The older man groaned, continuing to 'run'.

Yixing sped through the hurdles, tires, and monkey bars swiftly. While running, he glanced back at the other two and smirked. "They're slow—" Yixing felt a sudden pain in his crotch area. He hit one of the balance beams with his pelvis.

Seeing white dots, Yixing quietly cried "fuucccck" and collapsed on the ground.

A few seconds later, Jongin arrived, barely huffing. He jumped over Yixing's ~~corpse~~ body and on to the beam, crossing with ease.

When he reached the climbing wall, Jongin paused and looked back.

Kyungsoo was merely a small dot in the distance.

Smiling inwardly, Jongin jogged back and stood at the balance beam. A minute or so later, Kyungsoo finally arrived, gasping for breath.

"... Wh-Why... aren't you... run... running..." He held his chest, which was expanding and retracting rapidly.

"Have no fear; your local queer is here!" Jongin grinned. "I'm here to help."

"... I don't..." The older coughed. "... I don't need your help."

"Really?" He patted the beam. "Then get on."

"I will." Jongin silently watched as Kyungsoo struggled to get on. After a few minutes of struggling, he turned to the MC in the distance, blushing.

"I'M TOO SHORT FOR THIS!" He shouted, blushing even more at Jongin's laughing.

Jenday gave him the finger.

"Alright, come here." The boy held out his arms. "I'll lift you up."

Kyungsoo stiffened at the idea. He stared at him with eyes of fear. Jongin eventually got the message. "... Fine," he lowered his arms. "I'll be right back." He went over to the other balance beam, where Yixing's ~~corpse~~ body was lying. He dragged Yixing's ~~corpse~~ body to where Kyungsoo was standing. They stared at each other for a moment.

Finally, the older let out a sigh. He placed his hands on the beam, gently stepped on Yixing's bum, and lifted himself on.

Kyungsoo steadily walked across the beam, nearly slipping off once or twice. But even if he did fall, he somehow knew Jongin would catch him.

The two finished the race side by side, Jongin only finishing three seconds before Kyungsoo.

"Great work," the boy breathed, a smile on his face. He held up a hand, although he didn't really expect Kyungsoo to high-five him.

But when Kyungsoo's hand tapped his, his heart fluttered. He had touched him... willingly.

On the other side, Jenday walked up to Yixing's ~~corpse~~ body. She lightly kicked him in the ribs, making sure he wasn't dead before calling for the paramedics.

--

Minseok was sitting on the ground before the starting line, stretching. When he moved into split position, several gasps were heard beside him.

"What—" Chanyeol gaped. "How are you doing that?!"

The other blinked. "What, the splits? I just... Split my legs."

"Aren't you crushing your balls like that?"

Minseok was about to facepalm. "... Actually, you're right." He returned to a normal sitting position.

"That's pretty impressive, Minseok." Luhan chirped, stretching out his arms.

"Thank you."

Baekhyun rolled his eyes, letting out a quiet scoff. Unlike the others, he wasn't stretching at all. This caught Chanyeol's attention.

"Are your legs still sore?" He asked, gazing at the shortie worriedly.

Baekhyun nodded, rubbing his pained thighs. *His really soft-looking pained thighs...* Chanyeol mentally slapped himself. "What did you do to make yourself so stiff?"

Baekhyun shrugged. "Stuff."

Before Chanyeol could probe more, Jenday came and told them the race was about to start. The four got into position, and when the whistle blew, took off.

Well, except for that one auburn-headed man. He limped.

Luhan and Minseok were head to head, both clearing obstacles easily. The two both excelled athletically; now it was up to speed.

On the other hand, Chanyeol was far too gangly and clumsy for his own good. He tripped over the hurdles and tires more times than necessary. However, the monkey bars were a breeze, seeing as his feet weren't even able to leave the ground. But at the balance beam, his long limbs did not soften any falls.

While Baekhyun was limping and Chanyeol tripping on his face, Luhan and Minseok reached the climbing wall.

The latter didn't stop to hesitate, immediately grabbing the rope and climbing up.

But Luhan simply stood there, staring up.

Sensing he lost his competition, Minseok glanced down at him. "What's wrong?"

Luhan forced an awkward smile. "... H-Heights..."

"What?"

He started to become pale. "... I-I'm afraid of h-h-heights."

Minseok hung loosely in the air. "No way."

"Yes way," the brunet gulped. "I-I can't do this."

"It's not that high," Minseok tried to persuade him. "You'll be fine." But Luhan still refused. Then an idea popped into the shorter's head. "Do it."

"N-No."

"Do it for Sehuna."

"N—" Luhan shot a glare at him. "You can't call him that. Only I can."

Minseok blinked. "Are you going to do it or not? Sehun's probably going to watch this later on. Also, Chanyeol is catching up... Somewhat."

Luhan thought hard for a moment. "... O-Okay. I'll... I'll do it."

Minseok let out a chuckle. "That's a good boy. Sehun will be proud. Rope's over there."

He hesitantly walked over to the second rope, grasping it in his hands. Sweat trailed down his shaking body. But he had to do this.

Slowly, he took the first step, his heart already thundering in his chest. He reminded himself to not *look the fuck down* as he took another step. He kept climbing, and after a blurry episode, made it to the top beside Minseok.

The shorter was sitting peacefully on top of the wall. "See? That wasn't so hard." He patted Luhan's back to calm him down.

Luhan stared out into the horizon, seeing how different things were from ten meters up. "... M-Minseok?"

"Yeah?"

"... Do... Do you really think S-Sehuna will be proud of me?"

"Of course," Minseok stood. "Now stop crying or I'm gonna beat you." He quickly ran down the stairs, on to the next obstacle.

Luhan wiped at his eyes and tear trails, following closely behind.

Once they cleared the tunnels, both jumped into the vertical pool and swam. Minseok managed to get out of the pool and cross the finish line first.

"Well done," Jenday commented as he sat on the grass, water dripping everywhere. "Towels are by the tent over there."

"Thanks." Minseok let out a huff, fanning himself off. Luhan then arrived, his white t-shirt stuck to his wet skin.

"Luhan," Jenday held up her phone. "Say hi to the camera."

Confusedly, the brunet held up a peace sign and smiled. After the MC had taken the picture for god knows why, they looked back at the course. Chanyeol was soon to arrive, but Baekhyun was nowhere to be seen.

Eventually the giant crossed the finished line, his face dirty and bruises littering his legs.

"Have you seen Baekhyun?" Jenday asked, scanning the area.

"Baekhyun?" Chanyeol plucked a piece of grass out of his hair. "I thought he passed me… I'll go look for him."

"I don't think that's a good idea—"Jenday started, but Chanyeol had already walked off, not noticing there was pool right in front of him.

--

Baekhyun was standing under the monkey bars, staring up at it. He lifted up his arm, trying to reach for the first bar. His nails didn't even graze the metal. He went tippy-toed, pain shooting up his spine as soon as he did. He couldn't even jump. His lower regions hurt too much to.

"… Well, this is just fucking fabulous."

FLUTTER

"Hello viewers!" Jenday greeted the camera. "We are now with the top 7— kind of— for the survival of the fittest finals! Our two finalists today are local queer Jongin and ball-crushing extraordinaire, Minseok!"

The camera then turned to the said two standing beside each other, the other contestants sitting on bleachers behind them.

"Do you guys have an idea what you'll be doing for the finals?" The MC held a mike in front of Jongin.

"Yes," the boy started. "I think we will be running a five kilometer marathon."

"What about you, Minseok?"

He made a thinking face. "… I think we'll be weight-lifting."

"Bro, do you even lift?" Jongin snickered.

Minseok pulled the mike toward him. "Why yes, I do." He responded, making Jongin shut up.

"Great ideas you guys have there… I might use them in the future." The boys on the bleachers groaned. "*But*, we are not doing either of those. Today, we are going to use a patience test!"

They blinked curiously, waiting for her to go on. One of the production crew members arrived with a tray of foam cups each filled with water.

Jenday picked one up. "May I have a volunteer from the audience?" Luhan stood up, striding over to them. "Okay Luhan. Feet shoulder-width apart, pretend you're sitting. Lower. Lower. Lower… Okay. Now, arms up and palms face the sky." The MC placed a cup on each palm, one on his head, and one on each knee.

At this point, Luhan's butt was sticking out and his legs were starting to shake.

"Whoever drops a single cup first loses." She told the finalists, who were gaping. "Let's start!"

Jongin and Minseok both thought of sprinting all the way to China. Regardless, the two reluctantly squatted until their legs cried and allowed Jenday to place cups of water on them.

They stood there, for minutes on end, limbs shaking. They could hear Baekhyun and Chanyeol laughing behind them. And it didn't really help when Jenday pulled out a lawn chair and started eating popcorn right in front of them.

"… This… This is almost the same as being in labor," Jongin uttered, sweat going down his neck.

Minseok refrained from laughing. "… How would you know?" He stiffened when he saw the water in one of his cups vibrate.

"I was a woman in my past life," the other replied, shifting his weight. "A sexy woman."

"Stop trying to make me laugh or I'll hit you."

"If I die, I wonder if I'll be reborn as a woman again… I wanna be a nun. Can I be a nun?"

Minseok rolled his eyes. "Jesus Christ."

Another moment had passed, and Minseok felt his arms go numb with pain. He huffed; Jongin wasn't showing any signs of giving up.

"Hey, Minseokkie."

His gaze remained straight. "What?"

"If we drop our cups together, then we'll both lose."

"… So what are you saying?"

"Let's drop our cups on the count of three," Jongin shuffled in his place. "Ready? One… Two… Three."

Neither of them moved.

"… I knew it." The shorter scoffed, while Jongin chuckled shamelessly.

Jenday glanced at her phone after a while. "Damn, it's been ten minutes. You guys are crazy."

"Says the person who came up with this!" Jongin retorted, tears starting to come out of his eyes.

"It can't be helped," Jenday patted her knees and stood up. "I'm going to have to take extreme measures." She stuffed both hands into her pockets and strode over to them. She then lifted up her hands and flicked a white powder into their faces.

Minseok coughed, feeling the urge to sneeze. "W-What is that?!"

"Pot."

"WHAT?!"

"I'm joking," Jenday snickered. "It's chalk."

"DAMMIT! DAMMIT! DAMMIT!" Jongin repeatedly wiggled his nose, trying his hardest not to sneeze. "FUCK YOU DAMMIT! SHIT! I THINK I'M GONNA SN—"He sneezed, but the cups remained.

Minseok's face overcame with shock. "Are you fucking serious."

The MC sighed. "I can't believe I have to do this… But, we need one of you to lose." She went behind them, making the two worry over what was about to come next.

Suddenly, Minseok let out a startled yelp, staggering forward and causing all of his cups to fall.

Jongin blinked confusedly. "What? What did she do?"

Minseok glared at the MC who was sitting there innocently. "SHE GROPED MY ASS!"

"What?! Why didn't she grope mine?!"

"BECAUSE YOU'D ENJOY IT!" Jenday countered, flicking a cup off of Jongin's head. "You can stop now, you've won."

The boy gladly stood straight and fell to the ground; his arms weren't going to function anymore.

"That was so unfair." Minseok pouted, tiredly taking a seat next to Jongin.

Jenday ignored him as she picked up her mike and faced the camera. "Well, there you have it folks! Today's winner of the survival of the fittest challenge is local queer Jongin!" She promptly threw a pink condom at him. "Thank you for watching today's episode; this is XYZ's *Closets are for Clothes*!"

--

The door to Jongin and Baekhyun's room opened, causing Jongin to painfully look up from his bed. Chanyeol shuffled into the room, with a very tired Baekhyun on his back. The giant slowly set Baekhyun onto his bed and then stood.

"Call me if you need anything." He said softly, watching the other shuffle into his pillow.

Baekhyun waved lethargically. "Mm. Thank you. You can go now." He blinked up at him when Chanyeol didn't leave. "What? You want a reward or something?"

The taller shook his head. "No, I—"Before he could respond, Baekhyun pulled down his collar and smacked a kiss right onto his lips. Chanyeol's head exploded with feels.

He let go of him, sighing. "There, you got your reward. You can go now."

Chanyeol tried to utter a sound, but it was hard because of his blushing face. In the end, he simply left without a word.

After a silent moment, Jongin burst out laughing. Baekhyun glared at him.

"Sh-Shit, it even hurts to laugh…" The boy groaned. "Dude, he is so in love with you."

"Shut up."

"Why'd you kiss him though? Kinda makes me jealous…"

"Shut up."

"Our Baekhyunnie likes Chanyeollie…"

Jongin was nearly beat to death with a pillow.

--

Minseok was sitting in the kitchen, attaching ice packs to his arms with duct tape. Jenday popped her head in, not weirded-out by the scene at all.

"Oh, Minseok!" She went over and slid an envelope across the counter. "Here's your reply."

His face brightened as he paused taping to pick it up. "Thank you."

Luhan came out of the confession room at that moment. "Jenday, when are we going to vote?"

The MC clapped. "Ah, that's right. You see guys, there's a thing…" They looked at her curiously. "Yixing suffered some damage to his peni— I mean, crotch area. He's being hospitalized for the time being, but I'm afraid we have to automatically eliminate him. We're not holding the voting today."

"Oh no!" Luhan looked worried. "Is he going to be alright?!"

"He's going to be fine," Jenday assured. "He's just not going to be able to have children."

"... So, Yixing is out?" Minseok blinked at the sudden news. "Oh. Okay... Tell him I wish his crotch a speedy recovery."

"Sure thing," Jenday saluted. "See you next week!"

"See you."

Luhan stood there as Minseok resumed his task. *"He's going to be okay... Right?"*

--

Kyungsoo gently knocked on the door, waiting for the groaning whine to let him in. He walked in and noticed Baekhyun and Jongin on their respective beds, both bodies stiff and sore.

When he realized who it was, Jongin struggled to sit up immediately.

"L-Lie down," Kyungsoo insisted. "Doesn't it hurt?"

Jongin sat up anyway. "It hurts..." He whined. "It hurts everywhere."

"D-Do you want me to massage your arms... Or something?"

The boy smiled. "It's okay. Don't push yourself."

Kyungsoo nodded. "Then... I'll go make you some food. Y-You too, Baekhyun."

"Aw, thanks!" Baekhyun grinned while being stomach-down. "You're such a dear." Jongin silently snickered at his bipolarity.

Kyungsoo nodded, scampering out of the room.

"... Doesn't he make a wonderful wife?" Jongin sighed happily.

Baekhyun scoffed. "In your dreams."

--

Minseok excitedly ripped open the envelope. He was ecstatic to know that Chen had actually replied to his little... Essay. He wondered what wonderful things Chen had written for him. He was sure Chen had a lot to write about.

He pulled the paper out and scanned the sheet.

'Yeah, I like egg rolls too.'

That was it.

Minseok looked on the backside and in the envelope to see if there was more.

But that was it.

Minseok unbelievably stared at that one sentence. He had written four pages and Chen just...

"... I DIDN'T EVEN WRITE ABOUT NO FUCKING EGG ROLLS."

Kyungsoo walked into the kitchen. "Hey Minseok— whoa." He got startled by a certain Chanyeol who was just dazing in front of the fridge. "... Chanyeol? You okay?"

"Leave him be," Minseok groaned into his paper. "He's been like that for a while."

Kyungsoo confusedly blinked between the two. "... But I need the fridge..."

Suddenly, Chanyeol let out a strangled shout and rammed his head into the appliance.

Kyungsoo raised his hands. "Fine, you can have it!"

The giant finally regained sanity and took in his surroundings. "Sorry, did you need this?" He asked, a red spot growing on his forehead.

"... Y-Yes..." Kyungsoo went and grabbed the things he needed from the fridge. "Are you okay, Chanyeol?"

His face was blank. "Baekhyun kissed me."

Kyungsoo nearly dropped his pot. "H-Huh?"

"But aren't you guys dating?" Minseok paused his grimacing to ask.

"I told you, we're not dating!" Chanyeol retorted, his ears turning red.

"Then why did he kiss you?" Kyungsoo asked this time.

"I... I DON'T KNOW!" Chanyeol gripped his hair, running out of the room maniacally.

Kyungsoo and Minseok glanced at each other and shrugged.

--

"Hey! Hey, have you guys heard?" Chen jumped in between Tao and Sehun on the sofa. "Yixing's been eliminated!"

"Really?" Sehun murmured, pressing buttons on his handheld console. "Shit, I'm running out of battery. I'll be right back." He tossed his game onto the couch and jogged upstairs.

"So it's Yixing this time, hmm?" Tao was nibbling on a slice of pizza.

"Yeah, apparently he hurt his dick and had to be forced out." Chen explained. "He'll be coming here after he gets out of the hospital."

"Ouch. That sucks." Tao plucked a piece of pineapple off his pizza. He squished the fruit against Chen's lips. "Here, eat this. I don't like pineapple."

Chen reluctantly ate it. "You can devour everything else but you can't eat pineapples?"

"They're gross." Tao defended himself. "Besides, fruit do not belong on a pizza."

"Tomato sauce."

"Shit."

Chen rolled his eyes. "Anyway, Yixing's crushed balls are not the point. The point is, he is going to come here."

"And?"

"Junmyeon and Kris are here."

"And?"

"And..." His eyes gleamed. "There's going to be so much sexual tension that you're going to need a lot more memory on your camera. Plus, it's going to be *hilarious*."

The raven boy nodded in agreement, seeing where this was going.

"Hey guys!" Jenday waltzed into the media room. "Where's Sehun? Gotta show him something."

"He's coming down soon," Chen replied. "So, this week's straightest man is Yixing, huh?"

"Ah, so you've heard? He's not exactly the straightest, since it was forced..."

"Jenday," Tao interrupted. "I've been putting off asking you this since I didn't want to lose the food, but... Is the straight man still even on the show?"

Silence filled the room after his question. Jenday stared at him blankly. "... Uh..." She heard steps coming down the stairs and immediately turned. "SEHUN!"

The said boy looked up. "What?" His console charger was in his hand.

Jenday pulled out her phone. "Look at this."

Sehun strode over and carefully looked at the screen. Soon, his face turned so red that blood came out of his nose.

"Whoa," Chen looked amazed as Sehun fell onto his knees. "What'd you show him?"

"A picture of Luhan in a wet, white t-shirt," Jenday nodded proudly.

"Jesus," Tao went and held a sleeve under Sehun's nose. "You're not in a fucking anime, Sehun."

While he was attending to him, Jenday slowly crept out of the room to avoid any further questions.

--

With a tray of rice porridge, Kyungsoo pushed their door open with his butt and waddled in. "Food's ready guys," he announced happily.

Jongin clapped like a kid before receiving his bowl. "Thank you honey!"

Blushing, Kyungsoo went and gave Baekhyun his. After they had started eating, Kyungsoo quietly stood there.

"... Is it good?" He asked, glancing at Baekhyun.

Before the auburn-headed man could respond, Jongin held his spoon up. "C'mere." Reluctantly, Kyungsoo went over to him. "Ah." Jongin gently dipped his spoon into Kyungsoo's mouth. "... What do you think?" Jongin watched him with a dumb smile on his face.

"I think it's good..."

"Then it's good."

Kyungsoo blushed again, mainly because he had remembered doing this before. It was a repeat of one of their first conversations, if they don't count the one about the dick-flavoured lollipop. They had this conversation on the first week of the show. Before the first challenge... Before Jongin was trailing him for the immunity condom.

Jongin had paid him attention before he won the condom. And he still was, even though Kyungsoo had nothing to give him.

"When I said I liked you, I wasn't lying."

Jongin looked up at Kyungsoo, who was just staring off into the distance. "... Hey, can you do one more thing for me?"

The shorter man blinked. "Y-Yes?"

Jongin pointed to his closet. "There's a blue sweater in there..."

Kyungsoo strode over and opened it. A blue hoodie was sitting on a hanger right in front of him.

"Get the thing in the pocket."

He put his hand into the pocket and grabbed a rubber material-like thing. When he pulled it out, he noticed it was a condom.

Just as he was about to shriek out of disgust, he also noticed the condom was pink.

"... The immunity condom?" Kyungsoo walked back to Jongin with it in his hand.

"Yeah." When Kyungsoo lifted his hand intending to give the condom to him, he shook his head. "It's yours."

The shorter's eyes widened. "... What?"

"I won another one today. This is the one that I took from you and Sehun. It's yours." Kyungsoo stared at the condom. His eyes flickered between it and Jongin. The boy smiled cheekily at him.

"I hope you can forgive me completely now."

Episode 8

NOSTALGIA

"So, is your crotch okay now?" Jenday asked Yixing as she was leading him up the steps to an unfamiliar building.

"I'm still a little numb down there." The boy responded, having a difficult time walking with his bags over his shoulders. "By the way, where are we?" The two had made it to the front door.

"You'll see. They always give an introduction." The MC pushed the door open and waited for the confetti. But the foyer was empty. She looked confused. "... Where are they? They're always here."

"Who?" Yixing also looked confused. "Where are we?"

"I guess I'll have to explain then..." She sighed. "This is Losers' Paradise. When the contestants were eliminated, instead of going home, they come here. It isn't all that bad, since we have a pool, bar, media room, stuff like that. We also have live footage from the dorm too, if you're interested."

Yixing blinked with a head tilt. "So..."

Jenday spotted a short figure walking across the hall. "CHEN!"

The said man flinched at the shout. "Y-Yes?"

"You guys were supposed to be here two minutes ago! Remember the whole 'to brood about how much you suck' thing? Yeah, you were supposed to do that!"

"I gave up after Kris," Chen shrugged. "What's up, Yixing? Crotch okay?"

"Yeah, my crotch is fine. But did you say Kris?"

Chen grinned. "Junmyeon is here too."

The boy's face brightened. He immediately dropped his backpack onto the floor and ran down the hall. He excitedly entered the living room, eyes scanning for a certain person.

Kris looked up from the sofa, noticing his boyfriend was in the room. A smile formed on his face. "Yixing—"

Just then, a certain redhead waltzed out of the kitchen. Yixing grinned when he saw him.

"JUNMYEON!"

Kris was aghast as he watched his *boyfriend* run and wrap his arms around someone that was not him. Even worse, that someone was Junmyeon.

And Kris didn't like it at all when Junmyeon looked at him and smirked.

--

The top six contestants had just arrived outside a local high school, which was empty for the summer. They stepped out of the car they were all squished into and followed the staff inside.

"Alright contestants... Or should I say students?" Jenday greeted them as they stepped into the front lobby of the school. She was wearing school uniform. "Welcome to Jungwon High School!"

"This is pretty nostalgic," Minseok commented. "High school was a long time ago."

"It was last year for me," laughed Jongin.

"Now, before I explain to you this week's challenge... You guys have to change your clothes."

Luhan made a face. "Don't tell me... We have to wear *that*," he pointed at her skirt.

"Obviously not, there are male uniforms too." Jenday rolled her eyes. "Unless you're into that kinda thing."

--

The group was led into the boys' changing room, where a rack of uniforms was waiting for them. They steadily started stripping down and changing.

Kyungsoo, while pulling his off pants, suddenly spotted a certain Jongin pulling his shirt off. As much as he didn't like it, Kyungsoo had to admit those were some nice abs. Then Jongin stopped, his shirt still over his head. "... Um. Can someone help me? My hair's stuck on something..."

"Hold still." Jongin blindly stood there while someone fumbled with the cloth. "... Okay, there." He successfully took his shirt off, but was startled to see Kyungsoo standing in front of him.

"... Did..." His mouth was twitching into a grin. "Did you just touch me?"

Realizing, the shorter blushed and ran away to resume changing.

Chanyeol had put on the white button-up, only to notice the sleeves ran a little short. Pouting, he rolled them up to make it less noticeable. He picked up the dark blue jacket and decided to throw it over his shoulder rather than actually putting it on. Just as he was about to exit the room, he spotted Baekhyun checking himself out in the mirror. He walked up to the shorter with a smile.

"You fit well with that outfit."

Baekhyun turned and gave him a playful poke in the chest. "What's that supposed to mean? I'm older than you." He gave Chanyeol a once-over. "... Although I can't say the same for you."

Chanyeol pouted. "Why? I look fine."

"No, you're missing something." The shortie went over to the rack for a moment. He came back, a red silk tie in his hand. "Crouch," he said simply.

"I can do it," Chanyeol insisted, but crouched anyway. He tried his hardest not to blush as Baekhyun tied the tie around him. His face was so close; if Chanyeol moved an inch forward, he would be able to reach his lips.

But of course, this was Baekhyun, so Chanyeol wasn't able to move until he was done.

"There." The auburn-headed man stepped back, examining him. "You look better. Let's go."

Like a puppy, Chanyeol obediently followed him out of the room.

--

A while later, the six returned to the front lobby all decked out in school uniforms.

"Well, well, don't you guys look great," Jenday complimented. "If you weren't feeling the nostalgia, you should be feeling it now. Anyway, I'll explain the challenge to you. Today in Jungwon High School, we will be doing a scavenger hunt!" The MC raised an eyebrow when she didn't hear any of the

usual groaning. "We will be looking for *these*!" As soon as she pulled a purple dildo out, the groans came.

"Life is just one big sexual innuendo to you, isn't it?" Minseok shook his head.

"Indeed it is," she laughed at their reactions. "There are forty dildos hidden around the first and second floors of the school. Whoever finds the most within three hours will be given an immunity ticket. But here's the catch... The amount of dildos you find will be factored into the voting. So, it doesn't matter if only one person votes for you at the end of the day, if you find the least amount of dildos, you have a higher chance of being kicked off."

"What?!" Jongin gaped. "Why a stupid rule like that?"

"We implemented it after the obstacle course thing..." Jenday's eyes went over to Baekhyun. "... Because some people don't try as hard as they should. Just do your best to find the dildos and you'll be fine."

"The dildos are only on the first and second floor, right?" Baekhyun asked suddenly.

"That's right."

He walked right up to the MC and yanked the dildo out of her hand. "This one counts too, right?"

Jenday blinked. "Um... Yes."

Immediately, the group dispersed around the school, knowing that Baekhyun had sneakily got a head start.

--

Kris sat there, arms crossed and eyes on fire. He was glaring at the two across the room, who were much too friendly with each other. He didn't like the way Yixing ignored him and was so happy to see Junmyeon.

Simply put, Kris was jealous.

When Yixing laughed and touched Junmyeon's arm, Kris had enough.

He stood, walked right over to the two, picked up Yixing, threw him over his shoulder, and walked right out.

"KRIISSS!" Yixing whined, thumping Kris's back with his fists. "PUT ME DOWN!"

"Chill out," Kris patted his butt. "I'll put you down when we go very far away from *him.*"

"Kris, seriously, put me down."

"No, you're mine."

Yixing rolled his eyes. "Put me down and let me spend time with Junmyeon. If you do..." He slapped his own butt. "I'll let you have this tonight."

Kris froze. "... Really?"

"Yes. You should owe me that much, right?"

He silently put Yixing down. "... Fine. You can go. But," he reached around and groped the promised ass. "This is mine."

"Yes, yes." Yixing quickly pecked Kris's lips. "I'll see you later."

The taller of the two watched Yixing patter away, a smile growing on his face as soon as the boy left his sight. He fist-pumped the air and strode to his room, humming a happy song.

--

Minseok pulled open a door leading to a science lab. The word 'organs' were printed neatly on the blackboard. Scalpels and knives sat on the lab benches. It seemed kind of eerie with the silence and emptiness. Especially since the curtains were down, adding a more haunting feel to the room.

He swallowed his spit as he walked in. *"Why did I come in here...?"* He flicked the lights on, a little relieved for them. He entered the room, searching carefully for a purple dildo. He smiled when he spotted one stuffed in a flask, in the middle of the room. He went over and pocketed it.

It was then someone slapped their hands onto his shoulders, startling the crap out of him.

"DON'T CUT OUT MY ORGANS PLEASE!" Minseok shut his eyes, and only opened them when he heard Luhan's harmonious laughter.

"What was that about organs?" The brunet held his stomach, still giggling.

Minseok blinked at him. "O-Oh, it's just you. What are you doing here?"

Luhan shrugged. "The others are all being lovey-dovey, so it's just the two of us." He nudged elbows.

"Wait..." The shorter stared at him weirdly. "Are you... hitting on me?"

Luhan gaped, his mouth and eyes wide open. "What?! I'm not ga—" he paused, realizing the realization. "... Yes. Yes, I am... Hitting on... You."

"... Oh." Minseok awkwardly shifted his gaze to the floor. "... So... How many dildos did you find?"

"J-Just one," Luhan held it up. "It was in a urinal..."

"Oh."

The atmosphere suddenly jumped from haunting to super fucking awkward.

"I'm..." Luhan started stepping backwards. "Going to leave... Now..."

Minseok nodded. "Yeah."

--

"This is like..." Jongin held his hands up, making a square with his fingers. "... Perfect." Kyungsoo turned and looked confusedly at him, putting himself in the square.

"What are you talking about?" The older asked, continuing to look inside desks.

Jongin grinned cheekily as he shifted his position atop a desk. "High school romance. I feel like I'm a freshman confessing to a senior whom I had my eyes on for so long. I guess it's the nostalgia."

Kyungsoo blushed, slowly inching away from the boy.

"... Can I say it again?" The younger asked after a moment of silence.

Kyungsoo eyed him cautiously. "... Say what?"

"I like you." Their eyes met. "Can I say it again?"

"... Y-Yeah." Kyungsoo got redder, looking away.

Jongin let out a lighthearted chuckle. "... I like you."

--

A certain giant was scanning the top of the lockers, his face brightening when he actually found a dildo up there. As he was grabbing it, he heard the sound of light and quick footsteps coming his way.

"CHANYEOL!" Baekhyun ran up to him, grabbing his hand and pulling him down the hall.

"Wh—" Chanyeol blinked, unconsciously grasping his small hand. "Where are we going?"

"You'll see," the shortie smiled as he pulled him up the stairs, to the third floor.

"But we're not allowed up here..." Chanyeol tried to protest as Baekhyun let himself into a certain classroom. He didn't have much of a choice other than to follow the older man.

Baekhyun manoeuvred between the desks until he found one in the third row, lifting the chair off the desk and sitting in it. "Wah, it's still here!"

"What?" Chanyeol curiously moved to that desk. On the desk in black, messy ink were the words *'property of Byun Baek'*. "... You used to go to this school?"

Baekhyun nodded happily. "It was a long time ago. But I still remember." He lightly grazed a finger over the writing.

Chanyeol took a chair down from the desk in front of his. He sat down and faced Baekhyun. "... What was your high school life like?"

"It was okay. I did well in my studies, was decently popular, a lot of afterschool activities and sports..." The shortie looked gleeful as he reminisced. "Had a couple girlfriends..."

The other boy stiffened. "... Boyfriends?"

Baekhyun shook his head. "If I had dated a guy back then, I'd be bullied to oblivion. The students were pretty ruthless back then."

"But did you?" Chanyeol was hesitant. "Did you... Want to date guys?"

"Mm..." Baekhyun examined Chanyeol's expression. "... I guess... I wouldn't have minded."

The taller of the two brightened. "H-Hey, can I... Be your teacher?"

Baekhyun raised his eyebrows. "Huh?"

"I want to be your teacher. Just for a little bit. Like role-play."

Slightly surprised, Baekhyun wasn't sure where Chanyeol was going with this. "Oh... Kay... Sure."

Chanyeol put on a sweet grin and scampered to the front of the room, behind the teacher's desk. He cleared his throat, scanning the heads of the imaginary students. "... Attention!" He announced loudly.

Amused, Baekhyun stood up from his desk.

"And bow!"

"Good morning, seonsaengnim!" The shortie said while bowing, sitting back down shortly after.

Feeling all giddy inside, Chanyeol picked up a marker in front of the whiteboard. "Today class, we are going to learn about an important subject." He drew a gigantic heart in the middle. "We're going to learn about love. Love occurs in all animals, all species, especially humans. It has many different forms, like conditional love or paternal love or the love of meat. The type of love I am going to talk about today is unrequited love. This can occur between a girl and a guy, a girl and a girl, or a guy and a guy. The point is, one person likes a person that doesn't like them. It… Can be considered one of the most painful loves in the world." Noticing Baekhyun had raised his hand, Chanyeol nodded at him.

"Seonsaengnim," the student started. "Do you have an unrequited love?"

Chanyeol shyly scratched his cheek. "… Yes. I think I do."

"How do you know?"

They stared at each other for a moment.

"… I don't… Know." Chanyeol looked away, continuing his little lesson. He suddenly felt very nervous with Baekhyun's eyes on his back. "As I was saying, having an unrequited love is very painful. There are several ways to deal with this. You can… Eat ice cream and watch romcoms for days on end. You can stalk your crush until they like you. You can threaten them. Or you can… Visit a psychiatrist. But the best solution to solve an unrequited love is… A confession." He wrote the word on the board.

"Although it is very hard to do, a person will feel much better after confessing. Even though the crush might not accept, it is much better than keeping it in."

"Seonsaengnim," Baekhyun raised his hand again. "I don't understand. Can you provide an example?"

"… E-Example?" The teacher swallowed his spit. "U-Um… Okay. Sure…" He turned to the board, the marker shaking in his hand. Slowly, in the middle of the drawn heart, he wrote out the words. When he was done, he shakily put down the marker but didn't turn around to face him. "… T-This is a confession."

The words '*I like you, Byun Baek*' were printed in small but meaningful letters.

CHANGE

Jongin had followed Kyungsoo into the cafeteria, whether the latter had liked it or not. Kyungsoo was in the kitchen, while Jongin was idling at a table.

"Are you not going to look for them?" The older asked, rummaging carefully through the cabinets and drawers.

"Nah," Jongin kicked his legs up onto the table. "You and I both have a condom, so it's fine."

Kyungsoo rolled his eyes. He stepped out of the kitchen and walked up to the boy. "Here." He placed a dildo in front of him. "I found this in the oven. Even if we both have a condom, we should save for it later, just in case."

"... You're right. Thank you." Jongin picked it up and rolled it around the table. "Speaking of which... I have to ask you something."

"Yes?"

Jongin stood up, facing him. "... Do you actually forgive me?"

Kyungsoo took a step back since the other was so close. "Y-Yes, of course."

"... Really?" Jongin stepped forward, staring into his soul.

"Y-Yes." Kyungsoo took another step back. "You've repented more than enough. Really."

"... Really?" The younger asked again, moving closer to him. "I don't think you've fully forgiven me yet."

Kyungsoo kept moving back. "I-I have."

"Then why do you keep running away?"

As soon as Jongin said that, Kyungsoo stopped moving. He didn't look up, he stared at the floor. He didn't look at him; he didn't want to acknowledge that Jongin was right; he *was* running away.

"You're still scared, aren't you?" Kyungsoo could hear the hurt in Jongin's voice. "You're still scared of me."

"N-No, I—" He *was* scared. Even though he had forgiven him, his body still couldn't handle Jongin touching him.

"I said that I would touch you whenever you were ready. But at this rate, Kyungsoo, you... will never *be* ready. I *want* to touch you. But you're not ready, you're scared." Jongin was way too close to him now. "... Why are you scared?"

Kyungsoo's body had started its normal routine. He was shaking constantly, his hands were becoming clammy and tears were threatening to come out. In a small voice, he answered. "... I'm scared of you hurting me."

Jongin gazed at Kyungsoo, the man that was so afraid of him. Letting out a sigh, he suddenly grabbed the older's arms.

Kyungsoo panicked.

He immediately struggled to release himself from Jongin's grip, immense fear in his eyes. "N-No...!"

Still holding on, Jongin remained. "Kyungsoo."

"N-No!" Kyungsoo finally freed himself after fighting his way out. Without thinking, he blindly ran, tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Kyungsoo!"

He ran. It didn't matter where he went; he just had to get away. *"He's going to hurt me again. He's going to—"* He became so terrified when he heard Jongin's running footsteps behind him.

"Kyungsoo!"

"He's going to hurt me."

He ran to the end of the hall, entering into a staircase. He shakily ran up the stairs, tripping and scrambling on the steps. But it wasn't long until Jongin had caught up with him.

When he felt arms wrap around him, Kyungsoo screamed and thrashed. "NO!" He shouted repeatedly. But Jongin wouldn't let go.

"Kyungsoo!"

"NO!" Tears were blurring his vision and he was starting to hyperventilate. He kept kicking and scratching, demanding to be released, but Jongin wouldn't let go.

"Kyungsoo, listen—"

"NO! NO! NO!"

"Kyungsoo!"

"NO!"

"Kyungsoo!"

"NO!"

"FUCK KYUNGSOO, WILL YOU *FUCKING* CALM YOUR BALLS AND *FUCKING LISTEN TO ME?!*"

Kyungsoo shut up, though he was still crying and shaking like a leaf.

"... Kyungsoo..." Jongin tightened his embrace around him, placing his head on Kyungsoo's shoulder. "... Does this hurt? ... Am I hurting you in any way?" He took in a shaky breath. "... I like you so much, Kyungsoo. And yet... You're scared of me hurting you? That pains me. I would never hurt you, ever."

Kyungsoo steadily started to calm down. Jongin was right; he wasn't hurting anywhere.

"Kyungsoo, you... You need to get used to my touching. Right now. I am not going to let go until you get used to this."

Several moments passed, and as promised, Jongin did not let go. Kyungsoo had somewhat calmed down; he stopped shaking and screaming. After thinking about it, he was finally convinced.

"... J-Jongi-in..." His voice was rough from all the screaming.

"Hmm...?"

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

At that, the younger let go of him, turning Kyungsoo around to face him. Jongin gently lifted his hands to rub away the tear trails, and Kyungsoo didn't flinch or scream this time. A soft smile appeared on Jongin's face.

"Why are you sorry...?"

Kyungsoo lifted his hands and rubbed away Jongin's own tears. "I-I hurt you instead..."

"Yeah, you hurt me." Jongin laughed, the tears still coming out. "Make me feel better."

Kyungsoo finally smiled, but he started crying too. "How am I supposed to...?"

Jongin turned serious. "Let me do this whenever I want." He softly pressed his lips against Kyungsoo's. A feeling of bliss filled up his body when he noticed Kyungsoo was returning the kiss.

They seperated and stared happily into each other's eyes. "... Are you feeling better?" The older asked shyly.

Jongin nodded with a frowny pout. "Yeah." He gave him one more kiss before the two ran down the hall together, hand in hand.

--

Chen hummed with a melon Popsicle in his mouth. He was hanging out idly on his bed when he noticed the blue envelope on his desk. He immediately got up, remembering Jenday had given it to him earlier, but he was too distracted by the Kris-Yixing-Junmyeon triangle downstairs to read it.

He sat at his desk feeling the envelope, realizing it was thicker than last time. Groaning a little, he ripped it open and started reading Minseok's *screed*.

"... Condoms, obstacle course, pot, legs, sore, lunch, yatta yatta yatta..."

Chen again pulled out a piece of paper and pencil. But again, he couldn't really think of what to write.

--

"LUHAN!"

Startled, Luhan hit his head on the table. Groaning out of pain, he crawled out from under the desk and looked up at Jongin. "What is it?"

Jongin grinned cheekily. "Let's set up an alliance."

The brunet raised eyebrows. "For what?"

"Like I explained to Kyungsoo earlier," the boy pulled Kyungsoo from behind him. "Baekhyun is someone who cannot be trusted. He's like the devil in disguise."

"Really?" Luhan looked blank. "But he seems like a nice person."

"THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS YOU TO THINK!" Jongin shouted comically. "He's two-faced. He's really evil deep down inside."

"Ah... Is that how it is?" Luhan nodded thoughtfully. "So are we voting out Baekhyun?"

"No, we're going to cripple him first. We're going to take something very important away from him."

"... Like...?"

Jongin smirked.

--

Baekhyun had sat there for a while, glancing between Chanyeol's shaking back and the words on the board. He knew he had to make his decision now. Should he accept Chanyeol's feelings, even though he didn't like him? Or should he reject and be unable to use him?

A few minutes of thinking later, Baekhyun had decided. *"I'm sorry, Yeol."*

He raised his hand. "Seonsaengnim, can I answer the question?"

Chanyeol tentatively looked at him. "... S-Sure..."

Baekhyun stood and walked over to the board. "Ah, this question is really difficult..." He murmured, picking up a marker.

Chanyeol glanced at his side profile, staring at his long lashes and cute nose. He stared as Baekhyun carefully wrote on the board, wondering how someone so petite can take up his entire world.

Soon, Baekhyun put down the marker and looked at him, making Chanyeol flinch out of his daze. With a smile, he quietly asked, "... Did I get the question right...?"

The taller looked at the board. The words *'I like you too, Park Chan'* were written neatly under his confession. His eyes widened and his heart started thumping rapidly. He read those words again and again, getting a feeling of bliss every time.

"... B-Baek..."

Baekhyun jumped at the way he said his name. "Yes?"

"R-Really?" Chanyeol was staring at him. "Is this true?"

"... Yes, you big adorable dummy." Baekhyun stood on tippy-toes to give Chanyeol a sweet kiss.

Ecstatic, Chanyeol hugged Baekhyun with a huge grin. "Th-Thank you. Thank you so much. D-Does this mean... Can I call you my boyfriend now?"

"Of course, Chanyeol."

"... Hey," he looked at the shorter knowingly. "You called me by my real name."

Baekhyun inconspicuously turned red. "Y-Yeah."

Chanyeol tightened his hug. "... Thank you."

Unknowingly, Baekhyun let out a silent sigh. *"I'm sorry."*

--

After the three hours were up, the six contestants finally rounded up in the front lobby, their hands full with rubber penises.

"Alright students!" Jenday stood in front of them with a large plastic bin. "We'll be counting the amount each of you have. Come up one by one and drop them dildos in here! Let's start with Minseok."

The said man came up and gently dumped his loot into the bin. "I have four."

"Seriously?" Jenday shook her head in disapproval.

"I actually saw a lot, but I couldn't reach some of them." He explained with a pout.

"Sucks for you. Next!"

Luhan hopped up and dropped his dildos. "I have eight!" The proud look on his face almost made the MC burst out laughing.

"Alright, Jongin's next."

"Six." The boy simply said, placing his set in the bin.

"Kyungsoo?"

"I have nine, but I only found five of these. Does it still count?"

"Well, if they're in your possession, it counts." Jenday blinked. "But what do you mean, you only found five?"

"Jongin gave some to me." Kyungsoo subtly turned to playfully glare at the boy. Jongin simply made a heart with his hands.

"That's fine. Drop them in. What about you, Chanyeol?"

"I got six."

"Okay... And you have the last seven, Baekhyun?"

"Yes, I do." Baekhyun went and dropped the last few in.

"And we're finished! All forty dildos have been found. Today's winner is no other than Kyungsoo!"

They all clapped while Kyungsoo went up to the MC and held out his hands. Jenday just smiled and high-fived him. "... Who will not be getting a condom today!"

The man gaped. "What?! Why?! Did I do something?"

"Nope, not at all. It's just that since we are nearing the finale, we will not be giving out anymore condoms, starting now. Just accept that you won today's challenge." Jenday laughed as complaints were thrown about. "Now, let's head back to the dorm for voting!"

--

CONFESSION TIME

15:23 – PARK CHANYEOL

"... *dazes*"

16:02 – KIM MINSEOK

"I found the least amount today. I really hope no one votes me out... But today I'm voting for [oooo]. He's just... Yeah."

16:05 – KIM JONGIN

"Today's a really good day. After trying for so long, I managed to repair my relationship with Kyungsoo. *grins shamelessly* I really hope I can be with him forever. Can I marry him? *squiggles like a fangirl* ... Ah, I should vote. I'm voting for [oooo]."

15:26 – PARK CHANYEOL

"... *dazes*"

16:12 – LU HAN

"I'm voting for [oooo] today!"

16:16 – BYUN BAEKHYUN

"Sometimes I wonder if it was worth it... *sighs* I'm voting for [oooo]."

15:42 – PARK CHANYEOL

"... *subtly touches lips*"

17:32 – DO KYUNGSOO

"I finished washing the dishes earlier today because Jongin finally decided to help me. *laughs* I'm glad I made up with him today. It was getting really tiring to be wary of him all the time. I'm convinced he won't hurt me anymore... If he does, well... I hope Sehun never forgives him. *laughs* I'm voting out [oooo]."

15:56 – PARK CHANYEOL

"... O-Oh, shoot. I'm voting for [oooo]."

--

Jongin walked into the kitchen, followed by Kyungsoo. They noticed Baekhyun and Chanyeol sitting at the table, holding hands. The younger turned to Kyungsoo. "Did you vote for him?" He

whispered. Kyungsoo nodded. He then glanced at Luhan, who was sitting peacefully on the counter. The brunet also nodded.

Jenday came out of the confession room, filing through the paper slips in the box. "... Okay, six votes and ... Yeah, there's an obvious winner." She looked up at the six contestants in the room. "You guys know the rules. If you are called, you may use an existing condom to avoid elimination. But, that means the person with the most votes after you has to go."

"You know that we know the rules," Minseok started. "But why do you keep explaining them to us?"

"Shut up. I will now announce this week's straightest man... With three votes, it is..." The six men waited nervously for her answer. "... Chanyeol."

Jongin subtly fist-bumped Kyungsoo. *"He's done for."*

The giant momentarily looked away from Baekhyun. "Hmm? Did I get called?"

Jenday blinked. "Um, yes. Do you have a condom that you would like to use, Chanyeol?"

"Yes."

Jongin, Kyungsoo, and Luhan's eyes widened. The brunet turned to the two with confusion in his eyes. *"HE HAD A CONDOM?!"* he mouthed.

"I DIDN'T KNOW!" Jongin mouthed back, completely shocked. When he looked back at Chanyeol, he almost screamed out of a heart attack when he realized Baekhyun was staring at him. It was as if the auburn-headed man could see through Jongin. As if he *knew*. Needless to say, Baekhyun's eyes were fucking scary right now.

Chanyeol stood and happily handed Jenday his pink condom. He sat down right after, kissing Baekhyun on the nose. It was then that Jongin realized that Baekhyun probably gave one of his condoms to Chanyeol. *"The sly fucker."*

"Alright, since Chanyeol has used his condom, the person going home today is..."

--

Chen sighed, licking the envelope shut. "... *I really suck at letters*." He heard the front door open, signaling that Jenday had arrived with the new eliminationee. "*I wonder who's out this time*."

He quickly went down the stairs, meeting the MC in the front foyer. "Jenday," he held out the blue envelope. "Here's my reply."

Jenday stared at it for a moment and then smiled. "I won't need that."

Chen blanked. "Huh?"

"Yo, are you going to tell me where I am or not?" A voice came from behind Jenday. Chen recognized that voice immediately. A short, man with big eyes entered the foyer, making eye contact with Chen right off the bat.

Jenday glanced between the two, who did nothing but shyly stare at each other. "Are you serious? You guys sent letters to each other for *weeks* and when you finally meet, YOU DO NOTHING!" She rolled her eyes and walked down the hall, leaving them alone.

A small blush appeared on Chen's cheeks. "... M-Minseok."

The other's lips formed a small smile. "... Chen."

They stood there for a while, in silence. It was then that Minseok's eyes trailed to the envelope in Chen's hand. "... Is that... Your letter?"

Chen's eyes widened, quickly hiding the letter behind his back. "No. It's not."

Minseok grinned. "Let me see."

"N-No! It's embarrassing!" Chen ran down the hall, blushing like a girl.

Minseok laughed, and chased after him.

EPISODE 9

REUNITE

Sehun adjusted his beanie around his ears as he stepped down the stairs.

Junmyeon glanced up at him from his book. "Heading out?"

The younger nodded. "Mm. I'm just going for a walk." He looked around. "Yixing's not with you?"

The redhead let out a nervous chuckle. "N-No, he's with K-Kris..." He slowly started laughing with hiccups.

"Forget it." Sehun quickly strode down the hall; spotting two men camped outside Kris and Yixing's bedroom. "What are you guys doing—"

"Shh!" Tao scolded, holding a finger to his lips. "We're eavesdropping." Chen nodded furiously beside him.

Curious, Sehun pressed an ear against the door. He contorted his face out of disgust shortly after. "Ew! You guys are *gross*!"

Tao scoffed. "Minors."

"You're not that much older than him, you know." Chen argued, pulling out a voice recorder.

"Why are you guys listening— *recording* this?! They're..." Sehun shivered. "*Doing it*!"

"You have to understand Sehun," the raven boy wised. "The way they try—key word, *try*— to talk dirty is fucking hilarious."

"... Right." Sehun rolled his eyes, walking away from those mischievous idiots. He slipped into his sneakers and headed out the door, into the calm night.

--

The taller of the two breathed harshly, staring at Yixing's beautiful sex face as he finger-fucked his ass.

"Krisss..." Yixing whined, biting at his kiss-swollen lips and gripping the bed sheets. He couldn't help but arch his back since Kris's fingers felt so freaking good inside him.

"Feel good baby?" Kris smirked, adding another finger in. Using his other hand, he gently stroked Yixing's leaking dick. The other let out erotic moans at the sensation.

"K-Kris..." Yixing panted, grabbing Kris's wrist and pushing it in deeper. "W-When are you g-going to fuck m-me...?!"

"How am I supposed to, if you're having so much fun with my fingers?" The blonde laughed, pulling his digits out. "Alright, get ready for this, babe." He grabbed a nearby condom and ripped it open. Pulling it comfortably onto his hard cock, he positioned himself in front of Yixing's pink hole. He placed Yixing's legs over his shoulders and exhaled deeply. "I'm going in."

Yixing bit on his fist as Kris slowly penetrated his ass. A tear escaped his eye, causing Kris to lean down and kiss it away.

"Don't cry, baby. You look ugly when you cry." He let out a chuckle when Yixing slapped him. "It'll feel better soon, trust me."

"M-Move," Yixing breathed out. He wrapped his arms around Kris's neck as he pulled out and rammed back in.

"F-Fuck," Kris groaned at the feeling of Yixing's ass. "You're so tight." He roughly slammed back in again, and this time Yixing let out a loud and long moan.

"H-Harder!" Yixing entangled his fingers in Kris's hair, just wanting more. "Hurry..."

Kris continued thrusting without pause. "H-Having fun?" He asked as Yixing screamed out of pleasure. They were probably making a racket; it was a good thing Jenday wasn't home at the moment.

Kris then attacked Yixing's lips to shut him up. His tongue fought with his in a messy, rough battle. Their hot breaths were shared as Kris kept screwing the hell out of Yixing, who very much enjoyed the screwing.

Amongst the fucking and making out, Yixing subtly brought a hand to his aching dick and pumped it, desperately wanting release soon. He moaned in Kris's mouth, overwhelmed by all the pleasure. Soon, a familiar feeling came to his stomach. "K-Kris..."

"Soon?" Kris asked, speeding the pace of his thrusts.

Yixing nodded numbly, burying his face into Kris's neck.

"Ah, don't be like that Yixing. I wanna see your face when you come for me."

Yixing reluctantly lifted his head up, staring into Kris's lustful eyes. A few seconds later, he came with a loud moan, his semen getting onto his boyfriend's abdomen. Yixing fell tiredly onto the bed, while Kris pulled out of his ass. Glancing at him, Yixing noticed Kris had pulled off his condom and was jacking his way to orgasm.

Chuckling, Yixing crawled over. "Let me." The shorter removed Kris's hands and took his dick into his mouth.

Kris groaned as his cock was enveloped in such pleasure. Yixing went up and down the shaft, often using his teeth to graze it. After a minute or two of that, Kris ejaculated into Yixing's mouth without warning.

"S-Shit, sorry, I didn't tell you..." Kris stared worriedly at Yixing. To his surprise, the other just swallowed all of his seed.

"Whew, that was a load."

Chuckling, Kris pulled Yixing into bed. "You're adorable." He cooed, planting a kiss onto Yixing's soft lips.

"And you're an ass," Yixing sighed peacefully, shuffling into Kris's embrace.

Kris chuckled again. "I know."

With that, the two fell asleep, reminding themselves to clean up tomorrow before Jenday kills them.

--

A certain brunet skipped out of his room and headed to the common room. There, Luhan noticed Baekhyun and Chanyeol having their little couple time with the TV. Chanyeol was lying on Baekhyun's lap, often asking to be kissed. Of course, the shortie didn't reject those requests.

Luhan smiled at the sight and decided to leave them alone. He made way to the kitchen instead.

Kyungsoo was in there, standing in front of the stove. Luhan was about to say hi when Jongin appeared out of nowhere. The younger boy wrapped his arms around Kyungsoo from behind, innocently asking "what's cooking?" before kissing him.

Luhan pouted, suddenly feeling like the very odd fifth wheel. "Drat, if only Sehuna was here." After thinking about it, he decided he needed a drink. This was a terrible idea, considering the last time he drank; he couldn't remember anything the day after and none of his college mates wanted to tell him. But to hell with that, Luhan was going to drink anyway.

He hopped back to his room to grab his jacket, and before anyone noticed he was gone, went out onto the night streets.

--

"... And it took them under two minutes to finish." Tao exchanged glances with Chen before the two of them burst out laughing. The raven-like boy turned off his timer app while Chen stood up.

"Well, I promised Minseok that I'd watch a movie with him, so..."

Tao snickered inwardly. "Ooh... Is that a date?"

"Shut up." He gave the younger a light knock on the head before heading off to the media room. He found Minseok mumbling to himself on the sofa, probably deciding which movie to watch.

Smiling to himself, Chen plopped beside him. "So what are we watching?"

"A-Ah, you scared me!" Minseok let out a huff. "I don't know... Out of these three, which one do you want to watch?" He spread out the DVD cases on the table.

"Hmm..." Chen picked up a copy of *Paranormal Activity* that was put at the very corner of the table. "This one!"

"But..." Minseok went pale. "... That's a horror movie."

"I know." The other gave him a knowing grin, hopping over to shove the DVD into the player. He hopped back to the sofa before turning the lights off.

Obviously, Chen had ulterior motives.

Minseok sighed, not happy about sitting through a horror film. He glanced at the smiley guy beside him. "... You're a lot livelier than you are in your letters."

Chen slightly pouted. "I put a lot of effort into those letters, thank you."

The older scoffed. "Yeah, right. It took a lot of effort to tell me you like egg rolls."

"It did... Minseok, I—"

"I mean, even a gradeschooler could write better than that. Your letters took no effort or feeling."

"... Minseok..." Minseok's heart stopped when he heard the hurt in Chen's voice. "... Did... Did you even read my letters?" Before he could respond, Chen got up and left out of disappointment.

Minseok blinked confusedly, ignoring the horrendous scene on the screen. "... *What is he talking about*?"

--

"Enjoy your food, young man!"

Sehun bowed, picking up his foam bowl of spicy rice cake off the counter. "Thank you!" After grabbing a stick, he took a bite of his roadside snack. He hummed out of satisfaction, continuing to walk down the fairly empty streets.

Sehun enjoyed his leisure time window-shopping. He liked to look inside all the shops and stare at the stuff on display. He even liked to look at the people eating in restaurants, although he had to keep the staring to a minimum to avoid looking like a creep.

However, when he walked past a bar, he didn't expect to see the familiar back of a certain brunet.

Choking on his food, Sehun walked right up to the bar's window and squinted at that back.

"Holy crap... It's... It's... Luhan!" The boy almost cried out of happiness. He was about to head in when he remembered Jenday's words.

"Still, you're not allowed to contact any of the remaining contestants."

Sehun stomped his feet. *"But it's Luhan!"* He frowned, staring back into the bar. He noticed the older man was downing some alcohol. Sehun furrowed his eyebrows in worry. *"Is he okay?"*

After several drinks, Luhan then clumsily got off his chair. He haphazardly slammed the money onto the counter and made his way out. Sehun hid behind a plant when the brunet stepped onto the pavement, wavering. The younger stared as Luhan unsteadily walked down the sidewalk, actually tripping and falling onto the concrete once.

Sehun sighed tiredly. *"... There is no way I am letting him go home alone.*" He followed Luhan, careful not to get too close to him. There were several times where Sehun wanted to catch Luhan from falling or banging into a light post, but he was unable to because of the rules. He could only watch as Luhan barely missed landing into a trash can.

As he was following Luhan to god knows where, Sehun's senses jumped when Luhan bumped into a shady man. The suspicious man was wearing a trench coat and sunglasses, even though it was a summer night. His eyes flared with anger when the man grabbed Luhan's arm.

"Hey girlie," Sehun could smell the cigarette from where he was. "Aren't 'cha gonna apologize for bumping into me?"

Luhan stared hazily at the man. "... I'm sowee."

"I'm not gonna accept that as an answer. You're a fine one... Let's go to my car and you can apologize there." The man started dragging Luhan off.

The brunet whined. "Let go... It hurtsh..."

"It won't hurt when my cock's in your—" The man received a fist to the face.

Sehun kicked him to the ground, rubbing his shoe onto the bastard's face and kicking his balls.

"... Fuck off," fire burned in his eyes. "He's mine." He scoffed when the idiot scrambled to his feet and ran off.

"Shehuna!"

Sehun's heart jumped, realizing he just got caught. *"Sh-Shit! What do I do now?!"* He cautiously pulled his beanie down to cover his eyes. "U-Uh... I am not this 'Sehun' you are talking about."

Luhan giggled. "Of courshe you're Shehuna... I'd recognishe that cute noshe anywhere..." His face was flush red and his unfocused eyes were lidded.

Sehun blushed, pulling his beanie back up. He immediately reacted when Luhan was about to fall over, catching the older man in his arms.

Luhan giggled again. He hugged Sehun's neck, breathing in his scent. Sehun couldn't move during this. "Ehe... You smell like ddeokbbokki... Ddeok-chicken... Eggplants... Brrsshkt."

Sehun blinked blankly. "... Hell, I should just take you home. You're not going to remember any of this anyway... You are *piss drunk*."

"No!" Luhan pouted. "I'm shit drunk, get it right Shehuna."

Sehun smiled inwardly, dragging drunkard Luhan over his shoulder and starting to escort him home.

"Poop butterflies!"

"Yes Luhana, poop butterflies."

--

The two soon reached the dorm after trekking for a while. Sehun gently sat Luhan against the wall near the front door.

"Sit tight while I ring the doorbell, okay?"

"Wait," Luhan reached out to him. "Come here, Shehuna... I need to tell you shomething."

Curious, Sehun crouched beside him. "What is it?"

He giggled. "Come closher."

Sehun got closer.

"Closher."

And closer.

"Closher..."

Closer—

Suddenly, Luhan grabbed Sehun's head and smooched him right on the lips. After a second or two, he let the boy go, licking his lips in an erotic fashion. "... Ddeokkbokki tashtes good."

Completely shock-faced, it took Sehun two moments to process. "... Y-Y-You're a really affectionate drunk, h-huh..." He uttered, still a little mind-blown.

Luhan giggled one last time. "I love you sho much, Shehunaaa..." And with that, he fell asleep.

Sehun was sure he was the perfect hue of red. *"... Th-They say people are honest when they're drunk..."* He dizzily stood up. "*Heh, now I feel a little drunk."* He pressed on the doorbell and quickly ran off, back to his own dorm.

Kyungsoo opened the door, glancing around. "Hello— Oh my gosh, Luhan! Jongin! Jongin, come and help me!"

--

Minseok opened the door to the bedroom he shared with Chen. He frowned when he found the guy rolled up in a lump on his bed. "Chen..."

"You suck," the other responded half-heartedly.

"Chen, whatever I said, I'm sorry. " Minseok walked over and poked his butt. "I'm sorry..."

Chen sat up with an unfriendly glare. He realized Chen was holding several blue envelopes.

"Here." The envelopes were shoved at him. "Read them properly this time."

Minseok held a confused look. "But I already—"

"Just read them." Chen snapped, face-planting back into the mattress.

He obliged, carefully opening the first envelope. It was the seemingly random egg rolls one. He already knew what it said, so he wasn't sure what he was supposed to do.

Minseok held the paper tightly and squinted, checking if there was some sort of hidden message somewhere. Near the sentence Chen had written out, was a light smudge.

Suddenly, all the smudges on the page became visible to him. They stuck out like sore thumbs; Minseok cursed himself for not noticing them sooner. They were remnants of previous sentences, all whisked away by an eraser. Chen *had* put a lot of effort into his letters; he'd write and erase until the paper was weak, eventually leaving Minseok with a random sentence.

"I'm no good at letters," Chen spoke up. "I didn't know what to write back to you, so I kind of spazzed out for the whole night... In the morning, I woke up with that, so I had to live with it."

Minseok stared apologetically at him. "Chen..."

"But trust me; there were a lot of feelings in that..." Chen slowly looked up at him. "Lots of feelings."

Immediately, Minseok started bawling. "AHH! I'M SORRY CHEEEEEEEEN!! I'M SORRY FOR BEING STUPID!" He rolled onto the bed next to him. "I take back what I said... I love your letters!"

Chen raised a knowing eyebrow. "And?"

Minseok pouted with a subtle blush. "... And I love you too."

Chen finally grinned, knowing when he won the battle. He softly kissed Minseok on the forehead. "Me too."

--

The next morning, Luhan had difficulty opening his heavy eyelids. He slowly sat up, the pain hitting his head, back and arms almost immediately. He groaned, scolding himself for drinking so much. But then he had a realization.

"Wait... How did I get home? What happened last night?" He quickly checked his crotch. *"Yep, I'm still a man..."*

The bedroom door opened, and Kyungsoo walked in with a tray of soup and aspirins. "You're awake?"

"Mm," Luhan tiredly rubbed his eyes. "Thank you." He gratefully accepted the food.

"Don't go drinking by yourself," Kyungsoo started. "You were pretty beat-up last night."

"Don't tell me I got into a gang fight!" Luhan swallowed some soup. "Do... Do you know how I got home? Did someone drive me?"

The other blinked blankly. "I just found you outside in the front. You mean you don't know?"

Luhan shook his head, trying to conjure up some memories. All he could remember was something about eggplants. He raised a finger to his lip. "... Why do my lips feel so hot?"

"Ah, do you want me to get some water?"

"No," Luhan smiled. "I actually kinda like it."

MISTAKEN

It was 3AM when Jenday walked into the dorm, slowly with quiet footsteps. She turned to the big bodied men behind her. "They're in the bedrooms. There are five of them, do it quietly."

"Yes miss." She led the way to Jongin and Baekhyun's room, which was empty. The MC raised her eyebrows in confusion. "Where are they…?" She turned to Kyungsoo and Luhan's room.

The brunet was sleeping soundly in his own bed, Kyungsoo in his with a Jongin wrapped around him. Jenday snorted. "Guys, three of them are in here. Take them out."

"Yes." One of them easily lifted up Luhan and carried him over his shoulder. Two others carefully pried Jongin and Kyungsoo apart and carried them separately. They silently left the room and lined up in the hall.

"Alright, there are two more in—"

"Jenday?" The MC turned to see Chanyeol standing there. He looked shocked to see three scary men carrying the sleeping contestants. "W-What's going on…?"

"Sorry Chanyeol," Jenday almost looked apologetic. "Guys, knock him out."

"Yes." A man who was nearly taller than Chanyeol quickly hit his temple, causing him to faint. He picked up the giant's unconscious body and started his way out.

"There's one more, guys. In the room over there." Another man went into Chanyeol's bedroom and came out with a sleeping Baekhyun on his shoulder. "Alright, we're done here. If they wake up, just knock them out. Let's go."

--

The distant sounds of birds chirping and waves brushing against the shore caused Kyungsoo to wake up. He slowly opened his eyes, staring into the open blue sky.

"Wait… Open blue sky?!"

Kyungsoo abruptly sat up, taking in his … *Exotic* surroundings. He was sitting on cold sand, shaded by tall palm trees. Several grey boulders dotted the shoreline that seemed to go on forever. Behind him was a dense jungle. The deep blue ocean in front of him reflected the bright sunlight above.

Kyungsoo concluded that he was stranded on an island. As he steadily stood up, a folded piece of paper fell out of his pant leg. He unfolded it, carefully reading the letter that was suspiciously disguised as a ransom note. It read:

'*CHALLENGE NO.8: If you ~~w~~ant to go **h**ome, survive a single nigh_t_ on this des**er**ted island! ~~Y~~our fellow contestants are sc**a**ttered around th~~e~~are~~a~~. A go~~o~~d place to start is the lake in the middle _of_ the island (I have g~~e~~nero**u**sly drawn you _a_ map below). Beware of t_he_ creatures you may find lurking about (¬‿¬)… I **w**_ill_ come for you the next mor~~n~~ing (maybe), so don't die**!**!! – Love Jenday-**n**im~*'

After reading it, Kyungsoo blankly shredded the paper to pieces. "*I will poison her food when we get home*." He dusted the sand out of his hair and steadily walked into the jungle.

--

Chanyeol suddenly laughed in his sleep. There was a tickling feeling in his neck. "S-Stop it..." He giggled. "Stop it, Baekhyun..."

He blinked his eyes open, noticing he was lying on dirt. Trees and fernery surrounded him from all directions. *"... Where am I."*

On the dirt, he saw something move. Squinting, he realized it was a trail of ants. They were coming towards him. Chanyeol rubbed his neck, where a colony of ants had decided to place its home.

Needless to say, he completely freaked out.

He took off in a random direction, screaming his head off. His bare feet took him to a clearing in the middle of the jungle; a clearing with a lake in it.

The giant immediately pulled his shirt off and dunked his head into the water. A few seconds of bubbles later, he came back up for air. *"... That was freaky."*

--

Kyungsoo carefully treaded through the jungle, being cautious of any plants or animals he might harm. It was slightly scary being in the jungle alone. He'd never know what would pop up and kill him.

As he stepped over a large rock, Kyungsoo heard a rustling sound. His heartbeat rising, he frantically looked around for the source.

"... It might just be the wind," he told himself, even though there wasn't even a slight breeze. He heard it again, and it seemed very close.

Kyungsoo grabbed a nearby stick and held it like a sword. When the rustling became louder, he held the stick above his head and waited for the moment to *strike.*

And out of the bushes came a wild Jongin.

They stared at each other for a moment. Kyungsoo registered that Jongin was half-naked and had tribal paint smeared on his cheeks. The boy also had a banana in his mouth.

Jongin registered that Kyungsoo was about to kill him.

"... Sh-Should I come back later...?" The younger uttered, preferring not to be booted on the head at the moment.

Kyungsoo sighed of relief and lowered his weapon. "No, sorry. I just thought you were someone— something else."

Jongin merely grinned and gave Kyungsoo a tight hug. He let go and pecked his lips. "I seriously thought I was gonna die. This jungle's no joke."

"You're no joke either. You look like you belong here, being tan and all." Kyungsoo gently rubbed the red paint on Jongin's face. "What is this, anyway? It's not blood, is it...?"

Jongin held a proud look. "I found some red berries on the way here. I'm a natural at these things." He grabbed Kyungsoo's hand. "Now, we have to find that lake—"

As if on cue, the two heard a very low scream resound in the jungle.

They looked at each other after a silent moment. "... Chanyeol."

They went toward the source of Chanyeol's scream, and soon enough, found themselves by the blue lake.

"Hey Yeollie!" Jongin waved at the giant, whose entire head was soaking wet.

"Oh? If it isn't you two." Chanyeol stood and fist-bumped them. "This is kinda crazy, huh?"

"No kidding," Jongin agreed. He sat on the dirt, dipping his fingers into the cool water.

"Luhan and Baekhyun aren't here yet?" Kyungsoo asked, worry on his features.

Chanyeol widened his eyes at the mention of Baekhyun's name. He quickly pulled his shirt on. "I-I'll go look for them."

"We'll stay here then." Kyungsoo watched as he scrambled back into the plants.

After a moment, Jongin looked up at him. "What should we do now?"

"Hm..." Kyungsoo tried to remember things from that island survival episode on TV. He snapped his fingers. "We should make a fire!"

Jongin blanked. "... Do you know how?"

Kyungsoo solemnly stared at the ground. "... No..."

Chuckling, the younger motioned for him to sit down.

"Then let's just enjoy the view then." He intertwined his hand with Kyungsoo's, sighing happily.

"... Jongin."

He turned to look. "Hmm—" His eyes widened when Kyungsoo softly kissed his lips. When he pulled back, both boys were blushing.

"The... The weather's nice." Kyungsoo shyly murmured, gazing at the still water.

Jongin laughed. "Yeah..."

--

Luhan combed through his hair, huffing out of frustration. He was lost.

He tiredly leaned on a tree trunk, looking at his surroundings. Directions and maps were never Luhan's strong point. He was painfully lost, and he knew it. At this rate, he'd never find the lake before tomorrow. He pulled out Jenday's map and stared at it for the nth time.

"I'm pretty sure it was this way... Why haven't I reached it yet?" He sighed, but then sucked in a breath when he heard something.

It sounded oddly like someone crying.

Luhan turned to look behind the tree. A boy with auburn-colored hair sat there, his face in his knees.

"Baekhyun! What a surprise—" He paused when the other looked up at him, eyes red and tears smudging his eyeliner. "B-Baekhyun! Wh-What's wrong?! What happened?!"

"Oh, Luhan..." Baekhyun hid his face again, sniffling with a shaky voice. "I-I thought I was finally able to cry since I was alone, b-but I guess not..."

"What?" Luhan sat next to him, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder. "What do you have to cry about? Is it because of this challenge?"

Baekhyun shook his head. "N-No... It's something else... Something from a while ago, that I couldn't cry about then... Because I was surrounded by people... That's why I'm crying about it now."

"What is it? You can tell me..."

Baekhyun looked at him, broken. "... D-Don't tell anyone else th-this... Especially Yeol."

Luhan nodded, wiping eyeliner off of his face. "Of course."

Baekhyun inhaled shakily. "Th-That guy..."

"Chanyeol?"

He shook his head. "J-Jongin... He... He..." Tears started escaping his eyes again. "He...!"

"Shh," Luhan side-hugged him tightly. "It's okay. Let it out. What did Jongin do?"

Baekhyun rapidly blinked, letting the waterworks run. "T-Two weeks ago... H-He... Pulled me into the washroom and... He said that he was h-horny. B-Because Kyungsoo wouldn't l-look at him. S-So, he..." The boy just barely whispered this one word. "... *Rape*."

Luhan went completely blank. He couldn't believe it. He swallowed a lump in his throat. "... J-Jongin... *Raped* you...?"

Baekhyun didn't say anything; he just silently cried.

"... J-Jongin... He did that to you? What..." He took a few seconds to let it sink in. "... And all this time, you were... Hurting. How... How could he just—" Luhan didn't even want to talk anymore. He

remembered Jongin being so happy around Kyungsoo. And yet, he did something like this. Anger started to fill Luhan's body. He clenched his fists tightly and gritted his teeth. "... How could he just..."

"Baekhyun!" Chanyeol had arrived, stopping in his tracks when he noticed his boyfriend was crying. "What's going on?"

"Chanyeol..." Luhan stood up, his eyes dark. "... Do you know where Jongin is?"

The taller tentatively pointed behind him. "They're by the lake... Just go straight from here."

The brunet promptly left, his stomps crushing the plants below.

Chanyeol then turned to Baekhyun and knelt in front of him. "... What's wrong?"

The shortie suddenly attacked Chanyeol, wrapping his short arms around him and causing the taller to fall on his butt.

"I-I was scared..." Baekhyun stuttered in a quiet voice, tightening his embrace.

Chanyeol gently rubbed Baekhyun's back. "It's okay... I'm here now." They stayed like that for a while, one comforting the one that cried.

"Yeol..."

"Hm...?"

"I really like you..."

Baekhyun sat back, just far enough so that he could see Chanyeol's eyes. And they were eyes of love, adoration, and comfort. They stared at him with such love, that Baekhyun almost felt a little... *guilty*. He felt guilty for having these eyes on him, and only him.

But he found himself leaning in, towards the younger boy's lips. Slowly, he pressed his lips against Chanyeol's, softly and surely. Baekhyun was a little more than relieved when Chanyeol closed his eyes to kiss him back. But the way Chanyeol kissed with that love made Baekhyun feel even guiltier.

--

A loud chop echoed throughout the island.

"... Fuuuuuuck," Jongin grimaced, rubbing his hand.

"... And that's why you don't break coconuts with your bare hands." Kyungsoo chortled, taking the coconut from the younger.

Jongin raised an eyebrow at him. "Then what do you suggest—" He immediately shut up when Kyungsoo gallantly smashed it against a rock, successfully breaking the shell in half.

He handed him one coconut shell. "You were saying?"

Jongin stared at him in admiration. "... You are so badass, I think I've fallen in love with you all over again."

Kyungsoo snorted, taking a sip of the coconut water.

Jongin looked up when he heard the bushes rustle. "Hey, it's Lulu! Want some coconut, Luha—"

A loud slap echoed throughout the island.

Kyungsoo gawked at the scene, dropping his coconut and his mouth.

Luhan glared angrily at Jongin, his breath coming out in short huffs.

Jongin was completely frozen, his cheek stinging red from Luhan's slap.

"... You... Disgust me." The brunet muttered, lasers shooting at the other.

"I know," Jongin rubbed his cheek. "But you didn't have to slap me."

"DO YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY?!" Luhan shouted, startling him. "You are a disgusting human being. You do that to Baekhyun, and yet you still have the balls to sleep around with Kyungsoo. Don't you have any shame?"

"Wait..." Jongin blinked confusedly. "What are you talking about?" He was cautious, especially since Kyungsoo was listening.

"Really?" Luhan scoffed. "You really don't know? Should I remind you? While your precious Kyungsoo is here?"

Jongin furrowed his eyebrows. "I really don't know—" he suddenly gasped. "... You mean... He told you?"

"Oh, he told me alright. You have no idea how much he's been hurting for the past two weeks. And look at you; you're just so fucking gleeful, aren't you?"

"Wait," Jongin looked confused again. "Are we talking about the same thing here?"

Luhan snapped. "YOU ARE A RAPIST. YOU RAPED BAEKHYUN, YOU LITTLE DINGALING!" The brunet stomped away, seething. The silence he left behind was more than slightly awkward.

"... Dingaling?"

"... I-Is that true?" Kyungsoo stared worriedly at him. "... You raped Baekhyun?"

Jongin sighed, scratching his head. Kyungsoo noticed he wasn't trying at all to deny it.

"How should I explain this...? What Luhan said, it's... Half-true. I didn't rape him." Jongin explained wearily. "I... I'll admit that we had sex together, but believe me, if anything *I* was raped." He looked really sorry towards Kyungsoo. "Please believe me."

Kyungsoo's heart sank, somewhat relieved and yet disappointed. He knew Jongin would never lie, but that meant he and Baekhyun...

"I-I believe you Jongin, I really do." Kyungsoo bit at his lips. "But I still feel..." He wanted to say 'betrayed', but his heart wouldn't let him.

"Look, I'll explain everything that happened that night." Jongin was desperate; he didn't want to lose Kyungsoo, not now.

Kyungsoo wasn't sure if he wanted to hear it, but he nodded anyway. After all, Kyungsoo didn't want to lose Jongin either.

Not now.

Not ever.

BEHIND

[The day before the obstacle course challenge]

Baekhyun stood there, staring into Jongin's eyes. His face was unreadable.

After an awkward silence, Jongin uttered a few words. "... How... I thought the door was locked." His dick was still in plain view.

Baekhyun simply tossed two bent paperclips onto the counter as he walked in, closing and locking the door behind him. He then continued to stare, often glancing between Jongin and Jongin Jr.

The younger steadily started to feel more uncomfortable as time passed. He was trying to masturbate, for God's sake.

But before Jongin could say anything, Baekhyun walked up to him and kneeled right in front of his cock. "... U-Um... Baekhyun?" He removed Jongin's hands on his shaft and replaced them with his own. "... B-Baekhyun. Baekhyun. Wait, I—" Jongin let out quiet but reluctant moan when Baekhyun gave a testing lick to his penis. He immediately clamped his mouth and glared at him. "S-Stop..."

Baekhyun didn't stop. He took Jongin's dick into his mouth, covering it with saliva. His tongue swirled seductively around the head, anything below it were massaged by Baekhyun's hands.

Jongin tried really hard to shut himself up. He really did. But Baekhyun had a tongue. One worth worshipping for the sinful things it could do.

He tried to find balance on the wall as his breaths came out short and ragged. Baekhyun was making him dizzy, but it felt glorious; the only thing that'd make it better is if Baekhyun was replaced by Kyungsoo. But Jongin wasn't complaining.

Baekhyun let the hard muscle go with a pop, his tongue taking to licking the underside. His thumb pressed softly on the head as his other hand caressed Jongin's inner thigh, driving the boy over the edge. Soon Baekhyun returned to blowing, hollowing his cheeks as he went up and down.

"B-B-Baek, I'm gonna..." Jongin nudged his head to get his attention; Baekhyun seemed way too focused on the D. "... C-Come..."

He released the cock and just a few seconds later, Jongin ejaculated with a lengthy groan. When his head cleared from his orgasm, Jongin glanced down at Baekhyun. He noticed some of his seed had got onto Baekhyun's pretty face and the other was trying to lick it off. Sighing, Jongin ripped out some toilet paper and dabbed the other's cheeks. Once he was done with that, he cleaned the rest of it off his limp dick and turned to throw the tissue in the trash. He again faced Baekhyun intending to question his actions, but his lips were immediately smashed into a kiss.

Jongin groaned as Baekhyun's tongue entered, feeling every corner of his mouth. He reluctantly kissed back; he wasn't going to have Baekhyun thinking he was lame at kissing or something. A few minutes of making out later it dawned on Jongin that this was *Baekhyun* he was kissing. He shoved the older off him, Baekhyun falling onto his butt.

Out of breath, Jongin glared at him. "... What are you doing...?"

"Fuck me," Baekhyun answered breathily. Jongin thought he looked sexy and certainly very fuckable with those lustful eyes, but was beside the point.

"What," Jongin was aghast. "Are you crazy, I can't—"

"Just fuck me," Baekhyun poked at Jongin's already-growing boner. "There's no point in masturbating about Kyungsoo every night. Just once with me and release all of your sexual tension. Just once."

"Forget it." He started to pull his pants back up.

"So are you just going to wait for his legs to open up for you?" Baekhyun had stood up, smirking. "That's never going to happen. At least blow off some steam before... You know, you hurt him again."

Jongin stared at him, seriously thinking over his offer. He had to admit Baekhyun was great at kissing *and* blowjobs. But this was wrong. It wasn't fair to Kyungsoo or Chanyeol. And this was... Erm, *Baekhyun.*

But if the shortie was right about one thing, it was definitely all the stress Jongin's been having. More often than not had the boy wanted to jump Kyungsoo for being too adorable... That would've led to severe consequences. In the end, it was all for Kyungsoo's safety.

"... Fine," Jongin let out an almost complaining sigh. "A one-night stand. That's it."

Baekhyun smirked again, walking over and sitting on Jongin's lap. He pulled him into another kiss, this one rougher than the last. He nibbled on Jongin's lip, silently demanding to be let in. Not to be outdone, Jongin thrust his tongue in first, battling Baekhyun's for dominance.

With saliva dripping down his chin, Baekhyun let out a satisfied hum when he felt Jongin's hands go up his shirt.

"Off," the younger stated, helping Baekhyun out of his shirt before tossing it onto the floor.

Jongin scanned the other's naked chest quickly, leaning down to nip at his collarbone before getting a hand to the face.

"No love bites, dear."

Jongin clicked his tongue. "Fine. Stand up."

Once he did, Jongin pinned Baekhyun against the wall. He shamelessly grinded against the other's erection, prompting a string of moans from both. The younger swiftly undid Baekhyun's sweats, letting them drop. Also pulling off his underwear, Jongin grasped Baekhyun's dick in one hand, making him mewl for pleasure.

"J-Jongin—" Baekhyun panted, his face turning red.

"Hmm?" The boy started pumping the cock, making whatever the older had to say go out the window. He looked up at him, enjoying the writhing sex faces he was making. He decided to move on.

While giving Baekhyun his hand job, Jongin subtly placed two fingers in his mouth. When they were wet enough, he pulled them out and slowly invaded Baekhyun's ass.

The auburn-headed man widened his eyes at the odd feeling going up his hole. He leaned on Jongin for support, breathing harshly.

Jongin chuckled, gently moving his fingers. "This is your first time, isn't it?"

"S-Shut up," Baekhyun squirmed, trying to get used to the feeling. "Th-This is my first time w-with a guy."

"First butt sex?" He added a third finger, causing Baekhyun to whine. "You don't want to save your widdle virginity for Chanyeol?"

Baekhyun blinked. "Ch-Chanyeol?"

"Yeah, your precious Yeollie." Jongin pulled his fingers out. "You don't wanna fuck him first?"

"... We're not dating," Baekhyun countered. "I don't see why I have to have sex with him."

"Yeah, but he likes you. If you want him kneeling at your every command, the least you should do is give him your ass."

"... So I have to date him?"

"Pretty much. He's going to ask you out soon, I think. Don't worry, I'll teach you all about anal before it happens."

Baekhyun scoffed. "Gee, thanks. Now are you going to fuck me or not?"

"Mm," Jongin hummed. "You wanna take it to the bedroom?"

"No, here. Now."

"Alright, princess." The younger went over to the cabinet under the sink. He took out three small bottles of lube. "So, will it be strawberry, orange, or New Spring? Personally, I haven't tried New Spring yet."

The other gaped. "Are you serious?"

"I do a lot more than just beating my meat, you know. I take it as strawberry then?"

"... Sure."

Jongin put away the other bottles and stood, glancing around the washroom.

Growing impatient, Baekhyun whined. "What now?"

"Shush," Jongin held up his finger. "I'm trying to think of where and how to screw you."

"Oh my god..." The elder facepalmed. He promptly walked to the counter and bent over, his puckering hole in view. "Fuck me, goddammit."

Jongin grinned. "Okay, okay. Fucking slut." He unscrewed the cap off of the bottle, relishing the strawberry scent. He poured a good amount on his throbbing dick, tossing the bottle to the side. "Ready?"

Baekhyun gave a tentative nod, waiting for it. He let out a quiet groan when Jongin's shaft probed at his hole, slowly going in.

"... Fuck...!" The shorter bit roughly on his lip, tears running out of his eyes. He hoped the pain would be worth it later.

Jongin grunted; the tightness around his dick was overwhelming him. He lightly rubbed Baekhyun's back. "You okay?"

"OKAY?!" Baekhyun shouted, startling Jongin. "DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M OKAY?! I HAVE A PENIS SHOVED UP MY ASS!"

"Ssh... You're gonna wake up the others."

"Whatever," Baekhyun buried his face in his hands. "Just make it feel better..."

"Gotcha." Jongin placed a hand around Baekhyun's leaking cock, caressing it. At the same time, he pulled out and slowly pushed back in.

Baekhyun let out a strained moan, gripping the edges of the counter. His uneven breaths filled the room as Jongin kept thrusting.

"F-Faster, dammit..."

"Yes, my lady." Jongin sped up the pace, slamming into the ass. He smirked when Baekhyun's moans became louder and more erotic. The older boy was certainly very vocal.

He thrust harder, enjoying how Baekhyun's hole just swallowed up his dick; and the strawberries. Definitely the strawberries.

"I'm... I'm almost th-there..." The shorter panted, his arms going weak from supporting himself.

Jongin hummed, pumping and thrusting faster.

A few seconds later, Baekhyun came with a loud profanity, his seed getting all over the cabinet and Jongin's hand. His body shook from his orgasm, and so he laid his head on the counter, unable to hold himself up anymore.

It took Jongin several more thrusts for him to ejaculate.

Trying to catch their breaths, the two of them stood still for a while. After coming from his high, Jongin slowly pulled out, causing Baekhyun to whine. He ripped out some more toilet paper and cleaned wherever their jizz hit. He then picked up his clothes and steadily put them on.

"How was that?" He glanced at Baekhyun, who was still stark naked and bent over.

"Was... fine," Baekhyun immediately winced. "Fuck— is it supposed to hurt right after?"

"Usually the day after," Jongin replied. "I guess you're really sensitive."

"Shut up." Baekhyun had difficulty putting his clothes on until Jongin went over and helped.

"You're not going to tell anyone about this... Right?"

"Of course not," the other scoffed. "Especially Yeol."

"Especially Kyungsoo," Jongin sighed.

"You're still going to go after him? He's not going to—"

"I'm not going to give up on him." The younger retorted. "I really like Kyungsoo. I'll keep going after him until I die. And you shouldn't give up either."

"What?"

"You like Chanyeol, don't you?"

Baekhyun's face turned red. "I don't—"

"He's going to confess to you. If you don't like him, fine. It'd be easier to use him if you pretend to like him. But if you fall in love with him... well, that's your fault."

Baekhyun silently glared as Jongin left the washroom.

"... It's my fault?"

CONTROL

"... And that's what happened." Jongin breathed, looking at the other cautiously. Kyungsoo looked blank and unsure. "Please, you have to believe me. It's the truth."

"... I know..." The older muttered, yet he didn't know. He didn't know how to respond to all this. He suddenly felt distant from Jongin, like he didn't know the boy anymore. "... Jongin..."

"Y-Yes?" Jongin nervously swallowed his spit, waiting for his response.

Kyungsoo let out a long sigh. "... Jongin, we need to take a break."

"Wh-What?" Jongin's heart fell and blood drained from his face. "Wait, K-Kyungsoo, I—"

"I didn't mean break up. No, I love you. But I meant... I need to think about this by myself. To let it sink in." Kyungsoo gently patted Jongin's cheek, a disappointed smile on his lips. "I feel a little lost... Just leave me be for a little bit, okay? It's not your fault." He gingerly pecked the taller boy on the nose before turning around.

Jongin felt a pang in his chest. "... You'll come back... Right?"

Kyungsoo didn't answer. He just silently walked away, disappearing into the jungle.

Jongin stood there for a while; his heart aching. He did know one thing though.

"I should have fucking killed Baekhyun when I had the chance." He let out a frustrated shout and began to make a failed fire pit.

--

Things were tense around the island since then. Luhan, Baekhyun and Chanyeol had found their way back to the lake, but Kyungsoo didn't return.

Together, they managed to accumulate enough food for all them, and even though he was moody, Luhan did agree to start a fire. Nobody bothered to say anything. They just wanted for this challenge to be over with. And soon enough, night came.

They were all sleeping atop of the grass and makeshift leaf pillows, while the fire crackled.

Jongin, on his own green bed, tossed and turned restlessly. He was too worried about Kyungsoo to sleep. *"What if he drowned? Eaten by a giant tarantula? What if he fell off a cliff? What if he's lost somewhere, crying for help?"* He wanted so badly to look for Kyungsoo. But he had to leave him be, like Kyungsoo said.

Jongin lay on his back, staring into the bright starry sky. The stars just twinkled without a care in the world, and down here Jongin was losing his mind. It was like the heavens were mocking him.

Then a certain silhouette towering over him blocked his view of the celestial beings.

Jongin groaned loudly. "... What do you want, Barkhyun?"

"Barkhyun?" The auburn-headed boy laughed. "Charming nickname."

"Yeah, because you're a bitch." Jongin retorted, clearly not happy. "What do you want?"

Baekhyun held a cunning smile. "Let's talk."

--

The younger had followed Baekhyun into the trees, where they were slightly farther away from the lake.

"Rape?" Jongin started first. "Was that really the best you could come up with?"

Baekhyun merely chuckled. "I had to, if I wanted to get you out. Luhan will definitely vote for you now. I wanted to get Kyungsoo's vote too, but I guess he's not that stupid."

"Why?" Jongin glared at him, hands in fists. "What did I ever do to you?"

"Hey, you tried to get me first. I was returning the favor."

"I tried to get *Chanyeol*," Jongin replied snarkily. "Which shouldn't matter to you, since you don't even like him, right...?" Baekhyun didn't respond. "From the start, you were trying to get me out. Even lying to me about the damned pickle... Why?"

"Why? Because you are my biggest competition. Admit it; none of these losers have bigger passion than us. If I can get you out, everything else will be a breeze. I just want to win, and if I have to cheat, so be it. And plus, you know too much."

Jongin furrowed his eyebrows. He didn't have the space to feel flattered because Baekhyun thought so highly of him. He was filled to the brim with frustration.

"Now that I've told you this... Tell me why you want to win. Maybe I'll take you to the top 2 with me." Baekhyun laughed haughtily. "... Since *I* control this game now."

Jongin had thought about it. "Forget it. Vote me off if you want to." There was no way he was going to succumb to Baekhyun's feet, even if that meant leaving the show.

Baekhyun was surprised by his response. "... Fine."

"Fine." Jongin silently turned and headed back to the campfire. He headed back to the lake, where Kyungsoo still hadn't returned to.

Reluctantly, the boy plopped onto his grass bed and fell asleep. He was too tired to think.

He woke up once during the night, however. He thought he saw Kyungsoo sleeping away in his arms, but he was too sleepy to register it. And when he woke up in the morning, Kyungsoo wasn't there.

--

A ship horn echoed in the distance, startling all of the contestants.

"Jenday must be here," Luhan announced, setting down his coconut.

"Finally! I can't wait to shower, or do something that doesn't require manual labour." Chanyeol cheered, leading the way to the beach.

Just by the shore was a large boat. There was a man standing on the deck, a megaphone in front of his face.

"Thank you for surviving the night, contestants. We will now take you home. Please get in the boat." A few crewmen opened the bridge and set it on the sand.

"Wait," Jongin panicked. "Kyungsoo's not here—"

"I'm here." Kyungsoo's voice came from behind him. Whirling around, Jongin almost cried when he saw the man before him.

Kyungsoo gave him a soft smile. "... Let's go."

So many questions ran through his mind. He wanted to know where Kyungsoo had gone, what he did, and how he felt. His mind was jumbled because of the man in front of him, but he could only respond with a simple

"Y-Yeah."

--

"WELCOME HOME!" Jenday popped confetti in the contestants' faces as soon as they stepped into the dorm. She had a huge smile on her face while their glares pierced through her head. "I'm surprised all of you made it!"

"You are nothing to us." Chanyeol muttered, heading inside to shower, eat actual food, and watch television among other things.

"Yes, yes, I understand you're all mad..."

"I thought you were nice, Jenday..." Luhan looked pitifully at her. "I was so wrong."

"I still am!" Jenday pouted.

"Sometimes," Jongin started. "I wish Kris *did* run you over with that lawnmower."

"Okay, now that's just rude." Jenday watched as the solemn contestants went in, ignoring her very presence. She scoffed, crossing her arms. "Don't forget to vote!"

"Yeooool!" Baekhyun sang, bursting into the said boy's room. "Let's shower together!"

"W-What?!" Chanyeol's cheeks turned bright red. "D-Do I have to?"

"Yes." The shortie promptly pulled him into the washroom.

Jongin scoffed at the scene, turning to his own room. He stood there, staring at his closet and scattered belongings. "... *I guess I should pack*." He sat down on the carpet and pulled his backpack over. Steadily, he placed his things in, letting out a sigh every minute. "*I'm sorry, Jinae*."

--

Chanyeol stood against the bathroom door, heart pounding in his chest. He couldn't move, especially since his boyfriend was stripping right in front of him.

Baekhyun gently rid of his pants while humming a little tune. His bare butt was exposed for Chanyeol to see, and he didn't mind at all.

He stepped into the shower box, glancing back at the gawking giant. "You coming in, Yeollie?"

Chanyeol gulped with difficulty. That meant he was going to be in that small cubicle of a shower with Baekhyun... naked. He wasn't sure if he was ready for this.

"Do you need help taking your clothes off?" Baekhyun asked teasingly.

"N-N-No." He was already going out of his mind.

"Then I'll be waiting..." Baekhyun gave him an electrifying smirk before closing the shower door. The water turned on and Baekhyun started to hum again.

Once he heard that, Chanyeol slowly peeled himself off the door.

He could totally bolt out of the washroom right now. Or he could flush the toilet, causing Baekhyun to complain about the hot water and come right out.

But he chose neither of those options and nervously pulled his shirt off. After he got out of his shorts and underwear, he stood in front of the shower, hands over his crotch. Exhaling and blinking more times than needed, Chanyeol asked himself for the nth time if he should do this.

Before he could formulate an answer in his little mind, the shower door opened and he was yanked in. Before he could think, he was pressed against the shower wall and had his lips attacked. Before he could process *anything*, Baekhyun's boner was rubbing against his thigh, leading to the hardening of his own dick.

"... So," Baekhyun momentarily paused abusing the flustered Chanyeol's lips. "Are you going to fuck me or not?"

The taller's cheeks flushed at this vulgar, raunchy, *sexy* side of Baekhyun. "B-But... W-We've only dated for a week..." Chanyeol uttered, the water raining down on his head. There was a sense of thrill tingling through his skin, most of which may or may not have been caused by Baekhyun's lustful touches.

"So? I want this," Baekhyun groped Chanyeol's dick, making him squirm. He wasn't too sure about that option. "Or... If you don't want that, I can fuck you instead."

That option didn't seem too bad.

Blushing more than ever, Chanyeol shifted his gaze to the floor. "P-Please fuck me..." He said in a small voice.

Baekhyun smirked, and lifted the younger's chin to get at his lips. He darted his tongue into Chanyeol's eager mouth, liking the taste. That make out session was short-lived however, as Baekhyun pulled back to grab a bottle of body wash.

"Let's clean ourselves up first, shall we?"

Chanyeol was slightly disappointed for the break, but that sparkle in his boyfriend's eye told him otherwise.

As Baekhyun poured the pleasant-smelling substance into his palm, Chanyeol was eyeing the shower sponge hanging in the corner. *"... What is he doing...?"*

Baekhyun blinked at him blankly. "Oh dear Chanyeol, you're so dirty. Here, let me wash you." He more than slyly slapped his soap-covered hand onto Chanyeol's chest. He rubbed the soap around, grazing his collarbones and nipples. Chanyeol bit his lip, restraining himself from moaning. The way Baekhyun was touching him made him harder than he already was; the shorter was being such a turn-on.

Baekhyun's hand went lower, feeling Chanyeol's abs and hips. Then it went even lower, so dangerously low. He wrapped his hand around Chanyeol's boner, causing him to suck in a breath.

Slowly, he pumped it, making the younger mewl. Baekhyun nibbled at his bare flesh while he was overcome with ecstasy. "You can moan, Yeol. Let everyone know who you belong to." He squeezed the cock in his hand, and sure enough, Chanyeol let out a deep, loud moan.

"Mm... B-Baekhyun..."

The shortie's heart jumped when his name was called. He was sure he was going to hear more of that soon. "Yes?"

With lidded, lustful eyes and hot breaths, Chanyeol responded.

"Please fuck me."

--

Jongin stared at the floor, where the shattered remains of his mug lay. He had dropped it after being startled by the *erotic moaning* emitting from the washroom. He let out a string of silent curses at the couple behind the door before cleaning the shards up.

"They just had to use the kitchen washroom, didn't they...?" Jongin muttered, disposing of his broken mug into the trash.

Just then, a certain brunet stepped out of the confession room, throwing a confused look at the sex noise-filled washroom. He then noticed Jongin standing by the counter, turning his eyes into glares.

"I take it you voted for me?" Jongin calmly asked, taking out a new mug from the cupboard.

"Who wouldn't?" Luhan answered gruffly, starting to stomp out of the kitchen.

"Ah, I didn't tell you this earlier, but..." Jongin took a sip of his water. "I never raped Baekhyun."

Luhan whipped his head at him. "What?"

"I never raped him. If I had," he nodded towards the now-quiet washroom. "Would he be so eager to have sex again?"

The other hesitated. "I-I don't believe you!" He spitefully continued stomping away.

Jongin shrugged, continuing to sip. A few minutes later, the washroom door opened, letting all the steam and smells of intercourse out.

"I'm going to put some clothes on, okay?" Baekhyun happily chirped, kissing half-naked Chanyeol on the cheek.

Unable to get his cheeks to their normal color, the taller nodded shyly. As Baekhyun walked out, he threw a haughty smirk at Jongin. It was as if he was saying, *'thanks for those anal lessons*.'

Jongin rolled his eyes and glanced at Chanyeol. "How was it?" He asked, continuing to drink.

"U-Uh..." The giant scratched his head. "I-It was good..."

Jongin nodded thoughtfully, placing his cup in the sink. He was about to head into the confession room when Chanyeol stopped him.

"I... Have to ask you something."

--

It was around six when Jenday waltzed into the common room, free from her sulking. "I trust you all miss being on the island?" She dodged a remote that was thrown at her. "Rude. Anyway, I have all the votes! I will now announce this week's straightest man..." Jenday glanced between the contestants. Only two of them were listening, and one wasn't even here. She scoffed. "... With three votes, it's local queer Jongin!"

Kyungsoo widened his eyes at the name. He didn't expect for this to happen. His eyes darted around the room, but the boy wasn't here. When he heard the front door open, he jumped onto his feet, running down the hall and stairs. He saw the boy's back stepping out of the dorm.

"JONGIN!" He shouted, startling the other. Jongin turned to look at him, slightly surprised.

Kyungsoo silently walked up to him, unsure of what to say.

"... So who's out this time?" Jongin smiled, even though he was carrying his duffel bag.

"J-Jongin, I..." His heart hurt. He didn't want him to leave, especially when he just started liking him again. "I'm sorry..."

The younger just grabbed his hands, intertwining them with his. "What are you sorry for?"

"I should have trusted you. But... I couldn't get over the fact that you... Did it with Baekhyun." He admitted, sheepishly staring into Jongin's chest. "So I just left. I'm sorry, I should have trusted you, I should have stayed, I should have told Luhan it wasn't true, I should have—"

Jongin shut him up with a kiss.

"... The reason I wanted to win so badly was because... My little sister, Jinae, is in the hospital." Kyungsoo blinked up at him. "She only broke a leg, but being the doting brother I am, I kind of freaked out. That's how I ended up here. But then I realized, if I have be seen as a rapist... How will Jinae see me? It's not worth it. I'd rather work for the money, rather than being called the 'gayest of them all' and handed a million dollars. After all, I'm not 'local queer Jongin'. I'm not horny, sexy, or rapist material. I'm actually kind of charming, sweet, and..." He kissed Kyungsoo's forehead. "Affectionate."

The older let out a soft laugh. "That you are."

"So, I'm leaving. I want to be a better person for Jinae. Everyone wants that for their little sisters, right?" Jongin gently wrapped his arms around Kyungsoo. "But I'll miss you."

"Mm..." Kyungsoo tried his best not to cry. "I'll miss you too." He understood what Jongin was going on about, but he didn't want the younger boy to leave.

Still, he let him go with one last bittersweet kiss.

15:43 — KIM JONGIN

"*sighs* before I leave, I'd like to thank Kyungsoo for being there. Just for being him. Even though he wasn't by my side until the end, I still appreciate him for being him. I'd like to thank him for accepting my love, and somewhat returning it. Thank you for being you. I love you. *bows* now, as my final present to this show, I shall autograph this slip of paper and inconveniently place it into the voting box. Thank you."

Episode 10

SECRETS

"What the fuck?" That was the first thing Jongin said when he entered an unfamiliar building and confetti was popped in his face.

"You know," Sehun waved the confetti strands away. "That was the first thing I said too."

"Oh. Hey dude." Jongin fist-bumped him. "Where the fuck am I?"

"I thought you two hated each other," a certain redhead murmured.

"Come on Junmyeon," Jongin rolled his eyes. "That was *so* five minutes ago."

Sehun nodded. "Totally."

"Now can someone tell me where I am?"

"Oh!" Tao sucked up the rest of his freezie. "I'll do it, since Chen isn't here."

"Where is Chen, anyway?" Sehun glanced down the hall.

"You know, he's busy lollygagging with Minseok and stuff."

"Ah... You know, I'd do a lot more than lollygag if I were them, if you know what I mean."

"Guys."

"I totally know what you mean. I always have these random urges to lock both of them in the washroom, alone with a bottle of lube and a condom."

"Guys."

"Totally! You know, I just saw them watching TV over there. Should we?"

"Oh my god." Tao giggled excitedly. "Let's do it."

"Guys..." Jongin stared in confusion. "Wait, at least tell me where I—"

"Okay, you grab Chen and I'll grab Minseok."

"Why do I have to get Chen?"

"Because he's not as squishy as Minseok!"

"Fine. Drag them to the washroom in two."

And with that, those two strode down the hall, snickering over their mischievous cupid plan.

Jongin silently gawked, turning to Junmyeon.

The redhead chuckled. "Sehun became a little 'mature' when he started hanging around Tao."

"Yeah, yeah, that's lovely." The boy rolled his eyes. "Now tell me where I am."

Junmyeon smiled. "That's not my job." He turned and pleasantly walked away.

--

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Kyungsoo was walking down the hall when he spotted Baekhyun dragging his bags out of his room. "What are you doing?" He asked curiously.

"Ah, didn't you hear?" The auburn-headed boy pointed at the pink sheet of paper posted by the kitchen door. "Since Jongin left, I have to move into Yeol's room."

"Oh." Kyungsoo blinked at him. "You must be happy."

Baekhyun didn't answer; he just picked up his bags, heading into Chanyeol's room. Kyungsoo watched him until he closed the door, then turning to his own room.

Luhan was sitting on his bed, focusing on a Rubik's cube. "Hey." He looked at Kyungsoo for a split second before going back to his little toy.

"Hi." The other plopped on his own bed, sighing. "Luhan…"

"Hmm?" The clicks and clacks of the cube filled the silence for a while.

Kyungsoo sighed again. "… Luhan, I hate you."

The clicking stopped. The brunet was staring at him. "W-wha… What'd I do?"

Kyungsoo frustratingly ruffled his hair. "Jongin never raped Baekhyun, you blithering bambi!" He whipped a pillow at him, throwing a frustrated tantrum on his mattress. "He *clearly* said Baekhyun wasn't to be trusted, and what do you do? You fall for his stupid lie. *Oh my god Luhan*, I can *totally* see why Sehun loves you so much. Sheesh…"

Luhan blinked confusedly, unsure of what *the hell* was going on. "W-Wait… What?"

Kyungsoo sat up, staring blankly at him. In a very slow tone, he said "Jongin. Never. Raped. Baekhyun. You. Blithering. Bambi."

"… H-He didn't?" If Kyungsoo was saying it, then it must be true… right?

"*No.* Baekhyun lied to you. And you're stupid." Kyungsoo rubbed his face wearily. "He wanted to get Jongin out, and he needed at least three votes. So he probably got his, Chanyeol's, and your vote. Ah… You're an idiot, a big idiot."

Luhan sat there, blinking rapidly. His Rubik's cube sat forgotten in his hand. After a few dawning moments, he suddenly stood up with a face of horror. "AHH! WHY DIDN'T I REALIZE?!" He went over to the wall and started banging his head on it. "I'M— SO— STUPID—"

"Now now, let's not make you any dumber than you already are."

The brunet stopped, glancing apologetically at him. "… I'm really sorry. I'm so stupid that I—"

"It's okay… You're not stupid." Kyungsoo stared absentmindedly at the ceiling. He then turned to Luhan with a serious look. "If you're sorry, then help me with something."

"Yes!" Luhan nodded furiously. "Of course!"

Jongin might've given up… But I haven't. We're going to overthrow Baekhyun."

--

Jenday looked up from her video game when she heard a knock on her bedroom door. Grunting a little, she went over and opened it.

"Tao?" Jenday blinked at him. "What is it?"

"I want to know the truth." The raven boy folded his arms over his chest, leaning on the door frame. "What is this show really about?"

The MC stared blankly at him for a few moments. Then she attempted to slam the door in his face, but failed miserably as he lodged his body between the door and the wall.

"Stop running away!" Tao pushed the door open, standing threateningly in front of her. "Tell me! What are you hiding?"

Jenday sighed tiredly, bringing a hand to her face. "… Fine. But, you're not going to tell anyone else, you hear me?"

Tao nodded, waiting expectantly for her explanation. "This show… Is about…"

The MC sprinted towards the open door, but he had swiftly grabbed her shirt, preventing her from running away (again). He pulled her back in front of him.

"I'm waiting."

Jenday silently cursed. "Alright, fine. When you all signed up for this show, you had to fill in a form, correct?"

"Mm. It was about our personal info and health issues and stuff."

Right. And there was a section on that form that asked about your sexual orientation."

"Mm-hm."

"You… Put 'straight' on that, right?"

"… I did. But then…" Tao placed his hands on his hips. "That would mean I would be the straight man. But I was voted out *first*. And the show is still continuing. Shouldn't the rest of the contestants win the money, since I was voted off?"

"Heh, funny story…" Jenday nervously played with her fingers. "For the sexual orientation space… *Everyone* put 'straight'."

There was a short silence.

"… So… *Everyone is the straight man*?"

"WHAT?!" The rest of the contestants suddenly poked their heads into the room, having eavesdropped from the hall.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, EVERYONE IS THE STRAIGHT MAN!?"

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON"

"DOES THAT MEAN NO ONE WINS"

"I THINK MY MIND IMPLODED"

Jenday sighed, massaging her temples from the chaos. "Can you guys please listen—"

"Uh… Not everyone put straight on that space." Jongin raised his hand. "I put bi."

"No one cares Jongin," Minseok glared at the MC. "What matters is, we've been duped!"

"Guys, I think Jenday has a perfectly reasonable explanation for this." Junmyeon quieted them down. "Let's listen to her first."

"Well?" Kris said. "Let's hear it."

"And don't even think about running away!" Sehun added.

The MC glanced at all of them, sighing again. "My explanation? Well… I wanted to see how gay straight men can act."

A short silence followed.

"Kill her."

"WAIT!" Jenday huffed, glaring at Kris who seemed eager to get a lawnmower. "To be honest, this shouldn't be affecting any of you. The point of this show was to see how gay straight men can act, but you all *hilariously* turned gay. And here you are, eliminated. The money will still be won by the straight man, who is still straight after acting as gay as possible. Isn't that enough?"

"I don't think any of the remaining contestants are straight though." Chen murmured, glancing between Sehun and Jongin.

"See, that's where you're wrong." Jenday rolled her eyes. "The money *will* be won by the straight man. And since you are all gay anyway, you should be all little queers and go paint your nails or whatever." She stood on her toes and patted Tao's head.

The raven boy narrowed his eyes. "Still straight."

"… Right. Well, I guess it's only unfair to you. But then again, you never wanted to be on this show." She shrugged.

"What happens if the top two are both straight?" Yixing raised his hand, curious.

"Then we'll have a sudden death match, for god's sake. This show is for men to act gay, and the person who can be the gayest will win the money! It's as simple as that!" Jenday stomped her feet, frustrated at the fact she had to reveal her true intentions. "NOW GO AWAY AND LET ME SLEEP!"

They scrambled out of her room, mumbling out their remaining confusion about the show.

"I'm pretty sure all the contestants are gay though…" Chen confusedly scratched his cheek, wandering into his room.

--

"He's using you."

"He's going to get rid of you."

"But it's the truth."

He awoke with a jerk, eyes blinking in the darkness and heart beating rapidly.

"Chanyeol?" He almost twitched at that name. He looked down at the auburn-headed boy in his arms. "Are you okay? You were mumuring things in your sleep."

"N-N-Nightmare," Chanyeol shifted uncomfortably. He just wasn't sure anymore. Whether or not to believe him... He didn't know.

"Aw, it's okay…" Baekhyun gently pecked Chanyeol's lips. "I'm here. Just go back to sleep… I'll protect you from those nightmares." He shuffled closer to him, hugging him tightly.

Chanyeol hesitantly hugged him back. "… Will you always be here?"

"Hmm? Of course… I love you, Yeol."

"… M-Mm."

He didn't know.

BREAK

The van the top 4 were riding in stopped in front of an old, rundown mansion atop an abandoned hill. The feeling surrounding the area somehow gave the contestants chills running up their spines. It somehow gave them the idea that today's challenge would be a little... *Frightening*.

They reluctantly climbed out of the car and stared up at the house, almost expecting for crows to fly by. Jenday came out of its grand entrance, a big grin on her face.

"Welcome contestants! This is challenge nine!" She gestured to the dusty floorboards and dark windows. "Today in this lovely mansion, we'll be testing your balls. Apparently gay men are more prone to screaming, so we'll be judging the ranks with your reactions today."

"Reactions..." Luhan uttered, his body turning stiff. "... To what?"

The MC merely smiled. "There are four doors inside, one for each of you. Some are scarier than others, so choose wisely. We'll be clipping microphones to you guys so we'll be able to hear how loud your screaming is. The louder you are, the lower you fall on the ranking. It will take around fifteen minutes to complete the whole course."

"So basically..." Kyungsoo blinked dumbly. "You're telling us to walk through a haunted house."

"I never said it was haunted," Jenday shrugged. "But it may be... *occupied*. Now, let's head in!"

Chanyeol started up the steps into the house, when he felt a little tug on his shirt. "Yeol..." Baekhyun whined from behind him. "I'm scared..."

The taller sighed, taking Baekhyun's hand and grasping it tightly. He didn't say anything after. The auburn-headed one stared at him confusedly. Chanyeol was acting weird. Like something was on his mind.

"... Yeol...?" Baekhyun asked carefully. "Did... Jongin say something to you?"

--

[Jongin's elimination day]

"I... Have to ask you something."

Jongin raised an eyebrow. "What?"

"Did..." Chanyeol hesitantly played with his fist. "Did you do it with Baekhyun?"

The other blinked. "Why, did he tell you too?"

"No, I heard it from Luhan. I knew it wasn't rape though... He seemed a *little* too experienced just now." Chanyeol was surprising Jongin with this reveal. So he wasn't just Baekhyun's bitch, after all.

"So? Are you going to sue me or what?"

"No, I just... Want to know why, if possible." Chanyeol nervously adjusted the towel around his waist.

"Why, huh..." Jongin hummed. "Hell, what have I got to lose? Alright, if you want to know why, I'll tell you straight up: Baekhyun is using you." Chanyeol's face remained blank. "His exact words: 'to seem gayer than I already am.' He wanted to have sex with me so that when he did it with you, he'd know what he was doing. He's only dating you to get you on his side. But he'll get rid of you soon. He wants to use you to get to the top, and once he does, he's going to get rid of you." Jongin paused, waiting for a response.

"Is..." Chanyeol gazed at the floor. "Is this true?"

"You know why he kept calling you 'Yeol' or 'Yeollie' for the longest time? It was because he couldn't remember the first syllable of your name until I told him, two weeks ago. Some boyfriend, huh?" Jongin laughed bitterly. "He's getting me eliminated now, since I know too much."

"But... Don't you have a condom?"

"I do. But it's not worth it, to stay on this show and fall to Baekhyun's wrath. I'll let him have what he wants, because he was a good fuck-buddy. Too much pride for that." Jongin let out a sigh. "What I've told you just now... You don't have to believe it, but it's the truth." He stepped into the confession room, leaving Chanyeol to his confused lonesome.

--

"No," Chanyeol wasn't looking into his eyes. "Why would you say that?" He walked into the mansion silently, taking the suspicious Baekhyun along.

Inside, there were four mahogany doors adjacent to each other. Kyungsoo stood in front of the second door. Sucking in a breath, he placed his hand on the doorknob. "I-I'm going in first. See you guys."

Luhan was astonished at his bravery. "G-Good luck!" He watched as Kyungsoo went in, shutting the door behind him. The brunet then glanced between the other three doors, deciding to go in the first one. Baekhyun and Chanyeol took the third and fourth doors respectively and thus started the test of balls.

--

He threw his things all over the room, lifting his backpack and dumping the things out. "*Where did I put the condom*?" Jongin sat there for awhile, insisting to himself that he definitely brought his immunity condom along with him. But it wasn't anywhere. It just disappeared.

While Jongin pondered confusedly, his bedroom door opened. Sehun poked his head in, ignoring the mess the other just made. "Hey, the contestants are starting their challenge. Wanna watch?"

Putting the missing condom aside, Jongin agreed. "Sure." He got onto his feet and followed Sehun to the media room. Tao, Kris, and Yixing were already in there, watching the live footage with interest.

"Yo," Tao waved them over to sit on the sofa. "Your Kyungsoo's really brave."

Jongin brightened at the mention of the name. "Of course he is." He then proceeded to stare dreamily at on-screen Kyungsoo, similar to that of a fanboy.

"Do you guys want to bet on who's going to scream the loudest?" Kris suggested, waving a bill in the air.

Yixing poked Kris's cheek with a pout on his face. "You're not going to say me, are you?"

The other let out a laugh. "Maybe. You know how you are in bed."

"TMI!" Sehun groaned, wiping his face wearily. "... Anyway, I say Baekhyun."

Tao nodded thoughtfully. "I choose Baekhyun too. He looks like the screaming type."

"I choose Luhan."

Sehun glared at Jongin. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means that I think Luhan is a girl." Jongin replied blankly. "C'mon, don't deny it."

"For your information, Luhan is very manly," the boy folded his arms over his chest. "*Very*." Jongin snorted.

"Hey guys!" Minseok strode into the room, followed by Chen. "Chen and I are about to head to the store for some snacks. You want anything?"

"Yeah, let's get some chips."

"Popcorn would be nice."

"Oh! The strawberry-flavored Pepero would be great!"

Minseok nodded, glancing at the sulking boy on the sofa. "What about you, Sehun?"

Sehun turned to glare at him. "Fuck you."

Chen blinked. "... Uh, okay."

"Dude," Jongin lightly slapped Sehun's arm. "What's wrong with you?"

"COUPLES. COUPLES EVERYWHERE!" The youngest exclaimed, a frown persisting on his face. "YOU GUYS ARE *SO* LOVEY DOVEY IT'S DISGUSTING" He stomped out of the room, leaving the rest of them in confusion.

Tao chortled. "He's just jealous because he can't see Luhan."

Suddenly a loud, girlish scream came from one of the TVs, signaling their challenge had gone underway.

"Speaking of Luhan," Jongin snorted again. "You guys owe me five bucks each."

--

The brunet stood there, shaking in his skin. With tears nearly coming out of his eyes, he was staring up at a painting of a woman that he encountered while walking through the hall. He was

admiring it for awhile until the lady's eyes suddenly *looked at him*; thus causing him to scream like a ~~girl~~ feminine man.

Luhan couldn't break eye contact with the painting. Ironically, he was too frightened to. The hall was dim, dusty, and deserted. Even so, he knew someone... *Something* could pop out at any time. So he stood there shakily, waiting.

"*Luhaan...*" When a ghostly voice came from the picture, it was then that Luhan ran for it, screaming his head off. While he was running, he didn't notice that he had pulled a tripwire. This caused a ~~paper-mache doll~~ ghost to fly over his head. Needless to say, Luhan was probably going to lose this challenge.

On the other side of the house, Baekhyun was walking calmly by himself. The halls were relatively easy to pass, other than the fact that it was a little dark. Things brightened up when he reached a dining hall. The long table was set with utensils and warm, mouth-watering food, but all the seats were empty. The entire room was empty other than Baekhyun himself; and yet Baekhyun somehow knew he shouldn't be touching the food.

The shortie then decided to move on, advancing to the exit at the other end. As he was doing that, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"... We're hungry..." He turned and became face-to-face with a zombie. This particular zombie had an eye ball coming out of its socket.

Baekhyun blinked, lifting his hand to point at the table stocked with food. "Eat that." He started to walk off again when the zombie again grabbed his shoulder.

"... We're hungry for humaaaaaans..."

Baekhyun sighed, stopping and facing the annoying zombie. He grabbed the dead person's head and ripped off the mask, revealing a dumbfounded monster actor.

"Why don't you eat yourself then?" The shortie gave back the zombie mask before rolling his eyes, stalking off to the exit. "*Haunted houses are so stupid.*" Needless to say, winning would be an easy feat for Baekhyun today.

--

Jenday sat pleasantly in the backyard of the mansion, watching the four contestants from a TV screen. She was having more than enough fun laughing at their lack of balls, sans Baekhyun.

Twenty or so minutes later, the said shortie came out into the yard, not even slightly traumatized. A minute after Baekhyun, Chanyeol and Kyungsoo arrived with their jittery selves. And finally, Luhan came crawling out of his door, plopping onto the grass and drying his tear stains out of relief.

Jenday stood up clapping. "Congratulations! You have survived the test of balls, somewhat. Today's winner with no screaming at all is Baekhyun!" Chanyeol glanced at him. For some reason his chest was starting to hurt. "And today's obvious loser is Luhan! Congrats!"

The brunet didn't even complain, since he was hugging a tree, crying about how happy he was to be outside or something.

"Now that that's done, let's head back for voting!"

On the ride back, the atmosphere was drastically different. Earlier, Baekhyun and Chanyeol were their fluffy selves. But now, Baekhyun was acting a little distant from the giant. Like he knew something; Chanyeol could never tell. But he feared the worst.

--

CONFESSION TIME

17:22 – LU HAN

"*laughs awkwardly* I-I'm still shaking. That was one of the scariest twenty minutes of my life. It was almost as scary as heights. P-Props to the staff at the h-haunted house. B-But I-I'm voting for [oooo] t-today, for alliance reasons."

17:28 – PARK CHANYEOL

"*sighs* ... I think I should let this out now. At the beginning of the show when Baekhyun started coming on to me, I knew he was being fake. He was only pretending to like me. But... Somehow... I started to fall in love with this 'fake' Baekhyun. So... Being the stupid person I am, I turned blind to the 'real' Baekhyun. It was nagging at the back of my mind, '*don't trust Baekhyun*'. It was when [Jongin] reminded me of Baekhyun's true side, that I realized. He's using me. He's going to get rid of me. *This* is the real

Baekhyun. I wanted to meet the real Baekhyun. But now that he's starting to show his true self... If it means I can be with him a little longer, I'm okay with never meeting the real Baekhyun."

17:37 – DO KYUNGSOO

"I feel really sorry for him, but it's for the best. I really hope Baekhyun feels this. I'm voting for [oooo]."

17:35 – BYUN BAEKHYUN

"He knows too much. I can see it on his face. It's rather unfortunate, but I'll have to let him go. I vote for [oooo]."

--

"Okay, which of you four didn't vote?" Jenday squinted at the contestants, who didn't answer. "... Fine, there's a clear winner anyway. So, today's straightest man is..."

Chanyeol wasn't usually so nervous for an elimination session, but for this particular one, he was especially anxious. His hands were clammy and his heart thundered in his ears. Glancing at the auburn-headed shortie that had taken over his life, Chanyeol could only feel more hurt than nervous. He wasn't sure if it was heartbreak or betrayal, but when his name was called, that hurt multiplied indefinitely.

"... Chanyeol, do you have an immunity ticket that you would like to use?"

He knew it probably wasn't going to happen, but it was worth a shot anyway. Chanyeol tentatively turned to him.

"B-Baekhyun..." The shorter didn't look at him, didn't say anything, nothing. His hard stare remained to the ground.

He tried again. "B-Baekhyun... P-Please..." His chest hurt so much. "I... I know you have two condoms... So please... Can I..." He didn't even finish his question, nor did Baekhyun answer yet, but tears were already rolling down his cheeks. "... Can I... Have... One..." His hands were in fists, and he could only hang his head and cry.

"*Say something. Say you're sorry. Say I love you. Say goodbye. Say something.*"

Baekhyun remained unresponsive, as if Chanyeol wasn't there. "... P-Please Baekhyun... I..." He grabbed Baekhyun's hand. "Love you—"

Baekhyun finally responded, but it wasn't the response Chanyeol was looking for. The love of his life slapped his hand away and scoffed. Baekhyun finally looked at him, but with those cold, freezing eyes. "Go home." He said in that harsh, hateful tone.

Right then and there, Chanyeol's heart broke into a million pieces.

"... Chanyeol, do you have a ticket that you'd like to use?"

"... No..." The giant barely let out a whisper. He felt dead. He felt abandoned. Above all, he felt heartbroken and betrayed. But he still went to his room, packed his things, and left without a trace.

Kyungsoo and Luhan, who witnessed the whole scene rather awkwardly, felt a little guilty. They wondered if their plan had worked. When they left the kitchen that day, the two glanced back at Baekhyun.

The shortie was still rooted to the same spot, staring at the floor. The hand that Chanyeol held was now a tight fist. He would stand like that for hours. When he finally moved, he stalked to his room and slammed the door. Behind that door, they could hear strangled screaming and glass breaking.

The plan worked, Kyungsoo and Luhan had concluded. Now they just had to wait and see what became of their overthrown devil.

Episode 11

CONFRONT

Sehun popped open a pop can, letting out a sigh of satisfaction as he brought it to his lips.

And then he remembered Luhan.

"*I love you sho much, Shehunaaa...*"

He slammed the beverage on the counter, his face flushing to its usual shade of red. This was happening way too often; anything that had to do with his lips, Sehun would be reminded of Luhan's. He couldn't eat, drink, or even speak without blushing the slightest. The other guys have been giving him weird looks all week, but Sehun couldn't control the *feels*.

The boy cursed, pressing softly on those lips. The feeling was starting to fade away— the texture of Luhan's lips and the reeking stench of alcohol—and he had to admit he was getting a little upset. But he put it aside and picked up his can, striding out of the kitchen to the media room.

"*I need some TV to clear my head.*" Sehun reached for the remote on the coffee table, stopping short when he noticed the sofa. His face immediately contorted into an ugly frown.

"Hey Thehun!" Jongin noisily walked in with a yellow water balloon in his hand. "We're gonna gang up on Kris. Chanyeol said he wasn't in the mood, so do you wanna join—" He shut up when Sehun held up an index finger. "...What?"

Sehun looked disgusted. "I hate these people."

Chen was sleeping soundly on the sofa. The thing is, so was Minseok. The two were cuddled up in each others' arms, being so cute and fluffy it made Sehun want to *puke*.

Jongin squirmed like a fangirl. "Jelly much? They look so cute!"

"So jelly." The younger huffed, turning to Jongin. "Got another balloon?"

Jongin handed a blue one to him, nodding in approval when he started filling it up with soda. "Alright, you ready?"

"Yep." Sehun tied up the balloon, now filled with black pop. "Run."

"Huh?"

Sehun turned and whipped the balloon at the two napping on the couch, sprinting like a wild wapiti when it burst open. Jongin unfortunately couldn't react in time.

Chen sat up, completely soaked. His eyes were blinking away the painful fizzing. He glared at deer-in-the-headlights Jongin when his vision cleared. "... What. The. Hell."

"Bu— It wasn't— I—"Jongin stuttered, trying to think of something. "IT-IT WAS BAEKHYUN!"

--

"He hasn't been out in days."

Kyungsoo nodded, absentmindedly chopping at a carrot. Luhan sat at the table peeling onions for lunch. It was just the two of them in the kitchen. Their resident shortie was still cooped up in his room, or at least they thought he was. They haven't heard so much as a peep from Baekhyun that they might as well think that he was dead.

Luhan let out a sigh, glancing around the quiet dorm. "I remember when the twelve of us were here together. It was pretty chaotic, wasn't it?"

"Yeah..." The other picked up some squashes and started cutting those. "But... I guess it was pretty fun when it was— ow."

The brunet looked at Kyungsoo with alarm. "What happened?"

"I cut my finger." Kyungsoo winced a little at the blood, but shrugged and sucked on it.

"You should get a bandage though..." Luhan continued to worry. "Should I chop instead?"

"It's fine, I've seen you with a knife. It's not pretty." Kyungsoo joked, picking up the knife and chopping again. "Just peel the onions."

Luhan pouted, but continued his menial task. They passed the time doing their kitchen work, throwing small talk often. It was a little empty with just the two of them, but they disregarded it. Eventually lunch was ready.

"Hmm..." Kyungsoo stared down the pot, stirring round the vegetables. "... We have a little more than two servings. We have enough for a third, actually."

Luhan peeked over his shoulder. "So... Should we get Baekhyun to eat...?"

"... Should we?" Kyungsoo blinked. "Knowing him he's probably not going to eat with us."

"And knowing him, he's probably going to starve himself!" Luhan countered. "Okay, we both hate his guts, but seriously. He's going to *die* in there."

"That's true... But I'm not asking him."

"What?!" Luhan stomped a foot. "I don't want to ask him either! What if he tries to kill me?"

"Fine. Let's play rock-paper-scissors," Kyungsoo held out a fist. "Ready, set... Shoot!"

--

Three of them lazed on the front yard, shaded by a tree. A large pile of colorful water balloons sat in front of them on the grass.

"So." Jongin started, squinting up at the bright sky. "Where has Junmyeon been these days? Haven't seen him around."

"Ah, he's been cooped up in his room." Tao was just finishing a Popsicle. "You know, since those two keep PDA-ing everywhere." He replied, referring to Kris and Yixing. They were actually waiting for the big guy to finish fucking Yixing to pelt him with water balloons. It's not that they had anything against Kris, but out all nine eliminatees, they chose him as the most wanted target.

"Poor guy." Sehun murmured, picking at the grass.

Tao's face suddenly brightened. "I know! Why don't we call him down to join us? Make him feel better with vengeance... Or something."

"Actually, that's a good idea. We need more men for a target that big..." Jongin smirked mischievously. "... And I'm not talking about his height."

"Just shut up and text him." Sehun retorted, throwing a slap across his shoulder.

Jongin obeyed and pulled out his phone to send away a text. Once he was done, he tossed his cell onto the grass. "So, what's our battle cry going to be—"

"Did you say you were going to gang up on Kris?!"

The three looked up at the front door, where an overly eager Junmyeon was standing. "That was fast." Tao waved the redhead over to sit beside him. "Aren't you excited."

"Just a *little*." Junmyeon laughed. "What's the plan?"

"Simple." Jongin tossed a balloon to him. "Attack ruthlessly until ammo is depleted."

"And then run." Sehun added, stuffing a balloon into his sleeve.

"I can live with that." Junmyeon grinned cheekily until he heard the front door open. "Wait, someone's here."

"IT MUST BE KRIS!" Tao hurriedly grabbed more balloons. "ATTACK!"

"FOR SKYRIM!!!" Jongin roared, throwing the first balloon onto their unsuspecting target. The others followed shortly, letting their balloons splash everywhere. They were having a blast, right up until Sehun realized their target was a *little* too short to be Kris.

"STOP!" He hollered, yanking Tao's elbow. "HOLD YOUR FIRE!"

"What what what what what?" Junmyeon blinked, confused at the interruption. "What happened?"

"Guys..." Sehun's face went pale. "I think we just hit someone worse than Kris." They all looked properly at whom they were attacking, and sure enough, their faces went white too.

Jenday stood there, drenched from head to toe. She sputtered out some water, removing her glasses to dry them. She then stared darkly at the four, making them flinch. "... Whose idea was this?"

"... It-It-IT WAS MINE, JENDAY-NIIIM!" Jongin got onto his knees and bowed. "I'M SO SORRY!"

"Jongin..." The MC sighed. "You better sleep with an eye open tonight. Anyway... I came out here to ask you guys something." She squeezed water out of her shirt as they guiltily dropped their ammo onto the grass.

"What is it?"

"Do you guys... wanna participate in the next challenge?"

--

He stood in front of Baekhyun's door, feeling a little jittery. The door itself gave out an ominous aura; who knew what lay inside. *"Dammit Luhan... Why did I choose rock?!"* Kyungsoo cursed, grabbing and twisting the knob. Slowly, he opened the door and peeked in.

What he noticed first was the wavering curtains, flying freely because of the open window. Actually, when he took a closer look Kyungsoo realized the window was smashed, not open. Glass shards littered the carpet, as well as small dots of dry blood. Clothes were thrown everywhere and some were ripped. A dead cell phone lay near the door. A dent was visible on the wall. And finally, a very stoic Baekhyun sat on the floor, unmoving.

He was staring lifelessly at the wall, causing Kyungsoo to wonder if the real Baekhyun was replaced by a paler, skinnier, deader statue.

"U-Um... Hey Baekhyun," Kyungsoo started. He was assuming that whatever he said right now would go past Baekhyun, and that they wouldn't need to have dinner with him. It was a little mean, but the auburn-headed boy was scaring the crap out of him right now. "We, uh, just finished dinner, and uh... If you're hungry, which you probably are, you should come and, um, eat." Kyungsoo stared at him for awhile, waiting for a response. But the other didn't move.

Kyungsoo subtly sighed of relief. He took a step back. "I'll take that as a no then..." He was about to shut the door when

"Kyungsoo."

Kyungsoo silently groaned, reopening the door. "Yes?"

"Come here."

"... *Shit*." The nerves returned to Kyungsoo's body. He tentatively took a small step forward into the room.

"Come closer."

This was really creeping him out now. But still, he took another step, now standing before Baekhyun himself. What could he possibly want?

Suddenly, Baekhyun stood, causing Kyungsoo to flinch and shut his eyes. He heard several stomps and the door close.

"Kyungsoo." His haunting chuckles echoed around the room. "Kyungsoo, Kyungsoo, Kyungsoo." He grabbed his arms, causing Kyungsoo to open his eyes. He nearly screamed out of fright; not because Baekhyun had a scythe or anything like that. It was because of how messy the shortie looked. His eyeliner was smeared all over his cheeks and his eyes were bloodshot. Kyungsoo would've nagged about it had Baekhyun not have murderous intent coming off of him.

"... I know what you're doing."

Kyungsoo blinked rapidly. "Wh-What?"

"You're trying to take me down." His nails dug into Kyungsoo's skin. "I know. You're trying to stop me." Kyungsoo winced at the pain in his arms. "But it's not going to work. I'm going to win that money, and don't you fucking dare to stop me. If you do..." His arms went numb. "You'll end up just like your little Jongin."

Kyungsoo sucked in a breath, staring at Baekhyun dead on. "... Are you the straight man?"

The auburn-headed one laughed cockily. "... Yes. There's no point in hiding it now. I am the straight man, and neither you nor that idiot Luhan can do anything about it. I have two condoms, one of which that moronic Jongin stupidly dropped. Only one of you needs to be eliminated, and that money is as good as mine."

"Funny you should say that... I'm the straight man too." Kyungsoo nearly chortled when Baekhyun held a look of shock. "I have no idea what's up with the two straight men problem, but I do know one thing. I'm not planning on getting eliminated. *I will take you down.*"

And with that, Kyungsoo left the room, leaving Baekhyun to throw another violent fit.

Kyungsoo sprinted to the kitchen and collapsed on the table, releasing a much needed breath of relief.

"W-What happened?" Luhan looked up at him with a mouthful of rice. "... YOUR HAND IS BLEEDING!"

"Huh?" Kyungsoo looked at his hand, where blood was running from his cut. "...Oh, so it is." He went over to the sink, ignoring Luhan's panicking. While the water washed the blood away, Kyungsoo's mind was flooded with thoughts. He confused about the two straight men thing. If the top two were

both straight… What would happen? He was confused, but above all, he was overcome with a feeling of determination.

He was determined not to win, but to take down Baekhyun. He had to, for Jongin.

And for Chanyeol.

ENEMY

"Hello viewers!" Jenday bowed to the camera as per usual. Behind her was the entrance to a large rollercoaster. "This is your host Jenday, for XYZ's*Closets are for Clothes*! Today is the day; we will determine who will win a million dollars based on the top 3's performance today. Instead of voting, whoever loses this challenge will be eliminated. If the straight man is loses, then the other two men will receive the money. If not, then the straight man will get the money and be the winner. Therefore the immunity condoms will be rendered useless, unless you want to use them for something else. Now, here comes the top 3!"

The camera panned to the left, where a black van was pulling up nearby. Baekhyun stepped out of shotgun, decked out in a chic black t-shirt and skinny jeans. Kyungsoo came out of the back seat, wearing a gray button-up that wasn't buttoned up. And Luhan followed closely behind, looking cute in a baggy white sweater. Their coordination of wardrobe today wasn't their idea in the slightest.

The three lined up in the front of the MC, all tense for this final showdown.

"As you can see, we are at the local amusement park. We've reserved it for the day so you won't have to worry about anyone laughing at how gay you are. Now, to explain today's challenge..." She held up three envelopes, each corresponding to a contestant's outfit color. "These envelopes have a riddle in them. They will lead to one of the attractions or booths in the park, and eventually the next riddle. You must crack the riddle to find the answer. You can only open an envelope that is your color. Ignore any other envelopes. Once you have found and solved the last riddle, you will be led to the final destination. Whoever makes it last will lose the game." Jenday proceeded to hand them their respective envelopes. "One more thing... If you are stuck or ever in need of help, you can ask one of our wandering suit-clad slaves. The catch is, they can only answer yes or no questions. And if you piss them off, they have the right to chop you. That is all. Good luck, and... *May the straightest man win*!"

Kyungsoo didn't waste a single second to rip open his gray envelope. This wasn't just any challenge after all. He couldn't just lose.

"*In which one bowls without rolling the ball*."

Luhan quickly read his too. He needed to keep his promise with Sehun. He needed to win.

"*You can find wool in the middle*."

Baekhyun had recovered from his period of violent fits, but it didn't mean he wasn't completely furious. At this point he didn't even know why; but he was sure it could be solved with one hundred million pennies. His pitch black envelope read:

"*You can dunk with a ball; but this isn't basketball.*"

Out of the three, it was Luhan who took off running into the park first. They hadn't solved their riddles yet, but Kyungsoo and Baekhyun didn't even think about being left behind. They all had a reason to win, and nothing or no one can stop them.

—except each other.

--

The brunet had an idea of what his riddle might be leading to, but he needed proof. He scanned the area for a map, spotting one near the ticket booths. Hurriedly, he ran there and stared at it. Kyungsoo came up beside him shortly after.

After a silent moment, Kyungsoo lightly poked Luhan in the arm. "... Good luck."

He smiled with determination. "You too." They separated at that moment, running towards their destinations in the empty park.

Luhan huffed and puffed as he ran, not really focusing on anything around him. He accidentally bumped into a person on his way there. "Sor—"He blanked at a tall boy dressed in a white button-up and black pants. Although the person was dressed fancy, the head was in a rubber cow mask. It wasn't really appealing. "—ry..." He assumed it was one of those *wandering suit-clad slaves* Jenday was talking about. Putting the oddness aside, Luhan continued running.

The boy in a cow head remained silent, staring off at the brunet's back as he left.

--

Kyungsoo had reached the games alley, where a line of colorful tents showcasing games and prizes was situated. He had assumed 'bowls' and 'ball' meant games, although he wasn't sure how you could bowl without bowling. The booths were all empty and silent, except for one.

Lee Hyori's *Miss Korea* was blasting out of one of the tents, and Kyungsoo obviously went towards the sound. It may or may not have been because he was fan. When he got closer, he noticed

there was a *wandering suit-clad slave* behind the counter. This one was wearing a horse mask, dancing like no one was watching.

Kyungsoo awkwardly cleared his throat to get the horse's attention. The person stopped dancing and turned to him, bowing. Kyungsoo nodded and looked around the tent. The ceiling was decorated with Looney Tunes plush. Behind the horse were several rows of bowling pins. Kyungsoo slowly put two and two together.

"Hey..." He gestured to the horse. "For this game, you have to throw the balls at the pins, right?" *In which one bowls without rolling the ball... But throwing it!*

The horse-masked man nodded eagerly, reaching down for a wooden sphere. He gave it to Kyungsoo and pointed to the pins. "Ah, I have to play?" The suit-clad slave pulled out something else; a gray envelope. He again pointed to the pins and Kyungsoo got the message.

He squinted his eyes and aimed, whipping the ball and successfully knocking all but one pin. Kyungsoo stared blankly at it. He exchanged glances with the horse. Even though it always looked like that, the horse mask was blank too.

Eventually the person shrugged and tipped the last pin over. He handed Kyungsoo the envelope, who more than gratefully accepted it.

--

Baekhyun was walking around by himself, also in the games alley. He knew what his riddle meant, but he couldn't find his answer anywhere. He sighed frustratingly until he spotted a tall suit-clad guy sitting on a stair railing. He quickly strode over, noticing this person was wearing a black cat mask.

"Hey you," Baekhyun held up his envelope. "Show me where the dunk-a-person booth is."

The cat remained silent and just stared at him.

"... Right, yes or no questions." The shortie twitched his eye. "Will you show me where the dunk-a-person booth is?"

The cat didn't answer.

"... Is it around here?"

The cat didn't answer.

"... Is this wrong?"

The cat didn't answer.

"... WOULD YOU FUCKING ANSWER ME, GODDAMMIT!"

The cat chopped him in the head.

Baekhyun held his temples, the pain stinging his crown. "... What the fuck. What did I do? Did I piss you off?"

The person nodded, jumping off the railing. He pressed his palms together and bowed, then pointing to Baekhyun. The auburn-headed boy glared confusedly for a moment. "You want me to say sorry? For what?" The cat threatened to chop him again. "FORGET IT! DAMN YOU!"

This suit-clad slave seemed to sigh. But he pointed northwest to the booth and watched Baekhyun walk away, grumbling.

Baekhyun reached the dunking booth, which was empty. *You can dunk with a ball... So a ball is thrown to dunk a person*. He glanced at the dunking button next to the tub of water. A black envelope was stuck to it. He quickly peeled it off and ripped it open.

"Shaping candles since 1979."

"...What the fuck."

--

Luhan got to the petting zoo, which was full of lively cattle, goats, horses and *sheep. You can find wool in the middle. The petting zoo is located at the center of the park, and sheep have wool*! He pushed the gate open and walked inside. The animals immediately became noisier when they noticed their new visitor. The brunet looked around with a smile on his face, letting a pony nearly bite his hand off. As he scanned the stable, he noticed... an elephant?

A short man with an elephant mask strode toward him, waving. "Uh... Hi, elephant-ssi." Luhan was a bit weirded out with all these suit-clad slaves. "Can you please show me where the sheep are?"

The elephant person nodded, gesturing for Luhan to follow him. He led him to the sheep pen and opened the gate for Luhan to enter. When he stepped in, he was immediately flocked by white sheep. The baa-ing made it hard for him to focus.

"Hey, stop! That tickles!" He laughed, petting the soft wool. While he was being smothered, he felt something odd in one of the sheep's coats. Something like paper. He reached into the wool and pulled out a white envelope. "... This is an odd place to hide."

--

Baekhyun found another map, glaring hard at it. He had no clue what his riddle meant. While he cursed several people under his breath, his gaze ran over the 'W' section of the legend.

F-3 – Water Land

D-5 – Wax Museum

P-10 – Whale Watchers

His eyes widened and he immediately found the location. He took off in that direction, running past booths and rides. When he ran past the merry-go-round, he stopped in his tracks. He saw something.

Baekhyun turned back and looked at the ride, at one of the plastic horses. There was a gray envelope stuck to the side of it. He glanced around; no one was nearby. He swallowed his spit and walked over to it, ripping it off the horse. He sucked in a breath before tearing the envelope to pieces. He let the paper shreds drop to the ground, continuing to run towards the wax museum without an inch of guilt.

Luckily for Kyungsoo, a cow-masked boy just happened to be lazing on the merry-go-round. The suit-clad cow walked over to the littered paper shreds, shaking his head in disapproval.

--

"*Three times the slide*."

That was Kyungsoo's second riddle. He blinked repeatedly at the envelope, waiting for the answer to appear in front of him. He was sitting at the bottom of a kiddie slide in a nearby playground. His body took up most of it.

"There's nothing 'three' about this slide..." he muttered, glancing around. "... Maybe I'm not thinking big enough."

In the distance, a large neon sign that read '*Megaslide*' could be seen. Below it were the beginnings of three slides. Judging by how far it was, Kyungsoo assumed the slides were probably very high up.

"... Definitely not thinking big enough," He stood up, but he realized something.

He was stuck.

Maybe wedging himself into a kiddie slide wasn't such a great idea after all. He tried twisting and turning, but it was no use. His butt was forever stuck to a plastic playground thing. Kyungsoo flailed helplessly, searching around for a wandering suit-clad slave. Instead, he found a person dressed in complete white.

"LUHAN!" He cried out to him, but stopped shortly. "... Wait, why would he help me? We're competing."

Luhan came over anyway, staring curiously. "Hey." He took one look at Kyungsoo and nearly burst out laughing. "You're stuck?"

"Yeah..." Kyungsoo groaned, just realizing how embarrassing he looked. "... I guess you're not going to help, huh."

The brunet grinned. "Why not?" He grabbed Kyungsoo's hands and pulled, and soon dislodged his butt from the slide.

"Whoa," Kyungsoo regained balance when he suddenly popped free. He patted down his rear with a sheepish smile. "Thanks."

"Sure." Luhan glanced at his envelope. "Are you on your second riddle?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Really? Because I'm on my second one."

"Oh, me too."

They exchanged glances and laughed. Even though they were rivals at the moment, it didn't change the fact that they were still friends.

"I can't seem to crack this riddle though." The brunet murmured, his eyebrows creasing in frustration.

"Let me see." Kyungsoo held up Luhan's white envelope. "*A light can be used to brighten the place, but most would rather not...* Hm, I guess they're talking about a dark place."

"Yeah, but what dark place can you find in an amusement park?"

"... There's only one I can think of."

Luhan met Kyungsoo's serious gaze. It made him nervous. "... What?"

"... I feel so sorry for you."

--

Luhan stared at the attraction he was standing in front of with dead, lifeless eyes. There were two doors on each end of the rectangular building, with train tracks going in one and out the other. Several cars sat on the tracks, just waiting to take its riders to *hell*.

A scream echoed from the inside, startling the crap out of Luhan. Even though he knew it was a fake recording for the haunted house, he couldn't help but want to pee himself.

Slowly and shakily, he went up the metal steps and met face-to-mask with a wandering suit-clad slave in a rabbit head.

The rabbit waved hi, but Luhan was busy fearing what lay inside the haunted house. "U-U-Um..." He stuttered, already going pale. "D-Do I have to go o-on this ride...?"

The rabbit-person nodded, holding up a white envelope. He stood and opened up one of the cars, signaling Luhan to get in. The brunet hesitated and stared at the rabbit head. "R-Rabbit-ssi... C-Can you come with me...?"

It seemed like the rabbit was either laughing silently or mocking him. It then shook its head, pushing the whimpering Luhan into the car. Shortly after he was buckled in, the ride started. He gripped hard on the safety bar as the door opened and the car went into the darkness.

The rabbit sat there by the controls, waiting patiently. Not even a minute later, a girly scream pierced through the air. The person laughed to himself, reaching under his mask to wipe at his tears of laughter.

A few minutes of screaming later, the car came out from the other door with a very stiff and sobbing brunet in it.

The rabbit-masked person came over and unlocked the car, only now feeling a little pity. Luhan stepped out, shaking all over. He spitefully took the envelope from the slave and wiped his tear stains with it. "R-Rabbit-ssi, y-you're a sadist."

He ripped it open and read it, still sniffling. "*Slow as honey.*" He bid Rabbit-ssi goodbye and started his way to the map he used last time. He remembered seeing something there.

He found and located his way to a ride called the 'Buzzing Bee'. It was basically an oval track with a bee-shaped car on it. Although it was plain, Luhan was glad it didn't go up into the air. He had enough frights for today.

This time a person in a beaver mask was the controls, greeting him with a nod. "Hello beaver-ssi," Luhan gazed at the ride next to them. "How slow is this ride? No wait... Is this ride slow?"

The beaver person shrugged his shoulders, as if he was saying "I don't know. See for yourself."

Luhan sighed, but got into the bee car anyway. He buckled himself in and waited for the slave to start the ride. After a bumpy squeak or two, the car started moving. It was barely going a mile a minute.

"Yep. This is slow." Luhan then groaned at the fact that he had to wait for this agonizing ride to be over to move on. He laid back and closed his eyes, deciding to rest until the car came to a stop.

--

Baekhyun arrived at a small brown building in the plaza area. The sign on it read 'Wax Museum of Seoul est; 1979'. He pushed open the glass door and was met with a blast of cold air and smell of wax. The museum was empty except for about hundreds of wax statues. They looked pretty realistic, which started raising hairs on the back of Baekhyun's neck.

Thankfully, he didn't have to pat down all the statues for his envelope. He found it within the first few, in the hand of a Seo Taiji statue. He gently plucked it out and read it quickly; that Beyoncé statue was freaking him out.

"*In which direction should you scream*?"

Assuming that this was talking about a ride, Baekhyun left the museum in search of a map. When he found one after running all over the place, he scanned the list for roller coasters. There was a ride named 'Directional', so he took that as his best guess.

The shortie ran as fast as his legs could take him. He didn't need to waste any more time. He needed to get to the final destination, wherever that was.

Towering red rails were coming into view as he got closer. They went high in the sky and in loops. He manoeuvred around the line-up barricades and went straight to the entrance. A short person in an orange fish-mask was awaiting him.

"Give me the envelope." Baekhyun demanded immediately, eyes glaring.

The fish shook its head. It pointed to the roller coaster car.

"I'm not going to ride the damn ride," the shortie snarled. "So give me the damn envelope."

The fish continued to shake its head. Eventually Baekhyun snapped. He grabbed the person's collar and stared threateningly. "... If you don't give me the damn envelope right now, I will rip off your stupid fins and shove them down your fucking gills."

The suit-clad fish slave quickly nodded its head, obviously scared under Baekhyun's wrath. He pulled out the black envelope and gave it to him. Baekhyun let go of its collar and stalked off with the envelope. It read *"Go up in a circle and find your reflection."*

Baekhyun blinked dumbly, trying to solve this one riddle. He knew there weren't any of those flying, spinning in the air types of rides. He doubted it was talking about a booth or a building. But what went up and in a circle at the same time?

He looked up at the sky, where a ferris wheel could be seen. "...*Oh*." He quickly ran towards it. When he arrived, he noticed Luhan was there. The other had noticed him too. "... Hello, Luhan."

Luhan looked slightly fidgety meeting him. "H-Hi, Baekhyun. What are y-you doing here?"

He stared dully at the ferris wheel in front of them. "My riddle told me to come here. What about you?"

"M-Mine too... Does yours happen to say '*go up in a circle*—"

"—*and find your reflection*'? Yeah, it does." The two were silent for a moment. "Well? Aren't you going to go in?"

Luhan laughed awkwardly. "Um, yeah, I am... I-I'm just preparing myself."

Baekhyun raised an eyebrow. "For what?"

"I... I'm not too good with high places. It's like a phobia, I guess." The brunet stared up at the ride and winced. "Ah, that's scary..."

"I'll come with you."

Luhan's face brightened. He looked hopefully at him. "Really?"

"Of course." The auburn-headed one smiled at him. "Don't worry about anything."

Luhan nodded, following after Baekhyun with a nervous heart. The two went up the steps and met a person wearing a panda mask. The panda led them to a gondola that had three envelopes hanging on the ceiling. They were locked in and sat on the seats facing each other.

Baekhyun grabbed his black envelope, noticing the gray one. "Kyungsoo hasn't been here yet."

Luhan bit his lip as he grabbed his own white envelope. He flinched when the ferris wheel was starting to move. "Y-Yeah... Th-That means... We're ahead. If it's like this, then the two of us will win... And Kyungsoo will lose." He hated to see his friend lose, but Luhan didn't want him winning either.

"You're wrong." Baekhyun interrupted his thoughts. "Only one of us will win."

"Yeah, well..." Luhan knew at this rate, he would win. After all, he was the straight man. If Kyungsoo continued to lag behind, then Luhan and Baekhyun would make it to the final destination. Since Luhan was the straight man and part of the top 2, then he would win the money. If the other two made it, then they would win. But then again, the money wasn't Luhan's first priority anyway. "... If the straight man makes it, then he will win. But if the two gay men make it, then they will win. In one situation, one person wins. In another, two will win."

"No," Baekhyun's gaze fixated on him. "In any situation, one person will win. You are the straight man, right?"

The brunet looked shocked at him. If Baekhyun knew he was the straight man, then he might try to stop Luhan from winning.

"I'm the straight man too."

Luhan looked even more shocked. "... H-Huh?"

"And so is Kyungsoo. If all three of us are straight, then it'll be a given that the top 2 will be straight. The 'gay men' have to eliminate the straight man to win. But you can't eliminate *the* straight man at this rate. Then does that mean no one will win, since you can't get rid of the straight man? No. I'm certain they will somehow determine the winner... If only one shows up."

FINALLY

Kyungsoo finally made it to the megaslide, wheezing and sweating buckets. Running was never and never will be his forte.

He greeted the frog-masked giant there. "... H-Hi... Hi... Do..." He coughed for a couple good seconds. "... Do I have to go on this ride...?"

This frog person nodded, handing him a potato sack to sit on. Kyungsoo took it and stared up the long ass metal stairs. Groaning, he took his first step and continued to groan as he went up. A few minutes later, he finally reached the peak. The view was nice, but Kyungsoo really wanted to move on. He sat on the sack and slid all the way back down. He hated to admit it at his age, but the slide *was* a little fun.

The frog met him at the bottom with a gray envelope. "Thank you." He returned the sack and read his next riddle. "*A never-ending cycle of horses.*"

He immediately knew what the riddle was talking about. Or maybe he was just lucky. But he ran off, as fast as he could with his limited stamina. He came near the main attraction area again, and caught movement in the corner of his eye. He glanced at the haunted house on his right.

There was a rabbit-masked person there, wiggling and making hearts at him. Kyungsoo made a weird face for a moment. He noticed Luhan wasn't at the house. "*He must already be on his third riddle.*" He continued running, and soon reached the merry-go-round. "*A never-ending cycle of horses... This must be it.*" Kyungsoo noticed there was suit-clad slave crouching on the ground nearby.

"Excuse me..." An unattractive cow-person looked up at him. Kyungsoo saw paper shreds on the ground and that the slave trying to put them back together. "... Wait, is that my envelope?" Kyungsoo frowned when the masked boy nodded. "Did you do this?" He shook his head and stood up, raising a hand to a certain level to show how tall—or short— the criminal was.

"... Must've been Baekhyun," Kyungsoo sighed. "But thank you for your help." The cow person nodded and galloped away. Kyungsoo crouched near the shreds, trying to read the riddle.

"*Go up in... A circle... And find... your refraction*? Huh."

--

"... Wh... What do you mean...?"

Baekhyun let out a sigh. "... I mean, since we're all the straight man, if any two of us make it to the final destination, then they would have to decide who the winner will be. But they won't have to decide if only one of us shows up."

Luhan stared silently, swallowing his spit. Now he absolutely needed to get there first. He opened his envelope, reading the words aloud. "... *[FINAL DESTINATION]... Have you found your reflection yet?*" He looked around the booth. There weren't any mirrors or windows. He didn't have a single clue to what it was talking about. But there was only one place to look.

Luhan glanced at the horizon, flinching a little at the distance to the ground. They were at the very top of the wheel, just about to go back down. He gazed at all the tiny rides and attractions. A small square building straight ahead caught his attention. "Reflection..." He let out a small gasp and stood up. "... Mirror maze... The mirror maze is the final destination!"

He felt a shove at his back and before he knew it, Luhan was falling out of the booth and towards the concrete.

--

"FUCKING HELL." Tao ripped off his panda mask and jumped over the ferris wheel railing. He ran to the back of it, alarm and emergency written all over his face. He had seen Luhan fall from the top; there was no time to blame a certain auburn-topped man. He just sprinted to where Luhan fell.

Tao stood there, sucking in a breath. Luhan was lying there unconscious.

Under him was a boy in a cow mask.

"... Holy shit." He went over and started shaking the boy's arm. "ARE YOU OKAY, SEHUN?!"

The cow groaned, shifting his body to get up. He held the limp brunet in his arms. "... Luhan... Luhan, please wake up."

Tao looked up, confirming there wasn't anything for Luhan to hit his head on. Sehun should've softened the fall too. Then why was he unconscious?

"Luhan..." The cow hugged him close. "Wake up..."

"I think he fainted out of fright," Tao murmured while standing up. "I'll be right back." He went back to the front of the ferris wheel and noticed it was still going. He hurriedly turned off the controls, remembering that Baekhyun should still be inside.

"*That kid is dead to me.*" When he went to the gondola they used, it was empty. No auburn-colored head in sight. Tao noticed the gray envelope was gone too. "*Jesus Christ.*"

As he picked up his water bottle nearby, Kyungsoo finally arrived with sweat running down his face. Tao quickly pulled his mask back on.

"... Do... I..." Kyungsoo coughed. "Have to ride... The ferris wheel...?"

Tao thought for a moment before shaking his head. He'd probably get yelled at for this, but he cleared his throat.

"Mirror maze."

Kyungsoo looked up in surprise. "I thought you guys weren't supposed to talk."

"Just go to the mirror maze." Panda Tao retorted, watching Kyungsoo scramble away confusedly. He then returned to Sehun and Luhan. "This should wake him up." He uncapped the bottle and threw water at the brunet's face. When he started coughing back to life, Sehun awkwardly stopped hugging him.

Luhan blinked his eyes open, nearly screaming out of surprise when he saw that ugly cow mask. "... Wh-What happened?" The cow pointed up and then patted the ground. "... I-I fell...?" He looked a little hurt, but remembered the situation. Luhan started to get up, but the cow seemed reluctant to let go. "I-I need to go to the mirror maze... Before Kyungsoo gets there!"

"Kyungsoo?" The panda spoke. "But he just—"He shut his mouth immediately.

Luhan's eyes widened and he stood up, although he was still unstable. He wanted to run but the cow was holding back his hand. "Let go, I'm fine!" He shook his hand free. "I need to keep my promise with Sehuna!" He then ran away, to the final destination.

The cow stared blankly, then turning to the panda beside him. "... But I'm Sehun."

"I know you're Sehun, Sehun." The panda gave the other a pat on the shoulder. "What was that promise about?"

"I can't believe he still remembers that..." The cow groaned again, wiping at its nape. "I said that if he won, then I'd—"

"Give him a blowjob?"

"—tell him I like him... Really, Tao?"

"Oh. Well, confessing is nice too."

--

There was a tall curtain surrounding the mirror maze. Jenday sat in front of the building, staring at the gap in the curtain. The first person to appear there would be one of the top 2... And then it would be a matter of who was second.

She sat there, and soon one of them arrived. "Well, I'm not surprised... Welcome to the final destination, Baekhyun."

The shortie didn't reply to her. He looked a little stoic and stiff as he stood there silently.

"... Now we have to wait for the second person. I wonder who'll make it—"

"Give me the money." Baekhyun suddenly spoke, shifting his burning gaze at her. "They're not coming."

"... What are you talking about?" The MC blinked in confusion.

"I know what this show is really about," he glared darkly. "Everyone is the straight man. The top 2 is would also be straight. You'd probably give the money to both of them, or decide between the two for one winner. But the other two aren't coming. I'm the only winner. Give the money to me."

Jenday stared blankly at him for a couple moments. "... I really have no idea what you're talking about. I mean, here comes one of them right now."

--

Luhan sprinted towards the mirror maze, putting all his energy into his legs. This was it; if he didn't make it everything would be over. But he will make it. He knew that despite the head start, Kyungsoo would be very slow. He knew that there would still be a place in the top 2 for him. He knew

that he would win, despite what Baekhyun said. He knew he would win, and Sehun would tell him what he so desperately wanted to hear.

He knew it would happen.

The black curtain started coming into view. Kyungsoo wasn't anywhere, so he must've gotten here before him. He ran and ran and ran, passing the gap in the curtain and falling towards the ground. He made it.

Luhan coughed heavily, holding his chest that wanted to burst. He wheezed, glancing hazily at the building in front of him.

Baekhyun was glaring at him, but he ignored that. All he had to know is whether or not he had made it before Kyungsoo. The man wasn't anywhere, so Luhan let out a tired laugh. He made it.

Jenday came up to him, crouching to get to his eye level. "Luhan..." Her voice was quiet, almost apologetic. He didn't know why. "I'm sorry, but... You're the last one to make it." What was she saying? He couldn't understand. "Kyungsoo came here before you did. He just went to the washroom. I'm sorry Luhan, but..." Why was everything turning white? "I'm afraid you've been eliminated... Luhan? Luhan! Luhan, wake up!"

Everything's white.

Everything's over.

--

Kris gently pried off his frog mask, finally allowing his face to breathe. He smiled to himself while leaving his post at the megaslide. He and Yixing were going to go on a date once their jobs were over. While he was walking over to the main attraction area, he spotted Jongin with a cow.

"Come on, Sehun!" Jongin slapped the boy with his rabbit mask.

"What's up guys?" Kris strode towards them. Sehun still had his mask on, pulling it down so Jongin couldn't take it off.

"Sehun's being a baby," Jongin tattled. "He won't take his mask off."

"I have a zit." The cow replied blankly, lifting a knee to threaten him with it.

"Zit, schmit. Just take it off, no one cares. Isn't it hot in there?"

"Just leave him alone," Kris patted their heads. "Have you guys seen Yixing?"

Jongin rolled his eyes. "He's probably hanging out with an elephant." He replied, referring to Junmyeon in an elephant mask.

Kris frowned, shoving his frog mask into Jongin's hands. "Hold this." The big guy then stomped off in search of his boyfriend-held-captive.

Jongin sighed, turning back to Sehun. "Still not going to take that off?"

"No."

"Suit yourself, you big baby." He noticed two short guys running towards them. "Hey Chen, Minseok."

"Here, hold these." Chen gave him their beaver and fish masks. "We're going to go play." He grabbed Minseok's hand before running to the rides, despite Jongin's protesting.

"... So where's Chanyeol?" The boy asked after a moment of silence. "So I can hold his damn mask too."

"Probably still walking around sulking," Sehun replied, but then got distracted by something behind Jongin. "... Luhan?" They realized the brunet had fainted, and was being carried to the staff room in a cot.

"... He did look a little pale after coming out of the haunted house." Jongin started, but Sehun had already run off. "... HEY, ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO HOLD YOUR MASK?!"

"I HAVE A ZIT!"

--

"So, now that we have finally reached the top 2 after nearly three months," Jenday started, a look all too serious on her face. "I guess it's time to reveal the truth, although you two probably already know it."

Kyungsoo and Baekhyun stood in front of her, faces solemn.

"Since everyone is the straight man, it's best to assume that you both are the straight man. But, you probably don't want to split the money between you two. So, the way we will decide the winner will be a final challenge, a.k.a. a sudden death match." She handed them both a small plastic gun. "These are BB guns. They only have one pellet in them. We will also give you vests. For this challenge, you guys are to walk into the mirror maze and attempt to shoot each other. If only one of you is able to do it, then that one will win the money. If both of you are successful, then you will both win the money. But if none of you can do it, the money will be donated to charity. This is the final challenge. You only have one chance to win."

The production crew gave them vests, and they silently put them on. Kyungsoo and Baekhyun stood at separate entries to the mirror maze, both grasping their guns tightly. This was it. With two pellets, this game would be over.

When the bell sounded, they walked in and got lost in the maze.

--

He slowly opened his eyes and stared at the unfamiliar ceiling. He realized he was lying on a cot. The door across the room read 'staff'. It was quiet, as if today's events had never happened at all. His heart hurt a little. He had lost the challenge and was eliminated. There were just no words to describe how sorry he was to him.

Suddenly, Luhan felt a light touch to his hand. Glancing to his side, he nearly let out a shriek when he saw that same cow mask. He sat up, clutching his chest. "C-Cow-ssi... I must have fainted, right...?" He let out a sigh when it nodded. He hid his face in his knees. "... Cow-ssi... Will you listen if I rant?"

The cow didn't answer, but Luhan decided to anyway. "... I-I lost. I lost the last challenge and was eliminated... It was probably Baekhyun's fault that I was delayed, but I don't want to blame him... I'm sure he had reasons to win, like I did. Kyungsoo must've had reasons too... But is it a little selfish if I thought my reasons were more important than theirs?" The sniffling started and his voice started to become shaky. "... I really wanted t-to keep my promise with Sehuna. I really did... C-Cow-ssi, I was so scared, every single day after he l-left. I could've been eliminated at any point, and without an immunity condom... I tried so hard to stay in the game. It was to the point that I started alliances to get rid of my

friends. All because I wanted to hear what Sehuna had to say..." He hiccupped, and soon the tears were coming down. "... A-Am I selfish, cow-ssi?"

"No."

Luhan shot his head up, ignoring the boogers that were probably visible right now. He stared past his tears and at the cow in front of him. "... S-Sehun...?"

The cow shook its head. "I'm not Sehun. I'm Sehun-*ah*." He corrected, pulling out tissue from the drawer next to him. He wiped at the dumbfounded brunet's eyes before holding the paper to his nose. "Blow." He waited until Luhan was done getting rid of his snot and disposed of the tissue.

"... B-But Sehuna... Y-You were cow-ssi this whole time?" Luhan's face turned pink. "I— you should've told me! I'm so ashamed..."

"Don't be. It was my fault for saying something like that, anyway." The cow sat back in its chair. "But since I'm a generous guy, I'll tell you anyway."

Luhan blinked at him, surprised. "B-But I didn't win."

"Do you want to hear it or not?"

"Y-Yes." The brunet turned to face him, sitting cross-legged. He braced himself and waited patiently to hear what Sehun had to say. The thing that he so desperately wanted to hear... The thing he fought so hard to get.

The cow seemed to be avoiding Luhan's eyes. It played with its fingers. It let out various sighs. It shifted in its seat. Sehun seemed so dauntless just a second ago; now he was nothing but a fidgety calf. It took him a moment— or several of them— but he was able to say what Luhan wanted to hear.

"...I... I like you. A lot. I'm just a kid, but... I really like you."

He nervously glanced up at him. And when he realized Luhan was making a face of disgust, his heart was about to die until the older spoke.

"Wait, I can't take you seriously with that mask on. It's *hideous.*" Luhan grabbed the rubber ear, grimacing. "Take it off."

The cow let out a whine. "No, wait—"He struggled against Luhan's struggles to pull the mask off. "I have a zit—"

"Oh, now this *really* has to come off." The ugly mask came off, revealing a very handsome flower boy underneath.

Sehun scrunched up his face as soon as it met fresh air. His hair was alive with static as he tried to tame it and hide his forehead with his bangs.

"Come on, Sehuna!" Luhan laughed, trying to grab at the boy's wrists. Sehun continued to whine childishly as the brunet uncovered his forehead.

Sehun gave up, pouting as his zit was revealed to his whole world. "Stop staring at it."

Luhan let out a chortle. "It's a cute zit, Sehuna." He let go of his wrists and adjusted his hair back to its normal look. "Now," he resumed his sitting position in front of Sehun. "Please repeat what you just said."

"What." Sehun held a bitch face, clearly not wanting to repeat three months worth of feels. "Why."

"Because now it's not coming from cow-ssi, but Oh Sehuna," he grinned. "Please repeat, please."

Sehun let out a sigh. "... I like you—"

Luhan suddenly grabbed his face and softly kissed his lips. Totally caught by surprise, the boy's heart stopped but then fluttered as his hand found Luhan's and intertwined. He slowly closed his eyes, letting himself get lost in Luhan's heart. He couldn't get any happier than this.

The brunet pulled back after a long moment, smiling when Sehun blinked at him. He tightly hugged the boy in his arms, missing the feel of Oh Sehun all too much. "I like you too! I like you! I *love* you! I love so much, Sehuna!"

Sehun's face blanked. "Wow, this is like, déjà vu."

"What?"

"Nothing." Sehun finally smiled for once in his life. "I love you too."

Episode 12

FINALE

Kyungsoo's steps were steady but nervous as he walked around the mirror maze. He saw nothing but reflections of himself; and occasionally bumped into a mirror that he thought wasn't there. He hadn't heard a single sound from his opponent. He didn't even have a slightest clue as to where Baekhyun *was*. But he held his BB gun in a tight grasp, ready to shoot at any time.

After a long, tense moment, Kyungsoo started to become more restless. He'd expect Baekhyun to get agitated too.

"Kyungsoo..." The shortie's voice bounced through the walls, sending a shiver up his spine. "... Where are you...?"

He didn't dare to answer. He knew Baekhyun was trying to locate him. He kept glancing behind and in front, being wary of his surroundings.

"Kyungsoo..." Baekhyun said again, sounding slightly more maniacal each time. "Answer me..."

He decided to slowly inch toward the voice. For a while, he didn't hear anything besides the thundering of his heart. He was so nervous that the gun in his hand was shaking. But he had to finish this.

Soon, he flinched when he saw Baekhyun's backside. But when he reached out, he realized it was just a reflection. The actual Baekhyun was just down the hall, unaware of Kyungsoo's presence. Kyungsoo moved around the corner, away from the other's gunpoint. He angled himself so that it would look like he was standing straight in front of the shortie. He then sucked in a shaky breath. "Baekhyun."

Baekhyun turned around. A smile stretched on his face when he saw what he thought was Kyungsoo. It seemed like he fell for the illusion. Baekhyun didn't eat or go outside much for the past few days; everything should be blurry for him. Kyungsoo would use that to his advantage.

"Kyungsoo!" He waved his gun. "I was looking for you."

Kyungsoo blinked, remaining serious. "I was looking for you too."

Baekhyun let out a daunting laugh. "Listen, we need to talk... How about we call it a truce? You can shoot me, and I can shoot you. We'll both walk away with fifty grand. After all, I'm sure you're tired of this little game..."

"Can I ask you a question, Baekhyun?"

The auburn-topped one smiled sweetly at him. "Of course!"

"What are you going to do after you win the money?" Kyungsoo asked, watching his expression turn into a blank one. "I mean, you framed Jongin and tore apart Chanyeol's heart just for this. You have a reason, don't you?"

He didn't answer. Baekhyun kept his unreadable stare to the ground, his fists shaking.

"... Oh." Kyungsoo let out a sigh after a while. "You... You don't have a reason. You were just driven by greed. You thought that, '*hey, if I just betray a couple of people I'll be rich!*'"

"Aren't you the same?!" Baekhyun suddenly snarled, his innocent face thrown out long ago. His soft gaze had turned into hard glares. "Didn't you come here for the money too?!"

"At first, yes. I came on this show for the money. But along the way, a friend of mine said..." Kyungsoo smiled for a second at the word 'friend'. "... If I have to be seen as the 'gayest of them all', then it's not worth the million dollars. He made me realize that making an honest living is a whole lot better than conning and betraying people on some cable reality show. Friends do that, you know."

"... If it's like that, then... Give up. You obviously don't want the money, so be a good little Kyungsoo and shoot yourself. Let me win."

"You know I would, but... You're not the straight man."

Anger showed itself on Baekhyun's face. "What the fuck are you talking about? Of course I'm the straight man. And so are you."

"Really?" Kyungsoo knew he was standing on a tightrope here. One wrong move and he could be eaten by the lion below. "So Park Chanyeol meant absolutely nothing to you?"

There was a small hint of hesitation. "Y-YES! He meant nothing! That idiot was just... Just a *plaything*! Something to pass the time with while the fags fuck each other!" He lifted up his gun. "Now enough with the damn questions. Shoot yourself or I will!"

"Okay, okay..." Kyungsoo took his gun and aimed it at his chest. "But one more question. How did you feel... When you saw Chanyeol cry right in front of you?"

The other completely stiffened. His eyes widened and his hands were shaking in fists. Kyungsoo was now off the tightrope and had become the ringmaster, taming the lion. But it did not mean he would not get eaten. The show was not yet over.

"... N-Nothing." He croaked, clenching hard on his teeth. "I f-felt nothing."

"You didn't feel anything? Pity, sorrow, hurt, fear, nothing? Your heart didn't break? That's surprising... When my 'friend' cried in front of me, I felt all of that. My heart ripped out of my chest. Then I started crying too. It wasn't because he was crying, but rather..." Kyungsoo let a regretful tear roll down his face. "... Because *I* was the one who made him cry. You can't relate, Baekhyun?"

He heard a gunshot, and immediately pressed himself against a wall. The pellet went bouncing off a mirror and flew past him. This was it. The show was in its final act.

When he realized it was a reflection, Baekhyun dropped his gun and ran. Kyungsoo went after him with determination. He kept a close distance on the shorter, not wanting to lose him in the maze. "BAEKHYUN! BAEKHYUN, JUST GIVE UP!" He shouted and continued to run. "GIVE UP AND APOLOGIZE TO HIM!"

He heard a thud followed by another. When he rounded the corner, he found him lying on the floor covering his face. He must have hit his head on something. But he was crying, his hiccups and sobs echoing throughout the building.

Kyungsoo crouched, softly pressing the rifle to Baekhyun's side. "... Is a million dollars worth it, over Chanyeol's tears?"

"... N-N-No... I-I'm... I'm so sorry...!"

Kyungsoo smiled, knowing when his job was done. "A million dollars isn't worth yours, either."

He pulled the trigger, and the show was over.

--

Chanyeol sat on the gravel outside the black curtain, staring blankly at nothing. He was waiting for the final challenge to be over, and to meet a certain someone.

After a long moment or two, he finally came out. Chanyeol looked up at him, carefully examining his face. Baekhyun looked broken beyond repair. His eyes were red and his face was stained with tears. He immediately noticed Chanyeol sitting there. "... Y-Yeol..." He hung his head, refusing to look at his plaything.

Chanyeol got onto his feet, standing right in front of him. He silently watched Baekhyun's shoulders shake with sniffles before letting out a defeated sigh. "... I was really happy when you said you liked me too." He started, eyeing Baekhyun's head for reaction. "... Even though you never did. I knew about your 'bipolarity' from the beginning. I overheard Chen talking about it. I knew you were only pretending, that you were being a fake. I liked the fake you anyways. But at the same time, I wanted to meet the real Baekhyun. Everyone was talking about it, but I have yet to meet him. I wanted to see rude, violent, snappy Baekhyun, not fluffy and cute Baekhyun. I came here to meet the real one today."

"... Well, y-you've seen him. Th-This is the real me. This is the person who stabbed you in the back and played with your feelings. Disgusting, aren't I?" Baekhyun felt warm arms wrap around him. He immediately broke down, crying and sobbing into Chanyeol's shoulder. "... Wh-Why? Why do y-you still... Like me?" He clenched hard onto the other's shirt. "I-I... *Conned you*!"

"I know, but..." Chanyeol tightened his embrace. "... The real you is an honest you. I guess I'm an idiot, but I think I like that the best. I've always wanted to see an honest Baekhyun. No lies, no secrets, just Baekhyun. That's the one I like."

Baekhyun was probably soaking Chanyeol's shirt right now, but he needed to let this out. "... Y-Yeol... I... I'm sorry... I'm so sorry, Chanyeol! I'll n-never hurt you again, I fucking s-swear! I'll fucking jump off a damn bridge if I do! I'll run around ass naked and jump into the fucking ocean! I'LL FUCKING SHAVE MY HAIR!"

Chanyeol started laughing. "The real you sure is something else. But you're hurting me right now... I think my back is going to bleed."

Baekhyun immediately let him go, still sobbing as he stared sheepishly at the ground. But Chanyeol lifted up his chin, staring lovingly into his eyes. "... I like you, Byun Baek." When he leaned in to kiss him, Baekhyun couldn't help but return that love wholeheartedly. Chanyeol liked him for who he was; what more could he ask for?

Their lips pried apart after a long while. Chanyeol smiled while he rubbed away the tears. "About what you said just now... Will you really do all of that?"

"No," the other retorted. "What am I, the queen's bitch?" Chanyeol stared blankly at his snapping before laughing again. It made Baekhyun feel really happy inside.

"*... I like you too, Park Chan*."

--

"That was it, everyone!" Jenday yelled excitedly into her mike. "In a tense game of cat-chase-mouse, Kyungsoo came out as our winner! He is the receiver of one *million* dollars, provided by Korea Bank! This was Jenday for XYZ's *Closets are for Clothes*, hope you enjoyed the show!" The MC wrapped it up with the production crew. As they started to clean up the set, Jenday walked up to their winner. The guy was staring dazedly at the mirror maze.

"Kyungsoo!" She called to bring him back to reality. She also held out a hand and a check. "Congratulations!"

"Thank you." He shook her hand happily. "But you can keep the money."

Jenday's face went blank. "Huh? You don't want it? Why?"

Kyungsoo merely smiled. "I'm not the straight man." He then walked away.

Jenday stared at the check in her hands. "So what am I supposed to do with this?"

Kyungsoo strode through the black curtain, immediately spotting the tall boy in the distance. The boy saw him too, and started running towards him ecstatically. With a smile, he held out his arms and waited for Jongin to come and smother him.

"CONGRATULATIONS!" Jongin shouted, lifting Kyungsoo off his feet and spinning him. After several whines from the older, Jongin put him back down with a cheeky grin. "Kyungsoo-ssi, how does it feel to win?"

"Eh..." Kyungsoo shrugged. "It's not that great." He started laughing at the face Jongin made. "I'm kidding. It's awesome! I feel like... I feel like I could outrun you!"

"You can't do that."

"Right."

They laughed, intertwining their hands and swinging them as they walked.

"There was a live footage of your challenge just now..." Jongin started with a pout. "... And you called me your 'friend'. Is that what I am to you?"

"Well, now that I think about it..." Kyungsoo stared knowingly at him. "... We never really started 'officially' dating."

The younger gaped. "I thought we were! We've kissed a hundred times, and we've done it... Almost!"

"Yeah, but you've never really asked me out." Kyungsoo watched as Jongin blushed and stared at the ground.

"... K-Kyungsoo, would you be my boyfriend?" He asked shyly, making Kyungsoo want to fangirl over his adorableness. He opted to kiss his nose instead.

"Of course."

--

Jenday was walking around the amusement park by herself when she heard someone call her name. She raised eyebrows at the raven-like boy with pink fluff for hands.

"Tao, did you..." She grimaced. "Put your hands in the cotton candy machine?"

"Yeah man," he started to nibble on the cotton. "Best idea *ever*. But that's beside the point. Kyungsoo didn't accept the money, right?"

"Right..." She wasn't sure where he was going with this.

"So... How about giving it to me?" Tao blinked cutely, trying to win her over. "Since I *am* the straight man. No one else is straight. Not anymore, anyway."

Jenday thought about it. "... Oh, what the hell. Here." She handed him the check, which he took excitedly in his sticky cotton hands. "So, what are you going to buy first?"

"A boyfriend."

END