

love you a lychee

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Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Stray Kids (Band)
Relationships:	Hwang Hyunjin/Lee Minho Lee Know , Hwang Hyunjin & Lee Minho Lee Know
Characters:	Hwang Hyunjin , Lee Minho Lee Know , Seo Changbin , Han Jisung Han , (other skz members are also mentioned briefly)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Roommates/Housemates , and they were ROOMMATES , (oh my god they were roommates), Fruit , Hand Feeding , Domestic Fluff , Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , like seriously if you are diabetic do not read , dancing in your kitchen while making ramen , Mentioned Kim Chunga , for the music , hyunjin is an art therapist , minho is a veterinarian , this is never mentioned but i am nothing if not dedicated to the bit , LYCHEES , that one quote about orange intimacy and eroticism that i do not remember at all , but lychees are more romantic/platonic/meaningful , i mean have you tried to peel one , Lee Minho Lee Know Has a Crush on Bang Chan , Queerplatonic Relationships , Ambiguous Relationships , Romantic Friendship , Platonic Romance , idk it could be either tbh , whether it's romantic or platonic is up to you
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love you a lychee

by [4419](#)

Summary

listen. have you ever tried to peel a lychee. ever. the juice. it gets everywhere. it also chipped my nails.

aka my struggles in life but make it hyunho <8

Notes

don't take three (3) STEM classes in the summer when all you really want is to have your yearning coming of age queerplatonic finding yourself summer <8

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hyunjin is kind of in love with the view from their apartment and how sweet it smells whenever he comes home from classes.

He coughs.

Actually, the smell of nail polish is burning in his nostrils. He can feel the toluene stinging against his nose hairs at this point.

“Hyunjinnie, you’re home!”

Hyunjin rolls his eyes, hanging his coat up on the tall tree shaped coat rack Minhoo picked up from a garage sale in his parent’s neighborhood the weekend before they moved in. Hyunjin is still pretty sure it used to make up a little cat playground type tree, but it’s worked as a coat rack for them for the past six months, so he sees no reason to change that. He crouches down and unlaces his boots, kicking them off and breathing a sigh of relief when his feet are freed from the constraints.

“Obviously, hyung, have you been hallucinating my presence whenever I’m not?”

Minhoo scoffs, the smell of nail polish intensifying. “Yah, Hwang Hyunjin, do you miss the taste of tissues?”

Hyunjin throws his head back, laughing. He pulls his socks off, tossing them into the laundry bin in the closet behind the coat rack. “Why are you like this?”

He can picture Minhoo rolling his eyes before he pouts, menacingly, because an expression isn’t truly Minhoo’s until he puts as much menace in it as he can.

He walks to his room, pulling off his belt and shirt on the way, tossing those in the laundry bin as well. He kicks his pants off, picking out one of Minhoo’s oversized university t-shirts that he stole after last month’s laundry fiasco, and a pair of shorts that he’s pretty sure might

be Changbin's, actually, because he does not have the thigh muscles to fill them out. "I'm going to shower, can you put the water to boil?"

"Can't!" Minho calls back cheerfully.

Hyunjin mocks him playfully, laughing once more when Minho mentions restraints and toilet paper. Of course, they don't do that anymore, for the sake of the environment, if not anything else. He grabs his towel from the rack, entering the bathroom from the door in his bedroom. After checking that the door on Minho's side is closed as well, he gets in the shower, washing the germs from the hospital off, drying himself quickly as well. Cotton feels nice on his skin after the more restricting clothes he has to wear for work, under the guise of professionalism.

Personally, he thinks the kids would appreciate their sessions more if he were allowed to dye his hair and wear colors that aren't brown and gray. It would give them hope as well, let them see that their future is just as colorful as the pictures they draw.

Sometimes, he really hates the system.

He roughly dries his hair with a towel, just so it isn't dripping all over his t-shirt, before hanging it back up on the rack. He slips his phone in his pocket again, tossing his wallet onto his nightstand.

Minho is still sitting at the counter when he gets back, stretched out like a cat with his hands on the other side of the counter, chest against the tile. His feet dangle from the stool, heels hitting the metal bar they're supposed to be resting on.

"Minho~" He whines, when a single glance at the stove tells him that Minho did not, in fact, put the water to boil. His roommate ignores him in favor of dragging his arms over the island and breakfast bar.

"They're drying," he complains, like he hasn't only painted one hand so far. Not that Hyunjin minds. He's more than grateful to Minho for always being so willing to cook, and he's been wanting to give Minho a break from being the apartment chef for a little while anyway.

Hyunjin sighs, long suffering. It's all an act. He plops down on the sofa behind Minho, staring out of the window at the view of the city and the bay across from them, relaxing into the soft material before he pulls the projection screen down.

He and Minho had made the decision to get a projector instead of a tv a week after moving in, especially since neither of them paid for streaming services. Anti-capitalism at its finest, of course. But considering their view, it made sense to have a screen that could be put away too, so as not to obstruct it.

He hunts down the remote while the screen quietly rolls down, flopping back on the sofa. Minho sinks down on his other side, manhandling Hyunjin's legs with his free hand to rest the backs of knees on them. He's perpendicular to the couch, sitting normally, really, while Hyunjin lounges nearly parallel to it, legs under Minho's.

"What are we watching?"

Hyunjin hides a smile, leaning against the armrest. "There's this anime I thought sounded interesting, something based on Freudian psychology, with the id, the superego, and all that. Also there's a murder mystery because why not."

Minho shrugs, snuggling into the sofa and hugging the throw pillow he picked up from the other side of the sofa. His smile is too soft for Hyunjin to decipher, so he turns away, tapping against the remote buttons. Minho's fingers curl around his wrist, tapping the vein along the inside of his wrist once. "Go for it."

Hyunjin presses play, turning the subtitles on while Minho twists them around so Hyunjin's legs are draped over his lap instead. He plays his fingers across his knee, the nail polish contrasting against Hyunjin's tan skin. Minho reaches for the nail polish bottles, meticulously dragging the brush over his nails, the polish uneven but the colors pretty in the fading post-sunset hazy glow.

Hyunjin misses most of the first episode by just watching Minho stick his tongue out slightly as he concentrates, the brush dragging off his short nails and onto the sides of his nail,

bleeding onto his cuticle too. He hides a laugh with an artful cough that has Minhø's head shooting to the side anyway, eyebrows raised at him.

This time, Hyunjin does laugh. "Nothing, nothing," he waves it off.

Minho waits a second, long enough for Hyunjin's smile to fade, uncertainty coloring his features instead. "What?"

Minho shakes his head. "Nothing. Did you not like it?"

"Huh?"

He glances at the projector screen where the credits and Miyavi's ending credit song are playing. "You're letting the ending play?"

Hyunjin blinks twice, staring at Minhø. "Hyung, what?"

"Do you want to watch another episode?"

Oh, right, Hyunjin usually skips the songs in a hopeless bid to convince himself that he's actually spending less time being unproductive than he is. Still, Miyavi's "Other Side" is really good; Hyunjin quite likes the guitar even if it isn't necessarily his style of music.

"I liked the song," he mumbles, a beat late. "I'll pause it and make some ramen though or we'll end up eating at two a.m. again."

Minho nods. "I picked up fruits and vegetables on the way home from my shift, so there's some actual nutrition there for us too."

Hyunjin snorts, sliding his legs off Minhø's lap. He plugs his phone into the speaker next to the kitchen, shuffling his current playlist and letting the music fill the space. Minhø nods his head to the beat, blowing on his nails. He reaches for a sharpie while Hyunjin pulls out the pot, the instant ramen, and the mushrooms Minhø picked up at the local grocery store.

He fills up the pot with water, setting it on the stove before using his hands to pull himself up on the counter. Chungha's voice is refreshing, as is the bubbly beat and synth strings with it as she sings about screaming for someone.

There's a concept, loving someone out loud.

He times the boiling water with the music, basking in Jasmine Sokko's voice and bouncy production. Somehow, the deeper house beat manages to feel full in contrast to her lighter and airier vocals. Minhø sings along under his breath, cursing every other minute when he gets sharpie ink on his hands. Hyunjin laughs, palms flat against the marble countertop and head thrown back, hair tickling his neck.

"You trying doing it," Minhø grumbles over the music, backlit by the cityscape.

Hyunjin laughs harder, shaking his head and sliding off the counter, his hand already on the fridge door as he speaks. "Every day, babe, every day."

He tries not to read anything into the way Minhø blushes at the nickname like it doesn't slip out when he says something sarcastically. Instead, he focuses on cutting the chives so they aren't too big to be a garnish, but not so small that there's flavor either. Once that's done, he sets it aside on the cutting board, turning back to the mushrooms he had also gotten out.

(Only to Minhø, of course. He's well aware of the connotations of the word. It's not an attempt to confirm to a stereotype—he's not even gay. Not straight either, but.)

"Tissues, Hwang, tissues."

Hyunjin hums along like he believes Minhø's threats, like he's ever thought of them as threats in the first place. "I mean it is, my job, you know?"

Minho vaguely curses in his direction. Hyunjin waves him off as he turns to the mushrooms, slicing them and tossing them in a pan with oil and garlic. The water reaches a rolling boil just as he finishes sauteeing the mushrooms, turning the heat down on both burners as he adds the noodle cake to the water, stirring it with the disposable Panda Express chopsticks they've been hoarding.

It probably doesn't help that Jisung keeps dropping them off whenever he stops by, and neither Minhø nor Hyunjin have the heart to ask him how he and Changbin are still alive with the amount of Panda Express fried rice they've consumed.

He stirs the noodles once more, nearly tripping when the next song comes on. It's a recent one, with Svrcina doing the vocals, and a scintillating string and funk bass track in the background. He spins around, reaching for the mushrooms where he had set them down on the island behind him so the pan could cool.

"We're the kind that always ran away from love, when it got too close to us," he sings along, not quite under his breath but still quietly, scraping the garlic from the pan.

"And I don't want—" He twirls back around, throwing his hands in the air dramatically when Minhø giggles on the side. "—want to do that anymore."

He drains the water out, missing the next line but Minhø sings it for him anyway, having given up on blowing his nails and sticking it in front of the air conditioning vent instead.

"If you don't leave, then I won't go~" He's shy, for some reason, and their roles are reversed, with Hyunjin, confident and in the kitchen, and Minhø, painting—kind of—and shy, but it's a welcome reversal. "High or hitting lows~"

Hyunjin sets the noodles down on the island, still singing as he cuts the sauce packets open with his teeth. "Keep me close!"

Minho echoes his words alongside Svrčina, shifting his hands to the side so the vent can dry his thumb art as well. Hyunjin stirs the noodles, scraping the mushrooms and garlic in with the tangy and spicy sauce as he goes. He grabs the bowls from the cupboard, raising up on his tiptoes just because he can, tapping his feet to the beat as he twirls around, setting them down on the island and splitting the noodles between the two bowls.

I don't want to leave yet

He spins around, swaying to the beat and singing along. Hyunjin is well aware that he's probably off key, but Minho is reading the subtitles of the eleven o'clock news and the city is filled with the prettiest bright lights and Hyunjin doesn't want to leave this moment yet.

I don't want to leave yet

He sets the pan and pot in the sink, washing and scrubbing them before setting aside to dry since Minho is catching up on the news anyway. He dries his hands, spinning around once more, nearly giddy with how the song feels at nearly midnight.

I don't want to leave yet

Hyunjin picks up the bowls, with a fork for Minho since he did just paint his nails. He takes a step forward to hand Minho the bowl, only to realize that Minho's already waiting by the counter. He thanks Hyunjin for the food before dragging him over and sitting down on the couch next to him, their sides pressed together as they scarf down the ramen, only realizing how hungry they are when the smell and taste of food hits them.

I don't want to leave yet

Hyunjin takes the bowl from Minho once he's finished, rinsing them and setting them in the dishwasher while Minho reconfigures the next episode of the anime they started.

Yeah, he's definitely going to need to rewatch that first episode again.

"There's lychees in the fridge," Minho says, like that isn't one of Hyunjin's favorite fruits. "They're not peeled though, but they looked really fresh so I picked up two boxes from Chinatown. I think the *ajhumma* there knows us by name at this point, considering how often we stop by there."

Hyunjin hums, tossing a handful in a small colander and washing them before transferring it into a bowl. He turns the kitchen lights off before plopping back down next to Minho. "Honestly, I think we could just stop by and she wouldn't even need to see what we've picked up before giving us the bill."

He flicks the stem of the lychee off, leaning closer when Minho presses play. His nails are shorter since he's been working with younger kids, so the peel takes a little longer to get off, the juice dripping down his fingers. He bites into the fruit, relishing the sweet and floral flavor, as well as the slight hint of sour.

"Mmmm," he hums, clapping his hands and wincing when he realizes how sticky they are from the juice. "These are so good. Can we get a lychee tree?"

"Sure," Minho agrees easily, gaze trained solely on the lychee as he meticulously pulls at the peel while still taking great care to not chip his nails.

Hyunjin grins, plucking another stem off. "And a dog?"

"Mhmm."

"*Hyung*, where did they find Kaeru- *chan* this time?"

"Yeah."

Hyunjin rolls his eyes, slurping obnoxiously as he licks the juice off his fingers. Minho blinks twice, looking up. His gaze drops to Hyunjin's lips, to the finger he's still licking. He pulls it out of his mouth hastily.

“What?”

He sighs, dramatically, before plucking the lychee from Minho's hands and pulling the bowl into his lap. He starts peeling the lychee wordlessly, nudging Minho to turn back to the anime with his knee. Minho turns, but his hand still squeezes Hyunjin's knee once before settling there.

He's quiet for a minute, absorbed in the episode. It's only when the ads come on that he turns back to Hyunjin. ‘Ya! Why're you taking my lychees?’

Hyunjin grins, licking his lips. He's genuinely in love with the taste of the fruit. “Your nails are terrible.”

I don't want to leave yet

“Respect your elders,” Minho grumbles. “And give me back my fruit, you giraffe legged menace!”

I don't want to leave yet

Hyunjin giggles, turning so his shoulder is pressed against the back of the sofa, turned to face Minho. “Okay.”

I don't want to leave yet

He presses the fruit against Minho's lips, fingers stickier than ever as he waits for his lips to part. He pushes the fruit in, the tips of his fingers brushing against his lips before he pulls

them back, licking the juice off them once more. “They’re so sticky,” he complains, while Minho stays silent with wide eyes over his fruit.

I don't want to leave yet

He’s already reaching for the next one to peel, biting into it and savoring the juice while he peels another one for Minho. “Let me take a picture of those and show it to the kids.”

I don't want to leave yet

Minho’s indignant expression is worth the teasing. The design on his nails might be cute, but the execution isn’t the best, considering how far from his nail the nail polish has traveled. A little scrubbing in the shower can probably get it off. And he’s sure Minho’s work crush, Bang Chan, would still appreciate Minho’s cute attempt at nail art.

They turn back to the screen, and Hyunjin pokes Minho’s lips with the lychee whenever he’s peeled two. Minho accepts with a quiet ‘thank you’ each time that he’s not quite sure what to make of. Three more episodes pass by and they’re nearly at the halfway point when Hyunjin catches sight of Minho’s nails again.

Why is his poor attempt at nail art suddenly the most endearing and attractive thing in his life?

“They’re really terrible, *hyung*. You should’ve asked me to paint it. I mean, who are you going to impress like that?”

I don't want to leave yet

“I’m not trying to impress anyone! It just looked cool when Hannie did it, ya, did you think I was trying to impress you or—” His sentence gets cut off by another lychee, but he’s prepared for this one, licking Hyunjin’s finger too. “—they’re sticky.”

I don't want to leave yet

Hyunjin freezes, finger still against Minho's lips where the lychee was previously between them. He pulls it away, pouting. "Obviously. You would've chipped your nails trying to peel them, what would Channie *hyung* have said about them if he couldn't see them?"

His pout deepens when he realizes they've finished the bowl of lychees, handing it to Minho to rinse off while he washes his hands at the kitchen sink.

Minho pulls him back to the sofa, pushing him down to sit before flopping down next to him, leaning his entire weight on Hyunjin. "Next episode?"

Hyunjin doesn't even glance at the clock, staring at Minho as he answers. "Yeah. We can finish the series tonight, it's only eleven episodes, right?"

Minho nods, scanning the upcoming episodes that pop up. The screen glints in his eyes, a little like the sparkle in the corner of the anime character's eyes. "Alright," he murmurs to himself as he scrolls. "Time to find out what's up with Kaeru- *chan*."

I don't want to leave yet

His Japanese accent is infinitely better than Hyunjin's, considering he did minor in it in university. The subtitles are purely for Hyunjin's benefit, and so is the step back he took today to let Hyunjin feel more in control after a particularly draining week full of events that spiraled out of his control.

I don't want to leave yet

Hyunjin leans closer, arm coming up around Minho's shoulders and pulling him closer. Minho melts into him, pressing play.

I don't want to leave yet

“Thank you” he murmurs into Minho’s hair, hand coming down to rest against his arm. Minho’s hand comes up to pet it.

I don't want to leave yet

He interlaces their hands, flipping them so the side with his painted nails shows. Minho makes it a point to meet Hyunjin’s eyes, even though they’re both kinda shy about that. He holds up their hands intentionally, the nails and their designs the focus of Hyunjin’s vision.

I don't want to leave yet

“Thank you.”

End Notes

inspired by this neat little [playlist](#)

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