

The More I Think About It

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The More I Think About It

by [daelisix](#)

Summary

It was a little accident caused by a game. An accident that Jae couldn't stop thinking of.

A kiss.

Notes

Hi! Ever since I finished my Jaepil Filo SocMed au, I've been missing Jaepil a lot and I can't move on from it so here's a one-shot inspired from their song Chocolate. :)

Credits to @/jaespixie for the translated lyrics of Chocolate's original version (<https://twitter.com/jaespixie/status/1083361753298337792>)

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

I don't know if I should be thankful to the one who invented the Pocky game or not. Because for one, I dragged my broke ass to the store to buy a bunch of boxes of Pocky. The other, I keep thinking of something I know I shouldn't.

It was just an accident. Get over it.

I keep telling myself to forget it but it's been two months and my head is still filled with thoughts of it. It's as if watching my favorite movie; no matter how many times I play it, I don't get sick of it. Not saying that it's my favorite memory to look back, though.

"This is mine. Go and buy yours," Brian mimics me with his annoying voice after I dodged his attempt in getting a Pocky. "I'm not even Wonpil. Why won't you give me one?"

My heart suddenly beats faster upon hearing the name.

"It's my food. It's my choice."

"I didn't know you like Pocky that much, Jae," Sungjin butts in.

I don't. I just need to prove something.

"Hyung! Hyung!" My head flips towards the door and I see Dowoon jogging his way in. Behind him is Wonpil who's wearing his usual bright smile and clothed in bright energy.

Wonpil's eyebrows raise when he sees the boxes of Pocky locked in my arms. I take a bite on the stick in my hand and shoot him a warning glare.

"Are we going to have another game?" He asks innocently, yet excitingly.

"Are we going to have another game?" I imitate him with a mocking face as I stand to slap the brim of his cap. "No," I state before I put the boxes in my bag.

"Why are you imitating me?" Brian accuses.

I face him with an arched brow, "I did not. I imitated Wonpil."

"You imitated me imitating people," I roll my eyes and groan with his argument. "But can we play a game first before practicing?"

"No," I say firmly.

I'm not gonna play another game of his and make myself suffer again. What if the same thing happens and I'd be left thinking about that accident for another two months; or more?

The last time I played one of Brian's game, I ruined myself. Not totally. My mind has just become messed up. My eyes just started to lose focus, or focus on one specific thing rather.

He made us wear wigs that he saw in one of the practice rooms. The best and most natural looking one would be the winner, and of course, the opposite of it would be the loser.

I was the loser. And guess what? Wonpil was the winner.

I wasn't surprised.

Who would be, right? That guy always acts cute. He's naturally cute. Wait, scratch that. He's not cute at all. I don't know why people like it when he acts cutely. It's cringy. Yep. Definitely, cringy.

We had to do the Pocky game. The winner would bite the other end of the Pocky and must stay still while the loser would be the one to move and eat it.

I must have done something for the odds to play a prank on me. It was barely a brush but I definitely felt it. I definitely felt our lips touch.

I was sure he felt it, too. His eyes widened subtly, but the change in his expression didn't escape my eyes. Although he laughed it off as soon as I pulled away, I know he felt that.

It's been two months but neither of us spoke about it. None of the members noticed what happened either.

"We still have work to do, though," Sungjin remarks and Brian whines, saying he's hungry. "Have you worked on the lyrics revision?"

"But that's not my song," Brian hugs his bass and turns to look at me. "It's Jae and Wonpil's." He leans back on his chair. "Personally, I like the original lyrics. It's sweet."

"But PD-nim wants something more..." Sungjin trails off and shrugs, "you know."

"Chocolate. Like how it tastes the same even though it melted," Wonpil starts singing and Brian instantly accompanies him with bass.

"Even if the way it looks changes," I join him sing, "Like how it still tastes sweet, my love for you will never change baby."

Wonpil purses his lips unconsciously and my gaze drops on them again.

A thump.

And then an idea comes.

I position my guitar and starts to play the chorus of the song we're trying to revise.

"Chocolate. I know I should stop but I can't stop thinking I like you more and more. You're sweeter the more I think about it..."

They immediately back me up with their respective instruments. Their eyes light up and lips curve.

Sungjin nods in acknowledgment. Wonpil sways along with the rhythm.

“I know you are more sweet than chocolate.” I continue. “Unconsciously, my gaze stops at your lips. Why do I know the taste of something I’ve never tried before...”

We all halt playing and look at each other. Jaws are dropped in surprise.

“Woah,” Brian whispers in awe.

“This is it!” Sungjin exclaims. “Hurry. Write it. This is it. I’m sure, this is it.”

I’m biting my chapped lip, tearing off the dried layer, as I glance at Wonpil whose smile becomes wider. I shift my gaze in a hurry and fish my phone out my pocket and type the revised lyrics.

“You’re a genius, Jae,” Brian, the lyric-genius himself, remarks.

I’m surprised myself. I intoned the words as if they were already written beforehand. But in reality, it was just instantaneous.

“Isn’t it better if Jae and Wonpil work on the lyrics though? It’s originally theirs anyway.”

“I think we can manage,” Wonpil nods with his hands on his waist. “Do you want to work on it now, Hyung?”

“I think that’s better,” Sungjin answers for me. “Three of us will work in some new arrangements and we’ll ask for your input about it on what to add or change.”

“Okay, cool.”

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I’m writing down the lyrics that I typed on my phone earlier. Wonpil, on the other hand, roams around the room--an empty practice room. He wears a Sunflower prop before he leans in his upper body and leans back again.

Why is he being cute again?

“You look dumb. Are you a Sunflower or a Jellyfish?”

“A Jellyflower?” He laughs and I reach for the chicken plushie and hit him with it.

“May I have some, Hyung?” Wonpil, who’s leaning on the table, asks as he points at the box of Pocky, as he takes the prop off his head.

I glare at him. “Whatever,” I pull my gaze back to the paper in front of me.

“Why did you buy a lot?”

I shrug in response.

I need to prove that the sensation I felt back then was from the chocolate. The sweetness that left my lips. But no matter how many boxes of Pocky I finish, the sweetness isn’t the same.

What I tasted back then was something sweeter.

“I imagine when you and I kiss,” Wonpil suddenly utters. My heart thumps louder. “I wonder what it feels like. I obviously know that I shouldn’t be like this. But I end up thinking about it more...”

“What?”

He arches his brows at me. “We can use that.” He bends down after taking a bite on the chocolate and points at the words I wrote down. “This line from the chorus, *‘Unconsciously, my gaze stops at your lips’*, isn’t it indicating that the person is thinking about a kiss?”

“Yeah. Yeah, right.” I take a stick of Pocky and lock it between my lips before I start writing down his words.

“Do you want to try it again, Hyung?”

I feel my heartbeat halt for a second. I look up at him and see him purse his lips.

What?! He wants to try to ki--

“Pocky game,” he states as he points at the box beside my hand.

“Oh,” I exhale a breath. “Oh, yeah. Right. Pocky game.” I look at him again. “You don’t point things with your lips, okay?”

“Your friend does it, right? I think Filipino people do it a lot. Were you thinking of something else? You looked surprised.”

“No, I wasn’t thinking of kissing you.”

“You’re thinking of kissing me?”

I flip my head towards him and knit my brows. “I wasn’t.”

“You said you weren’t thinking of kissing me.”

“Yeah. ‘Cause I wasn’t thinking of kissing you.”

He tilts his head and suddenly stretches his lips in a smile. “But I never said anything about kissing, Hyung,” he chuckles.

“W-what?”

Jae, you dumbass.

He sings the newly revised chorus of our song and I glue my gaze on the paper.

“So that’s what it’s about, huh, Hyung?” He chortles once again. “So I wasn’t the only one who felt that? And you’ve been thinking about it ever since?”

“Shut up!” I throw a box at him and he just giggles louder.

“So do you want to try it?”

“I don't want another Pocky game, Pil.”

“I wasn't talking about the Pocky,” he takes one last bite on his chocolate stick as I gaze back at him and he leans down.

Then it happens.

It doesn't play in slow motion like how it is in movies or books. It's not fast either. He moves just in a right pace.

If he's a beat, he's in the right tempo of the song. He isn't dragging or rushing.

And yes, this is what I was looking for the whole two months. The sweetness that I couldn't taste no matter how many boxes of Pocky I eat. It's the sweetness of his lips. It's sweeter, even. And the softness of them, even if they're pressed against mine, adds to the flavor that the chocolate couldn't give. It's as if my lips are pressed against a cotton candy.

I lean in as I respond to his kiss. I feel him tense for a second but relax right after. Just when I thought his lips couldn't get any sweeter, he smiles as we kiss.

Then a scream.

“Hyung! Hyung!” Dowoon's voice starts to fade as he runs away from the room.

We both pull back in surprise. He laughs as I turn away and cover my face with one hand.

“You're red, Hyung,” he chuckles again.

“Shut up.”

“Make me,” he challenges.

I glance back at him and he pierces my eyes with his stare. He disguises a smirk in a sweet smile.

I am about to utter a word but he plants a peck, being the one to shut me up instead.

“Sweet,” he grins before leaving the room.

You're sweeter. You're sweeter the more I think about it.

But I'm dead.

For one, if Dowoon won't shut his mouth, Brian will make fun of me, and even Sungjin. The other, my broke ass bought a lot of Pocky but I don't even need them anymore.

Who needs chocolate to taste something sweet when I have his lips to kiss that is even sweeter?

End Notes

Thoughts? :)

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