

He's Got It Comin'

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He's Got It Comin'

by [heartsdessire456](#)

Summary

When Alex can't take a hint about how little his attention is appreciated by the whole group of friends, especially regarding his twin, it's up to Intouch to put on his Big Gay Panties and take care of that jerk once and for all.

Notes

I'm still struggling with pretty rough writer's block so if I can write something, I'm writing it.

Besides, I really hate that Alex ends up with Del in canon because the only thing I ship him with is a foot up his ass for being a total piece of shit, so this is just satisfying to think about.

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

Chapter 1

Coming out of the water to see a short, pretty boy with brown hair talking to Dean wasn't unusual, but as Win wiped the water out of his face, he raised an eyebrow when he saw it was the *wrong* twin. "Well, well, well." He smirked teasingly as he walked over and slung his arm around Intouch, knowing he would be so annoyed by getting wet. "You trying to steal your brother's man?"

Win winked at Dean, who glared at him, though his ears turned red. "Shut up, Win."

"Ew," In said, shrugging Win's arm off and fixing his hair. "Besides, Pharm would kill me if I went after his boyfriend," he dismissed. "But seriously, P'Dean, something has to be done about that asshole."

Dean sighed. "In, Pharm can handle himself. And he made it very clear he's with me now."

Win frowned. "Wait, is someone bothering Pharm?"

"That jerk, P'Alex," In said, miming gagging. "He has gone from hitting on Pharm to acting all 'oh look what you're missing out on' and showing off in this cocky, shitty attitude when Pharm is around."

Win bristled. "I don't like that asshole. He's a major dick."

"I don't like him either," Dean agreed. "But he hasn't done anything that Pharm can't handle." He melted into a little smile, gazing into the distance. "Pharm is really strong and confident."

In sighed. "Yes, I know my brother is strong and confident, but he's also too sweet for his own good." He hesitated and glanced at Win. "Also, he's going to get Team in trouble if he ever sees how P'Alex treats Manaow and tells Team," he said in a lower voice so that nobody else heard them.

Win instantly stilled. "What do you mean how he treats Manaow?" he muttered.

Dean's brow furrowed. "I can't imagine Manaow letting anybody treat her badly. What's going on, In?"

In bit his lip. "You know Manaow. She's the type that's boy-crazy and goes gaga over hot, popular boys just like everybody else attracted to men." He gave Win a pointed look. "But you also know that as shy as Team is, she's his best friend, and if he ever saw the way Alex talks to her, he would get in big trouble for blowing up on him."

Win winced, because it was true. They had all seen Team almost blow up on Alex for how he wouldn't take no for an answer when Pharm was trying to turn Alex down. "What does he do that's so bad yet she hasn't seen past the 'hot and popular' filter to notice?"

In sighed and looked him in the eyes. “In the play they’re working on now? She plays a rock.”

Win’s jaw dropped and even Dean’s eyes widened. “A- A *rock*?!”

In nodded, pouting. “Not even just a random background extra. He’s making her literally curl up in a ball and pretend to be a piece of the set. Every other girl in the drama club is just as silly over him as she is. I know she’s really extra – and that’s coming from me – but that’s just being mean because she isn’t like the other girls,” he said delicately.

Win winced. He knew what In meant. Win didn’t agree with that kind of bullshit, but by most beauty standards, she was too tall, too big, and too loud to be ‘attractive’ to a lot of people. And she was too outgoing and opinionated. The stupid, outdated stigma that a girl should be tiny, pretty, have a delicate little voice, and be a shy little cutie to be ‘attractive’ was bullshit in his opinion, but Alex was an asshole, so he wasn’t shocked. “Man, that guy is the type that give men a bad name,” he grumbled.

“Oh honey, a lot of straight guys already give men a bad name, he’s not the only one,” In pointed out, tossing his bangs out of his face.

“He’s bisexual,” Dean pointed out and In gave him a sassy eyeroll.

“Which just makes it worse,” he said, slapping Win on his chest, making Win wince because *damn* to be so tiny, In was strong. “P’Win here is bisexual and he’s not a piece of shit.”

Win rubbed his chest. “I don’t get it anyways. You don’t have to treat her like shit just because you’re not into her. I mean hell.” He looked at Dean and shuddered playfully. “I would rather take a vow of celibacy than touch Dean here, but I’d never treat him badly over it.”

In crossed his arms. “The point is, something has to be done. He’s bothering my brother still, he’s needlessly mean to my fierce queen Manaow, and he won’t stop saying creepily flirty things to Del-“ He slapped a handover his mouth, eyes going wide, and Win froze, slowly turning his gaze to Dean.

Dean’s eyes narrowed. “Define ‘creepy’?” he said in a dangerous voice.

“Nothing!” In winced. “Okay no not nothing, but it’s nothing inappropriate. And she doesn’t seem bothered so I’m not that worried about her. She’s got a good head on her shoulders and she’s too shy to take him seriously.” In put a reassuring hand on Dean’s arm. “I’m sure he’s never going to get anywhere with that so it’s not like he’s going to play with her heart or anything.”

“He better not hurt her,” Dean said, jaw clenching as he glanced away.

Win slung his arm around Dean. “Come on. She’s smart. And she’s not all boy-crazy like Manaow. She’ll see what he’s up to. Don’t worry.”

Dean sighed but nodded. “I know. But it’s not her making good choices I’m worried about,” he said pointedly, and Win nodded. In cringed as well. They all knew guys who wouldn’t give up until somebody else had to intervene before things went too far with sweet, shy girls like Del.

In tapped his toe, biting his lip. “I just don’t like how he treats my brother and my friends and I hoped you would at least have something to say to him, P’Dean. Pharm’s your boyfriend.”

“He’s your brother,” Win pointed out and In gave him a flat look.

“And why would that asshole listen to me about it? He’ll just hit on me, too. Or accuse me of being jealous. Ew. I’m not popular and intimidating like P’Dean,” he said with a pout.

Win snorted. “Half the swim team is afraid of you, In.”

“Only because I said I could tell which boys have the biggest dicks even in the swimsuits since I’m so experienced,” he dismissed and Win snickered and the pinched look on Dean’s face.

Win snickered because it was kinda true. He couldn’t eyeball a bulge and tell a dick size, but In somehow had a special talent that had ended up making half the swim team hide behind their locker doors to change into their shorts for weeks.

“Listen, I’ll talk to him,” Dean compromised. “I’ll ask him if he feels uncomfortable with Alex and see what he says, okay?”

In sighed. “Yeah, I guess.” He shrugged. “Well, thanks P’Dean.” He rubbed his hands together, looking past Win. “Now to go ‘slip’ into P’Korn’s lane so he has to give me mouth to mouth-“

“I don’t think so,” Win said, grabbing his elbow to stop him from passing. “We would have to file paperwork about an incident. Flirt like a normal person when he’s at lunch or something.”

“Lame,” In said, but waved to them both as he turned and headed for the doors instead.

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Pharm squealed, giggling as he squirmed away from Dean’s tickling fingers as he grabbed his ankles and tried to tickle the backs of his knees, smiling brightly at Pharm as he ‘fought’ to escape him. “P’Deeeeeeaaannnn!”

“What was that?” Dean teased, digging his fingertips – gently always – into the ticklish skin.

Their playing was interrupted by the door opening. “Hey, Pharm, are you finally losing your virginity or can I come in and do my homework?”

Dean stopped and blushed while Pharm rolled his eyes. “Intouch, you asshole, you know I would text you to not come home if I wanted privacy!” he yelled.

In came in and looked at them on the couch as he put his shoes by the door. “Hey, I can always hope my brother is finally capitalizing on having a man that fine,” he said, sighing dramatically as he threw himself onto his bed, laying on his elbows to look at them. “It’s just sad at this point, Pharm.”

Pharm flushed but narrowed his eyes. “Maybe P’Dean wouldn’t be my first boyfriend if every boy that so much as flirted with me in high school didn’t end up making out with you instead.” He turned to Dean quickly. “Not that I’m not happier than anything that you were my first kiss and we’re in love,” he said sweetly, and Dean smiled, rubbing his hip affectionately.

“I would love you the same no matter how many guys you dated before me,” Dean said and Pharm melted just a little, laying his cheek against the back of the couch to gaze up into those beautiful eyes.

“P’Deeeeean,” he whined, giggling as Dean leaned in and pecked his nose. “You’re so sweet to me.”

“God, this is gross.” Pharm sighed at his brother’s whining. He looked over to see In taking his things out of his bag so he could do his homework.

“You wanted to pretend to drown so Korn would have to give you mouth to mouth and we’re gross?” Dean asked and Pharm gaped.

“Intouch! That’s so shameless!”

In shrugged. “And? Have you seen his titties? I want to bury my face between them and-“

“Ew, In, please!” Pharm begged.

In moaned, looking up at the ceiling as he tapped a pen to his chin. “And I just know he’s pushing eight inches-“

“Wouldn’t that be a bad thing because it would hurt?” Dean mumbled out loud, then blushed when he realized what he said.

Pharm knew what In was going to say before he did. “In, don’t you dare-“

“Nah, I dated a basketball player our last few months of high school in America who was nearly seven feet tall and his was a solid nine and as thick as my wrist. As long as you keep your ass used to it by using a big dildo often enough, you’re kind of just accustomed to that level of pain so it just makes the pleasure better.” Pharm picked up a couch pillow and threw it at In, who cried out when it hit him in the head. “Ow!”

Pharm just smirked. “Stop being dirty,” he said, then turned back to Dean. “Ignore him, mom found him under a bridge somewhere.”

“Rude,” In said, but Pharm only had eyes for Dean’s loving smile trained on his face.

Team's ears were ringing. He was staring in shock, ears ringing, as anger filled him like lava in a volcano bubbling to erupt.

Pharm fidgeted uncomfortably. "I've told you, P'Alex, I'm not comfortable with you saying those things to me."

Alex smirked. "C'mon, your brother is pretty popular around campus, so you can't be that shy and innocent." He winked. "I'm just curious if the rumors about Dean attracting all the ladies are really for that reason."

"And my relationship with *my* boyfriend is not your business," Pharm countered, so red he looked ready to combust. Team could see his hands fisted on his legs under the table and it showed how utterly uncomfortable he was.

Manaow, who usually was too gaga over a hot guy like Alex to ever speak back to him, made Team proud by clearing her throat. "P'Alex, I mean this with no disrespect, but he is right. It's not proper to make jokes about a person's partner's 'skills' in public like this. Aren't you at least a little embarrassed to say that out loud at the lunch table where anybody could hear?"

Alex raised an eyebrow at her, voice turning annoyed with a snap. "What would you know about proper or embarrassment anyways, Manaow, what with how you have no shame and humiliate yourself and everybody else in drama club if so much as an attractive janitor walks past the room like the desperate flirt you are?" He scoffed at the way her face fell. "Maybe if you were at least hot you wouldn't be so boy-crazy."

The volcano erupted.

"TEAM!" Team barely heard Pharm and Manaow both shout as he stood up so fast he knocked the table forward enough that it knocked Alex's drink onto his shirt.

"Hey!" Alex cried, jumping to his feet, looking angry. "What the fuck, man? What the hell is your damage?"

Team was shaking with rage as he fought the urge to jump across the table. "Do not talk to her that way," he gritted out, voice low and barely restrained.

"Team," Pharm said, grabbing his elbow. "He's not worth it, don't do something stupid."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "What, you her boyfriend or something?" He sneered. "You're actually really cute. You could definitely do better than a loud mouthed cow--"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Team shouted, stumbling over his seat to try and get past Pharm and Manaow to get around the table to Alex, who just looked too amused for how dead he would be when Team got his hands on him. "Let me go! You heard what he said!" he cried desperately, because Pharm wasn't doing very much, but *damn* Manaow was strong.

"Hey!"

"P'Dean, P'Win, help!" Pharm begged.

Alex showed a flicker of fear, and as two sets of hands gripped his arms, Alex casually grabbed his bag and slipped away, seemingly unnoticed. Team finally let go of the fight when Alex disappeared around the corner and slumped, panting as the adrenaline started to fade.

“There you go, Baby.” He heard Win’s voice finally and turned to look at him. Win relaxed some and he felt Dean let go. “What the hell was that, Team?” he asked, taking his face in his hands. “You okay, Sweetheart?”

Team took a long breath and nodded. “I’m okay, Hia.”

“What happened?” Team turned to look at Dean, who had Pharm held protectively to his side. “Was that asshole bothering Pharm again?” he asked dangerously.

“P’Dean, it’s okay. It wasn’t that bad,” Pharm soothed. “He was being inappropriate again,” he grumbled. “I’m just glad In wasn’t here to yell at him and make an even bigger scene.”

Win rubbed Team’s upper back. “What was so inappropriate that he got you so angry, Team?” he asked gingerly.

Instead, Team just looked past him at Manaow – usually vibrant, loud, crass, shamelessly confident Manaow – and saw how her shoulders were slumped and her jaw clenched where it hung down. He took one look at the way she was very clearly fighting so, so hard to not cry, and he gently stepped away from Win and immediately walked to pull her into a hug, tucking her face into his neck so he could stroke her hair. “I would have killed him,” he said to her, smiling sadly when she managed a little weak laugh.

Behind him he heard Win whistle. “Oh damn, it’s good we got here when we did, Dean.”

“Fucking bastard.” Even Team and Manaow’s heads popped up and they turned when they heard those words out of Pharm’s mouth. He looked as angry as Team had ever seen him. He came over and took Manaow’s other hand Team didn’t have tightly in his own. “Don’t you *ever* believe any of the shit he spewed just now, okay?”

She nodded with a sad smile. “I know.” She sighed heavily. “He’s not totally wrong though. I’m not so boy crazy for no reason. Boys never liked me so it’s like hot boys are like unattainable idols that are fun to squeal over without really expecting attention.”

“Then they’re stupid.” They all turned to see In and Del coming over with their lunches. “I don’t know what happened we obviously missed to make you talk like that, but girl, you are a fierce queen,” In said firmly. “Walking up to hear a gorgeous goddess like you say ‘boys never liked me’ clearly means the hets are broken.”

“Yeah, you’re really pretty, Manaow,” Del agreed with an innocent smile.

In nodded. “So what went down to upset my best girl?” he demanded.

Team sighed, knowing better than to start it all up again. “Don’t worry about it, In. It’s over with now.” He slid his arm around Manaow’s shoulders. “All that matters is that all of you passed the test and I don’t have to fight any of you for not acknowledging that my best friend

is awesome and beautiful,” he said with a loving smile at Manaow, who made a dramatic face.

“Alright, alright, Team complimenting me just feels wrong. Tell me my breath stinks or something,” she joked, shoving him as they all laughed and reclaimed their table.

He could see the warmth in her eyes though when she mouthed, ‘thank you’ at him when they sat down.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hi guys, have another!

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

In waited until they were in the car on the way home before he confronted Pharm. “Okay what *really* happened at lunch?” he asked pointedly. “I’m guessing that asshole P’Alex was rude to Manaow?”

Pharm scoffed. “He was asking inappropriate things about me and Dean and when she very kindly suggested he was being inappropriate and shouldn’t talk like that in public, he got angry.” In raised an eyebrow at the bitter bitch look in Pharm’s eyes. “Asshole,” he muttered. “He had already said some rude things to her, but when Team told him to shut his mouth about her, he asked if Team was her boyfriend and said he was too cute for a ‘loud mouthed cow’-“

In’s jaw dropped. “He did not!”

“Oh he did,” Pharm said and In felt a rush of rage himself. “Team would have beat him senseless. I know it.”

In huffed. “Shouldn’t have stopped him. What a jerk! How dare he say that right to her face? No wonder Team was ready to beat him up.” He crossed his arms. He remembered the defeated slump to her shoulders and growled out loud. “Nobody gets to tell such a confident person such terrible things and get away with it. I should steal whatever guy he’s sleeping with next time his attention is on a boy.”

Pharm giggled. “What about whatever girl he’s after?”

In nearly threw up in his mouth. “Oh honey, not my gay ass.” He shook his head. “I love Manaow, but not that much.” He sighed. “Besides. I think he’s slowly trying to get with Del.”

Pharm scoffed. “I’d like to see him try. P’Dean and P’Don are ridiculously overprotective.” He gave In a glance at the stop sign. “Do you know P’Sin said that he had to talk them out of trying to give her a *curfew* for when their parents are away?”

In gaped. “She’s a grown ass woman! I thought your man said he trusted her to be smart!”

“Apparently it’s ‘too dangerous’ for a pretty girl to be out late, even with friends,” Pharm said, shaking his head. “I told him if he ever tries to tell me I’m not safe going out with my friends without him, he’s not getting a word out of me until he grows up.”

In was impressed. “Go Pharm!” He laughed. “Just tell him about the self-defense classes we took and get him to sign Del up for some.” In hummed. “You know, you should practice,” he pointed out. “In case Alex is worse than just a dick.” He snorted. “Although, he’d have to be stupid, not just a dick, for that.”

“True. P’Dean seems shy but over me? He’d go ballistic,” Pharm said, sighing dreamily.

In glared. “Bitch, please. Your boyfriend is six feet of cotton candy and cuddles. Alex’s ass better watch out for ME if he takes it too far.” He crossed his arms. “If it wasn’t dangerous for you, I almost wish he’d fuck around so I can make sure he finds out. Hell, so I can find out.” He smirked. “Find out if my shoe could actually get stuck up his ass.”

“Oh my God, In,” Pharm said, laughing. “You’re crazy.”

“Yes, I am,” In said proudly, making Pharm snort at him again.

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Pharm was pouting. Dean didn’t like it when Pharm was pouting and it wasn’t cutely. He seemed genuinely upset. He had dinner with Pharm and his siblings at his house and then had gone upstairs to watch TV in his room, and the whole time they were at dinner and chatting Pharm mostly seemed okay, but he clearly was not watching the movie that was on the TV. “Pharm?” He jiggled him a bit where he lay curled up with his head on Dean’s chest as they sat on his bed. “What’s wrong, Good Boy?”

Pharm startled and confirmed he was just as far gone away in thought as Dean thought. “Huh?” He looked up at him. “Oh. Nothing. I’m okay.”

Dean raised an eyebrow. “Now try telling me the truth.”

Pharm looked away and blushed. “P’Alex was really annoying today,” he confessed. He picked at Dean’s button. “I said it was okay because I was more mad about what he did to Manaow, but I keep thinking about it now.”

Dean frowned. “What did he say? I know he was inappropriate towards you, but what was it?”

Pharm hid his face in Dean’s chest and whined. “It’s embarrassing.”

“Good Boy.” Dean tipped his chin up, making those pretty brown eyes meet his. “Whatever he said he should be embarrassed about. Not you.”

Pharm was so pink it would be cute for other reasons. “He- he sat down and started talking about this boy he just broke up with because he wouldn’t sleep with him.” Dean made a face. “He said he was dating a cute boy almost as pretty as me but he wouldn’t ‘spread his legs’ for him.” Dean scowled because that was so vulgar. Pharm actually started to look pretty upset. “Then he- he asked me if I had ‘spread my legs’ for you.”

Dean saw red. “He *what?!* ” Pharm flinched at his tone and he winced, hugging him. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you, Good Boy.” He kissed the top of his head, reining in his

anger. "That bastard," he grumbled.

Pharm nodded. "And he kept pushing for me to answer and say if you were 'good' cause- cause he wanted to know if 'that' was why so many girls wanted you before we got together and they started shipping us instead. And he got so mean to Manaow because she told him to stop." Pharm whimpered. "It just felt so... dirty. And almost violating." Pharm shuddered. "He wanted to know about my sex life and he made it sound filthy and dirty, not 'love' at all. God, does he treat everybody he dates like that? Do you know how bad I'd be scarred emotionally if someone said for me to 'spread my legs' like that's all I was to them? Intouch has been with several boys that way but he's never said any of them treated him that way."

Dean rubbed his side. "I can't picture your brother letting anybody treat him that way. He seems the type that might date around, but would give them a piece of his mind if they ever treated him like a piece of meat."

"I just still feel dirty," Pharm all but whispered. "I know some guys are like that, but to hear one just- just say it to me and ask if I had- had-" He shuddered. "I wanted to cry."

Dean wished he hadn't held Team back. "Pharm," he said in his gentlest tone, not wanting to upset him more. He kissed his head again. "You didn't deserve that. You never deserved that. And it's okay to feel the way you do. It was vulgar and that was none of his business to say to you or ask about."

Pharm took a deep breath and lifted his chin and the look in his precious eyes made Dean's heart hurt. "You wouldn't break up with me because- because I'm not ready for sex yet, would you?"

Dean's heart broke. He closed his eyes and exhaled hard. "God, Sweetheart, no, never." He finally saw where the root of it hit. Pharm trusted him but Alex's terrible language and the implications of it had got into his head. He took Pharm's cheek in his hand stroking his gorgeous cheekbone. "You're my whole heart, Pharm." He shook his head. "I wouldn't want to sleep with you if you were even so much as unsure, okay? Never think that."

Pharm looked at him with warmth finally coming back into his eyes. "I knew it," he said softly, and Dean melted a little to know how much Pharm trusted me. Pharm managed a small smile. "Don't think I really doubted you," he added. "He just upset me and I just- I just started thinking too much."

Dean hummed. "I cannot believe how big of an asshole someone can be to say that to somebody." He smiled at Pharm. "He will regret being such a terrible person when he's a lonely old man because he acted this way when he was younger and ruined a shot at falling in love."

"I kind of hope so," Pharm said bluntly, reminding Dean that he was, in fact, Intouch's twin. "That bastard doesn't deserve to fall in love. Ever."

Dean laughed and tickled Pharm just a little. "There's that sass I know is in you," he teased. He kissed his forehead. "I love your sweet side and your sassy side."

Pharm didn't seem so upset as he shifted to sit beside Dean, though still keeping Dean's arm around him. He picked up Dean's other hand and started playing with his fingers, which Dean always nearly fell to pieces over. "Honestly I don't know why I don't feel ready to sleep with you," he said. Dean went wide-eyed, not expecting that turn of conversation. "You're really hot," Pharm said, ears only a little red. "And I love you and trust you."

"That's okay," Dean said, grinning. "Although thank you for the compliment."

"P'Deeeean," Pharm whined, turning to look at him, head tilted to the side. "I'm serious."

"Sorry," Dean apologized.

Pharm hummed. "I just feel shy. I love you. I trust you. I know it will be great- do not say what you're about to say," he warned, pinching Dean on the forearm when he saw him smirk. "I just get so nervous when we do anything even close to sexual. Like when you hold my thigh when we're making out. I can feel your hand sliding up higher and higher and I start to feel anxious."

Dean hadn't known that. "Pharm, you know you can always push my hand away, right?"

"I know!" Pharm whined. He pouted, but this time it was cute. "I just- I don't *want* to feel nervous. I want to enjoy my boyfriend touching my butt!"

Dean couldn't help but snort and start laughing at that, trying his hardest to keep it in, but failing since he didn't have a free hand to cover his mouth. Pharm narrowed his eyes at him, and Dean just shook his head. "I'm not laughing at you, I promise, Good Boy. That's just probably the closest to 'dirty' thing you've ever said about us together." He pulled one of his hands to his lips and kissed it. "What can I do to help you feel less nervous?" he asked gently. "I'm not bothered by our love life at all, but if you don't want to be nervous, what do you need from me?"

Pharm sighed. "I don't know." He laid his head on Dean's shoulder. "Magically make me super confident?" He rolled his eyes.

Dean had an idea and looked at him. "I promise I'm not trying anything," he said, and then smirked as he grabbed Pharm's little waist and, in one move, rolled them over so that Pharm was beneath him.

"P'DEAN!" he squeaked, grabbing his shirt and hanging on as if he thought Dean would toss him off the bed. "What are you-" Dean kissed him, but very gently. He let Pharm decide if he wanted the kiss, and thankfully Pharm heisted just a moment before kissing back. He pulled away kneeling over Pharm on his hands and knees. Pharm raised an eyebrow.

"I'm going to tell you every thing I like about your beautiful face and body," he said and Pharm blushed but smiled.

"P'Dean," he giggled.

Dean started by kissing his forehead. “I love that you’re just the right height for me to give forehead kisses whenever I want,” he started. He kissed his eyebrow. “You have the prettiest eyebrows.” He kissed his eyelid when he closed his eyes. “Your eyes are the most beautiful eyes I’ve ever seen.” He continued to his lips, his cheek, his chin, his jaw, that pretty little mole between his collar bones, and continue all the way down his body, respectfully above his clothes, to his dainty little ankles.

Never once did Pharm tense up or pull away, so he hoped maybe Pharm was just listening and not feeling nervous at all nor thinking about the terrible things that Alex said to him that day.

Chapter End Notes

2069 (don't worry just a note for me)

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Alex is very close to getting it....

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

The very next day, Intouch just about slapped a bitch. He slid into the table before class where Pharm was sitting with Del and he smirked at him. "Somebody didn't come home last night," he sing-songed.

Pharm blushed but rolled his eyes. "I texted you I wasn't."

"I know, but I can't tease you as well over text." He leaned forward, chin in his hands. "So did you do it?" He wiggled his eyebrows and Del squeaked, blushing. "Did ya? Get your man's lovin'?"

"In!" Pharm snapped, gesturing to Del, who looked away, fidgeting. "Stop saying all that stuff in front of Del. And no!" He sucked his teeth. "I stayed the night at his family home with his parents and siblings in the house, of course we didn't!"

"How you think I did it in high school?" In said bluntly.

Del cleared her throat. "I don't want to think about my brother this way, so can you not?"

"Don't worry, Del." Pharm smirked evilly at In. "I'll kick you out to go stay on someone's couch and do it in your bed instead," he threatened.

In gasped, hand to his chest scandalized. "You are *not* having sex in *my* bed! Even I haven't had a chance to do that since we got to this school yet!"

"Huh so I guess that answers the question I asked you yesterday." In rolled his eyes in disgust at the last voice he wanted to hear.

Alex was standing just behind him, smirking at Pharm. "You are giving ol' Dean some, huh?"

Pharm tensed beside him and looked down at his hands. "P'Alex, I said yesterday. Stop."

Alex leaned *around* In to put his hands on the table and leer at Pharm. "Sweet little Nong Pharm spreading those pretty little legs for his boyfriend before his slutty brother has got to bend over for anybody, huh Pharm?"

In stood up, using his shoulder to shove Alex away as he did so. "Fuck. Off." He didn't raise his voice, but he looked up into that bastard's eyes. "I can tease my brother *tactfully*, but you

are being disgusting,” he snarled. He looked over at Pharm and saw his hands shaking. “Pharm, is *that* the way he said that shit yesterday?” he asked, fearing the truth.

Pharm looked at him and gave him the tiniest nod. Pharm looked ready to cry and In turned back to Alex and physically shoved him further away. Alex whistled. “Ooooh, pretty kitty has claws, huh?”

“Don’t do this,” In warned him, still trying so hard not to catch anybody’s attention. “I’m warning you. This has gone so very much too far. Go be a creep to somebody else. From what I hear, Team almost beat the shit out of you just yesterday. You don’t want to find out what will happen if you don’t leave Pharm alone now and for good.”

He huffed out a laugh. “Alright. Truce,” he said, holding up his hands. “Del, you ready to go?”

In looked at Del, who looked really nervous and uncomfortable as she looked at Pharm and then at In and Alex. “I- um. I guess.”

In put his hands on his hips. “You’re *what*?” he asked, cocking a hip. “Where the fuck is he taking you?”

“P’Alex walks me to class when it’s near his. It’s- it’s all the way across campus so, um. He walks with me,” she said, fidgeting as she grabbed her bag.

In stared at her warningly, but she still stood up. “Del. Do not go with this bastard.”

“I- um. I don’t want to walk alone,” she said quietly, clutching her bag as she almost shuffled to Alex. In looked her in the eyes, trying his hardest to tell her to stop, but she just leaned in to hug him and whispered, “I’ll be fine, In,” and pulled away and put her bag on her shoulder and nodded at Alex.

Alex put his hands in his pockets with one last wink at In. “Bye Intouch. Bye Pharm,” he said, then followed Del, thankfully at least not putting his hand anywhere near her.

When they rounded the corner, In turned back to Pharm, and was enraged to see silent tears dripping down his cheeks. “Oh honey,” he said, rushing to his side. He sat down and hugged him tight.

“Why doesn’t he leave me alone?” Pharm whimpered. He turned and hugged In tight. “The reason I stayed with P’Dean is because we talked about how vulgar he was to me yesterday and how it felt violating. Just what he said, he asked me that! He asked me to my face if I had ‘spread my legs’ for Dean yet. After talking about dumping some guy for not doing it for him. I knew Dean wouldn’t, I trust him, I *know* he isn’t like that! But it made me think about ‘what if’ and I felt so upset I was distracted and P’Dean just talked to me and comforted me and reassured me what I already knew, but I still just feel dirty when that bastard says stuff to me and looks at me like that and I-“ Pharm let out a weak sob and In rubbed his back, rocking him. “You wanna know why I slept over?”

In felt terrible for teasing him about it. “Pharm, I may be your twin, but that is your business, sweetie. You don’t *have* to tell me everything. Especially not about P’Dean.”

Pharm sat back and looked at him, eyes closing when In pulled his sleeve down and started drying his tears. “He’s such a good man, In,” he said, voice sounding warm, not upset now. Pharm looked him in the eyes. “He kissed me all over.”

In cracked a smile. “Hold on, buddy, I don’t need those details!”

Pharm laughed wetly and shoved him. “Not like that, pervert.” He shook his head. “Clothes on, not at all sexual. He literally took the time to kiss me from head to toe and tell me how beautiful I am to him and how much he loves every part of me and he did it because I told him the reason I don’t want to have sex yet even though I do want to is because I feel nervous. He asked me what he could do to help me and when I joked that maybe if I was confident it would be easier, and that’s what he did.” In could see the love in his brother’s eyes and he felt so happy for him. “I have that wonderful, perfect man in love with me.” His eyes fell. “But I still have that disgusting bastard bothering me and somehow last night when we did that, I almost forgot how violating it feels when Alex bothers me.”

In grabbed his hand. “We have to do something.” He looked the way he went with Del. “I trust Del is smart enough to stay in public and not go even around a corner where he could hurt her, but how did she still walk with him after that?”

“She probably is worried about walking alone.” Pharm rolled his eyes. “That’s the first time she’s seen how truly disgusting he can get.” He sighed. “I don’t think he would hurt her. But I don’t want him near anybody I care about. I want him to just go away.”

In had an idea and hugged Pharm again. “Don’t worry. I’ll try to figure something out.”

~

Dean was in the library studying with Win and Pruk when someone joined there table and he was surprised to see In. “Intouch? Why are you here?”

In looked serious. “You have to talk to that bastard.”

Dean’s heart sank. “Goddamn it,” he hissed, rubbing at his eyes. “God, not again. I just helped Pharm get past that bullshit.”

Win huffed. “Not Alex again.” He shook his head, writing something else down. “Team’s gonna kill him. And I’m gonna dig him up and kill him again for getting Team expelled.”

Pruk looked up, pushing his glasses up his nose. “Alex? I’ve missed something.”

In looked at him. “Yeah, he’s a piece of shit.”

“I sorta knew that, most guys do,” Pruk offered.

In shook his head. “He almost made Manaow cry.” He saw Pruk tense. “He called her a boy crazy indecent loud mouthed cow to her face-“

“He what?!” They all shushed Pruk who ducked his head after his outburst. “He did *what*?” he hissed. “Why?! Why the hell would he do that? She’s like the best girl I’ve ever met.”

In cooed. “That’s sweet honey.” He looked at Dean. “Pharm told me he told you what exact words he used on him,” he said, and Dean nodded, fearing the worst. “I’ll be blunt and I’m sorry for saying this in front of your friends, but I was teasing Pharm for sleeping over with you last night.” Dean could *feel* Win’s eyes on him. “And Alex came up to pick up Del to walk her to class-“

“She’s still walking to class with him?” Win interrupted. “After what he did to Manaow?”

“She wasn’t there,” In explained. “But she was this morning when Alex used disgusting language about Pharm and me, and when they left-“

Dean tensed. “She went with him?! Fuck!” He scrambled for his phone, but In touched his hand.

“I already checked, she got to class okay. But after this morning I doubt she’ll ask him to accompany her again.” He shook his head and Dean still felt the urge to call his sister himself to be sure. “P’Dean,” he said gently. “Pharm told me what you did for him. That was beautiful.” Dean blushed. “But Alex made him cry. He made him cry right there in front of me. Because you are amazing and made him feel better, but Alex made those terrible feelings come back.” In shook his head. “This cannot go on. Either you talk to him, or I will kill him.”

Dean stilled when he saw In’s eyes. He didn’t seem to be being hyperbolic. “Wait, what?” he asked. “In, no, don’t do something stupid-“

“Okay maybe not kill him,” In said and Dean relaxed just a little bit. “But if Pharm hasn’t ever mentioned it, we’re both trained fighters.”

“No,” Dean said, shock filling him. “No I did not know that. What the hell? My Pharm? My sweet little gentle boyfriend?”

Win whistled. “Damn. No wonder you’re sorta strong,” he said. He looked at Dean. “He’s right, Dean. If he won’t give up, something has to be done.”

Dean sighed, hanging his head. “But what?” he said, gesturing with his hands. “We can’t risk getting in trouble to beat him up. Come on, we’re adults.”

“This can’t go on, though,” Pruk said, looking horrified. “That’s some pretty bad stuff from the sounds of it.”

Dean hated what he was about to say, because though he said he was an adult, if it came down to it, he wasn’t sure he could keep his calm. “I’ll go talk to him.”

“I’m sorry to eaves drop, but you aren’t very quiet.” They all looked to see Korn standing at the end of the row of books next to them, arms crossed as he leaned against the bookshelf. “I think I have a way you could get him.”

“Anything you can do to help is good enough for me, P’Korn,” Intouch said.

Korn raised an eyebrow. "You didn't even hit on me. You really are desperate." He gave Dean a smile. "Let's talk somewhere less public though."

Dean nodded. "Absolutely."

~

Dean left and In stayed behind, turning to face Korn with his arms crossed across his chest. "P'Korn, thank you," he said sincerely.

Korn looked up from his phone, surprised. "You don't have to thank me for not wanting that bastard to keep harassing people, In."

"You're not our friend so you don't have to care," In said. He fidgeted. "And I know I hit on you all the time and it might be annoying," he said, knowing it was true. He did think Korn was hot, but he realized that sometimes playing around could piss people off so he limited it. "So I'm not hitting on you when I say this," he said, looking at his toes. "If you ever need the favor returned, I owe you a big one."

"How about dinner this weekend?"

In nodded, "Yeah, sure-" His head popped up, eyes wide. "Wait, what?!"

Korn smirked. "You're cute," he teased. "I like it when you hit on me."

"R-really?" In stuttered, absolutely shocked. He had never expected that.

Korn shrugged. "It's always funny how ridiculous your flirtation attempts are. Seems you might be a fun guy to hang out with sometime." He cleared his throat, and actually looked nervous. "And, you know. You're pretty," he said in a less teasing tone and more sort of shy.

In blinked a few times before beaming. "Really? Awww, you're sweet!" He bounced some. "I always knew you would be." He nodded. "Sure. Um. If we can deal with all this P'Dickhead stuff and my brother is alright, I'm free this weekend." He dug his phone out of his bag. "Can I have your number?"

"Yeah, here." He and Korn swapped phones and In was still unable to believe this was happening as he entered his number.

When they swapped phones back, In smiled up at him. "I need to go but thank you, P'Korn. For the help and, uh, the date."

Korn gave him a more sincere smile. "You're a good brother, Intouch. You'll get the bastard, I'm sure."

In nodded. "Thank you, P'Korn. I'll talk to you later?"

"Sure will."

In left first and had to fight to not skip away. After all, he and Dean still had an asshole to catch before he could skip for joy at getting a date.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 4

Pharm wasn't trying to run In off when he invited Dean over, but In heard Dean was coming over after Del told him what happened with Alex, and In offered to go stay the night with Manaow. Pharm kind of would have liked to have them both there, but it was sweet of In to give him privacy. That's why, after dinner and washing up, rather than the couch, Pharm wordlessly tugged Dean onto his bed. Dean lay down facing him and held him close.

"How are you doing?" Dean asked, rubbing his side comfortingly. "Del said she's not going to walk with him anymore after that, it was so bad."

Pharm shuddered. "It was nothing worse than before. I just was so happy and feeling so good so it upset me."

Dean kissed his nose. "I'm so sorry, Pharm. But I'm going to go talk to him tomorrow."

Pharm's heart dropped. "P'Dean please don't. Don't get in trouble," he urged. He gripped at his sleeve. "I don't want you to get in a fight."

Dean shushed him. "I won't. I'm just going to talk to him about it. Somebody has to and since it was my boyfriend and my sister involved, it may as well be me."

Pharm was still worried. He looked into Dean's eyes searchingly. "What are you going to say to him? Do you think it will work?"

Dean hummed. "I don't know about if it will work, but I'm going to tell him to leave you guys alone. I can't threaten him with beating his ass, but I'm still bigger, stronger, and more intimidating. I might can at least make him think about what would happen if I did snap." It was embarrassing how that made Pharm blush. "Good Boy?" Dean asked.

Pharm looked down at Dean's chest, at the buttons on his shirt that sometimes barely seemed to hang on. "You are really big and strong," he whispered, sliding his hand to those buttons. "You look so handsome when I see you walking up. You're so tall I can see you over everybody else and your shoulders are so wide. I see why people find you intimidating, but I just think about how when you hug me, I can put my head under your chin and lay my cheek on your chest."

Dean smiled and raised an eyebrow. "You like my chest, huh?"

Pharm giggled, but nodded. He was shy but he was less so when Dean was going so far to protect him. It made him trust this man more than ever. "When you're swimming I can't look anywhere but at you."

"It's not because that's where my heart is?" Dean asked, and Pharm melted, looking up at his eyes.

“P’Deeeean, why are you so sweet?” He leaned forward and lay his head on said chest and tucked his head under Dean’s chin. He hugged him close and Dean held him tight to his chest. “I love you,” he murmured, shutting his eyes to soak up the warmth. “Just be careful with P’Alex, okay? I really don’t want you to fight.”

“I won’t,” Dean promised, his voice vibrating under Pharm’s ear. “If he tries to provoke me, I’ll think about this.” Dean kissed his head. “My Good Boy and how perfect he fits in my big, strong arms.”

Pharm snickered. “Sweet-talker.” He pictured Alex’s face and actually snorted. “Remember when the worst he did was try to show me what I missed out on?” Dean hummed, thumb stroking his spine. “That man really thinks he is better looking than you. Idiot.”

“He is pretty handsome though. People have different tastes,” Dean pointed out.

Pharm closed his eyes and slid one leg over Dean’s hip so he could get as close as possible, not a centimeter between them. “Even if you were less handsome,” Pharm murmured, sliding a hand up into the back of Dean’s hair. “I dare anybody to find someone they can fall in love with as fast as I did with you and just know you are perfect.”

Dean sighed. “Nobody is perfect, Pharm. Although you have to come close.”

Pharm giggled. “See what I mean?”

After a long moment of just clinging together, Dean breathed as if he was about to speak and then stopped. Pharm moved the hand in his hair. “What is it?”

“I was thinking of imperfections about you,” he said, and Pharm’s stomach chенched worriedly.

“Oh?”

“I found your biggest one,” Dean said. He urged Pharm back some and Pharm looked into his eyes. Dean’s thumb stroked the ridge of his hip comfortingly. “You try too hard to keep your worries and stress inside. You love so much that it makes you stay quiet. You hurt in secret to try and make sure nobody else feels worried.” Dean’s eyes were serious as ever. “You hurt yourself to protect everybody else, Pharm. That’s your biggest flaw. You won’t even tell In the whole truth about how badly you’re hurting and you should be able to trust him more than anybody else.” Dean licked his lips and gave a shaky exhale. “I wish you had told me about Alex sooner. And I wish you had told Intouch the whole truth so that when he was the one to tell me, he could tell me how bad it was.”

Pharm felt guilty. His chest hurt and his eyes burned. But Dean was right. “I know,” he said, throat tight. “But I don’t want anybody else to hurt for me. I don’t want to make people stress out or worry. I like to see those around me happy. Can’t you understand why I would rather hurt than make someone else unhappy?” he whispered.

Dean nodded. “I know, Good Boy. I understand. I’m not the most forthcoming person myself. But you go to extremes, Pharm. It’s not just this Alex business. I’ve seen you pouting when

someone picked something you didn't want to do or I've seen you look at something you wanted but you let someone else have it. And those are good things sometimes. But for you it's every time." He winced. "I'm a perfect example. I'm selfish and controlling and you let me plan all our first few dates when we were getting to know one another. You ate food I now know you didn't like because I took you to that restaurant." Pharm bit his lip because that was true. "I'm glad I've learned you now so I can see it. But that's also why Alex scares me. You stand up to him because you are brave and sassy and he's being cruel." Dean swallowed. "But if you had met him before me and ended up with him, God, he could have treated you like shit and I'm not sure I can trust you wouldn't put up with the little things."

"I probably would, but not the crap I know he's like now," Pharm defended. "Yes, what you said about us is true. But those were little things." Pharm slid his hand around to cup Dean's jaw. "If you ever touched me when I didn't want to be touched, even innocently, I would shove you off of me," he said firmly and wasn't surprised to see Dean smile at that. "Even if I didn't want to hold hands and you kept grabbing my hand, I would slap your hand so hard it turned red. I'm not weak, P'Dean."

"I know. I love that about you," he reassured. "I just know you enough to know that you would let yourself not be happy if it meant making your boyfriend happy. I watch you close so I know when you're unhappy now. I know you now. But when we first started dating, you did let me make you unhappy."

Pharm scrunched his nose. "I will admit, eating squid really did make me unhappy," he admitted and Dean grinned. "I just... I was nervous. Again, with the nervous."

"I never want to make you nervous," Dean said, and Pharm nodded.

"I know. That's why I know you're as close to perfect as I'll ever find." He leaned in to press his lips to Dean's. "So please, please don't make me show you just how hurt I can be by getting in a fight. Even if he can't hurt you, if you got expelled and had to change universities, I could lose you."

Dean shook his head. "You won't. And definitely not over someone not worth it."

Pharm saw it in his eyes that he could trust him. He knew he was risking it by going to see Alex, but he trusted Dean. "Kiss me?" he asked, and Dean smiled softly and happily complied.

~

When In came home, he let himself into the room, only to notice there was still a very large pair of shoes on the floor at the wall. He raised an eyebrow as he took his off then walked around the corner only to raise an eyebrow when he saw Pharm and Dean still in bed. He could see Pharm was wearing clothes, but Dean was definitely shirtless. He snickered and took out his phone to snap a blackmail photo, only for Dean to whisper, "Don't think about it."

In startled, but smirked when he lowered his phone and saw Dean lift his head, glaring. "Should I go back out?" he whispered, and Dean put a finger over his lips. He cooed

teasingly as Dean very carefully shifted Pharm's head off his shoulder and pulled his arm from under his head. He sat up and Pharm mumbled in his sleep, but otherwise just rolled onto his back and stopped moving. In smirked at Dean as he grabbed his teeshirt off the arm of the couch and pulled it on, then nodded for In to step back out of the room.

In went and Dean followed, padding after him, but as soon as the door shut, In put his hands on his hips. "Well, well, Mr. Swimmer Man," he teased, and Dean rolled his eyes. "Slept over and shirtless at that."

"In, shut up," he said, stretching and yawning. "It's none of your business, but what is your business, is are you ready for today?"

In sobered and nodded. "Yeah. All set. Alex is going down."

Dean sighed but nodded. "Good. I'm so over his bullshit." He opened the door again and In followed.

This time In did take out his phone and pull up the camera. He opened it to video and smirked as he watched Dean walk back over to Pharm, who was stirring. "P'Dean?" Pharm muttered sleepily. "Were you talking to somebody?"

Dean leaned over to kiss his forehead. "Just In, Good Boy."

"Oh, that's- INTOUCH!" In cackled when Pharm sat straight upright, hair standing up, eyes wide. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT PHONE?!"

In hurried to press stop and send to their friends group chat as he ran to his bed to get on the other side of it and have an obstacle. "Sending, sending, and--"

"IN!" In laughed out a shout as he was caught by his brother just after it sent and dragged down onto his bed by an arm around his neck. "Delete it right now!"

"Sent!" In said, holding it up to show Pharm.

Dean sighed. "In, I told you not to."

"Yeah but you're not my boyfriend, are you, P'Dean?" In said with a shrug, only to yelp as Pharm grabbed his pillow and started beating him with it. "Ow!"

"You bitch, I am going to kill you!"

"Good Boy, no murdering your brother while I'm in the shower," Dean said in exasperation, and In just held his arms over his face under his brother's pillow assault and curses.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

YEsssssss satisfaction time

“Alex.”

In stood at the door, watching Dean walk up to Alex in the drama room. Alex turned around and raised an eyebrow. “Well, well, well. Dean. What are you doing here?”

Dean cleared his throat. “Can I speak to you outside?”

“Oh?” Alex raised an eyebrow, but Dean nodded to the teacher in the corner. “Ah. Alright then.”

In took off running for the corner where Korn was waiting with his phone out. “They’re coming,” he whispered, and Korn stepped out and went to sit on the bench, leaning against the pole so he could hold his phone up and look like he was reading. They decided since Alex didn’t ever see Korn with Pharm this could just work. In hid around the corner and kept an eye on Korn’s phone screen where he could see what he was hearing as well.

“So what’s this visit for, Dean?” Alex asked.

Dean glared at him. “I’ll get straight to the point. You’ve been harassing my boyfriend. I want you to stop. I also want you to stay away from my sister if that’s the kind of man you are.”

In felt a wave of disgust at Alex’s smug face as he crossed his arms and said, “Oh? Are you afraid of some competition? Are you here to threaten me?”

Dean sucked in a breath. “He told me the things you have said to him. His brother confirmed it.”

“His brother is a jealous little slut,” Alex said and In gaped. “Intouch just wishes he was as pretty as Pharm.”

That one hurt. In put a hand over his mouth to stop a gasp. He saw Korn glance his way and was glad to see anger in his eyes, too.

“Intouch is not jealous of shit. He may not be the twin I love, but he’s a beautiful boy. You’re just a piece of shit,” Dean defended. “And you have been harassing the one I do love all term. You can’t stand he won’t date you-“

“Oh give it a rest,” Alex interrupted. “I’ve already worked out that little bitch wouldn’t let me fuck him if I did steal him from you. It’s just fun to watch him squirm because he rejected me and that pisses me off.”

Dean snorted. “So you admit to harassing him to my face?” he asked incredulously. “Alex, you are a piece of shit. You made him *cry*,” he stressed. “Do you know what I could do to you if I wasn’t worried about being expelled?”

Alex grinned almost evilly. “But you won’t will you?” Alex stepped into his space, getting almost chest to chest. “You have your perfect grades to worry about, huh? Hell, I don’t even know why you’re still dating him when he could interfere with your studies and won’t even spread his legs for you-“

“Will you *stop* saying that in such a vulgar way?!” Dean hissed, hands clenching at his sides. “He told me you said that to him. Do you know how disgusting that is?! Pharm’s sex life is nobody’s business, but even if he was going around bragging about making love to me, you really upset him by being so vulgar and disgusting! And you spoke like that in front of my *sister*, too?” He shook his head and In was really worried he might hit him, he was so red in the face. “Don’t ever speak that way to another person. You won’t stop bothering Pharm and it scares him. Do you know that? He’s afraid of you. You say things that make him feel dirty and unsafe-“

“Oh come on, he’s eighteen, he shouldn’t be all naïve about fucking,” Alex argued. “Just because he can’t handle a little teasing-“

“That’s not a little teasing!” Dean snapped. “He asked you so many times to stop. And you insulted his friend too. You called Manaow names and almost made her cry. That upset him too, you know? Pharm doesn’t deserve you refusing to just FUCK. OFF,” he snarled.

“Or what?” Alex asked. “What are you going to do? Let that pretty swimmer finally beat my ass? Hell, I wouldn’t mind him trying to fight me. Maybe I could get a nice feel of those sexy thighs if he did-“

“Fuck you’re sick,” Dean said in shock, stepping back. “That’s not just harassment, that’s sexual assault!”

Alex shrugged. “And? Sometimes ‘no’ might turn to ‘yes’ if you show them what they could get-“

“Okay fuck you,” Dean said, holding his hands up. “This conversation is over. You’re beyond talking to, you sick bastard.” He shook his head. “If I ever find out you touched my boyfriend or my sister, I’m willing to be expelled,” he warned him.

Alex grinned. “You mean like the time I spilled water on Pharm’s lap so I could ‘help him wipe it up’ off his pretty little legs and feel of them all the way up to his-“

In saw red. Pharm never told him that. Pharm never mentioned that. In blew his hiding place and stormed around the corner. “You motherfucker!” he snarled, storming forward with a

purpose, only to have Dean rush to catch him before he could get there. “YOU GROPED HIM?!” In struggled against Dean’s hold. “YOU BASTARD! DEAN LET ME GO!”

“Intouch, Intouch it’s not worth it. Stop!” Dean said, though In could see the rage in his eyes too. He admired his restraint because In had none at all. “Calm down. It’s okay-“

“NO IT’S FUCKING NOT! NO WONDER HE CRIES!” In shouted at Alex, who just smirked a disgustingly smug smirk that In wanted to knock off his face. “YOU PIECE OF SHIT! YOU TOUCHED MY TWIN?!”

“Buh-Bye, Intouch,” Alex goaded and went back to the classroom, knowing In couldn’t attack him in front of a professor.

“COME BACK-“

“Intouch it’s over,” Dean said, holding him tightly. “Calm down. Breathe. Let it go.”

In burst into tears, sagging. “Oh God. He touched Pharm. Pharm didn’t even say it. That bastard hurt my brother-“

“I know. Trust me I know. But it’s over now,” Dean murmured.

“Yes it is.” They both looked at Korn, who came over, holding up his phone with a disgusted look on his face. “We got more than enough. He’ll never hurt anybody ever again.”

In sniffled and wiped his face. “I have to go find Pharm. I need him,” he whimpered.

“I told him to stay home today,” Dean said, patting his shoulder. “Go home. Tell him what we did and that Korn and I are going to make sure Alex is taken care of and I’ll call him as soon as I can.”

~

Pharm looked up from his homework when the door opened and In made a lot of noise coming in. When In stumbled out of his shoes in his haste to get inside and was *crying*, Pharm’s pulse raced. “In?!” He shoved his books aside and started to get up, only for In to dive onto his bed with him and crawl up it to pull him into a hug. He wrapped him up in his arms in instant ‘brother mode’. “What’s wrong? Intouch?”

In pulled back and shook his head, sniffing. “Why didn’t you tell me Alex had touched you?” he whimpered.

Pharm’s heart sank and he shuddered at the memory of Alex ‘drying’ his lap off. “I- I wasn’t sure he was groping me, honestly,” he confessed. “Then after he got worse with his harassment, I didn’t want to stir up trouble. I knew Dean can stay calm through most things, but if I told him Alex had touched my leg and slid his hand up to my crotch while ‘drying my pants’, he could have gotten in trouble. And I know you would, too.”

In whimpered. “That bastard,” he spat out. “How dare he? His words are disgusting enough but how *dare* he touch you?”

Pharm wiped at In's tears. "In, what happened?" he asked gently.

In snorted and sat back, legs crossed. "Well, we got the bastard, that's for sure." He shuddered. "He said so many terrible things. We didn't tell you our plan, because we didn't want to upset you," he said and Pharm pouted slightly, because what the fuck? "P'Korn isn't seen around us or P'Dean other than swimming club, so he sat and made it look like he was just on a bench looking at his phone and when Dean got Alex to come outside of the drama club room to talk to him about leaving you alone, the plan was to get him to confess to the vile things he said to you on camera so we can take it to the administration."

Pharm let out a sigh of relief. "Holy shit, and that worked?" In nodded. Pharm smiled tentatively. "So... he's going to get in trouble for it?"

"He'll probably get expelled when he confessed to spilling water on you just so he could feel you up," In said bitterly. "I'm glad Dean held me back honestly."

Pharm gasped. "Intouch! What did you do?!"

In snorted. "I was watching Korn's phone screen from around the corner so I could see what I heard them saying, and when he goaded Dean about having fucking molested you, I snapped and ran out of hiding. I was going to beat the shit out of him," he confessed and Pharm wasn't surprised, honestly. He would have done the same if it was the other way around. "Dean caught me and stopped me. If I had attacked him, it would have been on the video we're taking to the administration and I would be in trouble, too."

Pharm sighed. "In. You are worse than me about no restraint," he said bluntly. "They were already getting him to tell on himself."

"I know now that I'm calm," In grumbled. "But I just... you're my brother and he fucking sexually assaulted you! Can you blame me?"

Pharm tried not to snicker but he couldn't help it. "No. I would do the same thing," he admitted, and In laughed with him and then pulled him into another hug. Pharm squeezed him tight, laying his cheek on In's shoulder. "I'm glad you didn't fight him. I could not do university without you."

"Shit, he's lucky I didn't fight him. His stupid handsome face would never attract another person to get disappointed by him ever again." Pharm snickered and pulled back, shoving In playfully.

"You're terrible," he said, and then flopped back onto the bed, tugging In with him so they could cuddle. "Thank you," he said softly, laying his cheek on In's shoulder. "You always take care of me."

"And I always will," In promised, hugging him close.

~

It was the next day that, bright and early, while they were dressing for school, that Pharm got a call to come to the administration's office as soon as he arrived on campus. Pharm agreed and hung up, sharing a look with In, who smiled nervously.

This was it.

~

In guided Pharm into the office, holding his hand after the secretary informed them all the other students involved were already there which meant Alex was one of them. Sure enough, when they got there, Alex and Dean were in chairs in front of the Dean's desk while Korn stood off to the side. "Pharm," the Dean greeted. "Take a seat."

In looked at the chair between Alex and Dean and hummed and tugged Pharm to stand behind Dean. "I think he will stand," In said with a pointed look, standing between Pharm and Alex's gaze.

"Intouch," he greeted with a stern look. "There was a reason you weren't summoned. Can I be sure there will be no outbursts of violence in my office?"

In stilled. "No. No violence from me," he promised, realizing he might still be in hot water for attempting to attack Alex.

The Dean nodded. "Gentlemen. I'm sure you all know why you are here," he said, looking at Pharm specifically.

Pharm nodded. "P'Dean told me he was going to speak to P'Alex and In told me what happened when he did," he said quietly, keeping his eyes fixed away from Alex entirely.

The Dean held up a phone. "Nong Korn filmed an incident yesterday that was brought to our attention regarding allegations that Alex did something to you. Dean suggests that he confronted him about those allegations."

Pharm nodded. "I know. P'Dean told me he was going to talk to Alex about leaving me alone."

The Dean nodded. He looked at the phone. "These are some serious allegations, Pharm. I need to know why, if they happened, he wasn't reported."

In bristled. "Because he was scared, obviously! If you saw the video you heard what he's done! It would just be Alex's word against his if he said anything, you know that--"

"Intouch, you said no outbursts," the Dean warned and In frowned.

"I said no violence," he countered, but one stern look from the Dean made him apologize and shut his mouth.

"Pharm," the Dean said. "You weren't in the video I saw. Can you tell me in your own words what Alex has supposedly done to you?"

“Oh come on,” Alex interrupted. “He’s obviously making it up. Yes I said some crap on that video but I don’t like Dean so I was trying to goad him into hitting me so he would get expelled-“

“Don’t lie,” Pharm said coldly. In was surprised to see Pharm looking right at Alex. His hand was shaking in In’s but his eyes were strong. “You have been harassing me all term. You wouldn’t stop hitting on me when I told you no and it only got worse when I got a boyfriend. You started saying filthy things about what you do with other boys and telling me what I’m missing out on.” Pharm’s lip trembled. “You bully my best friend probably because she is my best friend, don’t you? It’s not about her, it’s about me. Shame on you,” he spat even as In saw tears brimming and ready to fall in his eyes. “And you- you talk about vulgar things to my face even though I tell you repeatedly I’m uncomfortable. You asked me if I had ‘spread my legs’ for my boyfriend, you disgusting bastard!”

“Language, Pharm,” the Dean warned, though he also looked like he didn’t disagree. He sighed. “What was the incident with the water?” he asked Pharm.

Pharm sniffled and In hugged him from the side as those tears slipped free. He looked at the Dean now. “I wasn’t sure at the time it wasn’t an accident, but if he confessed it, I know it’s true that he spilled water on my lap so he could feel me up. He said he was sorry and was trying to dry my pants, but he slid his hand up my thigh and touched me between my legs before I could stop him.” He sniffled. “I wanted to think it was an accident, but now I’m sure it wasn’t.”

In noticed Dean had stayed silent so far, but the way the arms of his chair creaked as he clenched his fists around them showed he was probably biting his tongue to keep from screaming obscenities at Alex right there in front of the Dean.

The Dean hung his head. “That’s what the video shows him saying just before Dean stopped your brother from attacking him,” he confirmed.

“I really was trying to dry his pants!” Alex defended. “I was embarrassed I spilled water and was trying to clean it up, I-“

“Shut up.” They all looked at Korn, standing arms crossed leaned against the windowsill. Korn shook his head. “He’s not the first. I can’t prove it, but every decent guy I know has heard talk about you. Sweet talking innocent boys and girls into falling for your charms and pressuring them to sleep with you or you’ll break up with them. You’re a piece of scum and everybody knows it. It’s why you go for first years and transfer students. Every guy on the swim team knows what you’re like. After what you did to Manaow you’re lucky a lot of us are on scholarships and know Dean would kick us off the team for fighting, because Manaow and Pharm and In are considered part of our group, even if we’re not all close to them. You’re lucky I took this to the Dean about you *molesting* Pharm.”

Alex scoffed. “Oh you mean the set-up you pulled on me, Korn? Acting like you’re not their friend so I didn’t think shit about you sitting there with your phone out-“

“A set-up doesn’t mean you didn’t confess of your own free will,” Korn argued. “Yes, we did plan for me to film you and Dean talking and for Dean to try and get you to say it out loud,

but you did it.” He shrugged. “You confessed to months of harassing Pharm. Out of your mouth and to the world to hear.”

Alex fell silent after that and In looked back at the Dean. The Dean examined Korn’s phone again and then nodded. “I will download this footage and take it to the board,” he said, looking at Alex. “I suggest you start looking at other universities to apply to.”

“But sir-“

“No.” The Dean shook his head. “We are not an institution that tolerates sexual harassment or sexual assault from any student. Your actions *will not* be associated with this university’s reputation being tarnished. Moreover, on a personal level, I wish it would lead to anything happening if Nong Pharm took this footage to the police.” Even In gasped at that, not just Alex. That was really further than he expected anybody to go. “Men like you don’t deserve to have the opportunity to ever be near innocent people ever again. I truly hope you have learned your lesson and you never treat another human being as terribly as the things you said you did in this video,” he said, brandishing the phone at Alex. He looked at In. “Intouch, I’m letting you go with a warning,” he said simply. “Violence will not be tolerated either. I understand Pharm is your twin, but you cannot solve his problems with violence. Fights often lead to academic probation on this campus and you are not in any state to handle that with your grades.”

In blushed. “Sir, did you really have to say that to all my friends?” he asked, then slapped a hand over his mouth. “Sorry! I mean thank you!”

The Dean was clearly trying to keep a straight face as he said, “You are all dismissed apart from Alex. Alex, you will be accompanying me to meet with the board.” He glanced at Korn. “If you would be so kind as to remain behind and help me download this footage so I can return your phone.”

“Yes, Sir,” Korn said with a look of grim satisfaction.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

And here we go! The end of this saga! Thank you guys for all the lovely comments and I hope you enjoyed coming along for the ride of my 'I Hate Alex' fic!

In watched with a hand over his mouth as Dean *cried*. He had never seen Dean cry. When they were far enough away from the administration office, Dean stopped walking and let his head drop and his shoulders started shaking.

Pharm looked back when his hand yanked at Dean stopping behind. "P'Dean?!" Pharm gasped and rushed to grab his upper arms, looking up into his face. "Hey? Hey, what's wrong?" he asked in a scared voice. "Please say something."

"I didn't even know my own boyfriend had suffered so much," Dean rasped out when he finally spoke. In realized with a sinking heart that Dean had probably been holding this guilt in the whole time they had been dealing with Alex. "I just- I thought he flirted with you some. I didn't know until In told me how bad and even then I- I didn't want to do anything. I thought you could handle it. I didn't- I didn't know *how bad*, Pharm." He let out an actual sob and In's eyes began to burn too. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

He was begging. In felt like he shouldn't be watching, but his feet were rooted to the spot. Dean was begging Pharm to forgive him. It was so painful to watch.

Pharm gasped. "Oh Baby," he said, and In had never heard Pharm use endearments for Dean. Pharm shoved his way into Dean's arms, pulling Dean's head down to his shoulder, no matter how much he had to hunch over to get there. Pharm fisted a hand in his shirt and put the other in his hair, cupping the back of his head close. "Shhhhh. I'm okay, P'Dean. I'm okay. It's over now, right? And I'm fine. You didn't know because I didn't tell you, remember? We talked about this--"

"But you shouldn't have to tell me! I should know what's hurting my boyfriend!" Dean cried, arms tightening around Pharm. "Is that the real reason you don't want to have sex? Because that bastard touched you and it reminds you of being fucking molested?"

In snapped out of it. "Okay, guys, I think this is a conversation for somewhere private," he said, going over to them. He patted Dean on the back and put his hand on Pharm's shoulder, making eye-contact with him. "Are you okay to take him somewhere private?" he asked, and Pharm nodded, smiling tearfully.

"I'm okay, In. I just need to make him okay." He turned and kissed the side of Dean's head. "Come on, P'Dean. Let's go home, okay?"

Dean stood up and nodded. Pharm wiped his tears and Dean caught his hand to kiss it. “Yeah, Good Boy, let’s get out of here.”

~

In sat down at lunch and sighed, checking his phone. Pharm still hadn’t texted him other than to tell him they arrived at Dean’s house and he was going to take care of him. “Hey, where’s Dean?” He looked up as Win sat down beside Team. “He didn’t come to class.”

Team and Manaow exchanged looks. “Pharm didn’t either. Is something wrong?”

Del joined them. “P’Dean just texted me and P’Don that he was going home early so to not wait for him when we leave school,” she said, frowning some.

In smirked coldly. “Oh something’s far from wrong.”

To all their surprise, Korn sat down beside In and smirked at him. “We got him. He’s been expelled,” he informed him, and In threw his arms up.

“YES! Ding Dong the Witch is Dead!” he cheered, dancing in his seat.

“Shit, what did you do to get him expelled?” Win asked. “I know Korn said he had a plan but I didn’t think what he did was enough to-“

“What he confessed to didn’t sound like ‘enough’ to you?” Korn asked incredulously. “Fucking really?”

In touched his arm and shook his head. “They don’t all know everything and it’s not ours to tell,” he said softly and Korn settled.

“Oh. Okay.” He cleared his throat. “Anyway, Dean got Alex to confess to everything disgusting he’s done and since Alex doesn’t see me with In or Pharm, he didn’t think anything of me sitting nearby ‘reading’ on my phone. I was filming it. We took it to the Dean. Alex is gone.”

The whole table deflated some, which didn’t shock In at all. “Thank God,” Team said. “That bastard deserved it.”

“That still doesn’t explain where Dean and Pharm are,” Win said.

In cooed. “Oh it was so romantic!” He kicked his feet some. “After we left the Dean’s office, we just got down the hall and P’Dean started *crying*! He said he felt so guilty that he hadn’t realized what his own boyfriend had gone through until very recently and was begging Pharm for forgiveness and Pharm just held that massive man in his arms and let him lay his head on his shoulder and called him ‘Baby’ and promised he didn’t blame him.” He wiggled and squealed. “You had to be there. I almost cried it was so cute! I mean it was very sad, I never thought I would see P’Dean cry, but man, he *really* loves Pharm,” he gushed.

“Awwww,” Manaow cooed. “That’s so adorable. Man, I want a boyfriend who loves me that much,” she said with a pout.

Del looked shocked. "I have never seen my brother cry. Not even when the grandmother who raised him apart from us died." She looked down, her mouth still hanging open. "Whoa, he really does love Pharm, huh?"

Win shrugged. "I mean of fucking course he cried in that situation. If I found out some bastard was saying all that horrific shit to Team and I didn't know to protect him? Hell yeah I'd cry. I'd feel like the worst piece of shit in the world."

Team blushed. "Hiaaaa," he whined, and Win just blew him a kiss to make him blush worse. He turned back to In. "So where did they go? Was P'Dean really that upset?"

In shrugged. "They went to Dean's house for Pharm to take care of him, so probably. It was a rough morning. Pharm cried too when he was telling Alex to his face to stop lying about how bad the harassment was. He looked that bastard in the eyes and listed all the shit he's said and done so the Dean would see Alex's reactions."

Korn nodded. "So you guys should probably leave them alone today. Let them have time alone. I'm sure they have a lot to talk though together." He looked at In. "Unless you need to--"

"Nah, I got all last night to cuddle with my brother and talk about things," In dismissed. "It's Dean's turn now. And Pharm needs it, too. He loves that man more than I could have ever hoped Pharm to find when we moved here." He sighed. "If only I can meet the right man for me, too."

Korn choked on his water beside him and In sat up and flushed, looking at him bashfully as Korn wiped his mouth and avoided his eyes. In looked away, biting his lip, ignoring the way Win whistled at their reactions. "Well now! What's this?"

"Nothing!" they both said quickly, though neither could make eye contact again for the rest of lunch.

~

Dean was still so upset when they got to his house. Pharm was really worried. "P'Dean?" Dean looked at him. "Come on," he said, nodding upstairs. "Let's go take a shower, okay?"

When Pharm got the shower ready he laid out the fluffiest towel he could find and sent Dean in there with the softest clothes he found in Dean's dresser. "Here. You'll feel better after a warm shower, okay?"

Dean nodded. "I'll be right out, Good Boy," he said, kissing the top of his head on the way past.

Pharm sighed after he went in and went to go raid Dean's dresser again. He changed into one of Dean's big tee-shirts that fit him almost like a dress and looked for some pants to wear, but nothing would come close to fitting him. He decided to just steal a pair of Dean's boxers to wear as shorts since the elastic on those should be tight enough to not completely slide off his hips.

Once he changed and hung his uniform on a hanger so it didn't wrinkle and hung it on the hook on the back of the closet door, he went and fluffed all the pillows on Dean's bed so he could cuddle his boyfriend and make him feel less vulnerable while they talked. He couldn't believe Dean was so upset, but on another level, he actually really did understand. Dean loved him and of course he felt bad that Pharm was hurt and Dean didn't protect him.

"What are you doing, Good Boy?"

Pharm smiled as Dean came out of the bathroom, toweling his hair. "Come here," he said, and Dean came over. Pharm guided him to sit on the side of the bed and took the towel. He knelt behind him and started drying his hair for him. "Feeling a little better?" he asked.

Dean hummed. "Yes. You were right as always. Nothing like a shower to help you get rid of some of the weight on your shoulders."

When Pharm finished with his hair, Dean went and hung his towel up and then came back to find Pharm under the covers already, propped against a pillow, patting the bed beside him. Pharm watched Dean as he smiled and crawled into the bed, immediately sinking down so that he could fit shoulder to shoulder with Pharm, taking Pharm's hand in his. "I'm sorry for my outburst."

Pharm groaned. Of course he was. "Dean, do you think I'm worried about you crying? I'm worried about you feeling guilty," he urged. He pulled Dean's hand to his lips. "We talked about how I hold things in. We already had that discussion. How could you know?" He looked Dean in the eyes. "You couldn't. You couldn't possibly know. Intouch didn't even know."

Dean searched his gaze and Pharm didn't even blink. "Good Boy, what I said... is that why? Do you start to think about that bastard touching you when my hands stray?"

Pharm shook his head. "No, because he sneakily touched me in a bad way." He pulled Dean's hand flat to his chest. "You touch me because you love me. I really do just get nervous, but if you wanted to put your hand on my thigh and touch me just like he did right now, I would never, ever feel disgusted by it."

Dean sighed, leaning closer, no doubt feeling Pharm's heart not skip a beat through his chest, just as Pharm intended. "I still feel bad about it."

Pharm smiled sadly. "You shouldn't. We can't go back in time and me tell you and you take care of it right then and there, can we?"

"I know." Dean swapped their hands and pulled Pharm's to his lips to kiss. "I fucking hate him. Nobody should ever touch anybody that way and he did it to my Good Boy."

Pharm smiled at him. "It was wrong and it made me afraid of him, but you know what?" Pharm leaned close and bumped their noses together. "You got rid of him for me. He's gone now. I don't have to be scared of him ever again."

Dean smiled and nodded. "He's gone. I checked my phone. Korn confirmed he's been expelled."

Pharm beamed. "Good." He kissed Dean's lips sweetly. "Thank you." He cupped Dean's cheek in his hand. "Want to really make me happier?"

"Anything," Dean promised immediately.

Pharm giggled. "Let's cuddle and take a nap and not think about that bastard again."

Dean sighed. "That sounds fantastic," he agreed, and they slid down in the bed.

When they got settled, Pharm with his head on Dean's shoulder, Dean holding him almost entirely in his arms, one of his legs across Dean's hips, Pharm smiled, looking into Dean's beautiful eyes. "I love you so much, P'Dean." Dean hummed and pecked his lips.

"I love you too, my Good Boy." He rubbed his thigh and Pharm saw a flicker in his eyes. "God, I just--"

"Shhhhhh," Pharm said, putting a finger over his lips. "Remember. No thinking about him." He gave him a teasing smile. "Besides, only you have ever kissed my thighs, so think about that instead."

Dean rolled his eyes. "Probably not a good idea to think about that when your thigh is where it is right now," he joked and Pharm blushed and smacked him on the chest lightly.

"P'Deeeeaaan!"

Dean smiled widely for the first time all day and tickled him behind his knee before letting go and kissing Pharm's forehead. "I love making you blush," he flirted, but didn't go further, just held Pharm snug and warm in his arms.

Pharm would never admit it, because he was actually shy, but he loved when Dean flirted with him to make him blush, too.

~

Pharm woke up slowly and blinked in confusion when he didn't see In's bed. He lifted his head and his mind cleared and he remembered going to cuddle with Dean in his room. He smiled and wiggled back into the warmth behind him and put his hand to rest on the arm around his waist. He loved waking up in Dean's arms.

To his confusion that same hand on his belly moved to his hip. "Stop moving, Good Boy," Dean said, sounding hesitant.

"P'Dean?" he mumbled and started to turn his head, but the movement made him press back and he felt why Dean wanted him to stop wiggling. He blushed and gasped. "Oh!"

Dean chuckled. "Sorry. I was going to get up before you woke up but every time I tried to move my arm from under your head, you made this cute little whine and I couldn't bear to

move.”

Pharm giggled and turned to hide his face in Dean’s bicep. “P’Deeeeean.”

“Don’t worry, I wasn’t up to anything,” Dean promised, kissing the back of his head. “Just what happens when my beautiful boyfriend likes to move in his sleep while pressed against me this way.”

Pharm rolled his eyes. “You’re just dirty,” he teased, then he was the one to move away and roll over, so they were facing one another, not pressed together. He let Dean have his arm back and Dean stretched before propping himself on that elbow, head on his hand. Pharm looked at him and reached up to touch his cheek. “You look more relaxed,” he noted, and Dean nodded, pressing into his touch.

“I just got upset this morning. I’m better now that I know it’s over and that you’re safe right here where nobody could ever hurt you,” Dean said, voice still a bit rough with sleep. He stroked the ridge of Pharm’s hip. “It doesn’t hurt I was between you and my bedroom door and your body is so small it fits entirely within my hold, so I felt like a shield between you and anything that could hurt you,” he admitted, and Pharm was pleased to see Dean blush for once, his ears turning bright red and his cheeks rosy. “That’s so stupid ‘macho boyfriend’ of me, but it’s true.”

“You just like that I’m small, admit it,” he teased. He patted Dean’s cheek lightly. “My hands are actually kinda of big for me, and look? Can’t even hold your whole cheek, but your hand is bigger than my entire face.”

“Well you are really cute like a little mouse,” Dean teased, sliding his hand into the dip of Pharm’s waist. “See? I can almost hold your whole tiny waist in my hand. I could probably wrap them around you entirely if I pressed hard enough, but I never would hurt you by squishing you,” he joked.

Pharm giggled and grabbed his wrist, guiding his hand down to his thigh and up the leg of the shorts he was wearing. “I know, see? You can grab my thigh the way I grab your wrist. You’re so big and I’m so little.”

Dean’s eyes widened and he blushed for real. “Um. Pharm. You, uh-“ He cleared his throat, and his hand twitched on Pharm’s leg. “You should probably let me take my hand away.”

Pharm frowned, only to feel Dean’s fingers flex a little and realized just how high he had just shoved Dean’s hand up his shorts. His fingertips were at the curve of his ass and his thumb brushing his briefs up under the shorts. “Oh my Gosh, I’m so sorry,” he said, hiding his face in Dean’s chest. “Wow, I really just shoved your hand up there, I wasn’t even thinking.”

“Yeah, uh. So can you let go so I can move it?” Pharm lifted his eyes, them going wide when he realized he still had a vice grip on Dean’s wrist. “Good Boy?” Dean asked, swallowing hard. “Pharm, I- uh- this is not helping the- the predicament- um.”

Pharm felt a flicker of heat in his belly when Dean’s thumb twitched and he felt it on the groove of his groin. “Shit, sorry.” He let go with shaky hands. “I just- um.” He shivered when

Dean's hand slid down to a reasonable spot lower near his knee. "It feels good," he blurted out.

Dean stilled. "Oh?" he asked.

Pharm whined. "P'Deeean, you know what I mean. You were almost t-touching me. There."

Dean moved his hand away from his thigh and Pharm pouted only for Dean to tip his chin up so he looked at him. "Is that what you want, Pharm?" he asked softly, but sincerely. "I wasn't trying to do that, I promise."

Pharm hesitated, then looked at Dean's lips. "D-Does your door have a lock." Dean raised both eyebrows, looking stunned. Pharm blushed but giggled. "Not e-everything, but. Um." He slid his hand to Dean's chest, stroking a finger down his sternum. "I kinda want a little?"

Dean's eyes darkened. "A little what?"

Pharm gathered his courage and traced that finger down Dean's abs and to the hem of his sweatpants. "You know what I want a little of, P'Dean," he said sweetly.

Dean ducked in and kissed him suddenly, making Pharm whimper from the force of it. "You are going to be the death of me, Good Boy," he said, then pulled away, almost stumbling out of the covers to go to the door, making Pharm laugh at him and feel even more confident in what he might be about to do with his boyfriend.

~

In raised an eyebrow when the door opened and Pharm came in. He checked the time on his phone above his text conversation with Korn and saw it was six. "You didn't stay for dinner?" he asked, and Pharm blushed and rushed to put his things away, not speaking. In was intrigued suddenly. "Oh Phaaarm," he sing-songed and Pharm flipped him off and went to flop on his bed and kick his feet as he yelled into his pillow. "What the hell is up with you?"

Pharm groaned and rolled onto his back. "P'Don caught me and Dean both coming downstairs with wet hair," he confessed.

It took In a second before he sat up and gasped. "SHUT UP!"

Pharm sat up and glared, pointing a finger at him. "You don't get to tease, too, I thought Dean and I both were going to burst into flames, Don laughed so hard!"

In squealed. "Did you do it?!" he hissed at him, as if it was some secret somebody else might hear.

Pharm rolled his eyes. "We both had wet hair at the same time, we showered together, you know what that implies."

"Yeah, but I want to knooooow!" In wiggled his eyebrows. "Did you get the whole performance?"

“INTOUCH!” Pharm threw a pillow at him, blushing. “Shut up!”

“That’s not a no,” In teased.

Pharm sighed and flopped face first on his other pillow, facing In’s way. “Not… the whole thing,” he said, blushing. “But we locked the door and our clothes came off, so you know what I’m getting at.”

In smirked. “So. Was it big like I said when I judge the swimming club in their trunks?”

“Holy shit, fucking massive,” Pharm blurted out, seeming unable to hold it back. “I mean my hand barely fit around it! How is anybody’s that big?! I don’t know if I’ll be able to put that in my mouth, nonetheless my ass!”

Intouch burst out laughing so hard he almost fell off his bed. “Yassss! Pharm, you lucky bitch!” He wiped tears of laughter from his eyes. “Oh God, that’s too funny!”

Pharm whined. “It was so awkward afterwards. Why does nobody tell you that after you’re ‘done’ you both just sorta look at one another like ‘huh so we did that, didn’t we?’ and don’t know what to say or what to do and just like, sit there in the most uncomfortable silence you have ever had as a couple?”

“That’s because you’re shy and were virgins,” In said gently. “Pharm, I promise, it’s not always like that. Don’t get discouraged! I mean hey, if you showered together, that means you had to get over that, right?”

Pharm sighed. “Yeah. We decided to go shower to break the awkwardness and that was better. We hugged and kissed while showering and that sort of reminded me ‘oh yeah, you two are in love, you just did what people in love do’.”

“See?” In encouraged. “You’ll get better at it.”

“I hope so,” Pharm said. He picked at his pillow thread. “I am glad we waited so long, though. If we had done that when we just started dating, I may have never looked the man in the eyes again.”

“That’s sweet,” In said. “I’m jealous though. I want an amazing boyfriend that loves me,” he whined. “God speaking of never looking a man in the eyes, I said that exact same thing at lunch today and P’Korn was sitting right beside me!” In put a hand over his face. “We haven’t even gone on our first date and I said *that* in front of him!”

Pharm sat up. “Wait that’s right! Are you guys going out this weekend?” Pharm asked eagerly.

In nodded, holding up his phone. “I’m texting with him now. We can’t pick if we want to try something simple like dinner or if we want to go somewhere we can get to know each other without risking awkwardly sitting and staring at one another, like shopping or something.”

Pharm hummed. “My first official date with P’Dean was the aquarium. You could try that? Or do like we did and sort of hang out a few times before trying an official date.”

In nodded. "I'm leaning towards shopping. Maybe shopping and a movie perhaps."

Pharm wiggled his eyebrows. "Sneaky handholding opportunity," he said, and In winked.

"You know I do like to put on the charm as fast as possible." He chuckled, looking down at his phone again. "I'm still pretty shocked he asked me out. I hit on him so over the top all the time, I was pretty sure he found me annoying, but it was fun so I kept at it."

Pharm hummed. "Well you are still really pretty," he said. "Annoying or not, he's still a man."

In sat up. "Oooh that reminds me! In all this drama I forgot to tell you I think we have a mission," he said, rubbing his hands together evilly. "You know that swimmer Pruk, the one with the glasses?"

Pharm nodded. "Yeah, why?"

In grinned deviously. "I think he likes Manaow."

Pharm sat up straighter and matched In's devious look, though far less dramatic. "Oh really now? I'm listening."

Alex was gone, Pharm was doing really great now, In had a date with a hot guy in a few days, and now he and Pharm had some matchmaking work to do. Everything was finally right in the world.

End Notes

The traffic light gang are a trio of besties, but nobody can tell me they look at the way Team and Manaow interact and don't get serious 'brother and sister' vibes from them. I just know in my SOUL that "Manaow is so gross and annoying ew" would turn into, "WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT HER?!" brotherly outrage the SECOND another person who isn't a friend even hints at a bad word to say about her.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!