

give me more of a reason to be with you

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by [ofself](#)

Summary

Sang-min makes Yeon-tae so happy at times that she's sure she does not deserve him at all.
Sang-min/Yeon-tae, Five Enough.

Notes

I recently watched Five Enough or to be honest, I watched all of Sang-min/Yeon-tae's scenes and I fell absolutely in love with them as a couple. Their chemistry is unbelievable. This fic is set after their marriage and deals with Yeon-tae's anxiety about the fact that she does not deserve Sang-min's love.

Un-beta'd because well I just wanted to get this out there before I lost the drive to do so. If you spot any mistakes or have any constructive criticism, please do send it my way. :)

Title is from Hell Of A Season by The Black Keys

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

Married life is not what Yeon-tae thought it would be, but it is happy. *Impossibly, deliriously happy.*

Sang-min had promised her he would treat her like a queen and he has remained true to his word. Even after a year of marriage, when all the shine should have worn off (like so many people say it will) Sang-min still looks at her and treats her like she's the most precious thing in the universe.

He cooks for her, he feeds her, dutifully spends time with her in bookstores even though she knows it bores him, is content to lie in her lap while she reads or works at home, patiently teaches her golf and beams like the sun whenever she tells him that she loves him.

She really won the lottery with him, didn't she? She does not know of any other girl who is blessed with a partner like Sang-min, who is everything a partner needs to be and more.

At times, this bliss feels unreal. And in her darker, more insecure moments, she feels undeserving of so much love.

Because it is not possible right?

That someone like her, studious and shy, unable to articulate what she feels clearly should be with someone who has absolutely no problems telling her how much he loves her and showing her how much he loves her.

She does her best to be the best wife she can be. She tries to go to as many of his tournaments as she can, cheering him on. She dutifully watches all of his games on TV, even when all she wants to do is fall asleep because golf can get a little dry at times. She delights in cooking his favourite foods and makes sure that he eats right before big tournaments.

She enjoys taking care of him, wanting to do for him what he does for her.

He's never asked her to do all of this. He never asks her to do anything in fact. But she does it because it makes him happy and seeing him happy makes her happy. It doesn't really take much to make him happy. Sang-min is like a child that way.

And yet, at times she feels like she doesn't really deserve him. After all, she was the girl who spent 7 years pining over someone and never even worked up the courage to tell them. And maybe Sang-min would have also gotten away, had she not briefly been boosted by a jolt of courage and gone to that restaurant to see him and that girl.

She tries not to let these thoughts consume her. Prone to overthinking as she is, these thoughts are far too treacherous. Yet once in awhile, they insidiously creep in and try to carve a place for themselves in her head.

She wonder if Sang-min notices. Wonders if he will one day get up and think, "ugh, why did I marry this girl?" and then simply pack his bags and leave.

She always manages to push these thoughts away in time because she knows they are poisonous, treacherous and patently false.

She knows all of that. And yet those thoughts don't stop.

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One lazy Sunday, they are both sprawled out on the ground. The air conditioner is on full blast but it's not enough to get rid of that feeling where you skin feels flushed enough that you want to jump out of it.

Sang-min is in between tournaments currently and both of them are just taking the opportunity to bask in each other's presence. Also, it's too hot to go out anywhere and besides, they are feeling they are lazy anyways.

Sang-min is narrating a story about the time he and Tae-min decided to make their parents breakfast and ended up almost burning down the house. Yeon-tae sleepily listens and wonders how two siblings could be so different, and how once upon a time, she would have chosen Tae-min over Sang-min, simply because he was more her type.

Another thought stops her in her tracks though. Was there anyone else whom Sang-min would have chosen over her? Did Sang-min have a choice like her?

All of a sudden, she's no longer sleepy. The heat under her skin is no longer just a flush. It burns now.

All those thoughts she works so hard to keep at bay come rushing back to her and in the matter of seconds, her happy, sleepy mood takes a nosedive.

Sang-min notices right away. Of course he does. She wonders why she ever doubted it in the first place. He may look and behave like a jock, but in reality, he is not.

"Yeon-tae-ah, what's wrong? Am I not funny enough? We almost burnt the house down but Omma caught us in time. She saved us! There's no need to worry." His tone is jocular and bright and he turns towards her, so that he can fully face her.

"What's wrong my dear?" He asks once more, infinitely more gentle than anyone could ever imagine him being. His hand comes up to touch her jaw and Yeon-tae is mortified to find that there are tears clouding her eyes.

"Sang-min-ssi, I want to ask you something." Yeon-tae quickly blinks the tears out of her eyes and smiles at Sang-min in a timid manner. She needs to know. She needs to put those thoughts to rest and now is a good time as any.

"Anything for you," Sang-min replies, a look of concern etched over his features. He's probably going to think it's stupid but this is so very important to her. And she hopes that she's able to convey that to him.

“Why did you choose me? Why did you fall in love with me that is?” The questions spill out of her in a rush, words tripping out of her mouth faster than she can control them.

Sang-min eyes her speculatively before he throws an arm around her waist and pulls her close effortlessly.

“I will tell you but on one condition. Don't interrupt me. Just listen.”

Yeon-tae nods. She's both terrified and hopeful.

“First of all, I wasn't planning on falling in love with you. Believe me when I say that.” Sang-min levels a sheepish apologetic look at her. Yeon-tae nods. She can't imagine how he fell in love with her as it is. She was so mooney and weepy then, all the time. A walking cloud of perpetual misery.

“I just couldn't understand why someone would want to wait seven years to express their love and then want to die because they weren't able too. But every time you spoke of your love, there was a sincerity that impressed me. You held on for seven years and it didn't even change once. I thought there was something really amazing about that. And when I tried to take your mind out of it but showing you how awesome I was, you weren't even impressed!”

Sang-min levels one more look at her, pouting a little and despite the current path the conversation seems to be taking, Yeon-tae wants to giggle. Sang-min will never change and she loves that about him.

“Here I was, this handsome athlete, Pro Kim Sang-min, also a model when I needed to be, and there was you, Lee Yeon-tae completely unaware of who I say and not even grateful for all that I was doing.”

Yeon-tae guiltily colours and opens her mouth to apologize before Sang-min stops her.

“No no, you don't have to say anything, I'm just telling you. You didn't care that I was doing all of this and you didn't even care that I was really handsome. At first it made me really angry, but later on, that impressed me too. You didn't care about what I did on the outside.

You didn't even care about how I looked. It made me want to show you who I really was. It made me want to show you that I'm more than just an athlete. That was what hooked me."

Sang-min smiles at her, at bright, happy smile and Yeon-tae can't help but smile back and shift closer to him.

"To get you to accept me was incredibly hard and yet I felt like this was something I had to do. You made me prove myself to you. And when you finally accepted that you liked me I was so happy I wanted to shout it to the entire world. It made me realize you were accepting me for who I really was, not the person that I show to the rest of the world."

Sang-min moves forward and presses a small kiss on her nose before drawing back.

"Has my beautiful speech answered your question?" He asks with a charming grin and Yeon-tae lets out a small sob. It is not a sob of sadness though. It is one of happiness. Those treacherous thoughts in her head, they've been vanquished. All she needed was Sang-min to tell her why he choose her.

"You impressed me too you know. I pined for seven years and never said or did anything. But you knew what you wanted and you fought and worked for it. It made me feel ashamed of myself. Here I was, crying over something that I never even said and there you were, going out and fighting for what you wanted. That's what made me realize that you were the right person for me. Even when I was too cowardly to accept my feelings, you did not give up. Instead you kept fighting for me to realize that. I don't think I've ever told you how thankful I am to you, for loving me and continuing to do so despite everything."

Yeon-tae wasn't expecting to pour her heart out. But honestly, there's no harm in letting people really know what you think or feel. Living with Sang-min has taught her that. She'll never fully wear her heart on her sleeve like he does, but she now knows that sometimes, it's better to express what you feel. Love *needs* to be expressed. *Should be expressed*.

"When life gives you a diamond, you don't throw it away just because it got a scratch. You polish it so it shines brighter and you love it even more." Sang-min winks at her, looking so pleased at himself and his dialogue.

Yeon-tae laughs, loud and bright.

“Cheesy as always,” she whispers, coming close to him and staring into his dark, warm eyes.

“Love does that to you,” he murmurs before closing the gap and capturing her lips with his in a sweet, gentle kiss.

Yes, it does, she muses before she loses her train her thought, occupied with more important things currently, like letting her husband know just how much she loves him.

End Notes

Phew. So this is the first fic I've written and published in 1.5 years. Obviously, I am shaky and way way out of practice. But I'm glad I managed to get this out. And I hope I can post more this year.

If you managed to make it this far, come say hi to me on tumblr! I'm at wullu.tumblr.com!

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