

# French Cuisine

## Jongkey, Onchicken, slight 2Min

Von SchokoShrimp

### Oneshot

The door burst open. Taemin's excited eyes gleamed at me, while I sat on my bed, book in my lap.

"Something really interesting is happening right now. You need to come see it, hyung!" He squealed at me, but – after one of my infamous angry glares – added: "This time it's really extraordinary, believe me!"

I wasn't so sure about that. This was the fifth time – I had counted – that the maknae had come running into my room in order to tell me of the "exciting" events that took place in the living room.

"Well, what is it now?" My eagerness to follow him again was kept within limits.

"Minho is on top of Jonghyun, but Onew is trying to get between them. You need to hurry up if you want to see that."

With an exasperated sigh, I put the book on my bed and let myself be dragged out of the room.

The sight in front of me was... marvelous. At least I said that so Taemin would be pleased. In reality I was far from being struck with aw. Everything was slimy and wet, while their bodies...

"Aren't those cute?" Onew suddenly stood beside me, bent down in front of the terrarium, hands on his hips. "It was a really great idea of you to keep them as pets, Key." I wasn't so sure of that. Maybe I should have just left them in the garden.

As it had been raining one day, I had gone on a walk and when I saw some snails on the lawn surrounding our apartment building, it seemed like a good idea to take them with me. Since I was a good umma, I had later given them to Taemin as a present.

The maknae had been overjoyed to keep them as pets, but I had regretted bringing them all too soon. Because he – in his childish innocence – had named them after us band members.

Shortly thereafter, sentences like: "Look, Minho's body is so wet and squirming!" or "I think Onew is sitting on Key's mouth." were resounding throughout the building. As much understanding and love we had for Taemin, his cheerful exclamations were sending chills down our backs. The only one, who didn't seem to notice their suggestiveness at all, was Onew. I could only shake my head at how even at the most absurd statement his huge smile never left his face.

Just like right now, as he tapped the glass once and told us happily: "I brought a special snack today. But this is only for Onew-snail."

Just as I had thought that this guy couldn't possibly become even dorkier, he had

already surpassed himself by pulling out a chicken leg from behind his back.

I watched with unbelieving eyes as he bent down with an almost loving expression on his face and held the chicken in front of the plain brown snail entitled Onew.

"Onew-snail, come on, eat something." Taemin's and Onew's eyes were shining with excitement. Just while I was contemplating whether I was cruel and cold-hearted enough as to inform them about snails not eating meat, Minho came up to Taemin.

"Taemin-ah, what are you doing?"

"We're trying to feed the snails with chicken. But they don't seem to like it..."

Minho smiled at the maknae and ruffled his hair. "That's only natural... I think Onew will have to eat that chicken on his own." At that – with a desperate-sounding "Forgive me, snails!" – Onew sank his teeth into his favorite food.

They were all caught up inside their own little worlds – Onew eating, Taemin observing the snails and Minho playing absentmindedly with his dongsaeng's hair – that I was beginning to feel a little out of place. Where was that Jonghyun when one needed him?

Oh, how I shouldn't have thought this.

Said guy was barging into the room, gave me a short look and then nagged: "It's already eight. Where's my food?"

I tried to ignore his childish behavior.

"You're the mom, Key. You should be cooking... why aren't you in the kitchen?" A cocky smile resided on his lips.

My mood was constantly darkening. I hated it when he had one of those phases, in which he decided to act arrogant and bossy.

"What was that?" I hissed.

"I want my dinner. And by the way, have you washed my clothes yet? You are so slow when it comes to household chores. Seriously, Key. " It was obvious that he found himself absolutely funny. For my part, I wasn't all that much of his opinion.

"Kim Jonghyun, what kind of behavior are you showing in front of my son? You will not get any dinner if you continue to be like this!" He loved it when I got angry, but I couldn't help myself.

With big eyes he pouted at me but to no avail; his aegyo never impressed me.

"If you don't make me any, then I guess that I need to get something myself to keep me from starving. What have we here..." He leaned over the terrarium. "In France those are eaten at gourmet restaurants, right?" Before I had the chance to prevent it, he had grabbed one of the snails (I think I saw the yellow shell of Taemin's) and dashed with it into the kitchen. I heard an incredulous "Hyung!" from behind me, but I was right on his heels.

With the most deathly stare in my eyes, I skittered to a halt and spat: "Kim Jonghyun, put that snail down. Now."

He hesitated.

"But it looks so tasty."

"Are you honestly telling me right now that you find a slimy, glistening, wiggling snail tasty?"

"You have a point. It's not as tasty as you. Better?"

It was better, but rather than admitting that, I took the snail from his hand, pulled at the loose hem of his shirt, and dumped it inside. I was happy that Taemin was in the other room so that he didn't have to hear all the cursing which then followed. That guy would learn a lesson from angering the almighty Key.

Triumphing I flipped my hair, about to leave the kitchen, but a hand held me back.

"I promise I won't eat the snail. Only... don't you think I deserve compensation?"

Now... this conversation was turning interesting. But I wasn't that easy.

"Compensation for a snail? I could offer you a wet kitchen cloth..." I smirked.

Suddenly I could feel his breath on my neck, his hand still wrapped around my wrist.

"You know that's not what I meant." Did I?

"Are you sure?" I turned around to face him while smiling sheepishly, not being able to keep the diva inside. "What is it then?"

He looked really annoyed, even defiant. Successfully, the tide had turned.

Another depreciating stare, then he finally complained: "You're an idiot. Now kiss me."

Kim Kibum: 1

Kim Jonghyun: 0

I had succeeded, nonetheless I didn't need to be told twice. I couldn't let the poor dino starve, could I?

Just as my eyes were closed and I was drifting off into my own world, I heard our maknae's voice call from the living room.

"Umma! The snails, the snails! You have to take a look at them! It seems like Jonghyun and Key are kissing!"

Just once this boy had made a correct assumption.

Jonghyun and Key actually were.